

INCIDENTS

IN THE

LIFE OF

GEORGE HAYDOCK,

EX-PROFESSIONAL

WOOD-SAWYER

PROPERTY  
OF THE  
LONG ISLAND  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WITHDRAWN  
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Society

HUDSON.

HUDSON:

COLUMBIA WASHINGTONIAN PRINT.  
1846.

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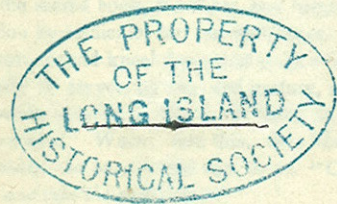
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GEORGE HAYDOCK

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Incidents in the Life of  
**GEORGE HAYDOCK,**

Ex-Professional Wood-Sawyer, of Hudson.

READER, I am not going to tell you a tale of fiction—I am about to give you what is more romantic—more interesting; it is a tale of truth—the actual reality—the incidents, or a few of them, which have composed the life of a Temperance Reformer—one who a very few years since stood masked, let me say buried, beneath the all-overwhelming cloud, from whence it appeared there was scarce an egress; the dark shadow, the “Egyptian night” of drunkenness, that untold wee, which

“Unsaid, unsung,  
May, or may not, find a tongue.”—Byron.

That cloud has cleared off, and we have found, beneath the rough ore, the bright diamond of genius! I allude to our fellow townsman, GEORGE HAYDOCK, well known as the celebrated wood-sawyer. Let him tell his own story.—*Col. Washingtonian.*

In giving this narrative, I wish to go back to the period of my boyhood. I was born in Fairfield County, (Conn.) in the town of Salem, or very near that location—on my Grand-father’s farm, which was a part of it in Westchester County N. Y., and a part of it in Fairfield County (Conn.) about nine miles from Norwalk. I was born December twenty fourth, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and five. The season following this event my parents moved to Manhattanville, in York-Island, N. Y., I being one year

old at this time. My Father was by trade a woolen manufacturer, a good business at that time, and being what was in those days termed a sober, temperate man, was able to sustain himself and family honorably and respectably and free from want, as I have always been informed. He was a member of no religious order, but claimed for himself what has generally been called a moral standard of right and wrong to direct his course through life. My Mother was a strict going member of the church of Christ, and was truly a christian both in faith and practice, and endeavored to bring her son up in the same way: and as long ago as I can remember she warned me frequently against the evils of strong drink and bad company. While I was quite tender in years, my mother, alone with me in secret, with none but the eye of God to behold us, often kneeled in prayer and called on the Author of all things to protect her child. My reasons for giving these particulars is to show to mothers the great necessity of this pious practice; for though the good seed may fall among thorns, it may in time, bring forth much good fruit.

In the year 1816, shortly after the close of our last war with England, my father moved to Bloomfield, N. J. I was then about eleven years of age, my father continued here but a short period,—about one year, when he moved to the town of Broom, in Schoharrie Co. N. Y.

I would here introduce a couple of incidents, which I think were instances of the interposition of Providence (through the agency of my mother,) which prevented me from leaving this country, perhaps forever, and also, perhaps prevented me from "making," what is commonly called "my fortune," for as Shakspeare says "*there is a tide in the affairs of man which taken at the ebb leads on to fortune.*"

The first instance was on this wise. In speaking a piece on the stage, at the Academy, while at Manhattanville, the subject of which was the "Rights of Republicans," a Spanish gentleman of wealth was present, and offered to take me home with him to Spain, adopt me as his own son, and give me the best education—but my mother on being applied to by him would not consent that her son should go. The speech above alluded to was composed by myself, and was afterwards published as an original production in the papers of the day. One of these papers I think was termed the Democratic

Jeffersonian published in New York city, the precise number of the paper I do not remember.

The second incident is this—Stephen Baxter, who was paymaster during the last war, being one of my mother's cousins, took a notion to me at this early period, during the time I was at Bloomfield, and made an offer to my parents to use his influence in getting me into the United States Navy; but here again my mother would not consent that her only beloved son should go, and be as she supposed ruined. One of her greatest objections was, that alcoholic drinks were there dealt out daily.

To proceed in my narrative. My father remained in Schoharrie county about five years, when he moved back again to Bloomfield, in New Jersey, where I entered into the factory not as an indented apprentice, but rather as a journeyman working under price (something less on a yard,) until I had fully learnt the trade, and they paid for my instruction, by which means I was soon the possessor of some cash, I was now about 17 years of age.

It was the custom for the workmen to send out every day for half a gallon of cider brandy, and the youngest apprentice (whose duty it was to go on all such errands) was called the "mail carrier." I began to "rob the mail" (as I called it) in November, and in December drank freely of the "Apple Jack." I then forsook the company of church-going, well-behaved young men, and associated with a set of licentious villians I found in Paterson, called the "Paterson Gang."

An incident showing the remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in preserving my life, so that I should afterwards preserve my fellow beings from perdition and ruin, occurred to me about this time. It was our custom every Saturday night, to meet at a certain tavern, situated between Paterson and Bloomfield, which place we named "Cheap Josey's Hotel;" where shoemakers, tailors, paper-makers, cotton and woolen factory boys, and farmers, met together to drink, gamble, and fight. The place, if I mistake not, is open yet. One Saturday night, as we were there carousing and drinking, a quarrel ensued between one of the gang and myself on the subject of dancing; and as was customary, all hands adjourned out doors for a regular fight. As we stepped out on the door-stone, in front of the tavern, I saw the hand of the person I had been disputing with, coming towards me armed with a knife. I gave his hand a sliding blow,

and struck it downwards, receiving at the same time a longitudinal wound from the hip downwards, which I did not feel much when I received it. I then gave my adversary a blow with my other hand, which being struck with full effect, landed him over the wall; I then jumped down upon him as he lay there, and he was afterwards picked up for dead and carried in. I then perceived that my shoe was running over with blood, and found that I had run a very narrow chance for my life. After he came to, he made the remark, that his intention was to cut out my very heart's blood, &c. I exemplify by this incident, that young as I then was, (scarce 20) I came within one of filling a drunkard's grave! Another reason why I am thus particular is, that there are yet many interesting young men, who are nightly in the habit of visiting these hells of iniquity, called gambling grog-shops.

At another Saturday night spree, as they may well be termed, I was under the influence of intoxication all night, and also all day Sunday, until Monday morning, about two o'clock, when I started for home. Being fatigued, and intoxicated also, I sat down by the side of the road to rest. I dropped asleep, and fell across the rut in the road. When I awoke I was aroused by a man who had a loaded wagon, and was going to Newark; his horses discovered me first, and started back, he also saw me and picked me up, or I must have been unavoidably crushed to death.

Respecting Sunday drinking, it is not in this case "the better day, the better deed," for probably no practice has done more to ruin mankind than Sunday drinking. I was one Sunday carousing at a grog-shop kept open for that purpose, situated on the precipice which overlooked Paterson Falls. It was built there for the purpose of giving visitors a fair view of the Falls. I came out of it towards night with my drinking companions. We went down upon the edge of the rock to see the Falls. I going ahead rather swifter than the rest, fell, and rolling downwards, was providentially caught by a young tree or bush, and saved from instant destruction. My companions, after some considerable difficulty, came down to me, and took me up from my perilous situation. Thus once more was my life saved for the good work now in hand.

In the summer of 1843, I was lecturing on temperance at Paterson and went, with one or two Washingtonian friends, to the spot where

I had once been exposed to such extreme danger. Whilst viewing that place, and reflecting on my situation now, and comparing it with what it was then, tears flowed from my eyes. My friends asked me what was the matter. I told them that I, above all men, had reason to thank my Creator, for my preservation, and for these Washingtonian days! That on this spot I was nearly hurried into eternity as a drunkard, before I was 20 years of age, but was preserved by the goodness of God. One of my friends, pulling off his cravat, exclaimed, "There's a scar which I made when I was a drunkard, being about to take away my own life; and I have as much reason to thank God as you have." If those who oppose temperance, could be placed so as to hear the general voice of thanksgiving, which nightly and daily arises from this footstool of God unto his throne, from those poor families who have been benefitted by the pledge, methinks they would never decry or oppose a cause so sacred and benevolent as this; especially when almost all the educated and pious of this world had supposed the poor drunkard must be given up as one forever lost!

Before I was 21, I had a dispute and a quarrel, while intoxicated, with the boss of the factory, and left, without leave or orders, determined to seek my fortune elsewhere. In other words, "started forth on a tramp, to look out for myself." I arrived at Manhattanville, and went to work at the weaving business. I there commenced drinking and gambling in the first hotel in the place, among the quality, the exquisites, and the big bugs in society, as they were called. In six months I ran down to the lowest ebb, and left minus in character and circumstances, owing one month's board, and leaving in payment my best suit of clothes, having, the night previous, gambled away about \$60. I then went to New York, and drove a cart for a Rumseller, expecting in one month to be able to redeem my clothes. He having all the implements of gambling, I went into that every night freely, while I was employed by him. The first month I saved three dollars, but this was not enough to redeem my clothes. I stayed another month, thinking I should finally save enough to redeem them; but he, like all other Rumsellers, had a chalk with two marks to it; or otherwise, like all other drinkers, I drank more than I was aware of, for when I settled off, I found myself two dollars and a half in debt, and my three dollars gone. I then started for

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Bloomfield, N. J., having a few shillings in my pocket. My parents resided in Bloomfield. By this time, my habiliments had become rather the worse for wear. I went onward, having the remainder of my wardrobe tied up in a common pocket handkerchief. I went to my father's house, and opened the door without knocking. My mother cast her eyes upon me as I entered, but spoke not a word. I took a seat unbidden. After about a minute's pause, she raised her hands and exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! has it come to this? a drunkard and a loafer at this early age!" She sank back upon the chair and said no more, but burst into a flood of tears. My father at this moment came into the house. He also commenced by saying, "Well, George, this is certainly a disgrace, the way you make your appearance!" I arose and said, "Sir, if I disgrace you, I'll leave you." I then left the house without saying any more. I proceeded onward to Paterson, and went to work weaving cotton for a man who had a grog-shop for the accommodation of his workmen, in the house. Drinking, gambling, and fighting was the order of the day here, and I soon left. I went on about five miles from Paterson, and went to work in a woollen factory. I worked there about two months. I soon accomplished my first intention; I earned some money, and laid it out for clothing. There was but very little liquor drank in this factory, but about a quarter of a mile from it there was a regular grog-shop. Here we used to meet together, all hands, and drink to excess. We were often there to a very late hour of the night, gambling, drinking, and sometimes fighting. Gambling on the Sabbath, was also allowed here.

