Friend of Temperance.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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fols of Ten or more names will he received

Doctry.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently ! it is better far, To rule by love than fear-Speak gently- let not hash words mar The good we might do here !

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low The vows that true hearts bind ! And gently Friendship's accents flow ; Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child-Its love be sure to gain ; Teach it, in accents soft and mild, It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they Will have enough to bear-Pass through this life as best they may, "Tis full af anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one, Grieve not the care-worn heart; The sands of life are nearly run, Let such in peace depart !

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor; Let no harsh tone be heard ; They have enough, they must endure, Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring-know, They may have toiled in vain ; Perchance, unkindness made them so; Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave Itis life To bend man's stubborn will, When elements were in fierce strife, Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently---'tis a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy which it may bring. Eternity shall tell.

Selected Story.

Driven to the Wall.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

" Father, if ever you do that to my mother again, I'll kill you."

The speaker was a slight girl, no more than fifteen years old. Her face, mobile and sweet in its general expression, were a look of intense passion. The man, her father, turned round from the closet-door which he had just opened, and surveyed her through half- ago! closed eyes. His maudlin manner, the tremulousness of his unshaven chin, the half-dead movement which he God, a habitual drunkard.

ittle one-kill me! kill your poor, uncommandments, girl."

hand to mother again-I'll-I'll do something terrible. God don't ask me to honor any man who will treat his wife like a brute; my poor, delicate

child that hates me?"

al tears, but they were drunken tears nd meant as little as the speech.

"Your father aint what he once eaned more heavily against the bare

shelves of the closet.

steady as she pointed to a superbly guard a sober people? painted picture that hung frameless fine-looking man?" my heart swelled meeting with her child. with pride as I said, 'my father!' feeling that you were like a king among

Her hands dropped; the sparkle faled from her eyes; a curious quiver assed over lip and brow, and then ame an expression of weariness as she devoid of feeling, "Sometimes I won- ness der if you can be the same man; someimes I wonder if I am the same Florcc- and I wish we could dic-mothr and I-die and be buried together." "And me;" muttered the man, as he a bottle he had found in the closet.

de Friend of Temperance.

A Hamily Hewspaper:==Devoted to Temperance, Literature and the Hews.

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The sick man groaned.

the doctor entered.

again touch that liquid that has so

band and father. Nor was their care

One day the doctor asked Florence

growing rosy-red. "It don't someway,

make me ashamed to say so to you,

but I am not fit to go out riding in my

"Mrs. Belden, will you tell her she

"Put on my shawl, dear," she said

It was during that ride that Florence

quired more than ordinary care. He

with the sick man, he had deepened

"And now, my dear little Florence,

saved his life. I don't want a slave,

but I do want a wife. I think I must

have fallen in love with you, that day

bearded the lion in his den. At all

Guess out the sequel, dear reader

you can do so better than I can tell

you. This much I may say, that look-

that every such an one could be saved

THE ODD FELLOWS.

The recent gathering of this great

benevolent organization at Chicago was

evidence, if any were needed, of the

increasing prosperity and influence of

crowded to overflowing almost. Among

had come from a great distance to do

past year, nearly 30,000 members have

and more than a million of dollars

by being "driven to the wall."

ing at Mr. Belden to-day, no one would

the lessen so harshly given.

"and your veil-you had better go; th

must go, please;" said the doctor,

old clothes."

turning to her mother.

