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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates:

Table with columns: SPACE, 1 Mo, 2 Mo, 3 Mo, 6 Mo, 1 Yr. and rows for 1 Square, 2 Squares, 1 Column, 2 Columns, 3 Columns.

The Happy Man.

Happy the man who will not take the drink that does intoxicate; Which makes the noblest works of God, Worse than the heaviest that tread the sod.

Story Corner.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Twenty-seven years ago I was not what I am now. My eye was then bright; my cheek was the picture of health, and my heart was light and blight-free.

Twenty seven years! How often does memory carry me back to that green sunny spot in my existence! I was then a delighted, happy wife, My husband was one of the most promising and intelligent young men in the village.

One year after my marriage, I gave birth to my first-born—a fair and beautiful boy. Oh, how many hours of happiness—pure and unalloyed—have I spent in sporting with and nursing that young immortal!

Well, time rolled on. Another and another were added to my family; and nine years after my marriage I was the mother of five children, all of them boys.

had ever staid out so late as to alarm me. There I sat in my chair all alone, anxiously waiting the sound of every footstep upon the pavement.

One, two, three o'clock was sounded by the faithful monitor before me. Still he came not. Tired and cold I hid myself down on my pillow; not to sleep, but to wet it with my tears.

My heart was oppressed with a certain feeling that all was not right with my husband. About four o'clock I heard several hurrying steps upon the pavement, and strange, loud voices, as if engaged in angry debate.

I descended to the door and opened it. He looked at me sternly for a moment, but observing my pale countenance, still wet with tears, he exchanged color, stammered out an apology for keeping me up late and ascended to our chamber.

Before retiring to bed, however, he went to the sideboard to drink a glass of wine. The decanter was empty; he opened the sideboard and looked for the jug containing brandy. This was empty also. This surprised me; I knew that both had been filled a few days before.

My eyes were opened, and the astounding fact that my husband had become a drunkard, and had just returned from a drunken revel, burst upon me. I covered my face with my hands, and burying them deep in the pillow I tried to shut out the frightful idea.

For about five years after this my husband frequently came home in a state of intoxication. In vain I reasoned and remonstrated. Like a netter thrown, the victim was caught; and all the prayers and agonizing supplications of a wife, and all the tears of five shamed children, could not set the captive free.

neighbors afford it and so must we. I can not and will not consent to that; one glass of wine can not do any one any possible hurt.

"I agree with you, my dear husband, that one glass of wine can do no hurt. It is not for one glass that I complain. I have noticed of late that you drink many in the course of a day. The habit has grown upon you with fearful rapidity, and I do fear"—and a tear started—"I do fear the consequence."

"Poh, poh, nonsense," he replied, good-naturedly; "it is all imagination." "Imagination or not, my dear husband, it has affected me as much as though it were a painful reality. It was but yesterday that I saw our two eldest boys around the sideboard looking wistfully at the wine; and, will you believe it, our little Will got hold of some, and had to be put to bed before four o'clock, so tipsy he could hardly stand."

"The sideboard must be locked," coldly rejoined my husband. It will not do to be so unfashionable as to turn our liquors out of doors. Our parson keeps it and so do our deacons, and so do our professors of religion; and surely if such men as these think there is no harm in it, we may safely allow it to remain."

Well, a few weeks more rolled away, before my husband again stayed out after his usual hour. When he came home this time he was considerably intoxicated. He pushed me roughly aside as he entered the house, unmindful of my fast falling tears, my nights and days became now embittered with a certain fearful-looking sorrow. My cheeks became pale, my eyes red with weeping.

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Two more years passed away, of deep and indescribable wretchedness. Everything went wrong. My children, who at first were shocked at their father's disgrace, now in turn began to ridicule him. His business was neglected, and the first intimation that I received of the bad state of his affairs was an execution levied by one of our rum-selling professors upon his store. I immediately gave a mortgage on my house to release my husband's effects in trade. He promised amendment. I believed him, and placed in his hands all the property which my deceased father has settled upon me. This, however, was soon sacrificed like the rest, and sixteen years after my marriage I found myself a wretched outcast upon the world, with no place to call my own in which to lay my head.