When the two months were up, I settled with my employer, and found I had about \$12 due me; but he, taking the liberty to use a drunkard as he pleased, refused to pay me, also desiring me to work longer for him; or, I could go on to Paterson, and work there until he got ready to pay me. I tied up my clothes, and went down to the tavern, to get myself, if possible, in a settling condition, having about a dollar in my pocket at this time. I there drank about four glasses of brandy. I came back, having it in my thoughts to go to the city of Hudson, as trade (from report,) was good in that place; for drunkards, commonly speaking, never lay their ill-fortune to the right cause, but generally charge their faults to the times, the condition of trade, &c., a thing only partly correct; for some employers give a

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drunkard what wages they think proper, not having much conscience in the matter. Being decided to go to Hudson, I took my bundle in my hand and started. I met my employer in the door-yard, and said, "Sir, do you intend to pay me or not?" He says, "I have told you what I would do." I said, "Give me one dollar, and I will give you clear of the whole." He says, "I will not," I says, "you are worse than a pirate." He says, "Now I will never pay you one cent." I told him I might as well give him a receipt. Taking my clothes in my left hand, hauling off deliberately, and hitting him across the bridge of the nose, I felled him to the ground as his receipt giving him a couple of kicks into the bargain. By this time, the hands discovering it from the factory, made a sally out after me in aid of the boss. I jumped over the fence into the fields and woods, and went across-lots towards Hackensack, not going to Paterson, as I had first intended, as I had learned at that early day, that a drunkard has no chance in what is generally called a court of justice; for while that name could be branded upon him, he was sure to find no mercy or equity in law, for prejudice often takes the place of law. I stopped at the tavern in Hackensack, and there took some more of that stuff for elevating the feelings. I then went onwards to Tappan. I here went to work for a day or two to get money. There being no regular conveyance from here up the river, I started on foot to go over the Highlands. On my way I came to a tavern where there happened to be a country "training." Standing looking on, at that time quite sober, a man says to me, "Come, stranger, come in and take something, you look tired." I readily complied. I drank one glass with him, when another man says, "Here, one horn aint enough for you, come up and take another." I did so, and when that got into operation, I began to feel rich. I says, "Come, gentlemen, it's my treat now." After drinking there some two or three hours, off and on, I left that place and started on my way on a cross route over the mountains. Being intoxicated, night soon came on, I lost my road, and wandering about for some time in the dark, I tumbled off a precipice, but fortunately without much injury. Not being much hurt, I concluded to make the best of it, and stay where I fell for the night. When I awoke the next morning, I found I had one dollar left. As I sat there counting my money and reflecting, I was aroused by a slight noise among the leaves of the forest. I turned

my eyes about and there beheld a large serpent, (*a huge black snake.*) I instantly sprang to my feet, while he approached towards me with all the fury imaginable, fixing a large pair of eyes intently on me. I having a large cane in my hand, picked up also a large stone. I threw this at him as he was uncoiling, and broke his back, thus disabling this small species of Boa, so that I was enabled to kill him with my stick. It is the practice for this species of serpent to engirdle a man around the throat and strangle him, which undoubtedly would have been the case had he found me asleep. Yet I was at this very time wishing for a portion of a far deadlier serpent, whose venom strikes more sure at the heart—I mean ALCOHOL! I wandered forth, not exactly knowing where I was, bewildered; but in a short time I came to a beautiful spring of pure water. I here drank and allayed my tormenting thirst, but hunger at this time began to gnaw, as I had not eaten since 12 o'clock the day previous. I now sat out to find the river. Sometime between one and two o'clock, I came down to a little dock, a short distance below West Point. Here I found an oyster-boat, which was bound up the river. I found a few houses here, and obtained some refreshment—I got some whiskey, and a bite of something to eat. The oyster-man took me aboard and carried me up the river as far as Cold Springs, on the east side of the river from West Point. I started from here on foot, going along a path which led along the river, then crossing over the Highlands, I came to Fishkill Landing, and went from there to Glenham Factory, but could get no work. I here met with an old shop-mate, who resided here. I stayed a part of the day with him, he being a lover of drink as well as myself. I here used up what little funds I had on hand.

Reader, I give these circumstances, not for the sake of boasting or glorying in my shame—these circumstances, known only to myself and my God—but as I have been charged with dealing severely with Rum-sellers, for the purpose of showing why I am thus severe, and as a lesson of caution to the rising generation, that they may not be allured, as I was, by these insidious arts into the bosom of the destroyer of man, even Alcohol. I now proceed to explain what occurred further to me, as I went onwards towards Hudson.

I stopped at Poughkeepsie, being out of funds, and went to work to get some. I settled off with my employer on the ensuing Saturday,

took my cash, and started again for Hudson. On the road I stopped at one of those "Homes of the stranger," so called, where the serpent was kept, there took a horn to begin with, and then went to playing checkers. I left sometime in the night, much intoxicated, my money all gone, and awoke the next morning, about day break, finding myself stretched out on the cold ground, it being sometime in April. While sitting here I reflected on my past life. Life seemed to me a curse. I determined to put an end to my own existence. I arose and went and sat down by a pond not far off, and deliberated upon the easiest plan of going out of the world! I took from my pocket my "script book," having my name, and destroyed it, for fear some one might carry it to my poor mother. I then took from my pocket a knife and began sharpening it, thinking it the easiest and quickest way to get out of my misery. While doing this, the owner of the farm came up and asked me what I was doing? I honestly owned the truth. He persuaded me to do better, and took me home, gave me a breakfast, and then I went on towards Hudson. As I proceeded on my journey alone and on foot, I made up my mind that I was rather lower than I had ever been before, and resolved to do better. Whether I did or not will be seen hereafter. I soon arrived in Hudson, went to work industriously at my trade, and soon had plenty of money and new clothes. I now went into what was called, among young men, good company—the society of genteel drinkers, all well dressed, and having plenty of money to spend, like myself. We used to meet at a certain grog-shop (now kept no longer) every Sabbath, and hold our meetings with "closed doors."

There we read the sacred book, the Bible, and turned the parable of the Prodigal Son into ridicule, for our amusement: also, one of us, after reading this, would kneel down and make a horrible mockery of the solemnity of prayer, by tone and gesture, in such a style that some of us would tremble, as bad as we were, at that impious blasphemy thus enacted. Worse than this, then that "demon in human shape" behind the bar, would say to us, "*Come up to the altar, gentlemen, and take the sacrament!*"

I was here in Hudson thus drinking, &c., about two years when I made up my mind to get married—at that time being a periodical drunkard! Before this took place, I thought I would settle up with my employer, go to New York, take my "Freedom Spree," as I

termed it, and then get blue no more! After arriving at New York, I went up the North River side of the town, where I had an uncle living, who told me my mother was in town, on the East River side, and if I wanted to see her alive, I had better go to her immediately. On the way to see my mother I stopped and drank at several places, to drown sorrow! When I came where she was, I beheld her the very picture of death! She reached out her hand to me, and says, "Well, George, have you come to see your mother die? Two long years have you been absent, and have not written to me a word of what had become of you, but I learned that you was still a drunkard!" I stood by the bed-side, tears flowed freely down my cheeks but I did not realize the whole, my heart was deadened, Rum had nearly swallowed up all my natural affections—I stupidly listened, as I shed those tears. She lived four days. I used every day to sit by her bed, and there heard her last advice, and those prayers she had so often offered up for me while yet a child. She was a religious professor. The last words I ever heard from the lips of that excellent woman, was a prayer for her son, "*that he might not fill a drunkard's grave,*" and though infidels and skeptics may smile, yet I believe that that prayer has been treasured up in store for me until the appointed time. No one shall persuade me to the contrary. It is *why* I am standing, through God's mercy, a sober man, clothed and in my right mind.

When that mother was placed in the silent grave, and the earth falling solemnly upon her coffin—as I stood by that grave, I took a firm resolution that I would never more get inebriated, but I did not resolve that I would never drink again. I reserved this privilege, as will be seen in due time, to myself, as occasion might offer. After the funeral of my mother, I continued at my uncle's, in company with my cousins, who were sober young men, and consequently behaved myself well during the space of one week. One day, in going through the Bowery, I came across a party of old associates, whom I had formerly been acquainted with at Manhattanville. They fully determined that I should go with them to the races. I rather, through fear, declined, but finally went. I made up my mind I would take nothing but beer and wine, which I supposed would do me no injury. After arriving there I made a bet and won; then after drinking freely of beer and wine, got into a quarrel, after which I drank very

freely of strong brandy, and contrary to my determination when I set out that morning, was that evening carried home in a state of beastly intoxication.

