

CONVENTION  
OF  
DRUNKARDS

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Rev. William  
A. Harris

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A GREAT  
**Conbention of Drunkards**

HELD IN THE  
STATE OF AGITATION,  
IN THE  
COUNTY OF SPRINGWATER,  
NEAR TOTAL-TEE, THE COUNTY SEAT,

By Rev. Charles Giles.

ALSO, A GREAT  
**HOG CONVENTION,**

HELD IN THE  
STATE OF COOL REFLECTION,  
SOON AFTER THE

Burning of the Great Distillery

AT OAK ORCHARD, ORLEANS CO, N. Y.

BY THE PUBLISHER

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Rev. William A. Harris  
102 Aldine St

## TO THE READER

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**THE** author, who has undertaken to report the doings of the convention of drunkards, was not present himself, but Mr. Cogitator, the secretary, gave him the history of the proceedings in a lucid vision of the night. The town of —, in the state of Massachusetts, was the place where the convention was held.

The honourable drunkards of every class in the state, being oppressed by cruel temperance measures, especially by the suspension of the license laws, became anxious to make an effort to extricate themselves from the whirlpool of this sweeping reformation. Therefore, some of the distinguished ones in their fraternity proposed the plan to call a convention of delegates, from every section of their besotted society, for the purpose of devising measures to regain their liberties, and to howl and lament with each other over the desolation which the system of temperance had brought upon them.

The reader will perceive that the convention was formed of sots of all ranks, unexpectedly called upon to perform what they thought important business. Therefore, it could not be expected that they would aim at playing parliamentary feats in the order of doing business; nor attempt to give oratorical speeches, glittering with the tin-

## TO THE READER.

self of ornamental style. Their object was, to introduce facts, and give correct pictures of things, as they existed among them, in a common, easy fiction.

The author has been particular, in making out the report, to give all the speeches verbatim, as Mr. Cogitator related them in the vision, which he ardently hopes will be not only amusing, but instructive and profitable to the reader.

It is by contrast that things are displayed in a strong light. While temperance appears in the back ground of this picture, intemperance is exhibited in front, and its character is painted to the life, unless the essay be a failure.

The oil of vitriol is a powerful acid, nevertheless it is very useful in certain arts. So, satire, though pungent and severe, is successfully used to correct vicious habits; its tartness makes deep and lasting impression on the mind.

If any should censure the work because the style partakes of the ludicrous, they should consider that it requires, not only nets of various forms, but spears and hooks of different turns, to catch all kinds of fish. The attention must be awakened before the heart can be swayed. That which will draw the attention of one will act repulsively on another. Various arguments may be used in the same cause with equal success; and different styles may be adopted, to suit different tastes and states of mind. The object in view is to do good, to aid the cause of morality, and help to redeem the world of drunkards.



The great evil of intemperance has called forth learning and talent against it. Men in high life have stooped down from their lofty stations, and put forth their energies to rescue the drunkard from the mire of degradation. Ministers of the sanctuary have lifted their voices and rolled the sacred thunders of the law down on the world of drunkenness. Logicians have argued seriously and conclusively on the subject. Physicians and chymists have exhibited the evil in the light of philosophy and experiment. Public prints have teemed with sober, plain facts, and instructive narrations of the workings of this fatal plague. Volumes and pamphlets have been sent out into the world, filled with solemn warnings and grave arguments against this sin of our land.

With gladness of heart we can say that this labour on labour is not lost; it has done a vast amount of good. Still, the disgusting evil, though greatly diminished, lives—lives among us, and presumes to claim the right of existence everywhere. What shall be done? Let the same efforts be continued, and the same means used, that have been tried with so much success. What then? May we not arise and call the agents of *satire* and *irony* to our aid, and let the drunkard feel the weight of their power on his dizzy head and callous conscience, hoping, that after being brayed awhile in a poetical mortar with the ragged pestle of satire, he may become sober, and leave his folly? This is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

## MR. RUMSELLER. .



I rise to rave, to curse and swear,  
To rend my clothes, and pull my hair;  
To beat my scull, to stamp the floor,  
To make my plaint and loudly roar,  
I own the truth—I'm filled with ire,  
**Because they've banished liquid fire.**

## INTRODUCTION.

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**THE** time arrived—the hall was **wide,**  
**And** closely filled on every side:  
**All** sons of freemen, toppers all,  
**Together** bound to stand or fall.  
**With** one accord they came to mourn,  
**And** speak, or howl, in proper turn;  
**The** whole appeared in gloomy plight.  
**As** o'er them hung the veil of night;  
**A** shocking group of sons and sires,  
**All** filled with zeal, and vengeful fires.  
**For** want of rum, they water brought  
**To** wet their tongues—a happy thought!  
**When** this had gone the circle round,  
**Some** sober thoughts, afloat, they found.



JUDGE HARDCASE

## CONVENTION OF DRUNKARDS.

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At the appointed time the assembly was called to order, and, by unanimous consent, Judge Hardcase took the chair. On motion, Mr. Quilldriver and Mr. Cogitator were appointed secretaries. All things being prepared, and the assembly waiting in silence, Judge Hardcase arose before the anxious crowd, and, with a majestic tone briefly stated the design of calling the convention, in substance as follows:—

My honoured friends, and gentlemen drunkards of the delegation!—By your sufferance I fill this ponderous chair, and I hope that I shall be enabled to preside over the deliberations of the meeting with honour to myself, and to your entire satisfaction. The business that comes before the convention is to consider the oppression and tribulation under which our society is labouring, and to devise some plan to defeat our foes, the temperance men, who are carrying on a barbarous war against us. Much liberty may be taken by the speakers in opening the labyrinth of our troubles, and in showing the secret schemes of our restless enemies. Moreover, it will be their duty to watch the moving clouds, and observe the signs of the times, to know whether the flood of cold

water is likely to rise higher, and spread wider over our unhappy land, and whether the mercury of alcohol is for ever to remain below zero.

After some of the inflated speakers have opened their budgets of roasted thoughts, and the business begins to take swift motion, by mental steam pressure, we must appoint a committee of ways and means to receive memorials, and report resolutions for the adoption of the convention.

It seems that business now must go  
Like ocean waves, in rapid flow ;  
Down, Pharaoh-like, our foes must fall,  
And own that *Rum* can conquer all.

See there! I have blundered into the whirlpool of poetry! I cannot tell what kind of spirit I possess. You know that I, Judge Hardcase, was not born a poet; but it is with labour that I keep my sentences in prose. It is possible that the cold water I drank when I came here has so inflated me with the witchery of the muses, that my thoughts are made to bound, and dance poetic figures over the net-work of my throbbing brain! If the members of the convention are affected as I am, it will be no wonder if their speeches should come warping out, all woven by the hands of the muses, in pieces of gingling poetry.

**Esq. Loveliberty** arose, and asked permission to make a few remarks before any motion should be introduced. The request being granted, he commenced with much agitation, and delivered the following pathetic address :

**My comrades dear, my social neighbours,**  
Our griefs are one, and one our labours;  
We all in common have strange feeling,  
To see our doom upon us stealing;  
We are the stars of freedom's glory,  
The sons of sires renowned in story,  
Who fought and fell in fields of battle,  
Where bullets flew and drums did rattle.  
The foe they faced, nor did they heed them,  
But sold their lives to buy us freedom.  
They toiled for years to raise a nation,  
And bought this land for our plantation:  
A banner broad with it was given,  
To wave along the winds of heaven.

So our brave sires, by deeds resplendent,  
Made us poor orphans independent !  
All free to toil, or run at leisure,  
To gamble, swear, and drink at pleasure.  
Yes, drinking rum was part of freedom—  
O, cheering drams !—how much we need them !  
Good days we've had, like pigs in clover ;  
But, O, I fear those days are over !  
We came and went, or stayed at pleasure,  
And sung, and danced to our own measure;  
But now our state is in commotion,  
And we are restless as the ocean.

Dear fellow sots ! bones of the nation !  
Here we have come for lamentation :  
Our doom is fixed, joy is departed :  
You all look sick and broken-hearted.  
The news is true—what tribulation !  
We're going down to ruination !  
The hateful priests have preached their story  
About a hell, and temperance glory ;  
Allured the people, made confusion,  
And whelmed the state in wild delusion.  
What wretched days !—the times look hazy !  
The legislature has gone crazy !  
Our cause was just, but not defended ;  
The license law is now suspended.  
Our sweetest joys are all departed,  
And left us weak and languid-hearted.  
Cold we shall grow, and pale as ashes,  
And feel no more the brandy flashes.

So we must live to tell this story,  
And howl around our fallen glory ;—  
My stomach aches ! I feel a yearning ;  
My spirits all to ice are turning—  
I want some rum—O what a torture  
To drink this tasteless, chilly water !  
I am so dry and very weak,—  
It gives me pain to stand and speak ;  
So I'll sit down, and say no more,  
And let my brethren take the floor.



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Mr. Rumseller arose to make a motion, amidst the cheers of the multitude, which he prefaced with the following animated speech:—

I rise to rave, to curse and swear,  
To rend my clothes, and pull my hair ;  
To beat my scull, to stamp the floor,  
To make my plaint and loudly roar.  
I own the truth—I'm filled with ire,  
Because they've banished liquid fire.  
This is an age of novel fools,  
Of prating priests and busy tools.—  
Who could believe the day would come  
That we should be denied our rum !  
Since this new plague has come to town,  
The whiskey signs are tumbling down ;  
The jugs and bottles on us stare,  
On dusty shelves, all empty there ;  
And at the bar no waiter stands  
With rustic smiles, and open hands,  
Repeating o'er his kindly call,

What will you have ? I'll serve you all."  
The house looks sad, the bar is dumb—  
Oh, what a dearth—a dearth of rum !

I am alarmed ! strange woes I view !  
I cannot tell what we shall do !  
We've lived by rum—we hate to toil—  
'Tis *sober* work to till the soil :  
But it was sport the rum to draw,  
And drink and sell it off by law ;  
The pennies came—O, happy sight !  
As customers poured in by night :

The negro came, the white and brown,  
The sots and gamblers of the town ;  
And there they stayed, drank rum and swore,  
And sprawled around upon the floor :  
It was a school, but full of noise—  
A place to train up idle boys.  
Thence we went often late to bed,  
But with our gain which bought us bread.  
We got their cash—a legal cheat,  
And left them without bread to eat.

What useful men we toppers are !  
But, should we die, some would not care.  
We have the art to mend the laws,  
And use the sabbath in our cause :  
On this day sots, who are oppressed,  
Crowd round our stalls to drink and rest.  
Thus we serve all, by night and day,  
And keep the business wheel in play ;  
Make ragged paupers by the score,  
And, ere they die, we raise up more.  
State prison mates by us are made,  
And well prepared to learn a trade.  
We help the lawyers' business too,  
Make many jobs for them to do.  
The doctors have of us a share,  
We raise up subjects for their care.  
To priests and deacons we give aid,  
And cause new openings for their trade :  
To weed out sin, both far and near,  
Keeps them in business all the year.

Yet after all we are forlorn,  
Despised and loaded down with scorn ;

**And temperance men have a desire  
 To keep us trodden in the mire;  
 Yes, never more to feel the cheer  
 Of selling rum and drinking beer.  
 They are at work, with secret joy,  
 Our independence to destroy;  
 To doom us slaves at their own nod,  
 And make us pray and worship God.  
 But we must make one effort more  
 Our cause of freedom to restore.  
 Hence, sir, I move, that we all stand  
 At the election, in one band,  
 To vote for men who love our cause,  
 And will restore the license laws.**

---

**Mr. Lovewhiskey next took the floor, and spoke in  
 favour of the motion, as follows :—**

**I rise t' approve the motion made,  
 Which I will second, and will aid.  
 Our rights and claims we must defend,  
 Or independence soon will end.  
 This we must do by changing laws,  
 And pulling down the temperance cause—  
 A hateful cause !—if it should stand  
 'Twould drive us drunkards from the land !  
 It is a wicked, selfish plan ;  
 It turns the brute into a man !  
 Oh ! I mistake—I meant to say,  
 It turns the man the other way—  
 But let it go, such errors small  
 Will never harm our cause at all.**

Say, who would stand the nation's bail  
If temperance principles prevail ?  
The earth would mourn, our commerce end,  
And wine and whiskey have no friend ;  
Our stills would rust, and useless stand,  
No more t' adorn and scent the land.  
The useful grain no price would bear,  
Which cost the farmer toil and care ;  
And boats would lie without employ,  
Which long have borne our liquid joy.  
So many a man would lose his trade,  
If no more whiskey should be made.  
Yes, bread and meat would so abound  
That empty stores could not be found ;  
And life would hence become more fleeting,  
For men would kill themselves by eating ;  
Or else, in their cold water folly,  
They would grow sick and melancholy.  
So our high honoured, noble race,  
Would live and die in deep disgrace.

But, O, I think the time will come  
When we shall swim again in rum,  
And join the tribes that haunt the still  
In social groups, to drink our fill.  
For, lo, the arguments I've brought,  
Are full of labour and of thought,  
Which, hailstorm-like, will swiftly fall,  
And crush our foes, both great and small.

But we must act in wise connection,  
And make our plans for the election :  
Men can be found—we know the cause—  
Who will toil hard to change the laws ;

And when the day of choice shall come,  
We'll try the strength there is in rum.  
But, keep it dark—we can be sly—  
A host of voters we can buy.  
No matter if we break the laws,  
If we by that can gain our cause.  
“Whatever is is right,” let all contend;  
The act is good that brings the end.  
Drink well your part, throw fear away;  
There is no hell, nor judgment day—  
O, I mistake—it is a hell  
Without our drams on earth to dwell.

---

Mr. Rumhead, the great calculator, arose amid the loud cheers of the assembly, and spoke thus, in favour of the motion:—

Though I am sick, and pressed with doubt,  
I think I know what I'm about.  
I rise to say, with free good will,  
That there is hope for drunkards still.  
The grand discovery I have made  
Perhaps will save us and our trade.  
But publish not what I declare;  
It might involve us in a snare.  
It is no dream, hope does appear,  
Which next in order you shall hear.

Some, temperance men, we see and know,  
Delight in office, and in show,  
Whose consciences, we all discern,  
Will stretch and bend like raveled yarn.

Such men will turn a thousand ways  
To gain an office and get praise.  
When near election they grow dumb  
About the sin of drinking rum ;  
Our hands they shake, good friends appear,  
And treat us kindly with some beer :  
While thus attending to their cause  
They never speak of license laws.

They often go—I speak of some—  
Where they inhale the fumes of rum,  
And smile to hear the conversation  
Turn upon the nomination ;  
But never speak of whiskey smell,  
Nor drunkards going down to hell.  
Thus, they are bent, but will bend more,  
Till they fall backward through the door,  
And ask for an accommodation,  
To lend our votes to save the nation :  
Our names are great—this understand—  
Whene'er election is at hand :  
Our votes they 'll have cost what they will—  
They may, perhaps, give us a still !

Lo ! happy days will shortly come,  
When they will treat us all with rum ;  
Be glad to take such means and ways  
As were employed in former days.  
When they behold a spreading frown,  
And fear their party will come down,  
They 'll sell us cheap the temperance cause,  
And give us back the license laws.  
Then we will roll their car along,  
And sing loud praises with the throng.

But, Oh! I may mistaken be,  
A change of times we may not see ;  
The slaves of dupes we may remain,  
And never more our freedom gain.  
But we must try the strength of art,  
And draw together, not apart ;  
Must ope the errors of the laws,  
And show the beauty of our cause ;  
And teach those poor deluded souls  
What they must do when at the polls.

For want of rum I have grown weak,  
And lost my lively gift to speak.  
Hence I'll sit down and say no more,  
And let my comrades take the floor.

As the speaker closed, a burst of approbation roared through the hall ; and the motion was put and carried by an overwhelming majority.

---

Mr. Harddrinker next arose, and introduced the following motion, That intemperance is not a sin, but a virtue, and ought to be justified and defended. The unexpected introduction of this motion called forth a thrilling response of laughter, and loud cheers from the animated assembly. The speaker then proceeded and delivered the following arguments in support of the motion :—

I have not slept, but have been thinking  
About the practice of rum drinking.  
Now, I must own it is a measure  
That conquers fear, and gives us pleasure :

**'Tis freemen's right, it is no treason :**  
**We love our drams more than our reason.**  
**But fools and temperance men are crying**  
**Against us loudly, and are sighing**  
**O'er our works of dissipation,**  
**And telling how we curse the nation.**  
**'To mend our hearts they give us dressings,**  
**And bless us with cold water blessings ;**  
**Talk much of grace, tell how they love us,**  
**But still they set themselves above us,**  
**They chide and scorn us for our reeling,**  
**And hence, it seems, they have no feeling.**  
**But let them talk and boast of graces,**  
**Of water news and sober faces ;**  
**What they have done to save the nation**  
**From idleness and dissipation.**  
**Still, we shall live to tell the story**  
**How they arose and lost their glory.**  
**'This I have thought, and now am thinking**  
**There is no harm, but good, in drinking ;**  
**The virtue of that fiery creature**  
**Displays itself in every feature ;**  
**Drives fear away, cuts bonds asunder,**  
**And makes us mad, and rough as thunder ;**  
**Arms us to meet a man or ghost,**  
**To fight a windmill or a post ;**  
**To drive here headlong, headlong there—**  
**No matter which, we do not care.**  
**We cut and rend, in spite of Moses,**  
**Make blackened eyes and bloody noses ;**  
**Nor do we care, while in our revel,**  
**For law or lawyer, judge or devil.**



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So drinking makes our nature better,  
Breaks every useless, moral fetter;  
Gives every passion wings and freedom,  
To go where sport and madness lead them.  
Its hidden virtue makes us stumble,  
And knocks us down to keep us humble;  
Where we can lie before the fire,  
Or roll and tumble in the mire;  
Nor care for clothes, or houses fine,  
No more than dogs, or patient swine.  
So, oft we've lain, to fate resigned,  
A meek example for mankind.  
Still, temperance men style us forlorn,  
And pass us by with cruel scorn,  
Because we take so little pains  
To brush our clothes and cool our brains.  
But of these men this prayer we own  
Is all we ask, "*let us alone.*"

Our horses kind, how they respect us!  
They kick us not, nor do reject us,  
Though oft they stand till midnight waiting,  
In cold or heat, on post bark baiting:  
They don't indulge in evil thinking,  
But seem to know that we've been drinking  
And careful stand, while we are mounting,  
As if they were our ages counting:  
And when they move they step quite steady,  
Because they know their load is heady.  
As to and fro we oft are leaning,  
Our sober brutes guard the careening.  
So, by their kindness, skill, and calling,  
They keep us from the fate of falling.

