THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

HENRY SMITH,

THE CELEBRATED

RAZOR STROP MAN,

EMBRACING

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF HIS ORIGINAL SONGS, QUEER SPEECHES, HUMOROUS LETTERS, AND ODD, DROLL, STRANGE AND WHIMSICAL SAYINGS, NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WITH AN ACCURATE PORTRAIT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A CHOICE SELECTION OF SONGS, ANECDOTES AND WITTICISMS, MOST OF THEM ORIGINAL.

BOSTON:
WHITE & POTTER, PRINTERS,
Spring Lane, corner of Devonshire street.
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INTRODUCTION.

The extraordinary career of Mr. Smith, who, as a simple vender of Razor Strops, has made himself a sort of public character, known either personally or by report, to the citizens of every portion of our country, is sufficient excuse, if any is needed, for publishing this little work. The country is flooded with the histories of great generals, great statesmen, great lawyers and great scoundrels. Why not, then, make room for the history of a great pedlar? If to strike out a path to fame and fortune, never trodden before, be sufficient cause for notoriety, then is Mr Smith fully entitled to such a distinction. That he is a mere pedlar of Razor Strops, argues nothing against his claims; for the same industry, perseverance, and fruitfulness of invention, exhibited in his present business, would have made him as successful and as noted in any other profession, had fortune placed him in a more favorable position in the outset. If he had commenced life in the counting-room, he might now have been a princely merchant, instead of the prince of pedlars.

It is not expected that the contents of this work will either astonish or greatly enlighten the world. The incidents in the life of Mr. Smith are not of a character to create that "thrilling interest" and "absorbing attention" which the public look for in publications of this character. He has betrayed no confiding maiden, performed no mighty deed of valor, committed no shocking murder—in fact, there is no romance in his history, at all. He has lived thus far as thousands and tens of thousands have lived before him, and his history is the history of them all. Nevertheless, as far as the principle of temperance is concerned, the narrative contained in the following pages may have a salutary influence. If the mariner who constructs a chart by which his fellow seamen may learn to shun the fatal rock upon which his own bark has split, be deserving of praise, then is he no less worthy, who, in the dangerous voyage of life, has made shipwreck of his fortunes, yet, being saved, lifts up a warning voice, that others may avoid the cruel current that had lured him to his ruin.

If this book should fall into the hands of one who is already,

though lightly, treading in the path of danger, let him reflect, before he raises the cup of death again to his lips. As he reads the following pages, let him ask himself if he is safe, when one as strong and confident as himself, perhaps, was found to be perfect weakness. If he is already so far advanced in habits of intemperance as to despair of reformation, let him take courage, for one as bad as he has been saved, was dead and is alive again.

The collection of Mr. Smith's poetry, speeches, letters, &c., which we have appended to this work, will serve to while away an idle hour, if they subserve no better purpose. If the people *read* these comical and truly original effusions with half the interest they have exhibited in *listening* to them, as they fell from the lips of their author, the publisher will be more than satisfied with his speculation.

Trusting that none will be injured, while we hope that some may be benefitted by a perusal of this unpretending volume, we send it forth to the world, as one of the very smallest aspirants to public favor and patronage.

THE PUBLISHER.

Boston, 1848.

LIFE OF HENRY SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

Birth, Parentage and Early Education.—Leaves School.—Goes Apprentice to a Baker.—Gets tired of his Business.—Tricks of the Trade.—Dead 'Uns.—Leaves his Situation.—First Trait of Yankeeism.

Henry Smith was born in the village of Waltham Abbey, England, on the 24th December, 1815. His father, John Smith, was by trade a carpenter, and being an excellent workman, and of good habits, was enabled to live in very comfortable style, and at the same time lay by something handsome each year, upon which to rely in old age, or to relieve himself and family in case of unforeseen misfortunes. Henry was the third of five children, having a brother and sister older, and a brother and sister younger than himself, all of whom are still living.

Henry, when old enough, was sent to the village school, which he attended until he was thirteen years of age, during which time he obtained all the knowledge of which he is now possessed, so far as book learning is concerned. He often says, when speaking of his school-boy days, that his master knew nothing, and as soon as he had learned his scholars all he knew himself, they left him. Whether Smith managed to learn more than his sagacious master taught him, is a matter of doubt to this day.

As soon as he had left school, being a good sized, healthy vigorous lad, he was desirous, in accordance with his

father's wishes, of learning a trade, and it was not long before a favorable opportunity for so doing presented itself. A baker living in the village wished an apprentice, and applied to Henry, as just the lad he wanted. In England, a boy has to serve seven years' apprenticeship, and pass successively through all the different grades of his profession, before he can be considered a perfect master of his business. To learn the baker's trade, the first step is, to drive the cart in the morning, and serve bread to the customers. This initiatory duty suited Henry's taste exactly, as he, like most boys of his age, loved a horse and delighted in nothing so much as an opportunity of driving one, whether in a gig, a hay-wagon, or a baker's cart. His first engagement with the baker was, to work on "trial," with the understanding that if, at the end of four weeks' service, all parties should be suited, he was to be regularly bound for the term of seven years.

Much as our young friend was pleased with his situation at first, he soon found that "all is not gold that glitters," and that, however pleasing it might be to ride behind a fast horse, for pleasure, it was quite a different thing to be compelled to follow it up as a duty. His daily rides from one end of the village to the other, in fair weather and foul, soon lost their attractions, and, being compelled to work a great part of the night, as well as during the first part of the day, he soon tired of his situation, and concluded to leave at the end of his "trial month," and seek some other business more congenial to his disposition, and if possible, less laborious.

Before leaving, however, Henry learned a few "tricks of the trade," which are not laid down in the regular code of the profession. These "tricks" were practiced by journeymen, and sometimes by the older apprentices, and consisted in stealing loaves from the master, and converting them into ale or other strong drink. During the first week, he detected a journeyman in practicing one of his sleight-of-hand operations. This man, among other duties, was obliged to keep the stable clean, and every morning removed the offal to a place of deposit at some distance from the bakery. It was his habit to take from one to half a dozen loaves every morning, and, wrapping them closely in a

large napkin, deposit them in the stable until he removed the offal, under which he would slide the precious morsels, there to remain until evening arrived, when they were taken to some neighboring ale-house, and bartered away for strong drink. Loaves stolen in this way, are styled "dead 'uns," and are almost invariably purloined by drunkards, and bought by spirit and beer sellers. After leaving the baker, Henry staid at home for some time, occasionally helping his father in his business, although he had not the least idea of learning the carpenter's trade, thus early in life displaying his *yankeeism*, as it is well known that American youth very seldom learn the professions followed by their fathers, while the young men of England almost invariably adopt the paternal business.

CHAPTER II.

The friendly carpenter.—Henry goes to London.—Engages with a widow as boy of all work.—Too much work.—Leaves and goes apprentice to a butcher.—Likes his situation.—The unfortunate leg of mutton.—The worsted apron.—Is obliged to leave.

One day a master carpenter from London being on a visit to Henry's house, noticed the alacrity with which the boy attended to the work he had in hand, and hearing that he was desirous of getting into some permanent business, informed him of a situation then vacant in Islington, (a part of London,) to which he would recommend him, if he wished. As Henry was very anxious to see London, of which he had heard so much, he eagerly embraced the proffered services of the friendly carpenter, and the next day accompanied him to the great city, and was soon introduced to his future mistress who was a rich widow lady who kept a green grocer's store, and who wished a boy to open and shut the shop, drive her to market in the morning, go round after orders, deliver goods, &c., &c. A bargain was soon

concluded, and Henry was duly installed into office as "boy of all work."

He staid in this situation about six months, and was then compelled to leave, as he found his labors still more arduous than in his former place. Every morning he was obliged to drive the old lady to market, often starting as early as 3 o'clock; and while she was haggling and purchasing of the wholesalers, he was compelled to sit in the wagon, two, three, and sometimes four hours at a time, Jack Frost in the meanwhile taking all sorts of liberties with his defenceless nose and ears. Cold or hot, wet or dry, there he had to wait, with nothing to cheer him but the prospect of a scanty breakfast, and a hard day's work. The old lady was a very tight, penurious body, and although well-to-do in the world, would stint herself and her help, if by so doing she could gain a penny. Sometimes in a very cold morning, she would indulge in a cup of coffee, which was always on sale at the market; this she would drink, in sight of the freezing boy, nor ever think of offering him the dregs of the cup, of which he would gladly have partaken, had the chance been given him.

Soon after leaving the old lady, Henry engaged on "trial" with a butcher, and after serving three or four months, both parties seemed satisfied, and a permanent engagement was entered into. It is the usual custom in England, for the parents or guardian of an apprentice to give a bonus of from five to fifty pounds sterling, to the master. Smith's father was willing to give a handsome sum on this occasion, but as the boy was well suited with the master, and the master with the boy, no bonus money was demanded or paid.

A London butcher goes to Smithfield market every morning, buys his pigs, sheep and cattle "on the hoof," drives them to his place of business, kills and dresses them, and disposes of the meat to his customers, either by wholesale or retail. Henry's business was to drive the beasts from the market to the shop, go after orders while his master was killing and dressing, and afterwards take the meat round to the several customers. Sometimes he carried a basket, at other times a butcher's tray, and occasionally would carry the legs and shoulders in his hand. For a few months, Henry was wonderfully pleased with his situation; every

thing worked well, both parties were satisfied, and he began to congratulate himself upon being at last comfortably settled in a good situation. But he was mistaken in his calculations, and was doomed to disappointment, as we shall soon see.

One Saturday night, just as the shop was about being closed, a servant girl stepped in, and ordered a leg of mutton for her mistress, and Henry was directed to carry it home, a distance of nearly a mile. Although somewhat tired, and more disposed to sleep than to take a long walk, the boy took his load, and placing it in a tray, trudged off on his errand. In London, the butchers' boys pride themselves hugely on the scientific manner in which they can carry their trays. Some of the most expert poise them on their heads, while others less skilled in the science of equilibrium, carry them on their shoulders. A "scientific" boy will carry a well filled tray on his head through the most crowded thoroughfare, alternately walking, running and jumping, without once using his hands to steady his burthen. On this occasion, it being rather dark, and but few people in the street, our boy thought it would afford an excellent opportunity to practice the art of carrying the tray upon his head. Like every young tyro when making an attempt at a new business, he imagined every passer-by to be looking at him, and he felt as proud as he trudged along with stiffened neck and erect head, as though he had worn a golden crown, instead of a butcher's tray. But alas for human pride! Like too many mortals whose heads bear heavy burthens, poor Henry was soon destined to lose his crown, for in hastily crossing the street, in order to avoid a coming omnibus, he lost his equilibrium, and down went tray and mutton into the reeking gutter. He quickly picked up the spoils, and observing a man busily engaged in washing a chaise in an adjoining stable, he hastened to the spot, and begged the privilege of washing the mud from the unfortunate mutton. The request granted, Henry soused the meat in the tub of dirty water, and rubbed it thoroughly, and then wiped it carefully with his blue worsted apron, until, by the dim light reflected from a distant lamp, it appeared to be perfectly clean. He then continued his journey, and on arriving at his place of destination, rang

the bell, and as soon as the servant appeared, dropped the precious mutton in her hands, and hastily departed shopward, before any questions could be asked. He got back in time to help his master shut up shop, but just as the latter was in the act of locking the door, the servant girl appeared with the leg of mutton, saying that her mistress had concluded to have a shoulder instead, and had sent her back to change it. On re-entering the shop and procuring a light, the master took the mutton, and was about to hang it upon a hook, when he observed its dingy and smutty appearance.

"You have dropped this in the mud," said he, turning to the girl.

"Indeed sir, I have not," replied she, feeling somewhat embarrassed, for she suspected who was at fault, and, servant-like, wished to screen the boy if possible.

"Then it must have been you that dropped it," said the master, looking at Henry.

"No, sir, it was not me," returned the boy, plumply.

"Tell the truth, you young scamp," exclaimed the butcher roughly, as he eyed more carefully the tell-tale mutton, "tell the truth, or I'll knock you down with the cleaver."

"Don't strike me, sir, and I'll tell the truth," gasped Henry, "it *was* me that dropped it, but it was by accident, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"I shall do no such thing, you young scapegrace," replied the man, "you have told a willful lie, and a boy that will lie will steal. I knew you dropped the meat, for I detected the blue wool from your apron upon it. Begone from my shop, and never darken my doors again. As it is Saturday night, you may stay at my house over Sunday, and on Monday morning I shall expect you to leave me, as I cannot consent to harbor liars in my house or shop."

It was with a heavy heart that the boy left his comfortable situation, which had pleased him so much, and started homeward again. We will not say but that the master was too severe in casting the boy off at the first offence. But, be that as it may, Henry learned a good lesson which he never has forgotten. He was made to know the truth of the old adage, that "honesty is the best policy." If his first lie had remained undetected, or had been too easily forgiven, there is no telling how far he might have been led in iniquity and

folly. But the first error meeting so severe a rebuke, caused the boy to reflect, and determined him to beware a repetition of his sin.

On arriving home, the boy explained to his father the cause of his sudden appearance, and begged his forgiveness. The old man was grieved at his son's error, but attributing it to boyish thoughtlessness rather than a depraved heart, he gave him a brief lesson upon the subjects of Truth and Honesty, and forgave him.

CHAPTER III.

Henry stays at home for a short time.—Enters a calico printing establishment.—Pays his footing.—A general spree.—Intoxicated for the first time.—Carried home drunk.—Headache the next day.—Hair of the same dog, &c.

Henry stayed at home for some months, helping his father as before, in light, transient jobs.

Close to his father's house, was an extensive calico printing establishment, and as he was well known to the overseers, he managed to be taken in as an apprentice. No indentures were signed, although it was understood between the parties that the boy should serve seven years.

At that time, it was an invariable custom in England for every apprentice or journeyman, to "pay the footing," or, in other words, to "treat all hands," on going to work in a new establishment. To refuse to do this, was to court the curses and anathemas of all hands. It is an old saying that there is no peace for the wicked. In England, there was no peace for the man or boy who refused to pay his footing. There was no end to the mischievous pranks, and oftentimes malicious tricks which were played upon refractory members, by their revengeful fellow workmen. It was always thought to be the safest plan to pay the footing, however unable the pocket might be to defray the expense, or the conscience unwilling to countenance the custom.

When Smith joined the print works, there were several other apprentices taken in at the same time, and it was concluded to have the footings altogether, and so indulge in a grand, general spree. The new apprentices paid in one guinea each, to which the journeymen and older apprentices added each a shilling.

On the night appointed, all hands (there were no teetotallers then,) repaired to the tavern, where a good substantial supper, and an unlimited quantity of ale was provided for them. A prolonged and boisterous carouse ensued, the new apprentices, as a matter of course being compelled to drink, whether they would or no. Smith, as might be supposed, was thoroughly initiated into the art and mystery of beer guzzling, and at the conclusion of the spree, sometime after midnight, was for the first time in his life, taken home to his father's house in a state of beastly intoxication. As such things were common on "footing" occasions, his father took no notice of it, as he would have been more surprised had his son reached home sober, after such a spree.

The next morning Henry rose early, unrefreshed by his uneasy slumbers. His tongue was parched, his nerves unstrung, and his brain seemed on fire. After quenching his thirst from the "old oaken bucket," he proceeded to the print works, where he was hailed by his fellow apprentices, and invited to drink. It was in vain that he declined the proffered cup, and plead a severe headache and a distaste for ale. A hair from the same dog that had bitten him the night before, was insisted upon, and sure enough, upon trying the remedy, and giving two or three hearty swigs at the ale-can, his headache vanished, and he found himself getting quite well again. And thus were the first lessons in drunkenness learned.

CHAPTER IV.

The effects of bad example.—Smith gets into evil habits.—Leaves his father's house.—Goes to ale house.—Becomes pot boy.—Gets employment at his trade.—Relapses and leaves his native village.

The subsequent career of our young friend may be easily imagined. With the evil example of his elder shopmates constantly before him, it is not to be wondered at that he soon learned to guzzle beer with the best of them, and that in due time he became a confirmed drunkard. Although but fifteen years of age, he looked much older, and being of a manly appearance, soon got introduced into company, and became a frequent visitor at the several village ale houses. His father did not exact from him the prompt payment of his board, and thus having the additional means at his command by which to indulge in habits of extravagance, he gradually advanced in the lessons taught him, until he became a finished adept in dram-drinking.

For a long time he kept his father in ignorance of his doings. His mother often screened him, and if by any mischance her husband's suspicions were aroused, she would, mother-like, be sure to save her son from exposure. For three years he managed to pursue his downward career, before his father suspected him. But at last he was detected, and again and still again did the father have undeniable proof of his son's sad direliction from the path of rectitude. He bore with him for a time, and frequently would expostulate with him; but his forbearance was all in vain. Every succeeding day only seemed to convince him that there was no hope of the young man's reformation. At length, wearied and disgusted with his conduct, he forbade him his house, and told him never to enter beneath the paternal roof again until he had learned to be a sober man.