Next morning I felt that all was over with me—that all my resolutions were of no use—that I must inevitably be a drunkard! I then continued on in New York for quite a length of time, drinking and squandering away a considerable amount of property which had been formerly left me by some relatives, and which at this period had recently come into my possession. It was all wasted by me and my drunken companions—all swallowed up by alcohol and irretrievably lost. After I had spent all I was worth, I then came back to the city of Hudson; but as yet bore not the title of drunkard—I was called merely a "good clever fellow, who sometimes loved to spree a little." I soon after this got married; trade becoming dull, and wages being low, I went to work as a common day laborer. At this time nothing particular occurred but every day affairs. I was called a "hard working man and a hard drinking man," but the latter part I do not think was true exactly, for the great difficulty with me was, I always found it easy work to drink, and no task at all!

In the spring of 1828, I went to work at the Print Works, (Marshall's establishment) at blasting rocks. Knowing the work to be dangerous, I made up my mind not to drink liquor, but thought it no harm to drink plenty of beer and cider. I soon got work by the job; then, as was customary, must have whiskey on the ground for the use of self and hands, in which I myself indulged freely, to my cost. To show how careless a man will be when under the influence of alcohol, I will merely state, that whenever a blast ready charged would not quickly go off, I have sometimes taken the match-paper, put fire to the train of powder, and ran away as fast as I could, while the priming was burning out! I now proceed to relate the circumstances of that awful disaster, which disabled me for life. It was entirely occasioned by Alcohol. We were about putting off three blasts on the top of a steep ledge of rocks; it being toward night myself and the man who worked with me were both very much intoxicated. In striking the tamping bar for me, he, from an unsteady hand, struck the spindle, bending the lower point on the solid rock at the bottom of the hole, where the powder is, in rock blasting. It was my place in due time to draw forth this spindle. The manner



in which this is done is to stand leaning directly over the charge below, while the spindle is driven upwards by gently and cautiously striking against the rammer, placed horizontally through the ring of the same. On commencing the withdrawal of the spindle, the point struck fire and blew up the whole, sending me into the air some ten or twelve feet, and carried me over the precipice some thirty feet, landing me insensible upon a heap of sharp pointed stones. I was found bleeding freely from the arteries of the temple. The bones on the right side of the head were driven in, pieces of sharp pointed stone driven into those bones, and which were afterward picked out—the right eye was completely blown out. My left leg was broken in three places; between the knee and foot, the bones were wholly smashed to pieces.

In this deplorable situation, and insensible, I was the next day carried home to my poor wife, and remained insensible, or rather irrational, for the space of 18 days. In 21 days after receiving this injury, my left leg was taken off, by Dr. S. White and Sons, and by means of their extraordinary skill and good attendance, I recovered sufficiently in November following, to hobble round out of doors. During this time of severe suffering, the sympathy and charitable assistance of my kind-hearted and attentive neighbors, was such as can never be forgotten, and should not here be passed over in silence. Prominent among these I instance only two, *Mrs. George McKinstry*, and the late lamented *Elisha Williams, Esq.* But the *real friend* was my ever kind and affectionate wife, who, with her sister, unheeding the cause of the disaster, attended me faithfully night and day; and to their care, and that of the judicious and wise physicians, under God, I owe my life; thus as it were, carrying out the prayer of my poor departed mother!

During the winter after receiving my injury, and the following spring, my friends in Hudson, supposing labor with me was about over, kindly helped me into business, as they imagined, for my benefit. It was that business which, above all others, had been and was to me a curse through life, (anterior to the pledge)—*the business of selling poison in the shape of rum, to my fellow men, to my brethren!* It is a horrible traffic. At that time the business of manufacturing loafers by wholesale and retail, was considered to be as respectable a business as any other. Thank God, it is not so now, and he

who follows it should be ashamed to show his face in society as a man among men, the mark of Cain, the murderer, should be put upon him. Ignorance in those days was some excuse, it is not so now. But I believe I have not much sin to answer from rum selling, for what I did not trust out and sell out, I drank myself, and soon got out of the business, having made but very few drunkards except myself. After I had got rid of my rum, I held up drinking for a while, for I could not obtain the cash to get it with. Shortly after this, circumstances occurred by which I procured a wooden leg, and then commenced peddling books, sawing wood, &c., by which I obtained considerable little sums of money, most of which I laid out for rum. Yet I supported my family as comfortably as it was possible for me to do, with the aid of my smart, industrious wife, whose invaluable assistance I ever repaid by getting high whenever I pleased.

I will now show why I offered myself for church membership, viz: to obtain the sympathy and aid of the brethren in resisting temptation, and enabling me to overcome my drinking and other vicious habits. In the year 1831, if I remember rightly, there was a revival of religion in one of the churches of the city of Hudson. I understood that my wife had been forward to be prayed for. I made up my mind to go the next night and drive her out of the church; but before I could do such a dishonorable act, of course I must, as usual, take freely of liquor. Previous to going, I told a rumseller what I was about to do; he pretended to be rather an honorable, high feeling sort of a fellow, advised me to go, and before going, freely supplied me with as much liquor as I would drink, desiring much to see what he called "the fun" go on! I got dreadfully intoxicated, and went to the church. On my arrival there, and sitting down, found myself so very drunk that I even became ashamed of myself. I then began to reflect back upon my life, I thought of that mother, who had prayed for her recreant son, and finally died a member of a church of this very denomination! I arose, left the meeting, and went home. Next morning I deeply reflected on what had passed. I had not disturbed the meeting; so far I felt right, even if my intention was wrong, and I made up my mind to go to church myself.

I went to the church—I was satisfied with what I heard; I made up my mind to cast off my sins and join the meeting; and I believe if ever a man joined a church with pure intentions, it was myself.

expecting to find "fathers and mothers in Israel, to help me on to God," I found some; but I also found within that society, some of the same habits of those I had found outside, among the common mass, viz: rum-sellers and rum-drinkers.

After I had joined the meeting, I adopted total abstinence from all that intoxicates, for my own personal safety. It was the ground I stood upon, but without signing any pledge. My difficulties, after being admitted a member, and seeing the artifice and presumptuous conduct of those members who yet drank and sold rum, may be readily appreciated. It is a delicate subject, and one necessary to be handled with great prudence; surely if our brother is to blame, it is necessary to do as Paul did, *withstand him face to face!* Seeing these things daily done in the society, occasioned me to speak (as I exhorted them) against it. They immediately arose in direct hostility, not regarding me as a brother, nor a Christian, because I had spoken, forsooth, against rum-drinking and rum-selling in the church of Christ! I will here relate a small circumstance illustrative of the deplorable situation of affairs between myself and the church, at this period: It is as follows:

One Sabbath, our preacher being absent, we met together and held a prayer meeting among ourselves. Two individuals rose to exhort, one of whom the Sunday previous, had been seen drinking brandy, in a grog-shop not far from the church. The other one who rose to exhort was a professed rum-seller. I could not help reflecting upon these circumstances, as these men arose. Such conduct looked to me to be perfectly inconsistent; and after they had sat down, I arose and began also to exhort. Taking a view of *primitive* Christianity, I held forth in my own peculiar way, rather bluntly, perhaps, that in my opinion it was perfectly absurd and preposterous, for men who professed to be correct teachers in Israel, to preach up pure religion in precept, who in practice, had not clean hands through the week, as well as on Sunday! This was indeed quite alarming. They immediately opened upon me, for the men I had stigmatised in this manner, were influential, and men of property, doing much from time to time for the church, by way of funds. They commenced, in very sorrowful accents, and with down cast countenances, in great solemnity, one and all praying at me, instead of praying for me; considering me as an Achan in the camp, one who came up the back way,

instead of regarding me as a brother. I have no doubt, considered themselves as performing strictly their duty, and only thus doing.

That night the preacher, before going into the church, called me into his house and said,

"George, what have you been about to-day? It is strange that I can't go away but something singular must turn up during my absence!"

"Sir," said I, "what have I done? Have I done any wrong, more than to speak against sin?"

"The thing is right enough to speak against," replied he, "but you didn't time it right."

"Well, sir," answered I, "you preach up procrastination to be the thief of time, so according to your own doctrine, I went to work as I ought to, and took the present time."

He then replied, "these things must stop, or you must leave the church."

"You can't throw a stone into that church at the devil," was my reply, "without hitting a professor!"

To this he made no reply. From that time there was continually a broil or a dispute, and I myself ran into retaliation, rather than pure Christianity, being at times much irritated. There is, indeed, but little benevolence and good will in a dispute, be it wherever it may.

These disputes continued for some months, until some of the society came to the determination that I must either withdraw from the meeting, or they would expel me from it; I chose the former, and taking my certificate, withdrew, and left the church. Going down through the streets of Hudson to my abode, I took the certificate from my pocket and wept bitterly over it, reflecting I knew not what course to adopt next, for the church had refused to be a mother to save the poor, desolate, and heart-broken drunkard, and what was called respectability, had turned against me, and I was left to my own resources. I feared the politicians and political orders of the day, for they had hitherto proved my bane; and at last concluded to go to another meeting, one of the same denomination that I had left, but rather modified so far as discipline was the object. This meeting professed to work on better principles than the old church, but not-

withstanding these promises, I found in this meeting, as members, both rum-sellers and rum-drinkers. I soon began to see that there was scarcely anything free from the contagion of Alcohol.

