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The book cover is dark, possibly black or dark brown, with a fine, woven texture. A decorative border is embossed into the cover, featuring stylized floral and foliate motifs at the corners and along the edges. The title is printed in a bold, serif, gold-colored font, centered on the cover.

**THE LIFE
OF AN
INEBRIATE**

9277





JAMES GALE.

—“No more a slave,
I henceforth will be free.”—

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A

LONG VOYAGE IN A LEAKY SHIP;

OR A

FORTY YEARS' CRUISE

ON

THE SEA OF INTEMPERANCE,

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME

OF THE PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF

AN INEBRIATE.

~~~~~  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,
by JAMES GALE, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court of Massachusetts.



IN
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF THE KINDNESS HE HAS RECEIVED,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
Is Respectfully Dedicated
TO THE
Washington Total Abstinence Society, of Brighton,
BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E .

In penning the following pages, my object has not been to fire the fancy by some high-wrought picture, to arouse the sensibilities by a pathetic tale, or amuse the ear by a combination of pleasing sounds. If either of these *had* been my object, I am well aware, as the reader himself must be on the perusal, that my labor has been in vain, and that this — my first essay has proved a total failure. But since it has not been my aim solely to amuse my reader, but if possible to interest in order to benefit him, even though I should fail of the former, I may yet hope to attain to the latter.

My main object has been to give a simple, but distinct account of some of the most important particulars in my life, and to illustrate by a brief statement of my own experience, the disastrous and destructive influence of intemperate habits. The immediate motives, which prompted me to undertake this labor, were two-fold. First, in order to while away the tedious hours occasioned by confinement on account of sickness ; and, second,

to warn those who are in the drunkard's path, especially those who may but just have entered it, of some of the evil and sorrow that awaits them in their course. The young, in a particular manner, I would caution to beware how they tamper with the fatal cup, or wish to learn the drunkard's creed. To parents, also, and to all who have the charge of youth, I have wished to address myself, that from my sad experience they may be cautioned as to what kind of teaching they give to those under their care, either by precept or example.

For my old shipmates on board the crazy craft of his tyranical Majesty, king Alcohol, I feel an especial anxiety. They will at once perceive my object has not been to exaggerate the hardships of the service, but merely to state facts as they really are: perhaps they will exclaim, "the half has not been told." That we were most shamefully abused on board that ship, is a most notorious fact, the truth of which, to my lasting sorrow, I found long before I gained my discharge, and I have not learned that the discipline of the service has altered for the better since. Our rations of food were cut down, or entirely stopped—our labor nevertheless was incessant—our wages nothing but sorrow—and the only promotion which

came to my knowledge while I remained on board was from the state-room to the fore-castle, from honor to shame. The old ship itself is so crazy, that long ago she should have been condemned as unseaworthy, which fate she would doubtless have experienced, had it not been for the eager desire of his Majesty to keep her afloat. At all events, she is so far gone that I am quite sure she cannot swim much longer, but will soon go down forever. But thanks to the Power above, and to the kind efforts of Temperance friends, I am now in a safe ship, where I find better fare and milder treatment. The Washingtonian banner is flying at our main peak ;

“ And under this I mean to sail
Till Life's long voyage be o'er.”

I am well aware of the many difficulties under which I labor in thus presenting myself to public gaze. Nor indeed was this, as I have before said, my intention when I began to write. Uninitiated, as I am, into the mysteries of authorship, little wonder is it, if I have sometimes been discouraged, and now present myself to the public with the utmost trepidation.

Should the simple narration of facts, however, which I have given in my rough and homely style,

induce any of my former companions and shipmates to abandon the service of the tyrant, or restrain any who may be about to enter it, and prevail upon them to enlist in the good cause of temperance, I shall have gained my greatest object, and shall consider myself as having received a glorious reward.

J. G.

Brighton, April, 1842.

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A LONG VOYAGE IN A LEAKY SHIP.

CHAPTER I.

“Would'st thou have woe? then sow thy seed in youth;
For, what thou sowest thou shalt reap, forsooth.”

GENTLE reader, I am now about to commence an account of my peregrinations through a life of much trouble, which, in a great degree, I have brought upon myself, by my own misconduct.—If, in the recital of my history, you shall think you discover but little poetry, you will acknowledge the truth of the declaration I now make, that ‘I am but a plain, unlettered man, who only speak right on.’ My desire is not to please by a florid, or even polished style, but merely to make myself understood in the relation of a few simple, ungarnished facts.

I was born in Templeton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, on the 21st of May, 1795. The

name of the individual who was said to have been my father, was JAMES GALE, — the name I have always borne, though my parents were never married. My mother's name was Eunice Patch. My father, as I shall call him, departed for the West while I was yet a bantling, leaving my mother to the care of the world, and myself to the care of my mother. It was, however, very fortunate for me, that my mother had others to care for her than the cold world at large, else, during my first years, I should not have been so well cared for as I was.

By the departure of my father, as I have stated, I was left to the care of my mother and grandparents, by whose kindness I was provided for until my tenth year. Previous to this period, my grandmother had died, and my grandfather's health being such, at this period, as to render him incapable of conducting his business, he settled his affairs, and gave one half of his property to a son, in consideration of his maintenance through life.

My home was thus broken up, and my uncle, as he had a large family of his own, being unwilling to encumber himself with an additional, it may be he thought unnecessary burden of myself,

I was left to the sole care and provision of my mother. But I had now arrived at an age when it was necessary that I should be under the direction, and subject to the will of a master ; accordingly my mother's first care was to endeavor to provide me with a suitable one, under whose eye my versatile genius, which had already begun to show itself, might be properly directed and managed. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself, and I took up my abode with a Mr. Stratton, who was a good man, and a lenient master. But it was a new thing to me to be away from my mother, and although I was used well, and had no reason whatever to complain, I was nevertheless unable to make myself contented. I remained, however, nine months with Mr. S., and then returned home, and attended school through the winter.

The school was soon ended, and the time came when it was again resolved that I should leave my mother's roof. Accordingly with a heavy heart I departed, and took up my residence with a certain Deacon Kendall, of unpleasant remembrance, as will hereafter be seen. If I had been discontented and unhappy, without real cause, at the place where I had formerly lived, I became

so here, with good and undeniable reason. The deacon I found to be indeed a hard master, and I may perhaps be allowed to say, that while I was with him I was shamefully abused, both as to diet and clothing. As for food, I was stinted and half-starved, and but for my mother, I should have suffered incredibly for want of clothes. My work even, was beyond my years, and this, joined with my poor fare and general ill-treatment, made me discontented and homesick indeed. But I very soon had occasion to learn that it was of no use for me to remonstrate or complain, since I was but a poor boy, without a friend in the world to protect me, except my mother, and she too distant, or of too feeble power to render me, in this case, much assistance. I remained, however, with the deacon nearly four years, notwithstanding the ill-treatment I received from him, and the numerous hardships I endured while in his service. To this, perhaps, in a great measure, the after deviations, and consequent troubles of my life, were owing, as well as to the taste for drink which I thus early formed, since my young mind was soured, and its proper developement checked.

A brief description of the family, in which I spent these first four years of a long life of want

dering and sorrow, will perhaps not be inappropriate or ill-timed here. It consisted first of the deacon and his wife, or the old man and woman, as I shall, for distinction sake, call them, since I can hardly think that they are deserving of better epithets; two sons, who were old bachelors, and parsimonious in the last degree; two antiquated spinsters, whom the envious fates seemed to have doomed to the unenviable felicity of continual maidenhood, and two younger daughters. In the enumeration, as will be observed, I have not included myself; for though I was in the family, I was never allowed to feel that I was a member of it, nor could I ever consider it as my home, but merely a place where I was, as it were, stopping or staying the while.

I may, perhaps, appear ridiculous to mention facts like these or the following; but then they were such as produced a great effect on my boyish mind, and left there impressions of which I have never been able to rid myself—impressions which, it may be, more than any other, decided my after destiny. If I ever suffered for want of food, it was not because there was not food in the house, and that too which was good enough. The family table was always munificently served;

but from a participation of its smoking viands and dainty dishes, I was always sedulously excluded. Not perhaps through neglect for which I had any reason to complain, since I was always signally favored with a separate table, and had sole claim to all that was set before me, with which I was permitted to regale myself in glorious independence. My repast consisted, morning and evening, of a dish of brown crust and skimmed milk, with the addition, at dinner time, if I chanced to be at home, of quite a sparing piece of meat or pudding, which I soon accustomed myself to consider as a marked token of favor on the part of my master, and a signal evidence of my own good fortune. 'To ask for more' was a crime here considered of greater magnitude than even at "Dotheboy's Hall," and one which I do not remember I ever had the audacity to commit ; for had I been so bold, I should doubtless have received such *striking* testimonials of my master's approbation as would have given me occasion not soon to have forgotten it.

I have delayed thus long on this early part of my history, and on these seemingly unimportant circumstances, since it was by these that my after destiny was greatly affected, and especially

since it was in this family that I learned the rudiments of the drunkard's creed, the faith and practice of which has since caused me years of suffering, compared with which, my troubles at that period were insignificant and trifling. It was the custom of the family to drink spirit every day, a privilege whose full enjoyment, I was not, of course, allowed, and well would it have been for me, if in this particular at least, I had been restricted altogether. I was, however, as a great treat and favor, sometimes permitted to partake of the sugar at the bottom of some nearly emptied glass, which created within me a thirst for the rum, and caused me to hanker for it to such a degree that I resolved to obtain it at all hazards, which I sometimes managed to do by means of a false key. Thus were the seeds of Intemperance sown within me, whose harvest I afterwards reaped in many long years of suffering and woe.

CHAPTER II.

"On ! flee the monster, ere he bind thee fast ;
At first he'll please thee, but will sting at last."

"**TRAIN** up a child," says the wise man, "in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And even at this late period of life, I cannot help sometimes casting reflections on those with whom it was my chance to spend the first years of my boyhood. Train up a child in the drunkard's path, and ten chances to one, but he fills a drunkard's grave. The habits of youth will not desert the man, but by unwonted effort, and superhuman aid. — But to resume my history.

At the end of four years, or thereabouts, I ran away from the old man, and went home to my mother, resolved in my mind to stay with him no longer. The old man followed me, and endeavored to take me back by force, but as I was resolute in my resistance, and told him that I would die sooner than return with him, he went away and left me. He made application, however, to

the selectmen of the town to bind me to him, but they refused to do it. My mother soon found a place for me with one of her cousins in Fitzwilliam, N. H., for which place I immediately started. Here I was to receive forty dollars for my services for one year. I now found myself in quite a comfortable home, was well treated, and quite contented. I staid here, however only six months, as my mother was very anxious I should learn a trade, and had already found me a place in Rindge, N. H. The trade she had selected was that of dressing cloth from home manufacture. I was to stay four months on trial, and to attend school two months of the time, and at the expiration of that term, a bargain was to be made, if all the parties concerned could agree.

I staid here three months, and fared the while even worse than I did at the old place, viz. at deacon Kendall's in Templeton. I was not allowed to attend school a single day, nor did I see any prospect that I ever should, though I staid here till doomsday ; so thinks I to myself, I believe I shall not stop with deacon Brown to learn the trade, but will go and see my mother. Accordingly I packed up my clothes on Sunday, after the family were gone to meeting, and started

for my mother's house, which was fifteen miles distant. I did not dare to venture on the highway at first, so I went through the fields across lots for some time, before I took the road. I finally entered it, and went on for some time in safety, until I saw a horse and sleigh behind me, which I supposed was sent in pursuit of me. My fears, however, were groundless, as it proved to be one of my mother's neighbors, whose name was Sawtell, and with whom I was well acquainted. He recognized me, and suspecting something wrong, at first insisted on carrying me back to my master, but I begged so hard, he finally consented to carry me home. The next day, deacon Brown came after me, and insisted upon carrying me back with him. He told a very plausible story to my mother, which of course did not much agree with mine. My mother, however, finally concluded that I should not return with him, which pleased me very much, as I had feared she would decide otherwise.

