

The Friend of Temperance.

A Family Newspaper--The Official Organ of the Order of "The Friends of Temperance."

VOL. V.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 1872.

NO. 40.

Friend of Temperance.

PUBLISHED BY
R. H. WHITTAKER,
RALEIGH, N. C.

TERMS:
One copy per year, \$2 00
Six months, \$1 25
Three months, \$0 75
Clubs:
Five or more names will be received
at the rate of \$1.50 each.

Original Story.

Written expressly for the Friend.

The Mother's Wine.

BY SILVIA.

Two youths, on the verge of manhood, sat upon either hand of their father. Each one possessed a fine, intellectual face, and showed, by his every gesture, culture and refinement. James had no care in the smooth, well-made lines of his face, and his eyes were pleasant, almost merry, in contrast to the grave silence about him, and a smile of good humor lingered upon his lip. Richard was grave and thoughtful in many nameless ways, assisting Laura in her duties. Mr. Williams wore, habitually, a care-worn expression, but which failed to hide the benignity which was a true index to his character. He had a large family, but wealth, which he possessed, enabled him to dress and educate them as he wished.

When not under the influence of wine, Mr. Williams was a fond mother and kind neighbor. It was sad to see a lady of her education and advantages, so enslaved by this one vice. It was not generally known, and those who knew it, respected Mr. Williams to highly to make the frailty of his wife a town gossip.

Mr. Williams was accustomed to sit with his children during their evening study hour, and direct them in learning their lessons; but this evening the hours dragged heavily, and he soon retired to his own room, leaving his children and their young guest to a few quiet games. Now pleasure reigns and as if forgetful of the cloud which rested upon the household, merriment filled the room.

Presently, James, with a comical snort and yawn, asked for "our usual refreshments."
Laura smiled, and nodding merrily, passed from the room. She was not absent long, and with her came a servant, bearing a waiter, heaped with roasted potatoes and ground-peas. These were greeted with merry exclamations, and James assisted Laura in arranging a small table to accommodate their homely refreshments, and then he brought glasses from the side-board.

"Now for the wine, sister. You have the key."
"Not to-night, James."
"Why not, little woman?"
"Because we are all getting to love it so well."
"Whew! A weighty reason!"
He threw up his hands in comical surprise, and arched his brows in so droll a way, that the smaller ones laughed.

"Let's see a queer one, Dick?"
"Think not, James. For something I have been thinking it wrong for us to be drinking mother's wine. This one has lost refreshment night, you become so loud and boisterous, that father came in one of discovering our little indulgence."
"He can't say anything, for is not mother sleeping off a spell now? Eh, Gracie?"
"Father is very unhappy every time mother is taken."
"Nonsense! Does he not take pride in his grape-vines, and assist in putting up the most delicious wines, of which mother is so fond, and so are we? So bring along the wine."
"I will, but we all love it too well now. This shall be the last time."
"So it shall, little woman, till mother is 'took' again."

And the rich, sparkling wine was brought from his hiding place, and the glasses filled. And the father, who procured the luxury, slept, and the mother, while the brood she should have cherished, is taking the first step on the road to ruin, is lost in the leargic slumber of an inebriate.

"Louise, let me help you?" James begged with boyish gallantry, as he presented the brimming glass to his sister's friend.
"Not any, thank you."
"What?"
"Not any, if you please."
"Don't you love wine?"
"I never tasted any."
"Take this then, you will like it, I know."
"Thank you, mother would not approve."

"She will never know it!"
"I should think, and I never kept anything from mamma in my life. If you please, I do not wish any."
"Come now, that is not fair, and you must taste, if only to please me. It is fashionable to hand wine and cake in parlors, you know, and there can be no harm in just a little, just to please me."
"I prefer not to take it."
"And it is unkind in you to insist upon it," Richard said very quietly, while his dark eyes were bent in mingled surprise and admiration upon the timid child. "I am glad to see any one refuse wine, for I know its effects are evil."
"Don't drink any more then, Richard," Laura said, eagerly. "I have thought the same."
"I can not help it, sister. I love it so well. I do wish that I had never tasted wine."
"Whew! Don't father make it?-- Don't mother drink it? I am no better than they."