I will here relate a single incident, but one of the most striking character, in relation to religious rum-drinking, and which very plainly shows the evil of tampering with this most insidious enemy of man.

A new preacher had arrived from a distance, and gave us what he called a temperance lecture. He, in this discourse, drew up the drunkards into an army by themselves, and all he did was to ridicule and asperse these poor unfortunates—these miserable outcasts of society, but said nothing against the one who was the most to blame—the precious, respectable, church-going rum-seller! When he came down from the desk, I said to him—“*Sir, you have let the highest officer the devil has in his ranks go, and haven't said a word against him!*” He said, “*Good brother S— was here to-day, and I didn't wish to hurt his feelings!*” I said to him “*I don't think much of good brother S—, and a good deal less of you, sir.*”

When my readers come to consider what I was in search of at this time, viz: the deliverance from the power of Alcohol, and my disappointments, one on the back of the other, at finding no help from the place where I should have found it, in the church, they'll not be surprised at the warmth and irony of my remarks to those so-called ministers of Jesus, who were thus aiding and abetting rum-selling and inebriation, instead of putting it down under foot as has been since done by inebriates themselves, in which they have been aided by many in the ministry and in the church. We believe God himself aided these Reformers in their first footsteps from ruin—to him alone be the thanks!

Another preacher belonging to this church commenced a course of, as I call them, “*wine-sermons!*” In one of those sermons, speaking about wine, he mentioned it as spoken of highly by Christ (actual wine) under the title of the “*New wine of the covenant or kingdom.*” He said wine was, when used properly, very suitable for the use of man, and said the Bible enjoined us to “*to make use of a little for the stomach's sake!*” He said our Saviour made wine, &c. He preached a number of these “*wine sermons.*”

After one of them, as he came out of the pulpit, I said to him, “*Sir, you appear to preach up Alcohol as a means of salvation, but you'll find him a bad horse to ride to heaven on. He'll throw you before you get there!*” To this he made no reply. This unfortunate person, as I understood, after concluding his lectures here in Hudson, went to the city of New York: he there plunged into intemperance; became a common drunkard, and, in one of his moments of remorse, like Judas, he put an end to his existence by hanging himself! These things occurred before the church was fully aroused to a proper apprehension of the enormous evils of using and vending intoxicating liquors, and before the discovery of the modern, Washingtonian method of reclaiming the inebriate, viz: by the law of love and kindness, and although the skeptic and infidel may think I speak lightly of Christianity and its institutions, yet such is not my intention, for we Washingtonians believe that there is no true standard for morality, but the Bible.

To the first society I alluded to, (of which I was a member,) much credit is now due for coming in with the temperance reformation. Through the active and untiring perseverance of the present pastor of that flock, not a rum seller or a rum drinking man, remains according to the best information I can get on the subject.

I now proceed in conclusion to show what took place after I had left the churches, in regard to political drinking and the evils of dominoes, checkers, grog-shops drinking and associations or clubs founded for that purpose in the city of Hudson during that period previous to Pollard and Wright's arrival here.

I now concluded to leave the church entirely to take care of itself and consequently went on the broad road to ruin; giving up to the solicitations of political leaders, and old companions in the habit of drinking, as I had formerly done, before I joined the meeting. For a long time I drank very sparingly of strong beer or wine, until at some political meeting when men of character, respectability and influence would gather around me, and solicit me to drink liquors of a stronger nature, and invite me to their mass meetings, and would often pay for my going, to get me along with the best of them. When there I would generally get pretty well corned, but not so much so as to get down; and at those times would pour

forth these sarcasms against the opposite side without control, after my own peculiar way, while under the power of liquor, displaying those natural, but excited talents given me; not benefiting others or myself as now, but to my own ruin and misery. I will illustrate this by an instance in point. In 1840, being solicited to go to a mass meeting at Kinderhook, I accordingly went, where there was a large ox roasting whole in the woods; at least, so I was told was the case, but I did not see the ox then, nor have I seen it since. For this there was a good reason. The reason I did not see it was, some young gentlemen from Hudson, and from the South, got me up into a room in the hotel where was a table set out with every delicacy heart could imagine—plenty of all sorts of liquors, and choosing me for their chairman, placed me at the head of the table, to give a zest to the whole. Here were toasts given without number, liquor drank in any quantity; and I believed myself honorably and patriotically employed in taking care of the nation.

To give another scene. When Van Buren was on his travels through the country as President, on his arrival at the city of Hudson, he received his guests with great cordiality and friendship at the Hudson House. I was introduced to the President by Hon. John W. Edmonds, as a man who was "lame in limbs but sound in heart."

I said "Yes, a professional gentleman."

"What is your profession?" inquired the President.

"A wood-sawyer, if your honor pleases," was my reply.

He then asked me how I could get a living under my infirmities. I told him, "at my profession."

After this, I drank toasts that day with some of the greatest political characters the country affords, and soon got quite blue, finding out to my complete satisfaction that getting drunk in high life was about the same as getting drunk in low—the difference being too small to be perceived.

I will finish this view of political drinking, by presenting the reader with a few scenes enacted the first day of the great election of 1840, when rum was the order of the day on both sides. I, for my own part, had so much of the affairs of the nation on my head, that the pavements flew up occasionally and struck me in the face,

thus having three fights the first day for the nation's glory, often abusing my very best friends personally, for no other reason but that they were opposed to me in politics; but now at the present time, since sobriety has taken the place of rum, I treat men very differently, regarding them as brothers, and only anxious for the welfare of them all.

I merely give a detail of these facts, hoping that a change in public morals and affairs may occur in due time. I wish if possible to rescue my nation from alcohol, in such a manner that political demagogues may not for the future trample heedlessly upon the rights of poor men—men perhaps of talent and learning equal to themselves, causing them to vote any thing they may choose, when under the influence of inebriation, which has formerly, but too often, been the case among us. This is from one who has suffered severely from that course of usage—and there are many of us.—The last year of my drinking life was the worst, for I was nearly every night intoxicated. I used after I got through my days work, to resort to the steam-boat office in Hudson, and other hells of a drinking character, where I drank and caroused, and played dominoes till a late hour of the night. On going home, I ever found a candle burning for me, and my wife in wretchedness and sorrow, bathing the pillow with her tears, the little child, my only daughter, in her arms. My wife's way was never to find fault or scold, but to pass the hours in weeping for her unworthy husband. When I went to bed I laid stupidly sleeping off the fumes of the poison, and often awoke in the night, and felt that raging thirst, I cannot by words describe, desiring to get more of the poison to quench my parched throat, and often praying fervently that I might never see the light of another day. To give a scene: One night, after being out until 2 o'clock in the morning, leaving my unfortunate wife deploring my conduct alone and solitary, she since has told me she took shavings and matches and come to the front door to set fire to that grog shop where I was, but her courage failed her. To you, drinker, I would ask—supposing this unfortunate woman had done that dreadful deed, who ought to have been punished, she or me? I contend that I ought to have gone to prison and the rum-seller with me, arm in arm, instead of her; what will not people do when in despair?

It was the custom in those times, about the year 1840, for unfortunate and miserable individuals in desperate circumstances, and poor laboring men who worked for a living, when they could find it to do, or when sober enough to do it, to congregate together as associates, and Sunday was generally passed by us in this manner, viz: drinking together like a band of brothers, joined in the cause of intemperance. If one had not the means to defray expenses, the other had, and so the game went on, Sunday after Sunday, and there seemed no end to it in those times.

To give some of the scenes which transpired in one notorious house of resort, in the lower part of Hudson, where we used to meet, I will state that we formed a drinking club, called the "Garret Society," where rules and regulations were as follow:

1st. Men in order to be good members of this society must attend to every body's business except his own.

2d. They must pay their rum bills in preference to their bread bills.

3d. Must know what their neighbors had for breakfast, and whether it was paid for or not, and,

4th. Never to speak well of any religious order.

Of this society I was chosen President. My duties as President was to examine the society, and drink at the overhauling of any member. But whenever I sat down and any thing like consciousness returned to my mind, I would have to get up and pour down that poison, in order to drown any thing like feeling. I would endeavor with all my might to believe in infidelity, but one moment's reflection would make me miserable, and I destroyed self-reproach by pouring down the direful drug. I give these scenes of fact to arouse some fathers and mothers in this city; I have seen boys scarce 18 years of age, of respectable parents, allowed on Sunday in these grog holes of perdition, some of which yet exist in this city, to get drunk for the money as often as they pleased, and remain there in the loft, stowed away until they were sober. A fine school this for morality, I must confess—a great school to initiate criminals in—a regular passport to state prison or the gallows.

I continued on drinking until my wife had become much alarmed, and made up her mind that the best course for her to pursue was to part from me, for she saw nothing surer than that she must go

to the county house, if I continued on in the way I had. She one afternoon took occasion to tell me this, with tears in her eyes. I mistook her motive, as no man who is in the habit of drinking rum can judge aright, drunk or sober, unless he has been sober for some days. I told her coolly she might go in welcome, if she so pleased. This was in the Summer of 1841, about one week before Pollard and Wright came to the city of Hudson.