But something must be done with me, and as I had the name of being a very bad boy, it was exceedingly difficult for her to get a place for me. Soon afterwards, however, a young man, formerly a neighbor of hers, who then resided in

Charlestown, Mass., was at her house, and told her he wanted to get a good boy from the country to work in a store for Messrs. Skinner & Hurd in Charlestown, and that if I would be a good boy, they would do well by me. I told him that I would try and do the best that I could, and accordingly it was agreed that I should go to C. He returned home, and I was to follow him as soon as possible. My mother prepared my clothes as soon as she conveniently could, and an uncle of mine started with me in a sleigh. He carried me about forty miles, but could go no further, as the sleighing was almost gone. I then took my clothes and travelled to Charlestown on foot, where I arrived in safety, and found Mr. Brooks, the gentleman who had procured me the place. I found, however, that I had arrived too late, as another boy had been engaged in my place three days before.

I now knew not what to do. I did not wish to return to my mother, and where to get work I knew not. Mr. Brooks advised me to stay with him a few days, and told me he thought he could find some employment for me. I accordingly remained with him, and at last he procured me a place in a twine manufactory in Boston, carried

on by a Mr. Dunham. As I was very glad to get employment of any kind rather than return to the country, I readily seized the opportunity, and engaged myself for eight dollars per month. I staid with him about two months, wore out and soiled all my clothes, and never received any wages ; but became at the same time addicted to every bad habit, that apparently could be thought of, such as drinking, gaming, and frequenting bad company. Intemperance seldom walks alone, but in her train are to be found all the habits and vices which dishonor the name of man, and put poor human nature to the blush. I fell at this time the more easily into habits of intemperance in consequence of the taste for drink which I had so early formed while at deacon Kendall's, and I now began to reap some small portion of that harvest, which I afterwards reaped so abundantly, from the seeds which were at that time sown.

At the time of my leaving Mr. Dunham, I sold the better part of my clothing, and now found myself homeless and nearly penniless, without a friend in the wide world to whom I felt disposed to apply for assistance. Which way to turn, I knew not, or where to provide myself with work of any kind. I wished myself any where but in

Boston, and began to think of returning to the country. An opportunity, however, soon presented itself to me for obtaining work in Brighton, whither I went on the 5th of May, 1811. Here I engaged myself to a gentleman by the name of Tilton, for seven months, at the rate of about seven dollars per month. I fulfilled my engagement, and received my wages promptly, but from the bank in which I deposited it, I never received it again—for the runseller's till rarely acknowledges the rumdrinker's claim, if claim he have any. My fifty dollars then, being soon squandered in drinking and petty gambling, I once more found myself nearly without money, or any certain prospect of speedily receiving any. In this condition, I resolved to return home, and visit my mother, which I accordingly did, and remained with her through the winter.

And here I cannot help stopping to reflect a moment on the impolicy of the drunkard's course. If he be a poor man—and rarely is it that he can be otherwise—he has need of all his earnings for his support. If then he spend the whole, or nearly all for that which is worse than useless—for the gratification of those appetites which he ought never to gratify, he not merely deprives

himself of the comforts and real luxuries, but also of the necessities of life. He voluntarily puts it out of his own power to support himself, and becomes a burden to others, it may be, to those who though willing, may yet feel themselves really unable to support him. Many there are, who, like myself, could easily find work during the warmer parts of the year, but in the winter find little employment. Sound policy would prompt us to reserve "a dollar for a rainy day," but, as I have already said, the rumseller's till is a poor place to make deposits, and so I have always found it.

But perhaps some may say, if it is only a breach of policy of which the intemperate man is guilty, he does but injure himself, and the evil might be far worse. So indeed it might, and so indeed it is. Injustice is coupled with this breach of policy. If he have but himself to care for, and he neglect to do even this, he imposes the burden on others, and often on those who are but ill able to bear it. This is unjust. If he have a family to care for, as well as for himself, and he neglects to care for himself, his family also is neglected. This is cruel. His poor wife is then made to bear the burden, which if she fail to do through inability, the burden must rest some-

where, it may be upon the town. Oh, thou destroying spirit of the still, to what folly and injustice dost thou lead with thy delusions!

And such was the folly and injustice of which I was, at this period, guilty. It had been in my power to have saved of my earnings sufficient to have aided me through the winter, but the demands of appetite had asked for all, and foolish I had listened to its demand. Voluntarily had I deprived myself of the power of self-support, and the only alternative was to become a burden to my mother through the winter.

CHAPTER III.

“Do what you can, go where you will,
The hideous fiend will follow still.”

IN the spring I returned to Brighton, and engaged myself to Mr. Oliver Livermore, for eight months, at the rate of ten dollars and a half per month. My situation was now comparatively pleasant, and my prospects, I thought, good ; and so indeed they were, had it not been for the fearful habits I had contracted of drinking and gambling. These habits, I found, especially that of drinking, had already acquired a fearful momentum, by no means easy to oppose, and which, worse than all, was constantly increasing. This reflection, at times, would dart through my mind, awakening for a moment the most fearful apprehensions, and causing me the most uncomfortable sensations of mind that can be imagined. But in those days there were no Washingtonians to take the fallen victim by the hand, and snatch him, as it were, from the scene of his utter ruin — but few influences to win him back to the path of

virtue and peace. The enemy held the ground comparatively without a rival, and as I was already a captive in his power, he found but little difficulty in binding fast the chains he had thrown upon me, especially since I was so willing to submit to bear their weight.

Yet notwithstanding the expense attending the gratification of my appetites, by dint of great management I made out through the season to lay by some small portion of my earnings, and also to provide myself with clothes of which I stood in great need. At the close of fall I returned again to my mother, and attended school through the winter. In the spring, I returned to Brighton, and again engaged myself to Mr. Livermore for twelve dollars and a half per month, as I did also the following spring, spending the intermediate winter with my mother, and attending school. My course during these two summers was much the same as the former one, and a large part of my wages being spent in drinking and dissipation. Through the winter, of course, my habits were not so bad, as temptation was not so strong, and my means and opportunities for yielding to it more circumscribed and contracted.

The next spring again for the fourth time I re-

turned to Mr. Livermore, and worked for him five months, for fifteen dollars per month. I then left him, and engaged myself to a man by the name of Deming, to carry meat to market. I was to receive as my wages twenty-five dollars a month, but was to become accountable for all the meat I sold whether I received for it the money or not.

Up to the period of my engagement with Mr. Deming, I had managed to save eighty dollars, a sum which I lent him at the commencement of my engagement. I knew through the season that I was constantly running in debt to him, though many persons were indebted to me. At the end of eight months I resolved to have a settlement, and accordingly found myself not merely to have lost all the money I lent him, but to be in debt to him to the amount of nearly fifty-four dollars. My assets amounted to nearly three hundred dollars in notes and accounts, which however were barely worth twenty-five cents on a dollar. Thus I suddenly found myself stripped of what little I had acquired, and plunged into debt, with no certain means of liquidating it.

I now came to the conclusion to leave Brighton, let the consequence be what it might. I ac-

cordingly set about collecting what money I could, by discounting no matter what for its sake. I also left notes and bills, to the amount of one hundred and thirty dollars, for collection in the hands of an attorney in Boston by the name of Fales. He was to correspond with me wherever I went, but though I wrote to him several times, I never received any answer from him. I afterwards learned that having collected about fifty dollars of my money, and some considerable sums for other persons, he "pocketed the cash," suddenly took "French leave" for the south, and to my knowledge has not been heard from since.

I now began to be in some little trouble in regard to the fifty-four dollars I owed my old employer, but finally concluded I should say but little about it until such times as I could make it more convenient to pay it. By discounting I had managed to collect about sixty dollars, and with this filled a trunk with clothes, which I left with a friend of mine, and then started for the West, in company with a man by the name of Haynes. We carried with us but little clothing, calculating to have our trunks sent on to us, wherever we should find an opportunity for work.

We arrived in Albany, staid there a short time, but found business very dull, and no employment to be had. We now concluded to take different directions, and accordingly parted, after I had given him a share of what money I had remaining, as he was very destitute. I now turned my face toward Troy, and fortunately fell in with a man by the name of Hill, formerly from Brighton, with whom I remained through the winter. I here realized the truth of the assertion, as I had often done before, that "change of place does not change the man;" for my old habits followed me still, and what I was in Brighton, I was also in Troy.

My money soon disappeared to satisfy my passion for drinking and gambling; and though by the gratification of my passion for the latter, I sometimes raised the where-with-all to gratify the former, it not unfrequently fell out that I quitted play only for want of means to play more.

Moneyless and nearly hopeless, in the spring I resolved to seek the great city of New York. Accordingly I went on board a sloop to work my passage down the river, thinking that when I arrived at the far-famed metropolis, I should find no difficulty in obtaining employment. But in

this I found myself sadly disappointed. I was truly a stranger in a strange place, destitute of money and friends, and no visible means of procuring either. Through the kindness of the captain, however, with whom I came from Troy, I was provided with a home for a short space, until I might be able to procure me a situation — he allowing me to remain on board the sloop.

At this time, not having a single cent at my command, I was reduced to the greatest strait, from which I was released by a trifling incident, which I will here take the liberty to mention. As I was one day assisting in the unlading of the sloop, the captain being absent, an individual being unable to make exact change with me in a certain little business belonging to the captain, a fourpenny bit being his smallest piece, he said he would “snap” to see which should have it. It fell to me. When the captain returned I gave him an account of the business, and also mentioned the little circumstance of the fourpenny bit. He said it was all correct, and returned to me the bit, telling me, at the same time, to make good use of it. As the sequel shows, I followed his advice strictly, though perhaps not in the way he intended ; for that very evening I won by it

at play, thirteen dollars, a sum which to me at that time was acceptable indeed. I do not know that I was ever more rejoiced by any instance of good fortune in my life than by this. Its assistance was also very opportune, since it furnished me with the means of obtaining clothing, which I stood in great need of, and left me besides, some pocket money which I found very acceptable.

It must not be supposed here, by any means, that I now approve of the course I took to 'raise my sinking fortunes.' Far be it from this. My object is merely to state the simple facts in the case, and how exceedingly fortunate they were for me in the then state of my affairs. Gambling is a vice, at least second to none but intemperance for its dreadful and destructive influence. If not so ruinous to the body, it is generally more so to the purse, and by no means less so to the conscience and the soul. It may indeed lead the victim more fearfully and rapidly forward from one degree of vice and crime to another, till it suddenly hurl him headlong into the dark abyss of woe.

As I was unable to find employment in New York, I returned with Capt. Silliman, and after-

wards sailed with him three trips from New York to Troy. During this period, I repeatedly sent for my clothes which I left in Boston, and also to Fales, the attorney, for the money which he should have collected, but I gained no information respecting either. I finally concluded I was to hear no more from them, and gave them up for lost. I soon left the sloop, and engaged myself to work upon a farm in Lansingburg, for a man by the name of Hinman. Here I fell desperately sick with the fever and ague, which affliction lightened my purse of its last penny, and brought me deeply into debt. My pecuniary distress of course returned, and I was in no little anxiety to know how I should be able to meet my liabilities. My health was now somewhat recovered, though I was still unable to work, and consequently knew not what to do, nor where to go.

At length it chanced to me most fortunately that I heard from my quondam friend with whom I started from Boston, and whom I had favored at the time of his great need, when we parted six months before in Albany. He was at this time at work in Saratoga, near the springs, employed in making bricks. I resolved that I would

visit him, and accordingly disposed of some of my clothes in order to raise the means of conveyance. The distance was about twenty miles, but I was obliged to perform it by short journeys, and was nearly three days in reaching him. His pecuniary circumstances, however, were but little better than my own, as neither he nor his employer had much money; he gave me, however, what he had, and also an order on a man in Troy, for fifteen dollars to be paid at sight. With my spirits somewhat revived, I returned to Troy, got my order cashed, and in comparison with what my feelings had been, I now felt myself a happy man.