And now behold young Smith, leaving the home of his youth, the society of his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, and taking up his residence in a public ale house. Foolish youth that he was, he rejoiced at the change. He felt relieved from the obnoxious surveillance of his parents,

and esteemed it a great privilege that he could now do as he pleased, stay out as late at night as he chose, drink as much beer as he liked, and have no person to call him to an account for his actions. Poor, infatuated boy! he had only taken another and a wider stride towards that dark gulf which was even then yawning to receive him.

It was not long after he had changed his residence, before he began to neglect his business. As might have been expected, he soon lost the confidence of his employers, and at length was discharged from their establishment.

After remaining idle until all his money was gone, and his credit exhausted, he was compelled to hire himself as "pot boy" to the keeper of the house where he boarded, receiving for compensation his food and lodging, and a given quantity of ale per day. The duty of a "pot boy" is to go round in the early part of the day, and supply the customers with beer, which is taken to them in pint and quart pots. In the afternoon, he goes round again and collects the empty pots, and returning to the ale house, finds employment during the rest of the day in cleaning and scouring them for the next day's use, and in doing such menial jobs about the house as no other servant will stoop to. After serving in this low capacity some few months, business got to be rather driving at the print works, and one of the overseers called upon him and offered him employment on condition that he would keep sober. Smith gladly accepted the offer, and for a few months kept his word, and his friends congratulated him upon his reformation. But alas, their hopes were short-lived. Ale gained the mastery over reason, and again young Smith was discharged from his situation.

CHAPTER V.

Leaves his native village.—Finds employment in Camberwell —Is steady for a time.—Gets a new suit and starts for home.—Trifles with the old enemy.—Buys a donkey.—Donkey won't go.—Goes home by stage.—Old habits.--Back to Camberwell.—Sells Donkey —Second and last horse trade.

Ashamed of his conduct, Smith determined to leave his native village, and seek employment elsewhere. He proceeded to Camberwell, a beautiful village a few miles the other side of London, where he soon succeeded in getting a situation in a small printing establishment. He kept sober for some months, and soon had money enough to purchase an entire new suit of clothes, which he had no sooner arrayed himself in, than he had a strong desire to visit his old home. Having by his abstinence entirely recovered his healthful and rosy appearance, he wished to show himself to his old acquaintances, and have them take knowledge of his improved position in society.

One morning he dressed himself in his best suit, put what money he had saved in his pocket, and started for his native village, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. Having to pass an ale house on his way, he thought he would step in and take just one taste of his favorite beverage—only one. He had abstained so long that the first glass had a greater effect than usual, and before he hardly knew what he was about, he had swallowed a second and a third, by which time he was, as the phrase goes, as happy as a lord. Before drinking, he felt none too good to walk home, but now he must needs ride, or not go at all ; and he felt so rich that he must even ride upon his own beast too. He bethought him of a donkey his employer owned, rather the worse for wear to be sure, but still a donkey, and that was all he wished for. Back he posts to his employer, and prices the poor beast. The terms being soon agreed on, Smith mounts his swift courser, and turning his head homewards, commenced his journey, feeling as proud as an Alexander on his Bucephalus. The donkey went very well until she arrived at a toll-gate at the end of the village, when she deliberately halted,

and positively refused to budge another inch. Smith whacked, the boys shouted, and the men laughed, but donkey obstinately refused to advance. The yellings and hootings of the bystanders so mortified our well dressed young gentleman, that he concluded to turn back and carry Sir Donkey home again. She trotted back very willingly, and on arriving at the stable, the mystery of her stubbornness was explained. She had lost her foal the day before, and instinctively clung to the place where it lay. After tying her in the stable, Smith went out and bought hay enough to keep her alive until his return, and then took the stage for home.

On arriving at his native village, it was not long before he fell in with one and another of his old cronies, and as might be expected, he soon became ensnared in the same ruinous habits which had previously cursed him, and blighted all his fair prospects. In a week, his money was gone, and his fine new coat exchanged for an old one. Ashamed and discouraged, he departed and returned to Camberwell. Feeling little inclined to work, he thought he would go to London and see the play; but having no money, he re-sold his donkey to his employer, for less than the original cost, throwing in the hay and grain as a bonus.

This was his first horse (or donkey) trade. His second and last one was made in the winter of 1846-7, and as his account of it, as published in a letter to the editor of the Boston Washingtonian, is so originally humorous, we will insert it here, for the mere fun of the thing.

"When I was in Virginia, I stopped at a small town, and seeing a crowd around the Court House, I mixed myself in the company, and saw that a horse was put up for sale at auction. The auctioneer begged lustily for a bid, and as I am rather short-sighted, and supposing that the horse was actually alive, (for I thought I saw him kick once,) I bid ten dollars, just to start him, not thinking that he would be knocked down to me. But no sooner did the old fellow hear my bid, than his confounded hammer came down kerwhack, and the horse was pronounced *gone*. I put on my spectacles, and sure enough the old fellow if not *gone* completely, was *going* very fast. I paid my ten dollars, and then dragged my neighing steed to a neighboring stable, where I introduced him to some old acquaintances of his, whom he

had not seen for a long time before, viz.—fresh hay and grain. While he was eating, a man told me he would buy him if he would draw; I told him there was no doubt of that, for he had already drawn ten dollars out of my pocket, and that was more than any other horse had ever done before. After the old critter had finished his meal, I put him before a cart, and although he would n't go himself, he made the cart go, for he kicked the front part of it into a general cocked up hat. I then tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and gave him a cut in the rear with one of my strops, and away he went like a locomotive, until the handkerchief slipped off, and then he stopped short. I then got a horse and buggy, and tied the old fellow behind, but he was like the moderate drinkers when we try to hitch them on to the temperance car, he held back most awfully. I next tied him to the side of the horse in the buggy, and then started, and every time the old critter held back, the wheel of the buggy was on his heels, and he was obliged to go, though much against his will; just so with the moderate drinkers; we, reformed drunkards, tread on their heels until they get so sore that they are compelled to seek for safety in the arms of the temperance society. The pledge is a sovereign balm for sore heels and sick headaches. After trying all sorts of ways to get rid of my old horse, I at last reached Petersburgh, and there I took a new start, and jumped on his back and rode him through the town, making as much noise as a man would who had lost his razor strop and could n't see me to get another one, and at last managed to sell him for seven dollars, to a man who was shorter-sighted than I was, and who had left his specs at home.

My horse is gone, that poor old beast,
I ne'er shall see him more,
His like was never seen behind,
Nor ever seen before.

That he both sure and steadfast was,
I am compelled to say,
For let me leave him where I would,
He ne'er would run away.

A first rate horse to draw was he,
(A fact which made me proud,)
For wheresoe'er he went, he would
Be sure to draw a crowd.

He draws in life so wonderful,
I think he 'll draw in death,
For when I sold him, I did think
He'd soon draw his last breath.

CHAPTER VI.

Donkey money all gone.—Smith moves to another village.—Gets employment.—Home-sick again.—Gets into the pig trade.—Visits home.—Becomes a pot-boy once more.—Goes to Westham Abbey.—Behaves better.—Affection of the heart.—The power of woman.

In a day or two his donkey money was all expended, and being ashamed to go back to Camberwell, he took a stroll into the adjoining county; and in the village of Michen, about nine miles from the city, he succeeded in procuring employment.

Here, as at Camberwell, he managed to keep sober for a few months, until he was again attacked with a fit of "home-sickness." His employer did not owe him enough to purchase a new suit of clothes, and therefore in order the better to procure what he wanted without asking for advance *money*, he hit upon the following expedient:—His employer had three nice pigs, which Smith purchased on credit at a good round sum, with the understanding that he should work them out on his return. These he immediately sold for ten shillings less than he had agreed to pay, to a neighboring farmer.

Once more equipped in a new suit, and with a bright sovereign in his pocket, he turned his face homeward again, only to re-enact the same disgraceful scenes performed at previous visits, wounding the hearts of his parents and friends, and effectually blasting his own reputation. His money spent, clothes pawned, and credit exhausted, he returns to his employer at Michen. He had no sooner worked long enough to pay for the pigs before mentioned, ere he was dismissed from his situation solely on account of his irregular habits.

Again he returns to Waltham Abbey—gets employment in the old establishment—is discharged again—returns to his situation of pot-boy at the ale-house, and sinks lower and lower in the scale of intemperance.

Hearing one day of an opening in a large silk printing establishment in Westham Abbey, a few miles distant, he proceeded thither, and was successful in securing a situation. Here his conduct became somewhat improved. Although he drank a little, yet he managed to keep from getting intoxicated. He boarded with a very worthy man, whose house was so much like a home to him, that he felt but little inclination to visit the ale-house, preferring, very wisely, the company of his friend and his family to that of the topers and loungers with whom he had been used to associate. There was another reason for his keeping steady, which we may as well mention. Mr. Sampson, the man with whom he boarded, had a pretty daughter of about eighteen years of age, who was, at that time, residing in London. She was in the habit of visiting home once in every two or three weeks, and staying over the Sabbath. Her good looks, amiable deportment, and other attractive qualities, made such an impression upon Smith, that he was sure to avoid the ale-house when Elizabeth was expected home. As he became better acquainted with her, his partiality increased; and, as a matter of course, he felt bound to be more circumspect in his conduct, and to be careful how he indulged in his old habits. In a few months he found that his repeated acts of attention and courtesy were not thrown away, but that the lady evidently regarded him with favor. This led him to be still more cautious in his conduct, not only while she was at home, but at all times, for he well knew that on his being known publicly as her suitor, all his previous faults would be brought to bear against him, by the village gossips. It was evident that he had imbibed a passion stronger even than his long-cherished habits of dram-drinking. He kept sober and attended faithfully to his business for the period of a twelve-month, at the expiration of which time, having been duly accepted by his lady-love, he resolved to get married and commence life anew.

CHAPTER VII.

Gets married.—Friends remember him.—Pretty wife, snug cottage, handsome furniture, and plenty of work.—Tries "one glass."—Relapses again.—Grows worse and worse.—Becomes insane.—Turns chimney-sweeper.—Gets his head shaved.

We now find our hero in a new and a happier position,—that of a husband. No sooner was the nuptial knot tied, than, according to universal British custom, the friends of the new married pair sent in their little presents in the shape of articles of furniture, cooking utensils, &c., so that, in a few weeks, they were comfortably established in a snug little cottage, well furnished with all the necessary articles, and a few of the ornaments and luxuries of housekeeping.

Smith was now happy; his wife was happy; his relations and friends were happy. Everything looked promising. He avoided the ale-house, and spent all his leisure hours with his pretty young wife. He earned between three and four pounds sterling per week, and could easily save one third, and still live comfortably and enjoy life and its blessings. With a prudent, good tempered, and industrious wife, a well furnished house, steady employment, good wages, and a host of kind hearted, worthy friends, he were a madman to go back to his cups again.

Some four or five months after his marriage, Smith, on going home one night after an unusual hard day's work, thought he would drop into the ale-house, as he went along, and try just one glass. Oh! that fatal glass! He had forgotten how many, many times it had betrayed him and brought him to shame, and even want. Need we say that that one glass brought him to the earth? that he soon called for another, and another, and still another, until he was hopelessly intoxicated? It was even so. Poor fellow! like thousands and tens of thousands of others, he stumbled over a straw, which, small as it appeared, was as effectual in throwing him, as though it had been a pillar of Trojan. Once over the line of sobriety, his ruin was the work of but a day. His appetite was now ungovernable. Wife,

and home, and friends were forgotten and neglected, and the ale-house became his heaven. So frequent and violent were his debauches, that at length his reason began to give way, and he would frequently become perfectly insane after a deep carousal. Many were the mad pranks he committed on these occasions, some of them so outrageous in their character that, if related, they would hardly be believed. We will mention a few cases, however, just for the purpose of showing how very foolish a sensible, good natured man (as Smith was allowed to be when sober) will act when under the influence of alcohol.

Being in a public house one night, the conversation turned upon a method just discovered of cleaning chimneys. One man remarked that nothing could ever be invented that would beat a smart boy in cleaning chimneys. Another averred that the machine in question was superior to all the boys in the kingdom; and so the company were divided in their opinions. At length, Smith, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, jumped up, and saying that he would show them a machine that would go ahead of any thing they had ever seen before, ran to the fire-place, and in a minute was scrambling up the chimney and pulling the soot down by the hands-full. He could not be prevailed upon to come down from his smutty elevation until his companions had acknowledged his superiority as a chimney-sweeper over any kind of machine.

On another occasion, going by a barber's with a shop-mate, Smith took a notion to go in and get his head shaved. No sooner said than executed. He entered the shop, took a seat in a chair, and ordered the barber to shave off every particle of hair from his head. In vain did the barber and his friend expostulate. He would have it off, and off it was shaved, and our hero arose from his seat with a pate as bald as Methuselah's. His whiskers were also swept by the board. On putting on his hat it dropped over his nose and rested very cosily on his chin. On their way home, Smith and his friend stopped at an ale-house, and on going into the kitchen found the cook busily engaged in frying some meat. On seeing Smith's bald pate and face, the girl shrieked, and would have run, had not his companion caught her by the arm and whispered in her ear that Smith

was an escaped convict, almost starved, and who only asked the privilege of sopping a piece of dry bread in the frying-pan. The girl granted his request, and dodging out of a side-door, gave the alarm that a thief had just escaped from jail and was then in the kitchen. Smith had hardly finished his repast when two policemen entered and took him in charge, and to jail he would have really been taken, had not several of his acquaintance been close at hand to testify to his real character.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." So thought Smith's friends on this occasion, for he was so ashamed of his appearance the next day, that he vowed he would drink no more liquor until his hair should be grown out again.

In a few months his head presented its wonted appearance, and his beer-guzzling habits were resumed. The first spree he had he went into the same barber's shop and had one whisker shaved off, and for an entire week he roamed from ale-house to ale-house, with one side of his face as hairy as the back of a Russian bear, and the other as smooth as a lady's hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

Smith continues to drink.—A temperance meeting is held in the village.—Smith invited to attend.—Short-sleeved coat.—Goes to meeting and signs the pledge for one month.—The Quaker lady.—Signs the pledge for life.

We might go on and enumerate scenes of senseless, witless pranks, committed by Smith while under the influence of strong drink, but those we have given will suffice to show to what a low state he was degraded, and how completely he was bound to his idols. We have given these instances for the purpose of showing how far a naturally active, industrious, sensible, shrewd man may be led from the path of propriety, by indulging in the intoxicating cup;

and also to show that, low and degraded as he was, he has lived to break the fetters that bound him, and has been enabled, by the blessing of God, to remain firm and steadfast to this day. Let no drunkard despair; if one so utterly and entirely given over to intemperance as was Henry Smith, could be saved, then is there hope for any and every votary of the bottle; for we doubt if there be a man living who is farther gone in intemperate habits, than Smith was at the time of which we have been speaking.

Smith continued to indulge in habits of intoxication, with brief intervals of "moderation," until the winter of 1835-6. Sometimes he would keep sober for a month or two, and just as he had recovered himself, and had saved a few shillings, away he would go upon another spree, growing worse with every succeeding debauch. His wife and his friends had given him up as being past recovery; he had even lost all hope for himself.

In January, 1836, some religious men of the village where Smith lived, having witnessed, with sorrow and consternation, the awful havoc which intemperance had made, and was still making, in their otherwise happy neighborhood, among the young and the old, the married and the single; and having heard of the wonderful reclamation of drunkards, through the instrumentalities of drunkards themselves, called a private meeting, and, after some friendly discussion, concluded to form a total abstinence society, on the plan now so universally adopted, both in this country and in Europe. They wrote to London to secure the services of Mr. Whittaker, a reformed man and celebrated as a lecturer, who was at that time the agent of the British and Foreign Temperance Society.

In a few days after Mr. Whittaker arrived, and was duly announced to deliver a course of lectures upon the evils of intemperance, to which all were invited, and especially those who were in the habit of using intoxicating liquors.

On the first evening Smith could not be prevailed upon to attend, although several of his shopmates accepted the invitation extended to them. The next morning they were loud in their praises of the speaker, and dwelt with warm enthusiasm upon the intense interest created by his thrilling experience. They all concluded their encomiums upon

the speaker and his lecture, by inviting Smith to attend the next meeting. One of his shopmates, in particular, himself a drinker of beer in no very moderate quantity, was very strenuous in coaxing "old soaker," as he was familiarly called, to attend.

[Smith was indebted for his flattering *soubriquet* of "old soaker," to the following circumstance :—One of his shopmates had a dog who was very fond of bread soaked in beer, and would frequently get quite fuddled on it, so that he became legally entitled to the name of "old soaker," which his master gave him. Smith's habits were thought to be so much like "old soaker's," that the name at length attached to him, so that he had the honor of being named after a drunken dog! A flattering distinction, truly.]

In reply to the pressing invitation of his shopmate to attend the temperance meeting, Smith answered, that if he would lend him a shilling he would go, without fail. To this proposal his friend assented, on condition that Smith would not spend it until after the meeting was over. When the day's work was finished, Smith demanded and received his shilling, which he intended to spend as soon as the lecture was over,—it never occurring to his mind that he might be in any way benefitted by the speaker's remarks.

