

THE FRIEND AND TEMPLAR.

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The Friend and Templar.

We have quite a number of communications on hand which will appear as fast as we can find room for them.

We are truly sorry to learn that brother McIntosh declined a re-election as Secretary of the Florida State Council.

We went to the Press Convention at Asheville, last week, and our boys took 4th of July while we were gone. That's the reason your papers didn't come.

The Republican State Convention which met here yesterday nominated Judge Buxton of the county of Cumberland for Governor. The Judge is a clever gentleman and we expect to see the campaign, between him and Governor Jarvis, conducted in a decorous and gentlemanly man-

In another column will be seen a list of very comprehensive resolutions of the Press Convention at Asheville last week. We have not the time nor the space to add any remarks, this week, other than to say that everyone, who reads and expressions was perfectly delighted.

We will tell all about it in our next issue.

Our People. Our printer who not only keeps posted as to all the details of business but as to the well-being of his neighbors and friends as well, sends us the following item:

"There are fifty white persons living within the corporate limits of Raleigh as follows—20 males and 30 females—all between the ages of 70 to 95, which I think shows very good for the health of the city."

See the new advertisement of W. H. & R. S. Tucker, which appears on the fourth page of this paper. They study the wants and wishes of their friends and when times get a little dull and money scarce, why they just mark their goods down to suit the times!

Just now they are trying to cool off the people by offering them some cool fabrics. Their stock in this line is immense, and they will sell at the very lowest figures. Don't take our word for it, but go and see for yourselves.

A London attorney having died very poor, a shilling subscription was set about to pay the expenses of the funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterward Lord Chief Justice North expressing the hope that he would also subscribe a shilling. "Only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea; go and bury twenty-one of them."

Swearing Punished by Law.

An important decision is reported by the Pittsburgh Post:

Judge Pershing of Schuylkill County has just decided a case in his court which presents some almost forgotten features of the law of this State against swearing. John H. Bashore, an excitable and somewhat profane citizen of the county, on a recent occasion got off a volley of twenty-three separate and distinct oaths for which he was arrested, taken before a Justice of the Peace and under the law of April 22, 1794, fined \$16.08. This fine he refused to pay. He was committed to jail, and the case was taken before Judge Pershing on a writ of certiorari. The act of 1794 provides that:

"If any person of the age of 16 years or upward shall profanely curse or swear by the name of God, Christ Jesus, or the Holy Ghost, every person so offending, and being thereof convicted shall forfeit and pay the sum of sixty-seven cents for every such profane curse or oath. * * * And whosoever of the age of 16 years or upward shall curse or swear by any other name or thing than as aforesaid, and shall be convicted thereof shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty cents for such curse or oath."

Exception was taken to the ruling of the Justice on the ground that the arrest of Bashore should have been by summons and not by warrant, and suit should have been brought by an individual informer instead of in the name of the commonwealth. These exceptions were overruled, the decisions of the higher courts being that the action was properly brought. But the Justice failed to return the evidence taken before him, and this omission Judge Pershing decided to be fatal to the proceedings, and thereupon he reversed the decision of the magistrate. The point of the decision, however, is the pithy conclusion with which Judge Pershing wound up his decision. He says: "The general prevalence of profane swearing indicates that the statute under which this defendant was convicted had long been buried out of sight. Perhaps its resurrection in this case may accomplish some good, by showing those who have no regard for the law of God that the law of the land imposes on them a penalty of from forty to sixty-seven cents, to be followed by imprisonment, accompanied with a diet of bread and water, on refusal to pay for each and every time they pollute the atmosphere with their profanity."

Not on Hand.

The Hon. Hiram Price, member of Congress from Iowa, in a recent temperance address in his own city Davenport, said: "You talk temperance and shout temperance, but when it comes to going down into your pocket and helping to pay for temperance then you are not on hand." We wish this indictment were less true of many other temperance men and women in other parts of the country.—*Nat. Adv.*

This is true of us here in North Carolina. The cause of God and man languishes among us because our hearts are not sufficiently awake and interested to nudge the purse strings and help on the cause with our means. Are we not living to our selves too much in this world?

The Nude in Art.

The nude in art which is becoming so fashionable among persons pretending to culture, even among some Christian people, when properly considered, can not be approved, but severely condemned. Dr. Howard Crosby, in the New York Observer, among other things, says of it: "There is a natural prudency that is charred with dilettanteism among indigent things, as the polite distance to which refinement can go in licentiousness. It would be apposite to ask how many youth it is able to restrain within these bounds, after having thus far inflamed their desires. God has clearly shown us that the human body is to be covered. Art comes forward and declares in direct opposition to God that the human body shall be stark naked. Christians! God and follow art. Then when we see these Christians that they are doing vice they ridicule our verities and call on the world of culture to join them in the laugh."

Another man who had been near Marseilles, returned to Marseilles. It was the child, eight years old, put into a basket and the mother might catch cold (it is a thick brown covering around the ears and warm sides of the head). The gates of the local custom house at Marseilles, she forgotting all about the distance behind the monkey and did not make him stop at the custom house to be searched. The custom officer seeing the donkey jog on without stopping suspected he was laden with smuggled good, and ran after him to thrust his sharp steel probe through the basket. Luckily the mother observed him, ran forward and screamed: "Don't use your probe! My child is in that basket!" The child was Adolphe Thiers, who became in later years president of the French republic.