James raised his glass to his lips and drained it, and his example was followed by his eager brother and sister. And Louie sat, with wide open eyes and glowing cheeks, looking upon them.

CHAPTER II.
"Good-bye, Louis. God bless you, my son. Come back to me as light-hearted and true as now, and I will never regret the hours of your absence. And remember my boy--no wine--for the sparkling cap, though jeweled to the brim, hides destruction and ruin."
"Never fear, mother, for no wine, except given by my mother's hand, shall pass my lips."
"God keep you my son, and you, my daughter, my ever frail and delicate Louie. It makes my heart ache to see you go, but education is a priceless blessing, and I will permit no foolish fondness to deprive you of college privileges. In his care who doeth all things well, I entrust you both."
The carriage drove away from the old home, taking the young travelers to the nearest stage-station. Mrs. Whitfield stood at the gate, watching them far down the long lane. Her eyes were dim with the tears she struggled to repress, and her heart beat with pain, to see those hitherto so tenderly cared for, take their first step beyond the sleepless care of maternal presence. At last the carriage is lost to view, and with a voiceless prayer to God, to guard and guide those so dear to her heart, she went to her daily duties.

Happy youth and maiden, to be so guarded by a christian mother's prayer! Who will believe that ought of evil will overcome them in the life before them?
Mrs. Whitfield was a true woman, whether as wife, mother, mistress, neighbor or benefactress. No one knew her but to respect and esteem her. She was an earnest worker in a working world, and whatever her hands found to do, she did with her might. The suffering found sympathy when she was by, and help from her ready hands. The poor found a willing and helpful friend, and the sorrowful found a balm in the ever hopeful words of her love, motherly voice.

She sought to raise her children to be useful members of society--not mere ornaments. Louis, the eldest of five, had grown beneath her eye, an honorable, generous boy--the pride of his teachers and neighbors. And yet, she permitted no sense of false security to lull her into neglectfulness of his moral training. And ever loving, watchful and patient, she gave him instruction; and home to him was an earthly paradise, and mother, the enthroned divinity, round which his heart centered. And there were no outside attractions so alluring as could win him from a home so blessed. Ah, that there were many more such homes to save the youth of the land from destruction! Ah, if mothers loved their children half so devotedly as they do fashion and gossip, there would be less drunkenness, crime and ruin!

After taking their seats in the stage, and bidding adieu to their father, Louis and Louie leaned back in silence, their hearts too full for words. Louis, as if ashamed of the transient tears which came unbidden, wiped them hastily, while Louie wept as if her heart were breaking.
"Cheer up, sister," said Louis, in a husky voice, "for a year is a short time, and will speed away on wings to us when we get to our lessons."
"But, mother! how will she do without us?"
"Well enough, if we prove ourselves worthy of her. And I will do it, too, sister, for it seems to me there was never such another father and mother as ours, and I had rather merit their praise than win riches or fame." His eye kindled with the resolve registered in his heart.
"And brother, Grace and Richard