After supper he told his wife of his engagement, and invited her to go with him. His coat was so ragged that he was ashamed to wear it, and insisted upon his wife's borrowing her brother's coat, to be used "for that night only," as the play bills say. The borrowed coat proved to be a bad fit, for although the body was large enough, the sleeves were altogether too short, hardly reaching within two inches of his wrist. Smith got over this dilemma by thrusting both hands very deep into his breeches' pockets; and in this plight, with his wife hanging on one arm, he wended his way to the first temperance meeting he ever attended in his life.

Stealthily he walked into the hall, and unobserved took a seat in an obscure corner, where he patiently awaited the appearance of the lecturer.

Mr. Whittaker commenced his address in a plain, simple, yet truly eloquent manner. He dwelt particularly on his own thrilling experience, and in a masterly style portrayed

to his hearers the evils of intemperance on the one hand, and of the blessings of sobriety on the other. His tale was simple, yet intensely powerful, and many a tearful eye in that assembly, told of the wonderful effect his eloquent recital had upon the hearts of his auditors. Smith drank in every word. He had never heard such speaking before. It seemed as though his own experience had been related instead of the lecturer's. His heart was melted, and his judgment convinced. When, at the close of the meeting, the pledge was passed round, Smith signed to drink no more for one month, for he was fearful of trying it for life, lest he should be unable to keep it.

He went home that night with a light heart, for he thought he could see a ray of light peering through the murky darkness which had enveloped him for so long a time. He felt that there was hope for even *him*.

The next day he went to work as usual. Some of his shopmates congratulated him and bid him God-speed, while others derided him and called him fool for signing "tee-total."

"No matter," said Smith, "I'd better be a sober fool than a drunken fool. I've been a drunken fool for many years, and as I am convinced that beer is not good for a fool in any way, I'll try and be a sober fool for a month, at all events."

He was sorely tempted to drink, especially when beer was brought into the factory at 11 and 4 o'clock, but he nobly and firmly resisted the old enemy, and faithfully kept his pledge until the expiration of the month.

It happened that on the very day on which the month expired, a benevolent quaker lady of the village visited Mrs. Smith, and made inquiries after her husband's welfare. Being told of his faithful adherence to the pledge, and of the promising state of affairs which necessarily followed at home, the good lady advised Mrs. Smith to induce her husband, if possible, on his return home from supper, to sign the pledge for life.

Smith had performed a hard day's work, and on his way home his mind naturally reverted to his previous habit of stopping at the ale-house, to recruit his strength, before taking his evening meal. While congratulating himself upon

the pleasing change in his feelings and desires, induced by a single month's abstinence, he reached his house, and, on entering, was struck with the marvellous change in his wife's appearance, as contrasted with her looks a few short weeks before. She was singing as merrily as any lark, and her countenance was as bright and cheerful as it used to be in days long since passed away. She had been thinking of the kind words of the good quaker lady, and already dreamed that her husband had signed the pledge for life. The sound of her merry voice, and the glad smile with which she welcomed him home, had the proper effect upon her husband, who could not help congratulating her upon her improved appearance. Only one month a teetotaler, thought he, and wife singing like a nightingale. Wonder how she'll feel if I sign for life?

While he was eating his supper, his wife told him of the visit of the quaker lady, and of her remarks in relation to him. Smith had already concluded on the course to pursue. As soon as he had finished his frugal meal, he bade his wife put on her shawl and hood, and taking her arm in his, he walked with her to the quaker lady's house, where he affixed his name to the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, for life. It was the greatest action he had ever performed, if we may judge from its results. The foundation stone of his existence was laid. He was a new man. He felt it in every pulsation of his heart, and so did his young wife, and they rejoiced together as they had never rejoiced before.

CHAPTER IX.

Smith becomes a temperance advocate.—Rebukes his old rebukers.—Goes into neighboring villages.—Meets with great success.—Pleasant over-work.—Becomes a Rechabite.

Up to the time of his signing the "month pledge," Smith had been considered the worst drunkard in the factory. He was now the first and only teetotaller among his hundreds of shopmates. True to that instinct which is always sure to manifest itself in the heart of the honest, true hearted reformed drunkard, he began to preach to his drinking companions. Those very men who had avoided him before for his extreme intemperance, and who had called him, in derision, "old soaker," now shrunk from him from a different motive. They had upbraided *him* for his drunkenness; now he took *them* to task for their moderate drinking. He often reminded them of their former remarks, and besought them to turn from their cups, and avoid the yawning gulf from which he had so narrowly escaped. Nor were his efforts in vain. They could not but observe the great change for the better in his appearance. He who was once ragged, drunken and quarrelsome, was now well dressed, sober and peaceful. He was saving his money while they were squandering theirs. It was not long before he made a convert, and then another, and still another, until in a few months he had thirty or forty of his companions with him on the pledge, and those who could not be prevailed upon to sign, were led to be more circumspect and cautious in their habits, and drank much less than they had formerly been accustomed to.

But it was not among his shopmates alone that he labored. He attended all the temperance meetings in the village, and frequently told his experience, always with a good effect. He soon gained confidence enough to go abroad and lecture, in his rough, unpolished manner, to the people of neighboring towns. The good success that attended his labors gave him a satisfaction that cheered him on to still greater efforts, until in a short time he became a quite successful and popular lecturer.

At this time he earned from ten to twelve dollars per week; and, as his lectures in the neighboring towns were always held in the evening, he suffered no loss of time or money; and as for his health, it was necessarily benefitted, rather than impaired, by his agreeable "over-work." In fact, he found that working "after hours," in a good cause, was much more conducive to health of mind and body, than the same amount of time spent in the ale-house, under the excitement of liquor, could possibly be.

He had been a teetotaller but a few months, when he joined the Independent Order of Rechabites, a temperance beneficial organization, which had a few years before taken its origin in Manchester, and was at that time fast spreading over the kingdom. There are now, we believe, over twelve hundred "Tents," or branches of this excellent order, in Great Britain, and about five hundred in the United States and in the Canadas.

CHAPTER X.

Smith's wages reduced.—Will not succumb.—Goes to London.—American ships.—Engages a voyage to the United States.—Bids his friends farewell.—Tokens of friendship.—Leaves England.

It is unnecessary to follow Smith minutely in his career. Suffice it to say that he kept his pledge faithfully, and labored arduously to carry forward and enforce the great principles of total abstinence among his fellow-men. He felt the happy effects of a temperance life, in health, in reputation, and in every essential of social enjoyment. His house was well furnished, his table well spread, himself and his wife well clothed, and his pockets well filled with the proceeds of honest industry. He was a happy and a contented man.

Nothing of especial interest occurred in his history until the commencement of the year 1842, when the proprietors

of the silk factory in which he worked reduced the wages of the hands employed there. Most of the workmen, including all those who drank, succumbed to the exactions of their employers. The reasons are obvious. Having spent their money as fast as they earned it, they were now penniless, and had not the means necessary to support themselves and families during a "strike," or to take them to another part of the kingdom, where better wages were paid.

Not so with Smith, however. He had saved something for a rainy day, and was resolved to stand out against the reduction, at all hazards. The "drinkers" had reported that the teetotallers would be the first to submit to the reduction, and Smith was bent on disproving this calumny, so far as himself was concerned.

The proprietors, on giving notice of their intention to reduce the wages, gave the hands a few days to consider the subject before the rules were carried into effect. Smith and four or five others improved this opportunity to pay a visit to London, in order to see what chance there might be to procure employment in the great metropolis.

While strolling through the city, they by accident straggled towards the famous Catherine Docks, where hundreds of shipping, from all parts of the world, are to be seen. They were much delighted with the fine appearance of the ships, and of the neat and symmetrical American packets, in particular. Smith was highly pleased with one of the New York liners, the Hendrick Hudson, and while gazing at her, conceived, for the first time, the idea of visiting America. He made inquiries in regard to the price of passage, and, being told, resolved that he would try his fortune in the New World. As the Hendrick Hudson sailed in a few days, he could not well go in her, but concluded to sail in another ship, the Ontario, which was advertised to sail ten days later. One of his companions agreed to go with him.

He hastened home and informed his wife of his resolution, and she immediately set about getting his things ready for his departure. As it was uncertain how he should succeed, he thought it best to leave his wife in England until

he should get into business, when he could send for her; or, in the event of failure, he could return home again.

It is customary in England, when a workman leaves home and friends, for his shopmates to get up a subscription, or "petition," as it is called, for his benefit, as a token of their esteem and confidence, and as a kind memento to cheer him on his way. On this occasion, Smith's shopmates raised about £6, which was an unusually large sum, showing that he was held in good repute among his fellows.

It is also the custom of the Rechabites, to return to a member who is about leaving, two thirds of the money he has paid into the society. As Smith had belonged to this institution for some length of time, and had drawn nothing out, he was entitled to a handsome sum.

The friends of temperance, in the village in which he lived, also manifested their regard for him by presenting him with a beautiful silver medal.

Having provided for the support of his wife during his absence, and taking with him sufficient money to defray his expenses to America and back, in case he should wish to return within a few months, he took leave of his friends and proceeded to London, where he immediately embarked on board the Ontario, bade adieu to old Albion, and turned his face towards the Western World. The ship sailed on the 18th of January, 1842.

CHAPTER XI.

Smith arrives in New York.—Makes the acquaintance of Rev. John Marsh.—Peddles spool cotton.—Value of kind words.—Becomes a carver of meats.—Nothing like perseverance.—His shopmate returns to England.

NOTHING worth mentioning occurred during the voyage, which was unusually long and tedious, occupying two months from port to port. Most of the passengers were sick, and those who were well kept their berths most of the time. The ship reached New York on the 19th of March, and on the following morning Smith and his friend went on shore. The first place they stopped at, was a tavern, in Williams street, kept by an Englishman. Here they engaged lodgings for the time being, with the determination of seeking better quarters when they should become better acquainted. Smith had letters of introduction from Rev. Jabez Burns, of London, Mr. Janson, a banker, and other gentlemen, to the Rev. John Marsh, of New York, the Secretary of the American Temperance Union. Mr. Marsh received him very cordially, and, on inquiring in regard to his business and future intentions, introduced him to a Mr. Bigelow, a gentleman of some influence in New York, who very kindly gave him, and his friend, letters of introduction to the proprietors of the print-works in Providence, R. I., there being no establishment of the kind, within his knowledge, in the State of New York.

On consulting together, it was thought best, in order to save expense, that Smith should stay in New York, while his friend proceeded to Providence in search of employment. In the meantime, Smith supported himself by going through the city and peddling some spool cotton, which he had brought with him from England, amounting, perhaps, to twenty dollars' worth, in all. As he wandered from street to street, and from house to house, he would inquire, on every convenient occasion, for work, being willing to labor for a bare subsistence, until he should be better acquainted with the people and their customs.

One night he wandered over to Brooklyn, and accosted

the pedestrians as they passed him, asking them to buy his cotton. He happened to address two gentlemen, who stopped and questioned him in regard to his business and future prospects. He very honestly told them his name, business, desires, &c., &c., which so interested the gentlemen that they purchased a quantity of his cotton, and one of them remarked to him, in a kindly manner, that he was bound to succeed.

"You are just the man," said he, "to prosper in this country. Be honest, temperate and industrious, and you will be a rich man before many years have passed over your head."

Such words from a stranger were better to him than golden gifts, for it showed him that there was a way open for him, which, if he chose to walk in it, would lead to fame and fortune.

A few days afterward, Smith went into an eating-house in Grand street, kept by a Mr. Shearwood, for the purpose of procuring a dinner. He observed, at one of the tables, Dr. Covert, a well known friend and advocate of temperance, whom he had often met at the different meetings; for be it known that our friend omitted no opportunity of attending the temperance gatherings, which were held almost every evening in some part of the city. Smith entered into conversation with the doctor, and informed him of his prospects and wants. The doctor very kindly offered to aid him in getting a situation, and subsequently spoke to Mr. Shearwood, the owner of the eating-house, who offered to engage Smith to act as carver in that establishment until he could get something better to do. As by this arrangement he would at least secure his board and lodging, Smith thought it best to accept the offer, and become a carver of meats, until something better should present itself.

He had been in this situation but a few days, when his companion returned from Providence, having been unsuccessful in procuring work. Not being possessed of Smith's persevering spirit, he soon got discouraged, and, on the first opportunity, returned to England.

CHAPTER XII.

Smith speaks on temperance.—Buys a retort.—Becomes a distiller on a small scale.—The singular old gentleman.—The first two dozen strops.—Hard luck.—Effects of perseverance.

During the day Smith worked hard at his new business, but at night, having nothing to do, he became a regular visitant at the different temperance meetings held in the city. He was often invited to speak, and, in his droll manner, would as often favor his hearers with a recital of his adventures, which was generally listened to with much interest and attention. Thinking to give a greater interest to his remarks, he purchased a cheap retort and other distilling apparatus, and publicly distilled alcohol from wine, beer, &c. This was a novel idea, and served to draw large audiences when it was known that he was to address the meeting. It was thus that he strengthened himself in his temperance principles, while at the same time he gathered around him a set of acquaintance whose habits and characters were in unison with his own, and whose good influence, he has since been proud to acknowledge, has tended to keep him in the paths of honor and sobriety.

One day, while busily engaged in carving huge joints of beef and pork, for the benefit of hungry customers, he observed a singular looking, middle aged gentleman enter the room and take a seat at one of the tables. After eating a hearty dinner, he inquired if he could be accommodated with lodgings, and was answered in the affirmative. He then went out. About ten o'clock that night the man returned and was shown to the room in which Smith slept. In a few minutes Smith entered, and the two soon got into a friendly chat. After retiring to bed they continued their conversation, during which Smith related his history to his new acquaintance, whose name was Hillman.

The next morning, Mr. Hillman told Smith that he thought he could put him in a way of doing better than he was then doing.

"Here am I," said he, "an old man, compared with you, and yet I can make two dollars a day, selling razor strops;

and if you are as smart as you look to be, you can do better even than that."

"But I don't understand peddling," replied Smith, "never having sold any thing but a few spools of cotton. "Never mind," said Hillman, "if you are willing to learn, I'll engage to teach you."

After some further talk, Smith agreed to try the experiment, and if he did not succeed he could go back to carving again.

After breakfast, Hillman gave Smith two dozen strops, and directed him how to proceed in order to sell them to the best advantage. The wholesale price of these strops was two dollars per dozen, and Smith, as he had but little money, offered to leave his coat as security; but Hillman generously refused it, and let him have them on his word of honor that he would pay for them as soon as he sold them.

With his humble stock in trade, Smith started with a light heart, in quest of purchasers. He hardly dared to begin in the city, and so betook himself a few miles out of town. Once out of the noise and uproar of the city, he felt free to commence operations, and soon began to solicit patronage. On he went from house to house, knocking at every door, and endeavoring with all the eloquence he was master of, to induce the inmates to buy his strops. But his sales were discouragingly few; times were hard and money was scarce. On he went, farther and farther, until he got clear into the country, among the farmers. But the farther he went, the worse he fared. Nobody wanted his strops, and he was obliged to trudge back to the city with a heavy heart, but light pockets.

Next morning he tried his luck again, in another direction, but with little better success. He was determined, however, not to despair. He resolved that he would sell his two dozen strops, at all hazards, and he *did* sell them, although he was a long time—a fortnight—about it.

For his two weeks' work he realized two dollars, and from this small sum his expenses for living had to be deducted. But he was economical, and managed to live within his means, so that notwithstanding his small profits, he found himself a little better off at the end of the fortnight than he was at the beginning.

We suppose that ninety-nine men in a hundred, had they been placed in Smith's position at this time, would have been totally discouraged, and would have given up in despair and sought some other business, perhaps again to be discouraged and again to give up. Smith's extraordinary success in selling strops, since his first unfortunate and discouraging efforts, shows most pointedly the necessity of perseverance under the most threatening and obstinate difficulties. His perseverance at this time was, in its kind, as praiseworthy as the perseverance of Napoleon, Charles XII, or Robert Bruce; and he has made himself as great in his business, as ever those heroes made themselves great in theirs.

In one of his songs, Smith says:

I always persevered!
When I worked at carving meat,
Standing all day on my feet,
My only pay, what I could eat,
I persevered!

I always persevered!
When I sold a strop a day,
Though I knew it did n't pay,
I kept peddling away,
I persevered!

CHAPTER XIII.

The first settlement.—Nothing like promptness.—The Astor House.—Lesson in strop selling.—Sets up for himself.—First appearance in Wall street.—Shaves the shavers.—The policeman.—Smith gets into the papers.—Is mimicked on the stage.

His strops all sold, Smith returned to his old quarters, the eating house, proud to think he had done so well, and that he could settle his bills with the old gentleman. On entering the eating room, he saw Mr. Hillman seated at one of the tables, eating his dinner. He walked up to him and

accosted him. The old gentleman did not know him; he had entirely forgotten him. Smith refreshed his memory by handing him four dollars. "Ah," said the old fellow, as he took the money, "I know you now, and I believe you to be an honest man, and I'll let you have as many strops as you want, on credit." So much for being honest and prompt in small trades.

Smith then recounted to his friend the method he had pursued in getting rid of his strops. "That won't do," broke in the old man, "come with me, and I'll show you how to do business in a quite different style." So saying, the old man gave Smith a dozen strops, and taking a basket with him, in which were deposited a dozen or two more, he took his young pupil with him, and walked until they reached Broadway. Arrived opposite the Astor House the old man came to a stand, and taking a strop from his basket, began to descant in a loud voice upon its excellent qualities and extraordinary cheapness. He soon gathered a crowd around him, and having borrowed a rusty knife from one of the bystanders, began honing it on his strop, and in a few moments had given it such an edge as it had not known for years before. He next seized a rough looking man by the wrist, and with the knife easily shaved the hairs from the back of his brawny hand. This feat was, of course, proof positive to the crowd that the strops were a superior article, and they soon began to vanish from the basket, one after another, until a dozen or more were sold. Presently the old man moved along up Broadway, until he came opposite another Hotel, when he went through the same performance as before, and with the same results, so that in a couple of hours he had sold as many strops as poor Smith had disposed of in as many weeks.

Thus tutored, Smith the next day took a full supply of strops, and started off alone to sell 'on his own hook," as the saying is. At first, he was rather bashful; it was a new business, and he had not sufficient assurance to carry out the system his employer had endeavored to teach him. However, he learned gradually to overcome his bashfulness, and, by dint of indomitable perseverance, he in a week or two, managed to get rid of six, eight, and sometimes twelve a day, which he thought was doing quite a stiff business for him. Occasionally he took a trip to Brooklyn, for he seemed

to have a great partiality for that city, on account of the kind words spoken to him by the gentleman before alluded to.

One day he wandered by accident into Wall street, for the first time; just the street for his business, one would think, seeing that most of the frequenters of that noted thoroughfare were *shavers*. And it was just the place for him, sure enough, for he succeeded in selling a dozen strops in about three hours, which was doing better than he had ever done before. This emboldened him to try his luck again the next day, on which occasion, in order to make as much stir and create as great a sensation as possible, he took with him his distilling apparatus, which he had before only used at temperance meetings.

Elevated on the Exchange steps, with a pint of ale distilling before him, a basket of strops at his feet, and one in his hand, behold our friend eloquently addressing, at the top of his voice, a promiscuous crowd of gentlemen, merchants, brokers and loafers, on the evils of Albany ale, and the virtues of his superior *raziour* strop. No wonder that such a novel entertainment drew a large crowd around him, so large that ere he had got well warmed in his subject, an envious policeman gently tapped him on the back, and told him to be off or he should be compelled to arrest him.

In obedience to the "law's command," Smith stepped down from his elevated position, and quenched the fire in his still, although the alcohol from the beer had just reached the burning point, which was the very point upon which he intended to have made his most pointed remarks. The lookers on were as much disappointed as he, and, as is usual in such cases, deeply sympathized with him, so much so, that in a few moments they had purchased all his strops. In short, our friend made his best day's work that day.

On the following day, Smith tried Wall street again, but not daring to venture on the Exchange steps, he procured a chair, and took his position in front of the Plebeian Office. Here he attracted the attention of Levi D. Slamm, Esq., the editor of the Plebeian, who not only gave him liberty to stand opposite his office, but gave him a "first rate notice" in his paper, which at that time was one of the most popular journals published in the city.

Smith was now fairly before the public. He had "got

into the papers," and people began to talk of him as one of the "oddities" of New York. Many other of the city papers, ever anxious to notice novelties of every description, chronicled the doings of the "Razor Strop Man," and daily published his odd jokes and witty sayings to the world. In the short space of three months from the day of his first appearance in Wall street, so noted had he become, that the Sunday Atlas published his portrait, as he appeared selling his strops, and Mitchell, of the Olympic Theatre, got up a play entitled the "Razor Strop Man," in which Smith himself appeared. This play was performed seven consecutive nights, and served to give our friend still greater notoriety. In the mean time, his business prospered so well that he frequently sold eight and ten dozen strops a day, which he called doing a "smashing business." The true secret of his success was not so much in the excellence of his wares, as in the originality of his wit and humor, and the droll compound of sense and nonsense exhibited in his harangues to the people.

His addresses were a mixture of prose and poetry, embracing quaint dissertations on history, politics, religion, and of every other conceivable subject. In fact, he introduced an entire new style of peddling to the public, which threw completely into the shade, all the hard won glory of the whole tribe of "street merchants" who had gone before him. In short, he was by universal consent, proclaimed the "king of pedlars."

CHAPTER XIV.

Smith sends for his wife.—He goes to Philadelphia.—Great success.—Gets in the "Times."—On the high road to Fortune.—Makes a tour of the States.—Concluding remarks.

Being now well established in a prosperous business, Smith sent to England for his wife, who shortly after arrived

safely in New York, to the great joy of her fortunate and no less affectionate husband. She was well pleased to hear of his success in business, but much better pleased on learning that he had sacredly kept his pledge; for, woman-like, she had feared that the temptations of a foreign city, where there were no friends to warn or council him, would have proved too great for him. But he was still a total abstinence man, and was making money faster than she or he had ever dreamed of, and she was happy and contented, and felt more than repaid for all her former trials and misfortunes.

In the mean time, the papers still kept quoting Smith's sayings, and copying his poetry. At length the Philadelphia journals took up the subject, and invited the "Strop Man" to their city, promising him a warm reception if he would favor them with a visit. Acting upon these hints, he went to the Quaker City in February, 1843, and commenced operations in front of the State House. Here his success was greater than it had been in New York. Tremendous crowds gathered around him, and for weeks, his daily sales averaged twenty dozen. The "Times" published his likeness, and all the other papers spoke favorably of him. During the day he would sell strops, and in the evening speak at a temperance meeting, whither the people would go in crowds, just for the purpose of hearing the famous "Razor Strop Man."

It is customary for certain temperance lecturers to boast of the many thousands of names they have secured to the pledge. We know not how many Smith has induced to sign that great instrument of reform, but if we may judge by the immense crowds he has often addressed, and the wonderful effect his plain, simple, yet sensible talk has had upon the hearts of his auditors, it is but fair to presume that few lecturers in the country have done more good than he has. His labors have always been gratuitous, and in many, very many instances, he has been the first to put his hand in his pocket, and help pay the expenses of the meetings at which he had spoken.

It is unnecessary for us to follow Mr. Smith farther in his career. It is sufficient to say that he has visited nearly every city and town of note in the Union, and has always met with a warm reception, and transacted a good business. He

has travelled in Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas. As we have said in the introduction, there is nothing very *interesting* in his history, although there is much to profit the reader, if he will reflect upon what he reads. From being a most abandoned and dissolute inebriate, Mr. Smith has risen to be a respectable and even a wealthy man; for he has managed during his short career, to save from his earnings, what is to him a competence, although he is by no means yet prepared to retire from business.

At the present time, (May, 1848,) Mr. Smith is resting awhile from his labors, in the city of Philadelphia, which place he has made his home for the last year or two. We say he is *resting from his labors*, and we assure our readers that one who, like Mr. Smith, is continually travelling from city to city, by railroad, steamboat, stage coach, and every other conceivable mode of conveyance, and who is compelled to talk in the open air, in summer and in winter, from three to six hours in a day, to say nothing of his frequent temperance addresses, has need of rest, and that frequently. To be sure, travelling is very pleasant when undertaken for pleasure, but when it becomes a business, we know of nothing so fatiguing or laborious. In a few weeks Mr. Smith will resume his travels, and dispense his superior strops to those who may wish to secure such an invaluable adjunct to the toilet; for we are happy to know that, notwithstanding the immense number he has already sold, there are still "*a few more left of the same sort.*"

In conclusion, we would humbly recommend to all who may read this unpretending narrative, the many advantages which are offered both to individuals and to society at large, by the adoption of the principles embraced in the Temperance Reform. While it has proved, a thousand times over, that health, wealth and reputation have been repeatedly sacrificed upon the altar of intemperance, the instances are no less rare where the same blessings have been gained, or recovered, by a life of strict temperance. How very unwise, then, to trifle with the intoxicating cup, from which

nothing advantageous or permanently pleasurable can be gained, while every thing which contributes to happiness and comfort in this life, to say nothing of the world to come, is in great danger of being totally and forever destroyed.

In the history of Mr. Smith, we have a living proof that the most confirmed drunkard can be turned from his sensual habits, and restored to society, by the simple exercise of that powerful agent—his WILL. Let the inebriate, then, take courage, for no matter how low his present condition, there is yet hope for him if he is willing to be saved, and will only apply the means which God has planted in his nature.

Again we would remark, before closing this work, that Mr. Smith's career has shown us how much can be gained by unceasing, untiring *perseverance.* With sobriety and perseverance, what is there that cannot be accomplished? We know of nothing. To be sure, to sell razor strops may be accounted by *some* persons a very small business, but among *honorable* men, any business is *honorable* that is *honest.* An honest pedlar, who pays his debts, and gives his customers the worth of their money, is a much better man, in every sense, than a knavish merchant, who, though he may trade in the costliest fabrics, will cheat his customers at every opportunity. We heartily concur in the sentiments expressed in one of Mr. Smith's "Razor Strop" ditties, from which we make the following extract:

The Poet gets praise for writing soft verse,
And the Statesman for loud speechifying;
The Farmer gets praise for tilling the soil,
And the Merchant for selling and buying.

The Soldier gets praise for leaving his home,
To fight for fame and for glory.
The praise of the Sailor is heard from each lip—
He 's the hero of many a story.

The Doctor gets praise for feeling our pulse,
And putting his cane to his nose, sir;
The Lawyer likewise gets his full share of praise,
But for what—the Lord only knows, sir.

If such men as these get praise from the world,
Pray tell me, then, why should not I,
Who enable mankind to shave easy and smooth,
In less time than you'd twinkle an eye?

But I ask not for praise,—my only desire
Is man's pleasure on earth to increase;
And sell them my strops—I've a few more left,
And the price is a quarter apiece.

PHRENOLOGICAL SKETCH OF HENRY SMITH,

AS GIVEN BY L. N. FOWLER,

New York, Nov. 20th, 1847.

He has a large brain, a strong constitution, and a great amount of physical strength and endurance. He takes extensive and comprehensive views of things, and readily sees at a glance what can be done, and the best mode of doing it. Some of the leading features of his character are WILL, PERSEVERANCE, INDEPENDENCE, and SELF-RELIANCE. He does not shrink from responsibility, but on the contrary rather assumes it, and feels that he is as capable of performing a piece of work as any one. He never will be driven, or allow any one to trample on his rights or dignity;—has great self-respect, but not much deference for others. He shows respect to those only whom he considers worthy of it—feels more deference for an office than for the person who fills it. He feels strong in himself, and more disposed to attend to his own business than to rely on others—will be master of his own affairs, and give orders rather than receive—has quite enough of the disposition to command and feel that he ought to be obeyed—is very energetic, resolute and forcible. If he determines on accomplishing anything, he is never satisfied until it is completed. He never yields to difficulty, but drives right through, and secures the desired end, yet is cautious about venturing where the case is doubtful; is not reckless, and though he drives business vigorously, always keeps an eye on consequences. He has a high sense of duty, justice,

and moral obligation, and a great deal of sympathy and kindness of feeling. His acquisitiveness is large, yet his money goes easy; is "a man of the world;" likes to relieve distress, and at the same time have it known when he gives. When he does a good deed, is not inclined to "put his light under a bushel," but where it may shine. He likes to gain notoriety, but wants to do it in his own way, and would not be willing to sacrifice his views or opinions for the sake of it. He is capable of becoming very angry, and does not soon forget an injury or insult, but by the aid of firmness, intellect, and sympathy, may have learned to control his temper.

He has great intuitiveness of mind, and arrives at truths and results instinctively, without a course of investigation; is not often mistaken in his character of others; has strong powers of observation, and good ability for collecting facts; is methodical and systematic in his manner of doing business, has excellent powers of analysis and comparison, and quickness of discrimination. His jokes arise from a combination of mirthfulness and comparison, and when combativeness is excited, can be very sarcastic and pointed. His off-hand wit is the best. He has a great deal of natural poetic talent, a very strong imagination, and great love of the grand, sublime, and romantic; is of the enthusiastic order, and inclined to be extravagant in his expressions, and use as strong language as the subject will allow. He has a great command of language, and a peculiar faculty for story-telling; he sets them out in their best colors, and knows how to adapt them to the time and circumstances. He has a good share of sense of the spiritual, and an intuitive perception of the feelings of those around him. Hope is not large enough to balance the effect of cautiousness; is disposed to do a sure business and run no risks.

He has an accurate mechanical eye, seldom forgets a countenance he has once seen; is capable of making a correct accountant; has a great desire to travel, and will never be satisfied with seeing the world, yet has strong love of home and friends. He has a good memory of general events, and of what he sees and does. His social feelings are strong and ardent, which render him capable of enjoying, in a high degree, the domestic or matrimonial relations.

THE RAZOR STROP MAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Smith! In a pretty village,
A dozen miles or so from London town,
I first drew breath; and there I lived, until
I reached a man's estate, and then I married.
My father called me Henry, 'stead of John;
You doubtless all have heard of famed John Smith,—
Well, I 'm not he, although I should have been,
Had I been born some seven years sooner.
My elder brother claimed that honored name,
By prior right, which says, "first come, first served:"
And I, being very young when I was born,
Could not contest the right, and so perforce
I've ever since been known as Henry Smith.
Well, having married, as I said before,
I took it in my head, one winter's day,
That I would visit fair Columbia's shores,
And make my 'ternal fortune, if I could.
No sooner said than done; a noble ship,
And one of Yankee make, Ontario called,
Bore me swiftly from native country,
And after buffeting the waves for sixty days,
In safety brought me to the Empire city,
And dropped me, bag and baggage, on the pier.
Having washed my face, combed out my hair,
And ate a hearty breakfast of beef steak,
Fried tripe, and other New York fixins,
I looked about me for a way to climb
The dizzy ladder of capricious fortune,
So I might honor reap, and lucre, too.
While cogitating on this matter,
And revolving in my mind which way to steer
So as to reach the point I had in view;—
Whether 't was best to study politics,
And strive to shine in legislative halls,
Or boldly plunge into the mysteries
Of law and jurisprudence; or whether
To turn my collar down, wear curling locks,
Look lackadaisical and melancholy,
And so turn poet, and live by rhyming,—
I say, while I was thinking these things o'er,
And making up my mind which road to take,
I saw a man of middle age and size
Enter the chop-house, where I was seated,

And taking a stool, he quietly sat down,
And called for mutton chop and tea, for one.
I eyed him closely, for I saw he had
A basket in his hand, well filled with wares
Of a mysterious look, such as ne'er before
My eyes had looked upon; I quickly rose,
Prompted by eager curiosity,
And other feelings undefinable,—
And in all humility approached the stranger,
And asked him what he had for sale.
He heard my question, and bowing low, replied:
"Fine razior strops, an' please ye, gentle sir."
And straightway he began to preach in terms
Of highest praise of the excellence of his wares—
How choice their make, how smooth their finish;
How workmanlike their style and fashion,
And how wonderfully quick they'd give an edge
To dullest scissors, knives, or razors;
And, last of all, he dwelt most eloquently
On the smallness of the price he sold them at.
I heard him through, most patiently, and then
Took up a strop and scrutinized it well;
And while I gazed upon its finished sides,
And turned it o'er and o'er within my hand,
I thought 't would be a wondrous proper thing
For me to trade in; 't was so much like the world,
That all the world, I thought, must like it:
Like some men, 't was many sided; now smooth,
When smoothness was required; and rough, anon,
When roughness was in fashion; this side white,
And black the other; a third, nor white nor black,
But something happily between them both.
I' faith, thought I, he 'd be a marvellous man,
That can't be suited one way or t' other;
With black or white, with rough or smooth,—
With hard or soft, with each, or all, or neither.
Such thoughts as these, joined to the stranger's eloquence,
O'ercame the objections which false pride suggested,
And I resolved within my inmost soul, that I
Would kick my scruples to the dogs, give up all hopes
Of climbing fortune's hill by ordinary means,
And cut a new and dainty path to fame,
Such as no mortal ever trod before;
And so, by dint of stubborn perseverance,
And a resolution never to be beat,
Go on, from conquering to conquer,
Until my name should be a household word,

And all the world should know me well,
And hail me king of all the pedlar tribe!
Acting on these thoughts, I bought some strops,
And then went out and sold them,—again I bought,—
Again went out and sold; and every day
I did increase my sales, and add fresh fatness
To my once consumptive calf-skin wallet,
Until at length my name and fame had reached
From York to Georgia, from Oregon
To 'way down east, from whence thick fogs, pine boards,
Squash pies, and other Yankee notions emigrate.
Statesmen, lawyers, doctors and divines;
Merchants, farmers and gentlemen of wealth;
The old, the young, the homely and the fair,—
All sorts of people, of every grade and station,
Ran at my heels, and begged, for mercy's sake,
I would, in pure compassion, sell them strops.
I could not their importunities resist,
And therefore quarters did I give to those
Poor suppliants, who quarters gave to me.
'Tis now six years or more since I commenced
The good old way which now I walk in;
Thousands upon thousands of my strops I've sold,
And still the people loudly cry for more.
And now, good friends, on whom dame Fortune smiles,
Since I am here among you, with a few more left
Of those same strops I've told ye of to-day,
It would be well for you to purchase now,
And thus secure your future happiness.
Shell out your quarters, ere it be too late,
And all my strops are sold, and none are left
Of this same sort, to whet your razors on withal.
Don't stop to think—all foolish scruples drop,—
Hand out your quarter, and take home your strop.

THE STROP MAN'S TRIAL.

In the summer of 1844, Mr. Smith visited Indianapolis, Ind., and while pursuing his business in one of the public streets, was arrested by an officious police officer for a breach of the laws. A correspondent of a New Orleans paper gives the following account of the trial:

On being introduced to his "honorable worship," the Mayor, Smith was asked if he was ready for trial. He replied that he should like to be tried by a jury. Having given bail in the sum of twenty-five dollars, he was allowed to depart and be at liberty until the afternoon.

At 2 o'clock, the jury being sworn, the Mayor asked him if he was ready for trial. Smith said he objected to three of the sage men in the box, as they were not seized of one of his strops, and in that case, he was afraid they would think he sold a bad strop. The trial proceeded, and the strop man stood before the jury, with his basket of wares upon his arm, eyeing the Court with a quizzical leer from the outer canthus of his left eye. It was a grotesque scene, and truly rich, to the lover of fun. When the jury were about to retire, Smith asked permission to address them a few words. His request being granted, he thus proceeded:

Gentlemen of the Jury!—I am the Razor Strop Man, wot sells a strop that will put an edge on a dull razor, keen as the law: L-a-w, law, mere jaw, which makes war, between me and the constable. Well! I arrived in this magnanimous and enlightened city, last night, where they put honest strangers in the care of this same constable, lest greater evils should befall them, and so peradventure they be dragged before his excellency in the big chair, by the valorous constable aforesaid. This explains to your wisdoms how I happen to be here talking to your honors about law, instead of selling my excellent, superior, highly finished razor strops, of which I have a few more left, same sort as I sold to your worships.

Well, gentlemen, I put up at the Palmer House, took a late supper of cold beef, and before going to bed, learned that the next morning was market. So I got up at day-

break, and went to market, to let the people know that there were good strops in town, of which I had a few left, same sort, as I observed before. I have sold my strops in Albany and Madison in this State, and the officers there told me I did not need any license in this State, for the sale of home manufactures; and so your honors' reverences, I thought I was doing no harm in selling my excellent strops—of which by the way, I've a few more left, same sort—in this great and magnificent city.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, it is my candid opinion that the officer who arrested me might have treated me as politely as they treat the pigs and geese, when they get on the railroad track. The engine man always whistles when he sees them on the track, and so gives them a chance to cut stick. Now, if the officer had said: "Stranger, you must get a license to sell your strops, or else I shall take you up," and then I had continued to sell, he would have done right to have arrested me, and I should have no cause to grumble. "And now, Mr. Constable," said Smith, addressing that worthy functionary, "what made you so *very* particular in taking me up?"

Officer.—I am a sworn officer; sworn to do my duty, and I saw you breaking the law, and that is the reason why I took you up.

Smith.—Did you ever see any other person break the law?

Officer.—Occasionally.

Smith.—Did you arrest them?

Officer.—Not always.

Smith.—So, so, old chap! Did you not just say that you took me up because you are a sworn officer; and then in the next breath declare that you had known other persons to break the law, whom you did not arrest?

Officer.—Yes, but they were citizens.

Smith.—And I was a stranger, and *you took me in.*

Officer.—I took you up, and I would take up any stranger who would come here and break the law.

Smith.—Yes, and why? because you do not expect to get a vote out of him. Now, old chap, you should have whistled and given me warning.

Officer.—Then if I see a man stealing a horse, I must whistle and give him a chance to run away, must I?

Smith.—But suppose you were to see two men stealing, would you whistle to one, and nab the other?

Officer.—Well, but you had a crowd, and that is wrong.

Smith.—Did you never see a crowd before I came to the city? Do not politicians get up crowds?

Officer.—But they have nothing to sell.

Smith.—So much the worse for the crowd, then. For my part, I can see no difference. Politicians get up a crowd, and tell about the good qualities of men. I get up a crowd, and tell about the good qualities of my strops—a strop, gentlemen of the jury, which, though I say it who should not say it, is not to be beat in this country. It is good, cheap, handsome, durable and fashionable, and gentlemen of the jury, although I have sold as many thousand of them as there are hairs on your honors' heads, yet I am proud to say, that there are still a few more left, same sort, as I have before hinted at. Gentlemen, I have done.

The jury retired, and after two hours' absence returned, unable to agree. Again they retired, and in about one hour came in with a verdict of guilty against Henry Smith, for selling strops without a license, but recommended him to mercy. The Mayor said he could not let him off, but the City Council could. So Smith paid the fine of six dollars, and returning his still well filled wallet to his pocket, cried out in a nasal voice,—*a few more left, same sort.* The best of all was, that the very men who found him guilty, bought strops before they left the office, the Mayor among the crowd. His Honor said that it was unconstitutional to charge for selling domestic manufactures, and told Smith he would get his six dollars back and send them to him.

X. Y. Z.

A HUMAN VEHICLE.

When Smith was in Tennessee, a constable informed him that it was contrary to law to sell strops in the street. Smith denied there being any such law, and the two adjourned to a lawyer's office, to have the point settled by actual

reference to the printed statutes. On examination, it appeared that the law only forbid persons from peddling goods in "a carryall or other vehicle." "There," cried Smith, "I knew I was right. I use no vehicle, but sell strops from my basket, as I 've a right to do."

"Not so," replied the constable, who was rather contrary, and did not like to acknowledge beat, "not so; in the eye of the law, your basket is a vehicle."

"Well then," said Smith, "if that 's the case, I 'll drop the basket and take the strops in my hand."

"Then sir," replied the obdurate man of law, "I shall be obliged to consider *you* as a vehicle."

"You will, will you?" exclaimed Strop, a little nettled at the fellow's obstinacy, "then if I 'm a vehicle, I want some old jackass or other to *draw me* to court, and as you are the most stubborn beast I 've seen for many a day, I 'll just put you in my *shafts*," saying which, he threw his arms about the constable, and pressed him so *tighily* that the worthy functionary was obliged to acknowledge that the *shafts* chafed him so much that he could n't *draw* worth a cent, and the *vehicle* was left to pursue its business unmolested.

THE CONGAREE MAIDEN.

BY HENRY SMITH.

I KNEW a young and lovely maiden, lovlier far than the first rose of summer, or the bright star of evening. Her rosy cheek was never wet with the tear of anguish, nor her snowy breast ever moved with the sigh of sorrow. Her parents doated on her with a wild, delusive hope, believing that she was to be their stay and comfort in their old age, and that her soft taper fingers would close their aged eyes in death.

This fair maiden loved—yes, she loved, and a reciprocal affection blessed her young untried heart, and ere eighteen

summers had scattered their sweet flowers on her young brow, she was led to the altar by one of the manliest of the human race. I saw them in their glad home, on the banks of the sweet Congaree, and bright and cheering were the prospects around them. The little birds which warbled around their dwelling sung only the songs of their love, and their days passed as happily as did those of the first pair in Eden, before the triumph of the foe of man.

But soon a dream of sorrow darkened the door of their happy mansion. The husband awoke each morning to be tortured by the horrors of his toilet. There he stood, with tremulous hands, and the streams of blood flowed down his lacerated cheeks and neck, until he writhed in agony, and gnashed his teeth in the wildest delirium of rage. Each day, he felt that life was insupportable,—each day brought him nearer a drunkard's grave; for his troubles had driven him to bask in the accursed warmth of the fire of intemperance, and he bathed his troubled soul in its delusive gleams.

The poor unhappy wife pined and grieved. She had nothing upon which to lean for comfort. Her idol—her husband, was wretched and miserable, and how could she be happy? She mourned as one having no comfort.

One fine summer day, I chanced to pass their house, now the house of trouble and anguish. Alas! how changed. The walks were no longer smooth; the gate swung upon one hinge; the garden looked neglected, and the broken fences of the farm all showed plainly and truly that it was a drunkard's home. I entered that house, now so wretched and forlorn. I sold that unhappy man one of my razor strops, for fifty trifling cents. The next day—oh, joyful tale to tell—he shaved, and how easily none can tell but those who have honed their dull razors on my strops. He was now happy—he quit the bottle—became sober—mended his fences—weeded his garden—fixed his gate—kissed his wife—blessed the Razor Strop Man, and once more became a gentleman. His fair wife now calls down the choicest of Heaven's blessings upon my head, and says her present happiness is all owing to my excellent strops, of which there are "a few more left of the same sort."

RAZOR STROP *vs.* LAW.

When Smith was in Washington, a gentleman who boarded at the Hotel where he was stopping, inquired of him why he pursued such a *small* business as vending razor strops? "Possessed as you are," said the gentleman, "with good natural abilities, why don't you undertake the study of law? You would make an excellent lawyer."

"Why, my dear friend," replied Smith, "if I were to attempt the study of the law for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of, and practicing the profession, it would be to *make money.* This would be the great inducement. Now, you see, I would be a number of years in the study, and when I got through, what would be my business, even if I chanced to make what the world calls a *good lawyer?* Why, it would be to defend rogues—for the best lawyers are always called upon to manage the most difficult cases. Yes, sir, it would be my business to contrive ways and means and concoct schemes to get scoundrels clear of the just punishment their crimes deserved. Think you, sir, I would have a peaceful conscience in a work like this? No, sir, conscience would smite me, and I should feel condemned. But now, thank fortune, I am engaged in a work in which I make money, and benefit humanity besides. In selling my strops, I feel that I am a public benefactor, and prevent crime; for no man was ever known to steal, rob or murder, whose face was clean shaved. No, sir, you may follow the law while I sell strops, of which I happen just now to have a few more left of the same sort."

A TOAST.

At a public dinner given by the Sons of Temperance at Charlottesville, Va., on Washington's birth day, the Razor Strop Man gave the following toast: "The 22d of February, the best day in the year, the birth day of Washington; a man so truly great, that our only regret is, that there are not *a few more left of the same sort.*"

PHILOSOPHY OF RAZOR STROPS.

Who 's the next customer for a strop? Not a very handsome strop, to be sure, but a good strop. Beauty, after all, is but skin deep. A man may be ill looking and yet be a good man; you cannot tell a man's character by simply looking at him; you must get acquainted with him before you can tell what sort of a man he is; and when you are well acquainted with him, and find him to be a first rate good man, you don't mind so much about his looking rough. The same with my strop. It is a rough looking strop, but just get acquainted with it, and then you will not mind the looks of it.

How can you get acquainted with it? Why, only let me get acquainted with a piece of silver that you are acquainted with, and then I 'll introduce you to one of my strops, and when you get acquainted with it, you won't like to lose its acquaintance.

A gentleman told me he used to shave every day before he bought my strop, "but," said he, "since I have shaved with a razor that I sharpened on your strop, I only shave twice a week. I was never shaved so close in my life as I was when I bought your strop."

Another gentleman told me that he had a very bad corn, which he rubbed with my strop until it was completely worn away, and he has never been troubled with corns since.

Another man said it made his razor so sharp that it cut its way out of the box; and a boy who sent one of my strops to his uncle, received in return a present worth five dollars.

A countryman visited Mobile when I was there, and bought a dozen of my strops, which he packed away in a barrel of rice, which he had also purchased. On his return home, he had a pudding made of the rice, and his boys became so sharp by eating of it, that they cut every one of their eye teeth that very afternoon. Nay, more than this; the knives used in cutting the pudding had such edges put on to them, that the old man sold them the next day to the village barber for Damascus razors. Thinking that the vir-

tue lay in the rice, he sent back to Mobile and bought ten barrels more; but it was no go; without the strops, the rice was no better than common. And now gentlemen:

If you have a razor that cuts like a saw,
That scratches and tears your cheek and jaw,
And leaves your face all bleeding and raw,
Just on that hone strap it,
Then on this side lap it,
And on your chin clap it—
'T will shave you as clean as the law,
And from your eyes tears of gratitude draw.

TEMPERANCE SPEECH,

DELIVERED BY HENRY SMITH,

At Washingtonian Hall, Boston, Nov. 7, 1847.

Some folks say that it is right to drink alcohol, because it is a good creature of God. Well, grant that it is; so is castor oil a good creature of God; but is that a sufficient reason for a person to drink it, three, four, or a dozen times a day? A dog is a good creature of God; but suppose a dog gets mad, and should rush into this hall and bite a man or a woman, would you let him alone because he was a good creature? Would you be satisfied with cutting off his ear, or his tail, or would you knock him on the head and pitch him headlong into the street? Now alcohol is worse than a mad dog; for a bite from the latter only destroys life, while a bite from the former destroys reason, reputation, life, and everthing else, besides dragging the family of the bitten man down to poverty and want.

But alcohol does n't bite a mouthful at first. When he first snapped at me, he only tickled me a little; I liked it first rate, and was anxious to get another and still another bite. The old tyrant kept a nibbling away at my heels as though he did n't mean to harm me, while I, like a poor

fool, kept coaxing him on until at last he gave a "snap," and took the elbows right out of my coat; next, he took the crown out of my hat, the shoes off my feet, the money out of my pocket, and the sense out of my head, until at last I went raving mad through the streets, a perfect victim to *alcophobia*. But I signed the pledge and got cured; and if there is any man in this hall, who has been bitten as I was, let him come forward and take our teetotal medicine, and I 'll warrant him a speedy cure.

But, allowing that alcohol *is* a good creature of God; are there not other good creatures, too, such as beef, pork, puddings, pies, clothes, dollars, and fifty others of the same sort? Now, shall a man cling to the one good creature, and leave the ninety-and-nine untouched? Shall a man drink rum because it is a good creature of God's, and go without good food, a good home, a good hat, a good coat, a good fat wallet, a good handsome wife, and good, well dressed little children? *No, sir*-EE! Give me good beef and pudding, good friends, a good bed, a good suit of clothes, a good wife, good children, (I ain't got any yet, but then there 's a good time coming, boys,) and old King Alcohol may go to Texas, for all I care.

Some say that wine is a "good creature," because our Savior once turned water into wine. Very good; but he did n't turn new rum, logwood, coculus indicus and cock-roaches into wine, like some of your Boston wholesalers do. *He turned water into wine.* Now, if any wine-bibbing apologist will take a gallon of pure water, and by praying over it, or in any other way, will turn it into good wine, without mixing any other stuff with it, I 'm the boy as will go in for a swig of it. Such wine must be good, and I go in for that kind, and for "nothing else." But as for your nasty, filthy, drunken stuff, which is sold in your Boston grog-shops, it 's a base counterfeit, and it 's a blasphemous libel upon our blessed Savior to liken it to the pure beverage he made.

Now, you that prefer one good creature of God to all the rest, go and drink rum until you get picked as bare as a sheep's back, after it has crawled through a bramble bush; but you that prefer the ninety-and-nine good creatures, come up here and sign the pledge. Thousands have

been saved by putting their names to this precious document, and still there is room for a "few more, of the same sort."

SECRET SOCIETIES.

SMITH was once speaking in favor of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, of which Orders he is a member, and cited several cases in proof of the benevolence of these two admirable institutions.

"It 's all fudge," exclaimed one of his hearers, who happened to be a little groggy; "it 's all fudge; these societies take care of their own members, to be sure; but all the rest of the world may starve, for all they care. There 's no charity in helping their own members, and letting the 'outsiders' go to the dogs."

"Very true," observed Smith; "you belong to the 'outsiders,' don't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee, I do."

"Well, then, if you and your brethren will only take care of the sick and poor among the 'outsiders,' we will protect the same class among the 'insiders,' and so between the two parties, nobody will be allowed to suffer from want or lack of proper attention."

RETORT COURTEOUS.

A FEW days ago, a fellow, about three sheets in the wind, after bothering the "Razor Strop Man" for some time, concluded with asking him his name, where he came from, and if he knew where he was. Smith, with a good humored smile, replied: "My name is Smith; I came from home, and I am *very near a fool.*"—*Baltimore Visitor.*

The Razor Strop Man in a crowd.

A RAZOR STROP SPEECH.

The following rich medley, with the accompanying remarks, was originally published in the Philadelphia Sun, soon after Smith's first appearance in that city:

"The Razor Strop Man is a decided genius, who, by the natural force of eloquence, and considerable perseverance, has established himself in business in front of the State House, on Chestnut street, where he collects a crowd of delighted spectators about him every morning, to whom he manages to sell just a bushel basket full of his celebrated and inimitable strops. He is also an artist, and sings in a fine *nasal* voice, the following medley to a most musical and mellifluous air.

Spoken.—I say, gentlemen! do you want to buy a good, cheap, durable, handsome razor strop? If you do, I've just a few more left which are at your service; and you must speak quick or you 'll be too late. But perhaps you 'd like to hear the history of the strop before you buy it.

Then listen, and I will begin it:
'T is a curious *case*, and within it
Is a strop I will show in a minute,
And thus to your view I draw—
D-R-A-W—draw—
As good as ever you saw.
'T is only two shillings to pay, sir!
I 'm sure you cannot say nay, sir!
'T will sharpen a knife or a razor,
And warranted free from a flaw.

Spoken.—Yes, gentlemen! as good as any other strop, and warranted not to cut in the eye, nose or chin. But it will make a dull razor so sharp that the stiffest and most obstinate beard dare nor say its soul 's its own.

You see that the strop is four sided,
With a hole for the paste all provided;
If you only felt willing as I did,
We 'd trade without any more jaw;—

J-A-W—jaw—
Do n't alter its value a straw.
Come all, whether sorry or funny,
Come buy, be it stormy or sunny,
If you want the full worth of your money,
A strop good as ever you saw.

Spoken.—There is no mistake about this strop, gentlemen; it speaks for itself. If razors, and knives, and scissors had tongues, gentlemen, and would speak out the honest sentiments of their hearts, they would cry out as with one voice :—There is no strop like Smith's strop for putting a keen edge to a dull knife or razor. I speak the truth, gentlemen, and if you don't believe me, buy a strop and judge for yourselves.

So who 's the next customer? You, sir,
Have tried it and know what 't will do, sir,
Just hand me a knife!—some old bruiser,
And the edge on the lamp-post draw;
D-R-A-W—draw—
Till 't is ragged and rough as a saw;
Now this way and that way, and then, sir,
We 'll turn it and strop it again, sir,
Till it shaves you, and all other men, sir,
As keen as the edge of the law.

Spoken.—Why, gentlemen, all that a man needs in this world to make him perfectly happy, is a good wife, a clear conscience, and one of my strops. But in order to procure the first two he must purchase the last; for how can a man with a long beard get a good wife, or preserve his temper with a dull razor?

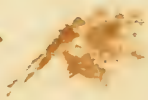
Oh! life 's but a vanishing bubble,
And we spend too much labor and trouble,
To scrape from our faces the stubble,
While the tears from our eyes we draw;—
D-R-A-W—draw,
And our chins all bleeding and raw;
'T is only a trifle to pay, sir,
'T will sharpen a knife or a razor,
And last all your life and a day, sir,
And warranted free from a flaw.

Spoken.—In one week, gentlemen, I sold 1604 strops, and made 1604 human beings superlatively happy. But I claim no merit myself, gentlemen. I am but the humble instrument chosen to deal out these blessings to mankind, and as there are but a few more left, you must buy now, or you 'll be too late.

I 'm a stranger among you all here,
And have none to witness the true
Or the false, which I come to declare,
Of the strops I present to your view.
And yet do I fearlessly say,
If you but a purchase will try,
I 'm sure as that night is not day,
You 'll never repent what you buy.

Spoken.—The man that buys my strop, puts out his money at interest, which is returned to him fourfold every time he shaves. To be sure, my strop, although a very good looking strop, is not quite so showy as some strops in the market; but, gentlemen—

It is not such gewgaws as these
That look very well to the eye—
It is not mere fashion to please,
That economy chooses to buy.



You would not, I 'm free to repeat,
Your money for trickery sink;
A dollar to you is as sweet
As a gingerbread toy, I should think.

But here is the strop! could it speak,
'T would tell you it fears not a trial;
Just use it a year or a week,
And 't will fearlessly dare a denial.

Spoken.—Now, gentlemen, walk up and buy my strops, for now is your last chance, and there are but a few more left of the same sort. If you buy my strops, gentlemen, and get sick of your bargains, I 'll give you back your money. Yes, gentlemen—

That offer I now make to you,
If ever, at any time hence,
You find that my strops are not true,
I 'll give you back fifty good cents.

LEARNING AND RAZOR STROPS.

SMITH was once in Oxford, and the collegians, full of fun and frolic, were making all sorts of dry and witty remarks upon his poetry. At length one of them insisted upon mounting the stump, and trying his hand at strop selling, to which Smith willingly assented. The young tyro, after many fruitless attempts to get off *extempore* poetry, "strop fashion," was obliged at length to quit the stump, which was resumed by Smith, who immediately delivered himself as follows:

To speak Greek and Latin, we know
Are acquirements not rare in these regions,
For I see all around me, just now,
A host of young learned collegians.

To be wise I believe 's no disgrace,
And with scholars I feel not like meddling;
But yet there 's not one in this place
Can excel me at Razor Strop peddling.

There 's Webster, and Calhoun, and Clay,
We very well know they are great men;
If you hunt the world through you 'll not find
Three wiser or worthier statesmen.

They 've climbed up the high hill of fame,
Till their feet are well fixed on the top, sirs,
But with all their great knowledge and power,
They cannot beat me selling strops, sirs.

A DRUNKEN RAKE.

WHILE Smith was selling his strops in a Southern city, a drunken fellow told him he had better be off with himself, and go to work hoeing corn. "A good idea," observed Smith, "and as you are pretty well *corned* now, suppose I go to work and *hoe* you?" "You ca n't do it, old Straps," hiccupped the loafer, "I am too much of a *hoe* for you, any day." "If my eyes are good judges," replied Smith good humoredly, "you are more of a *rake* than a *hoe*." The crowd laughed, and the *rake* was compelled to *scratch gravel*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RAZOR STROP MAN.

[From the New England Washingtonian.]

Bro. Coles :—The last letter I wrote you was dated from Charleston, S. C. Before I went to that city, I was told that I could not get a license to sell my strops there, without paying $500 for it, and giving $5000 bail. This was too hard a story to believe, all at once, and so I resolved to believe only five dollars' worth at a time—and when I arrived in Charleston I found that even that sum was an extra large dose. I called upon the mayor, and after making him acquainted with my business, was informed that I could sell as many strops as I pleased by paying one dollar, and no bail required. So I commenced business on the spot, and sold my first strop to the mayor, himself, who, by the way, is a first rate man, and knows when he makes a good bargain. I am a benefactor to the human family, Bro. Coles, and when I can sell one of my strops to a ruler or magistrate, I feel confident that I am conferring a great benefit upon the people ; for how can a man who shaves with a razor made keen and sharp on an excellent strop—how can he, I say, help being a just magistrate and a good man ?

From Charleston I went to Columbia, and was well treated by the people, especially so by the students of the colleges, who bought lots of my strops, for the purpose of sharpening their wits so that they can learn their lessons well. In travelling from Columbia to Augusta, I suffered much from the cold, as the keepers at the stopping places are very negligent in keeping good fires for the benefit of the passengers' toes and fingers, though they were by no means slack in providing fire *water* for heating the stomach of the thirsty travellers. At one stopping place I tried at three doors to gain admittance in search of fire, but they were all bolted, and I was obliged to content myself with striking my heels together, polka fashion, and dancing a Spanish fandango, in the bar-room, while most of the other

passengers addressed themselves to the whisky bottle for comfort and consolation:

Whenever you are cold, and chilly, and quaking,
Your limbs all quivering, shivering, shaking,
And old Jack Frost with his icy fingers
On the end of your noses, toeses, lingers,
Oh, then of the whisky bottle beware,
For there is no warmth or comfort there;
But grab a good cold water jug,
And swallow the beverage, cluggerty clug;
Then clap your hands, and spin on your heel,
And dance a fandango, or Irish reel,
And thus you'll put Jack Frost to flight,
With a flea in his ear,—and serve him right.

It is a mean business for rumsellers to half freeze the poor travellers in order to make them buy their poison, nasty whisky.

When I reached Augusta, I called upon some of the first men in the place, to whom I had letters of introduction from some Charleston friends. I felt proud of my acquaintance, I assure you, and with good reason. What sort of letters of recommendation should I have got, when I used to drink grog? Why, I should have had one from the constable, saying that I had been in his clutches the night before; and one from the rumseller, stating that I spent most of my time in his old groggery; and any quantity from my neighbors, testifying that I got home late at night, and was always kicking up a row, a rumpus, and a riot, bawling out sweet home, with my heels in the gutter and my head on the sidewalk, and the town hogs trying to shove me out of bed. Yes, and my old cat, she would have given me a letter of recommendation to the effect that I half-starved her, and kept her on mice of the Calvin Edson breed, so as to compel her to prowl round, and steal the neighbors' fish, and so forth. But now you see the tide has turned, and Henry Smith, Esq., the celebrated Razor Strop Man, is introduced to statesmen, dines with merchants, shakes hands with learned divines, talks familiarly with poets, cracks jokes with editors, and sells strops to everybody, at twenty-five cents apiece, and always has a few more left of the same sort.

The man that drinks grog
Had better beware;
He 'll live like a dog,
And die in despair.

He may drink and quaff
From the sparkling cup,
He may sing and laugh—
But 't will swallow him up.

He 'd better, much better
Leave off, and sign,
And break the fetters
Of brandy and wine.

Oh, give me cold water
When I am athirst;
'T is the best of drinks,
As well as the first.

It flows in the valley,
And mountain cleft,—
Though running for ages,
There's a few more left.

Then hurrah for cold water
In weal or in woe;
No other drink 's like it
Above or below.

My paper's used up, and so is my time; you 'll therefore excuse me for ending in rhyme. I'll write you again, as soon as I can, until then I 'm yours,

THE RAZOR STROP MAN.

Philadelphia, May 18th, 1847.

[From the New England Washingtonian.]

BROTHER COLES:—My last letter left me at Augusta, Ga. I believe I told you that I was well received in that city, and did a good business with my strops. After leaving Augusta, I visited Athens, about 120 miles distant,

by railroad. There is a railroad from Augusta to Atlanta, from there to Macon, from there to Savannah, and from there to the Cherokee County. The aggregate of these roads is over 500 miles. The cars are very good, furnished with private saloons, and the conductors are gentlemen, and first rate good fellows. Georgia is destined to be a great State, yet. Her cotton factories and gold mines, which are now paying from 25 to 30 per cent. profit, will increase her wealth and influence. I happened to be in the town of Sparta during Court time, and did a first rate business. The taverns were all crowded with strangers, and I contributed to their happiness as much as I could by selling them first rate razor strops, of which, very fortunately, I had a few more left. It is a curious fact, but nevertheless true as the book of Mormon, that every lawyer that bought one of my strops, gained his case. Now I don't say that my strops are good for anything except to sharpen dull razors on, but if modesty did n't seal my lips, I could a tale unfold in regard to their extraordinary qualities, that would take a grease spot right out of a Turkey carpet. But I refrain, and leave it to posterity to blow my trumpet.

When I was at a town called Social Circle, I was standing close to the railroad depot, when the train came in, and a man jumped out of the cars, with no hat or shoes on, but so drunk that he could hardly stand. He had plenty of money, however, and paid a man who was standing by the depot, fifty dollars, which he owed him. He said he had been to see his old mother, and she had given him plenty of money, which he was going to spend in riding and drinking; and he kept his word. About two weeks after this, I was in Madison, and while there, visited the prison by invitation of the keeper. There were but two persons in the prison, one confined for a debt which he was able but not willing to pay, and the other was the young man whom I had seen in Social Circle, and who was going to spend his mother's money in riding and drinking. On inquiry, I found that he was imprisoned on suspicion of having robbed a rumseller of some money, and as he was found drunk, with plenty of money in his pocket, he was of course an object of strong suspicion. I had a long talk

with him, and, on leaving, gave him some copies of the N. E. Washingtonian, and the New York Organ, which I had with me. He had a wife and two children, and is a smart, active young man when sober. He sent me word the next day, that he was convinced that drinking rum was the heighth of foolishness, and promised to sign the pledge when he got out of prison. I afterwards learned that he was discharged, as nothing could be proved against him. It was his bad habits which made him an object of suspicion.

The man that drinks brandy, wine, whisky and beer,
Talks loudly of freedom and right;
But loafs through the town like a beggar, all day,
And sleeps in the watch-house at night.

His freedom consists in a lollilopped hat,
And boots both out at the toes,
With carbuncled nose and beef colored cheeks,
And a shocking bad suit of old clothes.

His hair is uncombed, and his face is unwashed,
And empty his pockets of cash;
His heart is all cankered, his brain all inflamed,
And his temper both sullen and rash.

Such is a man that drinks, and there is no denying it. I thank God, that I am a sober man, and know the value of true liberty and freedom. While speaking of freedom, I will just inform you that I am now a citizen of the United States; I got my papers last week, and I think a great deal of them, I assure you. Yes, *sir*, I am now a *citizen* of this great and happy country, and I already feel a strong disposition to whittle and swop. I shall one of these days write a history of my travels, and I intend to beat Charles Dickens all hollow; and I ought to, for what does he know of the country, when he was only four months here, and his eyes half closed with brandy smashers, at that? whereas, I have been here six years, with both eyes open tight all the time, and doing the briskest kind of a trade with my strops, into the bargain. Talking about my strops, why, the other day, I sold one to a drunken man, and threw in a good lecture on temperance for nothing, and now he is so all-fired *sharp* that he *cuts* all his old acquaintances, and ca n't be coaxed

near a bar-room. But I have spun my yarn, and will now close by wishing you the best luck in your labors, and humbly hoping that we both may live to hear the last words and dying speech of old king alcohol.

THE RAZOR STROP MAN.

Philadelphia, June 1st, 1847.

[From the South Carolina Temperance Advocate.]

MR. BOWMAN:—I have to ask your forgiveness for not earlier performing my promise to give you an account of my travels. When I left your beautiful city, I visited Augusta, and with the letters of introduction I had received from your citizens, I found myself in first rate company, and very much at home. So much for being a good temperance man, and a teetotal *merchant*. You may laugh at my calling myself a *merchant*, but I am one, nevertheless, and have sold more stops than any other man in the whole world, and still have a "few more left of the same sort." And what is very singular, although I call myself an honest merchant, yet all my customers get closely *shaved* by trading with me. Thanks to the glorious pledge of temperance, which is like a golden key to unlock the door of society, so that any body can go in and take a seat and see the play, money or no money.

The man that drinks grog, wine, brandy or beer,
And loafs round the tap-room from year to year,
Will find in the end, that he 's lived in vain,
With sore old bones and an addled brain;
He coughs and sneezes, and wheezes and spits,
And he 'll die at last in spasms and fits.

But the man that drinks water, old Adam's own ale,
Will always be healthy, stout, rugged and hale;
Of dimes, dollars and eagles he 'll ne'er be bereft,
But always can boast of a few more left;
And he 'll live till his hair is as white as a sheep,
Then he 'll die like a baby going to sleep.

From Augusta I went to Athens, which is a fine place—houses all built of brick, or something else, and looking as

nice and pretty as a fresh box of my razor strops. I delivered a temperance lecture while there, and had many of the college boys to hear me. On my way to the Court House, I saw a man and his wife and seven children encamped in the woods. I asked them how they came to live in such a style. They told me that they had been to the factory to get work, but the agent could n't employ them, and so sent them back to their own country—their wagon broke down in the road, and they were obliged to stop in the woods until they could get it repaired. The children looked cold and hungry, and so did the father and mother. I gave them some money to buy food, and went on my way. Soon after I reached the Court House, the woman came along, and as there were a good many people there, I thought if I had *cheek* enough to sell razor strops, I might surely put on a face to ask charity for the poor woman and her suffering children. So I went with her among the lawyers and judges, who seemed to have a few feelings left, for they made up a purse of about twenty dollars, which was given to the poor woman. After she was gone, I was told by a gentleman that she and her husband were both drunk. They had both lied to me, for I had questioned them on that point, and they denied ever drinking, at all. However, I felt that I had done my duty, and so I went to work selling strops, with a light heart and clear conscience. While I was in Athens, I was invited, together with a friend who was with me, to attend a debating society. The subject of the discussion was the war of the crusades. My friend took part in the debate, but as I was rather ignorant of the subject, I kept dark, looked wise, shook my head very gravely, and said nothing, and when the talking was over, both of us were elected honorary members. So you see I'm getting along towards being a great man. When I was a grog-drinker, I was only a working man in a cotton factory, but now I am an honorary member of the Athenian Debating Society. My course is onward and upward, as the cod-fish said when he swallowed the fish-hook.

A man that drinks water goes up, up. up,
Enjoying life's sweetest varieties;
He 's blessed by the poor, and caressed by the rich,
And beloved by Debating Societies.

But the man that drinks grog, goes down, down, down,
Without either money or goods;
In an old broken wagon, his family he'll drag on,
And at night pitch his tent in the woods.

While I was standing near the Court House, selling my strops, and enumerating a few of their good qualities, I was interrupted by two men, an old and a young one, who were both drunk. You know I never get cross with such men, so I just gave them a little lecture on temperance—but the old fellow kept bothering me, and calling me a fool, till at last I told him it was too bad to have two fools in one crowd, so he or I had better leave. He took the hint and walked off. I saw the young man some time afterwards, and he shook me by the hand, and thanked me for what I had said. I think he will leave off drinking.

But as my letter is already too lengthy, I must close, and give you the remainder in another epistle.

So excuse me, dear friend, and believe me to be
Your teetotal brother, by land and by sea:
Wherever I go, and whatever I do,
With pleasure I always shall think of you.

If you think enough of this rambling letter,
To put it in type, why so much the better;
I'll write you another as soon as I can,
So adieu, my good friend,

THE RAZOR STROP MAN.

Philadelphia, June 8th, 1847.

ONE MORE OF THE SAME SORT.

"GENTLEMEN, these strops are good strops, handsome strops, cheap strops, and—" "You are a cussed old fool," interrupted a potato faced, blear eyed fellow from the crowd. "And gentlemen, there is but *one more left of the same sort*," quietly continued Smith, pointing to his refractory auditor. Potato face was *sold* very cheaply.—*Tribune.*

RAZOR STROP DITTIES.—NO. 1.

BY HENRY SMITH.

My friends, I come not here to-day
With unsubstantial tales,
As fragile as the ocean spray,
And changeful as its gales.
True, mine is not a word of law,
Which should your reason mould,
But I have many others here
To tell as I have told.

There scarce is one to whom I speak,
Who is not interested,
Who has not either chin or cheek
With wiry beard infested.
'T were therefore well that he should know,
As beard must be endured,
How, of our daily ills below,
This roughest may be cured.

That 's done with ease, the strop I hold
Can keep your razors keen.
I 'll warrant, though 't were three weeks old,
'T will shave the stubble clean.
Nay, my famous strop will not deny
A jack-knife rude and rough;
I promise, if you choose to try,
'T will make it keen enough.

One thing you must remember well,—
That there are other places,
Where other whole-souled people dwell,
With beards upon their faces,
And I, tho' always proud to please,
Must be impartial, too,
For others like to shave with ease,
As well, my friends, as you.

So now 's the time to say who 'll buy,
There 's business in each minute,—
While I am here, you'd better try
A strop with value in it,

You 'll not regret the choice, I know,
And you may well believe me,
There 's not a strop of all I've sold,
That ever will deceive ye.

RAZOR STROP DITTIES.—NO. 2.

A Wife won by a Razor Strop.

A pleasant event has just come to my ear,
Which I 'm willing to tell, if you 're willing to hear;
You 'll lose not by listening, perhaps you may win,
As it interests all who have beard on the chin.

A gent who resides not five miles from this place,
A model of manliness, fashion and grace,
With cheeks which were fair as a garden of roses,
Glowing out thro' a beard that would dignify Moses,
And this he kept trimmed like a shrubbery knot,—
Not a bristle was out of its own proper spot.
Every day, when he went to his mirror, to shave,
He never seemed troubled, unhappy or grave,
As others, when they at their toilet appear,
Half killed beforehand, or half trembling with fear,
Lest the razor, of which they forever complain,
Should sever their windpipe, or open a vein.
No! he never endured apprehensions like these,
But shaved on like a gentleman, quite at his ease,
With a smile on his face, and a beam in his eye,
Untouched and undimmed by a fear or a sigh;
Then while others are rasping, and cursing, and swearing,
And the skin from the faces are painfully tearing,
He comes to the business, goes gallantly in it,
Is lathered and shaved and fixed off in a minute.
And the whole of the secret, from bottom to top,
Is, that from me he purchased a new razor strop.

But I 've more to relate—while he shaved every day,
He was seen by a lady just over the way,
Who noticed with feelings 't is useless to tell,
His manner of shaving so quick and so well,
And the good humored smile which he brought to the task;
And sometimes the damsel would silently ask:
"Is the principle seen in the action and plan?
If so, this must be a most excellent man."

She also reflected her fortune would be
Insured with a person so saving as he;
That he was the safest, for better or worse,
Who knew that his labor was part of the purse.
Till at last, like the fond Desdemona, she prayed,
That Heaven for her such a gallant had made.
And the whole of the secret, from bottom to top,
Is, that from me he purchased a new razor strop.

I need not describe introductions and greetings,
And amorous glances, and rapturous meetings,
And how, when the due consultations were over,
They went to the church and were married, in clover.
And he tells to this hour, as his chief of events,
How he got a good wife for a few trifling cents.

Now bachelors—now if you 've wisdom, come try
What good fortune you, too, can command, bye-and-bye,
And never forget, how this gent might have been
Without fortune or wife, to this moment, I ween,
Had he not had the wisdom to listen, and stop,
And purchase from me a fine razor strop.

RAZOR STROP DITTIES.—NO. 3.

The Sick Old Gentleman.

There was an old gentleman, once,
Of three score years and ten,
Who often was heard to exclaim,
That he was the most wretched of men.
He 'd loving relations and friends,
He rolled in riches and wealth,
And yet there was one thing he lacked,
The greatest of blessings—good health.

Although he had plenty of food,
Yet no appetite had he to eat,
He had the lumbago and cramp,
And the gout in both of his feet.
He 'd a terrible cough on his lungs,
And to add to his numerous woes,
He had a great wen on his neck,
And corns on all of his toes.

Now, in order that he might be cured,
He a great deal of medicine took,—
Resolved to get rid of his pains
In some way, by hook or by crook.
But his efforts were all of them vain,
His symptoms grew every day worse,
And instead of a blessing to him,
Quack nostrums proved only a curse.

His doctor advised him, one day,
A poor man's plaster to try,—
He said it would *draw* out his pains,
And dry up the tears from his eye;—
It drew him right down to the floor,
As though he 'd been drinking strong toddy;
And, instead of his aches and his pains,
Drew his breath right out of his body.

He next tried two boxes of pills,—
They said they would cure his complaint;—
Their power, so great and so rare,
No pen, tongue or language could paint.
They were only a quarter a box,
In economy's scale they did weigh light;
But instead of driving his pains,
They drove him down stairs before daylight.

He next was persuaded to take
A trip to Niagara Falls, sir;
In hopes that the air, and the place,
Would *drown* his sufferings, all, sir.
But a boatman did coax him, one day,
To sail, for sake of the pelf;
And the boat did upset, so that he
Came very near drowning, himself.

Cough candy he took for his cough,
In hopes it would drive it away, sir;
But in spite of the efforts he made,
It only grew worse every day, sir.
He said to his friends, with a sigh,
Without any intention of scoffing,—
That he felt well convinced that his *cough*
Would soon put him into his *coffin*.

At length he gave up in despair,
And bidding his doctors good-bye,
With a sorrowful heart he went home,
Believing that soon he must die.

But a friend having told him, one day,
Of my strop, and advised him to try one,—
He sent his man John right away,
With a round silver dollar, to buy one.

And wonderful, sir, to relate,
As soon as he 'd shaved with a razor
That was honed on my wonderful strop,
His diseases all vanished away, sir.
The gout left his feet, and the corns left his toes,
The wen on his neck came to naught, sir;
My strop did the job—I 've a few more left,
And they 're all of that very same sort, sir.

RAZOR STROP DITTIES—No. 4.

BROWN, THE COOPER.—*Or*, "*A few more left.*"

There lived, years ago, in a small country town,
I might tell if I wished his name and location,
A chap by the name (not uncommon) of Brown,
A cooper by trade, or I should say vocation.
He made wooden pails, butter firkins, and tubs,
Corn baskets, hoe-handles, cart-spokes, and hubs;
Yet it happened, somehow, and it beats me, I vow,
When his trouble commenced, to inform you just now;
But day after day his customers fell off,
And his wares of all kinds he no longer could sell off,
And his friends said his case was a theme for a ditty—
'T was not like *this* case, and that 's more the pity.
But a reason for his troubles I will allege, sir,
The tools in his shop all wanted an edge, sir;
'T is needless to tell how Brown would behave,
When once in a fortnight he set out to shave;
How he cursed, and he swore, and stamped round on the floor,
With his chin all bedaubed with lather and gore.
He strapped his old razor upon his old boots,
Till it fairly pulled his beard out by the roots,
But it took him much longer to patch up his face,
Than it would to shave any ten men in the place.
Well, it chanced one day ('t is true, what I say, sir,

Here 's a match to the strop he used for his razor ;)
'T was two years ago, I think 't was October,
I met this old chap,—for once Brown was sober ;
I had a good sale all that day from my shop,
And so, for a wonder, I gave Brown a strop.
Ah, you scarce could believe it, and yet 't was the truth,
How his eyes lighted up with the lustre of youth,
How he gazed on the strop with such joy and delight,
For so keen was its grit, sir, it sharpened his sight ;
Aye, it sharpened the eye sight,—you 've only to look
At the paste on the end, and by hook or by crook,
'T is done ; you may throw your old spectacles by,
For as to such gewgaws they 're all in my eye.
And more wonderful, yet—if your children are dull,
Just rub this strop round on the top of their skull ;
'T will sharpen their wits so remarkably slick,
They 'll cut, as they grow up, their friends, and cut stick.
Well, Brown hastened home with his strop in his pocket,
He kept it as safe as a girl would a locket ;
He strapped his old razor, it shaved to a charm,
He strapped up the scissors for aunty and marm ;
He sharpened his hatchet, his chisel, his knife,
And tried e'en to sharpen the wit of his wife—
But this was no use ; Mrs. Brown, for a woman,
Had a tongue and a visage much sharper than common.
These things being over, he sat down to tea,
With an appetite as sharp as a shark in the sea,
And shortly after retired to his rest,
With an edge on his feelings as good as the best ;
When early next morning, rub a-dub, rub-a-dub,
He was driving the hoops on the handsomest tub
Ever seen in those regions ; and since I 've been told,
That long ere 't was finished 't was bargained and sold.
'T is said since that time, whether shaving or driving,
Brown's business has been exceedingly thriving ;
His wares are well made, all his buckets are tight,
And as smooth as the cheek you were kissing last night ;
His children are handsome, good tempered, and witty,
And strange to relate, Mrs. Brown has grown pretty.
This strop did the business, only a *quarter to pay*, sir,
'T will sharpen your eye sight, your wits or your razor ;
'T will sharpen your appetite better than rum,
And that is a thing drank too freely by some ;
'T will sharpen and grind like a hone, sir, I 'm sure,
But it never yet ground the face of the poor ;
Or, if you 've a sister that plays on the harp,
Yet cannot distinguish a flat from a sharp,
Just purchase this strop, and beat time by her side,

'T will sharp every note in the tune—for I 've tried.
Now, who wants the next? it is almost a gift,
A quarter a piece, and a few more left—
Of the same sort.

THE RAZOR STROP MAN.

BY Z. P. B.

The Trojans are surely delighted,
To hear such magnificent strains
From a heart by true kindness incited—
A head full of wit and of brains.

His stories are mirthful and quizzy,
His manners both winning and kind;
He 's industrious, untiring, and busy,
In fitting his strops to your mind.

He never gets into a passion
At jokes that are passing around;
But tries to keep up with the fashion,
By selling where lawyers are found.

His words from pure eloquence springing,
He copes with the best of our race;
But still he is constantly singing,
How his strops will give ease to the face.

Old Socrates no doubt inspires him,
To feel so intense for mankind;
No insult or rudeness can find him,
While to purchase he finds you inclined.

Like the eloquent Webster he thunders,
Though in language poetic and strong;
He seldom is known to make blunders,
In a speech more than five hours' long.

One thing on your minds needs impressing—
Like the showman, his stay 's very short;
Improve, then, the kind proffered blessing,
While he 's "just one more left of the sort."

[*Troy Daily Post.*

REWARD OF MERIT.

Henry Smith, the famous "Razor Strop Man," having rendered good service to the cause of temperance in Boston, by his frequent lectures, for which he has refused to receive any pecuniary remuneration, was on Saturday evening last presented by the Washingtonians with a splendid gold medal, as a mark of their approbation of his disinterested labors. Washingtonian Hall was filled with a large and respectable audience, notwithstanding the weather was somewhat inclement. The medal was presented by President Stacy. It is of pure gold, about the size of a dollar, the edges beautifully chased. On one side is engraved the following inscription:

Presented to
Bro. Henry Smith,
by the
Parent W. T. A. Society,
as a small Token
of their Friendship
and Esteem.

Wm. R. Stacy, Pres't,
E. S. Price, Sec'y. } *Boston, Nov.* 30, 1845.

On the reverse:

May this small token ever be
An emblem of our love to thee,
And shield thee, in life's darkest hour,
From Alcohol's destroying power.

N. E. Washingtonian.

"Here 's the banisters, but where 's the stairs?" as the drunken fellow said when he felt his way round the bedstead in the dark.

RAZOR STROP PUNS.

"WHY," said the Razor Strop Man, addressing a large crowd of gaping listeners in a southern city, "why should dancing masters buy my strop? Because it will aid them in *cutting* capers, and help them *shave*-down.

Why should an ambitious lady buy my strop? Because it is a *raise-her* strop.

Why should a lady fond of dress buy my strop? Because it is *ar-rays-her* strop.

Why should a cooper buy my strop? Because it *adze* to his pleasures, and *staves* off his troubles.

Why should a hatter buy my strop? Because it will confer a pleasure which will be *felt fur*-ever.

Why should a stage-struck youth buy my strop? Because it will make a dull blade *Kean*.

Why should a shoemaker buy my strop? Because it will *last* him *awl* his days.

Why should a baker buy my strop? Because it is a thing he *kneads*.

Why should a carpenter buy my strop? Because it is *plane* he never *saw* a better one.

Why should every body buy my strop? Because it is a good strop, a cheap strop, a handsome strop, and there are only a few left of the same sort."

So walk up and buy,
Fair ladies and gents;
I've a few more left,
At twenty-five cents.

PRICE OF A SHEEP'S HEAD.

OUR friend Smith, the far-famed "Razor Strop Man," was once endeavoring to get an inveterate grog-seller to sign the pledge, but his arguments and entreaties were alike unavailing, and the grog-seller, as quite a number of his peculiar friends and customers were standing around, determined, if he could, to pass the matter off as a joke, at the expense of Smith.

"Look here, Smith," exclaimed the man of toddy-sticks, "I understand that you get a dollar a head for every man you get to sign the pledge."

"Who do you think pays it?" inquired Smith.

"Why, the Temperance Society, I suppose; but I'll tell you what it is, Smith, you don't get a dollar on *my* head."

"Well," answered Smith, looking rather comically at the grog-seller, "they *would* be fools to pay a *dollar* for such a head as yours, when they can get a *sheep's head, pluck and all, for a shilling.*"

The knight of the toddy-stick had nothing more to say.

South Carolina Temperance Advocate.

A QUICK RETORT.

WHOEVER undertakes to put a joke on the Razor Strop Man, is sure to get floored in the long run. One day, while selling his strops in Plymouth, and expatiating the while on the evils of rum drinking, a tipsy fellow cried out, "If rum made me lie as fast as you do in selling your strops, I'd quit it to-day."

"Very good," replied Smith, "the only difference between your lying and mine is this: My strops enable me to *lie* in a good warm bed, while rum makes you *lie* in the gutter."

The tipsy man sloped, evidently *lying* under a great mistake, in supposing that he could get the upper hands of the Razor Strop Man.—*N. E. Washingtonian.*

HOW TO GET A NOSE.—A lady whose fondness for a generous living had given her a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass, she exclaimed, "Where in the name of wonder did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, Madam—out of the decanter," said the doctor.

TAKING THE "LYE" OUT.

"For the last five months," says Smith, in a letter to a friend, "I have been travelling in company with a man who sells soap and cement. He is a first rate fellow, but has been in the habit of taking a little drop once in a while, by way of lathering up his spirits, so that he might the better shave his customers. After hammering away at him for some time, I have at length induced him to sign the pledge, and now he has completely washed his hands from intemperance, and is firmly cemented to the cold water army. There is not so much *lye* about his soap now as there used to be, and his cement sticks better than ever."

AN EXCEPTION.

"This strop," said our friend Smith, while addressing a crowd in Providence, last summer, "this strop, gentlemen, is so keen, that it will sharpen a dull knife or a dull razor, in less time than you can swap jack-knives with a tin pedlar; in fact, gentlemen, it will sharpen the dullest thing you ever saw." "You are a bloody old liar," exclaimed an old toper who had been bothering Smith all the forenoon with his impertinence. "Except, gentlemen," continued the strop man, eyeing his refractory auditor, "except that man's intellect, which is so confounded dull that he do n't know enough to shut up his shop when his goods are all gone." The toper toddled.—*N. E. Washingtonian.*

RAZOR STROP MAN.

The liberality with which this celebrated individual gives for charitable purposes is well known. An instance occurred on Tuesday last, at Canandaigua. He left the cars at Blossom's refreshment house, and taking his stand before the building, soon drew the crowd from the tables, to listen to

his peculiar eloquence. During the "ten minutes," he had sold nine strops, and just as the bell began to ring, he espied in the crowd, a poor old man who was peddling pea-nuts and candy. Instantly the Razor Strop Man threw eighteen shillings, the proceeds of his sale, into the old man's basket, and stepped on board the cars, leaving the object of his benefaction astonished at so sudden and welcome an exercise of bounty.—*Rochester Paper.*

GETTING MORE THAN HIS SHARE.

While addressing a large crowd in Cincinnati, Smith took occasion to put in a word or two in favor of Temperance, and observed that it would be a blessing to the country, if all sorts of intoxicating drinks could be banished entirely from the country. "Nonsense," hiccupped a loafer, who was standing near, "rum is a ben-benefit to the country, and is ne-necessary to the health of we-weak and si-sickly people." "Exactly so," replied Strop, and if all the rum in the land was divided among the people in proportion to their *weakness*, you 'd get a greater share than any man I know." The loafer *vamosed*.

ACROSTIC.

T hou safeguard of the body, purse and soul,
E 'er may I live beneath thy blest control;
M ild guardian angel of our destiny,
P roving the genius of true liberty,—
E nnobling those who do espouse thy cause,
R egardless of censure, deaf unto applause.
A loft thy banners gloriously unfurled,
N ow in sight of an admiring world;
C reation smiles wherever falls thy ray,
E den itself was scarce more fair and gay.

OUR FLAG.

BY J. H. AIKMAN.

AIR—*Carrier Dove.*

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze,
Let it float at the mast head high,—
And gather around all hearts resolved
To sustain it there, or die.
An emblem of peace and hope to the world,
Unstained let it ever be;
And say to the world, where e'er it waves,
Our flag is the flag of the free.

Our banner proclaims to the list'ning earth,
That the reign of the tyrant is o'er;
The galling chains of the monster, rum,
Shall enslave mankind no more.
An emblem of hope to the poor and the lost,
Oh! place it where all may see;
And shout with glad voice, as you raise it on high,
Our flag is the flag of the free.

Then proudly on high let that banner wave,
And lead us the foe to meet;
Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,
Or prove our winding sheet.
And never, oh! never be it furled,
Till it waves o'er earth and o'er sea;
And all mankind shall swell the shout,—
Our flag is the flag of the free.

CUTTING REPLY.

"I say, Mr. Razor Strop," said a clownish fellow to Smith, while the latter was proving the virtues of his strop on an old butcher's knife, which a by-stander had handed him, "Do you suppose I could kill a calf with that knife, after you've sharpened it?"

"I don't know," replied Smith, "whether *you* could *kill* a calf with it, but I venture to say that *I* can *shave* one—lend me your arm.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

TEMPERANCE SONGS.

THE INEBRIATE AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN F. COLES.

AIR—*Irish Emigrant's Lament.*

I 'm gazing on thy grave, mother,
And my heart is filled with woe,
For I see thee now as I saw thee last,
So many years ago.
Methinks I see thy pale, pale face,
Thy features so calm and mild,
With thy lips half closed as if in prayer,
For a blessing on thy child.

Though I was young and thoughtless, then,
Yet I loved thee, mother dear,
And I thought my little heart would break,
When they tore me from thy bier.
I struggled then for a last, fond kiss,
But thy lips were cold as stone;
I felt that death had robbed me, then,
And left me all alone.

'T is many a year ago, mother,
Since the earth closed o'er thy head—
Oh! would that I were by thy side,
And numbered with the dead!
For I am lone and friendless, now,
And my heart is filled with gloom;
There is no peace for me on earth,
No rest but in the tomb.

I 've wandered many a mile, mother,
But yet I 've found no rest;
I 've found no heart that loved like thine,
No pillow like thy breast.
But my course is nearly finished, now—
Soon by thy side I 'll lie;
For I have lived the drunkard's life,
Like the drunkard I must die.

But why am I thus early called
Through such a scene to pass?
It is because I have not learned
To shun the social glass.
And yet, dear mother, this sad heart
Hath one remaining joy—
It is that thou didst die before
The ruin of thy boy.

And now farewell, my mother dear,
I go away to die!
No stone or tablet shall make known
The place where I may lie.
For I 've no friends to mourn for me,
When stretched upon my bier—
There 's not a soul in all the earth
To shed for me a tear.

THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

Oh! I am a Temperance man,
And where is the man like me,
Tho' the toper delight in his can,
Yet from care he 's not half so free.
There' s peace in my house; on my table
There always is plenty of cheer;
Tho' to purchase strong liquors, I 'm able,
I drink neither wine, brandy nor beer.
For I am a Temperance man. Ha! ha!

I am hearty, strong, active and gay,
At night I enjoy sweet repose;
I rise with the dawning of day—
With the hue of the healthful rose.
I've no pains to torment or annoy me;
My nerves are unshaken, and strong;
Old Alcohol ne'er shall destroy me;
While I live I 'll rejoice in this song!
Oh! I am a Temperance man. Ha! ha!

The wine cup for me hath no joys;
There is madness and death in the bowl—
'T is the poison that surely destroys
The mind, and the heart, and the soul.

But the drink that kind nature has given,
As it flows in its sweetness along,
Is water, sweet water from Heaven,
Which maketh man happy and strong.
Oh! I am a Temperance man. Ha! ha!

Oh! I am a Temperance man,
And I've got a good Temperance wife,
And now there's no noise in the house—
No discord, dissension, or strife.
And now, each young gent I'd advise
The Temperance flag to unfurl—
Then hasten as fast as he can,
And marry a Temperance girl,
And be a good Temperance man. Ha! ha!

THE PLEDGE SIGNED.

BY J. F. COLES.

AIR—*Go, forget me; why should sorrow.*

Brothers, I the pledge have taken,
Poor and wretched though I be;
If by former friends forsaken,
Yet I feel that I am free.
Broken are the cords which bound me,
Severed is each iron chain;
Brothers now are gath'ring round me;
All is bright and fair again.

My heart with rapture now is beating,
Filled with new and strange delight;
Dark despair is now retreating
Into everlasting night.
The star of hope is shining o'er me;
Clouds no longer round me play;
Sweet the prospect now before me;
All my cares have passed away

Friends, be warned by my example;
Shun the tempter's fatal snare;
Else upon your heart he'll trample,
Leaving you in sad despair.

Fly, O fly, from sin and sorrow;
Dash the poisoned bowl away;
Put not off until to-morrow
That which you should do to-day.

I'VE LEFT THE CUP.

BY J. F. COLES.

AIR—*In the days when we went gipsying.*

I've left the cup that once I loved,
A long time ago;
For well I know that misery
And death from it do flow.
When friends invite me now to drink,
I always answer no;
For I 'm resolved that while I live
For Temperance I 'll go.

I used to wear such ragged clothes,
A long time ago,
That all my friends deserted me;
My face they did not know.
But now I wear a handsome suit,
And when up town I go,
The pretty ladies smile on me,
And call me quite a beau.

My face was once all pimpled o'er,
A long time ago,
But now my skin is fair and clear;
My cheeks with health do glow.
And when I ask a pretty girl
If I may be her beau,
She smiles and whispers, if you please,
But never answers no.

And ever since I signed the pledge,
A long time ago,
With every earthly happiness
My cup doth overflow.

In fact, whatever I possess,
To Temperance I owe;
And I 'm resolved, in life and death,
For Temperance to go.

I'M FREE, I'M FREE.

BY JOHN F. COLES.

AIR—*Rockaway.*

On old king Alcohol's domain,
Many a year I 've whiled away,
In list'ning to the syren strain
That lured my youthful heart astray.
I pressed the wine cup to my lip,
And sought for pleasure in the bowl,
But every draught that I did sip
Was direst poison to my soul.
Oh! Oh! Oh! On old King, &c.

The rosy nectar, sparkling bright,
With strange emotions fired my brain,
My heart now swelling with delight,
Anon transfixed with burning pain.
And thus the tempter lured me on,
Step by step within the snare,
Till joy and hope away had flown,
And naught was left but dark despair.
Oh! Oh! Oh! On old King, &c.

When most oppressed with cares and woes,
And raving in the madman's trance,—
'T was then a star of hope arose—
It was the star of Temperance.
Oh! gladly then I hailed the light
That promised life and liberty,
I burst my chains, and stood upright,
And shouted forth I'm free, I'm free, Oh! &c.

On old King Alcohol's domain
Many a year I 've whiled away,
But now my soul is free again,
And never more will go astray.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Hie you! hie you, come with me,
And a curious sight you 'll see;
Come without one *if* or *but*,
And inspect the drunkard's hut.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Lots of nothing all in a row.

Look within and look without,
Look straight on and round about;
Is n't it supremely grand—
Straw for a bed, and grease for sand?
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Tallow for carpets, all in a row.

Torn with winds and soaked with rains,
Paper bags for window panes,
Which, when through the weather pops,
Are blocked up with sods and mops.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Strange contrivements all in a row.

Snails are creeping up the wall,
Round the window spiders crawl;
A long legged and grizzly throng,
Weaving muslin all day long.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Cobweb curtains all in a row.

Where 's the table?—that old door,
In the middle of the floor,
Lashed with sundry hazel sticks,
Propp'd with legs composed of bricks.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Tools on crutches all in a row.

All the pots my uncle sacked,
All but two, and they are cracked;
All the tools for dinner work,
Save an ancient one legg'd fork.
Pins a piece to look at show,
Family pictures all in row.

Where 's the dish from which they feed?
Bums have dished it up, indeed;
Girls and women, boy and man
Stick their clutches in the pan.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Two legg'd grunters all in a row.

Where 's the chairs on which they sit?
Swallowed in a drunken fit;
All below and all up stairs,
Bricks for stools and stones for chairs.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Stones for cushions all in a row.

See the fender, as you stoop,
Made of an old barrel hoop,
See the kettle on the hob,
Shedding tears for dusty Bob.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Jobs for tinkers, all in a row.

Oh! what high extatic bliss,
To possess a home like this;
Cleared of all its joys by some
Landlord, thief or rascal bum.
Pins a piece to look at a show,
Swill tub scrapings all in a row.

TEMPERANCE PUZZLE.

P H M
K O M

These letters in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee,
A cause of sorrow and disgrace—
Of strife and misery.

By folding the paper between the two rows of letters, in such a manner as to make the upper halves of the first three join to the lower halves of the under ones, the answer will be obtained.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

"My dear, where is my Morning and Evening Devotion?" said Mr. Paul Partington—meaning a small book with that title, in which he was accustomed to read.

"Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing a dark bottle from the closet; "here it is in the bottle."

He looked intently in her face, to see if malice was actuating her; but all there was calm; and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation, and partook—*Boston Post.*

A drunken fellow recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had not been afraid of meeting his God. "No," said he, "I was only afeard *o' t'other chap.*"

The Boston Post says there was a very impressive *funeral* in that city recently. A barrel of porter had fallen from a truck, and some fifty mourners were standing round the *beer.*

"Hear the words of instruction, my son, while you are sober," said the doctor, "for it is not possible to be *taught* when you 're *tight.*"

POLITE.—Abby Folsom once said to one of the judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, while on the bench, "Cold water never gave you that red nose.

"What do you think of whisky, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy.

"Sir," said the doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like the *small still* voice of conscience, and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies."

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared "he never was drunk, nor never meant to be—for *it always made him feel so bad the next morning!*"

SERMON ON DRINKING.—My hearers, to keep continually dry, always wear an oilcloth dress, carry a good umbrella, and practice rum-drinking.

The first two articles, however, are only essential in protecting the outside from superabundant moisture, but the latter keeps the insides as dry as a stove pipe. I never knew a rum drinker, but who was eternally dry—dry in all kinds of weather. He goes to bed dry, and gets up dry, and keeps himself dry through the day. It 's not to be wondered at; for how can he be otherwise than dry, when he keeps the blue blazes of hell constantly burning in his bosom, by pouring doubled distilled damnation in his throat, forever. In fact, my friends, the more he drinks, the dryer he grows; on his death-bed he cries for one more drink, for the last, and then he goes out of the world as thirsty as if he had lived on codfish all the days of his life.—*Dow, Jr.*

GEN. CASS ON TEMPERANCE.—Gen. Lewis Cass delivered a public Temperance Address in Detroit, in the year 1830, in which he declared that he had been all his life a strict cold water man; and that in all the severe trials his constitution had undergone in youth, from the exposure incident to border life, as well as during the fatigues of the last war, he had strictly adhered to the rule laid down in early life. "From my own observation" said he, "I can safely assert, that the drinker of cold water is able to undergo more fatigue, and is liable to fewer diseases, in the proportion of one to a hundred, than the drinker of ardent spirits."

GEN. TAYLOR ON TEMPERANCE.—A few years ago Gen. Taylor made the following remarks to a friend:—"In the Florida war I preserved my health solely by Temperance. When the water was very impure some of the officers and men insisted on the absolute necessity of using ardent spirits with it. But I always observed they fared the worse for it. As for myself, I would mix the swamp-water with coarse meal so as to clear it of sediment, and content myself with such a beverage."

The Lynn News, remembers a drunken man in the hands of the law, who tried to convince the mob that he was taking the constable to jail.

JOINING THE "SONS."—A chap in St. Louis, having joined the "Sons of Temperance," thus publicly takes leave of his old friends:—

Oh, now, forever,
Farewell the toddies warm! farewell the punches!
Farewell the drinking troops, and the big slings,
That make a frolic joyous! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the roaring song, and the loud squeal,
The spirit stirring catch, the ear piercing oath;
The royal *pimples*, and all shameful deeds.
And oh! you whisky barrels, whose round bungs
The pandemoniac clamors oft' awoke!
Farewell! I've signed the pledge! Take me ye "sons!"—
St. Louis Reveille.

WHAT TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES HAVE DONE.—There are now, says the Albany Spectator, more than 1,500,000 people in the United States who abstain from the use of ardent spirits, and from furnishing it to others; more than 5000 Temperance Societies, embracing more than 600,000 members. More than 2000 distilleries have been stopped; more than 5000 merchants have ceased from the traffic. It is estimated that 30,000 persons are now sober, who, had it not been for the Temperance Societies, would have been sots; and at least 20,000 families are now in ease and comfort, who would otherwise have been in poverty, and disgraced by drunken inmates.

INDIAN SHREWDNESS.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y——s, to the chief of the little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky, but it grieves me to find your people use so much of it." "Ah yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it. "We Indians *use* a great deal of whisky, but we do not *make* it."

RAISING RENT.—"How do you contrive to raise your rent?" a lazy tavern-lounger asked of an industrious, thriving farmer.

"Why, sir," replied the latter, "I put my plough into the ground, and after it is well broken up, I drop in seed; and thus I raise potatoes, wheat, corn, cabbages, parsnips, and—the rent."

Rhubarb and Jalap, vs. Spirits.—The late Dr. Abernethy was once consulted by a gentleman whose drinking habits had greatly impaired his constitution. After receiving advice, the patient said, "But sir, what spirit would you recommend to drink?"

The doctor in disgust, replied, "Why, sir, you may take a tincture of rhubarb, that is a spirit; or you may take a tincture of jalap, that is a spirit; and they have this advantage over other spirits, that, though you take them into your body, they will take themselves out of your body as fast as they can."

Wink, darn ye, Wink.—A hard drinking, red-nosed, swollen-eyed codfisher, on one of his voyages, was troubled for three or four successive nights with a disagreeable winking of his eyes, which prevented him from sleeping. One night, or rather towards morning, after he had exhausted a whole vocabulary of curses on his winking eyes, ever and anon exclaiming, "wink, darn ye, wink!" he got up from his berth, and went to the locker, where a bottle of strong pepper-sauce was kept, and bunking down again, poured a generous quantity of the contents of the bottle into his eyes, exclaiming at the same moment, "*Now* wink, darn ye!"

Dandy Tipplers.—Dr. Jewett, in a speech recently delivered in Hartford, wipes up the "strong minded" dandy tipplers after the following fashion. After describing the intemperate life of Scotland's eminent bard, Robert Burns, the Dr. said:

"Why, sir, if three of his great thoughts should at any *one* time get into the cranium of one of that sappy sort of "*would be*" great ones, who in 1848 can tipple at the bar, and denounce the temperance enterprise as a piece of fanaticism, it would split his skull as quick as a pound of powder favorably situated, and ignited, would split a pumpkin."

Probationary.—A young lady offers the following serviceable and original rule for the guidance of spinsters: Before marriage it is necessary that the young woman should see her intended husband in four situations, viz; 1st, tipsy; 2nd, playing cards and losing; 3d, waiting for his dinner; and lastly, in a ball room.

LIBERTY.—The "Razor Strop Man" says:—"When first I got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me liberty, and I got it with a vengeance. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had liberty to run in at the toes and run out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had liberty to come out of my coat—pimples had liberty to settle on my nose, and I had the liberty to lift up the crown of my hat, and scratch my head without taking my hat off. And I not only had liberty, but delicious music, too; for when I walked along on a windy day,

> The crown of my hat went flipperty flap
> And the wind whistled "how do you do."

THE SICK DUTCHMAN.—An old Dutchman, who had recently joined the temperance society, was taken sick, and sent for a doctor to prescribe for him, who ordered him to take an ounce of brandy per day. The old chap overhauled his arithmetic, and found in apothecaries' weights, "eight drams make one ounce." "Mine gracious," said the Dutchman, "dat is de temperance society for me. I did n't take but *six* drams before, now I gets *eight*." The consequence was, his complaints went off, and took him with them.

A SOFT REBUKE.—A young fop who had been rather too free with the bottle, being at a ball, observed a lady whose dress was so low in the neck as to display a large portion of her shoulders and chest.

"Madam," said the gallant, "allow me to place my hand upon that soft bosom."

"Sir," replied the young lady, "give me your hand and I will put it on a *much softer place!*"

She took his hand and laid it on his forehead.

TOO LARGE LIMITS.—"Why do n't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person, "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said the toper, "But I set it so far off, that I always get drunk before I get to it."