

THE
LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

OF

revised
A. V. GREEN,

THE CELEBRATED

OHIO TEMPERANCE SLEDGE HAMMER,

TOGETHER WITH HIS

REFORMATION AND TRAVELS,

IN CONNECTION WITH A

STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE STATE OF OHIO,

IN

~~Crime, Pauperism, &c.~~

WITH OTHER USEFUL MATTER.

WOOSTER:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY D. N. SPRAGUE.

1849.

P R E F A C E .

This work is designed for the purpose of giving a warning to others, and to enable the author to get a house and home for his family, as he has lost all the property that he had earned, twice in his life. And now somewhat advanced in life, and with a broken constitution and a trembling hand, and not having the advantages of an education, I do not anticipate that I shall meet the expectations of every man; but I do expect to meet with the man who has no sympathy for a reformed drunkard. But to make this interesting, I shall use plain and easy language, so that it may benefit the young man who is in the same way as I was, and is in danger of being overtaken by the same fell destroyer, intemperance. And in addition to the history of my life, I shall give some important statistics, which I have taken in the different counties of the State of Ohio, in my travels.

Also, a receipt for curing that loathsome disease, the Fever and Ague. Also, a receipt to cure the Heaves in horses.



TEMPERANCE SONG,

FOR THE OLD SLEDGE HAMMER.

BY ELIZA WEARY—*Marlborough, Stark County, February 17, 1849*

O have the people ever heard
The sweet melodious song,
If you have not, we'll sound the word,
The Temperance King has come.

Yes, friends, the Old Sledge Hammer's come,
To slay King Alcohol;
He has a glorious work begun,
By labor and by toil.

To us a temperance man is born!
To us a pledge he's given!
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And praise his name in heaven.

Hark! hark! the Old Sledge Hammer's voice
Our ears will thrill with news;
He'll give to us a glorious choice,
I pray do not refuse.

Thousands have 'listed in the cause,
And tuned their harps to sing;
And praise the day they heard the voice
Of Old Sledge Hammer Green.

His power increasing still shall spread—
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guide his name above,
And peace abound below.

Drunkards are a curse to themselves and the community,
and the drunkard maker is no better.

A BRIEF HISTORY, OR SKETCH,
OF THE
Life, Experience, Reformation, and Travels,
OF
A. V. GREEN,
THE OHIO TEMPERANCE SLEDGE HAMMER.

THE FIRST LESSON.

I was born in the State of Rhode Island, July the 4th, 1795, and was accustomed to the use of barley bread and johnny cake, clams and oysters, but never got drunk on either; and when but a youth, my father moved to the state of New York, and settled in the county of Schoharie, in the town of Middleburgh. He had for a neighbor, a man by the name of Jesse Swan. He was a drunkard maker, and he worked well at his trade; for he kept a store, tavern, ashery, gambling shop and almost every thing that was calculated to draw his neighbors; and it was a place of every evil work, and my father was soon a companion of the rum bottle, and set the example for his boys, who were then growing up under his care, and at an early day of my life, I was fond of the common beverage, which was rum. Numerous were the friends of my father, and too often drank his health in a bottle of rum, one of the most unnatural places for health, for it lays the foundation for diseases of every kind. When I was about nine years of age, my father sent me to Swan's to get him some tobacco, and told me to tell Swan he must treat his customer, as that was the fashion; and Swan got some rum and told me to drink it all, and I did so, to obey him and my father also. This fashion of merchant's treating and giving liquor to gain custom, has been a profitable source of making drunkards, in all ages of the world. But I got home some how, very drunk. My beloved mother, O! how sweet the name! soon began to chastise father for bringing up his children to follow the fashion of drinking; but the old man laughed to see me stagger around the house. This was the starting point of my life. Oft with my father, I soon found that I loved the taste of that thing called rum; and as I grew in years, I drank more and loved it better; and truly, I think I loved it as well as the young man said he loved his wife, and he loved her so well that he come very near eating her; and he was sorry since that he did not eat her all up, when he would have got rid of an awful scold. I think about two years after this time, I went with my father and brothers and friends,

to a yankee husking bee, and seated myself by the side of my then called uncle, who by the by would get very brindle, and when the bottle came around, I drank with him, and soon found myself very sick. I got up, thinking to go home, but I could not stand; so I crawled into the husks and was soon all covered over with them, and knew no more until the next day. When they went to stacking the husks, they pitched me out nearly dead, and deprived of my senses in a great degree. They carried me home, and I remained sick for some time, under the watchful care of my mother. Here some will say I was a fool, and drank too much. I ask, sir, who made me a fool, and who told me how much to drink? The fashion of that country in those days, knew no bounds, and no one set bounds for them. Sure they told me I must not get drunk, but never told me I must not drink at all, if I did it would ripen into drunkenness by the moderate habit or use of a little; for now I consider the use of dram drinking the only way to manufacture drunkards.

LESSON II.

At the age of fifteen, I began to have sprints. As I had two brothers who were twins and older than I was, I thought I must keep up my end with them, and they began to get jealous of me, as I suppose; they got my father to send me away from home; so I went some thirty miles, and agreed to learn the blacksmith trade, with a man by the name of James Slawson; and he being a man that liked his grog, was away from home a great part of the time, and was a great horse jockey, for drinking and horse trading always goes together. So I cut up a few pranks with him in the course of one year, as he had two young girls about my age; therefore his wife made the old man believe that I should not answer their purpose, and so I left him. By this time I began to think I was a pretty smart young man, and began to be a little ashamed to drink liquor, as the young ladies begun to find fault with my breath; and now I can't blame them, for I do think that a man's breath that smells of whiskey, stinks worse than a skunk hole, and much more unhealthy. Well, so I returned home to Schoharie.— Now I was about seventeen years old—about the right age to know it all, but a young man at that age knows but a very little. Now at father's house again, there was trouble, as my brothers grew more and more jealous of me, in as much as it was said that I was a very handsome young man, and was always at home when in the company of the young ladies; so my father made me think it was best for me to leave home again. So I took a tramp to the west, and bid adieu to my father's house and home; to seek my own fortune.

And as I travelled alone, I begun to think that I must change my course of life; so made up my mind to use no more liquor. This being my determination, I hoped I should find a man to live with that made no use of the devil's dyestuff. I went to Ot-

sege county, and on Burlington Flats I found a man by the name of Ambrose Hurlbut, a blacksmith. I soon made a bargain with him, to have him learn me the trade, and agreed to stay with him until I was twenty-one. He had a man by the name of Samuel B. Smith, whose time of apprenticeship was just out. We went into the house, and I was introduced to the family; and then come a trying time. A decanter of rum, and glasses, was placed on the table, and the old boss stepped up and drank; then Smith, and some others. Then Mr. Hurlbut turned to me and said—come, Mr. Green, if you intend to learn the trade you must take a drink. Thunder struck in my feelings, I cast my eyes towards the bottle; then there was a grapple with my appetite; I lost my good resolution, and drank the deadly stuff. A shout from Smith, he will make a good blacksmith. This was a new idea to me, and I thought if that would make me a good workman, I should soon be boss and all hands. That night I slept awake all night; the next morning we all went into the shop, and in came some of the neighbors. Well, Hurlbut, you have got a new apprentice, have you? Yes, was the reply. Well, he is a great, smart, stout looking young man. Yes, shouted Smith, he is a good workman already, for he is not one of these bad bred, narrow souled men. Why so, has he paid his entrance? Not yet, but he will do that very thing; here, Green, is the bottle. I soon had the bottle filled, and treated the whole company. This feat gave me a good standing in a drunken community.

From that time, I resolved to drink no more than what would be in fashion with others, and what would secure me a good name and standing in the best of company. In this I succeeded well, for I had now got my growth in stature, and was soon introduced into the highest and most fashionable class of society, and had by my good behavior, secured the confidence and friendship of the whole family and friends around; and when I was nineteen years old, I had formed an extensive acquaintance in the young circle of life, and was called the beauty and pride of the place. But alas! how soon is the flower of the earth faded! About this time the sweeping scourge or contagion, then called the epidemic fever, made an inroad into the place, and took one here and another there, until the whole town and place was in a universal state of mourning. Scarcely one house escaped but what had the sick, dead or dying. Shops, stores, and almost all kinds of business seemed to be closed up and stopped. Every member of the family where I lived, except myself, was confined to their beds. My health was good all this time, and the doctors told me I must make free use of spirits, to keep off the fever; but they were all blind leaders of the blind, for those that made the most frequent use of brandy and rum, suffered the most, and more of that class died; and the grave yard was a better place than the grog shop to get rum, for it had the most company. Perhaps this is the best compliment I shall be able to

give the grog shops in all this work. However, when this disease had blown over, and health again restored to the place, then it was that the pale horse was after me; I was taken very sudden and confined to my bed.

LESSON III.

In this lesson, I design to give a warning to the youth. Now young man, follow me in this lesson: When taken sick, my weight was about one hundred and seventy-five, and never before had I been sick three days at a time. Now building my towering hopes high in the book of fame and earthly glory, like most young men, expecting soon to become rich and fill high and important stations in life, although I never had the opportunity of getting an education, nor ever had any serious impressions on my mind that sank deep into my heart. However, my mother was a member of the Baptist church, and often talked to the children of death and the judgment to come; but none of these things moved me. But now I find myself on a sick bed, and two or three doctors around me daily, my flesh wearing away, and my hopes of future life all inflamed in a burning fever, week after week and day after day; the young men and young ladies were in my room and about my bed, asking me if I was any better; and oft did I see the drops of tears fall from the lovely cheeks of my young friends. Although I came into the place a stranger, and far from my home, yet here I thought that every person in town was my friend; nor was I mistaken, for I had the kindest attention both from the family where I lived, and from the people at large. I lay confined some three months, and then was on the gain, expecting soon to get around, but was again disappointed, for the bottle of tansy bitters was set on the stand at the head of my bed, and orders left by the doctor to drink tansy bitters to strengthen me. Soon I had a relapse, and was thrown into convulsions, and soon the alarm went out that the young friend must die. Again the doctors were sent for far and near; but all said I must die at this time; my hopes were all gone of life or living; no one said any thing to me, as I recollect, about a preparation for death, until at length in comes a Baptist preacher, and asked me if I was willing to die. I told him that I would not turn my hand to live or die. An awful state said he, to rush into the presence of God without a hope in the Savior. Soon after I was deprived of my senses, and knew not what took place for about three weeks; and while lying in this state, the flesh on my hips mortified, and the doctor cut and scraped the flesh clean from the bone. My hip bone and shoulder blades were through the skin, and the hair all came off from my head, and all my teeth loosened in my head. Then they sent to Cooperstown for another doctor, for the others had given me up. When he came it was reported that Mr. Green was dead, and preparations were made to lay me out and bury me; but this new doctor begged for them to defer laying me out

for two hours. When the time was up they said there was no signs of life. Then the doctor asked for one hour more, and at the close of that hour, he said there was signs of life, although the body was cold; and I do believe that I was dead, but the doctor fetched me to life again, after they had been killing me for five months. But soon I began to recover, and how do you think I looked? The flesh off—the bones naked—hair all off my head—and teeth all loose in my mouth—a wreck indeed. I think I must looked some as the Irishman's pig—he said his pig was so poor that he had to soak him seven weeks before he would hold swill. Soon I got so well that I could walk out, and went into a store and got on the scales, and weighed sixty-four pounds.

By the time I could go to work again I had lost about one year of my time. Soon after, there was a man came into the town, and erected one of the devil's teakettles, what some would call a still-house, and began to make whiskey. This was the first of the kind I had ever seen. Here a new beverage or drink was introduced into the community, and because it could be got cheaper, all classes began the use of it. This is what I call the devil's dye-stuff; for the die was soon cast with a great many that had been common dram drinkers; they soon began to reel and stagger in our streets. This was the commencement of the final ruin of many families, blighted many fair prospects, broke many hearts, sent many to the drunkard's grave; and from this and others that soon followed in their common train, soon filled the world with woe. The consequences we have all seen to our sorrow. Husbands and wives were parted; parents and children were separated, and tavern keepers were licensed to manufacture drunkards by law; and if there had not been a veil over the face of the world, they might have seen the heavy cloud that hung over the youth of our land, with fearful forebodings, on all of God's green earth. I had formed an attachment to a young clerk in Mr. Kilborn's store, by the name of Charles O. Munson, who was one of the handsomest and most pleasant young men I ever saw in my life, and he was beloved by all, old and young; and when he left that store he set up for himself, with fair prospects, and I have learned or heard since, that he died at the age of twenty-four, a bloated mass of corruption, with the delirium tremens.

Wm. B. Pelton was a jour in the same shop; I saw him married to a fine young lady; he soon became a drunkard, as I have learned since, and murdered his wife.

Samuel Smith, another inmate of the shop—I saw him married, and they tell me that he became a drunkard, and the town had the charge over him. And now dear reader, what would you think became of Green? Why, say you, I would have thought he would have seen enough to have made him left off the use of the rotted stuff altogether. But, young man, neither of these young men, nor myself, ever thought that we should

become drunkards. But to return: I lived with my master until I was one and twenty. During this time I had several high sprees, and lay in the woods all the next night. On Monday night, after I had been about six miles on Sunday, the day before, and had been in the company with a fine sweet young lady all night; but had she been as careful and thoughtful as the ladies are now, and had taken the smell of the cloves and cinnamon as the girls do now, I guess she would have given me the door or the boot, in the room of a mitten; but there was no Washingtonians, nor nothing said about temperance in those days; neither could a young man have had the company of a first rate young lady, if he could not get his name up as a fine, friendly, go ahead, free hearted young man; for he that would not drink his social glass, and pass round the wine cup freely, was looked upon as belonging to the low class: therefore I was made a drunkard in high life, while a young man. But then I was not called a drunkard, nor thought I ever should be. The day I was of age, my old boss gave an invitation for the young men to spend the fourth day of July with me, and he said he would find all the liquor we wanted, and that was no small sum. I tell you.

LESSON IV.


A SETTING OUT FOR LIFE.

Now I find myself free from the indentures of an apprentice, and my own master, one day set apart for reflection. And now what am I to do? My old master has just entered into copartnership with another man, and he wants no more help. My mother is dead, and my father is poor, and to provide for myself was a new idea altogether. I had one crying spell, and wished I could always be an apprentice. At this time I went to the Post Office and found a letter directed to me. I found it was from one of my brothers; he was a going to be married, and he had deferred the marriage until my time was out, so that I might be at the wedding: moreover, he said my old friends wanted I should come back to Schoharie, and set up my trade there in my own neighborhood. This I took to be a good omen. Accordingly I went, and the old friends soon built me a shop, and found me a set of tools, for it had cost me all that I was to have from my old boss to pay for my sickness, and had left me still in debt. After the wedding I went to work for myself and was determined to keep within bounds as to my drink; but I soon found there was no chance for me to get weaned from the tap, for I hired my board at the tavern, and the landlord was a Methodist class-leader, by the name of Joice. And here I found myself again in the society of the wine cup, for the preachers were often there, and I thought they loved the critter as well as myself. Sometimes I would board with a brother of the tavern keeper, and he was a local preacher, and loved the brandy as well as I did. Thus matters and things went

on, eating and drinking with the publicans and sinners about four years. Then commenced a new scene, for I had worked four years for myself, and laid up, or was worth about four hundred dollars, and never had known enough about the law to keep out of it. Then my prospects were good and flattering, my credit was good, and so was my character, as far as I was known. At length there come a man to me and wanted I should be his bail for his appearance at court, as he was sued up the law, as the Dutch call it. I made no objections, and signed a bail bond to that effect. The man being poor, their object was to get the debt shouldered upon me, and they made it out, for at the day of trial they sent the constable with another precept, and took the man off another way. The lawyers told me that was an illegal transaction, and they undertook to clear me from the debt, and they kept it in the law until it had cost me four hundred dollars—every farthing that I had earned in four years, and put me in jail to pay the debt. I stayed at the jail sixty days, and then they let me go. Then I fixed up my old shop, and my old customers pitied me, and they flocked back to my shop again. They would fetch in the bottle:—“come, Green, drink with me;” or “it is your treat;” and it soon began to be an every day business. To shoe a colt they must get a pint; to shoe one yoke of oxen one quart; this suited the tavern-keeper, for my shop brought him a great deal of custom, and my board and grog bill was a heavy tax on me every year. Many advised me to get married, and this was a bother to me, to settle my mind on any one girl, for most all the ladies in the town had their caps set for me, and I loved them all, but I thought it would not do to marry them all.

LESSON V.

A RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.