will go with us. I love Grace--she was my earliest playmate--but she does not love to study, and I fear she will lead me into her pleasures, and cause me to waste precious time."
"Always think of motherly sister, and you are safe from every temptation of pleasure. I feel strongly in her presence, and in her absence, it seems she is ever hovering near me. And you may influence Grace for her good, who can tell?"
"While they were speaking, the stage drew up at Mr. Williams' gate, where Richard stood waiting. He greeted Louis with a boisterous hurrah!
"All ready, Richard?"
"I believe so, or will be by the time these trucks are just aboard."
"Here they come," he cried, as the front door opened, and Mr. Williams came out, accompanied by his wife and daughters. Grace held her father's hand, while Mrs. Williams leaned heavily upon the arm of Laura. And Laura's proud lip was wreathed in scornful disgust, as if of the almost helpless mother who leaned upon her, and there was a sad weariness in her dark eyes, which told of heart stragings. She kissed Grace time and time again, and hot tears fell upon her cheeks.
"Happy Grace, for you can make yourself a true woman! Don't forget me sister--nor despise me, for I must stay, and there is no hope for me here."
"I wish you were going in my place, sister Laura."
"No, no, Gracie. Go and learn to be noble and good, and forget, if you can, the taste of mother's wine."
While Mr. Williams assisted Grace to her seat and took a tender leave of her, Mrs. Williams was speaking a few final words to Richard.
"Study hard, and be first in your class. But don't be mean and stungy, for your father has money, and I intend his children shall enjoy it. You have money enough to keep you, without an education, but I would not wish to have any one else excel you. Here is a bottle of some of my best wine to last you on your journey--You will find some more packed in your trunk. Be a good boy." She put the bottle in his hand and kissed his cheek.
Laura came quickly to his side, and spoke in a low, eager tone.
"You promised me Richard that you would never drink again. Give me that wine."
"Did not mother give it to me?"
"What is the harm of mother's wine?"
"Richard!"
"Don't you feel so hurt about it. I will not drink any more when this is gone."
"And you have promised me this so often before."
"But I am in earnest now, sister."
"Oh, Richard, Richard! are all of us doomed to destruction? I have hoped so much for you and Grace, when you are once removed from the wine-polluted atmosphere of home, but if you take it with you, where is the safety? Take warning from James--he has sunk himself into the hopeless ruin of inebriation, and is not twenty-one years old. Good bye, brother, good bye, and throw away mother's wine."
The driver gathered his reins, and Richard and Grace had passed from the home which sheltered their infant years--taking with them the home influences, which ever cling about the heart, even of a babe.

[To be Continued.]
"Drunk! That's All!"
"What is it?" I asked a crowd of men upon the sidewalk, from whom, as I approached them, I heard repeated shouts of merriment. "What is there so amusing here?"
"Why, don't you see?" was the reply. "The fellow's drunk; that's all."
Yes, I did see. It was a young man, who in different circumstances, might have been called good looking. He had evidently been well-dressed a few hours before, though now his hat was battered and his clothes soiled; and it made him a still more pitiable sight to see the evidence that he had come from a good home. He sat on the dusty walk, his back leaning against the brick wall, his head wagging, his eyes winking, and an idiotic smile on his face. As he occasionally made some senseless remark, the laugh went up from the crowd.
A police officer soon came, who appeared to understand the case, and, lifting the poor disgraced youth to his feet, he led him home, or some place where he could get sober.
"He was drunk that's all!"
"And is not that enough?" thought I. "If that boy--for he was scarcely more than a boy--had a mother worthy of the name; if he had a father who knew what it is to be dishonored by a child; if he has brothers or sisters, will they not think it enough for the son and brother to come home in charge of an officer, who will explain as he leaves him at the door, 'I found him drunk in the street'?"

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn field, the peach orchard, or the vineyard--A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical minds may know that whiskey distilled from garbage is said to be "pure and cleanly," as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage, the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound, bourbon, or old rye. And a temperance man would prefer, at all times, cold water, made by God himself.

This new process accounts for what we see occasionally, a gentleman with a red nose and watery eye, looking a little mellow, after freely imbibing whiskey, extracted from houses and street garbage. It is a fact, I assure you, and some of the alcohol is here in New Orleans, La., on exhibition, to be seen. It smells loud--in fact, it stinks; but it will make drunk come, and that appears to be the desideratum.
The owners of this new patent are said to have offered to sell the right to make whiskey in several large cities. For the garbage of our city alone, they offered \$8000 cash per annum.
As I have stated above, they can extract from each barrel of garbage three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits, and the process is heating all the garbage in tight tanks up to a high temperature, then skimming off the grease and distilling the remainder.
You may expect some of this delightful fluid to be sent to your State and city of Raleigh, branded "Old Bourbon," and "Rye." Just think of it, O good citizens! and be warned--look not on the whiskey, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a scorpion."