Wilmington Review.

The census enumerators in this city have seen and heard some strange things. In the Northern portion of the city they have found persons living in holes in a sawdust bank, and have seen women who claim to have grand children while they give their age at about 21 or 22 years. On the other hand, persons apparently 60 to 70 years of age state that they are 90 to 100 years old. An old woman gave her age at 110 and another at 102. The colored men seem inclined to remain "on the shady side of fifty," and several have said "I was born 5 or 10 years (as the case may be), fore reb time," and are now 52 "boss, for sho." Men who are certainly not more than forty years of age claim to be from 50 to 55 years old, "cause day was den too ole to get in bed." A man living in the Southern portion of the city was found who actually lived under ground in a space 10x12, with simply a board cover over the hole as a roof.

In the backwoods of Presque Isle county Wisconsin, is a town that has just elected its first Justice of the Peace. Like the rest of the residents, he is a lumberman. The first case brought before him was that of an assault committed by a notorious brawler. The Justice had no difficulty in pronouncing the man guilty, but how to punish him was a harder question, for he had no money with which to pay a fine, and there was no jail in which to imprison him. After mature thought the magistrate said: "The complainant's got to pay me two dollars cost. I sentence the prisoner to be whipped, and, as a peace officer, I'm going to do the punishing myself." Then he rolled up his sleeves and thrashed the culprit.

A Mother's Power.

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first or eight years of child-life, mothers have full sway; and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impression on the human mind.

The examples of maternal influences are countless. Solomon himself records the words of wisdom that fell from a mother's lips; and Timothy was taught the scriptures from a child, by his grandmother and his mother.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to say: "I should have been a French atheist were it not for the recollection of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and make me say on my bended knees, 'Our Father who art in Heaven!'"

"I have found out what made you the man you are," said a gentleman one morning to President Adams. "I have been reading your mother's letters to her son." Washington's mother trained her boy to truthfulness and virtue; and when his messenger called to tell her that her son was raised to the highest position in the nation's gift, she could say, "George always was a good boy."

A mother's tears dropped on the head of her little boy one evening as he sat in the doorway and listened while she spoke of Christ and His salvation. "Those tears made me a missionary," said he when he had given his man-hood's prime to the service of the Lord.

Some one asked Napoleon what was the great need of the French nation. "Mothers," was the significant answer.

Woman, has God given you the privileges and responsibilities of motherhood? Be faithful, then to the little ones. You hold the key of their heart, now. If you once lose it, you would give the world to win it back. Use your opportunities before they pass.

And remember, little ones, you never will have but one mother. Obey and honor her. Listen to her words, and God will bless you day, by day.—*The Christian.*

The New York correspondent of the Raleigh News says that Mr. C. E. Mallett, formerly of New York, but now of Newbern, N. C., is the contractor for supplying some thousands of tons of pine straw to be brought North and to have the oil extracted and the pulp made into paper. Pine straw has not heretofore been considered of any value. This correspondent also tells the News that paper car wheels with iron hubs are rapidly superseding iron wheels. A factory at Hudson, N. Y., makes 100 to 125 a week and another is in process of erection at Chicago that will turn out from 300 to 400 a week.

County Lodge.

The Wake County Lodge of Good Templars will meet at Mt. Vernon Church 12 miles N. W. of Raleigh, on the 1st Saturday of August, next, at 10, A. M. A. J. BAGWELL, C. D.

A New Salute.

A new method of saluting ladies on the street has lately been adopted by the noblest swell gentlemen of tender years. It is done in one time and four motions. The hat, by a righthand grasp, is lifted from the head, brought forward on a line with the nose and then suddenly lowered to the stomach, then, as suddenly, the hat is returned to its place, following the same angular route. The head at the same time, must be bobbed forward about three inches, and immediately sprung back to its natural position. The beauty and perfection of this salutation depends upon the rapidity of the execution of its movements. It is known as the "Darwin jerk," because hand organ monkeys put on and take of their little caps with the same celerity of motion.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Basket.

One who had been near Marseilles, returned to Marseilles. It was the child, eight years old, put into a basket and the mother might catch cold (it is a thick brown covering around the ears and warm sides of the head). The gates of the local custom house at Marseilles, she forgotting all about the distance behind the monkey and did not make him stop at the custom house to be searched. The custom officer seeing the donkey jog on without stopping suspected he was laden with smuggled good, and ran after him to thrust his sharp steel probe through the basket. Luckily the mother observed him, ran forward and screamed: "Don't use your probe! My child is in that basket!" The child was Adolphe Thiers, who became in later years president of the French republic.

There is not only a great deal in the art of saying things, but of doing things also, as was lately illustrated in a German comic paper, which had a picture of a youth astride of a horse, which the boy's father was anxious to dispose of to a customer who stood by. The lad in ignorance of the nature of the bargain, is represented as leaning forward and in an audible whisper asking his parent: "Father, shall I ride him to buy or to sell?" How much of the world's business today is done on that principle—shall I ride him to buy or to sell? In the one case depreciate the article, in the other praise it.

We had a grand spectacle on the street last Friday morning—that of a poor fellow suffering with delirium tremens, ranting around cursing every thing blue that he came to. But this is as the people want it; if not, they would not have it so. There is no power in this country higher than the will of the people, and if it was not their will that there should be seven or eight death-traps in town they would not be here.—*Germantown Press.*

A Great Enterprise.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—*Graphic.*