In this town, the recreation of the young people was chiefly in the ball-room, and parties, and playing the fiddle, and we met often at the tavern of this class-leader, and he would make the brandy sling for us, and was not at all backward in drinking himself, and very merry and lively, but naturally of a clever disposition, as most of the drunkard makers are; and if Green was not there they had a dull time, for they all said that Green was the leader of all the parties and balls. In this place the Methodist people were the most numerous; some Baptist, and some Presbyterians, and a great many that belonged to my crowd; and in fact, as far as drinking whiskey went, I think that I must have been the Pope of all the churches, for I knew of no church members but what would drink the drunkard's beverage. However the Methodists some times would have prayer meetings, and preaching once in two weeks, and I would most always go to the evening meetings, for the purpose of seeing that the girls was tell taken home; and I loved to hear preaching, but I thought they would always preach for any

one else but me. They would say the young people should not dance, nor have merry meetings; but I thought they were preaching to the church all the time, and never meant me, for I thought I set as good examples as any of them, notwithstanding I would occasionally get pretty brindle. In those days, if a man did not get into the gutter he was a good fellow, if he drank one quart per day. It so happened that the church had become very cold, and had given up their prayer meetings. When one female said to another, they would meet and have a female prayer meeting. They did so, and my youngest sister, a blessed good girl, went one day to a quilting, and in the evening they was to have a dance. I told my sister I would come to the dance in the evening and wait upon her home to my father's. I went, and when I came there, the fiddle was playing and the young people were dancing. I inquired for my sister, and they told me she had left, and gone to the Methodist prayer meeting. Thunderstruck and mad, I flew into a rage.—What! has Lydia gone to the prayer meeting to hear them poor, deluded, despised, crazy Methodists pray? I thought to myself I would disown her for my sister. The young people saw I was offended, and began to comfort me by fetching me some pies, cakes and liquor; but all of no use. I then thought I would go and take her away from the meeting; but they said, let her go, she would be sorry for leaving the ball. They soon got me to dancing and drinking milk punch; and every time I went round the reel, I thought the devil was after me. The thought of my sister getting religious almost made me crazy. I would jump on to the chairs and seats, whoop and yell, and swear, leave the room and throw myself upon the beds, and finally broke up the dance. It made a great talk in the town, for they said Green was getting crazy.

That same night my sister professed to get religion. I went to see her the next day, and when I came into her presence, she met me with a smile, took me by the hand and put one arm around my neck, and said, "brother, don't be angry with me for leaving the ball, for the Lord has been good to me, and has converted my soul." She said there was but three persons at the prayer meeting, calling them by name, all women; this was a new idea, that a soul could be converted at female prayer meeting. Said she to me, "brother Andrus, they have another meeting to-morrow night, and I wish you would go to meeting with me;" and I went, and that night another young lady was awakened, and cried aloud for mercy. This lady was a favorite of mine; I thought then that the devil had broke loose sure enough. After that the meetings were most every night, and the house was crowded. Then the preachers began to come; plans were laid for me; the preachers said if I would give myself up to the Lord, they thought all the young people would soon be converted, and I was the subject of special prayer. Old professors began to wake up—backsliders reclaim-

ed—and a general time of the church members confessing their sins, and truly such feelings of mind I never had before. One Sunday morning I went to a house where there was two young ladies of the first loaf; I told them I had come to go to meeting with them, and I wanted some of their clothes to wear. They said I would not dare to wear them. I told them I would, and would raise the devil with the Methodists that day. They gave me some articles of their clothing, I put them on and away we went. I took my seat with the ladies, expecting the preacher would make a fuss, and I was cocked and primed for him: it made some laughing, but the preacher soon rose—Elder Stead, and he was a man of God if there was any; I always loved to hear him preach. He commenced by saying there was a time when the people of the Lord came together, and Satan came also. I soon began to pull the girls' ruffles off from my neck, for it did appear to me that all things that I had ever done in my life were in array before me; and I felt and I thought, truly hell was my portion, and I must sink and die.—They had no anxious seats nor mourners' benches in those days, and sat with the ladies on a back seat, elevated higher than the rest. I soon found myself in tears, and the ladies all around me. I saw this was no place for me: I arose, and with one leap over the heads of others, I fell upon the lower floor upon my knees, and cried aloud for mercy. One Methodist woman that I hated above ground, I called on to pray for me. This raised a general shout amongst the Methodists—this set the fire to burning, and there was a general turning to the Lord. Of course I united myself to the Methodists. Soon they gave me license to exhort; I then thought I had a call to preach, and still think so; in that revival there was, I think, some three hundred conversions. I think there was five or six young men who were the subjects of that revival, who made preachers. I have one brother who was one of them, and he is now a preacher in Upper Canada.

I then saw the need of more learning: closed up my shop and went to school about one year, during which time I improved in writing, reading, arithmetic, and the English Grammar; and went to work again in my shop, and would preach on the Sabbath occasionally—still drinking the devil's dyestuff, in fashion with my brethren, which was worse than all the young devils confined, and sometimes got pretty blue. Had there been temperance societies, as we have now, I believe it would have saved me and a great many more who since fell by the hand of alcohol, by following or nursing an appetite that was formed in early life. I continued to work at my trade for about two years, then I let out my old shop with the intention of building a new one: in the room of that, I hired out and worked for a man by the name of Gilbert, in a furnace and forge, trip-hammer shop, &c. Here I was an overseer of the business, among some twenty hands. This was a bad place to work and enjoy

religion, for he kept a grocery store, and plenty of whiskey, and most all the hands became common drunkards. During this time the furnace took fire and was consumed. The inhabitants came together, and appeared to manifest a great sympathy for the man and family. And directly there was several subscriptions drawn up, and several took them and went in different ways to get help to repair the furnace again. Among them was one by the name of Thomas Pain, who was a clerk in the store.— He took one of Gilbert's horses, and went out raising money: he was often heard from as getting a large amount of money, but never came back again, but cleared with the horse and money. I shall make more remarks if I don't forget it, in this work, how Gilbert came to his end, being killed in a drunken frolic. I took the other horse and went out another way. I think I got subscribed the first day some two hundred dollars, and much more in my tour; being well acquainted in those regions, I travelled some time, but like every other act of my life, returned every cent, which enabled him to erect his works again. In my travels I went to see and ask alms of a lady something advanced in life, or about five years older than myself. She was rich, and lived in a large, beautiful mansion, left by her father: it was said she was worth some seventy thousand dollars. I rapt at the door, and a servant maid soon come to the door and inquired my business. I told her I would like to see the lady of the house. She went into her parlor, and returned and said I could see the lady in fifteen minutes. I went into the sitting-room, took a seat and sat alone; no one with me but the Sledge Hammer. Here I began to guess what kind of a woman I was about to see, who had to have fifteen minutes to prepare to see me. While I set waiting, I recollected of hearing that she had had gentlemen to visit her from New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Troy, and from various parts of the United States, but had rejected them all. I was expecting to see a beautiful, proud, haughty, scornful lady, of the first class of the aristocracy in those regions—but I soon began to alter my opinion, and concluded I should not see her at all, as my business required me to lose no time; and then I thought again, perhaps she thought she had got a beau, and she was fixing her cap to catch a Lord or somebody else, and so I waited the more patient. At length I heard an awful rustling coming down stairs; she soon made her appearance, took a chair and set down close to my side, dressed in a very neat and costly manner. Here I was disappointed again, for she was easy, courteous, lively and full of talk, yet graceful, modest, and appeared to be very friendly. She wanted to know my business. I told her, showed her my papers. She took them for a few moments, and returned them to me but made no reply. Had I been a green horn, I think she would have showed me the door sooner than she did, but she wanted to know if I was a married man. I told her I was not. She viewed

my person from my hat, to my boots, asked me to take a walk out and see her farm and out buildings—all very good. She had several tenants in different parts of her plantation—a delightful situation. We returned to the house; I told her I must go; she gave me a five dollar bill, and gave me a polite invitation to call and make her a visit, and as the Dutchman said, I thought she had got her notion into me; but I made her a genteel bow and left. Soon after that it was told me that she said that young Green was the first person she saw whom she would marry; but I thought there was too much difference between her property and mine, and perhaps I should have to be a slave to her beck and nod.

LESSON VI.

A NEW STATE OF THINGS.

I then went and bought me one-fourth part of an acre of ground for which I paid thirty dollars, and built me a shop, hired a house, and got my youngest sister to keep house for me, thinking this would be cheaper than to hire my board; and also to make a home for my sister, as my mother was dead, and my father had lost his farm, and had married again, and moved off to the west. Here I found I was making more property than at any former time. I worked hard week days, and preached on Sunday—as I was then a licensed preacher—drank whiskey freely, and sometimes got rather blue; but the fashion must be kept up, or be reckoned with the low class of society. About this time the most of my young friends with whom I had been so long in company, had got married off, and a young host of sprouts a moving in their stead. At this time I seen that I was not exactly an old man nor a young one, and I seen that the young girls begun to grow a little shy of the old coon, as they said, and would not fall into my arms quite as readily as at former times. I then went to work at preparing to build me a house and get me a wife, for I well knew there would be enough of the rainbows of creation that would be glad to have me pop the question to them, and would say yes, before I could get my boots on, as my sister had got married while living with me, and expected to go to keeping house by herself. This rather set me to thinking. I therefore took a walk out one Sunday evening to a good old farmer's house, who had lived in the old Connecticut fashion, where I found two or three very fine sort of farmer girls, and where I knew they would always have a smile on their countenance at every time they seen me coming.

I soon found myself in good lively company, as the old man was good natured at times, and the boys first rate company. time went away fast, and found myself seated by the side of one of the girls that I thought would answer to make me a wife. As I had been in company with most all the girls for miles around, of course I had my choice out of about five hundred,

and some of them I have walked with when I was so far seas over that they would have to hold me up; but nothing said, except at one time, as I was walking with a fine black eyed Dutch lady, oft my feet would make some very awkward steps, and she would hold on to my arm. All this time I was very polite. for if I crowded her off one side of the road I was sure to pull her back again. when she cried out, "Green, I guess you have taken a little too much of dat millick bunch." This is the reason why men that become drunkards always have such fine wives, for when they were young they were of a very lively make, and very free-hearted, and was not afraid to spend a shilling or a dollar, if occasion required, and always ready to wait upon the girls in the first style and fashion; for young ladies are apt to think if a young man is lively, polite and full of jokes, and not bashful, that is the man for me; if they are lucky enough to keep out of the gutter, and go dressed in the highest and best of fashion and style." But I shall return to the narrative: some time in the course of the evening she said to me, "Mr. Green, I want to ask you a question." "Very well, what is it?" she said are you not in the habit of taking a social glass at times? To be sure I am; please give me the reason for asking me that question. She hesitated for some time, and I pressed the answer for I began to think she might have heard of some of my scales, and for that reason she wanted to know the truth of the case; of course I drink with my associates when with them, and in my shop, and when on business; but why ask me that question? Why sir, said she, my father says that any young man that is in the habit of taking a social glass of liquor, is in danger of becoming a drunkard. Poh! your father is getting childish; I can take care of myself; I shall never be a drunkard; I can drink or I can let it alone. This was the first intimation I had that I was in any danger, and if all the people of the state of New York had told me then that I should become a drunkard, I could not have believed them. But it is a truth, that the common dram drinker is a drunkard already; for when a man has got an appetite for rum, he is as sure to become a drunkard as he is to become a man, if he indulges himself in the practice of common dram drinking. Some says that the appetite is natural in some, but I think this is a mistake, for it is not constitutional; nature does not require it at any stage of life; it is an artificial appetite, although I do believe many are made drunkards while at the breast; the mother drinking hot sling and rum toddy, the babe will be cross and he must have some sling too—feed the child and then put him in the cradle; when he wakes up he is cross again; give him more, and he soon will cry after it. This child was made a drunkard by the hand of his mother, and most likely the example was set by his father, or recommended by the doctor; and little do they think that they are raising this child to go to the gallows, the State's prison and the drunkard's grave. I will acknowledge a man can drink, but I

will not own that he will let it alone, unless he will sign the temperance pledge, and live up to the promise he has made. Now I am thirty years of age, and am a married man, and we had brandy at the wedding, but nobody got very drunk. In a few months I took this lady from her father's house, and we united our destinies for weal or woe. She was brought up to work for a living. I soon had me a good house built and made very comfortable. Then I was determined to be a rich man, for I worked night and day in my shop, and had it not been for the appetite that then had become strong, and the fashion still kept up to keep the accursed stuff for friends, visiters, preachers, lawyers, doctors, pharisees and hypocrites, I might have become a rich man, for I had a good run of custom, and was making money fast enough. I had now got me a good house, shop, and horse barn, and fruit trees growing on my lot, all paid for. About this time a very serious disturbance began among the churches. A man by the name of Benjamin Howard came into the place, and began to preach. He called himself a christian.— He was a very smart man, and the people went after him by night and by day, to hear him preach a new thing and a new doctrine. He differed from others on the divinity of Christ, and almost all of the young converts were much pleased with him, therefore it made a division in the church there and all around in some degree. Then came other preachers of his order, and they formed a church of their order. The Methodists held their meetings in a large school house that was very convenient, and they said that the Ariens should not have the house to preach in. This made a quarrel and a jargon in the district; as there was no meeting house, of course they all claimed the school house, some would lock it up and others would break the lock and go in. This made two parties, both very strong. Controversies ensued—the public mind was in a great excitement—almost every person, professor and non-professor, for the true spirit of religion was gone, all was great I and little you, and a cloud of destruction appeared more visible all the time, for the members were threatened to be expelled the church if they went to hear the Christians preach. This caused a great falling off from the church, and some would go to meeting and others stayed at home; and many, yes I may say the whole church became backsliders. This state of things continued until I moved away. My health began to fail, for I was sorely afflicted; the doctors told me I had the chronic rheumatism. some told me to get cider brandy and use it freely; others said Holland gin was the best; some recommended brandy in its free use, and of course I got them all, but my pains were increased by taking either. Poor doctors! they all loved the critter so well themselves, that these kind of drinks were recommended in most every case. My wife was sick, and I got a local preacher to go to Renssellaer City to fetch doctor Hyde, with directions to bring me two gallons of rum. When he came back,

the preacher and the doctor were both drunk. As there was several women present, of course the rum went round freely, and two of the women were drunk before morning; but I believe that I kept tolerably sober. I had four gallons of rum drunk in my house in four days; this gave my wife much trouble—she said she was ashamed of her sex; but I had an excuse for drinking, for the doctors had recommended the use of all kinds of drink to cure me, and I knew no better at the time. nor ever after, until I stopped the use of all kinds of drink, of the ardent and fomented together, and became a teetotaller; then the rheumatism left me, and never before. I will close this lesson, and give you a history of the country in those regions.

A SKETCH OF THE COUNTRY.

I think that a description of Old Schoharie will be very interesting to the people of Ohio.

The Indian whoop was sounded, high—

The scalping-knife was dipt in dye—

The blood of men was running out,

For the Indian and the white man fought.

Schoharie is a county lying south-west of the county of Albany; the county seat is called Schoharie. This is situated on the beautiful valley of the Schoharie river, a beautiful stream of water, and formerly abounded with the spotted trout, the best pan fish in the known world. The water is clear the most of the time, with a gravel bottom, and very healthy indeed. The bottoms or flats, so called, stretch along this river on both sides, from one mile to a mile and a half in width, and in length some twelve or fifteen miles, from the Mohawk up to what is called Fromans nose, which took its name from a white man that first settled in there among the Indians, by the name of Vroman, of the low Dutch descent. This nose spoken of, is a peak of rocks that rises from the valley about six hundred feet high, and in some places is almost perpendicular, with craggy rocks and shelves. As you pass along the road at the foot of the hill, you may take off your hat and look up, and it will make your head swim in one minute, especially if you should happen to stay too long at the tavern, which is close by. A much greater than the Niagara Falls, is its curiosity; but one place where the top can be obtained, and that with great and careful pains. When you gain the summit, a more beautiful scenery never presented itself to the human eye. This land was formerly occupied by the red men of the forest, until the old Indian war; several tribes were dispersed at that time, but they never gave up the ground until after the revolutionary war; and on the top of this nose they had a retreat which no man could reach, unless by their consent. From this valley the mountains rise in several directions, which makes the valley the more pleasant. Not far from the foot of this nose, lived a

man in the days of the revolution, by the name of Murphy; he was called the old Indian killer. I will give you an anecdote of him: he was one of the early settlers, while the Indians were very plenty, and they had not ceased hostilities yet, after peace was declared, in the close of the revolution: in the first place the valley was taken up by the Dutch, after the treaty with the Indians; but there was left a grudge with the Indians, so that they would often steal the cattle and horses from the whites, and if the whites resented it they would do them greater injury, by killing some of their children. This Murphy had lost several of his friends by the Indians, and had sworn eternal war against them if they should trouble them any more.—Murphy was a warrior and understood the Indian games and plans, for at one time in the war, as he was one who was placed in the old stone fort which stands at this day near the Schoharie Court House, he left the fort with the consent of his commander, and said he would have an Indian scalp before he came back. He took an Indian trail, and followed it some distance into the woods, until he found a large tree that had broken down, and the Indian trail went close by the but end of the tree. He had a two-barreled rifle, and set it down and went and got some bass wood bark, and took his gun and laid it down by the track, and placed himself so that he could watch the operations of the Indians; soon he saw one coming slowly on the trail, until the Indian came within three feet of him; then he arose and told him to be still and make no noise, if he did he should be put to death, but if he would mind him that his life should be spared. He got the Indian to lay down on his side of the log and bound his hands behind him and lay down again himself. Soon another came and he fastened him in the same manner, telling them he had a company of rangers close by. Thus he managed until he had got eight, all bound; then he bade them rise and march before him to the fort; thus he drove eight Indians into the fort himself, and took the bounty. After the war was over, those Indians were set at liberty with the common ceremony in such cases. At the close of the war he returned home to the place above mentioned. The Indians would watch for him, and take every advantage they could to kill him in time of peace; it happened that they came so close to his house one day when he was gone, that they saw two of his children, one playing in the street and the other up in a cherry tree, they shot the one up in the tree and took the other and carried him off into the woods. When Murphy came home and found one child dead and another gone, the old man's spirit kindled up his passion, and he swore that he would kill every Indian he could, in peace or war. He took his old gun and went out, and soon found their tracks and followed on until he came in sight of them. They had made a fire in the circle, and were just tying the child to roast him alive. He fired and killed one, and with his other barrel he dropt another, and the

rest fled. He went up, took his child and returned home. Mr. Murphy took six Indians after that in his saw mill. When he was standing one day in his mill, he was on his watch and had fixed a trap over the flume for the purpose. The Indians came in and gave a whoop—"now Murphy we have got you!" "Well," said he, "I will go with you as soon as the saw goes through." The saw stopped—now said he we'll go out this way, so he got them all into the trap, and he sprung it and they all fell into the flume of water; there he killed them all with his axe. I might relate many such stories, but I forbear. After the Dutch had settled these flat for many years, the Yankees began to settle around on the mountains, and as close to the Dutch as they could. These Dutch were very kind, clever, and ignorant; they would do any thing for the Yankees, and trust them with any amount, until they began to find them out; and then if they deceived them once, they forfeited their honor, and the Dutch began to be very shy of the Yankees. To illustrate their character, I will give you another anecdote of their fidelity to honor: a Yankee went to a good old Dutch farmer to buy a cow—well den, Mr. Sir, I has got many goot cows and you can have your choice out of dem—so the Yankee picked out his cow. Now said he, I have not got the money now; if you will trust me I will take the cow and pay you in six months. All right, dat will do if you gives me your note. Oh yes, said the Yankee; he gave his note and drove off the cow. About six months after that, a man went to the Dutchman and told him that that damned Yankee had ran away with his cow, and was gone. Well, well, said the Dutchman, let him go, I cares noting about dat, I has got his note, and de interest will always be goot.

The hills and the mountains were covered with heavy pine, hemlock and oak, in some places some beach and maple. In the east part of the town of Middleburgh lies another valley, and a mountain on either side of it; that is what is called Huntersland, and took its name from a man by that name.—That is the place where my father settled when he came from Rhode Island: then these mountains had plenty of deer, wolves and bear.

LESSON VII.

THE FEVER FOR THE WEST.

Now I will return to my narrative. In this place I was the only smith that worked for the custom of the town. This division in the churches, brought strangers into the place that would take part in both sides, and mechanics and other smiths soon came in, and I wanted to get out as much as they wanted to get in, as I was a public man and wished to live in peace. I offered my place for sale with a determined mind to go to Ohio, inasmuch as my father, two brothers and two sisters already lived in that State. My wife felt anxious to have me

move away, thinking a change of the climate would be for her health and mine too, and to get out of the religious dispute.— I therefore offered my place for sale. Many began to persuade me to stay, and others would be glad to have me go, for they said Green had been the leader of that place long enough. My mind was led to believe that I had a work to do somewhere; but it never entered my mind that I had got to suffer so much, in order to rescue my brother drunkards out of the ditch. I had been supposed to have been dead four times already—once rescued from a well of water, and taken out for dead—another time by the fall of a tree, my father took me up for dead—again I fell from a tree about thirty-five feet, and was taken up for dead—and once as related above, in sickness. All these wonderful deliverances appeared to me that my life had been preserved for some good purpose; I therefore was determined to go to Ohio, and see what would be my fortune, and my readers will find it a hard one before they read this book through. Soon a man came to purchase my place; he was a gunsmith by trade; I sold him my lot for four hundred dollars. I then made a public vendue to sell off my loose property, which amounted to about one hundred and fifty more, and then moved my family to my father-in-law's. Then I had a job on hand to collect my debts; and like other mechanics, found some three hundred dollars, where I had trusted out my work, together with iron and steel that I paid the money for. Those hills and mountains were a famous place for men to give leg-bail for security, for some had ran away, some broke down, some had died, others became drunkards and could not pay. Of this class of hard drinkers, were the more honest part of community, and some had gone to the State's Prison, and I have thought since that if they had sent five times as many, together with the drunkard-makers, I and the whole remaining part of society would have been far better off, for almost every dollar that I collected would cost me twenty-five or fifty cents to treat my old customers. One circumstance I must relate, to illustrate the character of the rum-seller—a man by the name of Tailor, who was an honest and hard working man, had fallen into the hands of the monster intemperance; he had a large and very respectable family, a fine, good, warm-hearted wife; he was often to the tavern and grog shop. He had gone to Gilbert's store, (the man above spoken of.) where they always gave him as much rum as he wanted; he had got his load and started for home, one cold night; they said they saw him cross the bridge, and that he was in no danger; but he went but a few rods before he laid down in the snow—poor man, he laid down for the last time. His family waited for him long in the night, between hope and fear, but no father came. Reader, what do you think that once beloved wife would have said if she had known her husband was freezing to death in a drunken fit, and you had been his mur-

derer by giving him that deadly poison, or alcohol? Who is guilty of sending him to a drunkard's grave? Oh! the hand that dealt out the fatal draught. And such was his unhappy lot: one of his sons found him the next day, cold and dead.

In the spring of 1829, I had got my things so arranged that I hired a team and put all my stuff into one wagon, together with my wife and one child, (as I had already buried one also.) and we started from the house of my wife's father. The friends had assembled there to bid us a last farewell; for they thought it almost out of the world to go to Ohio; but the most of their fears was that we should find a watery grave in Lake Erie, as it was common in those days to hear great and frightful stories about crossing that Lake. We came to the "raging canal" at Spraker's Basin, and the next morning bid adieu to everything in Schoharie, even to my fine dog. We could say as did the drunkard when he pawned his breeches for rum—

"Farewell! farewell! old trousaloons,
Long time we've stuck together,
Variety of scenes gone through,
And braved all sorts of weather."

We hired our passage on a fine boat, Captain Cole, and boarded ourselves. A variety of new scenes and a still greater variety of drunkards than I had ever beheld before; some drunken drivers, some drunken captains, and many of the hands and passengers; and in almost every village, cursing and swearing, fighting, and very many bloody noses and sore shins. Yet I think I saw still more red noses and sore eyes. I had on board a stone bottle that held a pint; I made it a rule to drink only one pint of whiskey per day, and thought I kept very sober, for I was ashamed of a man that would get drunk. Some of the men found where I kept my bottle, and as I had it filled every night I would find it empty in the morning; but said nothing to the captain until they stole my whiskey bottle and some of my provisions; the captain found out the man and set him on shore. I believe I got very hot twice; however, we had a very pleasant time; we came into Buffalo and found a schooner about ready to start; the captain said he would carry me and my goods for ten dollars, and board me; we put aboard the old Erie, Captain Johnson. The first day we fared very well; but I soon found we had got into the right meeting house, but the wrong pew; for our meals were scanty, and grew worse all the time, and before we came into Cleveland we almost starved to death. My wife was sick, and they would get nothing that she could eat; and he said his stock of victuals was all gone but a little hard sea bread, and that was not fit for the dogs to eat. We were four days on the Lake; the crew were drinking and playing cards the most of the time, and some of the boys had sport in catching pigeons that would light on the sails; not a breeze, even so much as to ruffle the

water. When we came to Cleveland, I put my goods into a warehouse, and took up our lodging at a public house. I took a survey of the town; at that early day the town of Cleveland was a very small village, composed of barbers altogether, for they would all shave without brush or soap. The place where the Ohio City now stands, was chiefly covered with scrub oak—some five or six buildings. Here my wife said she wanted to stop and settle. I could have bought the land where the heart of Ohio City now stands, for twenty-five dollars per acre. I laughed at my wife and told her we could not get a living among those oak bushes. This is the second time I missed a fortune by not taking the advice of women. I told her we must find land that would fence itself; soon took the stage and went to Middleburgh, Cuyahoga county, and there I found one of my sisters, who married E. Watson, who had got him a fine farm on the bottoms of the east branch of the Rocky river. Here we took up our quarters for the summer, and began looking for a piece of land that would suit me.

A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AND WILD BEASTS.

Here I did not expect to settle, for the customs and manners of the people were so much different from the people of the east, that I was almost homesick—except the use of whiskey—I found that was a common beverage among all classes—and I soon began to find many very hard cases. Here I made a resolution to try to keep sober; but soon found that they had the critter in most of families. The town of Middleburgh was mostly new and in the state of nature, for the woods was full of wild beasts; wolves, bear and droves of deer in almost any direction, with the coon and opossum; this was a novel creature, such as I had never seen before; and as I was not used to hunting, I concluded I would be in danger if I settled in the woods, for the face of this country is such a dead level that a man is or was in danger of getting lost in the woods, if he ventured far from the house; and as I wanted to see the face of the land, I had to travel a good deal in the forest. I brought with me two rifles, therefore it became necessary for me to practice shooting at a mark for some time to get used to my guns. I soon found I could plum the mark, when I was clear from whiskey. They told me that I should have to practice one year before I should be able to kill a deer, or a wild turkey. As the turkeys were very plenty and went in large flocks, I thought that that would be sport for me, so one day I took my gun and ventured into the woods. I had not gone far before I saw three deer, one with horns. I came within about ten rods, and let sliver, and away went the deer. I was so elated that I might have missed the mark four or five feet. I went to the house and told my story; they said I had got the "buck fever," and could not hold my gun still. This was a new idea. I knew that I had very often been afflicted with the whiskey

fever, and very many other fevers, but this was a new sort of sickness. The next trip, I went to a deer lick, in the month of June; I climbed up into a tree, and there waited for my chance. I could see the wild turkey off at a distance, but none came to me; it began to be dark; the mosquitoes, large and long, began to shoot me in every direction; at length in came two deer into the lick. I let sliver, and saw one go out on three legs. How I got out of the tree I never could tell, but I took after the deer, through the brush and over the logs, whooping and halloving, as dark as a stack of black cats, until I overtook my game. I threw down my gun and mounted him, as a drunken man would a mud hole; I got out my knife and cut his throat. By this time some neighbors came; we slung him upon a pole and got him to the house. A great parade was made, as if I had killed an Indian chief. The next day I went out and killed a wild turkey that weighed twenty-two pounds; then they said I had gained a residence, and I should not be warned out of town. I gave notice that I would preach the next Sabbath: a large crowd of people assembled; my text was "the time is fulfilled, the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, repent and believe the gospel." It was reported that Green was the greatest preacher in the State; began to travel to see the country; the rivers and streams I did not like, they were too dead and too sluggish; I took my rifle and went around Lake Aleriham; this lake is a fine sheet of water, containing about two hundred acres, and all around the lake is a beautiful growth of the sweet grape; it abounds with fish, and formerly a great place for beaver and otter, and in the swampy flags there are an abundance of snakes, the yellow rattlesnake and the massasaugar; this snake is from eight to fifteen inches long—the first one of the kind I ever saw. They are as black as the drunkard maker—more deadly in its bite than the yellow kind.

This sand all around the Lake is very rich and fine, and a plenty of good timber; and about a half a mile north east from the Lake, there is the boiling spring—smells very strong of sulphur—a much more pleasant smell than a man's breath who has been drinking whiskey. You may place a tube in those springs, and set fire to the top of the tube, and the gass will keep a constant fire for months together. Not far from these springs is a ledge of stone, enough to build a stone city; they are of such a make that you may cut them in almost any shape you please. This Lake and springs are right at the centre of the town, and some day it will be a great place of business.—Here I got lost one day from my company, and rambled around until night, and had no whiskey to find myself with, and I well knew that this was the county seat for wolves and bears, as it was some two miles to the settlement. I searched for a tree to roost on, halloving and yelling until tired out—found no tree to suit me—got up on a large log, I would think about six feet in diameter. Here I sat down to await my con-

test with the wolves. At length a little black dog came, and went away; he came again and went away; soon I saw my father coming, and the same dog with him. I think I was as glad as Paul was when he came in sight of Appiiforum, and the three taverns. We got out of the woods some time in the night, and found no harm. This township is owned by Francis Granger; it lies about seven miles north of Cleveland.—Not far from the burning springs I found a well of water; I got a long pole and tried to reach the bottom, but could not.—On examination I found that it was walled up by rock ore of the best quality for making iron. We got some of it out of the woods, and sent it to Painesville furnace to be examined, and it was found to be of the best quality. I went to searching, and found a plenty in every direction: it soon reached the ears of Granger's agent, and he would not sell the lands around there short of ten dollars per acre—the other wild lands were selling for three dollars per acre. My friends became very anxious that I should buy in that town. I was very steady in those days, and used but a little of the rot-gut, shooting a great number of deer and wild turkeys. At length I made up my mind to purchase a lot of wild land, lying on the turnpike eleven miles and a half from Cleveland. I went to Painesville, where Granger's agent lived, and agreed with him for ninety-two acres. I chose this land because there was a good stream of water running through the land, and because it lay so well situated on the turnpike; it was some three miles one side of me, and half a mile the other way, to any house.—Here I went to work chopping and clearing a spot for my house—walked about two miles morning and night, from where my family was, always taking my rifle with me. Sometimes I would kill a deer agoing, and sometimes knock one down on my return. Soon I had a spot cleared off for my house, and agreed with a man to put me up a frame. I then sold twenty-two acres of my land for two shillings per acre more than I gave, for the purpose of getting help to clear the remainder, as I was all alone and right in the woods. I got me a yoke of oxen, and one cow and a wagon, and went to getting lumber for my house. I soon got it up and put on the roof and boarded it all up myself, and put in a sort of a chimney for the present—part of brick and part of wood—and moved my little family into it in the month of December. [As I never kept a journal of my life, therefore I cannot give the exact time in all things.] My family then consisted of my wife and two small children. Here I began the world once more for myself. I could chop and burn brush through the week, and preach on the Sabbath, traveling on foot to meet my engagements, and leave my family alone to hear the howling of the wolves through the night. I think by the time you hear the whole history of my life, you will come to the conclusion that I had ought to have a good home and living in my old age. In those

days I drank but little of the kill-devil. This winter I got some four acres chopped; my meat was cheaply supplied by my gun, for I could get up in the morning, take down my gun and stand in my door and shoot down the deer. Some mornings I could see a drove of from five to twelve browsing in my chopping. This was the most pleasant and happiest part of my life. In the spring the people of the town urged me to put up a shop and do their work. I done so and got some tools and had custom from quite a distance. But this act only increased and revived my misery, and again laid the foundation for more drunkenness; for often times they would fetch in a grog of whiskey, and we would drink together. I had been somewhat relieved of my rheumatic complaint, but now as I began to drink whiskey again, that old complaint revived again, until my appetite became more strong than ever.

About this time there were several preachers came to see me, of the Reformed Methodists, as they called themselves, and there was more of that order around me than of any other tribe; so I concluded to join them. I also did so, and the next year traveled very extensive among them, and preached with some success. This fall I had some five acres chopped, that I had determined to sow with wheat, and my friends advised me to make a logging bee all day. I did so and had to get some women to help my wife cook. Here I thought I should find out if there was any of the people of my town who would not drink whiskey. I gave a universal invitation, and some came from quite a distance. I think I had about fifteen yoke of oxen, and about thirty men; so I got five gallons of whiskey, got them dinner and supper. Before night they got so lively that they began to boast on their oxen, and some on their own strength. They began to fasten their oxen to the heaviest logs, and whip and halloo and yell to the poor oxen. O how strong whiskey will make oxen! They logged off some four acres of heavy chopping; at night I found that those that stayed to get their supper, were all of one piece; I felt my oats too; before supper was over one of the women was missing, my wife said she was gone home; but that was a mistake, as we found out afterwards. The yard all around the house was grown up full of weeds, and it so happened that one of the men staggered out into the weeds to dislocate some of his whiskey, and it so happened that she was found in the weeds, the drunkest man in the whole company. She was the object of my pity—a warning to man and beast. That fall I got in five acres of wheat, and went to chopping another fallow. Some time in the winter I received a letter from P. M. Weddell, of Cleveland, that he was the captain of the Nimrod company, and wanted that I should prepare to entertain the whole company for three days and nights. This company took their name from the celebrated Nimrod, the famous hunter; and this company in Cleveland was composed of the

sharpest shooters, and best hunters in town. They were to have several hunting excursions in the course of the winter, to kill deer, wild turkeys, bears and wolves, and the man who killed the most game on any one hunt, when the company was ordered out, should be their captain on the next excursion.— So I made all necessary preparations to accommodate the respectable company, with the exception of getting their percussion or whiskey. On the appointed day, on they came, armed and equipped as their law directs, with all necessary implements of war; and in their baggage wagon they had one barrel of cider, and one keg of gin, to call them up early in the morning. “Wo unto him that rises up early in the morning and goes to the bottle for a dram.” At night their trumpeter would sound the horn for the lost ones; when they all came in and got their grog and supper, then their exercise was to shoot at the blaze of a candle, off hand. It was bang, bang, for about one hour; then go in and tell their hunting stories until eleven o’clock, then retire to their field bed, and laugh and talk until midnight—a jolly company, indeed, but treated me and my family with the greatest degree of respect; I can say they were gentlemen indeed. When the hunt was over it would take them some time to collect their game, as they would hang up their venison where they killed it, all over the woods, and in every direction. I think they had some of the sharpest shooters I ever saw. These excursions were very costly; but the most they cared for was the sport, to see which could tell the best story. One man said he shot a deer and he fell, and he went up to him to cut his throat, and he took out his knife and stuck it into his head right back of his horns, and the deer jumped up and started, with him straddle on his back, and he held on to his horns until he carried him down a long hill and throwed him off into the creek, then left him.

LESSON VIII.

A JOURNEY TO PENNSYLVANIA.

The next spring was a very early one; in the month of March my cattle got their living in the woods, as the wild grass was up a good bite. At this time the church of which I was a member, became very anxious that I should be ordained an Elder. Of course all the necessary forms and letters of commendation that were necessary were in readiness, and one brother said he would carry me to the yearly Conference, where I was to be ordained. The Conference held its session at Elk Creek, in Pennsylvania. This step in the ministry I held as one of great importance, as there would be great responsibilities resting upon those who would attempt to administer the ordinances of God. Notwithstanding my habit of intemperance, I was not counted a drunkard, yet on almost every occasion I was in the common fashion of men in my high rank. We went down the Lake road from Cleveland, and a

very fine country it is all along, with many pleasant villages, and a plenty of rum stubs standing very often. Sometimes we would stop and take a cup of rat soup, or something else, just enough to make us ride easy. We came to the place of the Conference, and found quite a number of preachers on the spot. We held our counsels in the utmost harmony. As they always calculate to have the greatest preachers entertain the people on such occasions, so they set me to preach at the Conference, and I think that at that time I had not got any of the devil's dyestuff to help my infirmities, so I think I did not preach so easy and flippant as at some other times; for I had often times taken a glass of the kill-devil before preaching. However, the Sabbath came and I was ordained by the laying on of hands. If I was ever called again to officiate, or to give my consent for a brother to be ordained again, I think I should take the same step as Thomas Jefferson said he would if he ever was President of the United States again: the first and all of the men he would put into office—in the first place he would know if they were addicted to dram drinking; if they were, they should not have any office in the government. Good.—Neither would I, for at this time there is so much light upon this subject, that every man is left without excuse; neither do I believe that a common dram drinker is fit to hold any office, either in church or state, civil or religious, for the example he sets is a bad one for the rising generation. But I will return to Pennsylvania and take another start:—After the Conference had adjourned, my appointment was on Warrensville circuit. I therefore was under the necessity of getting into debt for a horse. This was another grand step of my downhill career, for it not only plunged me into debt, but it kept me off my farm, and enabled me to be more from home, and hence I was oftener in sight of a tavern; and in those days it was considered a breach of politeness if a gentleman did not call for something to drink when he stopped to bait his horse; and if there was a company in the bar room, to call them all up and treat the whole company, and so I did. I was often called upon to baptise infants and adults, and preached with some success, perhaps not because I was a holy man, but the Lord will bless the truth because it is the truth, let the man be as he may. Since I have got the wool off from my eyes, I do believe that I once had religion; but while I was in the habit of dram drinking, I think that I was in a very cold, back-slidden state. I pray God to forgive me. Neither do I think that any person can enjoy religion in these days, and be in the habit of tipping or meddling with the monster. But my travels in this connection were of short duration. The next conference sat at Brooklyn; there were several preachers sent there from Baltimore, who had seperated from the Methodist E. Church, and called themselves Protestant Methodist; they made a proposal for these two orders to, unite and become one body. After

about three days debate, the Reformed Church agreed to take the Protestant Discipline and go over to them all in one body. This left me all alone, as I did not consent to go with them.— This move left me preacher and people, church, meeting house, all together. I then gave up preaching, except where I was called upon on a funeral occasion. I therefore concluded to pay more attention to my farm, and try to get out of debt. I went to work to build me a barn, and agreed with a man to get out the timber, frame and raise it, for twenty-five dollars, my credit being good, the man said he would take his pay in whiskey; he therefore done his job and I got him the whiskey by the barrel. That made a kind of grog shop in town, another source of misery; however I went to work and covered my barn myself. By this time the woods began to be very thickly settled all around me; they made chopping and logging bees, and rolling up log houses very plenty—whiskey in abundance. About this time the people of the town had an election to choose a Justice of the Peace, and the office fell on A. V. Green. Men enough offered to become my bail, and soon on came my commission from the Governor of the State of Ohio. This was a new business for me; it became necessary therefore for me to inform myself of the laws of my country; of course I went and got me some law books, and began the study of law. I soon had a case before me, then another and another, until my house became very noted. I gave my decisions as I thought best; some were suited and some were mad. This was another powerful auxiliary to feed my appetite, for men would fetch their jugs and bottles of the poison, and, come, Squire, drink with me, and drink with me. I soon became very noted in consequence of my decisions; several cases were appealed up to the Common Pleas, and that called me to Cleveland a great deal of my time. There I was with the judges and lawyers, and in all kinds of company, and soon I became a constant drinker. Witnesses and pettifoggers, justice and all, drunk together.

Intemperance has been one of the greatest sources of corrupting our public officers, from the President down to the Constable. Take the case of a Constable not far from me, for an illustration of this position: a man south of me had a son on whom he had bestowed a great deal of pains and money, to give him an education, and make him a man of respectability. His father got him chosen or elected to the office of constable. At the time he was elected to the office, he was a respectable, sober, steady, young man. He requested one of his neighbors to become his bail—he did so, and the young man entered upon the duties of his office. Before the year came round, the young man was a common drunkard, and had squandered his own money, and much of that he had collected, and his bail had to foot a large bill to clear his bonds. The bail was much dissatisfied, but could get no redress. It

so happened that the father of the young man had a young calf, and was trying to learn him to drink milk, but the calf was very hard to learn; at one time the man that was bail for the young man, happened to be passing, and the old man halloed out to him and asked him if he would tell him how he could learn his calf to drink. Yes, said the honest farmer; you make him a constable, and he drinks right away. Thus you see, men in office are much exposed, and in all sorts of company, and are more likely to become dupes to the once powerful fashion. Before I had served the people three months, or three years rather, it was allowed that my decisions in law could not be upset; for there has been quite a number of judgments appealed, but I believe there never was one set aside, but all sanctioned by the higher courts; and the lawyers of the city of Cleveland said it was useless to appeal a decision from Green's docket. This made me many enemies, therefore they (my enemies,) determined to get revenge in some shape, and they began to slander my reputation. They found that they could not effect any thing in that way, so they began to plunder or steal my property. I was in the habit of keeping a stock of bees, and sold considerable honey every year: therefore they broke up and robbed me of all my bees and honey, and left me without, so that I had no honey to sweeten my whiskey; nor was this all, they stole and drove away one of my best cows, and robbed my barn of several articles of husbandry. About this time I happened to be in a tavern in Strongsville, in company with a number of my old cronies, drinking very freely, and had entirely thrown off all of my pretensions to religion, and found myself at the gambling table; it makes me shudder while I am writing; however at the close of our spree, the drunkard maker said he would fetch the reckoning bowl; so he went and drew some beef brine, put in some sugar and some whiskey, and called up the company; they began to take one glass after another, until they broke up. I had discovered the deception in the drunkery keeper, and stood back. They had drank nearly all of the beef's blood before they found out that I had not been drinking; then they said that I should drink some, so I took a little to satisfy the rest. Soon some of them were missing. I began to feel the legs and hams of the beef, and I thought that the hide and tallow, feathers and guts was all getting into my ribs. I therefore called for my horse, mounted and started for home. The next day I thought it my duty to go and see what had become of my old friends; so I got the old mare up again, and started to witness the field of carnage. As I expect this book will be eagerly sought for and will be read by all classes of society, therefore I design to give them as modest language as I can, and do justice to the subject. When I came to the slaughter house, the old butcher had been engaged for some time in washing and cleaning the old mansion, and his floor was not yet dry.

The reader may draw such inferences as he thinks best. The drunkery keeper met me with a smile—you know how pleasant they can be, especially if they think you have got another shad scale for them—good morning, Esq. Green, I am glad to see you this morning; how is your good family and your pleasant wife this morning; all right? well walk up and take something to drink, you must be dry by this time. So I went up to the bar with caution, looked around to see if the beef's blood was all gone. What will you have, Mr. Green? it is my treat this morning. Rubbed open my eyes, stretched and gaped; well, then I think I will take some of your best brandy. That is all gone. Well, then, let's have some of your best gin.—That is all gone. Then I will take some rum. That is all gone. Well then, what have you got, sir? Well, I have got some of the best Copley whiskey, pure and unadulterated.—Well, then I will take a small horn of the whiskey. Yes, Green, you never drink hard; if all the people were like you, we would do well enough, for you never get drunk, nor abuse any one, but always mind your own business; but I am plagued almost to death with a host of drunken fellows, who will hang around the tavern, and it makes me a great deal of trouble. Why sir, what have they done? Done, sure enough.—Look at my floor, go into my sitting room and see what they have done. Some got so drunk that they heaved up their accounts, and some got so full that their pants could not hold it, and some had their pants off, and another such a set of men you never saw. Come, go out to the horse barn with me; there, see what they have done; it is worth five dollars to clean up the barn, say nothing about the house. True enough, there is one man lying down in that stall now. Well, let him lie, he has been very sick all night, and I got him into the barn. Squire, don't you think I had ought to prosecute the dirty fellows, and make them pay me the damage? This was the way he took to throw the blame from off his own shoulders. I put my old mare into another stall, which was the most decent, and went into the house again. Soon they began to come in again, cursing and swearing, and said the landlord had almost killed them. How have I done that, you come here and get drunk, and then blame me. Then one of them asked me how I got home, but I kept dark as possible. The drunkery keeper began to get good natured, and set down the bottle, saying, come boys, it is my treat; he soon got them all good natured again. That day I stayed until afternoon, and then started for home. My old mare threw me off several times, but always would stop to let me get on again, and by some means I got one of my legs hurt, and was confined to my house for some time. Soon there was a fever set in and took me down very low; I was under the doctor's care for several weeks.—The doctor told me that my disease was on my liver, and he thought my case was very dangerous, but by the kind care of

my much injured wife; I recovered again. Now sir, if you are a tavern keeper, I ask you to say who is to blame the most for all this misery? He made us all drunk and sick, and robbed our families of their comforts and our health and money.— Why you will say, nobody was to blame but yourselves. I ask, sir, did you not go to the county seat and there before the court, see a lawyer to make the court believe that you were a man of good moral character, and did you not get some of your old customers to swear to the same in order to get a license so that you may make drunkards by law, and fill the world with crime and pauperism? Are you not to blame for setting up a rum tub to invite the man of appetite? O no! do this to accommodate the stranger; I don't let my neighbor have enough to make him drunk. Stop, sir, I am no green horn in this matter, for I have been drunk more in the county where I lived, than I ever was when traveling as a stranger, five to one. I think I never saw a man refused his drink in my life, when he showed the money to pay for it, until the temperance reformation commenced, and they have been scarce since. Well after my sickness, when I recovered, my wife said that my sickness was brought on by drinking; but I never would own that.— About those days I was in the habit of drawing lumber to Cleveland, and I kept steady, or tried to, until I had sold my load and started for home. Often have I been thrown from my wagon into the mud, and at one time, I fell between the wheels, and the hind wheel went over my head, mashed it into the mud, and lost my hat. At another time I was on my old mare, coming home from the sitting of the court in Cleveland. I could just hold on to my horse's mane, until I had got within about a half a mile of my house, when somebody in the shape of a man, for I cannot esteem any person a man that will abuse a drunken man, he came up behind and struck my beast and she throwed me off into the gutter of the pike. There I lay until my wife found me and got me to the house. I knew nothing until the next day, dead to appearance, and could not tell how I came home until they told me. Here was another miracle, for I soon must have frozen.

LESSON IX.

REWARD FOR A KINDNESS.

I thought by this time that I knew all my neighbors and their situation in life; but the devil was not dead yet. One man that had purchased a farm that lay on the south side of mine, came to me and wanted I should sign a bail piece to stay execution, on a judgment against him, for some sixty or seventy dollars. I took him to be an honest man, and therefore I became his bail, not expecting any trouble. It run on for some four or five months—in the mean time this man sold his farm, and took all his cash, and kept it still from his neighbors,

until it was reported that he had sold his place and took the money and had eloped. This enraged me—I went to his wife and enquired for her husband. She said he was gone, but she knew not where. By this time I found out that there was two or more in the same situation with me. We made an inquiry and got track of him; I therefore made all preparations for a chase, as I found out his goods were going off by night. I got a man with a good fleet span of horses and sleigh, and put out; went to Cleveland and got all necessary papers, and rode all night; the next day we came into the vicinity where he was, stopped and got some refreshments, not forgetting to take the spur in the head. I found him in the woods—kept the other man behind. I told him he must pay me on the spot or I would have him in jail. He found that I had got help close by, and made no resistance. He said he had no money. I then thought that I would lay off my divinity and take it out of his hide; but he soon found some money and said he had given up all. I knew he had told me a whiskey lie, for he was a hard case. Before we got away, up came another sleigh, with more of his creditors. We put out, and returned home again.—Then I went and got out an execution, and levied on all the property we could find, and had it sold at constable sale. Soon after this another one came and said he had a bill of sale on some of the property, and sued me for the same to try the right of property. The suit was brought, and the court decided in favor of the bill of sale. This throwed a heavy bill of costs upon me, besides losing the property or having to pay for that we had sold; so it left me considerably involved. Now my debts began to crowd upon me, and I well knew that I must lose all of my property, if it was sold at auction; therefore I determined to try to raise money enough to pay off all demands against me. Accordingly I went into Cleveland, and asked a man if he would lend me three hundred dollars. He said he would if I would sell him my farm. I told him that I would give him a mortgage on my farm, if he would give me a chance to pay up the mortgage. He said he would give me my own time to make it out of the farm if I could. Well said I, I can make it or get the money in the course of three years; for I concluded that I could sell it by that time to a good advantage, and clear the mortgage and save to myself enough to purchase another farm. Well said he, the money will be ready in the course of two hours. I went out and soon got into company with my old cronies, and we began to treat each other, until I got three sheets into the sails, and all the rest under way. I returned to the man and asked him if he was ready for me. He took me into a back room and handed me a bundle of bank bills; there, said he, is three hundred dollars; take that, and put your name to this paper, and get out of town as fast as you can, for, said he, the cholera is raging in town, and you are the right subject for it. There! there, said he, is the

hearse, now, with three coffins. In those days the cholera was sweeping off the people in rapid strides, and that class of people that was in the habit of drinking the hardest, was the mark it shot at most. I took the money and put my name to the paper—did not read it—supposed it to be a mortgage. He asked some persons to witness it; they did so, and I went off and paid my debts.

ANOTHER SCENE AT THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE, OR THE RESPECTABLE LANDLORD THAT PUT BEEF'S BRINE IN THEIR DRINKS.

It so happened in the course of human events, that some business called me to Strongsville again. I went into the tavern of that respectable landlord, who kept a little for the accommodation of travellers. There I found a large number of travellers that were travelling that way pretty often, the most of them his close by neighbors; they were in a scale, or on a train. They caught hold of me and dragged me up to the bar, and I being no more than a very moderate drinker, of course I will take one small horn with old friends. That aroused up my appetite, and soon I found myself under full sail for the upper lakes; but we had not got far out at sea before I found out that my sails were all on fire. I looked around to see where the fire came from, and found that the whole crew, passengers and all, were in very imminent danger. I tried to put out the fire that was burning the clothes off from one of the passengers when I discovered that my rigging was all in flames. It appeared that the captain of the ship, who at the time was the keeper of the saloon, had put matches of fire on the clothes of myself and others, and my coat was all on fire, and began to burn my shirt, when the cabin maid came in and began to throw water, which soon put a stop to the raging element.

Thus you see, this was a man who had got a license to manufacture drunkards by law, and must keep a little beef's blood on hand to accommodate the traveller, and had got a good moral character. However, I thought that I should get off by having my coat burned off my back, but in that I was mistaken. When I went out to get my horse, my saddle was gone. I made a fuss about that, and told the man of good character I would prosecute him and enter a complaint against him in the bargain. He said, O, Esq. Green, don't entertain an idea that I know anything about your saddle; I will try to find it for you. He soon found the saddle, and I soon got home that time, and was glad that I had lost nothing but my coat. I therefore concluded that I would go the other way in future to get my grog, or get it and fetch it home and drink it in my house. I did so, but soon found that this would not do, and to go without, I thought that I could not do, for if I did I must soon die, for I concluded that I could not live without it. If I fetched home a gallon or two, I had neighbors that would visit me often, and they said that the Esquire was a good liberal

hearted neighbor, and they would soon empty my jug. I then went out to Parmey, about three miles towards Cleveland, to a tavern where I had preached the funeral sermon of the landlord's wife, and had married two couple in his house; one of them was his daughter. Here I concluded that I could take a social glass in my moderate habit without being molested.— But the man had got off his mourning weeds, and would drink as much as I could. Here they stole my horse, saddle and bridle; of course I had to stay all night. This suited the tavern keeper, for it would put more money into his pocket. However, the next day I found my horse, saddle and halter, but my bridle was gone, and that I never found. Here I thought again I came off well.

LESSON X.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER IN THE PATRIOT WAR.

About this time there was a threatening of an insurrection in Upper Canada; and all along on the borders of the Lakes, and far into the country, the people of these United States were making a strong effort to give them assistance; and as I ever had a desire to be a soldier, I was determined to engage in the conflict, for in the last war with Great Britain I was a bound apprentice, yet stood my draft several times, in hopes of having an opportunity of seeing a British red coat, but was not drafted; and as my father was in the struggle of the American Revolution to assist in obtaining our national independence, so I thought that every people who were desirous of obtaining their liberty should have help. Notwithstanding my embarrassed circumstances, I soon became an enlisted soldier, and had received the commission of First Lieutenant, and about this time there was a strong talk of sending me to the Legislature of this State, as you well know that I had all the requisite qualifications to entitle me to that post of honor and trust, for it is a noted fact, that in those days the man that could drink the most brandy, and make the most noise, was most likely to be elected, to that office, and I know that I might easily have been elected, providing that I could have received the majority of votes in the country. However, that was given up, and I made preparations for starting to the seat of war.— Meetings were held every week, and news came in that a large army had enlisted in the State of New-York, and were fast coming from every direction. At length the time was set for us to start, meeting at Cleveland. A steamboat had been chartered for the purpose of conveying the soldiers up the Lake, to be landed at Detroit. I therefore got the consent of my wife, and started some time in the night. The next day I found myself in the city of Cleveland, the soldiers coming in from every direction, and the city in a great excitement.— Ducks, geese and chickens had been prepared, to give the Buckeyes a good treat to start on. The steamboat lay at the

wharf, waiting for its cargo of soldiers. Pleasant was the day, and mild was the breeze from the Lake. Notwithstanding it was in the month of November, the sun was lingering in the west, apparently to welcome the whole hearted patriots on their start. Just before the sun had plunged himself in the western waters, we were on the boat, a company of about one hundred and fifty strong; the bell rang and off we went, amidst the shouts and cheers of the people on shore. Soon the mouth of the cannon was open on the pleasant bank of the Lake, and began to send her national salutes after us, until it was heard at a distance, and died away in the hollow sounds of distant thunder. When we had got out of sight of Cleveland, the captain of the boat let out his intention, and said that he was bound to stop at Fort Malden, to land some of his loading. This made a great confusion among the soldiers, for our guns, rifles, swords, bowie knives, powder and balls had all gone ahead of us, therefore we remonstrated with the captain, but all in vain. Then we determined to leave the boat; and when we came to the mouth of the Huron River, we were all ordered off. This being somewhat in the night, of course we soon had the taverns, groceries, &c., all open. They of course were very glad of the opportunity, for they soon found that we had got lots, stacks, bags and slathers of soap sticks with us, notwithstanding we had some of the best men and finest gentlemen in our company that could be dug up, for you know I was there myself. Some had gone to bed, and some had got pretty drunk, and some staid on the dock to watch for another steamboat to come along to take us on our way. Some time in the night the alarm was given that a boat lay at the wharf, who would carry us to Detroit. We therefore soon rallied our forces again, and in two hours we had every man on board again. The night began to become very cold, and we hussed about, some singing songs, some swearing, some laughing, some home sick or whiskey sick, and some lay around in piles fast asleep. The next day we came close along by Fort Malden, in good gun shot; the red coats were marching around the Fort, and one small company had paraded themselves close down by the water's edge. I made my calculation that we had soldiers enough on our boat at that time to have whipped the whole posse of them and taken the Fort; and I was right, for we ascertained afterwards that they had but about fifty soldiers at that time; but on their learning that we had landed, and their spies reported our supposed numbers, they soon had a reinforcement. They had some three or four men on horseback, that followed us up the river on their own side, until we landed at Detroit. There we found the good people of that town ready to receive us. They soon had their long tables spread with plenty of the Wolverine beef, and other of their first rate victuals. After we had got our canteens full of whiskey, and our cartridge boxes full of meat,

we soon started our company on their way for Swan Creek.— Myself and some three or four others stayed behind to get and fill up a wagon with victuals; we got on a barrel of pork, one barrel of crackers and cheese, and other groceries, when up came a man and told us that if we were not off in fifteen minutes, our wagon and its contents would all be taken up on suspicion. Close by was a company of United States troops, who were stationed there to protect, (as they said it,) neutrality: but we had got just enough of the Wolverine whiskey to bid defiance to all of Uncle Sam's forces, and therefore told this man we would go when we got ready, and off he went. We got our wagon loaded very heavy, then we loaded two of our guns that we got in Detroit, to protect ourselves from insult, and about ten o'clock at night we started also for Swan Creek, some thirty-five miles from Detroit, the place of rendezvous.— We had not got far out of Detroit, before we were overtaken by a large overgrown bull-dog. He came up with his mouth open, growling as savage as the bung hole of a whiskey barrel. My mate took one of our guns and let sliver at him; the dog cried out 'twant I: so we fired the first gun in the Patriot War in that direction. We had a hard time, for the roads were bad and very muddy, so that we had to let down the fences and go across the lots in many places. Some times we had to unharness our horses to get them out of the mud holes, and pry up our wagon and draw it out ourselves. We reached the army in about forty hours; there we found about three hundred soldiers or more, from different places and different States. Our station here was a place it appears that had been some time settled, and quite a number of buildings put up, mostly log, with some frame houses; the best of them was now in use for taverns to accommodate the soldiers as they said, but more particularly themselves. However, we found two of these tavern keepers who were very kind to us; at one of them I ate the first musk-rat pie that I ever saw. We could get plenty of rat soup at the taverns here, but this pie was a novelty. One of these tavern-keepers was an old Frenchman, and was as cross and ugly as he could be; the soldiers called him a tory; and therefore he would bolt and bar his house against us; but one night our men played their card so well that they got his bottles, glasses and whiskey all out into the streets, and made a bonfire of his whiskey by pouring it all down their throats. The next day he came into the camp and made complaint that the boys had stolen his property, so they clubbed together and paid his demand, but the old man never came into the camp after that as I remember, for he made the boys so mad, that they had agreed together to pull his bar-room down if he ever made another complaint. But we had a greater stir in camp than this, which aroused the whole army, officers and soldiers, whigs and democrats. A newspaper came in, bearing the proclamation of President Van B.

calling upon all good citizens of the United States, both civil and military, to protect the strictest neutrality between us and any foreign power, and to take and bring to justice every offender. This was read in the camp by one of our officers, a strong Van Buren man, and he was so mad that he said he would shoot him as quick as he would a rattle snake, if he had a chance. Here our army found an old deserted house, which we made our quarters; we made our own bread and our own beds; here I found the use of a wife. The cold weather was coming on fast, and this was what we wanted, for the river to freeze over so that we could cross on the ice; but we did not get that opportunity. Here our stay was long, but we were all in good health, and as resolute as so many wolves.

I think that I never found nor heard of so many men being together so long as we were, without some trouble among them; but here I never heard of the slightest quarrel or jargon among the soldiers; their amusement was one tour per day on drill, with wooden guns, and the rest of the time was taken up in drinking and playing cards, with many of them; others were more serious. At times they would get their rifles and go out and kill some deer, ducks or other game which was there in abundance. We had our runners out all the time, to find out when would be the most favorable time to cross over; for we concluded that we should not get any more recruits by staying longer. Some began to be discouraged and left for home.— At length the word came for us to march to the place called Springville, the ground being frozen, so we took up a line of march—we got there some time in the night, and got some refreshments; then the order was given for every company to parade in the street, and see how many men we had. We were on tiptoe for crossing and meeting the red coats, who at that time had assembled at Windsor, a little above Detroit.— But we found on counting our men that we had lost about one half of them, and the boat that we expected to take us across the river had disappointed us. Then the orders were to all march into the wood; there we made our fires and lay down on the ground. Here we stayed some time, ate our cold pork and bread, and got a stick of wood for our pillows, and stretched ourselves on the ground around our fires. At this time my feet had become very sore, and the blood stiffened my stockings, and ran out of the holes of my boots, so that I was crippled, and the fare that we had I was not used to, and therefore I was rendered unfit for service or duty; at this time I became sick of the life of a soldier, I therefore made up my mind to leave the camp. I got out upon the road and found a chance to get to Detroit. Here I stayed some time to get a chance to come down the lake. While I was here the army came up and pitched their tents in the woods, a little out of town; there commenced a dispute, as I learned afterwards, between the General and the Colonel, who should take the com-

mand in the engagement. About this time I found a schooner about to start down the river for Sandusky, so I put on board her, and came down the river a short distance, and cast anchor for the night. Some time in the night the patriots crossed over the river at Windsor, and commenced their operations; they set a barn on fire in which the red coats had taken up their quarters; this was a very warm engagement; many was killed and wounded on both sides; our boys was too much for the red coats, until they had a reinforcement, then they drove and scattered our men so that they were dispersed, some into the woods and some in different directions. I have always believed that if our men had all been agreed and united together, they would have given the Canadians their liberty, and now they would have been an independent people. The next morning we hoisted our anchor and started; the wind being high, and the broken ice floating in masses along the stream, the sailors had a hard time; the helmsman was lashed to his post; the ship on one side was floating under water so that we had about three feet of water on one side of the deck; every surge the water would fly clear over the deck; all silent as the grave excepting the voice of the captain, expecting every moment to go to the bottom, as the ship became its own master. I was sea sick enough—one of the most gloomy scenes of my life; however about sunset we were drove upon the peninsula opposite the Sandusky Bay—we soon were on the land again. The next morning our ship was froze in tight. Here I was again, with entire strangers, my money all gone, my feet sore, and my clothes all become ragged, and my beard grown out long enough for all the musquitoes to have roosted in; but soon however, the news spread around the peninsula, and people came to see me and the ship's crew. This piece of land contains some three thousand acres, surrounded by water, with the exception of its narrow neck of land connected with the main body off at some distance. Could I have travelled, I might have got off by going around on this neck, some sixty miles from Sandusky City; and on the other side crossed the bay, only about three miles. However, I soon found patriots here, that were left to protect this place from the insults of the red coats. They took me across the peninsula on the borders of the bay, and agreed to pay my board there at a grog shop until I could find some way to get off. I stayed here about one week; every day the tavern was crowded with people; all appeared to be very kind, with the exception of two young men, who came in and said that I was a spy from Canada, and they swore they would shoot me. I was about drunk enough to care for nobody, nor nobody else, so we had a kind of a knock down, and it so happened that I had them both down together, and I fell on top of them. At this time the landlord stepped up and asked the young men if I had not proved myself a true blooded American; they agreed that I had. They

got up and called for a bottle of brandy, and we all drank together; after that time they became my best friends. I think I was drunk every day I was here. At length a man came in and said he was going to try to get across the bay in a small boat, and said I might cross with him. We soon found ourselves paddling and breaking the ice until we got into the channel; then he told me to sit still if I thought my life was worth saving. On the opposite shore people had assembled to watch our motion, for they expected we should sink to rise no more; but the good Lord had got a work for me to do yet, and so he brought me to the shore. Little did I then think that I had got to go to Nineveh and preach the everlasting gospel of temperance to a world of drunkards. I got into Portland, and got a ride from there to Elyria; there the friends soon made up a purse to get me home. I took the stage and went to Cleveland; there I was greeted with a hearty welcome, for they had heard of the battle, and also had heard that the Ohio boys were all killed and taken prisoners. They wanted to know how I had escaped. I told them that catching was always before hanging. They commended me highly for the course I had taken, and sent me home. I think they will never again find me in another expedition like that; and as others have given the destruction of human lives and misery, together with their suffering, I shall not attempt it in this book. When I reached home, my family did not know me for some time. I thought that my wife looked as if she had had a long fit of sickness, for they also had heard of our troubles, and did never expect to see me again. I also found my youngest child, as I supposed, lying on the bed of death; for he had been scalded with hot water so bad that it was thought he must die.— This trouble, together with all the rest, had almost killed my wife. Soon, however, I began to recruit up, my boy began to get better, my wife began to feel better, and I was glad to get home once more.

LESSON XI.

THE LOSS OF MY FARM.

In this lesson the reader will find me turned out of house and home, and the cars of destruction rolling me faster on to the dishonored grave of the drunkard.

I then went to work to make my family as comfortable as I could. By this time, a neighbor of mine told me that I should have to leave my farm in the spring. I wanted to know the reason; he told me that I had sold my farm, and the man that had got it was going to let it out in the spring, and I should have to leave. I was struck as with a thunderbolt, but did not believe it. He told me that I had given a deed of my farm.— This set me to thinking: I concluded it was nothing more than a Yankee hoax, and paid no more attention to it, until I went into Cleveland, and went to the Clerk's Office and found that I

had given a deed, and it was recorded, and the man had transferred the farm in his own name. I went to see him, and asked him how he came by a deed of my farm. He asked me if I did not understand the bargain. I told him that I had given him a mortgage, and that I was to have my own time to redeem it. Well, well, said he, Mr. Green, you shall have no trouble about it. I always meant to be honest, and I thought that every other person was until I found them to be of the contrary. I went home, and in a few weeks on came a man, who said he had hired the farm, and should move on in a few days. He then was with me in my barn. I told him he should not come on to my premises: he swore that he would. I then ordered him out of my barn; he swore he would not go. Then I took up a pitchfork, and told him to clear. He came at me, and began to beat me and bruise my body, until he saw fit to stop and went out of the barn. I prosecuted him in behalf of the State, in a case of assault and battery; as there was no witness present he plead guilty in self defence, and the court was fool enough to discharge him. Soon after this I received a letter from the man, stating that he had sold the farm, and said that if my wife would come in and acknowledge the deed, he would give me three hundred dollars more. My wife went in and remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. She therefore acknowledged the deed, and he paid or gave me three hundred dollars more. At the same time my father was living on my farm in a house that I had built for him, and the man said he should not be troubled, but the man who was coming on to the place said he would not come until the farm was clear; then the man to whom I had given the mortgage said if the old gentleman would move off the farm, he would give enough more to make up one thousand dollars; so the old man went off, and that four hundred dollars I never have got. Six hundred dollars for a farm worth two thousand!—All that I had to depend upon for the four hundred dollars, to make it up to one thousand, was his word; so I was cheated out of all my hard earnings. I then moved off, and went to my brother-in-law, and he let me move into his house with him. Soon after this, I concluded to get together all that I could, and buy a small place for my family. I concluded to go up the Ohio Canal, and look for a home; so I got my wife to go with me, and we went to Cleveland, took a canal boat and started. We had a night ride to start upon. Some time in the night there was a drunken man fell overboard; my wife ran out, supposing it was me, for we did not pretend to lie down to sleep. Our first stop was at Akron; here the drunkenery keepers were at the boat to get customers, and one of them got me right away; so I went to a large brick house standing on the corner of the street, close by the Pennsylvania Canal, and there called for a room, with the expectation of looking around that section of country. We stayed there some time—

become rich. Now all my hopes were blasted, and I was discouraged, as my constitution began to fail very rapid, and a confirmed appetite for strong drink, that I thought never could be removed; I had not been long in this place before I became well acquainted with the customs and habits of Medina. Every one appeared to be friendly; and true enough, I found some good friends, that remain so to the present day; and as for business, I could get none except the business of the majority of the place, to wit—visiting the taverns, groceries, stores, and play ball, quoits, &c. I soon found business enough of this kind.

Now I have come to the time when my life seems to me like a dream, for after this time, for three years to come, it would be hard for me to say that I breathed a sober breath; and if I had been without for a week at a time, and did not get my beverage, the old tub which I carried around would always furnish me with the smell of whiskey, which would always vomit a stone wall; therefore, if I should not give the plain truth as things took place, my friends and readers may charge it to insanity by alcohol. And here I would fain overlook three years with pleasure, if I could, and do justice to myself and this narrative; but inasmuch as it is demanded for the good of the public, and the cause of temperance, as well as to give a faithful warning to others, I shall endeavor to give you some idea of the narrow escape that I made from the drunkard's grave; and to do this, I shall have to associate the names of some individuals, to make it the more interesting; and I hope this may serve as an apology, without giving offence. The town of Medina, at this time, was composed of men of different classes and opinions: many of the citizens were, and remain until this day, very respectable, kind, and possessed of a good share of hospitality; and I do really believe that had it not been for the sale and use of alcohol, this place would have been as moral and as religious as any other place in Ohio; for they have all the means necessary to make them so, for the town is handsomely situated, and healthy and pleasant, with the aid of a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational or Episcopalian, together with a Universal society or church, all of which have their different and respected pastors or preachers; and yet, notwithstanding all this, they had at this time four licensed taverns, quite a number of groceries, dealing out the streams of destruction, where any man that had six cents, or three, could at any time get their grog; and many did and would have it, whether they had the money or not. I should think we had at this time, some twenty or more of what we call hard cases. These men would always be on hand very early in the morning, standing or in some other position at the corners of the street, or at the bar room doors, waiting or knocking for admittance, ready to take their post on the outside of the bar. Some, however, would get so drunk over

night that they would be rather late in the morning, and therefore would get behind the time of day, and would have to take two or three horns before they left, in order to keep up with the fashion of the rest. By this time I concluded that I must begin some business. I had become some acquainted with a man by the name of Hotchkiss; he was also one of the early risers. He proposed that we should start a meat market, and each share in the profits; so we entered into the business. I then had some money left; we therefore obtained a convenient room, and went to buying beef cattle, sheep, lambs, &c., butchered them ourselves, and found market for all we could get, and we might have made money, if it had not been for the habit of drinking, for we must have a bottle at the slaughter house, and another in the market, and this took off all the profits. This business was of short duration, for he kept the books, and if I went to collect any money from our customers, they would tell me that they had paid the other man; so I come out as the woman said her husband would when he went to keeping tavern; he had got every thing ready but his sign; he told his wife that he had concluded to paint upon his sign the figure of a large horn, for, said he, the people, when they came in, always call for a horn. That is right, said she, and when you get it all painted out, I want you to paint yourself, just crawling out at the little end. So I came out at the little end, with my partner. Here let me remark, this man was in the habit of drinking about the same quantity daily that I was, but I never heard any person say that he was a drunkard, because he would so manage as to be at home; and never stagger in the streets. After my reform I went to him as a friend, and told him I wanted he should sign the pledge and become a member of the temperance society; but he said he was in no danger, and could drink or let it alone; but the poor man soon went to his grave. After we closed up our business, I would occasionally do some small jobs in the blacksmith shops, but to no purpose. At this time my appetite became so strong that I must have half a pint before breakfast or my victuals would not relish; and nights I must have a cup of water standing at my bedside, or I could not sleep. I would get into a drowse for a few minutes, then wake up, and it appeared to me that I was all on fire; then reach out for my water to put out the fire. Thus my time went on, months together. I will give you one circumstance that always appeared to me like a dream or a vision. I was going home one night from the grog shop, some ten o'clock in the night: the moon shone very bright, and my house in sight, but I had to stop and rest very often by the road side, and I thought I never should get home. At length I saw a stone some two or three rods from my house, and it appeared to be elevated some eight or ten inches above the ground. I thought if I could get to that stone I would sit down on it, and wait for some help to

get in. So I hobbled along until I came to the stone—it appeared to look very white; I came up to it and sat down, and lo and behold, I had sat down in a mud hole of water, where the hogs had rooted and made a place to wallow. Here I had a chance for reflection. Now, Green, what will become of you? To-day a man told me I could live but a short time—six weeks at the most; now compare your present condition with that of former times, when you were a minister of the gospel; and a magistrate; how often have you been in and with the most respectable company and people, and have joined together some one hundred of the youth of our land, in the solemn bands of matrimony; and where are you now? what has become of your once boasted talents and mind? Now you are here, in the pleasant village of Medina, and don't know a stone from a hole in the ground! Well, then I made an effort to get out, and rolled over upon the grass, and got off all the mud that I could and crept into the house, and lay down and soon fell asleep, and awoke and felt out for my water, but no water was there. What now shall I do? The chimney is all on fire and no water. I crawled out to find the water pail in the dark, and got it by the ears and began to drink, smacked my lips together but thought it tasted rather greasy. I soon found that I had been drinking out of the swill pail! Cold weather now began to come on, and I had to move again to some other place; so I went to my old friend Smith and asked him for a room in his house. It was granted, and I soon was in the house with the old Judge. In the course of that winter, I found that matters and things did not go very well in his family; but I was determined to say nothing about it. Oft was I interrogated respecting some flying reports, but would not be found talking about my neighbors; however, the Judge and myself were on the most friendly terms, for we would get our grog in a bottle on Saturday, to last over the Sabbath.

TROUBLE WITH JUDGE SMITH.

This winter was soon gone. Our number of hard drinkers increasing, the boys began to play their pranks with the old men, and were indulged in the same by their parents, and some of the married men set the example; for at one time the Judge had been out to get some straw to put into his bed, and on his return he stopped at the white house to get his drink, and after he had got it, he went out, got his straw slung over his back, when out came one of the drunkery keepers, with a brand of fire behind him, and set the straw to burning, while the Judge was on his return home. Such examples the boys soon took the advantage of; for at one time they had gave me whiskey so that they thought that they would have some fun with me, as I sat in the bar room of the white house; so the boys had assembled and had got their ropes put into a snare around the steps to take me.

Men in town stood at their doors to see the sport, and to encourage the boys to abuse the poor drunkard. So out I came, and not being as drunk as they supposed, I jumped over the rope, and had got almost across the street, when on came about twenty boys after me, and hauled me up fast to the post on the side walk. I took my knife out and cut the rope, and called for Esquire Albro to fetch me a whip. He soon was out of his store with a good whip, with a long lash; I took the whip, and after the boys; sometimes on my head and sometimes on my hands and feet. That soon made a scattering among the boys, and a loud shout among the men.

The spring opened very warm and pleasant, and the drunkery keepers at the white house had made a showering house in one part of their wood house, where many would go in warm weather and get showered. So they told the Judge they thought it would do him good to be showered—(as the Judge was complaining of being out of health.) So the Judge consented to it; and now, said he to the Judge, you had better take a good drink of brandy before you take off your clothes, so that you will not take cold. Of course he got his drink and went into the house, stripped himself, and halloed out I am ready. No sooner than the word came, down came a pailfull of hog's swill, and showered the Judge all over. However, they made it all right again, if such things can be made right. This spring the wife of the old Judge began to get uneasy, and petitioned the court to grant her a bill of divorce from her husband, stating that he had been a drunkard for more than three years, and she could not put up with his insults any longer. She therefore swore the peace against him, and had him put in jail. Here he stayed for some time. At length he got bail and came out. Smith was sent off to baffle her in the trial. They now lived separate, for he too came back and boarded with his mother. At this time I had moved out of his house; but understood the game. Sure enough, Smith was insane, just as all other men are when under the influence of the spirit of alcohol. Notwithstanding Mr. Smith was a complete traveling swill tub, yet I never knew him to fetch a limb to the ground when he was drunk; and all this time Smith thought himself no more than a common drinker. However, at the time of the trial, his wife obtained a bill of divorce from her once beloved husband. They had three children, two of them small, and running around the streets as if they had no friend or home. At this time Mrs. Smith had so managed that she had got about all of Smith's property in her hands, together with the homestead, by the decree of the court.—I shall leave the Judge here, and remark upon him again when he sees better times, and that will soon come.

I promised further remarks on Mr. Lad. He was at this time a partner with one of the tavern keepers, and was also engaged in the conveyance of a mail to Akron, and soon took

a contract to carry the mail to Canton. My oldest son was at this time about thirteen years of age; he was active, smart, and of a business turn. Mr. Lad agreed with me for my son to carry the mail; he commenced the business, and soon gained the esteem of every one that knew him, for he was found to be very trusty, and done his business faithful and in good season. He was with Mr. Lad for some three years, and I began to be proud of my son, for it was stated that he was the smartest boy that could be found in the town, of his age; and I began to think that I should have some help if I should live. Mr. Lad made fair promises to pay me. The boy rode one hundred and sixty miles per week, until he was taken sick; they then brought the boy home. I had some four doctors to visit him, but of no use—my son soon ran into the consumption, and died, after an illness of about seven weeks. Mr. Lad promised to pay me for my boy's labor, but in the room of that, he turned out to be a man of the black-leg stamp; for he ran away, being indebted to me some fifty or seventy-five dollars. This was a heavy blow to me; he was the cause of the death of my son, and then cheated me out of his labor, while living. May the Lord have mercy on the poor dishonest man! I began to think that the whole elements above and below had turned out against me; also the wicked men and devils, for a man came into my house, and took down my clock and carried it off, to pay a grog bill of two dollars. This clock cost me twenty dollars in the State of New York. Another scene commences:

LESSON XII.

THE DELIRIUM TREMENS.

In this Lesson, my language will fail me to describe the horrible scene before me; and no person, unless he has been in the same scene, or has passed through the same ordeal, can picture to himself how he would have felt to have ten thousand devils after him at once. But such was my case. About this time provisions were scarce, and the tavern-keepers had to ride far and near to supply themselves and their tables with fresh meat. It so happened that I had got one cow left, and a large fat calf. This calf I designed to have killed for the purpose of getting some bread-stuff for my family. He said he would take half of the calf, and pay me the money for it at the market price. I then went and got my calf dressed off in good style, and took the one half of it to this man. The calf was very fat and heavy; he took the veal, and now, said I, there is three drinks of whiskey I owe you for; take out that and let me have the balance in money, to get bread for my family. He said he had not got the money, but the next morning, if I would come in, he would pay me. I stepped out, and then he said to his bar tender, don't you give Green any money for his meat, for he will soon drink it all up, and when

he has drunk up the amount of his calf, then don't you trust him with any more. So I went several times to get the money; they would set down the bottle and give me whiskey, but no money; and soon they told me that I had drunk up my veal, and they did not owe me any more. Here my calf was gone, and my family without bread. However, others would trust me for whiskey, but I was so discouraged that I had rather die than live. I soon became very drunk again, and was picked up on the side walk, some time in the night, by a man who was out late, and carried home. I never could tell how I got to the house, nor who helped me. The next day those devils were after me; some of them were black and some white—of all colors, and in all shapes. This appears to me like a dream; but they were all around me with pitch forks and fire-brands and gaveling irons and pincers; and if I cast my eyes down, there were ten thousand snakes and serpents hissing at my heels. One of the blue devils had in one hand a brand of fire, and in the other a small pair of pincers. At this time I tried to get out of their way, but could not. Then I wanted they should kill me right out; but this blue bottle, fiery-eyed devil said they were not going to kill me in that way, but with the pincers he would pull off my finger nails; then my toe nails; then a finger; then a toe; then pull off one of my arms; then the other; then pull off my legs, and with that brand of fire they should burn up my body. At this time my wife came up stairs and found me in the chamber, with a rope over a rafter, and around my neck, upon an old drunken chair, ready to swing off, when she caught me and got me down stairs, and upon the bed. I knew nothing as I ought for some time—crazy and wild. I hope that the reader will not think that this is all literally true—it was all imaginary, with the exception of hanging myself; this was true as near as I can recollect. Once before this I had tried to make way with myself by hanging, but thank God I have escaped them so far. One of my old neighbors hung himself on an apple tree, while he was deranged with hard cider. Thus my reader will see how drunkards are made. When they first begin to tipple in small drinks, or drams, then they commence where I did; then they step upon the old boat Jollification; from thence to point Just Enough; thence to Topsy Bay; then down to Blackeye town, and off into Peelshin Alley, and to Hog Pond; stop occasionally at Hickup Tavern—then sail off down stream to Death River; and from there stop at the wharves of One Drink More; and thence away off into Puke City—and here they find me again, for I was so far gone, that unless I could get about one pint before breakfast, my victuals would not stay in my stomach, and often the smell of whiskey would make me heave. One time early in the morning, I went into a tavern and called for some bitters; the landlord set down the bottle, and I poured out a good common drink and turned it down the red lane, and it

came up again and I caught it in the glass, and drank it again; so I did for three times, and the last time I caught it in the glass and set it on the counter, and stepped back and sat down on the bench. Soon in came an old soap stick and called for bitters. I told him there was some in that glass, and he might have it. He took the glass and swallowed the contents—then exclaiming, that just touched the spot, took out his money to pay for it; I told him that he was welcome, for that drink, for I had drunk it down three times, and it would not stay with me. He was mad, but could not fetch it back again. This same man is now a tee-totaller. Had I been like some men when drunk, I think my wife would have broken my head before this time; but to the contrary, when I was drunk I was very good humored, and would quarrel with nobody, if they did not provoke me; if they got me mad then I would as soon fight a horse as a man.

Not far from this time we had a man by the name of Simmons came to Medina, and introduced himself as a Baptist preacher, and he wanted to hold a protracted meeting in the place; so the Methodists opened their house to him. He commenced and proceeded, but did not stop when he got through. However, the good people of this place crowded the house night and day—I think it held for some six weeks. During this time I attended the effort almost every day, for about two weeks. I found out that he was a son of thunder, and therefore it suited me the better; for I always did like to hear a man preach hell fire and brimstone—hell and damnation; the hotter it come the better it suited me; yet I was full of hell fire all the time, and therefore did not think he meant me; for I would get pretty blue before I went, and would get very dry before meeting was out. I saw that he had his eyes upon me, and thought that he meant me all the time—unless he said something about the drunkard—then I thought that he meant somebody else, for I would not own that I was a drunkard; and I have often thought since, if he had given the drunkard maker a portion of his fire and brimstone, and showed some pity for the victim, he might have had some effect on me. But I was full of the devil's dyestuff all the time, and therefore had no room for more; for his preaching, nor any other's, would have no more effect upon me than oil would on a goose's back. Then the time had nearly come when I had to move my family again; so I went to my old friend again, and asked Smith for a room in one part of the old house, where his mother lived. This also was granted, and I soon took my family there.—This was moving about once in six months. The Judge then boarded with his mother. Here Smith and myself often would hold counsel over a bottle of whiskey, to cheer each other in our unhappy state.

A RIOT.

About this time Judge Smith had trouble respecting his college house. As I am a little before my story, I must return: It being just before the court sat, wherein the rights and wrongs were to be tried for a divorce, most every night Smith would lose some articles of his household furniture; therefore he went and armed himself, and would get some one with him, to watch his house and property. I watched with him some nights, when we both were drunk, and at the same time some persons would come in at some part of the house, and carry off his property. At length the furniture was all gone, and his mansion was left alone. He then concluded that his wife would not trouble him any more, and therefore came to the conclusion that he would repair the house, and fix it up for sale. His wife found it out, and came to him and told him if he would repair the house and paint it over again, she would come back and live with him again. Of course the Judge went at it. Then Smith came to me and told me his calculations: now, said he, Mr. Green, if you will help me I will pay you. I told him I would do him all the good I was able to do. Well, said he, we will go and take off the window blinds and have them painted over again, to start on. So we commenced the work. Soon some of his neighbors came, that had taken sides with Mrs. Smith, and told him and me if we did not let that house alone they would have us both in jail. It set Smith to swearing, and they went off and left him. This made enemies for me, but I did not know it at the time. Not many days after that, this riot or mob commenced, but kept still from me.— Smith had heard something said in town, and came and told me he thought there was more trouble ahead. They watched their opportunity when Smith and myself were very brindle. One night after myself and family were all asleep, I would think about eleven o'clock at night, I was aroused from my sleep by a noise at the door; the next moment the door was broken down, and some ten or twelve or more, I should think, were in my house; and then they came to my bedroom, pushed open the door, and some five or six rushed in where we slept. My wife sprang to the floor, and was seized by a ruffian, and she screamed aloud. By this time three or four broke my bedstead down, and got me by one of the legs and pulled with the vengeance of a tiger. This awoke my daughter, and she not knowing what the matter could be with her mother, she hallooed murder. This alarmed the Judge and his mother, and they came into my room with a lighted candle. Then the blood hounds left the house, and soon they commenced throwing stones, brickbats, and any thing they could find, at the house. They broke in my windows, and they soon broke my looking glass, and other furniture, and almost covered my beds with brick bats. Some half bushel fell upon the bed where

my two youngest children lay. At the same time, a woman went to the house where the Mayor lived, and aroused him; but he would not stir a foot towards quelling the riot. Whether he was afraid of his own life, or did not care about ours, that I do not know. The cries and noise soon spread all over the village, and the streets and lanes were crowded. At this time the mobites were still. Several of the men came into the house with lights, to see if we were dead or living. We slept no more that night, notwithstanding the human devils were around my house all night, but made no more attempts to come in. The next morning some of the neighbors came in, and appeared to be very sorry for the abuse and insult we had received. I soon began to walk around the town and see the people, and I saw quite a number that looked as guilty as if they had just came out of the State's Prison; but no one was guilty by consent. I asked them what all this meant, in a christian and professed moral community. They said it was because I took sides with and helped Judge Smith; but I think they were sorry for it; if they were not, I was sorry for them. Neither do I think that any of them would be found in such a rebellion against a peaceable citizen, if they had been sober themselves. However, things went on without troubling us any more.

Not long after that I moved my family out of the town, a little west. There I remained in the town of York, until the star of temperance made its appearance. This was a novelty; never before did I hear of a man, that had gone down so low by intemperance that every nerve was unstrung—sometimes had to get about on crutches, and at other times lie confined to his bed in drunken fits, unable to get on his own clothes, or feed himself at times—poor and crippled—flesh consumed—appetite gone—heart broken—and yet withal, a strong, burning, craving appetite for alcohol—that ever did or could break right off sudden and reform again. But such was my case, and such was my condition. Neither did I think that there was any help or chance for me; for I concluded that if I stopped the use of all kinds of stimulus, death must be my portion very soon, for I had become so very poor in flesh, as well as in purse, that I concluded nothing but a miracle could ever save me.



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LESSON XIII.

LIFE FROM THE DEAD.

Joyful news we bring to-day!
Glory! glory! to our king;
Temperance spreads its onward way,
Wafted as on angel's wings.

Lo! another Jubilee!
Thousands hail it with delight;
Thousands, once in chains, now free
From the drunkard's damning blight!

The news from Baltimore had come to Ohio, that the drunkards had taken the cause into their own hands, and had formed a society called the Washingtonian Society, and had adopted a pledge of total abstinence; and the most degraded and hardest sots, yet once the most respectable part of community, were coming out and signing the total abstinence pledge.—Some doubted it, others derided it, while others shouted for joy. Soon Mr. John A. Foot, Esq., came to Medina and gave them a lecture, and they soon had a small society formed.—Then others began to speak out upon the subject, and soon they obtained the consent of some hard cases to make an effort; and these drunkards soon went to preaching. This awakened an interest in community, and some of the preachers came forward to back them up, while others kept back. They came after me, and told me what was going on, and wanted I should come to their meetings; but to no purpose. I told them that it would be stooping too low for me to go to a temperance meeting. I told them that I was not a drunkard, and would not disgrace myself so much as to join a society with the reformed drunkards, for I could drink, or I could let it alone; there was no danger of me. Let those sign that could not live without it. Several weeks passed on. At length they came after me, and said they would carry me if I would go that night.—I told them no, I should not go after them poor deluded creatures. They said that Judge Smith had signed the pledge. This was a thunderbolt to me; but I would not go. After they had gone and left me, I began to think, and made up my mind that Smith would die soon, for I did not believe that Smith nor myself could live long without taking our social drams; but, said I to myself, if Judge Smith can stand it one month and not drink, and live through it, then I will try the pledge myself. One of my boys and one of my girls had been to their meetings, and had put their names to the pledge, and they would tell me all that was going on; and oft did I enquire about Smith: the reply was, he has become a sober man, and you will see a great change in him. It would go through me like electric shocks. Some nights I would sleep awake all night.

About this time I had a very singular dream:—In the vision of the night, when a deep sleep was upon me, I found myself at the foot of a long hill or mountain, and I was trying to get up the hill, but had to crawl upon my hands and knees; and as I ascended the hill, it grew very narrow, and the path very rough. At length I came to the top of the mountain, and the road very narrow—not more than two feet wide—there I stopped and looked around, and on one side of me it was very steep, apparently some three hundred feet down, and at the bottom a wide spread river, with flowing water; and on the other side, about the same distance down, but full of old logs, stumps and stones, and at the foot of the hill a wilderness; and it was death on either side; so I crawled along until I began to descend, and then rose to my feet and began to run down the hill. It appeared as if I could not stop, and I made long and large leaps down, down, down, until the road began to grow wider all the way, and was full of ruts, gullies and holes. When I had come almost to the foot of the hill, I saw a large crowd of people standing there, and a wide stream of water running along with rapidity, and the bridge was gone, and the people could not get across; and as I came down, I screamed out from the top of my voice, clear the way! clear the way! the people parted and let me go through, and as I came to the water, I arose and had wings as large as a great eagle, and flew clear over the river of water, and then came down upon my feet. I looked around, and saw the people all on the other side, at the foot of the mountain, and the side that I was on was level, smooth, and as handsome a road as I ever saw in my life; and a rich country around it, abounding with all kinds of fruit. A beautiful country, and very pleasant people. They asked me which way I came from; I told them the wilderness mountain. They wanted to know how I came across the muddy river; I told them when I came to the bottom of the hill, I had wings and flew across. Well then you have come to the right place, and we will conduct you to the house of a friend. At this time I awoke from my sleep, and wondered what this should all mean. Then I was anxious to see my old friend, now the four weeks had gone that I had allotted for Mr. Smith to die in. So I took my staff and one of my boys and went into the town; as soon as I came in, I found Smith, and he took me by the hand, and said, Mr. Green, this is a new heaven and a new earth, and my health is better than it has been for years. I fastened my eyes on him and surveyed him from head to foot. His long slim form began to straiten up, and his whole person appeared to me as if it had all been modeled over anew. Now Mr. Green, if you will take hold with me and sign the pledge, we can reform the whole State of Ohio. This was a new idea to me. Well, Judge, said I, can you live without taking something to drink, for your stomach sake and your often infirmities? Yes, said Smith, with

an oath—damn the stuff, it only helps to kill in the room of helping to cure; for, said he, the doctors have been waiting for my bones three years, to set up in their office; but they shall not have them, for I will outlive them all, if I let their stuff alone. Smith then left me. Now, said I to myself, how shall I go to work to get my name on the pledge? my hands and fingers are all of a tremble, and I cannot write my name. I therefore went into one of the grog shops and called for a horn; they sat down the bottle, and I turned out the glass as full as I could, carry it to my face, being so nervous that I spilt some of it, and the rest of the poison I turned down the red lane, where many a barrel had gone. I then went to another tavern and called for more; down came the bottle, and this time I think I drank half a pint, sat down and watched the motion of my fingers. I concluded that I could not write my name yet, so I went to the third tavern, and drank half a pint more, sat down and watched the operations of that. Not enough yet; I then went to the tavern where I took the first moderate drink, and drank the fourth half pint. By this time I had got something like one quart; waited about fifteen minutes, then concluded that I could hold a pen and write my name. So I went out upon the sidewalk; I found that my feet were dancing an eight reel, but my hand was steady. I then inquired of a man, if he could tell me who had the pledge of the Temperance Society. He said W. Cole, the Auditor of the county. I went to his office and asked him for the pledge that Mr. Smith had signed; then commenced a controversy between him and myself. I saw that Cole looked very cross at me, for he and myself had a quarrel once, when I was drunk, and I expected he would quarrel with me again. What do you want of that pledge? said Cole. I am going to put my name there. Oh, Green, you are drunk again. Well, you need not tell me of that, read me that pledge; so he read it. Now sir, let me have it. No, no, said Cole, you are too drunk to sign the pledge; go out of my shop. I shall not do it until I sign that pledge. Green, said he, you are too hard a case; if you do sign the pledge you will not keep it for you are drunk now. I don't care for that, let me have the pledge. Green, said he, we have got a good society here now, and we calculate to keep it so; but if you sign this pledge, you will get drunk every chance you have, and make us trouble. At this time I began to get mad, and thought I would put him out of the office and then I could get the pledge. But he seeing my revolutionary spirit begin to rise, gave me the pledge book. I took his pen and put my name there, in large capital letters, clear across the book. There, Cole, said I, that is the Declaration of Independence. Now, said I, you must give me a receipt. A receipt, said Cole, that is something new; no man has ever called for a receipt before: Green you are crazy—go along out of my shop. I shan't do so, until you give me a receipt in full of all demands from the

beginning of the world until the end. My object was to have something to show to my wife, for I had promised her so many times to quit drinking, that I knew she would not believe me, unless I had something to show. He therefore gave me a receipt, and I put it into my pocket and went out into the street. I found that I was staggering yet, and never was so ashamed of myself in all my life. What, said I, you have signed the pledge and got a receipt; and here you are reeling and staggering in the street. I thought that I would get out of town as soon as I could. I found my son and we started. I told the boy we would go through the woods, (for I was ashamed to be seen on the same street where I had been drunk ever so many times before, but never thought of being ashamed before.) We soon were in the woods, and I began to feel much better, for it seemed to me that I had got rid of a heavy load, and felt as light as any of the boys. We came to a stream of water, and my boy jumped it like a squirrel; I thought that I could jump as far as any of the boys, so I made a leap and went into the drink, head and heels. My boy came and helped me out, then said to me, O, pa, (with the big tears on his rosy cheeks,) I wish you were a Washingtonian. Well, said I to the boy, my son, I am a Washingtonian, as you call them. Yes said he, you need not tell me so, for I never saw one of that society stagger as bad as you do, and you cannot jump two feet. However, we soon came to our log cabin, and we went in, and my little wife turned her eyes upon me—and now reader, you guess what she said. Why she said just nothing at all, until I presented my receipt—then she stood and gazed on me for some time—then got me by the hand, and gave way to a flow of tears. Now, said she, you are safe and never will again deceive my rising hopes. My daughter came and threw her arms around me, and said, pa, you will never get drunk again!

URNS MISSIONARY AND BEGINS TO TRAVEL.

This was the greatest time of rejoicing, that I ever witnessed in my family. In about ten days, the people of Medina gave out notice that Mr. Green would lecture on temperance, in the Court House. I came, by their request, and took the Judges' seat; but was trembling, and my knees smote together like the head of an old flax-break. The house was crowded with the ladies and gentlemen of the place. I arose amid the shouts and cheers of the congregation, and I thought that they were all making fun of me. I asked them what they wanted of me; they said, tell your experience. That I knew they were all acquainted with, for there were the men that had gave me the devil's dyestuff, together with the lawyers and doctors of the place. I spoke about one hour, and told them they had better give up the traffic in whiskey, for I never calculated to drink any more. Many took the pledge, and that very week, all the taverns in the place turned out their liquor.

In about two weeks I gave them another lecture; by this time invitations came from different places for me to come and talk to them. I then commenced traveling. The people of the town of York hired me to lecture in every school district in their town; I done so with great success. At the same time, Judge Smith had begun to travel and lecture. As I had no horse, the people got an old horse and buggy for Smith, and he and I commenced our missionary travels. We went off and formed societies wherever we could. At this time the excitement was up very high—other men were in the field also—the reformed drunkard was listened to with great interest, and it did appear to me that the whole world would soon be converted, notwithstanding some would stand aloof; many church members, and some preachers, were very cold and indifferent, and would not lend us their aid; and I did think that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment, than for them; for I did know that many of them were dram drinkers, and would take the drunkard's draught. However, they soon began to take hold of the work.

I now must make a few more remarks upon the character of Mr. Smith: The fourth of July now began to be talked of, for a temperance celebration, for I had now been a sober man from the 26th of February, 1842, until this time; therefore, as I had not seen a sober day on the 4th of July in thirty years, it was thought best to celebrate my birth-day on a sober scale, to commence my after life. So we assembled at the white house, at this time kept by S. Bradley, said to be the best temperance house in town. Here we had an oration by Dr. Warner, and some stump orators of the day—a first rate time.—Smith and myself blowing off steam, percussion, in different directions. One day, as we were talking together, I told Smith that he would be married to his old gal again. Not so, said Smith; but if I do, she will have to do the courting, for I done it once, and now it is her turn. We then had made some calculations of having a temperance convention, in the month of September, and bring out from Oberlin their big tent; so we had all things in readiness; the tent came and was pitched on the village green. At the day appointed, the people began to assemble from every direction, and we commenced our operations. Some three thousand people had come together in the tent. Here was an interesting time; some fifteen preachers, and as many more reformed drunkards, were the speakers that took part in the enterprise, our pledges going around at the same time, and an excellent choir of singers from Oberlin.—The first day passed away with great applause, so we concluded to hold the meeting one day longer; so we got a guard to watch the tent through the night, to keep off the enemy, for we had gobs of them.

A COLD WATER WEDDING.

The second day was very pleasant; the people came together early, and our tent was well filled up. The forenoon passed off with great profit. In the afternoon some time, there was a silence in the tent, as the crowd opened to the right and left, to witness a novel scene. All eyes fixed on the tent door, as if to see an elephant; when lo! and behold! Judge Smith came marching into the tent, and upon one arm there was his old gal, again holding on to him as if they were young folks. They stepped upon the stand, and all eyes fastened upon them, with as much astonishment as if they were going to be swallowed up by a whale. In the room of that a man of God soon pronounced them man and wife again; then, said the priest, what God has joined together, let not man nor alcohol put asunder. They were married the second time, and, reader, don't you think that there was in that crowd, three children that saw their father and mother married. Reader, look back, and see if you can remember of seeing your parents married. This was another miracle, brought about by the Washingtonians. This was five years ago, and as I don't expect to call Smith into question again, let me say that they gathered up their scattered property, all that they could, and moved off to Wisconsin, and still live together, and the Judge still keeps a sober man; and report says they are doing well. This convention came to a close that night, and all went off with increasing encouragement. From that time I began to travel into different counties, and lectured day and night—some times as many as from one to two hundred would take the pledge in one night. One night, where I held a meeting, there was a man that had spent a large property by drinking, and had become very poor, and he and his wife came to the meeting. When I had got through, I called for volunteers; a large number came out and took the pledge, among the rest was this man, who had once been one of the smartest men in the place. He came out on the floor, and I should think he had not one whole garment about him—cold weather in the winter—his toes were out of his boots; his coat would not cover his back; and his face and nose were covered with rum blossoms. Now, said he, I am the biggest drunkard in this town, and I want to take that pledge, and stop drinking forever. His wife cried out, and said, Sir, if you sign that pledge, you shall go home alone this night, for I will not go with you. Well, said he, I shall do it. And he did do it, and his wife started for the door, and went off.—Mr. Green, said one of her neighbors, can you tell the reason why she was so mad? Yes, said I, she either loves the creature herself, or she wants her husband to drink on till he kills himself, so that she can get married again. That is it, cried the other; she has been trying to kill him some time. About this time, I had traveled so much that I thought I must give

it up, for I had no horse, and my feet had become sore, blistered, and some times the blood would color my stockings. I told the friends in Medina, that I could not stand it—I must give it up. Soon the ladies of Medina got together, or a few of them, and consulted upon the matter, when they agreed to try to get a horse for me. They wrote a letter to Mr. Champion, a gentleman from Rochester, New York, stating the circumstances. (as he happened to be in the place at this time.) He wrote back to the ladies, to get a horse, and he would give thirty dollars towards paying for him. They sent for me, and the horse was got in twenty-four hours. I took the horse and mounted it, and they told me to ride it until the horse died. This helped me to travel more extensive, until the Board of Managers in mine own county, requested me to visit every town and society in the county. At this time we had forty-four societies in the county, and about three thousand members, all in good standing. I commenced my labors, went all through the county, and made my report; of course I met with some opposition, the most of which originated with the rum sellers themselves; but the result in the end was in our favor. One battle which I had, I will mention: at one of the towns I was to lecture two nights; when I came there, the people had assembled at the Baptist meeting-house; soon after I commenced, some persons commenced firing guns. They supposed that they could drive me off with powder, but they found out their mistake. That night I formed a society in the place, with some twenty-five members. That aroused the opposition. On the next night the house was crowded, and I was letting off steam percussion, standing in the pulpit, when the window at my back was smashed in with a volley of eggs; they broke, and ran from my head down to the floor, and left pieces of glass sticking in my head. I stood and took them all, to keep them off from the ladies. When they had shot all their eggs, I put my head out of the window, and called the young men to come in and sign the pledge. They ran like wolves, but some dozen men took after them until they chased them into the woods. That night we added a large number to the pledge; but it spoilt a suit of clothes for me, and made me so sick that I did not get over it for some time. The people of the place wanted to prosecute them, but I told them to let them alone, for they would do the good cause more good than hurt, when they had got rid of all their egg-nogg.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL LEMANOWSKY—CONVENTION AT
MANSFIELD, RICHLAND COUNTY, OHIO.

In speaking of these counties, you will find a more correct account given of them in the statistical account of crime and pauperism, that I shall lay before my readers hereafter. We found that we could extend our influence further by coming out in mass. Therefore our friends made an effort at Mans-

field, where it was estimated that we had some ten thousand people assembled together in a pleasant grove. There we had our strong men together, and among the rest, a veteran soldier, who fought in the great battles under Bonaparte, in Russia, and other parts; his name is Lemanosky; he is some over eighty years of age; he made, in his speech, a powerful impression upon the minds of the people, when he made his appeal to the tipplers. His voice was clear, sound, and could be heard to speak distinct for near one quarter of a mile. He gave us an account of the siege of Moscow. He said they had some one hundred thousand troops, (if I am correct,) that marched with him, and out of their whole army, only some two thousand men ever returned; for, said he, those men that drank spirits fell down dead—some of them while on their march; others died off like rotten sheep; and, said he, I never drank the amount of one quart of spirits in all of my life; and, said he, I lived for thirty days on the bark of trees, and drank freely of cold water when I could get it, and my bed for months was the cold earth. Now, said he, look at me, ye men that drink the ardent, and compare your trembling hands and shattered frames with mine—raising his steady hand at the same time—now tell me what makes the difference. The whole crowd was silent as the grave. I compared his condition with mine: he was some thirty years older than myself, and appeared to be as sound as a man of twenty. We had a good time, and much good was done.

Soon we had another mass meeting, at Republic, in Seneca county, Ohio. This was one of the most glorious efforts.—The cars came in upon the railroad, heavy loaded with the sons and daughters of the town of Tiffin. Republic is a splendid situation for a city or town. But seven or eight years since, this place contained but a few buildings; now its population covers the best part of fifty acres of ground. The location is pleasant and delightful, and it is rendered more so on account of the good morals of its inhabitants; they are of the first stamp, of temperance people, kind and benevolent, full of hospitality, and if the reader would wish to see that place, it would be worth his attention to make it a visit. This winter I traveled through many parts of this State, and at almost every place I could see the poor infatuated drunkard coming from the ranks of the wretched, and take the pledge. At one place a scene worthy of remark: I had got into a small village where they had got notice of my coming; it was cold, and the snow and wind searched every crack and crevice of the houses. I put up at the house of a friend, about sundown. The news soon spread abroad that the Sledge Hammer had come—(for this was the name that they had given to me.) The next night I was to speak. Some time in the evening a rap was heard at the door; the man of the house rose up and opened the door, and in came a female; she had an old blanket thrown around

her shoulders, and over her head. The good man gave her a seat, and she sat down, dropped her face into her hands, and burst into tears. After sobbing some time, with a broken heart, she raised her head and inquired if the man was there that was to lecture the next night. The gentleman of the house said he was, and introduced her to me. Sir, said she, can you do anything for my husband—and burst into tears again. At this request my heart began to melt, for I knew that she was in trouble. I then asked her what was the matter with her husband. Why, said she, last night my husband came home from the tavern drunk, and came in with an axe in his hand, and swore he would beat out my brains, and kill me on the spot. I ran and got out of the house. Then he said he would spill the blood of the children; the children ran out of the house also, and some went one way, and some another, until they found a place to stay. He slammed the door to, and swore with an oath, that he would murder the first person that came into the house. Here the poor woman was so overcome that she sank down again, as in the agonies of death.— Some time after, she resumed her sad story: and this night he has come home in the same manner, and neither myself nor any of my poor children can stay at home; and I heard you had come to the place, and I came to see if you will try and do something for him. We were all in tears, and hardly had strength enough to converse with her; but I told her I would make an effort to rescue her companion if the Lord would help. The next day the man was found, and gave a promise that he would come to the meeting at night. The house was large, but was crowded full. I began to look over the crowd for the poor man; at length I saw him, and I knew that I must find his heart, in order to wake him out of his stupor; therefore I told the people that I would give them some of my experience. Before I had gone half through my intended discourse, I found that I had said enough, for the people were in tears, and I could hear groans, sighs and weeping in every direction. I therefore told them that we would give an invitation for volunteers to the pledge. Now young man, I want you should take this to yourself, and try to imagine to yourself how you would have felt had this been your father, and seen him come trembling out of the crowd, and with tears streaming down his face, put his name to the glorious pledge; then turn to the people and ask them to forgive him; and then call upon his wife to come out and take the pledge with him, asking her to forgive him; then turn again to the crowd to see if his son was there, saying, come here, my son John and forgive your father, and take the pledge with me; and with an eager eye call for his lovely daughters to come also; see the little Rose come with fear and lean on her mother, asking her if father would kill her now; see little Jane put her trembling hand to the pledge where was enrolled the name of that father, who

twenty-four hours past was crazy and mad under the influence of the poisoned beverage; a father who once was wealthy, respected and beloved. I say, think on him, and then ask yourself if you think you are of a stronger mind than he.— Three years after I saw that man's wife and children in a good home, sober, respected and happy. This is the work of an angel of mercy, and of God. Such scenes as this I could multiply, and tell of many very similar in my travels. I will give you one now of a different character, about the drunkard makers: I went to Tiffin, the county seat of Seneca county, to commence a protracted effort, and did so. The good people of that place gave me a full house and good attention, while many took the pledge. The last night I made an application with an appeal to the grog sellers, and told them if they would turn out their liquors, I would stay the next day and burn them up. The invitation was accepted the next morning, when a man came with a letter, and I opened it and read as follows:

Mr. Sledge Hammer: SIR—You are respectfully invited to cross the river over to Fort Ball this morning, at ten o'clock, and superintend the funeral rites of King Alcohol.

I told the messenger that I would preach his funeral sermon at the time appointed. Fort Ball is a place where a fort was built in the last war with Gt. Britain, across Sandusky river, opposite Tiffin. The fort is now torn away, and a pleasant village built on the spot. It took its name from General Ball, who had the command of a small army at that place. Soon the people began to start from Tiffin, and crowd around the place to witness the last tribute of respect paid to their old master. When I got there they had got a grave dug on the site of the old fort, and had erected a stand for the clergyman—all things in order. The man who had sent me the letter was a respectable merchant, and had been dealing largely in alcohol, but had got the wool off his eyes, and rolled out a barrel of brandy; he said all that he had got left. It was rolled down to its grave, and put in with its head downwards, and its stern upwards. A large crowd had gathered, and I took the stand and began to portray his once respected character, and had traced him from the Old World into America; and from New York up the Hudson river; thence up the Erie Canal; thence up Lake Erie, into Ohio; and notwithstanding he had escaped the elements of the great deep, and had hid himself in many a dark corner, and had come to a far country, yet justice had overtaken him at last. I accused him of being a thief, a liar, and a murderer; now, said I, it is right, according to our customs, to give our criminals a chance to make a speech for himself; and now is your time; but he was speechless. Then I called upon his agent to come forward and plead his case for him, but none came; then I called upon the mourners, if any

there were to drop one tear for him, to come forward ; none came. However, I saw some in the back part of the crowd, who looked as though they had lost their last farrow cow.— Then I asked the people what death he should die, and the loud response was, “burn him, burn him.” I then called in some of the men whom he had betrayed, and gave them each a torch ; then broke off his rudder, and they set him on fire.— He burnt some three hours, whilst others were speaking, and then the boys closed the sod over him, and erected a monument, and on the top of that they put his epitaph in these words :

“ Beneath this ditch
There lies a wretch—
Cold water stopped his breath ;
And when he died
The landlord cried,
And it tickled us most to death.”

This ended the scenes on that occasion, after the pledge had gone around and got many volunteers. Thence to Melmore, where we had a powerful time. This place is also a true teetotal place, with Capt. Price at their head, and he is a dead shot on the monster alcohol. At Bucyrus, the county seat of Crawford county, there they have drove the monster and taken the field. This is a pleasant place and good people, with a good rich soil of land around them, and have got one of the best temperance houses that you can find in the western part of this State.

A TRAVEL DOWN THE WHITE WOMAN RIVER.

At this time we had a good temperance paper published at Medina, called the Ohio Washingtonian, edited by the Rev. D. A. Randall. We came to the conclusion that it was time to have the State of Ohio organized into a State Society : therefore he urged the necessity of a State Convention, to get our strong men together and lay plans for a union of strength throughout the State. It was thought prudent for me to commence this work ; therefore we made a move. I rode through the most part of northern Ohio, and western counties, lecturing and taking counsel of the people ; telling them to rally their forces in Columbus soon after the sitting of the Legislature ; and in this I found good encouragement. I came into Mount Vernon and spoke upon the utility of a Convention, and obtained a number to the pledge. At this time I had James Mullen with me ; he goes by the name of Wayne County Firebrand ; he is a very good speaker, but he once was a traveling swill tub, a real Kentucky Dutchman. We went from Mt. Vernon down the White Woman river : this was a delightful route, but a very dangerous one, as we had to ford the river at different places, the water being high and very rapid. This river is so apt to overflow its banks that it is impossible to keep bridges over it. It is a very meandering stream, and had its

name from the Indians, who, in an early age, stole a white girl and carried her off into that region. It is said she was the first white woman ever seen in the State of Ohio; she had made several attempts to get away from the Indians, but in vain, until she attempted to swim the river and was drowned; the Indians then gave it this name.

A TRIP TO THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

Along this river on either side, are large and towering mountains—the most hilly or mountainous part of the State of Ohio. The river puts into the other branch at Roscoe.—Here is a canal running up these mountains, called the Walhonding canal; it goes up some twenty miles, for the accommodation of a few individuals; the mouth of it puts into the Ohio canal at Roscoe. We stopped at Coshocton some three days, with good success; thence up the Ohio canal, blowing off steam at the most of the villages, until we came to the home of my friend Mullen—then to my family—found them all in good health—got some provisions to make them comfortable. By this time we had concluded to have our State Convention at Columbus, the 17th day of December, 1814. Then I started again for Virginia, to make my way round to the State Convention in season; going from home to Carrollton, there I found a brother by the name of Wolf, a Methodist preacher, who lived in Virginia; he took a string of appointments, clear on to his own house; this kept me very busy—lecture every night, and sometimes stop in the daytime, and give the people a short exhortation and go on. When I came to Steubenville, on the Ohio river, there I found my friend, J. U. Feister, waiting to go with me. Steubenville is one of the hardest places that I had found yet; however, we had a good time there.—Thence down the Ohio, and crossed at Wellsburgh, in Virginia. Here we had a confab with a Tavern-keeper—left his house because he tried to deceive us. He said he kept a temperance house, but soon we found that he kept the devil in the cellar; we called for our horses and went and found a good house. The people of that State elect their Justices of the Peace during their natural life, and they form a board of excise, to grant tavern licenses in their respective counties, and in this county their magistrates were all temperance men, and therefore no license was granted to manufacture drunkards by law. We had a good time there, and thence we went over the hills and through the vales, from one place to another, filling all our engagements with becoming dignity. The western and north-western parts of the State of Virginia are mountainous or hilly, the planters have from one to three hundred acres of land; they clear off their uplands and save their wood lots in the gulleys, or at the foot of these hills, and there they build their houses; so that all the profits of their labor comes down to their hands with ease. The traveler, as he passes over these

mountains, can see from the top of one hill over miles and miles of their plantations, and scarcely a house to be seen; they look delightful. I think I saw as many white men to work as I did of the colored slave. I saw no abuse to the slave while I was in that State. Their slaves, all that I saw, were well clad, and rode good horses. (As I had become a Methodist preacher, at this time, I therefore would preach the gospel of Christ on the Sabbath, and the gospel of temperance on week days.) so that I had a chance to see master and slave come together to meeting on the Sabbath, and I think the slaves were the best clothed; notwithstanding I am an abolitionist, yet I must say that I was very much disappointed when I traveled in Virginia; I have since come to the conclusion, that if the bottle could be taken away from the South, and nothing to aggravate either white or black of the nature of Alcohol, that slavery and all its connected evils would go with it.

A TRIP TO MICHIGAN.

We came into a village where we gave two lectures, there being eight drunkards in the place, who were spending their dollar per day each, at one tavern. This drunkery keeper had got them fast by the heels, but we broke the chain and got them all to the pledge. We took our course over the hills and came to Wheeling. Here we had a first-rate time: thence across the river and made our way to Columbus. Our Convention was large; some fifty counties had sent in their delegates: we organized a State Society under flattering prospects; there we found our best speakers, such as the Self-Sharpener, the Sledge Hammer, Tipton and Carey, together with a host of others, who were requested to continue their labors. This winter we raised our numbers greatly. The next spring I concluded to make a visit through the Wolverine State; so I mounted my teetotal horse and went into that State. Here I found the work going on with great success. I labored through many of the principal towns and villages, until my health began to fail, then I returned home. Michigan is a country most singularly situated; the heavy sand roads would drift in the summer like so much snow; they have numerous small lakes and ponds, that must always be unhealthy; but some very pleasant villages. I think, take the State together, it bears no comparison for fertility and produce with the State of Ohio. After I came home and had got somewhat recruited, I then went into the State of New York, and visited my old home in Schoharie, having been absent for sixteen years.— There I gave the old rum holes Jesse, and told them their example had ruined me. The canals in the State of New York, at this time, float five thousand six hundred and fifty canal boats; employ seven thousand riders, and ten thousand horses. This is a hard place for horses and boys. It is stated

that five thousand boys, who drive those canal boats, are orphan boys, and a large majority of their fathers died drunkards. My travels on these canals was a great school to me.— I returned home, and went to our next State Convention.— Here was a resolution in this Convention, to send out four State agents, and it should be their duty to travel the State, and take statistics of crime and pauperism, and I was recommended by the Board of Managers as one of that number. I soon commenced the work of my mission, and calculated to visit every county in the State; but I was unable to get a buggy to ride in. I therefore had to ride on horseback; and cold water being so congenial to my health that I became very fleshy, and riding on horseback began to use me up, therefore I have not got but a part of the counties reported. Many others promised to send me their report, but have not done so. I have been to work in this cause until now, and have kept as correct an account as I could of the numbers that have taken the pledge under my administration, and it amounts to about eighty-one thousand; and out of that number, I have, by the grace of God, raised about twelve hundred drunkards; and I believe the most of them stand fast to the present day. The most money that I have received in any one year, was one hundred and nine dollars, and I have to move my family from place to place, where I can get a house for them to live in; therefore, as I have often been requested to put out a work of this description, I come to the conclusion to do so for the good of the public, and to try to raise money enough to get my family a house to live in. I might have enlarged this work to some two hundred pages, but I am not able to pay the expense of printing; therefore I shall give you some very interesting reports of some of the counties, showing the effects of intemperance. I have taken these reports for ten past years, showing the revenue from the license law, and then the outlays in consequence; together with some receipts of great importance—such as the cure for the Fever and Ague, the Heaves in Horses, &c.

I must now close my little work, hoping that every one that reads it, may find benefit; and may the Lord have mercy on the people.

Yours, in Love,

A. V. GREEN.

Medina, Sept. 15th, 1847.

STATISTICS
OF
Crime, Pauperism, &c.

ASHTABULA.

This is the first county that comes under our notice.

Tavern Licenses granted in Ashtabula county, Ohio:

Date,	Number granted,	Revenue.
1837	52	\$253,00
1838	49	253,00
1839	46	278,50
1840	46	274,00
1841	45	234,00
1842	29	149,00
1843	24	149,00
1844	21	156,00
1845	21	156,00
1846	00	000,00
<hr/>		
Total,	331	\$1,876,50

This statement is taken from the Clerk's Docket.

A. BASLEY.

Expense of Criminal Prosecutions of the same County, from June 1st, 1836, to June 1st, 1846:

1837	\$1,255	1845	\$2,140
1838	1,432	1846	1,971
1839	1,601		
1840	1,670	Total,	\$20,891
1841	1,774	Estimate cost of Jail,	4,000
1842	3,881		
1843	3,619		\$24,819
1844	2,076		

I am unable to state what proportion of the above expenses were caused by intemperance, but probably more than three fifths of them. The expense of criminal prosecutions since June 1st, 1846, has been much less than it was in any four months the preceding years; and I have no doubt that this diminution of expense is attributable to the temperance reformation.

T. H. C. KINGSBURY, Co. Aud'r.

Auditor's Office, Ashtabula Co.,
October 3d, 1846. }

CHAMPAIGN.

The amount of Revenue derived from Tavern Licenses, as far as they can be ascertained from the books in this office, from 1839, to 1846 \$828 89

Expenses of Criminal Prosecutions, in Champaign Co., to which is added the expense of Paupers in Poor Houses, from 1838 to 1846. \$16,267 38

The above is taken from the books of this office.

D. W. WRIGHT, Auditor.

November 23d, 1846.

☞ MEDINA COUNTY is on an average with others.

☞ CUYAHOGA COUNTY, by the report of the Auditor, has paid for crime, in the above ten years, fifty-two thousand dollars, inclusive of paupers, &c.,

☞ I saw in a temperance paper, printed at Cincinnati, that Hamilton County had paid, in ONE YEAR, \$37,000 to support intemperance.

☞ Here I have made an estimate of the whole State of Ohio: the States' Prison contains some four hundred and fifty prisoners, and three hundred and ninety were made the convicts of said prison in consequence of intemperance.

The whole number of Licenses granted in the State for ten years, amounts to	26,856
The Revenue produced by it is	\$145,744
Criminal Expenses, direct by intemperance	556,950
Paupers produced	16,056
Whole number of Divorces	20,016
Number of Divorces by intemperance	16,150
The whole cost, direct and indirect, in ten years is	\$1,000,000
And we have saved in the last three years, by the Temperance influence, in crime	\$142,000
The average of the United States, for ten years, by crime, produced by strong drinks, has cost	\$1,200,000,000
Number killed by intemperance	300,000
Number sent to the poor house	150,000
It has made maniacs or madmen	100,000
Killed	200,000
Orphans	700,000
Men murdered	100,000
Widows	200,000
Suicides	2,000
Waste of money every year	\$150,000,000

Yours, truly as before,

SLEDGE HAMMER GREEN.

THE FEVER AND AGUE.

This loathsome disease, in many parts of our United States, is still a pest to society. Without let or hindrance thousands are suffering under its withering blast, while every man may cure himself without the aid of a doctor. This receipt has cured its thousands, (it is an Indian medicine,) and as far as I have seen its effects, I never knew one to have a relapse if they were careful—sure there is many things that will break the fit, but it will come on again; while this has been tried with the greatest success.

For a grown person, take one table spoonful of brimstone, one spoonful of rosin, and pulverize them together, and mix it all in one table spoonful of sale molasses, and take it all in one dose just as the ague is coming on; repeat for three days—it has always effected a cure. Leave labor for six or eight days. You may apply this remedy to any person, only differing as the ages may require. Thus every family has got a Doctor at home.

One pint of cold water, with as much salt as you can dissolve in it, taken before the fever comes on, has often done the work, once for all.

A CURE FOR THE HEAVES IN HORSES.

Here is another receipt which is valuable to every person that owns or drives a horse; it has been tried with the greatest success. Take two quarts of sweet milk, add one teaspoonful of Sulphuric Acid, or Oil of Vitriol, and mix with the horse's feed; give at first three times a week, and afterwards once or twice, as there may seem occasion, for a few weeks longer, and you will see but little appearance of the heaves after the first week.



THE END.