When those men came to this city and threw out their advertisements, it caused considerable excitement here, by reason that their method being so much out of the ordinary way of lecturing, as in houses, or churches; whereas they proposed lecturing on the public square, in the open air. I was in the steam-boat office when one of their advertisements was put up, stating that Pollard and Wright, the Baltimore reformed drunkards, would give a lecture on the Public Square, at 6 o'clock, that evening. *Reformed drunkards* being somewhat of a novel title to us at that period, as it was in fact in many places throughout the state. For example—in one place out west, where these philanthopists had sent their advertisements, stating that they would be there to lecture on the subject of temperance, a colored man coming along, and reading the same passed on, and meeting one of his companions called Sambo, said to him "There are two of these reformed drunkards from Baltimore coming here to lecture on the subject of the temperance reformation." The other became frightened, and in the greatest consternation exclaimed, "By gosh, you don't catch dis nigger out of door after dark!" and in the same way, in a certain degree, it was received here, for said I to my drinking companions, "Let us go and see what kind of cattle these are!"

Accordingly we went up to see and hear them. Our intention was to go and make fun of them; and the rum-sellers' plan was, if possible, to break up their meetings. Pollard was on the stand, and speaking to the following effect—that a man could work as well in a hot summer's day without liquor as he could with. I immediately replied, "I guess if you had ever sawed a load of wood on a hot summer's day, you would like a *smasher* too, as well as myself."—This created a laugh; with that he commenced to tell his own experience. Going into a detail of his own miseries—the various incidents which composed his life—he gave in

that relation a true and actual picture of my own life, and drinking habits, which had upon me considerable effect. It became, even in spite of myself, interesting.

At this period a rumseller came up to me and says: "George, if you'll go home and get your bell, and kick up a row here, I'll give you a dollar."

I told him it would not pay. (It must be understood that at this time I was common crier for the city of Hudson—attending auctions—peddling books—sawing wood—drinking rum, &c., for a living.)

A drunkard who was made so for this purpose, standing by, kept continually calling Pollard and Wright liars!

I told him to stop his noise,—I did not want to hear but one talking in a crowd at a time!

To this he replied—"You are a drunkard as well as I am!"

I admitted it, and says, "It is no credit to me, and if you open again you are down."

He commenced calling names again, as before, and I immediately floored him. Some of the rum-sellers found fault with me for so doing; but I told them "I would keep order any way they could fix it." One of the Washingtonians came up to me after the meeting was over, and shaking hands, thanked me very kindly for stopping the noise. I told him to attend to his own business—not wishing to show any humiliation.

This course of lecturing, telling the drunkard that he was indeed a man among men, instead of despising and denouncing him, appeared to me quite a new method of talking—and seemed to suit my feelings exactly.

The next day one of those demons in human shape—a rumseller, came to me and said, "George, if you will go and sit in a chair, and give away Rum to-day on the Public Square, I will make it as good as 25 dollars to you!" My reply was, "I will not do it." He then offered me 10 dollars to go and speak against Pollard and Wright. I told him "I would not do it at any price."

I heard them that afternoon, and the next morning made up my mind to two things:—one was to sign the Pledge before I went to sleep that night, and the other was, to get drunk before I did sign it. Accordingly I got very blue, and then, went to the Temper-

ance lecture. A man I found there drunk, calling Pollard a liar; (the second one so doing,) as usual employed for that purpose by rum-sellers. I went up to him with my cane, in a menacing attitude, and says to him, "If you ain't out of this in a minute, I'll hit you a rap over the head."

A rumseller says to me, "That man can whip you in a minute."

I says to him, "It's a job you and him had better let out."

They were both silenced, not daring to proceed. Thus Satan's kingdom seemed to me to be divided against itself, and ready to fall down! After the meeting was over, I, with several more of my drinking companions, signed the Pledge.

I then started for home. When I arrived, my wife, seeing the condition that I was in, looked melancholly and down-hearted, as she had often done before. My little girl, about four years of age, went into one corner of the room, to get out of my way. I myself felt well and contented, at this time, though drunk—that glorious Pledge giving me Temperance Freedom, was signed.

I looked up at my wife, and spoke about as follows, nearly in these words: "Old woman I've signed the Pledge!"

"Well" said she, "you look like a Pledge subject."

I continued to repeat again "that I had signed the Pledge!"

She looked up, and perceiving in spite of the disguise of liquor I was in, that I was in earnest, she placed her hand upon my shoulder, and all the while in that affectionate look, and while the tears streamed down her cheeks, she exclaimed, "Then George, I am a happy woman, for I am satisfied that you will never break it!" Those words shall never be proved false by me, and those expressions seem to make the Pledge stronger, even yet, as I reflect upon them.

The next morning I felt miserably bad; I could eat no breakfast, for the want of my usual dram. At two in the afternoon every limb began to tremble in agitation, and ideas of horror and desolation pervaded my mind. I was the most wretched feeling man, as I supposed, in existence. Every nerve appeared to be unstrung; I had no idea that I was so far advanced in drinking, until that period; for the Pledge is the touchstone of a man's real situation—this situation, though I had not felt it before, had in truth for a long time been mine—I was just on the edge, I sup-

pose, of the Drunkard's Delirium Tremens—that situation in which Earth appears to be an infernal region full of fiends and horrors dire—ideas and fancies which have no name, above or below;—but in all this I had but one thought, one idea, ruling over all—live or die, I'll take no Rum, but will adhere to the Pledge!

In three days after signing, they had me up speaking Temperance in the Hall. I myself, as I told them, having as yet the shakes of Rum upon me, and consequently said but very little.—They continued every evening to call me up to the stand, for the first fortnight. I kept counting every day the hours as they passed, for the rum-sellers prophesied that I would not keep the pledge good for a fortnight—and some old drinkers gave me three months; but here the friends of Temperance took me by the hand, and showed such confidence in me—and used me so kindly—noticing and respecting me—perhaps more than I ever had been, that it was as it were, impossible for me to do different than to keep the Pledge. Indeed from the first hour I signed it, I never desired to violate that sacred engagement.

After the first fortnight of speaking in public, I then began going to the surrounding neighborhood. At this time rum-sellers were endeavoring to send out their votaries to create fights. I was called upon one Sunday afternoon to address the people of the village of Athens in the open air; coming down to the ferry to go across the river, I was obliged to wait a short time for the small boat. I saw a man and his wife coming down the hill; the woman with a child in her arms, followed by a little girl about six years of age. I saw that the man and woman were both intoxicated; they were making their way as well as they were able, to that slaughter house of human reason—the grog shop. I thought I would watch, as near as I could to see if the fiend in human shape, the rum-seller, could have conscience to sell liquor to those people under existing circumstances. He did so; the woman after drinking, soon began to behave like a maniac, endeavoring to fight her husband. She would take up her little infant and hold it out by its arm, and throw it back again on her own arm; at last standing at the door, she raised her child up and dashed it on the pavement! It was taken up by a colored woman, and after some time came to so that it began to cry; then, by order of the rum-seller

or some other individual, a drinking police-officer took the party off to jail, followed by the little girl—the colored woman carrying the infant, which was crying as it went along.

Reflecting upon this, I could not avoid making the comparison of the leopardess fondling affectionately over her offspring whilst the human being acted otherwise. What could have caused this strange difference, so contrary to human nature, but rum? Recollect this occurred on the Sabbath day, in direct violation of the laws of God and man.

I was there told if I went over the river to speak temperance, the rum-sellers and rum-drinkers of Athens would throw me off the dock. I replied, “*After the scene I have just witnessed, I would go there to speak if it cost me my life!*” I went over; there I found Mr. Fox and several other professors of religion standing ready to receive me, and assist me in this glorious warfare. As I arose and commenced speaking, the rum-sellers turned out (as I afterwards heard) 15 drunkards, whom they had prepared previously for the occasion—the intention being to throw me off the dock. They came out howling and howling, endeavoring to drown the sound of my voice with their noise. I used them like men, and soon got their attention. They began to listen to my discourse; I talked about an hour and a half. I saw before I finished their heads drooping, and the tears freely flowing. When I closed my discourse 14 out of the 15 came and signed the pledge; the next day the remaining one signed. The rum-sellers perceived that they had given away their liquor for nothing.

At this time the temperance excitement in Hudson was at a high pitch. The rum-sellers kept fondly feeding themselves on the vain hope that the excitement would soon blow over; but we that had been so long in the slavish chains of appetite, felt that we had now got free, and that we again were men. To show the state of feelings prevalent at this time, I will relate a little circumstance: about the last of August 1841, there was to be a meeting on the public square, at the head of Warren street, in the city of Hudson. I overheard two rum-sellers talking to themselves in this wise, “*We ought to mob these scoundrels!*” One made reply and said “*But who can we get to do it? the mob is all on their side!*”

But here I would not pass over this opportunity to tender my

thanks to the ladies of the city of Hudson, and to the old friends of temperance, for aiding and assisting the temperance reform in the manner that they have done, and also for the kindness and attention they have possibly not undeservedly bestowed upon one, a humble individual like myself, who has devoted his life to this great cause of love and humanity.

To you my dear brother, who as yet drink of the poison bowl, I would say, you think you have comfort—but your comfort is pain, for the drunkard when drunk, never sleeps, he sinks into a transitory feeling—his dreams are dreams of wretchedness. One moment he thinks, if language be expressive enough to tell what he thinks that he sees angels bearing him joy and consolation, to which succeed dreams of horror and despair. One moment in glory he is the happiest—the next the most miserable of created beings. These are some of the sensations I felt when I was a drunkard, if I could but reveal them in language sufficiently horrible—but I feel as if I was making but faint pictures against the walls of intemperance and despair. I would say here, reader, I do not enter into this task of throwing open to public gaze the incidents of my unfortunate life, for the sake of glorying in my own degradation, misery and shame. Such was not my intention. I desire if possible to save the young men from travelling down through the same path of ruin, woe and misery unspeakable—or throw myself between him and the gutter, and to place him, if possible on that platform where he should stand, an honor to himself and all around him, and where God designed he should stand.

While the sober part of community look upon the bleared eye of the drunkard, and the bloated face, they pass him by, (or formerly did) with contempt, considering that there is no use in attempting to save that being who is thus degraded, but let us all remember that he is a man. For my part I care not how sunken by crime, or how polluted he is in intemperance, there is a chord existing which when touched, will vibrate, and he may be saved. Drunkenness used to be considered worse than death, but it is not so now, since the days of the Baltimore Reformers, for death cannot be cured, but intemperance can. I would relate a little incident that transpired some four or six weeks after I had signed the pledge. One day my wife sent a little girl to the store:—my lit-

tle daughter, about four years of age, accompanied her. When she returned, getting up in the chair at the table, she looked at me very earnestly and said, "Father, you's a man now!" "Why, daughter?" I asked her—"There's a man over to the store says you's a man now—you don't drink any more rum!" I could not avoid thinking when such a little one looked pleased to see her father a man again, it was time for every drunkard to reform.

I would here present to my readers a few plain but homely illustrations of plans for reforming the unfortunate. Saving the drunkard is like raising a sunken vessel with a valuable cargo aboard, in tide water. Put a vessel on each side of the sunken hulk, timbers across each vessel, working a chain underneath her bottom—then heaving taut on the jack screws, as the tide falls, heaving down the vessel at slack water, gunnels to, having an anchor ashore;—in comes the tide—the old hulk and all raise together, tide after tide, until they get the old hulk ashore, so that at low water she is dry. They now take out the cargo—stop the leak; repair the craft, and again she goes sailing over the water. The peruser may ask, "how will this apply to saving the drunkard?" I answer: Here is the drunkard, lost to character, lost to society, to all human appearance the image of God is entirely lost. We put the ship Martha Washington one side, the ship Washington Benevolent on the other side, and the timber is union between the two societies.

We then get up with our chain of Experience, and work down under that old hulk of a drunkard, until we get below him in the gutter, and he begins to raise: in comes the tide of public sentiment, and it carries him along until we get him safe ashore on the pledge. We then stop his leak of rum-drinking. The anchor leading ahead is the ward-room of the Martha Washingtons, and the benevolence of the Washingtonians, also a new anchor is now on the lead, the sors of Temperance. We then overhaul his topworks, get the blotches from his face—and again he has the appearance of a man.

What do we find in this once sunken hulk? We find a mind which God has given him to raise him above the brute creation, which was sunk and overpowered by Rum, we also find an immortal soul, burnt and scorched by Rum, which now takes the



stand where God designed it should. As an instance of this statement, three years ago, in one part of Connecticut, there was a poor fiddler who went from one shop to another, fiddling for Rum; but the reform reached him, and brought that gem of talent, long hid, into use; and the people have sent him as their Representative to the Halls of Congress! What Short of Total Abstinence could have done this?

There are some individuals in society, who argue that the Temperance cause is not Religion, but they themselves claim to be in advance of it in that respect, though they drink and sell Rum. I would say to such, that I never would argue the temperance cause, could I not argue it upon gospel principles, and I think I shall be able to show them that they are mistaken. In order to show them that I will take the gospel ladder to prove the standard of temperance. That says—"Add to your faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge Temperance," which is the third round in the gospel ladder. We then look to Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness and Charity, the top round of the ladder; and the inquiry with me is, how those men that drink and sell rum, have ever got on the top round and never have stepped on the temperance round—the Bible clears it up and says—"He that goeth up by any other way, the same is a thief and a robber!" Some men use the argument that this means temperance in all things. I admit it, and I believe in a temperate use of all laudable means, or a total disuse of that which is not—or, using St. Paul's words, who says—"It is good not to use flesh, or drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbles or is made weak." There St. Paul, on the ground of expediency, to say the very least of it, was willing to go total abstinence, rather than his brother should fall.

Many persons rather excuse themselves out of the Bible when drinking, by saying that our Savior made wine out of pure water—and Timothy drank wine for his often infirmities, and stomach sake. This appears to be excuse enough for them in drinking the same. They never look at those passages that speak against it. This reminds me of a sermon preached by Lorenzo Dow, in a certain neighborhood where the women wore top knots on their bonnets. He took his text as follows "*Top knot come down!*" The women on their return home, looking for the chapter and verse, found it in the

place which says—"Let him who is on the house top, not come down!"

Not desiring to tire the patience of my readers any further, I might give many interesting scenes and anecdotes which have occurred in my travels through different parts of this country, as a Temperance lecturer, which travels in due time may be published. I signed the pledge the 10th day of July, 1841, and since that time have obtained some 25,000 signatures to the pledge; and out of that number, some 6,000 were confirmed drunkards, and in the places I have re-visited, I find a good share of them have kept the Pledge; but in this I wish to claim no particular credit to myself. When I come to view the pit from whence I was dug, I can only feel thankful to God that I was spared; thus fulfilling and answering the prayers of that once neglected mother.

Those who think I have been severe upon professors, drinking or selling, or those who in any way aid and abet the same, let them reflect that I have to regret a neglected parent, and for many years a ruined character, and nearly a ruined family, I take this course to let the truth come fairly before the world to change public sentiment, and if possible to rescue the unfortunate Drunkard, and save the rising generation.

To you I say, brothers, knowing the objections which are brought against Reformed men, generally by those who have not signed the pledge, and stand aloof from the Temperance cause, I would name some of them. They say, "It is true you have quit drinking Rum, but you use profane language, blackguardism and those habits which lower and degrade us enough without drinking Rum." Let us then on the ground of expediency, if for no other reason, show to the world that in all moral points, we are reformed men, and as sober men we have the privilege of going up that ladder to the top round, and to step into that door which no man can shut.

In conclusion, I would advise my brethren to do as I shall—viz: shun the grog-shops and the rumseller, as we would a mad dog that we knew would bite us—for many by frequenting these have fallen.

Finally, let us trust in God to give us strength to hold up in this great endeavor—and consider above all things that if we never take the first glass, we never again shall be drunkards.

END OF PART FIRST.

### Licensed! To do what?

- Licensed to make the strong man weak;
- Licensed to lay the wise man low;
- Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,  
And make her childrer's tears to flow.
- Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;
- Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
- Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
- Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.
- Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain,  
And rob him of his very last;
- Licensed to heat his feverish brain,  
Till madness crown thy work at last.
- Licensed, like spider for a fly,  
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
- To mock his struggles—suck him dry—  
Then cast the worthless hulk away.
- Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,  
To bring disease, and want, and wo;
- Licensed to make this world a hell,  
And fit man for a hell below.

## PART SECOND.

As in the conclusion of part first I have spoken about publishing some portions of my travels, with certain anecdotes and incidents attending them, I, in some degree, intend in this addition to make this promise good, and now proceed to give my reader a few curious circumstances which, as they have occurred under my own eye I know to be true.

After visiting some parts of Columbia County, and of Greene County, I was invited to come to Delaware County, where in about two months and a half I obtained three thousand to the pledge.

As I have promised only to give a few incidents, one in particular at Harpersfield I will instance. A man once of a respectable character, and had at that time a respectable family grown up around him, a man of extensive business, having credit at the Banks, became a drunkard, but had not lost as yet, all his property, but every thing was at "loose ends." He had become a terror to his family, his wife and family would have to leave the house when he came home under the influence of liquor. His wife yet carries a scar upon her arm made with a butcher's knife when he attempted to kill her. I promised his son I would use my best endeavors to reach him, and make a sober man of him. The first time I went to see him, he was very ugly and threatened to whip me. I told him "I was'n't afraid of a drunken man, any way he could fix it, I was bound to save him some way or another." He turned away from me and wouldn't hear me any farther at that time. I went to him the second time, and with a conversation which I had with him, he somewhat yielded to my arguments. I went to him a third time, and found him in his house.

He says, "What! have you come again?"

I said "yes, and am determined to come until I have you as a President of a Washingtonian Society."

I had some conversation with him, in which I threw my own life before him. He became interested, his heart softened, and finally he melted into tears—he went with me that night to meeting and signed the pledge. Next night following we made him President of a Washingtonian Society. He has since maintained his pledge like a man. His business he has again got righted up, and behaves like an honorable man in his family. His wife and children say that they thank God for the day I arrived to save their father.

Whilst in Delaware County, I stopped at Gilboa, the place where my father now (1844) resides, and also the place where I spent many days of boyhood, and where I received a great part of my schooling, and where that mother so often knelt with her son in prayer. Here I spoke before a great many of my old school-mates, and many of the old friends of my mother. In two evenings in this place, I obtained about four hundred to the pledge. Here I reached one peculiar case, a man who had squandered away by neglect and drinking two farms, and had one farm yet left, but placed in such a way that he could not spend it. He had had the *delirium tremens* several times. Once in a drunken fit he had broken his leg. I went home with him the first night I spoke there. His wife, anxious if possible, something should be done with him in the way of reformation, entreated me to save him if possible. I conversed with him, relating anecdotes, &c., until about twelve o'clock at night, when I said to him, "I want you to be President of a Washingtonian Society in this place." He consented and signed the pledge—from that hour it may be said a change took place in his family. He is now a member of the Methodist Church, attends to his business, and his family are happy.

One year ago last December, I was in Hartford County, Conn. attending a County Meeting. The people there engaged me to come and give them seven or eight lectures. The first evening I spoke in the Church at Berlin; as I was speaking a well dressed man, but intoxicated, came up in front of me, and making some discourse, such as a drunken man would do, the old friends of temperance were for putting him out of doors. I objected; promising, if they would

let him remain, I would make him a President of a Washingtonian Society, as they wanted one in that place. He stood and listened pretty nearly through my discourse, when he went out of the house, muttering and threatening to get a gun to shoot me. I told him I was not alarmed, except he shot me with Alcohol!

The next morning he came out with three jugs slung upon the saddle of his horse. He came in front of the tavern, and inquired whether they kept good cider brandy. The landlord told him it was rather new. He raising his jug said, "This jug has cost me fifteen hundred dollars, and I now swear eternal vengeance against rum and rum-sellers." He smashed his jug upon the door stone. Going on to a second grog-shop, he with like language smashed another. He went to a third place, where they professed merely to sell it as a medicine, but a man could be sick for a pint, quart or gallon, as he had money—here he also smashed a jug. The next day after these circumstances, I got in conversation with him; he then made up his mind to sign the pledge, which he did. They made him President of a Washingtonian Society in that place. This man proves to be a man of talent, and had for the last fifteen years, spent about thirty thousand dollars for old alcohol—he is yet worth about twenty thousand. He was a terror to his own family and all the neighborhood, while intoxicated. My last visit to this place, which was in May, 1845, found him Grand Worthy Patriarch of the order of the Sons of Temperance established here; also, some of the leading men of that Town said, now he was one of the best of neighbors, and the kindest of fathers. I staid one night at his house; his wife said her home was a happy one; his mother, (eighty years of age) took me by the hand and said, "I am now prepared to die; mine eyes have now beheld the sight—my son is a sober man, I can leave my property with him now, and feel that it will not do him an injury."—She commenced praying for me, and pouring out her soul to God in thanksgiving and grateful praise for the good which had been done their family.

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ing to clothe his children with—they had in all eleven in a family next day he was sorry enough for what he had done, but not sorry enough to quit drinking rum. He came home at another time, in the winter, and she was obliged to rise to save her life. He took a stone off of the jam of the fire-place, threw it, and hit her on the back of the head. She turned round and said, "Well, Ehjah, what have I ever done to you that you should do this to me?" She went to one of the neighbors, and again took care of a drunkard's home. In February of the same winter, he again came home one day, very much intoxicated. He took a butcher knife in his hand, and said he would go and take his own life. She got the neighbors to endeavor to take it

## Incidents of Travel.

HAVING travelled much in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York, I might give many interesting scenes and incidents; but since I was injured in 1828, my sight is bad, and I cannot see to keep a journal. Consequently, I trust chiefly to memory, in giving these incidents, if given at all.

Of these incidents I present the following very striking one. Near the town of Grafton, Rensselaer county, where Massachusetts joins on to New-York state, the present circumstances occurred, which I have from the individual himself, and the clergyman who preached his wife's funeral sermon.

A young man, some years ago, was married under very favorable circumstances, having a farm clear of debt, which was left him by his father. But he was a moderate drinker. He continued on drinking until he became a confirmed drunkard, neglected his business, and mortgaged his farm. Some few years rolled on; he did not pay the interest and the mortgage was foreclosed. A small house and lot was bought out of the avails of the sale of his farm, for the use of his family. To show how liquor will lead a man to destroy his own home, I have only to give this man's progress in ruin. Near the house ran a stream of water, and over it laid a log. His wife would watch there late at night, hours at a time, in order to get her husband over it in safety. One night, as she had been thus watching, he came home, it being late in the fall of the year. She got him over, as usual, and he went into the house. Something did not suit him, as a poverty reduced drunkard is hardly ever suited with his wretched home. He tore the cloth out of the loom which she was weav-

ing to clothe his children with—they had in all, eleven in a family. Next day he was sorry enough for what he had done, but not sorry enough to quit drinking rum. He came home at another time, in the winter, and she was obliged to flee to save her life. He took a stone off of the jam of the fire-place, threw it, and hit her on the back of the head. She turned round and said, "Well, Elijah, what have I ever done, to suffer this from *your* hand?" She went to one of the neighbors, and was under medical treatment for a few days; she then went back, to again take care of a drunkard's home. In February of the same winter, he again came home one day, very much intoxicated. He took a butcher knife in his hand, and said he would go and take his own life. She got the neighbors to endeavor to take it away from him, but they could not. She went up to him and said, "Elijah, give me that knife!" He held out the knife with the blade towards her, and as she grasped her hand upon it, he drew it through with violence, cutting her fingers to the bone. She went home with her bleeding hand.

In March following, disease fastened upon her, and death, a welcome messenger, summoned her to her peaceful home in heaven!—The children were afterwards taken from him, and put out at places in the surrounding neighborhood, the house was vacated, and the grog-shop became his home. Several of the children would go, at times, to the old house, and kneeling down, would cry there hours at a time, "Mother, mother! come back, mother!" But no mother came.

I would ask the rum-seller to go with me to such a scene, and see the workmanship of his own hands—the result of his greedy avarice. I would ask the moderate drinker to go with me, and all who refuse to sign this glorious pledge to go with me; for that man, by means of the temperance reform, has become clothed and in his right mind. Concerning this individual, undoubtedly after being deprived by the rum-seller of all his property, his mind was in a state of despair, which unquestionably led him yet farther to drink, and also to despise that life which, without the comforts of wealth was of no use to him. This continued until the reformation found him, and placed him right. The rum-seller who obtained a mortgage on this man's property, and took it from him, leaving him thus wretched, was a deacon of that town, and, as report states, sells rum yet. A curious

way this, we must confess, to get to heaven—or rather say, the worship of gold instead of God, prompts him to thus injure others.

One day, passing along through Hobart, Delaware co., in company with Dr. Howard, I perceived a poor fellow very much intoxicated, who was leaning against a wall for support. The Doctor said to him, "Sandy, won't you go to-night to temperance meeting?" He replied, "No, I have something nearer my heart than temperance meetings!" taking at the same time from his bosom, the three wine sermons preached by Dr. McCall, of Newburgh. I mention this incident in hopes, if it ever meets the eye of the Doctor, he may see what success his wine sermons have.

It is curious and singular to observe how much, in this country, as well as in other countries, at the present period, the desire for gold influences mankind to the injury of each other, and the setting aside justice and right unto fellow man. I allude, in particular, to the rum-seller; as I often hear him finding fault with Washingtonians, for meddling themselves, (as he says,) with what don't concern them, viz: his method of getting a living. It puts me in mind of those people who, (according to history) reside on the Shetland Islands, and who obtain a livelihood by the very honorable employment of robbing those who may chance to be cast away there. The government proposed putting light-houses on those Islands, but the inhabitants protested strongly against it, stating, "If you do, we cannot get a living for ourselves and families—there'll be no more vessels driven ashore." The rum-seller is not a wrecker of ships, but he's a wrecker of men's families, fortunes, character, honor, soul and body; and he cries out against the light given forth by temperance in Baltimore, which does truly say that the drunkard *is* a man, and can be again restored. I make this comparison, and would ask a candid public which is the worst, the rum-seller or the wrecker? I am aware that the rum-seller will say, "I have a *License* to do this, and therefore, I have a right to do it!" I contend that the *law* may give him the power, but it cannot give him the right; for a man cannot have a right, (in a free country) by law, morally, religiously, or honorably to injure his fellow man. A man may have the power to steal his neighbor's coat, but he has no right to do it, and I will not believe in a man's right to sell rum, until he gets a license from the court of Heaven! Neither will a free and enlightened people believe that

God, for the sake of money, would give a man the right thus to destroy His own image, even man! We hope the time will yet arrive, when this foul blot upon the Statute Book, of licensing men to kill each other, will be erased from its pages.

with Dr. Howard, I perceived a wall for support. The Doctor said to him, "Sandy, won't you go to-night to temperance meeting?" He replied, "No, I have something nearer my heart than temperance meetings!" taking at the same time from his bosom, the three wise sermons preached by Dr. McCull, of Newburgh. I mention this incident in hopes, if it ever meets the eye of the Doctor, he may see what success his wine returns have.

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## Gideon's Army.

THE Temperance Reform reminds me of Gideon's Army, that the Bible speaks of, as the way we have got to capture old King Alcohol.

Gideon came down from the mountains to the waters of Jordan, to take the Midianitish Princes and Kings. The Lord told him he had too many to go to battle; let those who are afraid, go back; and there were 20,000 went back. He then took the waters of Jordan and the Midianitish princes. He had yet 10,000. The Lord told him he had too many to take the kings. He told him to take them down to the waters and try them, and those that drank water the natural way, to set on one side; and those that took up water in their hands, and lapped it like dogs, to set on the other side; and there were 300 which lapped water like dogs—these were the men to take the kings. Pardon me, if I claim these last to be the old drunkards of Ephraim, who have reformed, from the fact that they did not know how to drink water the natural way. He gave up all the possessions he had taken into the hands of those who never had been drunkards. He crossed through Succoth and Penuel. They would give him nothing to eat; for they said, "You can't take the kings with those few men." His weapons were a pitcher, a lamp, and a trumpet. He marched up in front of the Midianitish army, and said to his men, "As I do, do ye also!" He took his trumpet, knocked his pitcher to pieces, hung up his lamp, and commenced blowing.—He turned each man upon his fellow, they slew one another, and he took the kings.

How will this, you may ask, compare with this reform? I will tell you. Here is a reformed drunkard, with an empty pitcher of a life—fifteen or twenty years; and in his mouth a trumpet. He blows the old pitcher to pieces, hangs out the light of his experience among the rum-drinkers and rum-sellers, and he makes the same war with them that Gideon did with the Midianitish army; and that is the way we intend to take old King Alcohol.

## Where does the blame lie?

BY J. P. COFFIN.

O, pity me, lady, I'm hungry and cold,  
Should I all my sorrows to thee unfold,  
I'm sure your kind breast with compassion would flame,  
My father's a drunkard, but I'm not to blame.

My mother's consumptive, and soon will depart,  
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart;  
My poor little sisters are starving! O, shame!  
Our father's a drunkard, but we're not to blame.

Time was, we were happy, with plenty and peace,  
And every day saw our pleasures increase;  
O, then with what kindness we'd lisp forth his name,  
But now he's a drunkard, yet we're not to blame.

Our father then loved us, and all was delight,  
Until he partook of this withering blight,  
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame;  
O, Yes! he's a drunkard, but we're not to blame.

My poor, dying mother, must she feel the scorn?  
Must she be forsaken, to perish forlorn?  
O, grief! when we call on that affectionate name,  
I might well ask the world, can she be to blame?

My sisters, poor orphans! O, what have they done?  
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shun?  
Let not foul disgrace be attached to their name,  
Though their father's a drunkard, they're not to blame!

## An Incident

### TO SHOW HOW RUM-SELLERS ARE INJURED BY THEIR OWN TRAFFIC.

ALTHOUGH I am generally severe upon the bad practice of selling liquor, as it is often done, by permission of law, the licensing men to destroy each other, yet I have sympathy for humanity enough to come down to particulars, and will show even the Rum-seller that he is also injured frequently as much, if not more than he injures others. The even handed justice of Divine retribution frequently gives him the cup of misery which he presents unto his neighbor—perhaps to his only friend. The incident I allude to is the following—names I could give, but do not desire to injure the feelings of some of the surviving friends of those miserable victims of Intemperance.

In Washington County, (N. Y.) there was a farmer some years ago, who was at the time a moral and religious man. As it was common at that period, and popular to obtain what he deemed an easy livelihood, by keeping a tavern and selling rum, he also forsook his plough and went into the business. He soon became fond of the drink he sold to others, and becoming a confirmed drunkard was expelled from the Church as such; his wife and her sons (having three of them) then took charge of the tavern, and would not allow the old man to go within the bar. The old man some five years since died of the delirium tremens, having got his liquor other-

wheres. The oldest son married a neighboring farmer's daughter, who was a wealthy and respectable girl, he too had acquired, by tending bar, the appetite for drink, and soon after marriage became a drunkard. He first began by abusing his wife; one evening she was obliged to send for his brother, who was then bar-tender, to come and protect her. He arrived, and having tied his drunken brother, took his jug with liquor in, drank of it on his way home, got drunk, went home, and there whipped his mother.

*We here would ask any candid, sincere young man, what could make a man more brave than rum?—so brave indeed as to give his own poor old mother a flogging! He will undoubtedly reply, nothing in this world could do it but Rum!*

To return to the brother who was tied for flogging his wife! He was a short time after this taken with delirium, and cut his throat in his own barn! The second brother continued on drinking, until he was also attacked with delirium tremens; and some days previous to death an inflammation seized him in his eyes, and they both burst open and their contents ran out, leaving him totally blind—rolling with horrid frenzy over the floor, and fighting (as he supposed) with devils, until death put an end to his existence, it seeming as if the very Sun refused to be looked upon by a dying drunkard!

The third brother now being introduced into the business of bartending, and duly installed into that honorable office, soon got married, became a drunkard, and in the year 1835 was in the County Jail for whipping his wife. Shortly after these occurrences the property became involved, the tavern stand was closed, and the old lady was left without a cent to help herself; probability is she will end her days in the Poor-house.

I have drawn up the above statement from the relation given me by a Methodist clergyman—a brother-in-law to the one who cut his throat. He stands ready to vouch for its truth and accuracy.

Here we view this singular and beautiful sight: a Division of the "Sons of Temperance," a "Tent of Rectitude," a Union of the "Brothers of Temperance," a Tent of "United Daughters of Rectitude," and a Union of the "Daughters of Temperance," existing the warmer sympathies of the female heart. While all these are distinct and separate in their respective halls, yet all have the same grand and sublime object, and in the glorious Washingtonian Hall are all one. Like lanes of the forest of different timber, but all led by the pillar of cloud and of fire, to the land of temperance and peace.

## The Temperance Family.

"We are all Washingtonians,

We have all Signed the Pledge!"

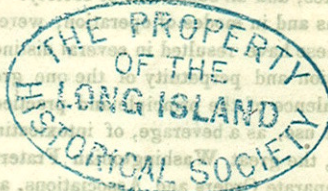
Those who have ever listened to the simple and delightful music of the "Hutchinson Family," will remember the universal bursts of applause with which numerous audiences throughout the country, have greeted the words at the head of this article, as they fell in rich melody upon the ear, from the harmonious voices of those charming vocalists. The harmony of the sentiment expressed, and rot of the sound, is however, our reason for placing them in their present position. The great temperance reformation has enlisted the sympathies and active energies of hosts of the benevolent of both sexes, and all conditions of society. Shades of difference in opinions and in modes of operation, were of course to be expected. These have resulted in several distinct organizations, for the promotion and perpetuity of the one great object,—the universal prevalence of the principle and practice of total abstinence from all use, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquors. We find therefore, the great Washingtonian Fraternity dividing off into various separate Orders and Associations, and still retaining their own identity as distinctly as ever, and acting with their usual, and in some cases, with increased zeal in the Washingtonian ranks; while they are also devoted to the promotion and advancement of the respective societies, to which they have attached themselves.



Here we view this singular and beautiful sight, viz : A Division of the " Sons of Temperance," a " Tent of Rechabites," a Union of the " Brothers of Temperance," a Tent of " United Daughters of Rechab," and a Union of the " Daughters of Temperance," enlisting the warmer sympathies of the female heart. While all these are distinct and separate in their respective halls, yet all have the same grand and sublime object, and in the glorious Washingtonian Hall are all one. Like Israel of old, they are of different Tribes and Families, and they marshal their hosts under different banners, but are all led by the pillar of cloud and of fire, to the land of temperance and peace.

Thus is presented a delightful picture. The vast whole of the Temperance Army, indissolubly united in the grand object of cutting short the reign of the bloody monster, Alcohol, and delivering their fellow men from his cruel despotism. And yet each one chooses his weapons of warfare, and enrolls himself in such band as he finds most congenial; and " *On to the Rescue!*" is the stirring, animating cry of each benevolent heart. So mote it be.— Give battle to this potent enemy of man. We, from the heart, cry, " God speed the Son, and the Daughter, and the Sister of Temperance—God speed the Son and the Daughter of Rechab."—

For " We are all Washingtonians, We have all signed the Pledge."



And now a glorious war path leads  
To cheer my soul  
I feel my freedom from my prison  
My bondage to the bowl  
A thousand friends, with anxious care  
Their arms round me have laid  
To keep me from the gulf of per-  
I sought five years ago.

**Five years ago!**

ALTERED FOR GEORGE HAYDOCK.

**A true Record.**

Five years ago, a mighty chain  
Had bound me to the bowl,  
Its links lay burning on my brain,  
And crushing down my soul;  
My mother, far from scenes of strife,  
Was in her grave laid low,  
And not a star shone on my life  
But five short years ago.

Five years ago, the loafing throng  
That hung around the inn,  
Would say—" Come, sing us now a song,  
And you shall have some gin."  
And I the drunkard's catch would troll,  
The lowest of the low,  
And then in dark would drown my soul,  
But five short years ago.

Five years ago, upon the edge  
Of Ruin's gulf I lay:  
I woke—I rose—I signed the pledge  
Five years ago to day:  
That pledge hath saved my drowning soul,  
From sorrow, pain, and woe:  
'T was that, which helped to dash the bowl  
Away, five years ago.

And now a glorious sun hath risen  
 To cheer and bless my soul :  
 I feel my freedom from my prison—  
 My bondage to the bowl ;  
 A thousand friends, with anxious care,  
 Their arms around me throw,  
 To keep me from the gulf of Fear  
 I sought, five years ago.

Five years ago, thy name, O God,  
 I named but to blaspheme ;  
 Thy holy court I never trod :—  
 Forgive me, Power Supreme !  
 Help me to do some little good,  
 In lifting up the low,  
 Who now are standing, where I stood  
 But five short years ago.

Five years ago, a night when  
 His hand on my brow,  
 His lips lay burning on my hair,  
 And reaching down my soul,  
 My mother, far from tears of grief,  
 Was in her grave and low,  
 And not a star shone on my life,  
 But five short years ago.

Five years ago, the joyful thing  
 That rang around the inn,  
 Would say—"Come, sing us now a song,  
 And you shall have some gin."  
 And I the drunkard's catch would tell  
 The lowest of the low,  
 And then in dark would drown my soul,  
 But five short years ago.

Five years ago, upon the edge  
 Of ruin's fall I lay,  
 I woke—I rose—I seized the pledge  
 Five years ago to day,  
 That pledge hath saved my drowning soul,  
 From sorrow, pain, and woe,  
 'T was that which helped to dash the bowl  
 Away, five years ago.