I tell the truth, I once went home,  
And there I showed the power of rum;  
Twas late, the house looked dark and dread,  
My wife and children were in bed;  
I called aloud, and raved, and swore,  
And stamped the ground, and beat the door;  
Then, strong as vengeance, in I went,  
And, tiger-like, I gave full vent.  
As my wife woke, I seized her head,  
And dragged her trembling from the bed;  
In her affright she "*murder*" cried;  
The children screamed on every side:  
One here I knocked, another there,  
And let them know a father's *care*.  
Poor, ragged brats—I had no meat,  
And left them without bread to eat—  
I took some corn to go to mill,  
But stopped and sold it at the still,  
And got some stuff to make me strong,  
And filled my jug and went along.  
My shabby dress made sport for boys;  
They chased me round, and made a noise;  
And temperance men—O, what a shame!  
On the black list hung up my name;  
Commanding all, for time to come,  
To let that drunkard have no rum;  
And hammered me with their old sledge,  
To go and sign the temperance pledge;  
Expressed their hopes, disclosed their views,  
And showed me their cold water news;  
And talked and laboured night and day  
To bring my children to their sway;

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To make them dupes, and perfect fools,  
 By training them in sabbath schools,  
 To read books there, there learn to pray,  
 And go to church each sabbath day.

But I gave them to understand  
 That they should do as I command,  
 And not be duped by slavish fear,  
 But follow my example here.  
 On visits go, hunt, fish, or play,  
 And so improve the sabbath day;  
 Consult the news, some romance read,  
 And take vile nonsense for their creed;  
 So learn to lie, to cheat, and swear,  
 And know what *real* pleasures are.  
 In this way they would not be fools,  
 Nor know the plague of sober rules.

But, you must know, I've had to fight,  
 To keep myself and children right:  
 For, lo, delusions have spread wide,  
 And threaten us on every side.  
 Yes, men there are that haunt our town  
 Who aim to turn things upside down;  
 And their strong forces are arrayed  
 Against us drunkards and our trade.  
 Yes, we are hated more than all  
 That move upon this sober ball.  
 O, wretched sots! how ill we fare!  
 They persecute us everywhere;  
 They dog and post us through the states,  
 And count us all as reprobates.  
 It is too bad—rise, let us frown,  
 And put these temperance croakers down.

**Good, prosperous days, will never reign,  
Till tippling signs are hung again,  
And sparkling rum begins to flow,  
To bring us wealth, and cure our wo.**

---

Mr. Oldsot, the penitent, next took the floor, to oppose the motion. His purpose being anticipated, the assembly became agitated; hissing and sneers betrayed the emotions of disgust which generally prevailed. Yet, with great firmness and deliberation, he gave his views in the following arguments:—

I rise to give a short narration,  
Though destitute of preparation.  
First, I confess, I am confounded,  
Sick as a bird whose wings are wounded;  
Or, like the bat in *Æsop's* story,  
That was concerned for its own glory,  
And watched the wars of wings and claws,  
Resolved to join the stronger cause.

It may be proper here to mention,  
That I came on to this convention  
In hope to learn from this proud season  
Some great exploits of rum and reason.  
But, after all our toil and blowing,  
I do not see much profit growing.  
I've heard so much, and am so weary,  
My mind has sunk into a query.  
But what we've said concerning drinking,  
Will doubtless raise a steam of thinking.  
Such poetry and pondrous reasons  
Were never heard on like occasions.

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**Our principles are now brought out,  
And all will know what we're about.**

**Hear ! hear ! I know, by sober thinking,  
That death and misery follow drinking.  
I felt that every drunken season  
Did much impair my power of reason ;  
And made me dull and very drowsy,  
So that small thunder could not rouse me.  
My eyes were red, my nerves were shaking,  
And all my energies were breaking.  
But, since I have been kept from drinking,  
There is a difference in my thinking ;  
Have much more strength and kindly feeling :  
Yes, I can walk now without reeling ;  
My head is clear, my nerves are steady,  
For action every power is ready.**

**When I drank whiskey I was lazy,  
Ragged, pennyless, and crazy.  
But I have found both means and favour,  
Since reason turned my hand to labour ;  
And when my service calls for pay,  
My wages are not thrown away :  
For my own house I do provide,  
And all our wants are well supplied,  
Yes, bread and meat we have in store :—  
A thing for years unknown before ;  
And you would wonder much, I guess,  
To see my wife in a silk dress ;  
My children too would make you stare :  
They all have now new frocks to wear.  
To read I saw did not make fools,  
So I sent them all to sabbath schools :**

It has a good effect, they say,  
To bring up children in this way.

My house and all were once deranged,  
But now the whole is greatly changed  
I've fixed the posts, rehung my gate,  
And put my reeling fences straight ;  
My broken windows are repaired  
On which my neighbours often stared :  
The tow and rags I've thrown away ;  
Now the new glass lets in the day.  
This suit of clothes, which now I wear,  
Is the proceeds of sober care.  
And my old horse that bears my weight  
Seems wondering why I ride so straight !  
Since I have been deprived of rum,  
My children laugh when I come home,  
And seize my hand, express delight  
To see me sober day and night.  
My wife smiles too when I appear,  
And kindly speaks my heart to cheer ;  
The table spreads—a cheering sight—  
Round which we feast with sweet delight.

You know that I have been your toast,  
Have drunk my part and made my boast ;  
Have argued oft, and argued long,  
That we were right and others wrong.  
But now I see, in sober light,  
That drinking rum cannot be right.

Here I have waited in suspense,  
And weighed your doctrines and defence ;  
But after all your strife and pains,  
My mind is fixed, and reason reigns.



**I once was mad and spurned at laws,  
But now I 'll plead for reason's cause.  
I am made free, no doubt remains,  
I've broken from the drunkard's chains ;  
And here I vow upon this floor  
That I will be a slave no more.**

As the speaker came to the close of his arguments, the long suppressed displeasure of the crowd broke out into threats, hollow groans, and murmurs.

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Mr. Ragamuffin, a faithful brother in the cause of drunkenness, next arose to support the motion ; and, as soon as he appeared on the floor, a sudden impulse of joy, like an electric shock, lighted up the countenances of the disheartened multitude: expectation put on the wings of triumph ; every eye stood fixed and gazing on the wondrous form before them ; every ear was open to hear the thunder of argument which they hoped would break down all opposition, and establish the doctrine of the motion: That intemperance is not a sin, but a virtue, and ought to be justified and supported. As the loud plaudits ceased, the noble sot began :—

**The speaker last upon the floor  
I hope will pause and ponder o'er  
The rash career he has begun,  
Or he will surely be undone.  
I pity him, he is insane ;  
Fanatics have confused his brain—  
Cold water—O ! this temperance plan  
I fear will quite destroy the man.**



**A heavy loss, yes, he will be**  
**To our grand cause of liberty.**  
**A champion strong he long has stood,**  
**And dipt his fists in eyes and blood.**  
**He feared not God, nor kept his laws,**  
**Nor ceased to curse the temperance cause.**  
**He loved Tom Paine, read him in youth,**  
**And learned to trifle with the truth.**  
**Renowned he stood, chief in our band,**  
**The greatest drunkard in the land ;**  
**And had he kept this road of fame,**  
**He might have died with a great name.**

**Dear brother Sot!—O ! you disclaim**  
**The honour of a drunkard's name !**  
**You want to change your course and clan,**  
**And take the name of water man—**  
**Though you have strayed, you yet may learn**  
**Your folly soon, and soon return.**  
**I hope, at least, you will attend**  
**To counsel wise : I am your friend !**  
**Think on your vow—have you forgot**  
**You changed your name into a Sot ?**  
**Will you thus forfeit all your claim**  
**On our grand enterprise and fame ;**  
**And go and aid that foolish cause**  
**Which has suppressed the license laws ;**  
**Thereby confirm our erring foes,**  
**And bring upon us greater woes ?**  
**I think I can your doubts explain,**  
**And quell the tumult of your brain.**

**I once like you was led astray,**  
**As doubts and madness led the way.**

## CONVENTION OF DRUNKARDS.

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Fanatics tried, by reason's force,  
 To turn us drunkards from our course.  
 To wake our fears and make us pray,  
 They told us of a judgment day;  
 On death and drinking oft did dwell,  
 And war'ed us of a future hell;  
 Told frightful stories, prayed with zeal,  
 To melt our hearts and make us feel:  
 The emotions wakened were so strong  
 I could not keep them hidden long;  
 In haste I left the anxious crowd,  
 Then, like a fool, I wept aloud.  
 Thence, I resolved my ways to mend,  
 And leave the drunkards to their end.  
 I told my friends, for time to come,  
 That I should quit the use of rum,  
 And was prepared a pledge to sign;  
 But should reserve the use of wine  
 And cider too, and harmless beer;  
 These I could drink with conscience clear  
     Hence I was styled a temperance man,  
 And stood conspicuous in their clan.  
 My pledge I kept for half a year,  
 But all the while I had good cheer;  
 I found some stuff to cure my brain—  
 The temperance houses kept champaign!  
 Cider and beer I had at home,  
 Which were good substitutes for rum.  
 I freely drank, by day and night,  
 And found indulgence gave delight;  
 My steps I watched along the road,  
 Lest I should stagger with my load.

Yet all the while I felt no shame,  
 Nor had to bear a drunkard's name.  
 I was a hypocrite, I own ;  
 But in this farce was I alone ?  
 No, there were others quite as wise,  
 Who were great drunkards in disguise ;  
 Applauding temperance as divine,  
 While they were *pouring down the wine*.  
 They thought that brandy, rum, and gin,  
 Had caused a wondrous deal of sin ;  
 And while they handed round the *beer*,  
 They said they must do more next year  
 To help the glorious temperance cause ;  
 Yes, they would crush the license laws,  
 As they drank *cider*, spoke of some,  
 What *sots* they were to swallow rum !  
 And lectured too, with deep design,  
 Inspired by mighty, harmless *wine* ;  
 For want of that, strong opium pills  
 They swallowed down instead of gills,  
 Which broke the pointed stings of pain,  
 And gave a wildness to the brain.

Thus, with my pledge, I went along.  
 In part concealed amid the throng.  
 At length I tore away my veil,  
 And threw my pledge into the gale,  
 And called for rum. I was supplied,  
 And drank it with a drunkard's pride.  
 I acted then by sheer free will,  
 And am an open drunkard still ;  
 Old friends I have, still I have foes :  
 My character my conduct shows ;

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**And, while I live, I will contend  
For *Alcohol*, my old, *warm* friend.**

Now honest sot, be warned by me,  
Nor sell so cheap your liberty ;  
You may pursue this farce awhile,  
But you will leave it with a smile.  
Some of our strongest aids we know  
Were temperance men some time ago.  
You must not think you are so wise  
That darkness cannot blind your eyes ;  
To change your course is a wild leap ;  
The way is rough, the hill is steep.

The first old pledge goes but for half,  
Which mocks the end, and makes me laugh.  
This pledge, I think, you will not take,  
While sober reason keeps awake ;  
And that tee-total, sordid plan  
Is quite too straight for such a man.  
A generous course you have in view,  
Hence, little things you cannot do.  
Your noble mind will scorn to be  
Deprived of harmless liberty.  
The bonds you'll feel, and strange appear,  
When you can't take a little beer.  
Yes, you will hate that narrow line  
That damns you for a glass of wine ;  
And treats you with this high abuse,—  
You must not taste of apple juice !

Now you can see, if you will pause,  
That folly leads the temperance cause.  
When from this revery you wake,  
You will perceive your wild mistake,

**And quick return to us again,  
To find some rum to cure your brain.**

A deep interest was generally excited by the wonderful arguments of the speaker, and the assembly swallowed every thing in the lump, without troubling themselves with the useless toil of examining, as the cunning ducks swallow bits of hot iron from the anvil whole, and quack, quack, quacking, say, It is no matter, every thing is corn, corn.

---

Mr. Hardcast, a noted champion in the fraternity of drunkards, next appeared, to offer a few arguments in defence of the motion. With rolling, fiery eyes, and a rough voice, tuned to the bass of an organ, he thus commenced his speech :—

**Hear me, ye sots ! I am your friend ;  
I love your cause, and will contend  
For freemen's rights. O ! yes, I crave  
The honour of a drunkard's grave.  
Our foes are working, in their way,  
T'enslave and lead us all astray ;  
But, after all, our numerous band  
Spreads a dark shadow o'er the land ;  
And while our banner keeps unfurled,  
We shall make trouble in the world.**

**Into our ranks fools may intrude,  
And some unsettled dolts delude ;  
But we have some, both strong and rough,  
Who will stick by the real stuff ;**

Keep on, and on, as whirlpools sweep,  
And deeper plunge into the deep.  
The rocks may change, the seas divide,  
But such old drunkards ne'er backslide.  
The noted Ethiopian  
Will sooner change his sable skin,  
And leopards lose their spotted hair,  
While they lie slumbering in the lair.  
'Tis true, my friends, without a doubt,  
That, soon or late, we must wear out;  
By being bruised by night and day  
We soon shall tumble into clay.  
Hence, our dependance all must lie  
On new recruits as old ones die.  
Sots can be made; I keep a school  
To train and fashion them by rule.  
To help the cause I'll give my aid,  
And tell you how they can be made;  
That when we toppers quit the race,  
There may be some to take our place.

All children have a law to lead;  
Their instinct tells them what they need:  
They blindly follow nature's clew,  
And like some things, and dislike too.  
So, by sheer instinct, they all scorn  
Old *Alcohol* as soon as born.  
But if you do to means attend,  
They will be drunkards in the end;  
While young begin, and so keep on,  
Till the progressive work is done.  
First, mix small doses, rich and sweet,  
And then give more, as you think meet;

So you will form a taste by art  
That will not from them e'er depart.

What I have seen I *guess* I know,  
And what I've done I next will show.  
I drank myself, and wanted all  
Should do the same within my stall.  
My wife, who came my lot to share,  
Soon learned to tipple, scold, and swear;  
She kept the bottle on the shelf,  
And was as perfect as myself.

The most of women are sweet creatures,  
With pretty eyes and smiling features;  
Who take delight in love and dress,  
And scorn all sots and drunkenness.  
Still, there are some who do desire  
The things which I so much admire;  
And have great skill a game to win,  
To bottle wine, and swallow gin;  
And drink till they can drink no more,  
Then make strange oblongs on the floor.  
Oh! what a sight to see them dumb,  
With eyes sunk deep in ponds of rum!

My wife was once a modest lass,  
But now she leads a scorner's class;  
Her part she plays, like Fanny Wright,  
And in wild doctrines takes delight.  
She helps me drink, and helps me swear,  
And trains the children by her care.  
At first our drams they did refuse,  
But they were forced to let us choose:  
'The tansy bitters made them stare;  
Still each one took a needful share;

**They** shuddered some, and scowled at first,  
**O** drink it down! we said they must;  
**The** stuff was good, we told them all,  
**To** cure diseases, great and small.  
**Soon** they began to love the smell,  
**To** love the taste, and loved it well.  
**So** they were taught by timely care,  
**To** drink, to gamble, lie and swear;  
**And** were advancing every day,  
**Till** temperance men took rum away.

**Our** hope is this, this be your care,  
**To** train up youth to drink their share;  
**But** if they will not learn to drink,  
**Our** trembling, drunken cause must sink;  
**For** when we shall from earth be hurled,  
**No** drunkard will adorn the world.

As the speaker's voice died away with the last sentence, a thrilling horror shook the interested assembly, and called forth sighs and groans, as if they feared the end of the world were at hand.

---

**Mr.** Turnabout, who had been long suspected of traitorous designs against the fraternity of drunkards, arose to throw his weight of influence into the scales of argumentation against the motion; and stood in self-possession, and saw in the countenances of the crowd that a storm of indignation was brewing, and might burst on him in the hall of council. But fearlessly and with great moderation he began as follows:

**I** came on here with languid heart,  
**Resolved** to take no active part;



My want of confidence and skill  
 I really thought would keep me still.  
 But I am now compelled to rise,  
 And tell my musings and surprise.  
 New thoughts I have, I must confess,  
 Concerning rum and drunkenness.

