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Original Story.

Written expressly for the Friend.

The Mother's Wine.

BY MELVA.

CHAPTER VII.

The wind blew fiercely, bending and bending the trees, limbs broken and scattered, fell upon the ground, and the green leaves, a while before forming a luxuriant shade from the scorching summer's sun, were blown hither and thither in the blast. Lightning flashed, fierce and blinding, leaped about the storm-cloud's midnight blackness, and the thunder shook the ground with its roar, and rolled away in angry waters. The rain fell in torrents, and the windows of heaven were again opened in anger. And so Laura Ainsley looked out upon the rain elements, as if in love with the angry throes of the storm-flood. They seemed of raven hair hung loosely to her slender waist, and her white hand linked in its ringlets, fell away from her round, beautiful cheek. Her large, mournful eyes were filled with awe and sympathy, with a sense so grand, lit up her beautiful face. She was alone, and she had a feeling of being forsaken, as if the presence of the old home was oppressive. And while she gazed outward, a sound went backward to her childhood and youth, and through Fancy's dreamy hours, she reviewed each scene of her life. And silent tears from blighted life ran down her cheeks, and her heart took up the wailing longings for that might have been. "Compassionless and hopeless in her beauty as a ripened womanhood, she talked about to the silence, and heeded not the dreary echoes which answered."

"The floating years glide drearily before me. To some, the wheels of time fly in gleams of light—I cannot every speak, as it turns slowly, so slowly! Fourteen years to-day, since he went forth in his wrath! It is to me as if a century had passed. Is he living in some still, or dead? Alas, no surmise comes to me in my loneliness, while my heart is writhing with a ceaseless pain! And I loved him! Ah, would that I knew where to seek you, Winthrop—my husband! And this is the curse which came with the wine, the wine which long ago, she remembered, and wasted her life in tears and heartaches. Ah, she is gone 'over the river' now, where is joy and peace! But her repentance could not undo the evil already done, and I suffer—comforted indeed by the strengthening grace of Divine love, but the human heart clings to its earthly idol, and the struggle to find perfect rest from pain, is vain. The lonely old home sends forth only mournful echoes, and no more the glad shouts of happy childhood. I wait in vain for those which will come no more, and listen for voices hushed in the grave. Sisters, all married and happy in their own homes, almost forget our white-haired father and me—the drearily desolate of them all. Rich and poor, a worker in a far distant land, is happy, for he is doing God's work. I almost envy him, his ceaseless thought and struggle to benefit others—there is forgetfulness in that. Our young brothers, one a rising lawyer, and the other a diligent, conscientious college student, are happy in their bright hopes and high aspirations for future usefulness. But for me, no longer wears a rose color. My face is beautiful now, as in the bright, happy past, and dattors praise, the lily of my brow, and the rose of my cheek. But my heart no flowers bloom, since the flowers of my youth are faded and dead."

She sat upon the glass with her fingers, and watched the summer clouds as they scattered and permitted the sun to shine again. While yet she stood, a light carriage stopped at the gate, and a tall, broad-chested man alighted, and walked eagerly upon the gravelled path to the door. Some familiar movement resembling feature, recalled her husband, and her heart stood still with a strange longing. But the dark, bearded stranger was very different, yet strangely like the fair, boyish Winthrop Ainsley, who left her years ago. She watched him eagerly, and when he ascended the steps and rang the bell, without waiting a servant, she went out. Her face was pale, and she tottered as she walked, but ere she reached the door, she had recovered herself. The door opened, and Winthrop Ainsley crossed the threshold, and the long parted husband and wife—stand face to face.

