

THE FRIEND AND TEMPLAR.

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The Friend and Templar.

R. H. WHITAKER, Editor & Proprietor.

Our enterprising neighbor, Mr. J. P. Guley, wholesale and retail Dry Goods and Clothing merchant, is now in the northern markets, buying his Spring Stock, which is arriving daily. From the number of boxes lying around we conclude that he is putting in a heavy stock.

See brother Crowder's appointments for Virginia. He is doing a good work over there and would do vastly more if the brethren, at the points where he speaks, would try a little to get out the people to hear him. The lecturer may do his whole duty well but he cannot make a success unless he gets a hearty co-operation from temperance men and women.

The Secretary of the State Council has sent the blanks, accompanied with the new Password, to all the working Councils in North Carolina. If they are not duly received by any Council we should be notified of the fact at once.

The Secretary hopes that Councils will make prompt and very encouraging reports, with assurances that they will try to make the incoming quarter more successful than the past one.

The Cost

The *State Journal* says: Gov. Jarvis estimated the cost of the extra session at ten days time and \$13,287.75 in money. The time consumed was fifteen days (thirteen working days) and about \$17,250.00. That was not a wide estimate, if we remember that from eighty to one hundred acts and resolutions, besides the best bill were passed. But we mention this matter of cost because the Governor's estimate was hooted at when given to the public. We will be pardoned, we trust, if in this connection we mention the fact that while \$17,250.00 has been the cost of the extra session, the legislation of the session, on the Best bill alone, has saved to the tax-payers of the State this very year little short of \$200,000.00. We need not elaborate this.

The *Journal* adds: The Western N. C. Railroad will be built, and much quicker than Mr. Best has nominated in the bond. We believe in Mr. Best; we believe he is acting in good faith and will do at least all he has undertaken; and this result is worth a dozen extra sessions. We call upon the people of the State to have faith in Mr. Best, the North Carolina Railroad King. Though he may have a wooden leg, no one will suspect him of a wooden head. The man who has raised himself from the position of a store porter at one dollar per day to that of the leader and associate of capitalists representing millions of dollars, may be relied on so far as character, energy and money can carry a man. Hold up his hands, then, and give him a moral support that will enable him to jog cheerily on in his great undertaking.

Bumselling and Poverty.

Editors who are the tools and hirelings of rum-sellers, together with politicians, whose seven principles are made up of loaves and fishes, are constantly laboring to excuse and justify the liquor traffic.

One of these editors, whom we have never suspected of being overstocked with mind, has, without question, gone back to the race of monkeys, under the operation of metempsychosis, for he tells us that for some inscrutable purpose God has put rum here just as he has yellow fever and other evils. As well might men create cess pools and fill them with filth so that they would breed fever and death, and then charge results to God, as to say that God has put alcohol here.

Alcohol is found no where in nature; it is the work of man. God causes grain and fruit to grow for the nourishment of man. By the destruction of this life-sustaining food, the deadly liquor called alcohol is produced. To charge God with bringing alcohol here is as though a man were to gather the golden grain that God causes to grow, and then to throw that grain into a filthy pit until it should rot, and then bring it forth and charge the rotteness and ruin upon God. To say that God is the creator of alcohol is to charge all the poverty and crime that rum produces upon Him. It does not seem possible that a sober man should be guilty of writing such an article as that. It would be charitable to suppose that he was under the influence of liquor while writing. Bumselling is the fruitful cause of poverty wherever it exists. Take our own State, for example: The statistics show that twenty-six millions are expended for liquor every year, which in itself is a per capita tax of twenty-six dollars on every man, woman and child in the State. And this is but the first wave. Others follow in quick succession. When the dime has gone for drink, something else has gone—free manhood has gone; good character has begun a downward march, and the shadow of a remorseless mortgage has fallen upon all that man holds dear—a mortgage that collects its interest with cold and calculating greed, and never yearns with mercy, no matter how great the sufferings of its victim may be; indeed, it meets out cruelty by the measure of man's helplessness, and it enters up when its victim has no power to pay. Whenever it is understood that a man has become a confirmed drunkard, no one is willing to trust him longer—his descent to ruin is rapid; the stims house and the penitentiary are the points to which he is rapidly hastening. The absolute truthfulness of what we have written no one will question, and yet many good citizens will sign applications to license men who will do more to make paupers and criminals, than all other combined evils now existing. Others will find fault with temperance workers, while they never say a word against rum-sellers or their sympathizers. When will we learn wisdom? What are we laboring to promote—temperance or intemperance?—*N. J. Tem. Gazette.*

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Subscriptions Received.