With sottish clubs I spent my days  
 Without reflecting on my ways;  
 And spent my money, spent my time,  
 In idleness, and sport, and crime;  
 Nor stopped to think how great the shame  
 To bear on earth a drunkard's name.

While I have been your servant here,  
 Your pleas have found an open ear.  
 Yes, every speech, both great and small,  
 In course I heard, and weighed them all.  
 And now I do with horror see  
 Where I have been, and what I be.  
 Amazed I stand, but wonder more  
 That I ne'er saw things so before.  
 I have been wild, but now am sane,  
 And every thing to me is plain.  
 I see the course, where thousands go,  
 To the dark gate of death and wo:  
 Where demons lurk, and take delight  
 To see us grope in moral night.

Our wretched state and doings show  
 That we are in a hell below.  
 Yes, drinking rum, I plainly see,  
 Has doomed us all to poverty.  
 There cannot be the least mistake;  
 To reason's voice I am awake.

But you will falsely charge my brain,  
 And, laughing, say, You are insane.  
 Still I have sense and judgment too,  
 Know what I 've done and what I do.

Behold the elf whose witching hand  
 Enslaves and leads the toppers' band,  
 Called *Alcohol*—old fiery spirit!  
 Know whence he came, and what his merit.  
 The Power on high—how wise his reign!—  
 Gave life and essence to all grain.  
 He made it right, and pure, and good,  
 And useful too, while there it stood.  
 But fallen man, in wandering round,  
 Invention tried, and this he found:  
 That with a crooked worm, the still,  
 He could do wonders by his skill.  
 Hence wood he brought, and raised a fire  
 To execute his *warm* desire.  
 So, by much toil, his end to gain,  
 He tortured there the harmless grain,  
 Till, lo! by the transforming flame,  
 Forth from the still a monster came:  
 Art's fiery brat, the devil's *doll*,  
 And chymists named him *Alcohol*.

By transmutation thus he came  
 To have a form and have a name:  
 By which sad change he lost his home,  
 And, like a ghost, was doomed to roam;  
 With vengeance came, as woes are hurled,  
 And now is wandering o'er the world.  
 Dread death he wields, reigns in each zone,  
 And is by every nation known.

Where'er we walk, or sit, or stand,  
 This *snake* is always at our hand.  
 Yes, this mad serpent from the still  
 Coils round our throats to charm and kill;  
 Knocks out our eyes, breaks flesh and **bones**,  
 And smiles at blood and dying groans;  
 Our wealth devours, turns us to fools,  
 And dooms us slaves and Satan's tools.  
 He rules the tongue, is busy there,  
 And makes us fight, and rave, and swear;  
 Destroys our hopes, awakens fears,  
 And is the cause of floods of tears;  
 Unnerves the body, sinks the mind,  
 And tries to ruin all mankind.

Yes, *Alcohol*, that evil sprite,  
 Toils all the day, nor sleeps by night;  
 Works like a fiend with subtle charm,  
 And takes delight in doing harm;  
 Prowls o'er the earth with licensed sway,  
 And robs the traveller on his way.  
 In every mart his form we meet,  
 And smell his breath along the street  
 At every turn, in stall and store,  
 We see him waiting at the door.  
 In windows too, amid the night,  
 He shows his form in gaudy light;  
 Inviting all, with subtle guile,  
 To kiss his lips, and rest awhile.

For many years, by this old foe,  
 We have been bruised and marked with **wo**.  
 Around our dwellings he has coiled,  
 And every social comfort spoiled.

Hence I am glad that laws are made  
To crush his head and stop the trade.  
Our habits have been formed so long  
They will contend like giants strong ;  
But when temptations leave our sight,  
We shall regain our lost delight.  
O what a change ! The time has come  
To hate the name and smell of rum !  
Adieu to all—by reason's force  
I am resolved to change my course.  
The temperance scheme has won my heart,  
And I 'm resolved to do my part  
To carry out that glorious plan  
Which turns the drunkard to a man.

This sober, interesting declaimer was frequently interrupted in his speech by ludicrous expressions of scorn, hissing, and wild staring, which betrayed the unyielding spirit that pervaded the assembly.

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Mr. Lightheart, the next speaker on the floor, was trained for a dandy. He was full of proud notions, and willing to practise hypocrisy to gain public esteem ; he was very loquacious, and considered nothing his superior but rum. He was early numbered among the drunkards ; and arose to speak in support of the motion. His appearance did not excite a deep interest at first ; still, every eye was fixed upon him while he thus began :—

Dear, honoured sots, I rise to say,  
That I prefer the middle way.

Those who adventure on extremes  
 Are always mocked by hollow dreams.  
 We know that humbugs are on wing,  
 And men are duped by every thing.  
 To drink too freely merits blame ;  
 'To drink too little is a shame :  
 The pleasures of a swinish sot,  
 I frankly own, I covet not.  
 But that tetotal, slavish plan,  
 Destroys the freedom of a man.

I study fashion, covet ease,  
 And take a course all men to please ;  
 While thus I move on my proud swing,  
 I see a time for every thing :  
 A time to ride, a time to walk,  
 To eat and drink, and laugh and talk,  
 A time to swear, to preach and pray,  
 And go as custom leads the way.

Yes, you may sport, but sport with care,  
 And hide your faces when you swear.  
 You may drink drams, but do it right,  
 Drink morning, noon, and late at night ;  
 And oftener too, if faint you feel,  
 But do not clog the balance wheel.  
 At church your faces you should show,  
 But through the bar-room you may go ;  
 The landlord kind—you 'll find him **there**  
 With something good to lull your care.  
 Then go to church, act out your plan,  
 And imitate the sober man.  
 You must not nod, but sit and stare,  
 And let the saints know you are **there**.

Then, as the stewards pass around,  
 Make your important coppers sound;  
 And seize the blessing at the close  
 Which sweet AMEN on all bestows.  
 Thence you can go without a fear,  
 And take some rum your hearts to cheer;  
 Soon as its virtue stirs your brain,  
 The text and sermon will be plain;  
 Extol the priest, sing praise to rum,  
 And laugh with all as you go home.

The way is plain, you may be jolly,  
 And murder hateful melancholy.  
 Pits you may dig, or break a hedge,  
 But do not sign the temperance pledge.  
 You may assent to what they say,  
 But keep along in your own way.  
 Watch well your words, give no offence  
 To drinking men, or temperance;  
 Guard all your acts, be very sly,  
 For eagles may be watching nigh.

When at the inn do not be rough,  
 Nor call out boldly for the stuff,  
 But sadly look, and faintly tell  
 That you can't sleep, and are unwell;  
 And hem, and cough, and say you're full  
 Of cobwebs, or of cotton wool.  
 Then ask the host what you must take,  
 To cure your throat; and stomach ache.  
 Your case he'll know, with ready skill  
 He will prepare the sovereign gill.  
 So take it down with visage rough,  
 And shuddering, say, What bitter stuff!

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**Then you may add—O, what a charm!**

**The pain has left my throat and arm!**

And furthermore I here will say,  
You must not at the tavern stay;  
But fill a bottle small and flat,  
And give it lodging in your hat;  
Its virtues there may reach the brain,  
And charm away your nervous pain.  
Else, snugly store it in your pocket,  
But let none know that you have got it;  
There you can keep the healthy treasure,  
And use the blessing at your pleasure.  
So you can drink, and drink again,  
Without the stare of temperance men.

Alas! I see, though true my theme,  
That I have wandered in a dream;  
Conceived that we were free indeed,  
With taverns full, and knew no need.  
Hence free advice I have bestowed,  
To keep you in the middle road.  
But, since my dream has found a tomb,  
I feel my wo, and know your doom.  
Yes, here we languish, here we die,  
For want of essence made of rye.

Poor wretched sots, how great the fall!  
The temperance men have robbed us all;  
Destroyed our freedom, broke us down,  
And tore away our license crown.  
Alas! the wo, caused by their art,  
Is quite enough to break the heart.  
Proud sons of freedom—Oh! to think,  
We must not have sweet rum to drink!

**Cold water—water is the cry—  
We must drink water till we die.  
Yet, as one said, who spoke with skill,  
That there is hope for drunkards still :  
So I believe, and proudly think  
The people must have rum to drink,  
Or we shall lose our lofty station,  
And be a sickly, sober nation :  
So lose our fathers' noble spirit,  
And live and die devoid of merit.**

**We love our country, love our freedom,  
And wish for drams whene'er we need them ;  
We claim the right—I 'll tell it louder—  
Our fathers fought with rum and powder ;  
Stood on their bastions, faced the battle,  
And waved their banner mid the rattle.  
Yes, made us free, and gave us candy,  
And bought us rum, and wine, and brandy.  
Hence that was styled a day of glory,  
The bone and burden of our story,  
Which should be kept by every body,  
With song and dance, and rum and toddy ;  
While cannon loud should blaze the wonder,  
And sound our joys in peals of thunder.**

**Lo! what wild changes now surround us,  
That murder freedom and confound us :  
With temperance zeal they ring their mortar,  
Call out a crowd to drink cold water ;  
Employ a priest to tell a story  
Of drunkards' death, and temperance glory ;  
March round in order saint and sinner,  
And eat a goose and pig for dinner.**



Then, all go home, faint with hot weather,  
 To tell the number met together;  
 The feast to praise, t' applaud the speaker  
 And tell who was the greatest eater.

This farce they think, of temperance measures  
 Prevents a world of sinful pleasures.  
 They *guess* the youth will hence remember  
 That July comes before September;  
 Are sure it could not be forgotten,  
 If Bunker hill's old ribs were rotten.

Lo! this new scheme is wild delusion,  
 It wakes a wind of strange confusion;  
 Puts the old soldiers on the torture,  
 To celebrate their deeds with water.  
 Yes, a cold water celebration  
 Is a disgrace played on the nation.  
 Where there is neither fire nor spirit,  
 Gay life is not, nor deeds of merit;  
 All must be dull as January—  
 Poor, frozen frogs cannot be merry!  
 Nor does it tell our fitful story,  
 Nor dart a flash of battle glory.

But when we give the day to pleasure,  
 And celebrate it in old measure,  
 Though bright or foul appears the weather,  
 The men and boys all come together.  
 On wavy winds the flag is dancing,  
 And round the tavern horses prancing;  
 On side and corner stalls are handy,  
 Well stored with rum, and wine, and brandy;  
 Bright, rosy youth, in lively motion  
 And tumult raging like the ocean.

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**Cannon roaring, smoke ascending,  
Crackers snapping, muskets rending,  
Limbs disjoined, children crying,  
Women fainting, wounded dying,  
Doctors running, footballs bounding,  
Drumsticks flying, bugles sounding,  
Horses jumping, wagons breaking,  
Boxers fighting, ladies quaking,  
Fiddles twanking, dancers skipping,  
Gamblers betting, and all tippling.**

**This—this is life ; what fame and spirit !  
It tells aloud the warriors merit.  
Yes, this old mode of celebration  
Displays the glory of the nation :  
Calls back the days renowned in story,  
And shows how we sprang into glory.  
Such lively scenes, and deeds resplendent,  
Proclaim the nation independent.  
Hence, I approve of this old measure,  
And love the rum that gives the pleasure.**

**Oh ! what a change ! weep every eye !  
And, while I speak, let others cry,  
'Till howls and lamentations roar,  
And tears bedew the dusty floor.  
In old rum fort I joined this band,  
But all our strength has turned to sand ;  
Commotions strangely round us break,  
And all our hopes and castles quake.  
The wreck we see, the frightful torture,  
We all are doomed to drink cold water !  
The time is past to sleep or dream—  
The temperance car now goes by steam.**

What shall we do—where shall we go  
To shun this overwhelming wo?  
In answer, first, I here will say,  
From temperance meetings keep away:  
Nor aid the dupes that sanction measures  
Which cramp our cause, and mar our pleasures:  
Nor heed the slang of drunkard haters,  
Nor read their simple temperance papers!  
But mind the doctrine I have given,  
And keep the gulf-stream on to heaven;  
Where all the sots will land together,  
If they don't founder in foul weather.

My prayers you have, which I'll renew,  
And Satan will pray for you too;  
In ancient days, with angry tone,  
The devil did pray for his own :\*  
So he and I will join and pray,  
That you may keep along your way,  
And have your drams, and swear, and drink,  
Nor care to know what others think.  
With all these feelings, and with more,  
I close my speech, and leave the floor.

\* Luke iv, 34.

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Mr. Foolhardy, the next speaker, was educated by himself, for he thought no one knew enough to educate him. He belonged to the school of infidelity, and was a mighty champion in the cause of drunkenness. As he arose to argue in favour of the motion, he was met with a gust of thundering applause from the confident part

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the assembly ; and, as the echoing cheers died away in the distance, the speaker spread open his features ; and, with haughty gesticulations, thus commenced his noisy declamation :—

I stand equipped, let tyrants know,  
To face and conquer every foe !  
By native skill, and learning great,  
I can compute a mountain's weight ;  
Scan mighty things, and things unknown,  
In other worlds and in our own.  
The top and bottom I survey  
Of every thing, by night or day.  
A world of cunning books I've read,  
And packed them snugly in my head.  
Hence, all the world should come to me,  
For I can make their skulls to see.  
Bring all religions, low and high,  
And I will blow them to the sky ;  
They all are light as dust or chaff,  
And can be scattered by a laugh.  
I know the priests, they are sad fools,  
Nursed in the cradle of the schools.  
A lying trade they understand,  
And spin their doctrines from the sand ;  
Which, in ten thousand motes, will fly  
Before the lightning of my eye.  
Should all the priests upon me fall,  
I could with ease confound them all.  
Earth I can shake, wield solar light,  
And teach old Moses how to write.  
Thus armed with skill, and charged with power,  
I stand to thunder from my tower.

Yes, now's the time for me to show  
The length and breadth of what I know.

Hear—hear me, sots! I study laws,  
And trace effects to find the cause;  
Hence I do know, while others *guess*,  
The moving cause of our distress.  
Yes, my deep learning scans the cause  
Which has o'erturned the license laws.  
The craft t' expose, and tell it round,  
Will give the priests a painful wound.  
But I care not for priests nor power;  
I scorn their vengeance in this hour.

The mighty cause that I will name,  
Lies in a book of deathless fame,  
Which has through ages vengeance hurled,  
And is designed to rule the world.  
I mean the Bible—howl and look,  
Our wo is caused by that old book!  
Which, from the press—now shout with scorn!  
Millions of copies have been born:  
O'er isles and continents are sown,  
In barbarous tongues, besides our own:  
Supplied are all, both rich and poor,  
By agents calling at each door.  
Hence there is found, on shelf or table,  
This book, which Tom Paine called a fable.  
Still, simple priests call it the truth,  
The only guide for age and youth.  
But oh! I hate it, and despise  
The shelf and table where it lies.

The fact is clear, which all should know,  
That this old book is our great foe;

It pours upon us deadly woes,  
 And bruises us with thunder blows:  
 It gives strange warnings, and does tell  
 That drunkards will be heirs of hell.  
 The book I hate—I hate its laws:  
 It works destruction to our cause.  
 Thence all the priests get light and aid,  
 And rich materials for their trade.  
 But if that book were doomed to flame,  
 Their work would end and all their fame.

The crusade of the temperance cause  
 Is but th' effect of Bible laws.  
 For if those doctrines had been dumb  
 That cursed the drunkard and his rum,  
 All would have moved as still as night,  
 And every wrong been counted right;  
 Nor thought had been, nor hint or dream,  
 To conjure up the temp'rance scheme.  
 Hence, then, our sinking cause to save,  
 The Bibles all must find a grave;  
 And all the priests lie by their side,  
 Or have their tongues cut out or tied.  
 The priests are hateful, I must say,  
 But they are duped and led astray.  
 I pity them—they are sad fools,  
 Bound by the chains of Bible rules.  
 But if they would with me agree,  
 I soon would make them wise and free;  
 Would show them in what rank to stand,  
 And stop their barking through the land.

There was a scheme got up by fools  
 To bring the Bible into schools,

For to be studied, honoured there,  
And mingled up with daily prayer—  
A Christian plot, too well designed  
To plant its doctrines in the mind.  
The youthful world, thus bent by art,  
Are not found often to depart.

This plot was viewed with much surprise  
By subtle men through jealous eyes,  
Who rose in scorn, and formed a prayer,  
With ardent hope and restless care—  
Addressed to sages, not to fools—  
T' expel the Bible from the schools.  
The prayer was sent, and travelled round  
Until the capital it found,  
And waited there, from hour to hour,  
To gain the sanction of their power;  
But was returned, in white and black,  
With reprobation on its back.

Oh what a shame that such a prayer  
Should have no friend nor patron there!  
If that had passed the house of laws  
It would have helped the drunkards' cause:  
By training youth to lay aside  
That Christian book with scornful pride.  
But, No! they sung—truth is unfurled,  
And Bible truth shall rule the world!  
So they went on: hence all the schools  
Are filled with Bibles and with fools.  
But all their plans and moral means  
Will run to vines, like Toby's beans.