Well, I do not remember a bitter cold morning in January, my husband had been gone all night, and I was seated by a cheerful fire in our southeast parlor. I was thinking over the days that were past. I had forgotten that my eye had lost its lustre, that my cheek was colorless and that it had experienced so many years of sorrow. I was thinking of my father and mother and how tenderly they loved me; of the companions of my youth and the happy bridal day. At that moment I was aroused by a loud and violent knocking at the door. A group of men entered, amongst whom I looked in vain for my husband. They had come, they said on an unpleasant business. My husband was bankrupt, and they had come to attach his house and property. I requested permission to examine their execution. It was levied by a rum-selling professor of religion. I gave up my splendid mansion and all its costly furniture without a murmur. I followed my husband to a sordid, low-thatched cottage down on the edge of the shore. Even there I could have been happy, but other woes and sorrows awaited me. It was here destined to see two of my sons become the victims of intemperance, and follow the other three to their long and silent abode.

Would that I had buried them in their infancy.

I well remember a cold, stormy and dreary eve, in the depth of winter. Two of my boys had been off that day fishing; the two eldest had accompanied their father to town, and I sat at home over the nearly-extinguished embers, endeavoring to prepare something for my youngest son, who was stretched on the low bed beside me nearly gone with the scarlet fever. My tears fell fast, as the low moaning voice reached my ear. I arose to assist him, but I noticed a mortal paleness had come over his face. I staggered towards the bed. One gasp for breath and it was all over with him for ever.

An hour elapsed ere I heard any sound without, save the storm. Voices were then heard approaching the cottage, and in a few moments my husband and my two eldest sons stood before me, dripping with rain, and, shall I write it? all of them beastly intoxicated. I cannot, oh! I cannot describe the horrors of that fatal night.

But the morning brought new horrors. Oh! how can I write it? and yet my heart has become so burdened with grief, that I feel that I must give vent to my tale of woe. The boat in which my two sons had gone fishing was found upset a few rods below the house, and both of them were found drowned beside it, with their fishing tackle in their hands. What a scene for a mother! Deprived in one short night of three children, and these three the delight of her soul! My poor heart, which had hitherto bore up under all the accumulated ills with which I was afflicted, now gave way. No tear, no sob escaped me; but a low, brooding melancholy settled upon my mind. Days and weeks passed by. I was insensible alike to harshness and pity. Even the iron-hearted, rum-selling Christian, who came to see me, appeared touched with my situation, and was heard to declare, that if he was not commanded to look after his own family, he would never sell any more rum to my husband.

When I awoke to returning consciousness, I found myself in another dwelling, much more comfortable, and my husband seated beside me, anxiously regarding me. He had been so shocked at the death of our children, all of which had arisen from his beastly habit for rum, that he swore he would never taste a glass again. During the six weeks of my sickness, he had religiously kept his word. Several of his former friends had heard of his reform and had come forward to assist him. They procured him a situation in a large manufacturing establishment in the village, and he had removed from the thatched cottage, down by the river side, to a small and neat dwelling. But oh! another cloud—dense, dark and fearful—came over our fireside. Well do I remember the night. Oh, yes! it is stamped with a fearful force upon my memory forever.

It was a cold, windy Saturday night in November. My husband had gone to our rum-selling Christian's store, against my advice, to buy groceries for family use. Ten o'clock had passed ere he returned. My quick eye detected an unsteadiness in his steps as he entered; and his whole appearance betrayed the effects of his deadly enemy. I passed a sleepless night; my couch was literally wet with tears; and in the agony of my heart I wished I had never been born.

My husband's descent was fearfully rapid. Within a few weeks he was seen lying at mid-day in the streets, absolutely helpless, and the sport of unfeeling eyes.