My health was still in so poor a state that I was unable to work, and consequently knew not what to do. In my anxiety, I bethought myself of an uncle, who resided at a place called Sand Lake, about fifteen miles from Troy, and thither I resolved to go. My strength, however, was so far reduced that I found it impossible for me to finish the journey on foot, as I had commenced it. I accordingly hired a conveyance, and at last reached my uncle's, where I remained about six weeks, exceedingly low and feeble. I now began to feel discouraged, and was near yielding to

despair. In this condition I bethought me of my mother, and resolved to return home. The journey was exceedingly tedious over the mountains, and when I arrived at home I was nearly exhausted. By my mother's nursing, however, and good care, I soon began to mend, and by degrees regained my health and strength.

About this time I received a letter from Mr. Deming, of Brighton, my old employer, to whom I was in debt for the fifty-four dollars, requesting me to return to Brighton. He stated that if I was willing to return, he would not distress me for what I owed him, but would assist me by all that lay in his power. As I had now nearly recovered my health, and began to feel anxious for employment, I thought it might be a good chance and accordingly resolved to accept it. I returned to Brighton, went to see Mr. D., and settled with him, giving him three notes of eighteen dollars each — one to be paid in three months, one in six, and the other in nine months. I again entered his employ, at the rate of eighteen dollars per month, and went to market, on condition that I should not be responsible for what I should trust out. But I soon found that I had been but leaping from Sylla to Charybdis, or, as we more

commonly say, I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

It soon came to my knowledge that, in my absence, he had commenced a suit against me, had even obtained judgment, and taken out an execution, which he was ready to level upon me any time he saw fit. I staid with him, however, for a while, and collected some of my old debts; and then, as I did not think myself well used, I left him, and hired myself to a man by the name of Ruggles. I was to carry meat to market, and tend in a stall, but soon found that "the reality was not equal to the word." The coarsest and poorest of all meat, such as they could not possibly dispose of in the market, I was to carry out to sell to whoever would buy, but on no account was I to take "trust for pay."

About this time, it chanced that I drew a small prize in a lottery, from which I lent Mr. R. thirty dollars, but neglected to take his note. Afterwards when I asked him for it, he refused to pay me unless I would take it of those, whom I had trusted for meat. My wages also I found I was to receive in the same kind of coin, and on this discovery I began to think it were better for me to tack sheet for some other port. I accordingly

sought a settlement, and found that, according to his account, I was in his debt nearly seventy-five dollars for meat I had trusted out. I knew of no other way than to submit, and gave him my note for the amount.

I then took my clothes, and started for Boston. The next day I found myself in the hands of an officer, who demanded payment for the note. I borrowed the money of a friend, and old 'Gripe' departed seemingly well satisfied. But however it was with him, I was by no means so well pleased. The event was one I had hardly anticipated, and unexpectedly as it came, it inspired me with no little fear of other evils yet to come. Mr. Deming, as I well knew, still held my notes, on some one, or all of which I was apprehensive he might commence a suit, or perhaps level the execution which he had already obtained against me. But then I bethought myself that these notes were given, and the execution obtained while I was yet a minor, and thinking that this fact would prove of service to me in avoiding the blow, I resolved, in case of emergency, to stand the trial of the law. I waited for some time in expectation, but no such emergency came, and I

then resolved I would give myself but little or no uneasiness about the matter.

Perhaps my reader may think that by recounting these various circumstances, I feel disposed to blame individuals as the sole and only causes of my misfortunes and evils. The case is far otherwise. However wrong or improper may have been the course which individuals pursued, there was another, and a more certain cause of all my ill. The fatal cup was at the bottom, and this it was that was working all the mischief.

The poisonous liquid that it contained had infused madness through all my veins. It burned within me with more than a fever's heat — it had mounted to my head, and stolen from my brains — and this it was that not merely caused me foolishly to throw away my money, if I obtained any, but induced me to adopt such means, and pursue such a course as pretty effectually prevented my ever obtaining any. By its influence, incapacitated to secure my own self-interest, I permitted myself to be fooled and duped by my own appetites, and in yielding to their increasingly greedy demands, I voluntarily surrendered all that was favorable in my circumstances, or advantageous in my condition.

So infatuated does the monster cause his victims to become, and so fearful and evil are the consequences of yielding to his power. Well did the British tragedist exclaim, "O! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

4

CHAPTER IV.

“There is a monster that makes all
Who look upon it, frightful as
Itself. *Rum* is that monster.—”

THE passage down hill is easy — to go up requires the labor. To yield to appetite and passion needs little effort; to oppose and correct them is what men find most difficult. And as a downward course is easy, even at the commencement, so it becomes more and more so, the longer it is continued in, as a falling body gathers increased momentum in proportion to the distance through which it is falling. So I found it at this period, and have since been alarmed on considering with what fearful rapidity I was progressing.

My companions now became, for the most part, the dissolute and the abandoned—sharpers, whose business was to profit by the follies and sins of others, who, like myself, were made the prey of the designing. Gambling was now for a season almost my sole employment, and in this I endeavor-

ored to imitate my seniors, using every opportunity, as the slang is, "to gull the flats," but being careful not to be "gulled" myself. But in this I frequently found myself outwitted, and soon learned that I was "a flat," of whom the sharpers were determined to make the most account, for what I won from one more simple than myself, I was sure to lose by one more cunning. In this mode of life I spent some time, procuring merely a wretched subsistence, and rapidly sinking in the scale of human beings.

Yet I soon began to feel somewhat alarmed, and fearing that I was becoming a drunkard and a sot too fast—for I did have those fears sometimes—I resolved to pull up stakes again, and make tracks for some new place. To return to my friends was contrary to my intention, to go even where I was known was not my desire, but where to go I knew not. I finally resolved I would leave the country. Accordingly I shipped on board a brig, called the *Plutus*, bound for Havana, Captain Henry Oxnard, master. I shipped as a green hand, before the mast, at the rate of twenty dollars per month, it being my determination to leave the brig if I could get employment on the island.

I received my advance pay, and went on board, soon after which we set sail. We made an uncommonly long passage of thirty days, but finally arrived in Havana, nothing special having occurred out of the usual routine of a month's voyage. Our cargo consisted principally of lumber; consigned to a gentleman by the name of Newhall, resident on the island. After we were safely moored, next came the matter of unlading, and delivering of the cargo, a business which it pleased the captain to entrust to me, since, as it now appeared, our first mate, whose name was Snow, was not a little deficient in penmanship, a very necessary qualification for one who would act as supercargo.

Our second mate was perhaps but little better qualified, being also very deficient at figures, while I on the other hand had managed, by my small means, to gain some little knowledge of both these branches. This may perhaps account for the distinction which the captain conferred upon me, and also for the ill-will which the first mate, from that moment, entertained for me. I of course felt myself somewhat flattered by the captain's confidence in me, yet I afterwards learn-

ed to rue it sadly, in consequence of the ill-feeling and ill treatment of the mate.

Mr. Newhall, however, did not seem to partake of the mate's dissatisfaction towards me, but seemed to be well pleased with my manner of discharging my duty, and as he wished to employ a man, he invited me to stop with him. As this was my intention, as I before stated, to remain on the island, provided I could get employment, I was much pleased with his invitation, and determined to accept it. Yet now a difficulty arose which I had not anticipated. I had supposed there would be no trouble in my obtaining my discharge from the brig whenever I wished, as I had not shipped with a seaman's full wages. In this, however, I found myself greatly disappointed, and my calculations all vain, for when I applied to Capt. Oxnard for my discharge, I received a blunt refusal and repulse.

I made up my mind, however, that it was a poor way to endeavor to detain a man against his will, and resolved that the captain should find it so, and at least a difficult if not an impossible thing. Mr. Newhall, however applied himself for my discharge, with great earnestness, but with no better success than I had found myself. I felt

not a little disappointed, and saw little prospect of my being able to free myself from the brig, yet resolved, however, that if I was obliged to remain on board, it should not be because I had made no effort to escape. Such an effort I knew would be extremely hazardous, and, if unsuccessful, might be even dangerous ; yet at all events I resolved to make the trial.

The captain was very cautious not to allow me much freedom for going on shore, fearing probably that I should take too much advantage of it, and when I once found myself free, that I should take such measures as would free me from him entirely. One night, however, it being my "anchor watch," I determined to attempt my object. The boat lay under the bows, and I conceived it a fine chance for me to reach the shore. Carefully I conveyed into the boat whatever articles of clothing I had that I could handily obtain, and was myself about to swing over the bows, when I found myself suddenly arrested by the second mate, and forcibly detained. The reader may well suppose I felt somewhat *sheepish* at being thus foiled in my main object ; but, if he please, he may suppose me still more disappointed, and he may rest assured that it was with no

small regret that I saw the object for which I had strove so earnestly, and which I supposed so nearly within my grasp, thus suddenly wrested from me.

But I found there was no alternative, and that I must submit with the best possible grace I could. But submissive or not, I found that the captain was determined to keep me on board, and for the purpose of accomplishing his object more effectually, he set a strict guard over me, and himself kept a constant eye upon me, all the time we laid in port. Now to find myself thus cooped up, like one whose freedom was improper or dangerous, by no means sat pleasantly upon my temperamēt; but, as I have said, I found there was no alternative, and consequently concluded to submit with the best possible grace.

This treatment, however, which I considered so severe, may have been providential and beneficial in the extreme, since, restrained as I was, I had but little opportunity of running to great excess in rioting and drunkenness, and consequently was obliged to pursue a much more temperate course than I should have pursued had I been permitted to have exercised my liberty. Provi-

dential I say, for doubtless had it not been for the kind hand of an overruling Providence, which has so often checked and restrained my rash and fool-hardy course, I should, long ere this, have sunk the last vestige of the man which I possessed, or perhaps have sunk myself entire into that dark and fearful place — a drunkard's grave.

Oh how fearful are the effects of rum ! Well may it be called with a most emphatic enumeration, "blue ruin:" not that it ruins the purse, the credit, or the health alone, but that it extends its dreadful influence to the mind, destroys the reason and the judgment, and, as it were, annihilates all that is noble in the man. Like the monster's head in Minerva's hand, it petrifies all who look upon it, and renders it like a senseless mass of stone, scarcely susceptible of being acted upon by others, much less of acting upon itself. He who yields to its fatal influence, voluntarily surrenders every right he possesses in himself, and rashly though fruitlessly denies every duty he owes to himself.

He surrenders all power of self-control, and gives himself up to the influence of appetite and passion, more merciless than the raging sea, or

the infuriated savage. The tenderest susceptibilities of his soul become callous, and every avenue of the heart he closes to the voice of love. His very nature becomes distorted and misshapen, and he no longer resembles the thinking man, but the senseless brute. Alas ! for the degradation, the debasement caused by rum !

CHAPTER V.

"Let logic then deny it, if it can,
The foe of reason is the foe of man;
And what is hers is his worst enemy."

SAYS a certain writer, "that which distinguishes man from the brute is his reason, or the power of comprehension, by which he is enabled to understand causes, and infer results." If reason then be that which distinguishes, I may say, constitutes man, it follows that whatever is opposed to the well-being of reason, is opposed to the well-being of man, since the well-being of the one pre-supposes, or rather is identical with the well-being of the other.

Intemperance is the enemy of reason. At times it takes away entirely his power of comprehension, and substitutes in its place a blind recklessness, or a raging insanity. But these are not the only seasons in which the hostility of intemperance to reason is shown. Habits of drunkenness do not reach their maximum in a moment. Years may pass by ere the full extent of their

evil be discovered. Yet by piecemeal they destroy their victim, weakening by gradual, but constant measures the power of reason and judgment, until finally their fearfully destructive work is all accomplished. The reason is robbed of all its power, and dethroned, and the man is almost merged in the brute. It may be thought I here use strong language, yet strong as it may be, I am persuaded it falls far short of expressing the dreadful reality, the fearful position of the facts as illustrated in real life.

But let me not wander too far from myself. To sermonize is not my object, but to state facts. Yet I am unable to prevent such reflections, while I am engaged in reviewing the sad history of my past life. On every page I find inscribed in dreadful characters the fearful evil and sin of dallying with "my reason's foe." At every step I progress, I find myself descending a fearful steep, and oftentimes on the verge of a frightful precipice. That inward light — the light of reason, which God has given me to direct my uncertain steps through this dark world, I have disregarded, and neglected — nay waged war with it, and even attempted to put it out. What fearful responsibility for a mortal to assume !

But my reader doubtless is calling upon me to return from my digression. While we lay at Havana I received eight dollars, which I expended for fruit, such as pineapples, oranges, &c., intending to make a little bit of a speculation, by selling them when we arrived in Boston. We set sail homeward with a fair wind, and had pleasant weather nearly all the passage. The return voyage I found much more agreeable than the outward. I had become more accustomed to a sea life, had lost something of that *greenness* that characterizes fresh hands, and the sailing was remarkably good. All would have gone pleasantly enough had it not have been for the old grudge which the mates held against me, and the dreadful and debasing influence of rum: for had it not been for this "liquid fire," this strife-stirring poison, I am persuaded I should not have suffered the sorrowful evils that I did.

The first mate had always held a peculiar dislike for me, ever since the time when the captain entrusted me with the delivery of the cargo in Havana, and we had not been at sea long, before I began to perceive evident indications of it. He frequently threw out obscure hints, muttered something of revenge, swore he would have his

satisfaction, &c; to all of which I paid but little regard, and continued to attend to my duty as though I did not hear him. The mates were both of them in the constant habit of using spirit, and at such times as they were a little excited under its influence they were particularly rancorous towards me. On such occasions they made use of no disguise in their language, but plainly declared their joint resolution to have revenge upon me, ere they reached land, to their hearts' content.

And such indeed are the legitimate effects of rum, since it destroys the reason, and with that all power of self control. Under its influence, a man knows not what he says, is unable to control his tongue, and consequently says oftentimes what afterwards gives him much reason for sorrow; he is unable to govern his acts, since he knows not what he does, and hence, often does what years of repentance can never atone for. Blindly he yields to passion, and passion often leads him to crime. Alas, how many years of sorrow and the deepest grief has the fatal cup imposed on the poor deluded victim of its snares!

In one of his moments of inebriation, the first-mate for some slight cause, became greatly en-

raged against the cook. I observed, in his countenance, a fearful storm of rage and fury was about to burst forth. It soon came, and it was indeed a fearful scene to behold. He raged and swore, and walked or rather reeled hastily across the deck, muttering all the while dark words of vengeance and fury. He seized a rope's end, and before the cook had time to avoid him, or even before he was well aware of what was about to come, he commenced furiously to belabor him, and continued the application of the rope until his strength well nigh failed him ; the poor cook, all the while, crying lustily for mercy.

I could not remain an unmoved spectator of such a cruel scene, and was oftentimes on the point of crying out to him to desist. But interference I knew would be of little use, in the condition in which the mate then was. Reason was dethroned by the monster rum, passion had taken its place, and the man was more unmanageable than a wild beast. I should have thrown myself upon him, but this would have been in vain, for he was a stronger man than I, and more than all, excited by rum for desperate effort. Interference in any way therefore I considered useless,

since I could probably avail but little, and moreover would bring upon myself greater dislike, and possibly serious trouble. In disgust and ill-dissembled anger, I turned away from what seemed to me so shocking a scene, and merely observed, as I thought not loud enough for him to hear me, that "it was exceedingly fortunate for him that it was not me he had to deal with." The mate overheard me, and in his furious excitement quickly rejoined, "he should have enough to do with me before we got into port."

I regarded the threat as I had all the former ones, and paid but little attention to it, thinking that when the heat of his passion as well as his drink had subsided, all would be forgotten. But in this I found myself sadly mistaken, as the sequel will show. "To forget and forgive" seem no part of the mate's belief, but to pay, not a real, but a fancied injury "farthing for farthing, with compound interest." And even in this we behold the evils of rum, since it induces a jealous and revengeful spirit, and not merely instigates the man to resent, but even supplies him with some supposed cause of resentment.

We had now passed Cape Cod; and lay at quarantine. The Captain had gone ashore on

the island, leaving the vessel in charge of the first mate. Both mates had been drinking freely, and its effects were soon visible. As there was but little to do, the weather being fine, I was reclining myself leisurely, contemplating my prospects for the future, and endeavoring to determine what course I should pursue. Suddenly both the mates commenced an united attack upon me, and as they took me by surprise, easily mastered, and commenced beating me most unmercifully.

I know not how long they continued their infernal work, as I soon became senseless, but when I came to myself, I discovered that I was most dreadfully bruised and wounded. I had no one to take proper care of me, and experienced great pain, being scarcely able to move. From that time till we arrived at the wharf, I was unable to perform any duty, and had recovered but little from the injury I had received. I then managed, however, to get on shore, and went to the house of an old friend of mine, where I got my wounds dressed, and moreover did as most sailors do — got most gloriously drunk ; an event, which, it would seem, is considered as necessary as that of their getting on shore.

The moment he leaves his vessel, some greedy landlord, or it may be some older brother sailor induces him to some boarding house or grog-hole, where the "blue ruin" is most temptingly presented him; the example of others, as well as his own desire, urges him on, and he drinks deeper and deeper, until in a state of insensibility he is left to sleep it off. With his pay in his pocket when he left his ship, it may be he intended to visit his aged mother, or destitute sister, and gladden their hearts by some timely offered assistance.

He wakes from his drunken sleep. His money is almost, it may be wholly gone. He feels dispirited, perhaps sick from the effects of his debauch. The idea of visiting his friends is now given up from necessity. His means of travelling, his intended assistance, his hard earned wages — all are gone. He remains a while longer with his heartless robbers, runs up a bill of considerable amount, and finally is obliged to put to sea again, penniless and friendless, having parted with his advance pay to settle the bill with his landlord. Again he returns, and again the same scenes are acted over, again he ships, it may be for the last time. On some foreign

shore he dies alone, the wretched victim of intemperance and sin.

My drunken spree lasted some time, which together with my wounds prevented me from returning to the brig until after all the hands were paid off, and discharged. When I had ascertained this fact, I resolved to take my clothes &c. on shore, and immediately commence a suit against the mates for the ill treatment I had received from them. This I had before resolved to do, and was now eagerly incited on by my shipmates, who threatened me with a good drubbing, if I did not endeavor to obtain satisfaction from the law. I accordingly hired an individual to convey my things ashore, and was about starting off with them, when in a peremptory tone I was ordered to put them on board again.

This I did as quietly as possible, and left them until the next day, when I saw the captain, who informed me that I could have my clothes, &c., as well as my wages, whenever I should see fit to apply for them. I thanked him for the opportunity, and immediately took my things, but did not go for my wages, since, as I supposed, I should not be able to obtain any kind of redress, if I was paid off, and my account with them

squared up, which I thought would be as good at any future time as now. As the event proved, this was another of my foolish moves, for in my care "to kill two birds with one stone," they both flew away.

This is but too often the policy of the poor helpless sailor, of whose ignorance or simplicity the designing avail themselves, and to benefit or enrich themselves, they make no conscience of robbing and fleecing him. The law too is but a miserable protection to him who has no means to avail himself of its aid, no influence to make its favorable decision of moment and importance, no wealth with which to propitiate the favor and smiles of Justice. If he have these advocates in his favor he has all he needs, he must gain his ends. Justice cannot easily pass over the prayer of him who is sustained by so many weighty arguments. The poor man she may pass unheeded by, the rich man never.

The condition of sailors in this respect is deplorable in the extreme. Shut out, as it were, by their very situation, from the rights of citizenship, they enjoy but few of its privileges. If wronged, they may indeed seek redress from the laws of their country, but justice is proverbially

slow, especially in the sailor's case. He who has injured him is provided with some loop-hole thro' which he may escape, while the poor child of the ocean is tossed about among the subtleties of men, far more to be feared by him than "the tempest's rage, or the ocean's roar."

But the rights of seamen have, of late years, began to be more generally felt and acknowledged. Among no class of people has Intemperance wrought more fearful evil, or produced more destructive consequences. 'Thousands have fallen its victims, silently and unnoticed, and now occupy the drunkard's grave, and thousands more have sunk beneath the avenging hand of justice, for crimes committed under its influence.

On this subject the public mind has become somewhat enlightened, and successful efforts have been made to remedy these crying evils. The rights of seamen have been contended for by philanthropic men, and their labors have not been in vain. Temperance houses and Sailors' homes have been opened for the reception of the mariner, where he may be removed from the way of temptation, and receive that counsel and care which he so much needs. But this has not been till within a few years, and when I was a sailor,

his situation on shore was any thing but comfortable and happy.

But to resume. My next step after securing my clothes, was to visit a lawyer, to whom I might lay open my case. I accordingly called upon S. D. Parker, told him my story, and asked for judgment. He took my deposition, and likewise those of two of my shipmates, and then issued writs against the two mates, Snow and Holmes. I then obtained an officer to serve the writs, and accompanied him to the brig to point out his men. He easily arrested them, but they immediately got Bryant & Sturgis, the owners of the brig, to stand bondsmen for them, for their appearance at court, at some future time, the exact period I have now forgotten.

For the important and valuable services which Mr. Parker and the officer had rendered me, I paid them, I think, something like fourteen dollars, a sum which I then considered most exorbitant. Yet there was no alternative, and submit I must. The next day I learned that there was an officer in pursuit of me, for mutiny on board the brig, which threw me into no little alarm and fear. I called upon lawyer Parker, and asked his advice as to what I had best do. He told me

to "keep out of the way" until the time of the trial came, which he thought would be some time in July. If I would call upon him at the first of the month, he said he thought he should be able to inform me more fully concerning it, and that until that time, my best course was "to keep as dark and as still" as I could.

I followed his advice as nearly as I could, and at the time appointed, called upon him, confidently expecting that the time when I should obtain entire satisfaction was near at hand. The reader then will judge of my disappointment when I found that the brig had again sailed, and the mates in her, and that Bryant & Sturgis had got the case deferred to a future time. My expectation of receiving justice was now at an end, as I thought I discovered that the thing would be indefinitely postponed. I accordingly began to think about obtaining the remaining part of my wages, and for that purpose called upon the owners. In answer to my question whether they intended to allow me any thing for my services on board the *Plutus*, they answered in the negative, adding at the same time, that if I was not pretty careful, they would have me arrested for the mutiny.

Balked thus on every hand, I was at a loss what course to pursue, but finally concluded it was best to give it up for a bad job. There was yet remaining twenty-eight dollars of my wages which I had not received, and now concluded I never should. Thus not merely was my voyage an utter loss, but what I had expended in order to propitiate the smiles of Justice, and secure, if possible, some satisfaction for the injuries and ill treatment I had received, was also lost. I felt not a little chagrined at the conduct of the owners of the brig, and had the audacity to tell them as I left their counting room, that I hoped she would make a good voyage, which I suppose they consider was far from being the case, since she foundered in the Gulf of Mexico, and the vessel and cargo was all a total loss, the crew only being saved. How far rum lay at the bottom of this disaster, I am unable to say; but this much I can say, if there had been less of it used on board, while I sailed in her, the treatment I received at least would have been far better than it really was.

Of the multifarious disasters at sea, no one thing has been a more frequent cause than the use of ardent spirits. Many a noble ship has

gone down forever, in consequence of the drunken infatuation of its commander, and many a noble heart has found a watery grave, merely because the helm was governed by an intoxicated brain. Thousands, perhaps millions of property have been lost, and myriads of valuable lives sacrificed, merely to satisfy an insatiate thirst for rum!

I used often to wonder that the many startling and alarming disasters, which owed their occurrence to intemperance, did not awaken the minds of the public to the growth and prevalence of this dreadful evil. Why, I would ask myself, do owners and ship masters engage in their service those who can but prove to them a loss, it may be a severe and heavy one? Rum never yet helped a ship to float, but has sunk many in the dark blue waves. Why then will men be so foolhardy as to be willing to run the dreadful risk?

But in such reflections I would overlook myself. With propriety I might have asked, why do I tamper with that which has brought destruction upon so many? If ever the shadow of such a question did pass my mind, I quickly returned the answer that I was in no danger. As I beheld some miserable vestige of a man, bloat-

ed and destroyed by the love of the fatal bowl, sink miserably into his grave, I sometimes really felt that the drunkard was in danger; but seldom could I bring myself to believe that that name belonged to me. Though I sometimes feared I was becoming one, I could never think that I already was one.

So miserably and fearfully does the fatal poison belie the reason. Belie it, did I say? Nay, destroy, annihilate it; quench its very being. Expostulate with the drunkard, declare to him plainly his condition, and he almost looks upon you with pity for having such a very distorted vision. Like the insane man who believes himself the only sane person in the universe, the drunkard thinks himself the most rational of all men, and wonders greatly at those who can presume to think otherwise. Alas for the unnatural, the strange perversity of his mind.

Many a noble heart have I seen sent down to "Davy's locker," attributed his premature fall to intemperance, and then rushed blindly and madly on in the same fearful and destructive course. Nor from this state of things is there any reaction. The drunkard's course is continually downwards. His reason becomes more and

more perverse, more and more destroyed. The nearer he approaches the fatal goal, the farther he thinks himself removed from it. The more insane he becomes, the wiser he thinks himself to be. With fearful rapidity he rushes forward, and it may be never wakes from his delusion till he finds himself lost forever !

CHAPTER VI.

"Chained, like a galley slave, for life
The drunkard is; nor can his lot
Change, but from worse to worse,
While yet he is a slave."

FEARFUL condition! And has the drunkard then no hope? May he never burst the galling chains by which he is weighed down, and rise triumphant over his oppressive foe? May he never again assert his rights as a man, discharge his duties as a citizen, and free himself from the moral degradation into which he has fallen? It is the only thing he can do, and if he does it not, all is forever lost.

The time has passed by when it was said, "there is no hope for the drunkard." There is a hope, and that such has been and may yet be realized in his rescue and deliverance, has been tested in almost numberless instances. There is hope for the drunkard, and he may, if he will, be free. He may burst the chains of his slavery, and yet become a sober, an honest, and a respect-

ed man. He may throw off entirely the shackles of his appetite, and assert entire freedom from the galling servitude in which he has been bound, but not without vigorous effort.

Entire independence is seldom won by a blow. Long and fearful struggles of years may hardly be sufficient to ensure it. The chains of his slavery may have been forging and fastening upon him slowly and by degrees, for a long space of time, but slowly and by degrees they never can be broken. Appetite indulged in is constantly gaining strength, whether it be indulged much or little, and continued indulgence is sure to confirm habit. The rupture must be sudden and entire, if it would be at all successful. To tamper with the poison in attempting to break up habits of intemperance by degrees is dangerous and hazardous in the extreme, to say nothing of its uselessness and great foolishness.

Such has always been my own experience, oftentimes to my great disquiet and astonishment. I have become somewhat apprehensive of my danger, and resolved I would not drink so much, cherishing the foolish idea that in this way I should destroy, at least weaken my appetite for drink. The trial has been made, and in the

confident expectation that, in this way, I should become a sober man, I have determined to drink less than before. But my desire increased rather than diminished by restraint, and my partial gratification always kept the door open for more entire. The same thing also has been taught me by my observation, and, with the reader's permission, I will illustrate it by an example.

In my early boyhood I became acquainted with a lad a few years older than myself, whose name was George. Similarity of circumstances, and likewise somewhat of disposition, drew us closely together, and for sometime we lived in habits of nearest intimacy. Circumstances, however, changed the situation of us both, and distance separated us. For many years I heard nothing of him, and though I made frequent inquiries, I could gain no knowledge of his situation.

Years rolled by, and I became a man. Circumstances, as I have already informed the reader, carried me to New York. By this time, the remembrance of my early friend was almost effaced from my recollection. Long years had elapsed since I had seen, or heard from him, and my supposition was that he was long since dead.

At all events, I had never expected to see him again, and under this impression I had nearly ceased to remember him. It chanced, however, that while in New York State, I unexpectedly fell in with him under the following circumstances :

It was late one afternoon, as I was travelling from Troy to Saratoga, that I observed the sky began to grow thick with clouds, and there appeared to be immediate prospect of a heavy thunder storm. The dark clouds piled up fearfully, and the wind blew with great fury. The lightning now began to glare, and the low rumbling of the thunder betokened the storm nigh at hand. In a few moments the rain began to fall plentifully, and I looked around to discover some place of shelter. To my great joy I discovered, but a short distance before me, a house, which despite its dilapidated appearance still promised me a kind retreat from the storm. I hastened forward, and gently knocked at the door. A female voice bade me "come in," and I immediately entered.

The scene that presented itself to my eyes beggars my power of description. In one corner of the room lay an individual stretched on a

wretched contrivance which served for a bed. Three or four miserably clad children were seated here and there on the floor; and a pale emaciated woman was bending over the sick. I have never beheld a more heart-sickening scene. I saw at once that it was the abode of poverty, I had almost said of intemperance. Such a suspicion, indeed, at once crossed my mind, and I involuntarily exclaimed "this is the work of rum!"

I was dumb for an instant, until aroused by the voice of the woman, who had arisen from the bed, and was handing me a rough stool.

"Will you not be seated, sir?"

There was something so peculiar in the tone with which this was uttered, that it at once recalled me to recollection. I apologized for my intrusion, thanked her, and took my seat. There was something in the appearance of the female which struck me forcibly, and greatly interested me. The appearance of extreme poverty, my own suspicions of the cause, and finally the strange unexpectedness of the scene, greatly moved me.

"You are afflicted with sickness, madam," said I, rising from my seat and going toward the bed.

"Yes, sir," said she; "my husband has now been sick for a long time, but I am in hopes he is now mending."

I stood gazing upon the face of the sick man. The features seemed to strike me as those of an old acquaintance. Strange and tumultuous thoughts of the past flitted through my mind. 'Where,' thought I, 'can I have seen and known that face?' The sick man turned with a slight groan and awoke.

"JAMES!" said he, in a feeble voice, and extended his hand. The voice was hollow, but it told of by-gone days — of my early friend. Yes, it was GEORGE — the long-remembered companion of my boyhood. But in his sunken face, and blood-shot eye, I saw but little that characterized his early youth. 'Intemperance has been doing its work here, too,' thought I, 'and George is soon to be added to the number of its ill-fated victims.' It seemed as though he read my thoughts, for he quickly added,

"Here you see the effects of rum!"

"Ah!" said I, "this is not as we once met, in the first days of childhood."

"No," sighed he; "and would to God I could recall those happy hours, ere the destroyer

had marked me for its victim. I was happy then," he added, "for I had not learned to love the fatal poison of the intoxicating cup;" and he looked at me with an earnestness that seemed to read my very soul. "And you too," he continued, "have trod the forbidden ground; you too have drunk of the liquid fire."

"Yes," said I; "but never intend to drink *too much*. I have sometimes been intoxicated, but I do not mean to die a *drunkard*."

I did not think of the application he would make of my words, and a moment's thought prompted me to add something more, as an explanation, but he prevented me by saying bitterly,

"I know, James, I shall die a drunkard, and that my repentance comes too late; but O! beware lest you too die —" a drunkard, he would have added, but a violent fit of coughing prevented him.

When he became calm again, I spoke of past days — of our early friendship, and of those we then knew. His eye would sometimes light with emotion, as I recalled some pleasing remembrance, and again would dim with tears, as it rested on some dark shadows of the past.

"Oh that I could recall the innocence and

joyousness of youth!" he would exclaim, with a voice thick with emotion: "O that I could undo those fearful habits of intemperance which I have contracted: O that I could restore comfort and happiness to the bosom of my wife, and quiet and prosperity, as I once enjoyed it, to my now wretched family—then," added he with peculiar emotion, "I could die in peace. But no — they are gone forever, and I — *I* sink into a drunkard's grave!"

I was truly affected, and rose from my seat, to walk toward the window. The storm had passed over, and all was beautiful again. I took my hat to go, but he begged me hard to stay and pass the night, if I could put up with their wretched accommodations. He seemed to desire it so earnestly, that I at last consented, and again took my seat. I recounted to him some of my principle adventures since I last saw him, and when I had finished I requested the same of him if his strength would permit.

"My life, thus far," he began, "has been a strange mixture of prosperity and adversity, of happiness and woe. My first early history you are already well acquainted with. The hours we have spent together, James, have been hours of

pleasant remembrance, to which I have loved to revert, as among some of the brightest spots in my history. Others, too, to be sure, have had their charms, it may be more dazzling too, but certainly not more truly pleasant and fair. Then I knew not the anxiety of care, the blighting influence of disappointment and sorrow, and above all, the deformed monster of intemperance had not then crossed my path. This cursed love for the destroyer had not then polluted my soul, and ruined all my hopes. I was then free from the chains of appetite and passion — and would to God I had never known what that slavery is.

“ You remember well the time when we were separated. My master removed to Pennsylvania, and I, of course, accompanied. He was a kind master to me, and a good man, and I loved him like a father. Prosperity seemed to attend him, and all was comfortable and happy, until the dark fiend crossed his path. He was now sometimes morose and gloomy, though I do not know that I ever saw him intoxicated. At an unexpected moment he was cut down, and, it may be, was taken away from greater evil to come. The fever seized upon him, and he soon fell its victim.

“ A daughter was his only child, who became

the sole heir of all his property. She was about my own age, and for a long time had regarded me with peculiar favor. Some months after the decease of her father she spoke of love. I was astonished, yet delighted, for I had long esteemed and secretly loved her, yet deemed my love a sin. The matter now appeared to me in another light. I loved, was beloved, and was married. Little wonder is it, if, on finding myself so suddenly raised to affluence, I was somewhat dazzled — nay, intoxicated by the transition. I endeavored, however, to bear my good fortune with some moderation, and in the society of my lovely wife I thought my cup of bliss was nearly full. And thus indeed it might have continued, but for the destructive and blighting influence of intemperance. Like a magic charm it stole imperceptibly upon me, and ere I was fully aware, I was strongly encompassed in its snare.

“Time passed, and then there came the first sweet pledge of holy love. The feelings of a father kindled within me, and I resolved I would renounce the bowl, that all might be peace again. I did renounce it partially, not entirely and at once; for I thought that in this way I should more easily overcome the habits I had formed.

Foolish expectation ! how often have I been deceived by it !

“ By degrees I again relaxed into my former course, and though I was by no means as yet a drunkard, I was fast becoming one. My course, at first, was gradual, afterwards more rapid and evident. Never shall I forget the first ill word I gave my wife in a moment of inebriation. She asked me, in a kind and half playful manner, for some little favor. I was by no means in a playful mood, and returned a harsh and hasty answer. She was fondling her infant in her arms, and all a mother’s tenderness was in her face. She suddenly stopped, gazed upon me with affectionate earnestness, and then burst into tears. I can never forget that moment. Shame, sorrow, and remorse came fearfully upon me.

“ I again resolved I would quit the bowl, but my habits had already acquired a fearful strength. My determination was to leave off by degrees, but that determination was my ruin. Instead of weakening, my habits became more and more inveterate, and I continued to lose ground, until alarmed by the change of my affairs. My situation, before so happy, was now becoming trying. My circumstances, once easy and prosperous,

were fast becoming embarrassed, and unfortunate. My business was neglected, and my resources fast failed.

“My wife now expostulated, and I really became myself alarmed. For a while I relinquished the poison almost entirely—Oh that it had been entirely, then should I now have been comfortable and happy. As it was, my business increased, my circumstances bettered, my wife again smiled and my hopes revived. For a time, the threatened evil seemed past, but the seeds of intemperance which I was still nourishing, sprang forth anew, and more rank than ever.

“Let me not weary you with my sad history. For a few years my prospects were alternately bright and dark, promising and discouraging. At times, I would seem partially to recover myself from the fearful bondage in which I was held, and then the heart of my wife would rejoice, and my own recover hope. Then again, I would drink deeper than before, and the dark cloud of ruin would grow blacker than ever. At each relapse my affairs would assume a more fearful posture, and each resolved reform was found more and more difficult.

“The difficulty lay in my manner of relin-

quishing my habits. Had I abandoned them entirely, in time they would have lost their strength, and I should have recovered from their power. But as I continually nourished them by slight indulgence, even when I determined to reform, their power was kept alive, and even constantly increased.