The Christians form a mighty throng,  
Who cry aloud that we are wrong;

Hence all our wo directly springs  
 From this religious state of things.  
 Yes, that high-sounding sabbath cause  
 Is the effect of Bible laws.  
 If that old book were from us hurled,  
 No sabbath would disturb the world.  
 All days to drunkards are the same;  
 There is no difference but in name.  
 It is dull nonsense, and a crime,  
 To talk to us of holy time.  
 A time to drink, to nod and swear,  
 Is all the time for which we care.

Though I am styled a fool by some,  
 I have great skill in drinking rum;  
 Can conquer jugs of wine and gin,  
 And love to gamble and to win.  
 Hence I am useful, wise, and great,  
 And should be honoured by the state.

My principles and life, you see,  
 Go in long-measured *liberty*.  
 This tune I claim—I like its end:  
 Hence for the motion I 'll contend.  
 Though foes increase, and proudly reign,  
 Like locusts sweeping o'er the plain;  
 We must not yield to fear or doubt,  
 Nor stop to think, or turn about;  
 But onward drive, up hill and down,  
 Till we regain our fallen crown.

To see the conflicting emotions in the assembly excited  
 by this speaker was truly surprising. It seemed that all  
 the elements of human passions were thrown into a



tumultuous chaos that needed some superior intelligence to wield a controlling influence over it to bring order out of the storm of confusion. But suddenly the attention of all was turned by an earnest call for the reading of the motion. The motion to sustain the noble cause of drunkenness was then put, and carried by a large majority.

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Mr. Thinkwell then asked leave to state that a number of memorials had come up to the convention, and the petitioners were anxious that their prayers should have an early and candid consideration.

That important part of the business was then taken up. Mr. Hearall, Mr. Lookout, and Mr. Swiftthought were appointed a committee to receive memorials, and report thereon. It was then moved and decided that Mr. Quilldriver, the secretary, should read the memorials before they were submitted to the committee.

The first memorial was from the town of —, signed by fifty drunkards. They say that business in their line is extremely dull, and the town is sinking into ruin, in consequence of the enormous burden that temperance measures have brought upon it. And the unfortunate petitioners farther say, that they are mourning and dying for want of rum, and are hardly able to make this short prayer to the honourable convention for relief.

The second memorial was from the village of —. The petitioners state, that such a dreadful

calamity they never witnessed before ; the streets of their village appear gloomy : not a drunkard has been seen reeling there for six months. And our honourable, rosy sots begin to look pale and languid ; and, as they pass along the streets, they turn a sober, wishful look toward the old, deserted rum-shops, where they once heard the music of profanity, where they bathed their throats in the strong, hot sap of the tree of liberty, and participated in the luxury of the midnight revel. The petitioners plainly see that their only hope of salvation from the sweep of temperance measures lies with the convention. Signed by forty topers.

The third memorial came from the town of ——. The petitioners breathe doleful lamentations over the ruin brought on the land by the temperance operations. They state that the benevolent drunkards of their town have been compelled to undergo the cruel affliction of being sober for four months, and have been under the painful necessity of labouring and using their wages for clothing for their wives and children, and for the coarse, old-fashioned articles of bread and meat. The afflicted petitioners declare, moreover, that they shall all be involved in a whirlpool of temperance reform, and, perhaps, turned into icicles, unless their brethren do something for them. They desire some plan to be adopted that will bring warm weather to their stomachs, and excitement to their brains. Signed by a score of worthies, drunkards of all sorts.

The fourth memorial was from ——, a place

once celebrated for rum and rum drinkers, taverns and tavern haunters. The petitioners, all inn-keepers, ten in number, state, that they are all overwhelmed with ruin in their business and prospects, and request the convention to use their influence to restore the license laws. Moreover, the petitioners wish their brethren to know how deranged and wretched every thing appears. Their houses are deserted, their sign-posts stand naked in the storm, their bar-rooms no longer echo with levity and curses; so every thing looks gloomy around them. The petitioners farther say, that we ourselves were once in the profitable habit of drinking daily, and were gaining so fast that many thought we should take the palm from our brethren. But now we are fainting under chills from the use of cold water. And some of our promising sons, by tending bar, were in a prosperous way of becoming famous in the cause of drunkenness. But now the scene is changed. Our hopes are all vanished. Our sons go to temperance meetings, and read temperance papers. If something effectual be not done for us, we fear our families will be deluded into the temperance reformation, and so be ruined.

Oh! see what danger surrounds us! With all our skill and philosophy we are exposed to the power of this charm. What shall we do? Help, beloved drunkards, help, or we shall all sink to the bottom, or go over the waterfall, and be sober for ever.

The fifth memorial was sent up from the town

**of —.** The petitioners were owners of two large distilleries. If they never prayed before, they prayed fervently now to the convention that they would bring about the restoration of the license law. The petitioners brought their calamities to view by exclaiming, Oh, our business is all under water, and we are shut up, and pressed down by a cruel, moral embargo, and, consequently, we have become insolvent. Moreover, they say the town is almost ruined, through a dangerous pressure produced by the burden of grain, meat, and mountains of bread and potatoes, accumulated through temperance operations. And the people are becoming great eaters, and are growing very intemperate in drinking water.

The petitioners fear that if something should not be done to change the tone of feeling there, wo would be to them. Yes, if nothing should be done to restore warmth to this place, they believe that the cold plague of temperance will carry off the whole town.

The sixth memorial was from the corner of —. The petitioners were lawyers, who pressed the convention to drive on, and do wonders to restore the much lamented license laws, which would not only be a benefit to them, but to others of the same profession. The petitioners moreover say,—We do not wish to drink rum ourselves; but we complain that the temperance reformation has diminished our business to an alarming extent. There has not been, they say, a solitary case of assault, or assault and battery, nor any vexatious suit what-

ever, within four months. The people are growing so kind and obliging to each other that there is no sport in living among them. They do not wish to quarrel. The sight of their neighbours' blood now would shock them exceedingly. Many, however, imagine that they are in a deluded, melancholy state, which will lead into a wild insanity at last, or into the love of total abstinence from all spiritous drinks—a state much to be dreaded in a land renowned for liberty. We therefore ask the aid of your useful and honourable body in the matter of our petition; and we will pray to Hercules and Bacchus that your deliberations may prove successful, and that next year you may swim in a great pond of rum, and that your petitioners may have their offices on the shore, where business will be lively.

The seventh memorial was from a village in —, signed by a number of physicians, who request the convention to take a course that will defeat the temperance reformation, and restore the license law, which was taken from them unjustly.

The petitioners do not complain that their health is impaired for the want of rum. They profess to be temperate themselves, and use ardent spirits only as an article of medicine. But they are deeply wounded because their practice has diminished greatly; and they fear the consequences, if some effort is not made to arrest this sweeping innovation. They farther say that before the temperance reform commenced, skulls were often bruised or broken, limbs shattered or dislocated.

**and eyes** wounded or torn from their sockets. **Such cases**, and many others, often occurred, which were caused, directly or indirectly, by *Alcohol*, that pleasant old snake of the bottle. But since the world has been turned upside down by the recent reform, our business has been going down. Therefore, if you can devise some means to make rum plenty, our business will revive again. Give us rum—give us rum, is now the burden of our song and prayer.

The eighth memorial was from the county of —, signed by the keeper of the poor-house and others. They expose the deplorable state of that useful public institution. With mournful expressions, they say, that there have been but few applications for admission during the last six months; and a number of women, who were sent to these delightful halls when their husbands drove the steam-horse of intemperance, are preparing to leave them soon—their husbands, being deluded by the temperance light, are resolved to come after them, to collect their children, and give themselves up to the slavery of sober living. If this phrensy of temperance should continue, our grand institution will be ruined; its once crowded halls will be left desolate, and its downfall will be the subject and burden of a temperance song. What a disgrace such an event would be to your staggering brotherhood! How it would pain your ears to hear them sing,—

Down with the poor house!  
 Down with the poor house!  
 The paupers are gone, &c.

Yes, honoured drunkards of the convention, now is your time to regain your liberties; if you fail now, you are for ever gone here.

The ninth memorial was from the centre of —, signed by the keepers of the state prison. They call imperiously on the delegates in convention to take into consideration the declining state of that once illustrious establishment.

The petitioners open the lamentable fact, that of late but a few candidates have been brought for admission, and many have served the full term of apprenticeship, learned their trades, and len. Many convenient rooms remain unoccupied, and others will be vacated soon: so this proud edifice begins to look desolate and gloomy. And the petitioners farther say, that, in their opinion, if some measure be not adopted that will prevent the progress of the temperance reformation, the whole establishment must go down, and all who are concerned in its continuance will lose their offices and salaries, and consequently be ruined. Oh! what desolations temperance is bringing on our once happy land! But if your weighty body can give liberty to rum by changing the laws, we shall have candidates enough; business will be brisk; and your petitioners will have profitable offices from year to year. Success to the convention!

The memorials being submitted, the committee retired to make up their report.

**Mr. Indignation** next arose, and asked liberty to introduce the following motion : That, in consequence of oppression from the temperance party in taking away the dearest rights of our country, it is expedient that the whole fraternity of drunkards should show their resentment to their foes by emigrating to some other state friendly to their cause : and in support of the motion he made the following speech :—

On this convention I depended  
To have our sinking cause defended.  
Hence I came up with zeal and pleasure  
To help to frame some noble measure,  
That would teach temp'rance men a lesson,  
And save us all from dire oppression.  
But, lo ! the curse—while we are doing,  
Destruction is around us brewing.  
If we can't change the public frown,  
Our claims as freemen must go down.  
I see it plainly, and declare  
Our cause is sinking everywhere.  
Enraged I grow—yes, I would fight  
To gain my liberty and right.

Vexation reigns ! the fact is clear,  
The drunkard has no honour here,  
Nor rest—I feel the temperance frost !  
My native place its charm has lost.  
Though I was born near Bunker hill,  
I cannot have my cheerful gill !  
My head is sick—I want some rum !  
Oh ! what a dreary place is home !



In such a land how can I stay !  
 The state is verging to decay.  
 I never can contented be  
 Unless I have my liberty.  
 My home is spoiled, my joys are dead—  
 The whiskey is all turned to bread !  
 Distress prevails, no help is near—  
 Oh ! I shall soon be crazy here !

The temperance men hate rum and vice ;  
 They want to turn us all to ice ;  
 Or make us dolts, and willing slaves—  
 Yes, they would like to dig our graves !  
 I burn with rage—Oh ! I desire  
 That they should know my righteous ire.  
 Yes, could I sway the stormy skies,  
 They soon should hear the tempest rise ;  
 Down on their heads would pour a flood,  
 And pay them well for doing good ;  
 Straight send them all by water home,  
 Where they would not be plagued with rum.

But wishes, oh ! how weak and vain !  
 The doom is fixed, and tyrants reign.  
 No help appears, nor friend to care,  
 Though rum is all our song and prayer.  
 Lo ! I'm resolved my life to save,  
 And shun a gloomy temperance grave,  
 By leaving this deluded state,  
 To learn its folly when too late.  
 Soon I will go, yes, that I will,  
 And travel on to find a still—  
 How dry I am !—Oh ! I desire  
 A cooling dram of liquid fire !

## CONVENTION OF DRUNKARDS.

61

**My mind is fixed my farm to sell:**  
**I will not in this bedlam dwell.**  
**See, all are crazed throughout the land,**  
**Except our hated, drunken band !**  
**Hence I will sell and leave the state—**  
**Oh ! to sell out I need not wait !—**  
**My farm was mortgaged, this you know,**  
**For rum and whiskey long ago ;**  
**The sheriff kind, who wants his share,**  
**Will sell it well if I'm not there.**  
**When this is done, you all can see,**  
**The farm will never trouble me.**

**My horse and cow were sold before,**  
**And every thing within my door,**  
**Which went to pay my tavern bills,**  
**And some old matters at the stills.**  
**To every rumshop I owe some,**  
**For precious drams of cheering rum.**  
**But these I will not stop to pay,**  
**For I'm resolved to run away.**  
**When I get home, I'll take my pack**  
**And empty jug upon my back,**  
**Thence off I'll go—my wife may stay,**  
**She is too proud to run away—**  
**My ragged brats I'll leave behind,**  
**They doubtless will a shelter find—**  
**Nor will I stop, except I fall,**  
**Until I find a drunkard's stall.**  
**My paradise I then shall gain,**  
**And drown in rum my crazy brain.**

**Yes, I will go—I'll go out west,**  
**Where whiskey flows, and drunkards rest.**

Thence I will flee t'avoid my fate,  
 And seek a lodge among the great !  
 Hear this, ye sots !—New-York, they say,  
 Contends for rum, and shows fair play.  
 Hail, happy state ! it loves the light :  
 There sots can drink by day and night,  
 And find protection every hour,  
 By license laws, and men in power:  
 There, every sot, both great and small,  
 Can claim the right to stand or fall ;  
 Can drink and swear, and raise a breeze,  
 And sleep with hogs whene'er he please.

O ! I do wish that I were there  
 T' enjoy their drams and pleasant fare ;  
 Sweet liberty, I then should see,  
 In brooks of whiskey running free.  
 O ! happy place !—there men are wise—  
 They let the sot have his red eyes !  
 He is not ruled, as we, by fools,  
 And trammelled with cold water rules.  
 I *guess* no temperance men are there  
 To torture drunkards to despair.  
 But if there be, I *guess* again  
 That they are few and cannot reign.

It is a comfort, when oppressed,  
 That sots somewhere can drink and rest,  
 And not be doomed to bear the torture  
 Of always drinking tasteless water.

You know that I must have some knowledge ;  
 For I once saw a splendid college !  
 Still, I ne'er studied sacred story,  
 But was amused with drunkards' glory ;

## CONVENTION OF DRUNKARDS.

63

**Kept on my independent station,  
And scorned the toil of reformation.  
Fools talk of souls—each has a body  
That needs the comfort of sweet toddy.  
Hence I advise our hated legion  
To rise and quit this temperance region :  
Now is the time, it is good weather—  
Come, let all run off together !  
I 'll lead the way—you 'll find me handy  
To show you rum, and wine, and brandy.  
A crowd of sots, who all are brothers,  
We there shall find, and many others,  
Who will rejoice to see us come  
To buy their whiskey and their rum.**

This speech produced a swell of loud laughter through the hall. Every one had his features greatly distorted, and sat quaking under the influence of this strange motion and ludicrous speech ; but a timely drink of cold water operated on them like a charm, and turned their faces back to sobriety.

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Mr. Imitator, the next speaker, in conduct shows the real features of his own character. He is always himself, though he indeavours to be like every one else around him. He has not skill and independence enough to get up thoughts of his own, but follows in the track of others, in thinking, speaking, and acting. He early joined the society of drunkards, and professed great scholarship in the properties of rum. Influenced by his peculiar

disposition, he arose to second the motion, and made the following speech :—

Though I am quite depressed and weak,  
The time has come for me to speak.  
Lo ! here I stand, bound by our laws  
To vindicate the drunkards' cause.  
The brother late upon the floor  
Has told us news, and something more ;  
The novel plan he brought to view  
Is noble, wise, and honest too.  
Which is to run a splendid race,  
And leave the state, our native place,  
To sink and die in temperance fame,  
Without a sot to tell its name.

I am resolved to go this plan,  
And show myself a sprightly man ;  
Well formed with strength to run or fight,  
Can go by day, or run by night ;  
Have no encumbrance on my hands—  
The sheriff seized my goods and lands,  
Which were all sold to pay my dues ;  
And all I got was but the news !  
My wife I made poor as a mouse,  
So she went to the county-house ;  
Where, I suppose, she lives at home—  
But there they will not let me come.

Except from debt, you see I 'm clear,  
And have no tie to hold me here ;  
No one would care, nor weep, nor mourn,  
If I should go, and ne'er return.  
So I am well prepared, you know,  
To take my wieldy pack, and go.

**Yes, go I will to find a home,  
Where drunkards live, and swim in rum.**

**My brother sot, who planned the race,  
Said, Western New-York is the place.**

**O, happy people, happy land !  
They keep a world of stuff on hand !  
Poor drunkards have some freedom there ;  
Can sprawl in mud, and howl in air !  
What I here state I do not know,  
But my dear friends informed me so.**

**Yes, uncle Sam, aunt Peg, and Sal,  
Took passage on the great canal  
To go out west ; they fixed a plan  
To see the glorious Michigan.  
So on they went, they seemed to know,  
As far as wondrous Buffalo.  
Thence they returned through day and night,  
And had a feast of sweet delight.  
With many smiles they told around  
What pleasures in the west abound.  
Said, Western New-York crowns the nation,  
It is sublime ; a grand location  
For sots, and jilts, and men of leisure :  
There all can have their fill of pleasure.  
Things were so handy, and so nice,  
It seemed to them a paradise ;  
No trouble found in all the way  
With any thing like sabbath day ;  
All days were filled with toil and care—  
*Sal guessed* they had no sabbath there !  
The boats were passing every hour,  
Pressed down with whiskey, rum, or flour,**

By horses drawn that could not tell  
Which way fools went to go to hell.

Throughout the state it seemed a fair;  
All life, all *spirit* everywhere.  
Enchanting scenes, oped to bewitch,  
Adorned the banks of the great ditch.  
There splendid stores, and public halls,  
And *public* cells, and *public* stalls,  
Stood open to their raptured view,  
By night and day—and Sundays too!  
Yes, boys they saw learning to swear,  
And drunkards drinking freely there.  
Proud liberty controlled the day,  
Without a bar to obstruct its sway.