He was now a common laborer upon the wharves, and all the money he obtained was spent for rum. I was compelled to a subsistence to take in sewing; and often have I, after a hard day's work, during which I had not tasted a mouthful of food, been compelled to relinquish to him my earnings, with which he would get dreadfully intoxicated. My former neighbors and friends stood afar off. All had deserted me. I was miserably wretched; how could it be otherwise? I was the wife of a drunkard!

mother's solicitude for the objects once so dear and still so tenderly beloved. "But, ah! why do I weep? There are many wretched widows and many miserable wives in this poor house with me, who have been brought here by the intemperance of their husbands; there are many tears shed in this house over ruined prospects and blighted hopes; there are many hearts broken with anguish and tendered desolate with sorrow; and often in the still hour of night, have I heard a deep and convulsive sob, and then the mention of a name dear to the heart of some of my wretched companions.

NOT ANOTHER DROP DANIEL.

Daniel Akin had become a common drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of his appetite that he was perfectly miserable when he could not command the means of gratifying his thirst. He had neglected his family till his wife's father had taken her and the children to the parental roof. He had spent all his substance for drink, and was kept from the poor house only by performing menial services for his food, and by the kindness of Thomas Edgerton, a member of the Society of Friends, who had known him from his youth, and had a strong hope that in the course of time Daniel would see his folly and turn again in the right path. The leading merchant in the place had let him have drink as money lasted, but would furnish no longer. He was loafing about the store one very bright moonlight evening, pleading with the merchant to trust him for a drink. His reply was:

"Not a drop more, Daniel." He remained awhile longer, and left. As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he all at once began to utter his feelings in the following strain:

"Not a drop more, Daniel!—Am I drunk, or am I sober? 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Did Haskins think a drop more would hurt me? No, but my money was gone. He has got the shoes, my wife bought for Jennie, and paid with her own earnings. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Daniel, what say you to that? If I say so, too. I once had good clothes, and now I have nothing but rags. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' I have others as good as when Mary and I were married. I once had a good watch, but that has gone, too. 'Not a drop more,' until I have another as good as the one I pawned to Haskins for drink. I have seen the time when I had a nice good horse and buggy, and could ride into the village in good style as any man in the place. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' I own another horse and buggy as good as the one I once had. I once had cows, which furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Haskins has got them. 'Not a drop more,' until these cows, or others as good, are mine again. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now there's not a cent. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' until this wallet is well filled again."

By this time he had reached the place where he had formerly resided, and he stood and leaned against the fence, and mused for a long time in silence. He viewed the desolateness of the scene by the light of the moon, and his eye ranged over the house and barn, once his own, which had become out of repair. He then said:

"Once I owned this house and farm. Here I was born. Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts, but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Here I commenced my married life, and all that hearts could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort, till Haskins came and opened his rum shop, and now he calls it his! In that south room my children were born, and there my Jennie died. Oh, how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take her shoes and start for the store to pawn them for rum while she laid sick. And then how she begged before she died, never to strike her another again. I can see her now, her pale face, her wasted form; but she cannot be with me again. And oh, my wife, how shamefully I have abused you! It was not you, Daniel that did it! No! it was that vile rum that old Haskins sold me. No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you, and would not see you abused. They won't have you in the house. They will not let me live with you. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till the house is mine again. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' until these broad acres are again in my possession and that wife and children that are living, and in your dear rooms, and we are a happy family again. Not a drop more, Daniel, so help me God, till all these things are accomplished. I thank you, Haskins, for these words. I shall not soon forget them."

He had become too much occupied with his thoughts, and spoke in a tone so loud that he had not heard the wagon which by this time had reached the road, in which was seated the kind-hearted Quaker who has been mentioned. He stopped his horse, and heard distinctly the language which Daniel had used. As he closed his soliloquy he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said:

"Daniel, does this mean to keep thy vow?" He answered, "I do."

"There has promised a great many times that thee would drink no more. What makes thee think thee will keep the vow?" "I know, friend Edgerton, I have often, often vowed to drink no more, but now I feel different from what I ever did before. My heart is broken. I feel my weakness, and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant that it may be so, Daniel—Get in and take a seat. There must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written, and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York, and work his passage round the Cape. He determined to do so. The Quaker furnished him with suitable apparel.

"Thee wants to see thy wife and children before thee goes?" "Yes, friend Edgerton, I do, but they have become estranged from me. If I went, perhaps they would not believe what I say. It is better that I should not see them. Indeed, it is better that they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them, as I hope to do by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife shall be the only persons in the place who know where I am and what I am doing."

Thus, while riding towards the quiet farm-house of the Quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they reached the place, the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house. He said to his wife as they took seats by the fire:

"Amy, thee may put another plate Daniel will stay with us a few days, and then will go to California."

The benevolent Quaker was confident that Daniel Akin would keep his resolve. At length, when everything was in readiness, the horse was harnessed and before daylight, Daniel Akin was on his way to a railroad station. He had not been in the village since the night when the words—"Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts, but it was supposed he had gone off on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. His wife's father lived in an adjoining town, and some thought he had gone there.

view. So confident was he that Daniel Akin would soon come home a sober man, with money in his pocket, that he ventured to purchase it for the purpose of keeping it for him.

He wrote to Akin what he had done, and about three months afterwards he received a letter stating that by express he had sent five hundred dollars in gold with orders to sell it and remit the proceeds to him, to go toward the farm. Gold commanded a high premium, and five hundred became eight hundred before it reached Edgerton's hands. Akin requested him to draw up a new deed, giving the whole property to his wife Mary, and have it duly recorded and left with the Register of Deeds.

In his letter he said: "If perchance I should ever break my resolution, I have secured a home for my wife and children, if I prefer, however, that they should not know anything of this for the present. If I live to come home I will give Mary the deed with my own hand; if not, you can do it. Now that the farm is bought, you had better stick it for I shall stick to my motto, 'Not a drop more, Daniel.'"

Another year passed. By this time the old Quaker had stocked the farm with cattle and sheep. The fences were put in repair, and everything but the house wore a tidy appearance.

Another remittance came, which paid for all the stock, and an overplus with which to repair the house. Carpenters were busy, and the villagers who chanced to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on, and still none presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans.

These repairs all completed, furniture found its way to the house. A yoke of oxen was seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse and riding in a new buggy.

He received the following short note one day:

"I have arrived, all safe and sound.—Please get Mary and the children."

Riding over to the adjoining town, he called at Mary's father's and invited her and the children to go home with him, and make him and his wife a visit. They accepted the invitation, and he took them home.

The next afternoon he said, "Mary I have to go to the station, but thee and the children can stay with Amy." He went and got Daniel Akin, and did not reach home until dark. He left Daniel in his own house, nicely furnished, to which he had previously conveyed provisions, and left him there to pass the night.

The next morning he said: "Mary, I suppose thee has heard that I have purchased the old place. I have got it fitted up and want thee and thy children to ride over and see it after breakfast, I think thee will like it."

They rode over, and were surprised to see the changes which had taken place. They could scarcely believe their own eyes. They looked through the lower rooms first. Over the mantle in the sitting-room was a frame, and under the glass, in large letters, were these words:

"NOT ANOTHER DROP DANIEL." Mrs. Akin said: "Oh, if Daniel could only have said those words and stuck to them, this beautiful place might have been his."

The Quaker said: "Then thee don't know where Daniel is?" "No, I have not heard a step from him for more than four years."

"Thee would like to see him?" "Yes, indeed."

"Let us walk up stairs."

As they went up the first front Daniel Akin slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the sitting-room. When they returned Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room, with his back to the hall door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said: "It is a friend, Mary." Upon this Daniel turned round, and in the map with the heavy beard and mustache, she did not recognize her husband.

"Don't you know me, Mary? Have you forgotten your husband?" "We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. The Quaker said:

"I must go and get Amy, Mary. This house and farm are thine; Daniel has the papers for thee. These can stay here as long as thee lives. They will live happily now—for that (pointing to the frame over the fire-place).

"Not Another Drop, Daniel," is his motto now, and will be during his life.—Congregationalist.

In an Ohio school celebration, the superintendent announced the title of a song as "Riding the Elephant Home." When the audience found that it was "Write me a Letter from Home," he thought it prudent to disappear.