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn field, the peach orchard, or the vineyard--A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical minds may know that whiskey distilled from garbage is said to be "pure and cleanly," as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage, the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound, bourbon, or old rye. And a temperance man would prefer, at all times, cold water, made by God himself.

This new process accounts for what we see occasionally, a gentleman with a red nose and watery eye, looking a little mellow, after freely imbibing whiskey, extracted from houses and street garbage. It is a fact, I assure you, and some of the alcohol is here in New Orleans, La., on exhibition, to be seen. It smells loud--in fact, it stinks; but it will make drunk come, and that appears to be the desideratum.
The owners of this new patent are said to have offered to sell the right to make whiskey in several large cities. For the garbage of our city alone, they offered \$8000 cash per annum.
As I have stated above, they can extract from each barrel of garbage three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits, and the process is heating all the garbage in tight tanks up to a high temperature, then skimming off the grease and distilling the remainder.
You may expect some of this delightful fluid to be sent to your State and city of Raleigh, branded "Old Bourbon," and "Rye." Just think of it, O good citizens! and be warned--look not on the whiskey, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a scorpion."

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn field, the peach orchard, or the vineyard--A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical minds may know that whiskey distilled from garbage is said to be "pure and cleanly," as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage, the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound, bourbon, or old rye. And a temperance man would prefer, at all times, cold water, made by God himself.

This new process accounts for what we see occasionally, a gentleman with a red nose and watery eye, looking a little mellow, after freely imbibing whiskey, extracted from houses and street garbage. It is a fact, I assure you, and some of the alcohol is here in New Orleans, La., on exhibition, to be seen. It smells loud--in fact, it stinks; but it will make drunk come, and that appears to be the desideratum.
The owners of this new patent are said to have offered to sell the right to make whiskey in several large cities. For the garbage of our city alone, they offered \$8000 cash per annum.
As I have stated above, they can extract from each barrel of garbage three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits, and the process is heating all the garbage in tight tanks up to a high temperature, then skimming off the grease and distilling the remainder.
You may expect some of this delightful fluid to be sent to your State and city of Raleigh, branded "Old Bourbon," and "Rye." Just think of it, O good citizens! and be warned--look not on the whiskey, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a scorpion."

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn field, the peach orchard, or the vineyard--A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical minds may know that whiskey distilled from garbage is said to be "pure and cleanly," as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage, the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound, bourbon, or old rye. And a temperance man would prefer, at all times, cold water, made by God himself.

This new process accounts for what we see occasionally, a gentleman with a red nose and watery eye, looking a little mellow, after freely imbibing whiskey, extracted from houses and street garbage. It is a fact, I assure you, and some of the alcohol is here in New Orleans, La., on exhibition, to be seen. It smells loud--in fact, it stinks; but it will make drunk come, and that appears to be the desideratum.
The owners of this new patent are said to have offered to sell the right to make whiskey in several large cities. For the garbage of our city alone, they offered \$8000 cash per annum.
As I have stated above, they can extract from each barrel of garbage three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits, and the process is heating all the garbage in tight tanks up to a high temperature, then skimming off the grease and distilling the remainder.
You may expect some of this delightful fluid to be sent to your State and city of Raleigh, branded "Old Bourbon," and "Rye." Just think of it, O good citizens! and be warned--look not on the whiskey, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a scorpion."

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn field, the peach orchard, or the vineyard--A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical minds may know that whiskey distilled from garbage is said to be "pure and cleanly," as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage, the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound, bourbon, or old rye. And a temperance man would prefer, at all times, cold water, made by God himself.