Lo, there they saw the drunkards' cause  
Sustained and sanctioned by the laws.  
What! temperance men—they heard of some,  
But *guessed* that they had gone from home!  
Or lost their skill to speak and think,  
By using too much tasteless drink.  
Sam thought they went on reason's plan,  
And let alone the rights of man.  
They all seemed free—as free as air  
To gamble, fight, and drink, and swear;  
And showed their reason, skill, and might,  
In a tremendous point of light.

So, uncle Sam came home, you see,  
Quite charmed with western liberty.  
His face was red, his nerves were strung,  
And freely went his licensed tongue.  
The whiskey stalls inflamed his eyes,  
And made delightful visions rise;

**His stomach felt the happy steam—  
And that, in fact was all his theme.**

Now, wretched sots, let us prepare  
To leave our homes and settle there ;  
Friends we shall find and freedom too,  
And as we please so we can do.  
If I don't err in what I say,  
The motion is, to run away—  
If we strive on we all shall fail,  
And take our lodgings in some jail ;  
Or be compelled to curse our cause,  
And argue for the temperance laws.  
To shun the evils, great and small,  
Is to depart and leave them all.  
Then temperance men will feel their sin,  
And know what useful men we've been.

While the members of the convention sat convulsed with inexpressible emotions, produced by this happy speaker, the vote was called for, and, without any opposition, the motion to leave the state was put, and lost.

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Mr. Hearall, the chairman of the committee on memorials, signified to the convention that they were ready to report.

Judge Hardcase, the president, pronounced the report in order.

Mr. Hearall then took the floor, and read as follows :

The committee to whom were submitted a number of important petitions, beg leave to report the following resolutions:—



*Resolved*, 1st. That we sympathize with our brethren, on account of the great calamity which has fallen on our land, in consequence of the temperance reformation. And we are compelled to believe that the memorialists are suffering extremely, in the head and stomach, since their balmy drams have been taken away from them.

*Resolved*, 2d. That we will make exertions, secretly and openly, to have men elected to office, hereafter, who love rum and drunkenness, and will stand up boldly and vindicate our glorious cause.

*Resolved*, 3rd. That the society of drunkards is the most useful and honourable of any in the state; and the country would appear desolate and gloomy if the society were dissolved. And, moreover, the polite arts of profane swearing and fighting would be neglected, and go down for ever, if the society of drunkards were destroyed.

*Resolved*, 4th. That we are the pillars of state, whether we stand or fall; and we will be drunkards if we can get rum: if we cannot obtain that delightful article, we will drink water, and contend against sobriety, while we are compelled to be sober.

*Resolved*, 5th. That we will hate all temperance measures and temperance men, and will speak against them; and will try to prevent their success and prosperity in their enterprise.

*Resolved*, 6th. That we will keep from temperance meetings ourselves, and will labour to prevent as many as we can from attending them. And we will not read any temperance papers, nor encourage any such publications.

**Resolved**, 7th. That we consider all those who have left our society, or may at any time hereafter leave it, traitors and backsliders; and, hence, are no longer worthy to enjoy the confidence of the society of drunkards.

The whole is respectfully submitted.

On motion, the report was adopted in *gross*, and ordered to be published in the Drunkards' Journal.

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Mr. Lovemoney, the next speaker, came from Covetous lane, and wore a sordid countenance. He appeared sad, and apparently in deep thought; but the bare notice of a good opportunity for speculation would rouse him as quick as a flash of lightning. The word money, though spoken in a mild tone, thrilled his tender soul. The chinking of dollars, or the sight of precious coin, electrified him; and spread smiles of delight over his anxious countenance.

Permission being asked and granted, he made the following speech without offering any motion:—

My nature by my name is told;  
 The god I worship is my gold.  
 I have no other wish nor plan  
 But to get money, if I can.  
 This end to gain—which all desire—  
 I make and vend, sweet, liquid fire.  
 Hence, I am labouring for your good,  
 And firmly stand as I have stood.  
 I lay the base of your grand cause,  
 And feel great interest in the laws.

My object, still, is not like some .  
 I hate the smell and taste of rum.  
 But temperance men I do not thank ;  
 I do not drink—I never drank.  
 My principles approve the use—  
 To drink good stuff is no abuse.  
 But temperance men I do oppose,  
 And will defend their injured foes.

With reeling sots my interest lies,  
 As they increase my profits rise ;  
 But as their number does decline,  
 My prospects fail, and I repine.  
 In this relation, here I stand  
 Amid this noble *sottish* band !  
 You know a still I long have run,  
 The air perfumed, and smoked the sun ;  
 Which brought the town a *world* of gain,  
 By boiling up the worthless grain ;  
 A ready sale for whiskey found,  
 Which kept the drunkards on the bound.

Alas ! the world has turned about—  
 My still has stopt, and fire gone out :  
 And, oh ! my wo—dread facts must tell !  
 I have no whiskey now to sell !  
 My golden god begins to frown,  
 And all my hopes are crumbling down.  
 The laws, you know, have brought the curse  
 That falls so deadly on my purse :  
 If laws did not affect my gain,  
 I should not of the laws complain.  
 But since they do, I 'll aid your cause,  
 And curse the rulers and the laws ;

But will applaud your brotherhood,  
 And say your claims are just and good.  
 Yes, I will argue thus, and vote  
 To keep your pond'rous cause afloat ;  
 And should it sink, I want my name  
 Should grace the records of your fame.

Our temperance foes care not to know  
 What we endure, nor where we go.  
 I wish they had some love and care,  
 And knew what useful men we are :  
 The world would mourn, and strangely veer,  
 If sots were not allowed to steer !  
 Yes, earth would be a lonesome place  
 If we were dead and all our race :  
 Our part we play, the bass we sing,  
 And give a whirl to every thing.

I have myself performed, you know,  
 A great amount of good below.  
 In carrying on my whiskey trade,  
 Fine jobs for many I have made.  
 For feeding hogs, and splitting wood,  
 Some have obtained a *world* of good ;  
 And all the saints, who brought me grain,  
 Found both a pleasure and a gain.  
 Yes, all who ever toiled for me  
 Were made quite happy, wise, and free.

Some say that I make people poor,  
 And send distress from door to door !  
 This makes me laugh—'tis naught to me ;  
 To serve myself is right, you see :  
 Their choice they have--why ask for more ?  
 Their losses all increase my store.

Where is the wrong—the wrong complained?  
If they are poor, my end is gained!  
And public men have cash in store  
To meet the wants of all the poor.  
If their poor houses are too small,  
They may build more to hold them all.  
There they can live like sheep in fold,  
While I enjoy their land and gold,  
So I do good on a broad scale,  
And play my part like Jonah's whale.

Some charge me with the work of death:  
They say I stop the drunkards' breath,  
And send their ghosts through murky air,  
To reap the wages of despair.  
Such humbug stories make me grin—  
What fools, to think that drunkards sin!  
They choose to die, and so they go,  
And after death they nothing know;  
Or are, like sheep, compelled, and driven  
Into the boundless gates of heaven.  
Yes, I have heard old drunkards say,  
There is no hell, nor judgment day;  
And brought the Bible, too, to show,  
That when sots die to heaven they go.

But I am no divine; indeed,  
I never pray, nor Bible read:  
I think of nothing but my will,  
And how I can revive my still.  
Now, if it be as many cry,  
That all are happy when they die,  
I can make plain as lunar light  
That all I do is just and right.

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Then let them say, that by my art  
 I hasten drunkards to depart ;  
 Still, I do good—the proof is given :  
 I send them sooner up to heaven.  
 So all the wretches find it gain  
 To die, and leave a world of pain.  
 Hence, all my works, howe'er designed,  
 Are sinless, useful, wise, and kind.

The temperance scheme, we next will show,  
 Is friendly to the cause of wo.  
 It lengthens out the life of man  
 Beyond the drunkard's shortened span ;  
 And keeps him here a sordid slave  
 When he might reign within his grave.  
 Thus, temperance has a cruel sway,  
 It makes man linger on his way.  
 Oh, what a loss ! keeps him from home,  
 And bars him from the life of rum.  
 You will not sing this temperance song,  
 Refuse the drams, and so live long.  
 You want the privilege, which is given,  
 To drink and die, and go to heaven.

Should temperance men in triumph reign  
 And we despair our rights to gain,  
 I'll not stay here to be oppressed,  
 But I will go in search of rest ;  
 And stop where I can act my will,  
 And there erect a splendid still,  
 Move on a broad and glorious plan,  
 And make myself a wealthy man.

**Mr. Tenderconscience**, the next speaker, had indulged many doubts and fears respecting his life of intemperance. He had listened to some temperance lectures, and had been present at some religious meetings, which alarmed his fears. He came to the convention without any fixed determination what course to pursue. Liberty, however, being given for the expression of views and feelings, he arose with great agitation, and spoke as follows :—

What shall I do ? where shall I go  
To shun the thoughts of endless wo ?  
Sin's dreadful wages, oh ! I fear !  
Which makes me sad and restless here !  
But all these fears have on me come  
Since I have been debarred from rum.  
If I could get my drams again  
They might correct my nervous brain.  
O happy rum ! how sweet the smell !  
It saves us from the fears of hell !

Some know the fact, it was last spring,  
A pious stir was on the wing ;  
The priest proclaimed, from his high place,  
Damnation, judgment, and free grace :  
And word came in with each bright morn  
That some from death to life were born !  
What though we stood with whiskey strong,  
And swore that all this work was wrong ;  
Our guilty fears did often rise,  
Which told us we were fostering lies ;  
And some of our own tribe were pressed  
To cry for mercy with the rest ;

**And when they found salvation's power,  
They left us from that very hour.**

It seemed that then our cause must fall,  
Our principles, our rum, and all.  
But when a priest, to help us, came,  
We all turned out, of every name:  
Like swarms of bees on summer day,  
We all crept out, and took our way,  
And left our jugs and cabin walls,  
Our whiskey holes and tavern halls,  
With staves in hand to keep us straight,  
And bear us onward to the gate.  
A crowd there came of every kind—  
All felt alike and of one mind.  
Before we went, we wet our clay  
To keep us warm along the way.  
As I surveyed the gathering crowd,  
I must confess that I was proud  
To see such health and spirits gay  
All moving onward in one way,  
With fiery eyes that asked repose,  
And crimson pimples on each nose:  
All filled with gas and inward fire,  
Which made them labour to respire.

The priest arose. His form we viewed:  
A cheerful listening straight ensued.  
With studied grace he oped a book,  
Cast far around a joyful look,  
And then began with zeal to tell  
*'That after death there is no hell;*  
Assurance strong to us was given  
That we were on the road to heaven:



*'Twas done, he said—the fact he knew,  
That we have nothing here to do.*

This doctrine fell like honey sweet—  
To all our ears it was a treat.  
Confirmed in faith, we went our way,  
Ensured against a judgment day.  
Along the road, released from fears,  
We staggered on with raptured ears;  
And, soon as we had reached our home,  
We washed the doctrine down with rum,  
And, swearing, said, It is the truth,  
And urged it on the listening youth.

Alas! I doubt—the truth I tell—  
I am not sure there is no hell.  
My crimes upon my conscience lie,  
And hence I am afraid to die.  
Our acts, and words, and feelings show  
That we compose a hell below.  
I am ashamed—why should we stay,  
And act like demons in this way,  
While Christians are engaged in prayer  
For our salvation everywhere.  
Hark! Heaven calls, and I must go  
To seek salvation from my wo.  
I 'm sick of rum—I hate your plan—  
The pledge I 'll sign, and be a man.  
I am convinced—I know I 'm right,  
So I will bid you all good night.

The assembly manifested a great degree of restlessness and strong symptoms of displeasure when this honest speaker closed this soul-thrilling narration. Some,

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in the storm of indignation, were about to leave the convention in a disrespectful, irregular manner when Capt. Conclusion, a happy member among unhappy speakers, arose, and requested the privilege of a hearing, assuring them at the same time that, after he had gathered up the fragments, he would make a motion for an adjournment. So order was preserved, and tranquillity restored to the agitated body.

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Capt. Conclusion, the next and last speaker, in learning and wisdom was superior to any in the convention. He was a patient hearer, and waited in silence till all the other speakers had delivered their harangues. Then, without any apology, he arose, and made the following speech:—

Here I have pondered like a sage,  
Perched on the corner of the stage.  
It was stern *order*, not my choice,  
That has restrained my final voice.  
But *order* now calls me to play  
My closing part, and crown the day.  
I hold the keys of wordy skill  
To lock men's mouths, to keep them still.  
But I have heard, and heard again,  
Your clanking tongues with mental pain;  
While you with talk have weary grown,  
And feel much more than you will own;  
Hence you are glad that I have life  
And strength to rise and quell the strife.

Lo! I have watched, amazed to see  
The movements in this comedy:  
Each one has acted from the heart—  
All real things—there was no art.  
But when our acts shall go the round,  
Echoes will roll, and wonders sound.  
Some, while they hear, may stop to weep;  
Some stop to laugh, but who to sleep?  
Each part will strong impressions give,  
Which some will carry while they live.

From these proceedings thoughts may rise  
That will instruct and make men wise  
The arguments will be at hand,  
Which any speaker can command.  
The boys at school may catch the art,  
And learn this comedy by heart:  
Yes, act it on their humble stage  
To show the vices of the age.  
The youth can tell—they are not dumb—  
The use and properties of rum.  
And in this mirror sots will view  
Their characters, and actions too.  
Each part will tell—tell to the face,  
That rum will kill, and bring disgrace;  
That temperance and wisdom joined  
Go hand in hand to bless mankind.  
So each will see his foe and friend,  
And learn his duty and his end.

My task, you see, is almost done;  
Across your work-ground I have run,  
And gathered vagrant thoughts a few,  
Which I have placed before your view.

What now remains is just to turn  
And make the motion to adjourn.  
I move it now. 'Tis done, I say ;  
But we must fix upon a day.  
Hence I propose that we all meet  
At Total-tee, the county seat,  
With girded robes and gospel shoes,  
With higher hopes and nobler views,  
Resolved to aid a worthier cause,  
And vindicate th' established laws.  
For temperance come ! let all prepare,  
And join the state convention there.  
Then as the streams that wandering go  
At last in one broad ocean flow :  
So these wide parties there can blend,  
And speak and act to one great end.  
In spirit one, and one in zeal,  
They must do right, and kindly feel.  
Such is the law by Heaven designed  
To be the rule for all mankind.  
Now I have done—to stop confusion,  
I here will add my name, Conclusion.

The motion—the motion for adjournment was vociferated through the hall.

The president then called the assembly to order, and put the motion in the following manner, with a loud voice :—All who are in favour of the motion to adjourn to meet at Total-tee, the county seat, for the purpose of joining the temperance state convention to co-operate with them in their glorious enterprise, manifest it by a rising vote. The whole assembly was immediately in a

commotion. Some rose, some sat and murmured, and others laughed with scorn. While some were looking for their canes, others were inquiring for their hats. It was impossible to know who voted for the motion. Some, however, who were deeply interested in it, especially Capt. Conclusion, thought that the motion prevailed; but Judge Hardcase, the president, considered it doubtful.

So they all went off, and soon were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

END OF THE CONVENTION.



## **S P E E C H**

**DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY HELD IN JORDAN, NEW-YORK,  
NOVEMBER 17, 1835.**

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*Mr. President,*—The temperance cause is one throughout the world. It is justly reputed common ground. It knows no sectarianism, nor leans to any party peculiarities. In this ample field all gospel ministers and Christians meet as brethren, on one harmonious level. And, on the temperance tower, all are working for God together, without the confusion of tongues or clash of instruments. By a common bond of interest they are confederated in this work, while hateful bigotry sleeps beneath their feet in his forgotten tomb. All blinds are opened. Light is invited in from every side to shine upon their work, and to wake them to zeal and glorious activity.

Sir, do we not hear “a voice from the east, a voice from the west,” a voice from the four winds of heaven, sounding with an impassioned tone, and saying, “Come up to the help of the genius of Temperance against the gigantic foe of God and man?” The heralds of salvation are sounding an

alarm on the mountain tops of our guilty land, crying, "Wo, wo to the drunkards of Ephraim!" The presses, with their ever speaking types, are sending out their thrilling lectures over the world, disclosing the appalling desolations produced by the monster Alcohol, who has wantonly strayed from his ancient prison walls, and broken into the moral enclosures of human life and order, spreading misery and death along his deeply imprinted trail. The vigilant officers in this great cause are standing at their posts, commissioned by Heaven and earth to arrest the beast of Intemperance. The sacred archers from the battlements of Zion have wounded him with repeated showers of gospel darts, but still he lives, and drags his mangled body through the world. Thousands on thousands have been enlisted under solemn pledges, and are marshalled to go through the breadths of the earth, and co-operate in a war of extermination against this common foe. Public sentiment has been aroused from its protracted slumber, and a significant frown, broad and dark, is thrown on this degrading evil; and a sense of national honour and moral worth has obtained a residence in a host of benevolent hearts.