Mrs. Belden smiled.

doctor is very kind."

heard the whole story.

ly, "you are not fit to die." -I-d'mand'n 'pology. 'I'll not be

hear?" and he came, haltingly, up to sive emotions. where she stood. "I'll put an end to the quick breathed defiant motion she made, cannot be told, but he shrank back under the look she gave him like a whipped hound-retreated to the door, passed out and slouched into the

I will show you a picture, while Florence, sinking into a seat, gives way to

The father of the household is hon- will." ored as a representative from the land of freedom, and is the American Minister. He sits with wife and child, the latter an embodiment of grace and better, but I'm so shamed, so cowed, if beauty, in the room of a palace.

the world's great painters; the draw- up cultured and beautiful, and enjoy ing-room is a depository of art. Not the society of those I loved, and who a table, not a foot-stool but bears the loved me—and now—look at me," she fruits of laborious study in every de- said, through her clenched teeth. tail, and the pains-taking touch of the . "My dear, unhappy little Florence!" hand of genius.

dows can be seen the golden-tinted yet, we must endure till—the end." fruits of that wonderful clime; hills where dreamy outlines melt into clouds come? and what will it be?" of amber and crimson; fields of olive and almond trees; the very air that from her wet cheeks with a gesture of steals in seems loaded with aromatic utter despair, as she wailed pitifully,

diplomatic relations.

tle Florence will make!" said a high- honored and happy. I see our beautiborn dame one day, as the lovely child ful room and the lovely white forms

the gentle mother, who saw already the he is now? Then, ladies in rich dresses triumphs of the future.

lected by every dependent, save the wife, whose love was all that shielded made towards it with his unoccupied him from utter ruin of body and soulhand, indicated that he was that thing this was the man and the future for despised by man and condemned by which the delicate mother and beauti-"Eh, Florry! what's that? my own squalid house in the suburbs of a great city, shunned, despised, deserted, the my mother again, I-would kill him." fortunate father? Beat if I know what beauty of the woman marred by long to make o' such a speech. 'Read your suffering; that of the girl injured by turn his dreadful, unreasoning anger wicked and wretched, and humilated poor living and insufficient clothing, upon you?" "I tell you," his daughter exclaimed, and both often sorrowful witnesses to in tones even more intense and pas- the brutal sport of the low neighborsionate, "if ever I see you lift your hood when the man who should have tone in her voice, she sobbed, "oh done? Something must be done. been their glory, made himself their

Great God! is there no help for Thy "S' come to this, then, that I've got murders, debaucheries, deaths by torture, and the ruin of souls to pass un-The poor wretch drew his sleeve heeded? Shall men forever sit at their teross his eyes, and wiped away a few bountiful boards, and read, totally un- her bosom. unprepared into eternity-that rum was the cause; how a poor defenceless the girl. was:" he continued, sobbing as he child was beaten to death—rum the cause; how this and that crime, sickening in detail, fills the city with shud-"No! there is what he once was," dering horror, and rum was the cause? said the girl, her lips trembling with Must we abandon all hope of a good dor, and his secret vices. In some way grief and excitement, her finger un- time to come when sober rulers shall he gained the heart of your poor father,

gainst the dingy wall. " That is as I glanced once about the desolate room, remember him, years ago, when I wor- and hurried up stairs. Her mother of position—a proud man's misery and shiped him. Then the sound of his had eaught at some sewing, and was despair. My poor husband! sometimes tread was music to my ears. Then, sitting near the window, trembling I think it over, how gentle and unsuswhen strangers asked, "who is that from head to foot at the thought of picious of evil he was, with unspotted

> needle, it makes me half crazy to see you work so," cried Florence, standing with her back against the shut door.

There was that weariness in the voice his impatient daughter?" and dejection in the attitude that makes turned away, saying in a voice utterly the heart ache both to hear and to wit- you-but don't say any more such

"Dear child, what else can we do?"

"Do!" the girl raised her clenched hand, then let it fall. "We'll run away," she added with a short sharp laugh.

"Where should we go?" "There is a river, very swift and auffled to the window, after draining deep, opposite the foundry," said Flor- the evasive reply. ence, with a recklessness in her tones

"No!" exclaimed the girl, indignant- that was more dreadful than anger. I don't want to suffer, I can't suffer this "S'here!" cried the man, turning way any longer; I'm tired of it; I'm girl." round savagely, "I'll-I'll have respect dying! I'm dying!" She walked hurriedly back and forth, sobbing, yet tearbrowbeaten by my own child-d'ye less, wringing her hands with convul-

"Florence, my darling; Florence! this-" he stopped suddenly, whether you frighten me," exclaimed her mothit was that steady, scornful glance, or er rising all in a tremor. "This is sadder to bear than all the rest."