But such a state of things could not long continue. A crisis was approaching, and it soon came. I was obliged to relinquish my home — the home of my wife, and we removed hither. We were not then as you now find us, but the work of ruin was not long in completing. Intemperance has taken all I once possessed, nearly broken the heart of my wife, and ruined my own soul. Would you hope to escape my fate, forswear the bowl entirely, and break all friendship with its poison. To tamper and dally with it — to give it up by degrees has been my fatal, fearful ruin. O beware !”

His strength was here too much exhausted to proceed farther, and was completely overcome. In the morning I bade him adieu, and soon learned that he had departed for “that bourne whence no traveller returns.”

I have often wondered, since freed from the

power of the destroyer, how I could meet with an adventure like this, and remain still in my old course. The voice of my dying friend seems now to ring in my ears—"Would you hope to escape my fate, forswear the bowl entirely, and break all friendship with its fatal charm." Yet it was not so at the time. Moved I was for a while, I acknowledge; affected, it may be deeply, for the moment, but not for any salutary purpose. His warnings, his admonitions were soon forgotten, and all unheeded, and doubly blinded, I may say maddened by the destroyer of all my hopes, I rushed forward to destruction. Such is the effect of intemperance, and herein doth its greatest danger lay. If it made the mind more sensitive, and the vision clearer, if it were an evil, it would correct itself. But having the opposite effect, "it lures but to destroy."

CHAPTER VII.

“How strange is man to love his worst foe, best !
And what he most should hate, to cherish most,
And call his bane his cure !”—

As the reader has been so indulgent as to excuse the digression of the last chapter, I shall now endeavor to return to the thread of my history. Interludes sometimes give vivacity to a play, and “variety” has long been known to be “the spice of life.” Should the history of my life be a very connected and even chain, it would scarcely be like the reality, which has been filled up with strange gradations, and many vicissitudes. One feature alone seems prominent thro’out the whole—the baneful and destructive influence of deep-formed habits of intemperance.

After the very dissatisfactory termination of the affair with the mates of the *Plutus*, heartily sick of the sea and a sailor’s life, I resolved to perform the remaining part of my “life’s short journey” on terra firma, and never again to entrust myself to “the untold dangers of the deep.” I

then began to look about for some anchorage ground, where I might refit, and set out anew. No better harbor appearing, I resolved to steer for Brighton, where I arrived safely, though in a very low state of funds and equipments.

Here I busied myself, through the summer, in various kinds of work, such as haying, &c., and in the fall commenced butchering for a man by the name of Forbes, in Roxbury. With him, however, I remained only one month, and then went to Charlestown, where I also staid one month. Thence I went to Cambridgeport, where I remained but a short time, and then returned to Brighton again. Here I remained three months, at work for Mr. William Cook, and then left for Watertown. Here I engaged myself to work for Messrs. White & Son, at the rate of seventy-five dollars for three months, and one hundred for six.

This was in the spring of 1816. I spent my time in their employ in a very pleasant manner, and considered myself very agreeably situated. When they settled with me, they gave me some very handsome presents, and offered me large wages, if I would engage myself with them for one year. Another individual, however, had of-

ferred to give me more than the Messrs. Whites would give ; but when I informed him how much they had offered me, he refused to give as much, and the fact coming to the knowledge of the Messrs. Whites they refused to employ me at all, and thus both my opportunities slipped by me unimproved.

While I was at work in Watertown, I was one day very uncerimoniously accosted by a sprig of Justice, who proceeded forthwith in due form to claim me as his prisoner. Surprised I asked to know on whose count, and soon learned that it was by virtue of the execution which Deming, my old employer, had against me, in addition to the three eighteen dollar notes which I had given him. I supposed it was useless to contend with Justice, and accordingly surrendered myself peaceably, and at once signified my willingness to be led into "limbo;" a course which I had previously determined I would pursue whenever the crisis should come.

Mr. White, however, objected to such a proceeding on my part, and immediately offered to become my bondsman for my appearance after three days. This occurred on Friday, and I was accordingly set free until the next Monday. I

made some inquiries into the true state of the case, and found that the execution with costs amounted to nearly seventy dollars, the original debt being about fifty-four dollars. In addition to this, he held, as I have said, three notes against me of eighteen dollars each, which I had given him, being ignorant, at the time, of the execution which he then held.

I had thought that I should stand trial on the notes, as I was not twenty-one years of age when they were given. I do not know, however, that that would have altered the case at all, provided I had been possessed of property which could be found. I made therefore a proposal to Mr. Deming to pay him sixty dollars, and receive from him a receipt in full of all demands up to date, and also all the notes and demands of all kinds whatever which he might hold against me. He acquiesced in my proposal, though with much seeming reluctance, and the account between us was finally cleared up.

I now found myself clear of debt, and began to feel quite rejoiced at my good fortune, when, as I have already informed the reader, I found myself thrown out of employ. I did not do any thing of any consequence through the winter,

and the next spring I found myself destitute of cash, and not a little in debt. This was the result of intemperance ; for with no employment on my hands, I found plenty to do to satisfy the demands of appetite ; and indeed in drinking and gambling the most of my time was spent. I cannot now look back to such periods without the deepest humiliation and regret over my folly and improvidence.

In the spring I found myself in so reduced circumstances that I concluded I must either work or starve, and as I considered the first the most preferable course, I was not long in determining which I should do. But the matter now was, to find a situation, which I was soon happy enough to meet with, in the employment of Mr. Read, of Charlestown, the individual who had wished to engage me previous to my leaving Watertown. — I engaged myself to him for one year, for two hundred dollars.

Every thing went on swimmingly for about three months, when my evil genius must needs have a “blow out ;” or, in other words, I got into a terrible drunken scrape, and was in consequence discharged by my employer. Afterwards he hired me again, raising my wages, and putting

me on my good behavior. I staid with him about a year and a half, and then left him, having resolved to go to New York.

During the time that I was with Mr. Read I was under the necessity of holding my dish pretty near upright, and only indulged myself in drinking and intoxication at certain periodical seasons. Then I would have a regular 'time' of it, or, as we used to call them, I would have some most glorious "sprees." At other times I managed to keep myself in sober business trim; not so much, perhaps, because it was congenial with my wishes and disposition, as that I was obliged to it by the duties of my situation. This was one of great trust, and much responsibility, yet despite of opportunities or temptations to betray them, I throughout the whole was enabled to preserve my integrity.

At this time I know of but one obstacle to my advancement in the world : that one obstacle was of sufficient moment to effectually prevent it, and indeed was so serious an evil as most certainly to degrade and ruin me. That obstacle was intemperance. Like some mysterious minister of evil it has always presented itself as a fearful check to my onward and upward course, and with its

dark and threatening form has thrown a fearful shadow and gloom over some of my brightest prospects, and completely extinguished some of my fairest hopes.

One of the most alarming circumstances in the case is this. The fearful spirit renders itself visible to others, but invisible for the most part to me. I would see my friends leaving me, my money disappearing, my prospects becoming dim, and my hopes failing, and look around in wonder for the cause. 'Friends are treacherous,' I would say, 'and every thing on earth is short-lived and fleeting.'

However sage or just my reflections may have been in regard to this thing, there was a more simple and plain matter-of-fact reason for a cause. That reason was intemperance. The fiend was upon me, and my friends fled from me in alarm, as from one doomed to a fearful fate, whose destruction they were sure to share if found in my company. An unusual and most singular veil seemed to be before my eyes, for I saw nothing of this fearful form; but others saw it, trembled for me, as well as for themselves — and fled.

There is yet another feature in this case which I will mention, that greatly increased my danger,

as it increased my infatuation, As I did not see the form of my evil destiny in all its horrors, as others saw it, but merely felt the lulling influence of his fatal charm, the more I was subjected to his influence, the more easily and willingly I yielded myself to his power. Like the child whom the serpent hath charmed, who sees nought but gaudy colors and sparkling eyes, nor once bethinks itself of danger, I imagined pleasure where there was nought but pain, and safety where all was evil and destruction.

At the period of which I now write, it was supposed that an attempt to save the charmed victim would be useless, since it was considered impossible to persuade the individual that he was charmed, and induce him to resolve to break its power, such was the strange and potent influence it possessed. And besides this, it was supposed to be dangerous, since the individual himself would be exposed to like danger, and might himself be destroyed, together with the object he would save. This, as we have since seen, was a strange mistake, since the charm which bound thousands has been broken, and the liberated victims now walk forth, free. But this is I grant properly enough a source of no little wonder,

especially to those who have any knowledge of the strength of the fatal charm.

But that it *can* be broken, has been proved, to the great joy of the freed, and the infinite satisfaction of those who felt for suffering humanity. There is a power which can bid the dark fiend vanish. There is a name before which its fearful power must fail. It seems to possess a charm more potent than that of the destroyer. Its influence has been mighty, and just suited to the case. Like a talisman, too, it defends at the same time that it liberates, and by its blessed influence many a saddened heart has been made to sing for joy.

But lest my reader should think me too greatly charmed, perhaps in a bad way, I will continue my story. I left Charlestown, resolved to go to the city of New York. There I arrived in safety, remained a short time, and then took passage up the Hudson as far as Catskill, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. I had learned that my father was residing in this place, and I now resolved I would just drop in upon him in a friendly call. I accordingly ascertained the place of his residence, and asked for one Dr. James Gale, resident in the place. I was in-

formed he was not at home, but in New York, where I could find him at 379 Pearl Street.

I soon returned to New York, and determined not to lose the chance of seeing my father, I called upon him, introduced myself, and was received by him kindly, I had almost said affectionately. He informed me he was spending some time in the city on business, and wished me to stay with him a while, passing as his nephew. To this I felt no disposition to object, and accordingly remained with him nearly two weeks, spending my time very agreeably. Ere we parted he made me a present of a deed of about one hundred and thirty acres of land, situated in the town of Wilkesbarre, Luzerne County, Pa., quite a valuable gift, as I was offered for it at that time two thousand dollars. My father however advised me not to sell it, but go on and see it, which I thought I could not do at that time, but would at some future day. I got the deed registered in my name, and then returned to Boston. Thence I went to Watertown, and worked for Mr. White about four months, then went to Charlestown, where I worked at butchering till the next January, in the employ of a man by the name of Wyman.

The next fall after I went to New York and saw my father, his wife's brother, who was a resident in Kingston, on the island of Jamaica, came on a visit to New York. He was the owner of a plantation, and had about forty slaves, but wanted to employ some "yankee," who understood the use of the plough, to return with him to the island. My father mentioned me to him, and they came on to Boston in order to find me, but were unsuccessful. They left a letter, however, directed to me in the Post Office, which I did not get till the latter part of December. In January I went on to New York, but it was too late to go to the island that season, but made my calculation to go on the next fall, the planter being expected to visit New York at that time. I remained some time with my father, and then bethought me I would visit an uncle on my mother's side, who resided about 50 miles from Catskill.

I accordingly started, but on the way fell in with a man by the name of Dexter, who was engaged in making shingles. He resided in Middleborough, Schoharrie Co., N. Y., and as he was anxious to employ me, I engaged with him, and was to commence as soon as I should return

from my visit, which happened in about a week. I then went to work, and every thing went on very well for a while, till I had made upwards of forty thousand, when as I had been able to get no money but plenty of drink, I thought it was about time to settle up; for I have always found "short reckonings make long friends."

He gave me an order for something like thirty dollars on a man in Catskill by the name of Cook, to whom he said he had sold the shingles. When I arrived in that place I made little difficulty in finding the man, but learned that he had paid for the shingles, and moreover that Dexter was greatly in his debt, and had no property. I recovered only a small part, and was obliged to let the rest go for a bad job.

I had, however, a small stock of money left, and with this I went into the business of butchering with a man named John Grace, in Catskill. He had a good set of customers, but no money to buy stock. I purchased some, and we did very well with them, which quite encouraged me. — One day he informed me there were some cattle on the other side of the river, which he was able to buy very cheap, if he had but the money to pay for them. I gave him all I had, and he set off to make the purchase.

About midnight he returned, "as blue as a beaver," without a sign of any cattle, or a single dollar of money. I managed to find out that he had spent it all in drinking and gambling. Here I was in a pretty predicament. Without money or stock, my business of course at once closed, my bright anticipations of the future were cut off, and all I had to do was to pull up stakes, and seek my fortunes in some other quarter. — But I was somewhat in debt, and my conscience forbade me to leave the town otherwise than honorably and properly.