"Laura, my wife!" He took her in his arms, and she pillowed her head upon his bosom. Hours after, Laura sat on a stool at his feet, looking with fond eyes to his face, all the gloom and desolation of her past life forgotten in present joy. "I have not deserved so perfect a forgiveness from you, my Laura!" "But I am happy that you are here, Winthrop. Now let us forget, if we may, that long separation! And tell me of Richard, you say you met him." "I was taken sick in a small village on the banks of the Ganges—sick night unto death. The first recollection I have after the fever left me, is of large, melancholy black eyes, the counterpart of your own, looking anxiously into my face. But the strange, bearded face which carried my mind back to home and native land, went out, and I sank into sleep. The next day I learned I owed my life to the kind nursing of Richard, your brother. He told me all the sad past since I went away. His own melancholy history, the death of his mother, the noble self-denial of my patient Laura, who put away her own sorrows to be as a mother to her young brothers and sisters, and a comforter to her feeble father's declining years. And last, of the marriage of Louis Whitfield to our sister Grace, so closely followed by the marriages of the other sisters. And I knew I should find you in the old home. I met Judge Whitfield on the way, and he told me that you were here, and I saw with him my little name-sake—Winthrop Ainsley Whitfield—and he told me aunt Laura gave him his name. Then I knew that I was not forgotten!" "No, not forgotten! Is Richard happy?" "I think not, for his life is one of loving kindness towards others. He is cheerful always, and he has the respect and love of those among whom he lives. But he has not forgotten Louvise's grave, and he has sent by me seeds of rare flowers, which we will plant for him there."

"And out of the clouds of the past, has come joy and peace. And the wine cup is renounced forever in our homes. It is many years ago since the shadows it brought fell upon us, but the remembrance will never pass away, though the present bears the rose-colored lights of happiness."

somer woman, and I've taken many a fair freight in my old wherry. She had a soft, moony kind of face, with hair that was half black and half gold, rippling around her dimples, and eyes as brown as a chestnut, with curled black lashes. Her smile was that sweet that it had something intoxicating in it. I've seen men look at her as I've seen a hungry child look at a basket of ripe peaches.

Well, she came to the Roses with her housekeeper and her servants. She had some wealth, I suppose. Not enough, likely, for she aimed for more, and got it. Well, she gave a party after she had got settled, and the town-folks had called on her. She had very pleasant ways and was very popular. I remember that night—how the house was all lighted, and the trees of the avenue hung with colored lanterns—and the people came in such crowds could hardly get across with them. There were the Goldings, and the Bromleys, and the Yanbrughs. There were the Smiths of Appleton, and the Greys of Sedgerville. There was the beautiful Miss Liddell of Bayswater, and though Mr. Montcalm didn't come, his nephew, young Werner, did, and that was the worst of it.

Well, there were high times at the Roses that night. There was laughing, and talking, and dancing, and beautiful singing. After all the people had gone over, I got a rest, and I called to my wife to come down from our little house under the pines, there, or listen to music they were playing for to dance by. She came, bringing little Jim all wrapped in a shawl—for the night dews were heavy—and we three sat in the boat and looked and listened for a long hour. You see it wasn't often that such doings went on among us, and perhaps we enjoyed our share as much as some others whose name was on Lady Vivia's invitation list. Along about midnight, or later, the party broke up, and then I had to spring in to get them all over again. That very night I noticed young Werner.

He was a fine young chap, just come from college. He was a nephew of Mr. Montcalm of Oakhorne, as his place is called, and he lived with his uncle. Coming over, young Werner had been very gay with the Misses Liddell, but going back, he stood in the stern, there, looking back at the lights of the roses, with never a word for anybody. The very next morning who should come springing down the bank, and call to be taken across, but young Werner? I carried him over, and watched, kind of curiously, to see him go straight to the Roses.

Well, all that spring I knew he visited Lady Vivia, but I never thought anything strange, because he was such a boy, and she must have been twenty-eight years old. I would take them across in her carriage, sometimes. She drove beautifully. She wore white dresses, a black lace shawl and a white chip hat, with a spray of feathery grass in it, and everything she wore seemed part of her beautiful self. I'm a rough old fellow, and in my heart of hearts I'd never be one to trust Lady Vivia, but I never can think of her—that white dimpled face and those great eyes of hers—without seeming to forget every thing else, and getting dazed like. Ah, her beauty, her beauty! that was what did it.