This new process accounts for what we see occasionally, a gentleman with a red nose and watery eye, looking a little mellow, after freely imbibing whiskey, extracted from houses and street garbage. It is a fact, I assure you, and some of the alcohol is here in New Orleans, La., on exhibition, to be seen. It smells loud--in fact, it stinks; but it will make drunk come, and that appears to be the desideratum.
The owners of this new patent are said to have offered to sell the right to make whiskey in several large cities. For the garbage of our city alone, they offered \$8000 cash per annum.
As I have stated above, they can extract from each barrel of garbage three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits, and the process is heating all the garbage in tight tanks up to a high temperature, then skimming off the grease and distilling the remainder.
You may expect some of this delightful fluid to be sent to your State and city of Raleigh, branded "Old Bourbon," and "Rye." Just think of it, O good citizens! and be warned--look not on the whiskey, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a scorpion."

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn field, the peach orchard, or the vineyard--A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical minds may know that whiskey distilled from garbage is said to be "pure and cleanly," as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage, the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound, bourbon, or old rye. And a temperance man would prefer, at all times, cold water, made by God himself.

This new process accounts for what we see occasionally, a gentleman with a red nose and watery eye, looking a little mellow, after freely imbibing whiskey, extracted from houses and street garbage. It is a fact, I assure you, and some of the alcohol is here in New Orleans, La., on exhibition, to be seen. It smells loud--in fact, it stinks; but it will make drunk come, and that appears to be the desideratum.
The owners of this new patent are said to have offered to sell the right to make whiskey in several large cities. For the garbage of our city alone, they offered \$8000 cash per annum.
As I have stated above, they can extract from each barrel of garbage three pounds of soap grease, and four gallons of proof spirits, and the process is heating all the garbage in tight tanks up to a high temperature, then skimming off the grease and distilling the remainder.
You may expect some of this delightful fluid to be sent to your State and city of Raleigh, branded "Old Bourbon," and "Rye." Just think of it, O good citizens! and be warned--look not on the whiskey, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a scorpion."

State

Communications.

For the Friend.
COURTESY C. H., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITTAKER--Enclosed please find Post-Office order for \$18, for which send your valuable paper--The Friend of Temperance--to the addresses given below.

Feeling that every Friend of Temperance should read the Organ of our Order, I have presented its claims to our Council, and think that at least ninety per cent. of our members would subscribe, if we had a post-office in the township. Our nearest office is Currituck Court House, fifteen miles distant.
Widow's Relief Council, No. 112, F. of T., is up and doing. The pensioners of King Alcohol, as well as the slaves who earn and pay the pension, have not now their father's (Baecht's) name written in their foreheads, but seeing how far courage may venture, with the armor--Faith, Temperance and Charity--bear the scowl and fear the consumption of our aim, to make temperance fashionable, and inebriety a bar to fellowship. We have made a telling assault on that ring, which has so long disturbed the peace--clogged the wheels of prosperity and lengthened the criminal docket of our county. We not only held our ground during the Christmas holidays, but twelve young and strong active members were added to our rolls. But for my professional engagements, I feel that I should become a fanatic in the cause. Though young, I have seen so many valuable lives, giant intellects, comforts and joys sacrificed to the Moloch, that I can only present them in defense of my perhaps too anxious care.
While I never belonged to any temperance organization before October last, I have been a friend of temperance from my youth up.
There was a feast for the benefit of W. R. Council on the 19th inst., and though the weather was inclement, eighty-eight (88) dollars were received to fit up the Council hall. Before I close I will tell you what Mrs. Halstead thinks of your paper. After reading the issue of the 10th inst., she said, "Doctor this paper is worth double its subscription price, and copies should be taken for general circulation in the neighborhood. It would do much good in the absence of a lecturer. I shall do all I can for Minnie E. Ray." Yours in F. T. and C., G. N. H.

FOR THE FRIEND.
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not the Unclean Thing."
"All is not Gold that Glitters," and all is not pure Whiskey that Sparkles. Distillation of Spirit's from Garbage.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1872.
Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter, be it a loaf of unbacked bread, or a reeking garbage vessel. In this new process, the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled