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Selected Story.

Cherry's Proposals.

BY FORLORN HOPE.

It was the eve of Commencement-day in W—U University, and the labors of the year fairly over, the studios as well as those to whom books and study were synonymous of boredom, joined together in all modes of rejoicing allowed by college discipline, and in others which if not exactly permitted, were at least winked at on occasions like the present, and many a social glass clinked to the stereotyped toasts considered necessary to such convivial gatherings.

The senior class of the year 186—was composed of eight young men, each of whom it was predicted, would, one day, make his mark in the world. Similar predictions are no uncommon things, and perhaps no class leaves the precincts of the university of whom the same has not been said, but, for once, the wise-ones seemed to have some fair grounds for their prognostications; for though, among them towered no intellectual giants, yet there were no sluggards nor mental pigmies.

In one of the rooms, around a table that held glasses and the paraphernalia requisite to the compounding of that time-honored beverage known as "punch," believed by many antiquarians to be the veritable ambrosial nectar, these eight luminaries of W—U University were seated, each in the position that accorded best with his humor or his indolence, and almost invisible from the thick clouds of smoke issuing from choice Havana or much-loved and much-abused meerschaum. Toasts had been drunk, hopes and good wishes exchanged, each successive candidate being received with a vim and enthusiasm, impossible to recall once our footsteps have strayed beyond the portals of college life.

Suddenly Frank Lewis, a tall, fair-haired young fellow, claiming a Northern home, rose, and lifting high his glass said, "A brimming bumper to the toast of many a former reunion, the blue-eyed enchantress who holds us all in thrall. Need I name the fair, mischief-loving Cherry Brompton?"

A simultaneous shout of approval met this speech, and every glass was returned to the table, drained of its contents. It may as well be mentioned here that Miss Cherry Brompton was the only daughter of the President of the College, and shared the fate common to all young ladies occupying such a position, that of having at one time or another every youth, whether of suitable or unsuitable age, within the university walls, for her devoted admirer. But Cherry certainly did not owe all of her popularity to the fortuitous circumstance of being her father's daughter, else there are no virtues in bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and one of the very best dispositions in the world.

The same young lady was likewise possessed of the very demon of mischief, and many a mad prank could be traced to the cunning brain and skillful execution of the President's daughter. The most exasperating fact, however, was that though counting her victims by the scores, she seemed to laugh with impunity at the rosy little gude; and yet each new victim felt sure that if opportunity only offered, which by the way very unaccountably never did offer, he should receive such assurance of reciprocated attachment as would remove all smart from the ranking wound. However powerful the remedy might prove, if once applied, had until now remained a mystery; for, with a tact truly Napoleonic, Miss Cherry had contrived to keep each and every devoted admirer in a state of blissful ignorance, so that it became her great boast, contrary to all preconceived ideas on that subject supposed to be indulged in by young ladies, that though having many lovers, she had never had a proposal. Such a boast

was a slur on the courage and gallantry of the University, which many an unhappy youth sought to retrieve, but Cherry Brompton knew too well how to fence and parry, and she invariably had come off victorious. This explanation is necessary to what follows. "Gentlemen," and this time the speaker, Will Harrington, was dark and swarthy, with fierce black eyes that told of smouldering fires, "I have a plan to propose. We have all been generous rivals in literature, let us continue such in this race for love. It were useless for any one present to deny that Miss Brompton has taught us all the lesson that, sooner or later, must be conned by every man, and I think I go not far astray when I add that we each secretly cherish the belief that in teaching him she has learnt it likewise. Let us put it to the test. Let each swear that ere this time to-morrow, Miss Cherry will be made to listen to our feelings and have made a choice. She can be at no loss, for there are among us tall and stout, dark and fair, the lively and the sedate—a goodly lot to choose from, and whatever fate befalls, let there be no malice or ill-will, the unlucky tripping in the knowledge that, at one fell swoop, we have outgeneraled one of the best feminine tacticians, and nobs volens, compelled Miss Cherry Brompton to terms of surrender."

"Agreed! agreed!" went from lip to lip, one among the number remaining silent.

"What say you, Bayard?" asked Frank Lewis, turning to his right hand neighbor, a tall, slightly-built young fellow.

A peculiar smile lit the face of the one addressed, but he shook his head decidedly. "Count me out of that frolic," he said. "I think seven proposals will be as much as Miss Cherry will be able to master, and besides, really—"

"Not afraid of getting the mitten, Bayard? Come, we know you are a modest man, and are, perhaps, the only one, who proving the happy man, would be prepared for the fetters matrimonial!"

"Perhaps that may account for his unwillingness to join us!" cried another, and so the joke went round, but Bayard Raynor, the best natured man in the world, his chums declared took all the bantering, yet remained firm.

"You will at least keep our secret, Bayard?" asked Will Harrington.

"On my honor, gentlemen!" Bayard replied, solemnly, though a just perceptible smile looked mischievously in the corners of the handsome, expressive mouth.

"Then it is agreed. Each is to try his luck and keep the result secret until one hour before the ball to-morrow, when we are all to meet here, and the result made known; and we all swear that the unfortunates are to congratulate their successful rival without jealousy or ill will. There! the bell cries, 'all lights out! so here for the last time I obey its summons!' and before the others could prevent it Frank Lewis blew out the lamp, leaving the others to scramble out of the room in the best manner they could.

Commencement day, technically speaking, was at an end, that is, the orator had spoken, the degrees had been conferred and students and guests had been scattered, to assemble again at the ball that was to close the day.

One by one, the seven conspirators reached the place of rendezvous and sat down in silence, as if each feared to be the first to speak. At last Will Harrington, whom nothing could long daunt, looked triumphantly around and said, "Well, gentlemen, it becomes a mere matter of form to put the question as to which is the happy man."

"Why?" "How can you know?" "Did she tell you?" escaped from the lips of the half a dozen.

"I shall be glad to receive your congratulations, for Miss Cherry has smiled most benignly on my suit."

An exclamation of surprise followed this announcement.

"Come, Will, that won't do," said Frank Lewis, "as I happen to be Miss Brompton's choice."

"And I!" "And I!" exclaimed each of the others in their turn. There was a moment's blank astonishment and silence, then a cry of "Sold, by Jove!" broke simultaneously from the group.

"Bayard Raynor has betrayed us! He shall rue his share in this farce!" and Will Harrington's swarthy face became still darker with rage, when further comments were stayed as a gentle rap was heard, and Miss Cherry Brompton thrust her pretty face through the half open door.

"Please, Mr. Harrington, don't threaten so loud, especially an innocent per-

son! Can Mr. Raynor and I come in?" and waiting no reply, she entered the room, followed by Bayard Raynor.

"The best laid plans come off to grief," she continued, "and yours, gentlemen, would have been admirable, had you taken into consideration the thinness of partition wall."

"You heard us, then?" "Not exactly. An humble admirer, though less presumptuous, perhaps more devoted, no other than Irish Tommy, overheard your plot, and duly reported. Can you blame me if I turned the tables on you?"

"Then you mean to reconsider your answer?" asked all together.

"Why, I can't very well do otherwise, gentlemen, as I cannot marry all of you," she answered demurely.

"But, Miss Cherry," persisted Will Harrington, known far and near for his unyielding temper, "you will at least give us a token by which one of us will understand that for him your answer is still the same?"

"I don't know how that might have been, Mr. Harrington, if you had not been forestalled, but you know first come, first served, and Mr. Raynor proposed just twenty-four hours ahead of you," and unable longer to control her feeling the young lady left the room suddenly, leaving her lover to explain matters as he best could.

"Well, boys," said Bayard as soon as Miss Cherry had disappeared, "I hope you bear me no malice, for all is fair in love and war. You see I could not promise to do what had already been done, and but for your bantering and truth to tell, your boastful manner, I should have confessed there and then, and I only thought that it would teach you a lesson. Honor bright, I knew nothing of the true state of affairs until, coming here, I met Cherry, who told me what she had done. As the next best thing to being the bridegroom is to dance at the wedding, I hope to see you all at mine, three months hence, the shortest period under which Miss Cherry Brompton will consent to become Mrs. Raynor. Who will wish us God speed?"

A moment no one answered; then Will Harrington, as prone to generous impulses as he was quick to anger, crossed over to the young man, whom they all loved, and grasping the outstretched hand, shook it warmly. His example was gladly followed by the others, and ere the wedding day, they could all join the laugh sure to follow any allusion to Cherry's proposals.

Miscellany.

Robert Burns.

Among the poets of the latter half of the eighteenth century, there were none who excited so deep an interest as Robert Burns. Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Campbell wrote excellently well; but with the muse of that "Bard Peasant," came the very heart charm of Love's romance. Nor was it only the romance of Love that threw such a fascinating charm over all his poetry. The shrewd wit, the most irresistible humor, the deepest pathos and the soundest common-sense philosophy of life, are immediately blended, in almost everything he wrote, and form the chief pillars of the immortal temple of his fame.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a little clay-walled, straw-roofed cottage, not far from "wooded Ayr," a beautiful and romantic Scottish stream, that, along with the Nith and the Doon, the genius of the bard has made classic for all time to come. The humbleness of his birth and the greatness of his fame and finely contrasted by Halleck in his inimitable eulogy of the poet,

"I've stood beside the cottage bed,
Where the bard peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head:
A straw-wrought couch beneath,
And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument that tells to heaven
The homage of Earth's proudest isle
To that bard peasant given."

His youthful days were spent in poverty and severe drudgery labor. As in most of the homes of the Scottish peasantry, little or no animal flesh was used in his father's family. He was a vegetarian from necessity, yet he was distinguished for his great strength and man beauty. With the plow, the scythe, and the reaping-hook, whether as regards speed or kill, he tells us that he feared no competition. It was not within stately college walls, dedicated to science and literature, but in the green fields, and under an open sky, while engaged in the various labors of the farm, that the Muses hand

in hand with the peasant-poet, taught him their sweetest inspirations. As in leisure hours, he lay dreamily among his native hills; or as in musing mood he sought the shadowy vales of the Doon of the Ayr, visions of ineffable beauty arose in his mind. The sun-lighted summer clouds that floated over him in the blue sky were, to his young imagination, spirit forms, clothed in their robes of living light. And mingled tones of winds and wa-teas, as they passed him by, entranced his soul with sweet and never to be forgotten harmonies.

Born a poet, and nurtured in the very arms of Poesie, following her footsteps wherever she might lead, what wonder that in his sixteenth year, love should step in, and joining hands with Poesie they should go forth with the irresistible strength of their knitted power, to the conquest of a heart-empire, as wide as the world.

It was through a charming young lassie, his companion in the harvest field, that Burns first became acquainted with love. She sang sweetly, and it was for the love of this "Bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie," that he wrote his first song adapted to her favorite tune. For the next ten years of his life, Love and Poesie were his constant companions; they were the sunlight of his early manhood; his life of life, lighting up into rainbow colors the clouds of drudgery and poverty which hung over him. It was at the close of this period that he gave to the world the first edition of his poems. It contained the "Cotter's Saturday night," "Epietle to Davie," and other poems of such originality and merit that they attracted the attention of the great Scottish masters of literature in Edinburgh. Soon there was a call for another edition. A new and improved edition was promptly published, and Burns became at once famous. It was no wonder, for it contained every variety of poetic excellence, from the liveliest humor to the gravest satire; from the deepest tenderness of love and life to the sublimest mysteries of the grave. It was the very embodiment of human nature, and was, therefore, equally agreeable to all tastes. There was the finest rhythm, joined with the most massive thought and the justest observation of human life. Bold, independent, and earnest, his influence over the public mind was such as no affectation of genius can ever reach. The subjects of his poems were the realities of life. He never designed to write fiction. There are no such other love songs as those of Burns. Never were such intense passion, such tenderness, and such poetic harmony joined together.

Burns died July 21st, 1796. He was in his thirty-eighth year. The morning brightness of his manhood was scarcely past, when death claimed him. He was one of the many sacrifices which society makes on the altar of the demon of intemperance. There is no more safety for genius and greatness than there is for the commonest clay; indeed, experience has proved that the generous, social nature of poetic genius is more in danger than the duller forms of humanity. Burns was destroyed by a false, social system. It was the homicide of society. The pathetic utterance of the poet,

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn,"

was never more aptly true than the licensing either for beverage or for medicine of alcoholic liquors. The mightiest murderer of men's happiness is King Alcohol. In the ages past, thousands of the brightest and the best have fallen at the deadly touch of his hand. And still, with his death-dealing power but little abated, he continues his dreadful work of moral and physical destruction. May we not make haste too slowly to depose and destroy this monster?

No man was ever more sensible of his own weakness than Robert Burns. He acknowledged and lamented them. All through his poems we get occasional glimpses of this heart-misery. One of the most touching tenderness and pathos will be found in the verses addressed to Nancy,

"Had we never loved so kindly
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

It is needless to say anything in praise of the genius of Burns. It has been acknowledge wherever the English language is spoken. The greatest and best of the poets; on both sides of the Atlantic, have made haste to lay their laurels at his feet. Ever since his death the press has teemed with eulogies of a high order. Campbell, Roscoe, Halleck, and Whittier have

all written, as immortally as the poet himself, in his praise. Whittier has ably and poetically and with the nicest discrimination of character. But, on the whole, Halleck's *Memory of Burns* is the finest and best thing that has ever been written in praise of the poet. Three or four stanzas of this poem are such a comprehensive summing up of the poet's genius, that I am sure the reader will pardon me for forgiving them here.

"What sweet tears dim the eye unshed?
What will vows falter on the tongue?
When Scots who ha' with Wallace bled,
Or 'Auld lang syne' is sung.

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With Logan's banks and bays.

And when he breathes his master-ly,
Of Alloway's witch haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay,
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And Death's sublimity."

One more stanza. The wide-spread love and deep devotion of the world for its favorite peasant bard, and his immortality of fame, and condensed in it.

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines;
Shrines to no code nor creed confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

We might truthfully write on his tomb, ever read, ever remembered, ever beloved, ever lamented. In the grave he dies not, but still lives, an immortal life of love, in the hearts he has inspired. Other Homers, other Virgils, other Shakespeares, and other Miltons, may arise at long intervals but where shall we look for another Burns?

Home Conversation.

The temptation to talk of persons rather than of things lies very often in your way, my sister. The petty details of your life, breakfast, dinner and tea, poultry to-day, and roast beef to-morrow, Jennie's whooping cough, and Fred's measles, Bridget's incompetence, or the heedlessness of Mary Ann, and never ending demands of fashion, have, almost before you know it, a narrowing effect upon your mind. Theoretically, you despise gossip—practically you add your mite very often to the common fund. You are not ill natured.—The sweet charity that "thinketh no evil," has its home in your heart's core, yet sometimes, alas! it falls asleep, and anger, wrath, and bitterness comes stealthily creeping up to the outposts.

There are many great things which we cannot do, however, earnestly we may try. There are some little things which, with faith in God, and sincere resolution, we can accomplish, and one of these is to reform our conversation.

Every woman should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady is often tried. For instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents; sometimes it is a discontented and petulant daughter; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and then there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do good, it may well be said, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indecency and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you can see and hear should become a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books, and forget to return them.

The foundation of this thoughtless sin is sometimes laid in early life. Children coming home from a visit, are interrogated by mother or sister, concerning every little in and out of Mrs. M.'s, or Mrs. K.'s house. Don't do it again, dear friend. Just say to the darling child, as he or she skips in, flushed and happy: "Well, have you had a pleasant visit? I'm glad to hear it." Never mind whether they had gingerbread or pound cake, or what dress little Susie M. wore.

If you find a little piquant bit of slander floating about in society, do not roll it as a sweet morsel under your tongue, but if it is in your power, stop it. Drifting on the tide of social talk are often stray scalps of malice or envy. If they come to you; keep them. Let no unkind report be suffered to grow by whisper or word of yours. How lovely is the presence of a pure, truthful woman before whom evil tongues are silenced.

Talk as little as possible about dress. Make yourself and your children as beautiful as you can, and let becoming and tasteful dress help you to do it, but when once your "things" are on, think no more about them. Nothing more effectually dwarfs the mind than constant thought and conversation about ruffles and frills, feathers and flounces, trimmings and tucks. Prophets and apostles were moved to reproach our sex for their devotion to tinkling ornaments and plaited hair in olden days, and if they were here now, I think they would lift their voices up again. Get out of this rut, dear reader, and find out how much easier and better walking there is on the soft way-side above it.

The world is full of strife and struggle and sin. It is full of joy and triumph and hope. The field grows ever broader for women as for men. New responsibilities are crowding in upon us all; Can we be too pure in thought, word or deed? Can we let conversation remain frivolous and trifling?

Intemperance.

That Intemperance is the greatest curse of the world—that it is the greatest bane to the well being and happiness of human society—that it is the prolific, fruitful and frightful source, directly or indirectly of fully nine-tenths of all the evils, crimes, miseries, and wretchedness with which society everywhere is burdened and afflicted—that it is the greatest barrier and hindrance to the promotion and furtherance of all that tends to advance the general good of mankind, and the elevation of manhood to its proper dignity—that it greatly retards, prevents, and hinders, in every way, by its demoralizing, debasing, and blighting effects, everywhere, the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom—that these and many other truths that might be presented, concerning this awfully destructive and damning scourge of our world are strictly true beyond a shadow of doubt—cannot and will not by any reflective mind for one moment be questioned.

Only let a person observe, enquire, read and reflect upon this subject—only take time to consider it in its relations and bearings upon human interests—and no sane mind can help coming to such conclusions.

No one unless governed by selfish interests, prejudice, or some sinister motive but will heartily agree with and endorse every item set forth thus far. Yes, all this, as sad a picture as it may be, is true—and yet the half connected with the evil has not been told—words cannot be found fully adequate to depict and portray the wretchedness and ruin that grows out of and is the legitimate fruits and results of this dreadful curse of intemperance, entailed upon human society through the manufacture and traffic in intoxicating beverages. Oh, how fearfully destructive of human happiness, of the welfare and best interests of society, and how, by its deadly, contaminating effects, it counteracts, hinders, and opposes all that is good, and how much, but for the pernicious effects, and prevalence of this alarming evil, to spread plenty, peace, happiness, love to God, love to man, and all the virtues, would grow out of the practice of the principles of its opposite—namely, temperance.

This monster evil "Intemperance" by its being allowed and tolerated so long, and so little, compared with the precious interests involved, having been done to counteract and oppose its growth, and arrest its progress, has assumed so large, such gigantic, such formidable proportions, is so thoroughly entrenched, that it has become the vortex, the maelstrom, to swallow up, engulf, prostrate, destroy, ruin, and affect every interest that pertains to humanity. Yes, it is the greatest foe to the human race. It is the Arch-Friend's most subtle and powerful weapon for the carrying on his deadly crusade and warfare against humanity. How persistently, stealthily, unsparringly, and unceasingly, he does his terrible and destructive work of ruining our fellow-men, both for time and eternity, and what a multitude of agencies he employs in all the ranks of so-

ciety to carry forward his work of death. What legions, who for the love of gain will be his willing servants, in helping on this work of death and destruction, who for the paltry pelf obtained by its sale, are willing to serve such a master, in this direction, and whose wages in the end is only death. Yes, intemperance is the starting point of multitudes in their downward course. It is the stepping stone, the open door, the avenue which leads the way on to all the evils that infest society. By its seductive nature and influences it entraps the unwary, leads them on fast bound in its fetters to sure ruin, and hurried death. It is the miasma, the deadly Upan tree, exhaling and scattering its poison everywhere, the waves of which are sweeping off tens of thousands of our race annually into ignominious, unhonored, drunkards' graves. Look around anywhere and see the terrible effects of this deadly traffic; they are everywhere apparent. See it in the wrecks of humanity all about us—see the blighted hopes, prospects, the changed condition of many who once bid fair to be useful, happy, respected, honored citizens. What are they now? How changed is all that pertains to them.—How sad their condition; what their prospects now?—a wretched life, premature death, a drunkard's grave, a drunkard's hell. What a sad picture. What made them so?—the answer is that foul demon, intemperance. What individual but that can fix in their minds many such sad cases, now living, and then let memory bring up the past to view, of many men who have thus passed from the stage of action, who but for this curse would to-day have been living, noble, respected, useful men and citizens.

Masonry.

Grand Lodge of Quebec.

This new Grand Lodge of Canada, after much tribulation, has at last gained full recognition, as a regular Grand Lodge, by twenty-two Grand Lodges, and will doubtless be recognized by all others now in a very short time.

It has just held its second Grand Communication at Montreal, and was honored by the presence of many distinguished Masons from abroad.

The Grand Lodge of Denmark was instituted in 1747, and derives its existence from the Grand Lodge of Scotland. It is situated in Copenhagen, is recognized by the State, and the reigning king is patron of the Order.

Grand Lodge of California.

On October 10th, the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the State of California, assembled at the Masonic Temple in San Francisco for deliberation. For character, intelligence, standing and influence as citizens, this body will compare favorably with any body of like number of men in the world. For moral standing and worth, they should be the first in the land. They are the representative men of a mighty organization, that extends from the East to the West, and from the North to the South; whose temples are found in every land on which the sun shines; whose language is known and understood by all nations and tongues; who worship one God, and whose principles are based upon the everlasting rock against which the floods may beat and the storms and tempests rave in vain; those principles are the strict observance of morality, virtue, temperance, justice, and that great overshadowing grace, charity. No body of men are so hemmed in, enveloped and surrounded with influences of good, and are so frequently and forcibly impressed with moral teachings, as the Masonic Fraternity. If a man can be bad in spite of all these, he must certainly be bad indeed. With all these characteristics attached to you, members of the Grand Lodge, and representatives of the Craft with-ersover dispersed, is not your responsibility great indeed? The eyes of the world are upon you, and the impression of the world ought to be and should be favorable, and we have no doubt it will be. Men at the head of such an honorable and Ancient Order should be representative men in every sense of the term. Especially should this be the case with the officers of such an Order, that they may be pointed to with favorable comments by the profane, as men whose moral worth exemplify the professions of the Order. *San Francisco Masonic Mirror.*

NEW CHAPTER.—We understand that the papers for the formation of a new chapter of Royal Arch Masonry, to be entitled Ridgewood, and to be located in the 21st Ward, Brooklyn, will be presented to the M. E. Deputy Grand High Priest next week. The companions who seek the dispensation we know to be good and true. We hope their application will be granted.—*N. Y. Era, Oct. 1.*