One day young Werner came on board with Mr. Montcalm, and they were both on horseback. Now Mr. Montcalm had never before, to my knowledge, been to the Roses. He went that day. They were gone two hours, perhaps, before they came back. I noticed what a handsome man Mr. Montcalm was, as he sat on his horse. He must have been fifty years old; his beard and hair was a little gray, but his skin was as smooth as marble, and his dark-blue eyes had a serene look, as if he never, in all his easy life, had seen a cloud of trouble. He had the calm, kind, dignified ways of a real gentleman. I noticed that young Werner talked nervously, but Mr. Montcalm was very quiet.

board, so wild and haggard-like I couldn't but notice him. When I first took heed of him he was leaning over the rail yonder, his face pale, his position that of a man that is in some trouble, and sick at heart. There were others on board that saw it. Well, he went over, and just as he leaped out on the bank, he saw Lady Vivia's carriage waiting to go across. He went straight to her, and she put out a friendly hand to receive him. I saw his hand shut like a vice on hers. "I want to see you," he said, in a low voice.

"Then get in and drive to town with me," she answered softly. But it seemed to me that her voice was a little too gay for she couldn't help seeing how ill he looked. There was no one else going over. After we started, I stood behind the carriage and heard them talking. She seemed reluctant to answer his questions. At last she replied, "Yes, it is true." "My God!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?" "Is it so strange?" she asked, quickly. "Strange?" he answered. "Vivia, if I believed it I would kill myself." "Arthur," she said, in a trembling voice, "pray be reasonable."

I heard him mutter and laugh recklessly. She spoke to him softly, and then I heard a great sob—and, by Heaven, sir, I don't like to see a man cry. I got out of my hearing. As I told you, sir, I had just lost my boy—I was under a cloud myself. Well, Lady Vivia came back in the carriage alone, rather grave. And, by the way, there were two other carriages coming over, all the wherry could possibly hold, and her horses backed against the railing and broke it. But she paid the damage, sir, before she went off the boat.

Then I heard it announced, for true, that Mr. Montcalm and Lady Vivia Valliere were to be married. The wedding was to take place in September. Poor young Werner! The man who had the heart to pity a dog would have pitied him. Every night that young fellow went over to the Roses, and 'twas fast wearing him out. I have no idea that he saw Lady Vivia. He only hung around the place, tramping through the garden, and watching the lights of the house. Indeed, a housemaid told my wife as much. He had quarreled with his uncle, and left Oakhorne. No one knew where he stayed. He looked, with his haggard face and unbrushed clothes, as if he slept in the open fields. I never saw such a change in a wellbred happy young fellow. Everybody was talking about it, everybody pitied him; but Werner cared for no one.

Now, as I said, Lady Vivia had a house-keeper, an ugly, dark French woman. But she was sharp. She crossed the river sometimes, and her name was Madame Sevigne. Just before the wedding Lady Vivia dismissed her. I think they must have had some trouble, for Madame Sevigne said many bitter things about her late mistress. It so happened that when she left the Roses my wife was on board the boat, and the two women had a little talk. "Sorry for Arthur Werner?" she exclaimed. "Never! She has no more heart than a dead sea apple! What did she ever care for that boy when she rode and drove with him? Bah! nothing! But she knew that he was the nephew of his uncle—she had a little game to play and she played it well. Do you remember the little reception in the spring? That was given for Monsieur Montcalm—He did not come, but his nephew did, and so she courted the nephew—When she made another move she was more successful. Monsieur Montcalm came, and she snared him. Then she had no more use for Arthur Werner. He will die. Well, let him. She will not care."

I never shall forget what happened that night. Werner came on board about eleven o'clock. I saw a look in his face that convinced me he was quite insane. It was a moonlight night, but the clouds were ragged and watery. He stood by the broken rail where there was a wide open space. Suddenly I saw him step right through this space into the water. I stared at the empty spot a while minute before I realized that poor Werner had committed suicide.

Well, the boy and I put the boat about, but 'twasn't of any use. He was drowned dead when at last we got him up. He was buried from Oakhorne, and the wedding was put off for a while. Is that all, did you say? No, sir, that isn't.

The night Arthur Werner was buried—late, it might have been three or four hours after the funeral, and he was laid to rest at sundown—I was going over for a passenger, when I saw a figure near the broken railing. You may hang me dead, sir, if it wasn't the spirit of Werner! I said nothing, but the next night I saw it again, and passengers on board the boat saw it. My boat soon began to get a bad reputation, and people shunned it, and went over by the bridge.

Starvation began to stare me in the face. I went to Lady Vivia. She heard my story incredulously, but turned pale. We talked a long time. I repeated some of the stories Madame Sevigne had told about her. She trembled violently. I begged her to cross in the boat at eleven o'clock, but she would not. She was soon going away from the Roses, she said. Then she went into the next room and returned to me with a purse of gold. "My good friend," she said, in her soft voice, "take this and buy yourself a new boat. We will hope that that will not be haunted."

Well, I bought the new boat. For a while I was not quite easy—spirits are not just to be depended on, you know, sir—but the ghost did not trouble me any more. And gradually my custom came back. People crossed with me again. Lady Vivia was soon married, and went away. I was never quite satisfied until she went. I was always expecting Werner's spirit to take a ride across to see her. Why didn't I sell the old boat? I tried, but I see you, sir! nobody'd buy it. It lay afloat a mile down the river, until it got leaky; then I used it for firewood.

Welcome for the story, sir! Happy to take you over again. Good-day, sir!

midst, which is destined to accomplish a wonderful reformation, in this part of the county. Brother Yarborough recently delivered us a most able address, and secured the names of nineteen persons who were willing to give up everything that will intoxicate, and become members of our Order. He was authorized to get the books, charter and outfit, as soon as possible, and also requested to get, if possible, our excellent friend and brother, George A. Bruce of Waynesboro, to organize us into a council, which he did, on Wednesday night, the 7th, inst., assisted by brothers Hugh Connell and Yarborough. The name of our council is, Middle River, No. 142. The following officers were elected:

President, Joseph B. Trimble. Associate, Lewis Dinkie. Secretary, John H. Snapp. Treasurer, Albert G. Wayland. Conducter, Crawford M. Trimble. Ast. Conductor, Newton A. Dull. In. Sentinel, John H. Dinkie. Out. Sentinel, Jas. M. Mizer. Our council was organized with sixteen active and seven associate members, and we expect to initiate several more to-night. Bro. Bruce is the greatest temperance man in our county, and thoroughly understands the working of our Order; but no more so than bro. Connell, of whom any council might justly feel proud as a member. His better-half is a true woman of temperance, and is generally found in the hall, at the meetings of the council. Waynesboro is the banner council in this county. How could it be otherwise, with such men as George A. Bruce, and a hundred others, good and true, attached to it. They are doing a noble work. I expect to meet this council, next Friday night, the 16th, in county convention. I will let you hear from me again after that meeting.

New Hope is more flourishing than at any previous time—I mean in numbers and good material—and not that the members are rich and have plenty of money, for money is the scarcest thing in our midst; though we manage to pay up our dues to the council, and have some little besides, for our wives and children. Fishersville council is building a hall and increasing steadily, and is ultimately to exert a good influence on its bearing upon society. To watch its influence and tendency. If the fruit be good, it is proof that the tree is also good. If the fruit be evil, it is proof that the tree is corrupt. Every tree that beareth not good fruit should be hewn down and cast into the fire. Every institution that bears good fruit should receive countenance and patronage, and every institution that brings forth evil fruit should be discouraged by every right minded man. Apply this test to masonry. It has ever challenged close investigation. Although the door which opens into her sacred mysteries is strictly guarded, and none permitted to enter, but those properly qualified, yet, she points, with a silent tongue, to her fruits, and challenges the criticism of the uninitiated. Let us consider but one feature of Free Masonry in this short article.

Let us consider it as a brotherhood. A band of brothers united by sacred obligations for a most noble purpose. With the ability to make himself known to a brother mason, the true mason may rest assured that he and his wife will find a friend wherever true masons are found, or known to dwell, without regard to politics, religion or nationality. The benefits which have been, and are being derived by members of the craft from this brotherhood, can never be known. The fruit is always ripening, and always being gathered to gladden the heart of the distressed brother, the widow and the orphan.—Much more might be known of the good of this institution, were not the silent tongue one of its strong characteristics. Like the sun which silently sheds his light and heat upon the earth, sending blessings upon man and beast, masonry moves on in its great works of charity without boasting, and without ostentation.

FOR THE FRIEND.
Swoope's Defeat, Va., Feb. 12th, 1872.
Bro. WHITAKER—Permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper, the Friend of Temperance, to give you and your readers, some little news in reference to the glorious temperance cause, in this, and other parts of the good Old County of Augusta, which can boast of as many Councils, and as many temperance men, as any other county, in the Old Dominion; and not only men, but we have some as noble Fair Ones, as this sin-stricken earth has ever known, who are willing to make any reasonable sacrifices, that temperance may extend its influence throughout this beautiful valley. Through the influence of our untiring brother, Wm. T. Yarborough, who is a member of the New Hope Council, we have a Council organized in our

Selections.
Origin of Free-Masonry.
ITS GENERAL ADVANTAGES.

From the commencement of the world we may trace the principles of Free-Masonry. Ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our Order may be said to have had a being. No art or science preceded it. In the dark ages of antiquity, when literature and science were but little cultivated, Free-Masonry diffused its influence. The arts arose, and the progress of knowledge and philosophy, gradually dispelled the gloom of ignorance and barbarism.—Lodges, at length, were congregated, and the Order assumed an established form. Encouraged by the wise and good, in all ages, they spread over the face of the globe, and diffused unbounded utility.

Free-Masonry is confined to no particular country, but extends, with civilization, into the remotest corners of the earth. It is claimed by no sect.—It is attached to no party. Wherever there is a human being, there will its influence be beneficial. Amidst discordant nations, and contending tribes; among people of diverse languages and tongues; in every climate and country of the globe, the benign principles of Free-Masonry, meliorate the condition of man, and increase the sum of human happiness. Its principles are applicable to every condition of society, every form of government, and every religious sect. Its language is likewise universal. The Russian and the American can communicate with each other, though ignorant of any language but their own; and an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a Spaniard, can enjoy social intercourse under similar circumstances. The peculiar marks of distinction and modes of communicating our thoughts, which the uninitiated can never discover, enable a Free-mason to make himself known, wherever Free-Masons are found. However men may be divided upon every other subject, Free-Masonry unites them in one grand scheme of universal harmony and benevolence.—Beside the common ties of humanity, Free-Masons have a stronger obligation to incite them to kind and friendly offices. The calm and benign principles of the Order, are calculated to subdue every discordant passion of our nature; to tame the spirit of the bigot, and to teach the dogmatist to respect the feelings and opinions of others. Thus, through the influence of Free-Masonry, all those disputes which embitter life, and sour the tempers of men, are avoided; while the common good, the happiness of our fellow men, is earnestly pursued.

From this view of our system, its utility must be sufficiently obvious.—The universal principles of the art unite, in one indissoluble bond of affection, men of the most opposite tenets, of the most distant countries, and of the most contradictory opinions; so that in every nation, a Free-Mason will find a friend, and in every climate a home. As God is everywhere, the same beneficent Being, should not man be so likewise?

Such is the nature of our institution. In the Lodge, union is cemented by sincere attachment, and pleasure is reciprocally communicated in the cheerful observance of every obliging office. Virtue, the grand object in view, luminous as the morning sun, shines resplendent on the mind, enlivens the heart, and heightens cool appropriation into warm sympathy and cordial attention. In the Lodge, man is made the friend of his species.

Only a Beggar.
BY MISS J. E. MCCONAGHY.

It was a very timid ring at the door-bell, and Miss Alice answered it herself as she was passing through the hall. A sorry little figure stood there in the frosty autumn morning. No wonder the blue hand touched the bell-pull timidly. At so many doors she had met with harsh rebuffs, with angry words for the trouble she had made while not a syllable of her petitions would they hear. "Only a beggar!" and the door was slammed in her face. But one glance into that gentle, pitying face awoke a new hope in the wretched little creature. She was just beginning her request when Alice with a little welcoming gesture, said—

"Come in to the fire, poor child!" There was a depth and heartiness in the tone which told of a heart within which had been taught by the spirit of God. Poor Jennie followed her in, taking care to wipe the old-water-soaked shoes neatly upon the door-mat. Half bewildered, she took her seat as directed by the glowing fire, and spread her benumbed fingers over its cheering warmth. A good breakfast of wholesome food and a cup of delicious coffee made all the world glow with a new light. A few loving words brought out the whole history. It was the old, old story of a drunk-cursed home. Once a neat cottage in the country, now a desolate room in a tenement-house in town. "Could you come to Sabbath-school, Jennie, if you had suitable clothing?" "Yes, ma'am, if I might keep my clothes; but he would be sure to sell them." She blushed to think what the money would go for. "Could you not hide them somewhere?" "I might, in Aunt Nancie's room. She is kind to me, and her room has a good door with a bolt to it."

It required much scheming to perfect the plan, but Miss Alice never stopped at half measures. She had a soul to save, and a character to form for usefulness or wickedness, as she might hereafter. She made her as comfortable as she could, and sent her away with food for her mother in her basket and a dear bright book full of sweet words for young hearts hid in her bosom. But his glowing color was not half so bright as the blessed sunshine in her heart, lighted by those words of kindly sympathy. Such words had been like angelic visits to the poor child. No wonder they were prized. Now a hope rose in her heart of some day rising from her present wretched level. It was up to her work by those words of discouragement in her way. But her heart was set on continuing in her Sunday-school; and so she persevered. It was her own hope of elevation above her present dark surroundings, and though she did not, that morning she came to Miss Alice's door was the turning-point in her life. Miss Alice's interest in the drunkard's child never wavered, and in time she proved herself so faithful that a good place was secured for her at school.

She grew up a useful, efficient, lady-like woman, and all because of that loving helpful hand which held out to her when she was only a beggar child. Oh! there are germs of better life in these poor children which we pass with such aversion and indifference. Who will help to transplant them into a better soil and train them to be beautiful plants in the garden of God?

Only a Little Tippy.
"O MAMMA!" said a bright boy of nine years, "did you hear the fire-bells ringing this morning?" "Yes, my dear."

"The City Hall was burnt down," added the boy, "and a man, who had been put in the lock-up for disorderly conduct, was burnt to death." "Was he indeed?" "Yes, mamma; and he was a real nice, kind man. He got in a scuffle last night with some rowdies, and to keep the peace till morning, they put him in the lock-up. People are so sorry he is burnt."

"Yes, my boy; we all have reason to be sorry—for a man to be burnt to death is a very shocking thing. But how came the poor man in that scuffle? You say he was a nice, kind man. That seems strange."

"Why, mamma, he was only a little tippy." "Only a little tippy? That explains all." "Yes, he was tippy. And they think that, in lighting his pipe, toward morning, a spark fell on something that kindled very quick, and so the building was burnt, and the man in it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not get him out till it was too late."

"Remember that, my boy. When you grow bigger and the boys want you to drink anything like rum or wine, don't listen to it for a moment. They may say, 'A little won't hurt you.' Remember that all the drunkards in the world began by taking a little at first. The poor man was burnt to death this morning had no idea of being a drunkard. But bad habits become stronger and stronger, and they make slaves of us before we know. Always remember the man who lost his life because he was 'only a little tippy.'"

Some Collins.—A friend writing from Wilson, N. C. tells us of a collard that grew in Mr. Rufus Edmondson's garden, which is 8 feet 4 inches high. How is that for a collard?