Thus, sir, efforts are made, and means called into requisition, to counteract this prevailing moral plague; and, with rejoicing, we can say, that much good has been produced by the concentrated energies of an awakened public in this noble enterprise. Millions of money have been saved to the nation by the efficiency of tempe

rance principles. Thousands of lives, withering under the influence of a slow and settled poison, have been rescued by their power as brands from the flame. Many illustrious minds, adorned with science and various knowledge, caught in the fashionable vortex of intemperance, have been saved from the grasp of this fatal evil, and are now shining like stars in orbits of usefulness, and are living monuments of the power of these principles of reform. Thousands of our blooming youth were stung with the viper of intemperance; the moral symptoms were alarming—hope, that bloomed over them, began to wither; but, taking heed to the voice of alarm, they found a remedy in the temperance sanctuary, and are saved. By diligent search it is ascertained that one million and a half of persons in our own country, from every rank in life, reject the use of ardent spirits, and are standing on temperance ground.

Hence, sir, we are led to believe that the temperance system, under the providence of Heaven, has prevented the earth from ingulphing thousands of our fellow-citizens in untimely and inglorious graves—prevented many a delicate female from dreary want and suffering widowhood—kept many innocent ones from poor-houses, and prevented enormous crimes, which would have plunged the wretched offenders in gloomy prisons, or exposed them on the hangman's disgraceful stage.

Sir, we assure you that these views spring from



**facts, and inferences naturally drawn from them, and are not the wild vagaries of madness, nor the invented dreams of deluded fancy. The history of human society, before temperance principles were respected, stands forth as evidence of the correctness of the views we maintain. Let us trace back the wheel of time a few years, and mark the condition of the world, and know the state of our country before the public ensign of temperance was raised.**

The world then tamely wandered after the beast of Intemperance, who reigned with lawless power over the land ; many had received his crimson mark ; carbuncles and blotches deformed their visages, which told to every eye that they had been often bruised under the wheels of the ponderous car of Bacchus ! Human forms gloried in their shame, and reeled and bowed with vile submission to the dust. The nation was verging rapidly to ruin ! It is, however, just to say, that even then there were conspicuous exceptions : some by philosophy and economy stood against the rushing evil, and some societies of Christians had incorporated among their practical principles a rule of temperance as complete as our pledge, a violation of which exposed the delinquent to censure or expulsion. But the exceptions were few and local, like the small islands on the face of the broad ocean. A deluge of intemperance, wide and fearful, was sweeping across our land of freedom. The use of ardent spirits as a drink was not only prevalent, but was hailed and ho-

noured as the fashion of the day. It was a fashion that all ranks of people could follow, and was not only practised by the ignorant and vulgar class of community, but it arose to the higher walks of life, and swept along with degrading influence through the ranks of the fashionable and gay. The evil was as common in the palaces and mansions of the rich as in the hovels and cottages of the poor. Decanters, crimsoned with wine and maddening liquids, constituted the splendour of the sideboards of the rich; while the coarse jug and bottle, filled with fluid poison, formed a part of the furniture of the dwellings of the poor. It was accounted the lifeguard of man. It was made the sailor's companion at sea, and the soldier's consolation in war. It was applauded by the rich and noble, and was admired by many of the fair sex. The farmer carried it daily to his field, and the mechanic to his shop. It was reputed a sure and equal defence against the rigours of cold and the extremes of heat. It was relied on as a charm, both to cure diseases and to prevent them: and was destined to the prerogative of being everywhere present. To treat and to be treated with the beverage that would produce intoxication was the universal custom. It was the order of every day, in almost every kind of business, and was made the mark of politeness; a man appeared contemptible in the view of his associates if he did not reciprocate in it. It was the established signal of friendship also. Intoxicating drinks were introduced whenever friends met, and were made

their parting blessing; from hand to hand the social poison went; and thoughtless parents pressed the inebriating cup to the lips of their little innocents, whose native instinct compelled them to refuse the noxious draught; but cruel parents would urge it down, till they contracted a liking for it, and thereby laid a foundation in early life for future intemperance.

By these pernicious rules of custom, drunkards were made by thousands; they were found in every lane and at every corner. They reeled along the streets devoid of shame, and were supported in it by the common rules of dram-drinking; they had the fashion of the world on their side. But the state of community, in relation to such doings, is greatly changed for the better. The former custom of fashionable tippling has passed away; the authoritative public have frowned it down; it exists not as a fashion among us. Many, who are still lovers of strong drink, are ashamed to take their drams openly, because they know that they are crossing the line of public opinion. Hence, apologies are often made when the unfashionable stuff is called for.

Although this great temperance reformation has gone over our land, it must be admitted that there are now many disgusting scenes of drunkenness among us. The abomination that makes many desolate is in our borders. And the happy change which has been wrought among our fellow-citizens is partially eclipsed by the flood of vulgar, intemperate characters pouring in upon us from

European nations, thronging our streets, crowding our poor-houses, and filling our prisons. Let us strike this swelling number from the account; then compare former years with the present time, and we shall see in a true light what wonders temperance measures have wrought in reforming the nation.

We can proclaim, sir, with noble triumph of soul, that our labour has not been in vain, that the sway of these benevolent operations has transcended our highest anticipations. Yet the work is but begun. The evil remains great and threatening, and proudly boasts of Herculean strength. The luminous characters of reform are still too lightly impressed on the world. The foes to temperance meet us everywhere. And the signs of invitation to ruin are conspicuously posted at every corner; and, in the light of lamps and suns, in the light of reason and reformation, there the deluding and bewitching poison is spread; there, murder, plagues, and wo are sold by wholesale and retail. Thousands are active, by night and by day, in the broad streets of this Babylon, with their hands defiled with her unhallowed wares. There is seen the smoke ascending from the distilleries, which are offensive and hateful pits brewing destruction, and like whirlpools ingulphing millions of bushels of grain annually, all which might be turned into sinless and useful channels. See what multitudes now keep themselves surrounded with this liquid evil, and are pouring down death and destruction out of the fiery cup!—wasting their property—de-

bilitating their mental powers, and mortgaging their bodies to the worms, which, by their default, will be legally foreclosed, and their degraded souls, despoiled of their tenements, must wake from these reveries of dissipation on the dread confines of an endless world. There are many parents still weeping over their prodigal sons not returned, nor returning. Widows are seen in sable mourning around the tombs of their husbands who fell victims to intemperance. And many children are crying for bread because their fathers are drunkards. This is truly a living and prolific source of wo and death.

The result of careful calculation is, that 56,000 are destroyed annually by tippling and drunkenness in our own country only. Yea, poisoned to death by alcohol! Yes, murdered by themselves and their fellow-citizens! It is announced, also, that 500,000 drunkards are now living in our blessed America, all moving onward to the dreadful verge of ruin. Amazing sight! What a drove of slaves! Half a million of human beings, bound with chains more ponderous than iron: scourged daily with the scorpion stings of mental and bodily woes; and not one of them is in the way to die a natural death; they choose the doom of being sacrificed to the god of drunkenness. Infatuated wretches, in pursuit of their own destruction! Mournful sight! 56,000, in a year, crushed under the fiery wheels of the car of Bacchus! What a scene of immolation! Awful picture of the depravity of human life!

## A SPEECH.



Hear this! hear this! All, who are engaged in furnishing materials, or in distilling, vending, or using ardent spirits, are concerned in this work of death; these employments are the conductors to ruin to these ruined men. An awful catalogue of criminal acts will be exposed in the light of eternity in relation to this evil. "In the great day of God's wrath, who will be able to stand?" Who will be able to answer in the judgment for this war against the holy law—the throne of the Almighty—this war against reason and truth—this murder and wo, this training of victims to replenish the ranks of drunkards. Tremendous work! Costly indeed! The expense is computed at one hundred millions in one year.

Let the trumpeters go, sir, and sound it all over Gath, and proclaim it through the streets of Askelon; and let the rocks and mountains groan, and the world blush for shame, when they know that the drunkenness and intemperance of our nation cost, annually, one hundred million of dollars! Behold, for a moment, our 500,000 drunkards, on whom the greater part of this amazing sum is lavished! What wretched beings! Many of them are in rags, and as filthy as ragged, with trembling and diseased bodies. Alas, how ghastly they appear, pressing to the verge of utter ruin! going on in madness, from crime to crime.

Let us take St. Paul's descriptions for their portraiture:—"Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is

full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known: they have no fear of God before their eyes. They are filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." Frightful picture! O happy America! O exalted land of liberty! are these thy children? Are these drunkards thy boasted sons? Put on sackcloth, O land of freedom! weep and howl for the misery that is upon thee, and for the judgments that are at thy door! Know, this, that if these thy degenerated subjects do not return to the wisdom of temperance, they will soon plunge into deeper sorrow and disgrace. In a few transient years there will nothing remain of them on the shores of time but dishonoured dust, and their brief memorials wrapt in eternal infamy.

But, sir, it is not only our duty to stretch the eye of observation across this ocean of human wretchedness, and pour our lamentations over the wreck of immortal beings, verging to a returnless distance from rectitude; but it becomes us, in the relation we sustain to community, to put in requisition every possible means, and to invite into exercise all the moral energies of the good, the wise, and be-

nevolent, that the world may be redeemed from the chains and dominion of intemperance.

Let every Christian, sir, every philanthropist, and every friend to liberty, bow himself like Samson, and take hold on the pillars of this castle of abominations; and in the name and strength of the Power of righteousness bear away the gates, and demolish this strong hold of iniquity, and dethrone Alcohol, that living monster that enslaves and brutalizes mankind. And is it not true that this monster depends on the earth for his existence? His first patrons and supporters are the occupants and cultivators of the soil. The farmers and dealers in grain are the agents who hold the power of life and death over this fiery elf. By their consent and aid he lives. By withholding the products of the earth from the distillers, they strike the deadly blow. Hence, a tremendous power lies with this class of active men; a power to move the world. They furnished the materials by which our 500,000 drunkards were made; and by their aid they are kept in this disgraceful slavery.

Let the farmers and cultivators of the soil consider this, that they stand principal, and lead on the march in this work of destruction. Drunkards would of necessity be sober, if they could obtain no intoxicating drinks. The distillers could manufacture none if the products of the earth were kept from their grasp. And no one would have spirit-drink to sell but a short time if there should be no more made.

We confess, sir, that it would be very difficult



to prevent the abuse of the fruits of the earth, if all the farmers were determined to do it. But there are thousands who cultivate their farms with a fixed calculation to pour the fruits of their fields into the storehouse of death. And they try to justify themselves, and wish all the world to believe, that they are friends to the cause of temperance, because they do not tittle themselves. And many of these men are professors of the Christian religion. Alas, do they not know the evil they are aiding? They must be instructed. They must be made to know that they are partners in this great iniquity of our land. We will exhort these men to awake, and wash their hands from this destructive evil. O delusive gain, how fatal is thy charm!

The love of money is the root of this evil. Will Christians violate their solemn vows for money? Will they rob God, and sell their own souls for money? Will they disgrace their country, and ruin their fellow-men for money? Yes, it is all for money?

Let all, then, who have been concerned in this fiery element of ruin, count up their gains in this unholy traffic, and separate it from their other property, and go out quickly and buy a potter's field with it, for it is the price of blood: the curse of God is upon it. Let all come out of this Babylon who profess the name and knowledge of Christ, and "be not partakers of her iniquities, that ye receive not of her plagues," which will come like a rushing storm. Let no one buy of

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her wares, nor haunt her polluted streets, nor taste her poisonous cup, for death and damnation are there.

Sir, there is safety in flight. Let the multitude, then, fly from this fiery stream of perdition. Let old and young come to reason and cold water, follow the guiding star of wisdom, and take sanctuary immediately under the temperance pledge. But they must understand that all who enter on board the grand ship *Cold Water* must expect to work for their wages, and not sleep all the day in the sides of the ship. They must know, also, that this expedition will be attended with war: we shall be often molested on the high seas of *reason* by bottled *principalities* and *powers*. The old piratical steamship *Alcohol*, with the devil on board, will warmly dispute our charter and clearance. But who will not fight for life and reason? It is glorious to contend in such a cause. And we cannot fear, sir, while we can look up without swimming heads, and see your moral colours floating in the winds, spiked to the topmast of the temperance bark, and at the same time hear, sounding over the waves, your animating shout, "Don't give up the ship." We shall gain the victory! Our ship is as strong as old ocean! Moral truth is our compass, prosperity our sheet anchor, and reason our helm. Let every man stand at his post, armed with a shield of cold water, ready to quench the fiery darts of the enemy, and then dash on, asking no quarters—giving no quarters.

Sir, leaving this figure, we would seriously say, Let the ministers of the sanctuary see eye to eye, and kindle brilliant beacons on all the mountains of Zion. Let Christians humble themselves and weep while they offer their prayers to Heaven. Let parents come on in the work of reform, and the children fill the flowing train. Let men of power and influence stand up and give the signal—sages come forth in their wisdom to point the course and lead the way—and sons of eloquence declaim, and show the Christian world their transgressions, and the sons of America their sins. Let every Christian try to restore a drunkard to the consolations of sobriety, and thereby spread wider and wider the temperance reformation.

Finally, sir, the cause we have espoused is noble and good. It stands closely allied to the holy gospel, which is destined to fill the whole world. Therefore the temperance system must finally triumph. Though it may leave many incorrigible drunkards to rot in the mire of their guilt, yet its influential tendrils are taking hold of the youthful branches of the nation, and are binding their glowing hearts to the interest of the society. By acting thus on the vitality of the nation, the reforming influence must "grow with the nation's growth, and strengthen with its strength;" till, by a slow but certain process, the principles of reform will leaven the whole. So, by little and little, *truth* and *effort* combined will drive out the abominations of the land.

**And when that glorious day shall arrive, then all shall enter into the reward of these benevolent labours, and sit and sing under their own vines and fig trees, unmolested by drunkenness, in the fulness of peace and joy, surrounded by the dominion and glory of universal temperance.**

## ADDRESS

### TOUCHING THE LICENSE SYSTEM,

DELIVERED AT FAIRFIELD, N. Y., JULY 4, 1839

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THE fourth of July is a great day to all Americans—a day that cannot be forgotten; its return is hailed with proud delight through all the states of the Union; and as often it awakens the mingled emotions of gratitude and joy in every patriotic bosom. It brings a resurrection of the amazing superintendence of the Ruler of the universe in our redemption, and that Spartan-like heroism which glowed in the bosoms of our ancestors, and led them on fearlessly to achieve wonders in the martial field, that resulted in the creation of a new republic, enwheeled with the starry glories of independence.

Such an event, so illustrious in itself, and so beneficial to mankind, furnishes a sufficient cause for its annual celebration.

While many are disposed to commemorate this eventful era in our history with martial pomp, in rounds of hollow pleasure, where they have liberty to speak their clamorous transports through the cannon's throat, you have deliberately and wisely

chosen to celebrate it by a public protest against the sin of intemperance, and by an open declaration in favour of rational moral liberty. How wise the saying, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." A nation, without the distinguishing marks of moral character, cannot justly boast of happiness, nor essential liberty. Nothing degrades and demoralizes a community as much as intemperance and its consequent kindred vices.

Order is one of the grand perfections of creation. It is an original law, which is not only necessary to the varied systems of matter, but it is equally essential to every rank in the scale of intelligent beings. It regulates matter and mind; it is the main spring of harmonious action in the universe, and the never-failing source of peace and happiness among nations and societies of men. Intemperance violates this harmonizing law of order, and trains of destructive evils follow as consequences.

We are celebrating our independence. We are proudly boasting of our liberty, which cost the hearts' blood of our patriotic countrymen. We are proclaiming to the ears of the world that our government is wise and benevolent, and sounding, with a boastful tone, our prosperity and happiness as freemen. Indeed, we possess a prolific territory, extending widely, and beautiful as wide, lying under the glancing beams of the sun, and washed by the briny waves of two broad oceans. But in the exultation of our hearts should we not make a solemn, momentary pause, and inquire whether

we are as happy and free as our declarations tell. Is there not a fantastic illusion thrown around us?

We have been favoured with advantages, and have had the opportunity of rising in the scale of moral improvement in a ratio with our advancement in wealth, population, and political influence.

But where is that glory and that perfection of national character which reason taught every sage to desire and anticipate? We have it not. There are dark spots on the sun of our national glory. Yes, we are guilty of the sin of intemperance; and I utter it with emotions of sorrow, and the very tone of that affirmation sounds a thrilling reproach to the nation. . Yes, and I repeat it, the abomination of intemperance is settled among us, which defaces with lurid spots the flowing robe of the goddess of liberty, throws fearful shadows over our populous landscapes, and darkens the front view of our renowned independence.

Lo, then, we, with our boast of wealth, glory, freedom, roar of cannon, and triumphant celebrations, have a tremendous curse upon us; death—disgraceful death is here with unnumbered horrors!

We will now ask, where lies the root of this mischief? It is couched in the love of gain—cursed gain!—the love of money, which is the root of all evil, and this evil in particular. Alas! the state has thrown around it the mantle of legality, and, by her patronizing acts, has become a copartner in the sordid traffic, and consequently inherits a large portion of the curse. Yes, the

state is now suffering under a weight of trouble and wretchedness, which flows from this prolific evil. See avarice, that deceitful plague of the human heart, how it is enhanced and pampered by our legalized system of licensing houses for the sale of liquid poison ; by which reason is degraded, and man, the noblest work of God, brutalized. There, on the provision: of that law, hang the wide gates of misery and death. There the lovers of gain, who traffic for money, and the lovers of rum, who drink for pleasure, meet on the same ground, though for different purposes, and carry on the horrid work of destruction. They are co-workers together, handling the same fiery element ; and will they not in justice be made coinheritors of the wages of sin and misery, which will be the portion of the impenitent drunkard ?

Ought not the proud sons of America, while exulting under their banner of freedom, with this abomination coiled like a serpent in their bosom, to cry out with amazement and horror, as the sons of the ancient prophets, when they tasted the deadly poison among the sodden herbs, saying, " Oh ! man of God ! there is death in the pot ? "

Alas ! alas ! my fellow-countrymen ! there is *death* in the great *political* pot. The wild poisonous growth of this license system has diffused a corrupting influence through the vitals of the state. And the greatness of the mischief is indicated by the strong pulsations of moral disease and woe throughout the body politic. The dreadful consequences, brewing for future development, are in-



evitable, unless prevented by the timely introduction of legislative meal into the political caldron. O, let it be done immediately.

For the purpose of illustration we will now take up a parable. We all recollect the monster of the deep, the old sea serpent that has been for a long time sporting around our shores, diverted with our republican movements, or, perhaps, anxious to exhibit his imperial snakeship advantageously to the wondering gaze of our nautical heroes.—Now, should this king of the deep resolve to leave Neptune's liquid territories, and remove his goods and chattels on the continent to spend his latter days among us, on dry land; and to do it constitutionally, should he petition the president to grant him the privilege of a citizen, to enjoy our independence celebrations, to travel to and fro through the United States, and to have as many stationary homes as he should desire: at the same time, should the old serpent assure the president that he would be a great benefit to the nation: his scales might become a ponderous article for speculation; and in many respects, he would be of much use to community, and do no very essential injury. He would of course want a living—though a great eater, requiring strong meat, and likes the human form better than any other flesh. Yet, if he should pledge his princely word to the president that he would make as little trouble as possible; and live *temperately*, and promise not to kill and devour more than 40 or 50,000

persons yearly, for regular meals; and for **lunch-  
eons** swallow cattle and horses.

The monster, however, being very long, and full of fire and life, would expect the privilege of bounding and sporting on a very extensive scale; and, in such frolics he would do some mischief: such as breaking some thousands of skulls, and multitudes of human limbs, besides wasting much grain and goods, by which the number of 100,000 paupers might be made. And they would cost the nation say, an uncertain number of dollars to support them.

The skill, however, the old serpent possesses to cure divers diseases by his balmly breath, together with the employment which he could give to thousands, would be, perhaps, in the estimation of some great ones, a full compensation for the trouble and expense he would make the nation.

Now, all things considered, do you think that it would be good policy for the president to grant this king of the ocean his petition; admitting, that some avaricious individuals could make a speculation out of him? Would any willingly give up themselves or children to satisfy his voracious appetite? Would any want him lodging in their houses; and have their heads or arms broken by means of his wild sport? The thought wakes up horror in every breast. We all dread the monster. No one would want a law passed to protect him on his march, nor to license him to devour, indiscriminately, 40 or 50,000 of our fellow-citizens yearly. We all should cry out with one voice,

Let him remain in Neptune's dominions for ever ! Every eye would dread to see his scaly form. Yes, every man, woman, and child, would sign a prayer for the president not to admit him on dry land.

This old sea serpent, though an object of horror, is not so much to be dreaded as alcohol, that destructive, fiery serpent, which we have long cherished in the bosom of our country, and given it legal protection and perogatives, while it has carried its ravages through every rank of society, producing a great amount of poverty, tears, and crime in every town and state in the Union ; and, directly or indirectly, destroying 40 or 50,000 of our citizens annually.

Oh ! what a scene of wretchedness and crime a moment's contemplation opens on the gaze of every thinking being, in this land renowned for liberty.

Will our wealthy, enterprising state, always slumber over this work of death and degradation ! Inspiring thought : we will arise in majesty, and put down this hateful evil, that tarnishes our fame, and destroys our peace.

The cause of temperance must, and will go onward : success is crowning the efforts of the friends of reason and morality. The cruel legalized chains of the license system had been endured by the people of Massachusetts for many years ; but, being convinced of the destructive and demoralizing tendency of the system, they awoke to laudable action, and resolved to be free. And, let it be

**proclaimed, to the immortal honour of their legislative body, the license system they have abolished; and, by that act, have placed themselves in the front rank of reformers in the moral world.**

**If all the states in the Union would unite in this auspicious reformation, America soon would be redeemed from drunkenness, and the bright, be-spangled banner of temperance, by Heaven approved, would wave across our happy land to tell to every nation that morality triumphs, and reason reigns.**

## SPEECH

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF THE TOWN  
OF PARIS, N. Y., JANUARY 1, 1839.

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*Mr. President,*—With delight and confidence we take our stand to proclaim to the world that we are not ashamed of the cause of temperance. It lies at the foundation of our national glory, prosperity, and happiness. It promotes peace, and contributes to health and usefulness, gives virtue and perpetuity to character, and plants living hopes around the abodes of the rising generation. It also counteracts the deadly evil of sensual indulgence, which wastes our property, and causes crime, disgrace, and ruin.

The temperance cause, sir, is not a pious craft, got up by cunning priests, but the work of cool reason. There is no fanaticism in it: it speaks the words of *truth* and *soberness*. Here we see reason redeemed from voluntary madness, labouring for the good of all mankind.

The temperance reformation is an enterprise that ranks high in the scale of moral improvement. It is a divine institution, as ancient as the

**Bible.** That holy book is the great temperance record. Your institution, sir, and all others of the kind, have derived the materials for their framework from that immortal book. Hence all who esteem the cause of temperance must love the Bible for its doctrines of temperance, if for nothing else.

Though the foes of this enterprise hurl against it the charge of political design, it nevertheless stands bold and guiltless; and only shows the honest features of a great moral cause, unshackled by party, moving on to grasp and redeem the world. Its object, its only object, is to put down a common evil, and promote a general good. Such an undertaking, so noble, wise, and benevolent, is more than equal to the sacrifice it requires, and loudly calls for the co-operation of the good and mighty to effect it.

In whatever way we view intemperance, it carries the form, and wears the garb, of an enemy. Yes, it is an old enemy, known in the days of the patriarch Noah. It is an enemy to all kings and kingdoms, to rich and poor—a foe to body and mind—a spoiler under the guise of friendship. It is like the serpent in the fable, which was found on a frosty morning. Tame and harmless it appeared while benumbed by the cold air; but as soon as it was warmed and cherished by the fire-side, it began to play the part of a serpent; flew around the room, and inflicted deadly wounds on the innocent, unsuspecting children.

Alas! how many indulgent parents have gone

down to their graves lamenting that they ever brought the serpent alcohol into their houses! Thousands of families have been ruined by it, and want and wretchedness entailed on their posterity.

Intemperance, though destructive and hateful, has more admirers than the goddess Diana ever had. It is the great enchanting idol of the world. Thousands of devotees are found among the inhabitants of both hemispheres, who are daily offering their time and money—and many their bodies and souls—on the disgusting altar of this idol. There is a money-making craft belonging to the temple of intemperance, in which many are engaged by day and by night. Many at Ephesus got their wealth by making silver shrines for the goddess Diana. Some dug the ore, some drew it to the furnace, some tugged at the forge, some hammered and polished the figures, and all shared in the gain. All helped to carry on the sin of idolatry. A declamation against any part of the trade raised an excitement among the craftsmen. "Our craft is in danger," sounded out with angry tone from shop to shop.

The same outcry is heard against the doctrines and doings of temperance societies throughout the land of drunkards. Rum-makers, rum-venders, and rum-drinkers, all cry out together, like the devil in the man at Capernaum, "Let us alone;" "Our craft is in danger."

O what a wretched craft! Look at the smoking pit where some of these craftsmen work, manufacturing liquid death, and mark the sweeping plague

of drunkenness spreading thence through all the land; then look up to heaven with weeping eyes, and cry out, Oh, what a life-wasting, character-withering, and soul-damning craft! Alas! "the wages of sin is death."

We are taught that God made man upright, placed him in paradise, and gave him pure water for drink. Indeed, Adam, the high prince of the world, had no rum, porter, nor cider; he had nothing but water to drink. But his children, who have become artful and depraved in their generations, have sought out many inventions. They found out the art of making alcohol for drink, which, it appears, is, in its operation, contrary to the laws of our physical constitution, and destructive to order and morality.

The magical arts for which Egypt was renowned tradition says are lost. The magicians could turn straight rods into crawling serpents, turn water into blood, and raise a tempest at their call. If the Egyptians have lost their magical skill, we have men who are learned in the black art of making a liquid element which possesses a magical power to turn straight moral characters into crooked ones, wise men into fools; and it often raises a whirlwind of contention in the domestic circle, and excites riots and commotions abroad.

In this learned age witchcraft is styled a humbug. Therefore we will say nothing concerning the witch of Endor, nor enter the dark gate of Salem's troubles. After paying this compliment to infidelity and the pride of learning, we must pro-



claim that our land is full of witchery, a subtle, mischievous kind, which is carried about the country in barrels, jugs, and bottles. Hence it may be called bottled witchery. The subjects bewitched show it by well known signs. Their faces appear red and bloated; their tongues run without restraint, talk loudly, curse, and blaspheme; they are very contentious, frequently stagger and fall into the mud; and sometimes in the night they disturb the sober hogs, and impose on them, by creeping into their nest to sleep without license.

This is a loathsome, degrading kind of witchery, that often brings on delirium, and sends its victim to an early and inglorious grave.

Intemperance must be considered a common foe to mankind—a hateful, desolating monster, which cannot be destroyed but by united action. We can kill the snakes in our own gardens alone; but this foe is like a wandering beast, that roves up and down the world uncontrolled; his footsteps can be traced to every church door, into every religious society, and across every moral enclosure. He calls at the rich man's palace, and often visits the poor man's cottage. He wanders abroad under the covert of the night, and through the splendors of day, seeking whom he may devour. Hence all parties in state, and all denominations in religion, should co-operate in zealous and ceaseless action to conquer and exterminate this monster—this foe to *life, liberty, and reason*, this *licensed* foe that riots in our country's bosom, and defies our power.

In days gone by there was an alarm sounded, thrilling the ears of many, that a desolating foe was rioting within your borders unmolested. The alarm was not only heard, but active exertions were made, and a society was formed—your temperance society—which was designed to destroy this vagrant spoiler of human felicity.

And, in the first campaign against this horned dragon of intemperance, you traced his desolating track from door to door, from street to street, and from hill to vale. At length you discovered his visible form in active motion; and, by a well regulated march, he was overtaken, and there by your dexterous hands seized and bound over the horns with a strong rope of a well concerted pledge which gave the monster a tremendous check. You then were happy in seeing that your efforts were not made in vain, and you cherished a hope that the lawless vagrant would do no more mischief.

But while you were exchanging congratulations on account of your recent triumph, report after report came in, that the intrusive spoiler was not only alive, but had broken through the bars, and had entered houses, crept into some spiritual sheepfolds in a clandestine manner, and taken some captives, and still was strolling about the town, with the rope on his horns, committing depredations on the property of the rich and poor.

Therefore you sounded another alarm, and turned out again in pursuit of the prowling elf, and on the way you soon saw where he had leaped into the sheepfolds, saw where he had called at

the doors of some houses occupied by professed temperance people. As you prosecuted the inquiry you saw some hateful tracks among the wine bottles and beer jugs; and soon after your vigilant eye discovered the old horned dragon asleep, behind a cider barrel, with the rope of the first pledge on his horns. With ardent step you hastened on and there seized the monster again, and strongly fettered him with the iron-like shackles of a teetotal pledge, and commanded him immediately to depart from your town. Then you rejoiced to see him hobble off, clanking his chains and dragging the rope. Though you desired that he would go, and never return, still you had good reason to fear that he would intrude into your place again, and annoy your domestic felicity.

To guard your town in future against the power of this wandering foe, you arose, in the power of your temperance zeal, and fenced it in by refusing to give licenses for stalls and rooms for the purpose of entertaining the filthy vagrant. Though you have done well for yourselves and your suffering countrymen, you will find some among you still who love the beast, and will jump him over your fence by night and by day, and keep him stabled in some secret corner, where you cannot see him. But when one calls who is a friend to intemperance, and bears the mark of the beast, he will be admitted to his presence, and allowed to kiss his lips.

Leaving these figures to speak for themselves, we may plainly say, that intemperance is one

the greatest sins of our land. Hence, to save the wretched drunkard from his vicious habits, and restore him to the fellowship of society, is a noble work, in which all the friends of truth and righteousness should unite to consummate the undertaking.

The high ground assumed in refusing to give licenses you may find impracticable to sustain, in the present state of society. Local interest controls, to a great extent, in our land, and strong prejudices exist on every side. Hence you may be compelled to recede from your position. Still, the broad, common ground on which you have acted heretofore you can continue to occupy, and there carry out the wise, Scriptural designs of your society, with the present system of laws for your defence. You doubtless will have opposition, but your success will be in proportion to your exertions, and your strength will increase as the work gathers on your hands.

The temperance cause is so closely connected with the religious principles of the Bible that nothing can eventually overthrow it. The reformation from drunkenness to sobriety prepares the way for the reception of the gospel, which is destined to fill the world. All who are labouring in this great moral reformation are working for the God of truth and the salvation of mankind.

You may, however, obtain no reward here but a consciousness of doing right; yet you will reap a just remuneration hereafter, if you faint not, at the altar where your sacrifices are made.

AN  
ORATION  
ON THE  
ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,  
DELIVERED AT WEEDSPORT, N. Y., JULY 4, 1838.

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The languid state of the assembly, produced by the exceeding warmth of the weather, while listening to two addresses that preceded the following, the author would offer as an apology for the singular style in which it appears.

*Fellow Citizens*,—The rolling year has brought us again to the fourth of July, which, to us, is a memorable era, a great national day, which has been observed for sixty-two years, in commemoration of the emancipation of the American colonies from the dominion of a foreign power. Therefore, this is a day of national festivity, in which all parties can unite, on common ground, and participate in the general feast of joy.

With such views, the three ministers belonging to the three religious societies in this village agreed to celebrate the day together, with a design to divert the attention of the citizens as much as possible from the common track of carnal pleasure, and give the transactions of the day a rational and harmless turn. Accordingly, each minister agreed

to contribute, from his mental store, something that he might deem appropriate to the day, and pleasing to the taste of the multitude: so, by uniting gifts, endeavour, at least, to make up a plain, intellectual dinner for the occasion. Agreeably to this arrangement, they have met this day to place their artless donations on the board, hoping that all may enjoy the social feast together.

My worthy brothers in this party, who, very properly, came on before me, have regaled you with a donation of selected meats: which, to carry out the figure, may be called *turkey, mutton ham, and fish*, all swimming in the butter of eloquence. And the choir have, in addition, poured down their spicy notes, and filled the house with melody. Now, while the ladies are brushing the crumbs from the table cloth with their fans, I will bring on my gift of lighter food to finish out the repast. It must not be forgotten that we graduated at martial posts, and took the honorary degree of Yankees. Hence this day is renowned as a great day of Yankee glory: the birthday of the nation! Therefore, I thought nothing would be more acceptable than a *Yankee pie*.

And, first, it is your privilege to know that it is a compound of fruits which have been drying sixty-two years. It is partly composed of English berries, and partly of pumpkins of American soil; all of which were gathered in the years 1775 and '76. Plenty of spice will be found in the pie to make it relish; and the whole enclosed in a double

crust. In eating the pie there must be no blunders made: the crust of figures must be broken open before you can taste the spicy fruit within. But I must not weary you with mere explanations and preparations. So we will begin seriously to carve and eat.

The maxim, "render to all their dues," must not be forgotten. England and America, at first, were friends; then were enemies—then were friends again—then turned foes; but now they are friends indeed. England is the mother, and Americans the children. England is proud of her sons, and they are proud of her: she has cause to love them, and they have many reasons to respect her. The germs of science which flourish in our literary gardens were brought from our mother's isle. And many of the arts that contribute to our prosperity were borrowed from our ancient home. The great religious societies which stand the guard and ornament of the nation were first formed and supported there. Yes, the young church, to which your speaker belongs, was born and cradled within the precincts of the University of Oxford ninety-nine years ago.

Moreover, England had kindly sent over gospel ministers, and made many long prayers for the prosperity of her children in the wilds of America. But, while caring thus for her subjects, it was very natural for her to dream of obtaining many jewels for her crown from the mountains of the forest. And she comforted herself that her sons would always be obedient, and live under her control;

and would send her tribute of bags of gold annually to beautify her palaces. But in this she was disappointed. The boys understood what their mother was dreaming about; and they thought it was cunning business to dream: so they had golden dreams. They, fired with ambition, dreamed that they could manage the great farm of America without the old lady's aid. And they dreamed also that they could string their jewels on their own caps; and moreover, that they needed all their gold to build palaces for themselves.

The word *independence* sounded sweetly to their ears: they thought that it was full of poetry. On the mountain tops around them they saw the swift-winged eagles, natives of the Columbian forests, sporting at liberty on the bright waves of ether, enjoying the life of *independence*. While, far beneath them, on a lofty pine, they saw a nest of young eagles: while very young and unfledged, it seemed, they had remained quietly in the nest, under the fostering wing of their mother, listening to every thing she said; but now they were so bulky, and pressed on every side, that they could not rest, which made them resolve to stay in the old nest no longer. We have wings, said they, as well as our mother, and our quills are almost as long as hers—the air is as free for us as for her. Come, let us go, cried the young eagles: so out they leaped and left the old feathered nest; and they felt too happy on their wings in the free air to return again to their bondage. So the young eagles became independent. They flew where-



ever they pleased, exulted on their own mountains, and were acknowledged free eagles among eagles.

This sight made the sons of old England laugh: this was the *poetry* of the wilderness; this they could sing; they had a *tune* for *independence*.

They saw, also, that the genius of the ocean—of the air and the earth—inspired the triumphant song of Liberty: the orient sun with his pen of gold wrote it, in shining letters, on every leaf of the forest; the feathered choirs sung it on the waving forests of the mountains; the evening zephyrs, with their vibrating harps, rolled its dying echoes through the sounding valleys; the ocean with majesty proclaimed it to the rocks in every thundering surge; while the forked-tongued lightning spoke of *independence*, and roared the bass of the chorus from mountain top to mountain top.

The Americans were naturally proud and ambitious, like their mother England. They knew that their wings were long and well feathered, like the young eagles; and they saw that there was room in this western world to use them. Hence, it was reasonable that they should wish to be free. Therefore, they became restless and insubordinate.

We have heard of some old squeamish matrons, who were never willing their sons should marry, and set up business for themselves. Old mother England was like one of those squeamish matrons: she wanted her boys to *stop* and work for her: she assumed imperious claims. The demands she

made on her sons to support her silken train they deemed oppressive. She sent over writing paper to them, with some simple pictures on it, and compelled them to pay a great number of coppers for the pictures: her sons had no need of them: the wilderness was full of pictures. This, and many other things of a similar nature, made her Yankee boys quite angry; and, in their rage, they went on board the old lady's ships at Boston, and threw her tea canisters overboard and wet all her tea. The sad intelligence of this Yankee trick affected the old lady's nerves to a shocking degree. And when she heard that her sons were about to marry the goddess of Liberty, a native of Columbia, and leave her for ever, her nervous affection increased, and immediately she fell into violent spasms; and, in her reverie, she swore vengeance against all her rebellious brood. Her disease was deeply seated and interwoven among the threads of her constitution; inflammation was increasing daily, and, from the alarming symptoms, the great political *doctors* thought it would turn into the long *fever*. The report was true that she had heard about her sons. They had seen the young goddess of Liberty, and were enamoured with her beauty: she *was* a beauty: her form was fascinating, her smile bewitching, and her complexion fair as the rose and lily; she was fleet as a roe, she walked on waves, danced in air, and slept on myrtle.

This fair goddess the Americans were resolved to marry let it cost what it would. So they hur-

ried on the courtship : talked much of love to Liberty ; wrote letters secretly to her, and appointed July the 4th, 1776, for the wedding day. And, pursuant to appointment, the parties met in the presence of a cloud of witnesses ; and then and there the nuptials were celebrated between the sons of old England and the bright eyed goddess of Liberty—a copy of the ceremony, called the Declaration, has been read. All this the ambitious freedom-loving sons did without the consent of their royal mother. The daring act, which was fraught with intentional rebellion, greatly enraged the imperial dame : she looked furiously at the boys, and a storm arose at every look. The whole house was in a turmoil, from the garret to the cellar, and from the parlour to the kitchen : it was a great family quarrel. The old lady talked much, and spoke in haste : yes, she scolded like thunder : the air, the ocean, and earth shook with her voice. She roared like an African lioness bereaved of her whelps. She would not rest night or day ; but went on breaking dishes, throwing shells and moulded iron at the boys. But the proud heroes would not repent, and were too courageous to be frightened. They stood on their own ground, and were determined to maintain their position. They believed that they had done right, and they were sure right would defend itself. They loved Liberty, and they married the fair creature because they loved her, and because she was lovely. They could not be sorry that they had pledged their faith, and given their hand to ratify such a glori-

**ous compact.** If they were to die for the act, they were resolved to die gloriously, crying, "**Liberty! Liberty!!**" with the fair goddess in their arms.

The rebellious lads, in the glee and triumph of their hearts, though they knew it would enrage their mother, made a Yankee apron of true blue, New England stripe, adorned with stars and a flying eagle; and gave it to the young goddess of Liberty to wear. She was so delighted with it, that she hung it on poles, and spread it in the winds of heaven, over land and ocean, that every body might see it; and she laughed most triumphantly when she did it. The old lady of the isle was passing by, and saw the Yankee apron waving in the winds of heaven; and saw her sons, openly saluting the goddess, and leading about that taunting foe to her royalty, and talking along the shores of the Atlantic about *victory, wealth, and power*—how peacefully they would rest, fanned by the *free* breezes of America—how deliciously Yankee pies would taste made of pumpkins that grow on *free* vines—how sweet the sugar would be, made from the *free* sap that flows in the veins of the maple.

Thus they talked and went on boasting of their milk and honey and loaves of bread. But all this boasting gave pain to the ears of their exasperated mother. She looked with indignation on the conduct of her sons: she conceived that her illustrious name was degraded by the connection they had formed with the fair-faced goddess of Liberty: she

did not like the family the goddess sprung from: it was not royal blooded enough to please her. The high cap, striped apron, and barbed arrows, worn by the goddess, disgusted the old lady, and dazzled her eyes as she looked at them.

Yes, to think that this young flirt must be allowed to dance a Yankee march over her best *farm* was too much for the old lady to bear: her royalty was inflamed—she grinned most horribly, showed her iron teeth, spit fire and smoke, with lumps of lead, and a shower of iron hail. But all was returned, by the boys, in due time with interest, and with many loud compliments, and some heavy, hard arguments.

But in the exchange of this kind of property, in this way, much damage was done to both parties. At length, the strife was given up. The old mother concluded to let the Americans take care of themselves, which was all they asked, and promptly consented to ratify their independence. From that time both parties agreed to live in peace, and not to meddle with each other's business. Sixty-two years have elapsed since that glorious event, which made two nations of one, and separated, for ever, the children from their royal mother.

But a friendly intercourse has been kept up between them ever since, excepting one great quarrel, which arose from *overreaching* and *overacting*. A general excitement ensued, that brought on a morbid state of the two political systems, which settled into a confirmed inflammation of

the brain in both bodies: a disease common where strong *wills* are connected with great *heads*. But after profuse bleeding, which is the practice in the treatment of such diseases, the excitement and fever abated.

To know the secret of the cause of this quarrel, the old lady was troubled with the bump of *acquisitiveness*; she wanted to know what the American boys carried on board of their boats; and because she was once their mother, she wanted to be *mistress* still; and therefore claimed the right to get into the boys' boats, and tumble their things about as she pleased. The boys were offended at such imperious conduct, and talked out some of their thoughts: they requested the old lady to keep out of their boats; they had powder on board, and if fire should drop into it, she might get hurt. The bulky words uttered by the boys, together with their sour looks, enraged the imperial dame. She left them in haste, determined soon to give them a beating for their unmannerly conduct.

So after due preparation, the old lady came out to perform her duty; to teach the boys, by her vengeful rod, to move, in future, according to the *measure* of her *poetry*. But after making a furious effort, she cast a tremendous wondering look at them, and saw clearly that they were too big to be *whipped*. She therefore turned her course, and paddled home with her empty powder horn; went to her looms and made the shuttles fly like witchcraft, and left her gigantic sons to re-

pair their fences around their *farm*. They were great farmers: they raised potatoes and bags of wool and cotton. For a long time the boys had hired their mother to spin and weave their cloth and shirtings; for which they paid her bags of dollars. At length they thought that this *measure* was too *prosaic* for *independent* farmers. Therefore, the boys, cunning rogues, played on their mother a Yankee trick: while paddling around, they stole her trade. And now they can weave their own garments, and make their own poetry, and sing it when they please, under their own vines and maple trees. Yes, they are independent.

What cannot these Yankees do! They have engaged thunder and lightning to work for them; and perpetual motion is dancing in their hands. They have learned the art of living under water like sea monsters. And soon they will steal all the diamonds out of Neptune's palace. Yes, with their India rubber dresses they will frighten the sea serpents away from our shores before they learn the secret of our politics. Truly, it would be impossible to divine what they will not do. They now want to obtain a patent-right for making all kinds of weather. They have filled the world with steam, and they are under its influence themselves. They travel by steam; they talk, write, and print by steam. Yes, politics and every thing now must go by steam. But where there is so much excitement, and so much machinery in motion, as in our land

of independence, every one should try to keep out of harm's way; for there will be soon a tremendous collapse among the *boilers*. Yes, if the flag of our independence ever falls, it will fall by an explosion of *ultra steam measures*.



# **GREAT HOG CONVENTION,**

**HELD AT HOG HOLLOW,**

**J U N E 2 1, 1 8 5 1.**

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During the recent fire at Oak Orchard in this County, at which the extensive Distillery, at that place was burned, a large number of barrels, casks, tubs, &c., were emptied of their intoxicating contents into the stream below, where the hogs there fattening were in the habit of resorting for water to cool their parched tongues. These hogs, 2000 in number, had watched with deep anxiety, the great conflagration, and becoming unusual thirsty from the intense heat which poured down upon them, ran for the cooling waters ; while one of them forgetful of the failings too common among the lower classes, made too free use of the intoxicating beverage, and became "considerably in liquor."

Previous to the fire, there had been much ado in and about the distillery, and in the hearing of the hogs, on the subject of temperance, and multiplied had been the anathemas there issued against the cause; but the swine, although as yet knowing nothing from experience of the evil effects of drunkenness, nevertheless had become convinced from the arguments employed it would be unbecoming the dignity of any hog to "get over the bay." So that, when it fully appeared that several of their race had in that respect departed from the correct rules of propriety, a general Convention of all the hogs in the valley was held, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present state of affairs; and the following is the proclamation issued requiring the proper attendance:—All hogs in Hog Hollow are hereby commanded to assemble in Hog Hall on the 21st day of June inst., to hear certain complaints and charges which will be then and there preferred against certain of our race, and to consider the present posture of affairs, and adopt proper measures to ensure the safety of the Union.

The time having arrived, and a large concourse of hogs being in attendance, numbering at least two thousand, the Conven-

tion was properly organized by the election of officers. King Hog, with bristles erect, arose in the midst of great applause, and stated the objects of the Convention. A free and excited discussion took place as to the proper course to pursue with those that had, as it was alleged, offended against hog propriety and decorum. It was finally agreed upon unanimously, that a court of competent jurisdiction should be immediately instituted to try the offending brethren—which was done, and the accused were arraigned before the Court and charged by the Chief Justice, as follows: You are hereby charged and accused, on the complaint of one Worthy Sober, of having on the 18th day of June, 1851, at Oak Orchard, in the County of Orleans, violated the law of the land, and broke over the rules of decency and decorum which has ever existed in our society, by drinking ardent spirits, in consequence of which you did get drunk, and stagger, and fall down, and spew; all like unto certain two legged animals with whom we never associate, and that you did then and there squeal and abuse your companions and relatives. and that you have thereby

brought disgrace upon yourselves, and also upon the large and respectable society of hogs to which you belong, and have caused us to blush and be ashamed. Although it was once known that certain of our race, under the influence of another spirit did run into a river, and were drowned ; it has seldom, if ever been, that one of our kindred, from the creation of the first pair, has been found drunk. And notwithstanding we have been accused of being possessed of the Devil, we have always been known to be less influenced by him than the certain two legged animals before referred to. Are you guilty, or not guilty ?

The prisoners here raised themselves up on their hind legs, and under deep emotion severally answered that to some of the charges they pleaded guilty, and to others not guilty.

The Court then asked them if they were ready for trial, to which they answered in the affirmative.

By the Court. Have you, or do you desire Counsel? The prisoners, after consulting together a few moments, stated that they had agreed upon one of their

own number as counsel on the trial, and asked the Court, as a matter of privilege, as they had never before been guilty of so indecent an act, to dispense with the examination of witnesses against them, and hear their own statement of the facts in the case simply, hoping that the Court would be satisfied of the truthfulness of them. The Court, after a short and solemn reflection, consented to the proposition.

Counsellor Hog then arose, and with evident assurance upon his countenance that the accused would be acquitted on the ground of former good character, yet appeared somewhat embarrassed by the solemnity and importance of the occasion, and spoke in a somewhat muffled tone.

He said as follows: May it please the Court, and all who hear me this day. In behalf of myself and my comrades in chains, I will acknowledge that we did get drunk at the time named in the charge to us; that we did stagger, and fall down, and spew, and squeal, and appear very simple and foolish; and we have no doubt that we did in many other respects, imitate a large number of another class of animals who claim to be of a higher order and all

very much to our discredit. But that we, or either of us, did abuse any of our society, unless it was to snap our teeth at each other, and grunt, and falsely pretend that we wanted to bite each other, we positively deny, although we confess that we were insane at the time, but our instinct informs us, and our general good character forbids even a presumption that any of us hogs could possibly sink ourselves so low, or condescend to such consummate meanness and ill manners as to actually bite, or kick, or strike, or in any manner commit an assault and battery upon each other, producing black eyes and bloody noses as is the custom among the two-legged animals under similar circumstances. That we made a very ridiculous appearance and were a laughing-stock to spectators of all classes, is no doubt true; but in all other respects we think our example worthy of imitation by all in like condition.

We do not, to such portion of the charge as we acknowledge ourselves guilty, plead justification on the ground that it was an extraordinary occasion, and a time of great excitement in our community; nor because it was offered to us in great abundance;

nor because there were evident indications that we should get no more thereafter from the general waste that was taking place; nor yet because we consider a little absolutely necessary to keep the heat out. Neither were we influenced by the numerous examples so long witnessed in this Hollow and vicinity, by the long-legged race who have in numerous instances intruded upon our rights and taken possession of our lodgings; for such examples rather deterred than influenced us to drink that which would intoxicate. But in defence, we plead that it was done in consequence of the bondage under which we were placed—the sty in which we were fastened—the assumption of power and control over us. We had for a long time been accustomed to eat of the only useful production flowing from the Distillery. On the fatal morning we were hungry, and because of the heat we were thirsty. We both eat and drank. Our meal was floating in the liquid poison which had also in great quantities co-mingled with the pure water of the stream. We fell. Sickness, drunkenness, misery, disgrace and ruin immediately followed. Delirium Tremens attacked three or four of our

number and they died a drunkard's death. For this we are sorrowful.

We desire to state also to this honorable Court, that although we erred in partaking too freely of the liquid poison, we were glad and laughed heartily to behold the rapidity with which the angry flames let loose the hellish element to be wasted forever. And if in coming time our food and drink shall be in any manner impregnated with the infernal poison,—if ourselves and our posterity are to be exposed to the sufferings and consequences we have experienced—we hope the same glorious God will follow up his rightful judgment; and we hereby give notice that, in case of another like event, we will call upon all our fellows of the bristled race, young and old, great and small, black, white, and spotted, throughout the wide world, to meet and unite with us in holding a universal jubilee, and in all coming time we will celebrate that anniversary when a great source of misery and death was destroyed from the face of the earth—which not only was the most alarming source of all evils to ourselves and to the long-legged animals, but which produced disease and premature death among the finny tribe of



Oak Orchard, causing them to lie in untold numbers dead on its banks to rot and impregnate our common atmosphere with an intolerable stench. (Applause.)

By the Court. All the hogs in court must observe order.

I say, your honor, that if another distillery shall be put in operation on these ruins, and should all the hogs of this valley be exposed and our posterity after us, to the streams of iniquity which will flow therefrom; if we shall again be caused to suffer sickness, and vomiting, and remorse, and horror, and disgrace, and sighs, and tears, and even death itself, we shall devoutly and sincerely call upon him who holds the besom of destruction in his fists, to frown down upon all the hogs in the wide world and all other animals therein, excepting devils, drunkards, and drunkard makers, if they should refuse to meet with us on that occasion and join heart and foot in celebrating the anniversary of such a glorious day, on which the all Omnipotent saw proper to exercise his great and rightful prerogative in pronouncing a curse on its proprietors and all employed in its erection; when he shall pronounce it unclean from its mud-sill to its peak; on its

posts, beams, joists, plates, rafters, and on every stone, shingle, nail, wheel, shaft, and its entire appurtenances—and when he shall cause it to burn as an oven, and share the same fate as its proprietors after the Judgment Day.

We also say to this honorable Court, that we will hereafter be on our guard against all intoxicating influences; that we will abstain from the use of Alcohol, whiskey, beer, or other drunkards drink, and that we will live soberly in this present evil valley, hoping that whether we remain in this old sty or shall be scattered in various directions over the wide world, to live and die a blessing to our race. We therefore hope to be acquitted from these charges.

The Court, after a short consultation, pronounced their decision in the cause as follows:—Hog Prisoners—stand on your hind legs.

(The prisoners here arose under evident agitation of feeling.)

The court have patiently and anxiously heard your statement of the case—your denials, your confessions, and your excuses, together with your promises as to the future, and have arrived to the conclusion

that the fault was not your own, that being hungry and thirsty you did eat and drink of the only eatable and drinkable substance within your reach, not knowing at the time of its injurious effects; and because of your contrition and sorrow of heart even for that, after having experienced its awful results, we cannot convince ourselves that you intended to commit an offence, against the rules and principles of our society. We do therefore pronounce you NOT GUILTY of the charges alleged against you.

Signed by the officers and 2000 hogs in Convention, at Hog Hollow, in the vicinity of Death, near the borders of eternal despair

The Convention then adjourned, to meet again when the next hog shall get drunk.



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