"Mother, mother, it makes me so hard and wicked!" moaned the girl, sinking at her mother's feet; "there, sit down-don't cry; I won't worry street to find some place where he you; I do want to be brave and bear could satisfy his depraved appetite on all this misery as you do! I want to be good, and strong, and hopeful-only -that blow! mother," she cried, catching at the woman's faded dress, her the bitterest emotions; a picture in voice growing hoarser, "there'll be which is framed a lovely Italian home. murder here, some day, I know there

"Don't look so at me, mother; there, the evil spirit is gone; I'll try to be you know what I mean. I used to re-On every side are masterpieces of spect myself, and think I should grow

cried the mother, "you shock me, Far and wide from the stately win- though every word is so true -and "Yes, I know, and when will the end

She threw the tangled, golden hair "I am almost sixteen, and I haven't a One after another, callers come; men | decent gown to put on. Every honest high in station, officers of the realm; face I meet seems to censure me; I women distinguished for beauty and have neither friends nor companions ; culture, and all are received with that I am a drunkard's miserable childgracious mingling of ease and dignity, What is to become of me? When I was for which the original of that unfram- a little thing, I remember we lived in ed picture was once famous in all his splendor. Oh, yes; I have only to shut my eyes, and I see that fairy city—the "What a beautiful woman your lit- home where you and I and papa were that were always calm and smiling .-"Yes, if she is not spoiled," replied How can papa ever have become what took me upon their knees and kissed And that was only ten short years me; would they kiss me now, I wonder?" with a reckless laugh. "No, for struck you, right there, on the cheek. No wonder it grows red. Do you know what I did?"

She sprang to her feet, with a defi-

"My child! my Florence! would you then," sobbed the girl, "I have felt gaze was fixed upon his wife.

"He dare not touch me," cried Florence, and then, a wild, wailing monowicked? No, mother," she continued, more calmly, "he won't touch me. He suffering children? Are women to die, tried to; he rushed toward me like a could not come near enough to hurt life-"

The woman held her child closer to

"No, dear, not always. In that beautiful Italian city of which you spoke just now, he made the acquaintance of a man notorious for his personal splenruined him, pecuniarily, and not con-Florence raised her white, wet face, tent with that, led him on till drink became his master. Then followed loss character; how wicked and beautiful "Don't sew, mother; put down your was his tempter, and it makes me more

> "But will being patient do any good? Did he not lift his hand to his patient wife, and hurry away, ashamed, from

> "My darling! he will never strike dreadful words to him."

> "Do you love him, mother?" The girl looked straight in her mother's face-into the faded, tearful blue eyes, so constant, yet so changed.

"Darling, do you hate him?" was "Yes, sometimes I think I do."

paused a moment, caught her breath- ces.' "since last Saturday."

"And why since then?" want to look in your eyes while I am ed unearthly pale. telling it. You know I went out last "I'll get you something to eat, father, ly save this shattered life, and I promtended to find papa. I felt so strong apathetically. and brave! It seemed to me, then, that make him noble, honored and prosper- again.

At last I traced him to a shop. He from her hand. was just coming out, and seeing me know how he was last Saturday, and before this night's gone." as I went toward him, he said a terrible word to me. A carriage stood at the door, and the black driver laugh- began to tremble from head to foot .ed, laughed at him and me. Oh moth- What unearthly presence haunted that and requires the utmost tenderness of have passed through will grow-brighter er, that made me furious; it turned humble room? every drop of my blood to fire. I nevthat somebody stood there.

I asked, half wild with my agony. graced them too long; something dread- in vain. Beauty, as of old, came back You are a wicked man, and I hope ful will come of it; I might as well put to the pallid face; gentleness, as of yore God will punish you. My poor father an end to it, first as last." is only one of your victims. You send men from here to be cruel to their wives and little ones, and to shame their children who are grown up; you ened, yet eager, every nerve creeping, ries found their way to the once miser- of his 'hanging around' that locality send them to prison, you send them to her whole being under the influence of able tenement? the gallows. I wonder you ever dare some deadly, horrible charm. to go to sleep. I should think your victims would haunt you; I would.'

and told me what beautiful eyes I had, forward, helplessly, "I swallowed it." and how tears became me, and said he had heard of Phil. Belden's pretty shriek that rang through the house. daughter, and wouldn't I have a glass of nice wine, and go into his parlor- es, to see Florence tearing her hair, ladies often did-and oh, mother! I and using all manner of grief-stricken can't tell you half his insolence. I ejaculations. know I went faint, and somebody caught me, and then I heard harsh has taken poison; he is dying; he is words. When I came to, a tall, hand- dead! It was all through me; I have some gentleman was bending over me, Cast off by friends and family, neg- I am sick of myself. And this day I holding a glass of water to my lips, and It was what I said this morning—those saw his wicked hand raised—and it then he led me to the door. Oh, he' pitied me; he pitied me; and his pity too; kill me, I am not fit to live;" and what I said, only that once my father was a gentleman; and no matter for ful child were not prepared; a mean, ant motion, her eyes and cheeks aflame. help, I could help myself. The carriage pale and suffering, his wan brow thick "I told him if ever he dared to strike was his, mother, and the bar-keeper with the cold dews of agony. His pulse

> "My poor, poor darling!" murmured her mother, tearfully, "what can be

"I have thought so long; I have Florence. "If only we might disguise blow she could not bear. and innocent babes to starve? Are fiend, but I only looked at him, and he ourselves and fly from this miserable

"Always him!" cried Florence, bitterly; "don't speak,mamma—I know I am wrong; I can't bear it so well, Did he always love drink?" whispered perhaps because of that memory—as I grow older I may grow patient."

All day those pitiful words haunted the strength of despair. the drunkard's wife-" I may grow p tient." She knew, too well, that for the impetuous, sensitive girl, it was well you only save my poor father." nigh impossible to bear with composure, any ill that threatened the future with torture too dreadful to be endur-

They ate their frugal meal together frugal enough, since there was only bread and water in the house. Florwith a feverish headache, and her mother sat by her side, alternately soothing already I feel the pangs of death-you tinguished characters of the Order, who her, and sewing on the coarse work that brought them a miserable pittance. At last the girl fell asleep.

It was quite dark when she awoke, and her mother stood by her bedside with a cup of tea. A penny dip burned on the table, when Florence looked save as the broken clock ticked spasup in her mother's face.

"Take this, dear," said her mother; the dim light awful. I borrowed a little tea of the kind old widow woman next door; we can pay distinct were the low, rich tones-"I the same period 2,824 members have her to-morrow, perhaps."

mouthfuls. I thought we were all back that has been killing your soul by inch- this country. When it is considered an Sea.

that, not my gentle, tractable little handsome again; but now-there's his knew you when you were a man, and the United States only fifty years ago step! oh, mamma, don't let him see though I was only a stripling of four- by five men, without money, and now "But, mamma, I am neither tracta- you; don't let him be cruel to you again teen, I thought you came nearer to the numbers nearly 400,000 with a charitable nor gentle-at least, since-" she -or I can't answer for the consequen- God-hood in man than any other per- ble record of \$17,000,000, its success is

She sprang from the bed, and hurry- then to take you for my model." ing down stairs, let her father in. He "I will tell you, mamma; let me lay staggered, as usual, to a seat, and in my head upon your shoulder; I don't the dim light, Florence thought he look- me. Never did the abyss into which I exertions in successfully establishing

Saturday for a walk. In reality I in- of what there is in the house," she said, ise you, solemnly, that I will never

in some way I could save him, and Florry, I shall never cat anything, I call God and the angels to witness." into the nightfall of age, and the shad-

"I shan't need it, child, any longer. every moment expecting to be called sorrows and felicities of years. If we made him angry. Oh mamma! you You'll be rid of the poor old drunkard to witness the dying agony.