J. H. Brooks, Charlotte, N. C.	\$ 1 00
W. A. Calfee, Waxahachie, Texas.	1 00
C. W. McKay, Marion, S. C.	2 00
M. J. McLeod, Hamlet.	
For Miss Sallie G. McLeod	50
" T. B. Pace	50

Friends of Temperance.

VIRGINIA.

Rev. Joseph A. Crowder, State Lecturer, will lecture at the following places, viz: Arrington Depot, April 5th, at 7 P. M. Rose Union, " 6th, at 7. " Lonsville, " 7th, at 7. " Jonesboro, " 8th, at 7. " Beech Grove, " 9th, at 7. " Acிட, " 11th, at 11 A. M.

For the Friend and Templar.

ELMINGTON, VA. March 24th, 1880.
DEAR BROTHER WHITAKER:—As sickness in my family is keeping me at home awhile, but for a few days I hope, I have concluded to write a short article for your valuable *Friend and Templar*.

As I widen in my field of labor as State Lecturer, the more I see and feel the necessity of greater effort upon our part as temperance workers. We ought to do all we can to refoam the drunkards, to check the moderate drinkers, but we should direct our efforts especially towards the young men and boys of our country; the future destiny of both Church and State will soon rest upon the shoulders of the rising generation. We labor not only for the good of the present, but also for the good of the on-coming generations.

Warriors, by slaying their thousands, may write their names upon the highest banner of fame; let orators draw out long sentences; let the ideal world feast the imagination; let astronomers float in the immensity of space; let poets paint with words beautiful words of light; let artists sketch in beauty the grand conceptions of their beautiful imagination; let historians write the doings of the past and present; let us, as true philanthropists, work earnestly and faithfully for the good of suffering humanity; let us extend the temperance work more vigorously, then peace and plenty will go to the homes of thousands of suffering little ones; let us work with faith; our names may not be chiseled in the marble statue, but God will bless us while we live, bless us when we die, and bless us throughout a glorious eternity. God bless the temperance workers. Yours in F. T. & C.

JOS. A. CROWDER.

TEXAS.

WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS, MAR. 19, 1880.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—You doubtless think I have forgotten the *Friend*, but not so. I think of it often and would that it were in my power to put it into every family in our great State. But I cannot do that, but I can send you my dollar, and take it and read it myself. I, like a good many others, thought I would let the subscription of my paper wait a little, but the cross on my last paper knocked the prop out, so here goes the dollar; please set my subscription forward one year.

Our Council, formed over nine years ago, still lives and is doing very well. Last meeting we had seven petitions. We have just completed our new hall, and last Friday week was the first meeting we

have had in it. We have a real nice place to meet in now, and the good part of it is that it is ours, all paid for but \$300 and we get a good long time to pay that in, which we intend to pay by having concerts; one of these will come off next Tuesday night if we have good weather. I wish you were here to be with us.

Our State Council meets at this place in July next; would be glad to have you come over then, we would treat you in as "hostile" a manner as we know how, and give you and sister W. and little Sallie all a hearty welcome. Lest I weary you with my remarks, I will close for this time, praying God's choicest blessings to rest upon you and yours always. Yours in F. T. & C.

W. A. CALFEE.

SELECTED.

Aaron Burr and Gen. Jackson.
(Charlotte Democrat.)

A gentleman, who has had long experience with public affairs and public men in the United States, tells us that Aaron Burr was the first man in the United States to suggest the name of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency. Governor A. Ston, of South Carolina, married Burr's only child and daughter, Theodosia, who was murdered at sea by pirates. Burr gave the idea to his son-in-law Alston, and Alston brought Jackson's name forward some time before he was nominated and elected in 27.

Aaron Burr was not near as bad a man as he has been made to appear by many old-time writers and historians who were his personal and political enemies. He was, in fact, about as good (if not better) than many of the public men of the present day who hold high positions in the country. It is a great deal to his credit to believe that he favored a true man like Andrew Jackson for the Presidency, and it is about time for college orators and 4th of July speakers to let Burr rest in his grave without further assaults upon him. Let them turn their batteries on the rascals of the present day.

Familiarity.

Of all the sources of bad manners, we know of none so prolific and pernicious as the license of familiarity. There is no one among our readers, we presume, who has not known a village or a neighborhood in which all the people called one another by their first or Christian names. The 'Jim,' or 'Charlie,' or 'Mollie,' or 'Fanny,' of the young days of school-life, remain the same until they totter into the grave from old age. Now, there may be a certain amount of good-fellowship and homely friendliness in this kind of familiar address, but there is not a particle of politeness in it. It is all very well, in a family or circle of relatives, but when it is carried outside it is intolerable. The courtesies of life are carried on at arm's length, and not in a familiar embrace. Every gentleman has a right to the title,

at least, of 'Mister,' and every lady to that of 'Miss' or 'Mistress,' even when the Christian name is used. For an ordinary friend to address a married woman as 'Dolly' or 'Mary,' is to take with her an unpardonable liberty. It is neither courteous nor honorable; in other words, it is most unmanly. We have known remarkable men, living for years under the blight of their familiarly-used first names—men whose fortunes would have been made, or greatly mended, by removing to some place where they could have been addressed with the courtesy due to their worth, and been rid forever of the cheapening processes of familiarity. How can a man lift his head under the degradation of being called 'Sam' by every man, young and old, whom he meets in the street? How can a strong character be carried when the man who bears it must bow decently to the name of 'Billy'?—*Scribner's Magazine.*

An Arkansas Wedding.

It is not intended that some men shall marry peacefully. Bill Skittles lives in South Arkansas. For the past six months he has been studying for the ministry, and it occurred to Bill several days ago that just before instituting a revival it would be a good idea to get married. He mentioned the subject to a young lady, and asked her to share his ministerial melancholy and hilarity, but the young lady said she had promised to marry Zeb Monk, the professional well cleaner of the neighborhood. 'Oh, well,' said the minister, 'I am pretty well acquainted with Zeb, and I don't believe he'd kick.'

The young lady finally agreed, and the wedding day was fixed. Grand preparations were made. The girl's brothers had caught a couple of possums and the old lady had baked an immense sweet potato pie. The justice of the peace arrived. The ceremony proceeded with the ceremony, when Zeb Monk walked in and demanded: 'Let up that boss. Say, cap'n turn that gal loose.' 'I reckon I won't,' replied Bill. 'Well, then,' said Zeb, drawing his revolver, and smiling, 'I'll kinder resort to extremities.' 'See here, remarked Bill, 'are you in earnest about this thing?' 'I reckon I am. 'Do you mean hog's head and turnip greens?' 'I reckon I do.' 'Right down to corn bread and cabbage?' 'I reckon it is.' 'Well then, you may take the gal. It was only sweet milk and pie with me. I'm in fun. I had a new pair of trousers and didn't know what else to do. Come a little closer. It's spar ribs and backbones?' 'I reckon it is.' 'Then I know the gal's yours.' and with a slight change in the license, the marriage proceeded.

Dr. Angus announces that the revised edition of the New Testament will not be ready until the end of the year. He gives some examples of the changes. The word "prevent" is turned into "go before," though the most popular of collects have kept its old meaning alive.

"Dammed" is to be invariably changed to "condemned." "Hell" is likely to be rendered gehenna or Hades. "Repent" is to be replaced by a stronger word, meaning "turn about and do right." "Religion" in one place is to be changed into "worship."