> "What-is-it-father?" A cold tremor seized her heart; she

er thought what I was doing; I just Florry, they were sounding in my brain and tears and kisses rained upon it world has not changed the tone of rusned into that horrible place, and I all day." The thought that I had made "soul and body." went straight up to the bar. There my child not only despise, but hate me, was a blur before my eyes, but I saw maddened me. I couldn't stand it; entered into those two lives as they brations are so melodious, so touching drink wouldn't drown it; so as I was hovered about the sick bed of the hus- to the evening of age. 'Why do you sell my father rum?' coming home I said to myself, I've dis-

"Oh, father!"

"So I stepped into Ellis's," continu- to ride with him. His beautiful cared the man brokenly, "and God forgive riage stood at the door. It was very rough, wasn't it, mam- me, I asked for-poison-to kill rats, ma," sobbed Florence, but I was al- and after a little he gave it to me- and wear," she said, frankly, her cheeks and shows other signs of weakness. most crazy, and never stopped to think. I kept it till just outside the door here And then he leaned over and smiled, -and then"-his head and hands fell A terrible cry covered his voice, a

Mrs. Belden flew down, white as ash-

"Mother! mother!" she gasped, "he done it! I shall have it to answer for. wicked, wicked words! Oh let me die, seemed to sting me. I don't know so she raved till some of the neighbors came, and a doctor was sent for.

The man laid on the wretched lounge, called him doctor-and-ever since grew more and more feeble, and his life, and then in that hour's conference

"I see it all," he gasped. "I am going, God knows where ; if I could live it should be so different! You were always too kind to me."

The patient, long-suffering woman papa! papa! why will you make me cannot consent to see you sacrificed." only kissed him, drew his head closer to her bosom, and laid her cheek on dreamed so many things!" sobbed his. It seemed to her that this last

Florence crouched, utterly woe-begone, in a corner. Life had lost all charms for her; how could she live on if her father died?

The doctor came. One quick, frightened glance, and the girl recognized imagine that he had been that helpless that thoughtful, noble face. She sprang to her feet; she clung to him with all

"Save him! save him!" she cried; "I will be a slave to you all my life, if

"I will do my best; leave me alone with him," was his only reply. They left him, and the doctor pro-

ceeded to examine his patient. "I am dying you see, sir; I havn't a moment to live. Let me alone, you the Order. It was numerously attendcan't save me; besides it will be better ed, and all the hotels in the city were ence was sick all the rest of the day for the child and her mother. I'm a poor drunkard, and not worth saving ; the guests were many of the most dis-

> "And if I could," asked the doctor, honor to the assemblage. The address fixing him with his steady, gray eyes. of Grand Sire Stuart gave a most flat-"If!" it was like the cry of the lost ; tering picture of the progress of the "if! oh doctor, keep me out of Hell!" Order, not only in the United States, For a moment there was utter silence, but all over the world. During the

can't save me," he feebly muttered.

modically. The one feeble light made | been added to the fold in this country, "I will save you," and how terribly have been donated to the afflicted. In ness ring.

Friend of Temperance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

be inserted in this paper at the

FOLLOWING RATES:						
	SPACE.	1 Mo 2 Ms.		з Ms.	6 Ms.	1 Y'r.
	1 Square. 2 Squares, 8 "	4 00 5 50	6 25 8 00		13 00 16 50	12 00 20 00 25 00 30 00
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"It is not my Florence who says in Italy, and papa looked young and es for ten long years. Mr. Belden, I that the organization was started in son I had ever seen. I determined something more than remarkable One of the last acts of the late Chicago session was to appropriate \$3,000 to "Doctor," he gasped, "you torture John G. Morse, as a testimony to his had fallen look so terrible to me. On- the Order in Germany. - Wash. Patri-

> RETROSPECT OF LIFE. - When the "No, you needn't trouble yourself, transformed my nature. These words summer of our youth is slowly wasting For one dreary hour mother and lows of the past grow deeper, as if life "Why?" the cup she had lifted fell | daughter sat together, hand in hand, were on its close, it is pleasant to look weeping silently, hoping against hope, back through the vista of time upon have a home to shelter us, and friends At last there was a rap at the door; have been gathered by our firesides, the rough places will have been "I think I have saved him," he said, worn and smoothed away in the twiquietly. "He may be very ill for days, light of life, while the sunny spots we treatment. Yes, I think he is saved," and more beautiful. Happy, indeed "Your dreadful words broke my heart, he added, as Florence caught his hand, are those whose intercourse with the their holier feeling, or broken those Never can I describe the rest that musical chords of the heart, whose vi-

JUST FOR FUN.

That was a cool culprit, who, when mingled with his accents. The good doctor made daily visits and his patient asked why sentence of death should Her face was as pallid as his. She hailed him as an angel. Was it for the not be passed upon him, answered half crouched as she drew nearer, fright- sake of dark-eyed Florence that luxu- that he thought they had had enough

> An article entitled the 'Confessions of a murderer,' concludes as follows: 'Little confidence is placed in the state-"Doctor, I have nothing nice to ment of this prisoner, who writes poetry

> > A RUBALIST at Newport, seeing a lady driving, and her groom with folded arms behind, thought 'that nigger must pay that nice looking girl a pile to drive his carriage for him.'

> > An old gent put a quietus upon a young man who chafed him about his bald head in these words: 'Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell.'

An Irishman, fresh from Emerald Isle, upon seeing a horse running away, It seems that when her father went exclaimed, 'Oh, he isn't running very into the apothecary's shop for poison, fast; I've seen a horse run so fast you the doctor, himself, was behind the couldn't see him.' screen, mixing some powders that re-

'How did you learn that graceful attitude?' said a gentleman to a fellow it was, who, making a sceret sign to leaning in a maudlin fashion against a the pharmaceutist, put up a powerful post. 'I have been practicing at a drug that was yet not destructive to glass,' was the reply.

LADY-'Can you wash and iron?' Domestic-'Oh ves, 'm; but your place wouldn't suit me unless you knocked off wearing them long Holyou know what you promised me if I land dresses of a morning.' A St. Louis lawyer attempted to

half drunk, but the Judge stopped him in the dram-shop, when you so bravely saying, 'No lawyer can serve two bars at the same time.' events, I have thought of you ever 'What would make a good leading article for me to morrow?' asked a wicked editor of a wit. 'A halter,' was

try a cause the other day while he was

the sententious reply. What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whiskey? One husbands the corn, and the other corns hopeless thing, a drunkard. Would

the husbands. A SOLDIER who attempted to bayonet a ghost is considered an unprincipled fellow, because he sticks at noth-

A Mr. Tease recently married a Mr. Cross. We suppose he teased her till a grand and glorious success, and gave she promised not to be cross any

> THE man who took a drink from a bottle of mucilage, says he has felt stuckup' ever since.

> THOSE who wish to keep time will succeed by seizing him by the forelock rather than about the waste. FORTUNE's hand says a poverty-strick-

en writing-master, is remarkable for its heavy down-strokes. THE saying that 'it is more pleasant

to give than to receive,' applies only to medicine and advice. Ladies naturally prefer a marriagering, but gentleman prefer a nice busi-

A Calcutta newspaper says that the will try my best to save you, if you will died; the number of brethren relieved principle of Darwinism was maintained "It was such a beautiful dream, give me your promise, as a dying man, was 28,352, and the widowed families five hundred years ago by a Mohammamma," said the girl, as she closed that you will never, so help you God, assisted 4,605. There are 1,271 en- edan saint named Mahmud, who lived her wearied eyes, after sipping a few touch one drop of that other poison campments, with 62,770 Patriarchs in in a village named Gilau near the Caspi-