I pawned my watch, on condition of redeeming it within a month, raised some money to pay my little debts, and then shipped on board a sloop bound for New York, sailed in her one trip, and returned with her to Catskill. I then redeemed my watch, and continued to sail on the river several trips. I finally resolved to stop in New York, and found employment in a stall in Fly Market.

I sometimes worked at butchering, sometimes in the stall, but did not get much wages. I saw my father in New York, who told me he was going to Pennsylvania to see his land, as he owned a large quantity there, and thought he should sell

some of it at least. I told him I wished he would sell mine, as I never expected to see it, and it now did me no good. I gave him the deed of it, and then bade him a final adieu, for I have never seen him since, probably never shall.

After this, I staid where I was about two months, till on a Saturday night as I was going home from the market, I had the misfortune to lose eighteen dollars of my employer's money, which he strenuously insisted I had gambled away. I could not persuade him to the contrary, and was consequently discharged, my wages being held back. On settlement I found I was three dollars in their debt, but without a cent of money. I again had recourse to the pawning of my watch, which I did to an old shipmate of mine, settled with my employer, and was again afloat in the world.

For some time, I found nothing to do, but at last met with an opportunity to kill and sell meat for Messrs. Nash & Rudman on commission, a chance which I very eagerly accepted, as it required no capital, and promised much benefit to me. Everything for a while succeeded to a charm; I redeemed my watch; bought some clothes, and felt quite encouraged. At that time

the greater part of the currency in circulation in the market was from a private bank, called Jacob Barker's bank ; and indeed it was as current in the city as any other money.

But one day there came a trying time for those who held Jacob Barker's " shin plasters," for he closed his doors and stopped payment. The excitement caused was tremendous ; I was myself not a little moved, for I had in my possession something like fifty dollars of the miserable stuff. I was indebted to Nash & Rudman for a considerable amount, and found that they would not take Jacob Barker's money at any rate, but advised me to go to the bank as soon as possible, and see what I could do with it.

I stripped off my market dress, and immediately betook myself in great haste to the bank. But all to no purpose. The bank was assailed by a mob, and brickbats and stones were walking round the windows in a very unceremonious manner, and the crowd was rushing forward in a very tumultuous manner, as though they felt disposed to take the place by storm.

I gazed a moment on the situation of things, and then concluded it was best for me to make my escape as quick as possible, and endeavor if I

could to get my money changed, or discounted. I hastened to the corner of Pine Street, to a broker's office kept by an old quaker named Gideon Lee, and with a rueful face told him my piteous story, and requested him to exchange the notes for good money. The old quaker offered me fifty per cent, which seemed to me quite a sacrifice, but I was as fain to accept it, as it was exceedingly fortunate I did ; for before I could get out of the office he had it offered to him for twelve and a half per cent, which he refused to give, nor would he take any more at any rate.

With twenty-five dollars instead of fifty I returned to the market, inwardly resolved that this should end my endeavors to do business in New York. I called upon Nash & Rudman for a settlement, and found myself unable to meet my liabilities by one dollar and fifty cents. I again had recourse to my watch, which I pawned for something like nine dollars, nothing like its value, paid all my debts, and once more weighed anchor and stood out for sea.

I now shipped on board a schooner, bound for Boston, thinking to be in New York the next September. I sailed in the schooner three trips, then left her, and went on board the sloop Mary

for New York. We sailed the last Sunday in August, and arrived in New York the next Friday. Here it was my intention to have fallen in with the Jamaica planter, who was to have been in the city at this time, and if I had been able to make a bargain with him to have returned with him to the island.

But Providence had ordered otherwise, and I had scarcely reached New York, when I was taken sick with the yellow fever, and carried to the hospital on Staten Island, where I remained nearly three months. I now supposed that my accounts here were about to be sealed up forever, but in this also I was disappointed. Contrary to my expectation I recovered, and after three months was enabled to leave the hospital. My money, however, of which I had upwards of fifty dollars when I entered the hospital, was all gone, and also my clothes; though in regard to the latter I fared very well, for I had much better ones given me when I left, than those I had brought with me. Notwithstanding the fact of their being dead men's clothes, I felt not a little gratified with the change.

My sufferings while I was in the hospital were almost intolerable. Salivated by my medicine,

which was principally calomel, to such a degree that I could not move my tongue, I was unable to take any nourishment, except some nicely prepared rice water, nor even that without great difficulty. In consequence of this, I was greatly reduced, to say nothing of the effects of the fever, which were terribly severe. In addition to the sufferings of my body, I had to endure those also of my mind. Death was constantly staring me in the face, and threatening to seize me soon. I was sometimes the only live one in the room in the morning, when the steward made his appearance—five lying dead around me. Indeed, while I remained in the hospital I was literally like one living amongst the dead.

Soon after I entered the place, the head physician fell sick and died. Dr. Harrison, who took his place, was also taken sick, though he recovered before I left. In his absence Dr. Dobbs acted in his room, assisted by many other physicians. On the part of those gentlemen no pains was spared, though doubtless much of the benefit of their kind services was lost through the neglect and carelessness of the nurses.

I was discharged by Dr. Harrison, who at that time informed me that he had never known a

person, reduced to the condition I was, to recover. And, indeed, had it not been for the great strength and natural vigor of my constitution, I doubt whether I ever should have recovered. — Had my habits, however, been more temperate, previous to my being taken sick, I have little doubt but I should have recovered sooner, and suffered far less. As it was, my wonder is now very great that my name was not put on the dead list, and my account sealed up forever.

A merciful Providence, however, had ordered otherwise, and for wise reasons I was liberated from that charnal house of death, and permitted again to mingle in “the busy haunts of men.” For wise reasons, I say; for what in special, I know not. I have sometimes indulged the tho’t that it might have been, that I might live to see the glad hour when I should be free from the chains of appetite, as “insatiate as the grave,” and when I should walk forth, a new man — a reformed. That hour I trust I have seen, and in it now rejoice. But I will not anticipate my story, nor longer weary my reader by dwelling on the horrors which I experienced during my fever of which he can have but a very inadequate idea.

The life of the drunkard is never secure. In the first place, he is exposed to the dreadfully destructive influence of rum, which is continually destroying him, as it were by piecemeal. In addition to this, he is exposed to ten thousand evils, which, if he were not under the influence of rum, he would avoid. Especially he is predisposed and liable to prevailing disease, as the fever, or the cholera, which have carried thousands of wretched inebriates to an untimely grave. — That this was not my fate, was merely owing to great natural strength of constitution, and the kind hand of an overruling Providence.

CHAPTER VIII.

“There is a friend all treachery.
A friend? A *fiend*, who puts the garb
Of friendship on to lure, then crush
The one he dupes. *Rum* is that fiend.”

I LEFT the hospital, and arrived in New York. I immediately went to visit some of my old acquaintances, with whom I had been on habits of intimacy, but they now knew me no more. Either my sickness had so changed me that they did not recognize me, or seeing in my face the tinge of the fever, they feared the infection—at all events, they shut their doors against me, and left me a stranger in a strange place. The fever must have left a very deep impression on my features, for in the day time none of the hotels would admit me, and I was compelled to wander through the streets. It was only by application in the evening, that I was enabled to procure a night's lodging.

For a while I spent my time thus wandering about, but finally went on board the sloop *Mary*,

where I had been taken sick. Capt. Bangs appeared rejoiced to see me alive, and wished me to remain with him to take account of freight as it came on board. This I did for about a week, when as my health was very poor, and did not seem to be much mending, I began to wish myself in Boston, or at least in some comfortable harbor, where, if possible, I might recruit my strength, or, if not, to lay my bones to rest in peace. It had been my intention to have gone on to Jamaica, but no opportunity presenting itself, and my sickness occurring, I renounced the idea, and began to think of getting home.

I should have visited my father, but I knew not where to find him, or where he had gone. I ascertained also that the deed, which I had returned to him, was good for nothing. I then resolved to make tracks as quickly as possible for Boston. The first vessel which was to sail was the *Orion*, sloop, Capt. Moore. It was his first trip in her, the former captain, whose name was Carvey, having died by my side in the hospital. I engaged a passage in the forecastle, as I wished to go as cheap as possible, and conveyed my things on board, as the sloop was to sail in the morning. When the time had nearly arrived the

captain came to me, and asked me where my clothes were, and when I had informed him, he ordered one of the men to pass them up on deck.

I was at first not a little alarmed at this movement, and afterwards was no less surprised when I heard him order them to be put aft in the cabin. He then asked me to go on shore with him, which I did, when he informed me that as he had never been through the sound but once, he wished me to assist him in getting the vessel home. He said furthermore that he had inquired of Capt. Bangs of the *Mary* concerning me, and that the captain had spoken highly of me. He assured me I should lose nothing by it if I would assist him, that my duty should be light, and my situation more pleasant and comfortable.

I consented, and we immediately got under weigh, and though we met with some difficulties, we arrived safe and sound in Boston to the great joy of the owners, as well as of ourselves. I found I had no passage to pay, and moreover was rewarded by a handsome present for the service I had rendered. I was now once more in Boston, with a little money in my pocket, but exceedingly weak and low in strength and health.

I met with Mr. White, and was induced to return with him to Watertown, and attempted to work, but was soon taken "down sick," and resolved to go home to my mother. This I managed to do, though I was exceedingly low. I staid with her through the winter, and under her care recruited very fast.

In the spring, I returned to Brighton, and engaged myself to work for a man by the name of Hardy. I staid with him six months, and then went to work for Messrs. Pierce & Dupee. For them I worked three months, and then bought a horse and waggon, and went to market with meat until spring. I then sold my team, and engaged myself to Messrs. Coburn & Bird in Watertown, to kill and carry the meat to market. This I continued to do for six months, when I was suddenly discharged, for what I knew not for a long time, but at last discovered it was for paying attention to the individual who is now my wife.

After I left them, I engaged with Draper & Hudson to kill cattle for barrelling, by the head, and was to commence as soon as they were ready, which probably would be in about six weeks. Till that time I worked for Mr. John Ruggles.

I had as much work as I could do that fall and succeeding winter, and killed or caused to be killed nearly three thousand cattle. I made a good deal of money, but not for any good purpose, for I made it go out about as fast as I made it come in, so I was nothing bettered. Had I been so disposed, I might, at this time, have laid up considerable against a time of need, but I was never noted for my providence, and if I had been, I did not earn the reputation at this time.

The next spring I continued with Messrs. Draper & Hudson, working on the farm, and drawing fish. In the summer I was married, and still continued to work for Messrs. D. & H., and also engaged to kill for them through the winter. They calculated to kill three thousand cattle, and I hired help accordingly. But instead of the number they calculated, it turned out that they had not above eight hundred to kill, which was by no means sufficient work for my help, which I was obliged to pay the same as if they had killed more.

This winter I lost all I had made the year before, and spent a good deal more than I had laid up. I found considerable trouble in keeping my head above water, and supporting myself and

wife. But by dint of management I made out to get along, though it would have been far better for me, as I shall soon show, if some of my management had not been attempted.

While engaged in butchering, I was in the constant habit of drinking spirit, under the false notion that it enabled me to do my work better and faster, with less fatigue. This of course kept my desire for it alive, and if my habits had not been confirmed before, they were sure to be so now. But at the period of which I was speaking above, I drank not so much perhaps to enable me to work, as to drown my sorrow and trouble. I felt oppressed, and at times discouraged, was losing money, and every thing seemed against me. I wished to extricate myself from this condition, or, at least, to throw off my care. The way I managed to do this, was to drink. This was the mismanagement I spoke of, which it would have been far better for me not to have attempted. For in trying to free myself in this way, I did but increase the difficulty, got myself deeper and deeper in the mire, and became more and more involved.

This is poor management indeed. To drink to drown sorrow, while by this very course the

causes of sorrow are constantly made to increase. Yet thus it is that the poor victim of rum is tantalized and deceived. The fiend professes friendship, he pities your misfortune, he will console you if you will permit it. The deluded being listens to his deceits, and believes them sacredly true. He follows his directions, he takes the monster in his bosom, believes him his only friend, and cherishes him as such. The fiend is infected; nay, is infection itself, and slowly and silently it steals upon the unconscious victim. A death-like stupor, it may be, is produced, and in this the victim, it may be forgets his care, and believes himself happy in the possession of such a friend. The dreadful work of destruction goes on, until "delirium tremens" ends the scene, and with it the *friendship* of the fiend.

Alas for such fatal friendship! 'T were better to call it, as it really is, *hate* — bitter hate. But it is not for the sorrowful and the dejected alone, that the monster professes his monstrous friendship. Another, and perhaps full as common a way of deception, is the pity he manifests toward those whose work is hard and severe. He tells them he sympathizes in their toils, and would fain assist them. He will make their labor eas-

ier, their strength greater, and the day longer. In one sense he does make their labor casier, for the poor deluded victim of his deceits can generally find but little to do ; his work is of course made *easier*. But this is not the way in which his promises are understood. The deceived man really believes that he is enabled to do more work in less time under the influence of rum, than without it : which, as the boys sometimes say, 'is a lie, I know,' for I have tried it to my sorrow.

This latter deceit is very common amongst those who are engaged in butchering. Their work is hard, and their health is much exposed. The time has been when to think of killing an ox, without the previous ceremony of drinking, would have been too preposterous an idea even to have entered the operator's head. 'My work is such,' he would say, 'that I *must* drink ; indeed I could do nothing without it.'

The ravages which intemperance has made amongst this class of men, is fearful in the extreme. I have worked at the business more or less, for twenty-seven years, and have had some acquaintance with almost every slaughter-house in this vicinity, and many in New York, and oth-

er States, and I now know of but *three* individuals alive who were engaged in butchering when I began! An innumerable number have gone down to people the regions of the dead, destroyed by the fatal idea that they could do more work, with less injury to their health, with rum, than without it. But this is the result of the friendship of the fiend. They believed his accursed deceits, followed his delusive advice, and now occupy their reward — a drunkard's grave.

This is but the legitimate result of listening to the destroyer's voice — of courting friendship with a faithless fiend. His promises are fair, and his inducements temptingly displayed, but they are as empty as the air, and as fatal as the murderous steel. He who is deceived thereby is almost certainly irretrievably lost. The prospect of his being undeceived is distant and uncertain, and, if deluded still, the delusion must prove fatal.

I now left butchering for a while, and drove a truck team in Boston, where I still continued to drink, and became more of a sot than before. I afterwards fell in with a man named Miles, of Brighton, who offered me employment. I accepted his offer. He furnished me with a horse

and wagon, and sent me to market, on shares. For a while I did very well, and had I relinquished drinking and gambling, entirely, I doubt not I might have become respected and happy. But these fearful habits were the bane of all my prosperity, and the betrayers of all my hopes. I gave myself up to their influence, and all was lost.

One night I lost at play upwards of seventy dollars, which I owed for stock, and being unable to make it up, I lost my place, my credit, if I had any left, and all that was valuable. No one was willing to trust me with meat, as they were most certain to lose by it; employment, even, was difficult to be had, and my prospects were dark enough. I had a family to maintain, and work I must, at whatever I could get to do. — Rum, too, I must have, and what with the scantiness of employment, and my eager thirst for rum, the reader may well imagine I managed to get through the winter in a very uncomfortable manner. So much for the friendship of the fiend.

In the spring I engaged with a man by the name of Hill in blasting stones and jobbing work. We got out a great quantity of stone from different quarries, and worked for the most part at a

fair profit. We employed a great number of hands, furnishing and affording them with as much spirit as they chose to drink. We undertook some large jobs; one for the West Boston Bridge Company indebted them to us to the amount of nine hundred and fifty dollars. We undertook several for the Milldam Corporation, and a large number for individuals. We had plenty of work, and had it not have been for our love of drinking, we might have succeeded well. But this fearful love destroyed us both; for he too was in friendship with the fiend.

One day, I hardly know how it happened, he got into his hands what money he could, and went away, but forgot to return. He left his tools, however, as well as some debts, which I was obliged to pay. I got over it very well, had a good run of business, and continued to do pretty well, until I became acquainted with Mr. Amos Cotting. I contracted with him to do a large job, both in furnishing the stones and laying them at so much a perch. I provided myself with a stout team, and commenced drawing the stone. From the place where they were unloaded it was utterly impossible to remove them, and so afterwards when we began to build, and came

to a place where we could find no foundation, we were obliged to desist, the stones proving a perfect loss.

This was a severe loss to me, as the stones were worth nearly three hundred dollars, a sum which I here found does not "grow on every bush." To repair a part of my loss, Mr. Cotting gave me twenty-five dollars, and the offer of some other jobs, which in consequence of some high words I did not accomplish. I endeavored to employ my team in some other way, but the expense of keeping was so great and business so dull that I found it quite a burden. Through the season I made but little more than my expenses, and in the fall sent my team into the country to winter. As for myself I lived pretty independently through the season, butchering some, riding about some, forestalling on poultry some, gambling some, and drinking more than all of the other "somes" put together.

In the spring I was of course considerably reduced both in spirits and cash, and began to think it was almost time to look about me for more work. This I soon found in considerable quantity, doing jobs for the Orthodox Society in the place, and many for individuals. In the fall

I went to Watertown to work for the Messrs. Whites, at butchering. Previously however, I had contracted with Mr. James Greenwood to build two cellars for him, one to be completed by the first of January, the other by the first of April, the contract being merely verbal. The first cellar I had completed by the first of October, previous to my going to Watertown, the other I intended to accomplish after my return. Mr. Greenwood insisted upon it there was some misunderstanding about it, and I was obliged to hire the cellar built in my absence. The weather was cold and stormy, the days short, and the work progressed slowly. It was finished, however, before the time, and was not used for four months afterwards, I having been put to needless expense. On the whole it was a losing game for me, and I was obliged to put it down amongst some others I had done before, as "a bad job."

I did not succeed very well in my work, at this time, though I am persuaded had I renounced my cups, my circumstances would have been far better than they were. But the treacherous fiend still followed me, and by professing love for me, winning my affections, and then betraying them, he had rifled me of nearly all my money,

and darkened all my prospects. Had it not been for this, I should have been more careful and provident, and no doubt have escaped many of the numberless evils that fell upon me. But alas for my weakness, and his treachery! The first was that of one long accustomed to the chains of intemperate habits, and insatiate desire, the latter that of a fiend.

CHAPTER IX.

“The monster’s touch pollutes. It blights
The fairest hopes, and makes the man
A brute. Sateless, it ruins all,
Then glories in its work.”—

THE next year my misfortunes seemed to increase, and all things seemed to be against me. Amongst these, was another unfortunate engagement to kill for Mr. Hudson, which turned very much to my disadvantage. Another slip of fortune was my being carried to jail for a man for whom I was bound, after which I was frequently troubled with visitors, for whom I never had any very great inclination, such as Deputy Sheriffs, Constables, &c. I began to think a journey into the country would be for my health, and possibly might somewhat remove me from harm’s way.

Previous to my going, however, I made an agreement with a man, whom I supposed my friend, to attach my property, and with another to write a receipt for me, and let it remain until they should hear from me; and also to buy up all

my obligations as cheap as he could. If I did not return soon he was to write to me ; and as I heard nothing from him, though I had written to him several times, I began to think there was "something to pay," and concluded it was best for me to be making tracks back again to Brighton. I accordingly started, and when I arrived at the house where I had lived, I was surprised to find it empty and tenantless.

Upon enquiry I was enabled to unravel the mystery. Soon after I left Brighton, a man by the name of Norton was arrested for theft. He had formerly worked for me, and when he came to his trial, he was advised by a certain individual to turn state's evidence, and if possible bring me into the scrape, as I was then absent, and it might go easier with him if he should pursue such a course. The heartless fellow did it, and the man, whom I had supposed my friend, had neglected to write to me for fear I should be arrested. Norton was state prisoned for two years.

But I had not learned all yet. The very next day after I left Brighton, my supposed friend attached my goods, and had removed them to his store, where they were again attached, as his goods, and a keeper set over them. In this situ-

ation I found them. My wife had started for her father's the day before I came back, and even such furniture as the Sheriff had left her, after her departure, was removed to the store. Now I had plenty of work before me, for one spell, at least.

My first move was to visit my wife, whom I found exceedingly dejected. I endeavored to console her as well as I could, then returned to Brighton, and got some of my friends to with go me to the State Prison to see Norton. We conversed with him in presence of the warden, and they appeared perfectly satisfied that I was innocent. When I returned to Brighton, I found that I could recover my wife's furniture, &c., removed it, and then brought my family back.

I then made a compromise with my creditors, and it was agreed that the property should be sold, but that such things as did not bring near their value should be bought in, and lent to me, that I might be able to go on with my work again. My hopes now began to rise, and I tho't I could nearly see my way through. The time of the sale came. My supposed friend was the principal purchaser, many of the things being sold for less than one tenth of their real value.

I had supposed that some of them would be loaned to me, but in this I found myself mistaken. Not a single article could I get, and all my hopes of aid were thus at an end.

I now drank worse than ever, and circumstances growing very dark and uncertain, I thought it was best to go into the country. My mother had a house in which we could live, and thither we resolved to go, after disposing of the most of our remaining furniture. When we arrived there we had some little money, but were down-hearted, and almost discouraged. Soon after, I was taken dangerously sick of the lung fever, but recovered so as to be able to work some on my mother's farm, ploughing, planting, &c. After harvest, I started for Troy, N. Y., to work for Messrs. Gay & Bigelow, at butchering. On the third day after my arrival, I had the misfortune to hurt my hand badly, and was unable to work for some time. Soon after I recovered, I received a letter from my wife, stating that our daughter was very sick, and requesting me to return home as soon as possible.

With all possible haste, I obeyed the call, and found my daughter very low, though, to our great joy, she recovered after a severe illness. I re-

mained with my family through the winter, and in the spring worked again on the farm. I staid here until July, when, leaving my family still at my mother's, I resolved to visit Brighton. I saw many of my old acquaintances and friends, and found that they were willing to give me employment if I would return. Accordingly I brought my family down, found plenty of work, and did very well until November, when I had the misfortune to cut my leg severely, which disabled me for work for about a month, and considerably reduced me in hopes and resources. Had it not been for the dark fiend, however, the occasion for discouragement would have been small indeed.

After my recovery, I began to work for Mr. Oliver Townsend, carrying beef to market, and living in his house until the spring of 1830, when I removed to the house which I now occupy. I worked on the cellar of the new hotel, and continued the greater part of the time through the season, in the employment of Mr. Munroe. In the fall I worked at butchering, for Mr. Charles Valentine in Cambridgeport, and continued thro' the winter cutting pork, &c. In the spring I commenced stone work, but could get little to do, as business was very dull.

I was obliged to work very cheap, yet I managed to get a living, and pay up some of my old debts. I did not, at this time, drive so hard a trade at drinking, as previously, yet I kept up my friendship for the bottle as though my very life were dependant upon it. There is much said about *temperate* drinkers and *temperate* drinking ; of men, who have lived for years, taking their one or two glasses per diem, but never increasing the quantity, nor approaching any nearer the drunkard's fate than when they set out.

It may be there are such cases ; I am forced to think, however, that they are very rare indeed. But for myself I can merely say that I have learned to my bitter sorrow that I cannot drink without drinking *too much*. I have, to be sure, at times resolved to drink less than before, and for a while I have kept such resolves, but confirmed habits, I have found, are seldom satisfied with a partial indulgence ; for when they have gained this, they clamor so loudly for further satisfaction, that their demands can seldom be resisted.

Moderate drinking appears to me to be dangerous ground for any man to occupy, but particularly so for one who has been a confirmed drunk-

ard. By long continued habit his power of resistance has become weakened, and almost destroyed. Temptation, then, he is little able to resist, and even should he take a decided stand against it, and determine "to conquer or to die," he would doubtless find the struggle a severe and desperate one; but should he yield the ground partially, and endeavor to make some kind of a compromise with his destroyer, his case is almost hopeless.

A man, with his body partially inclined, may be thrown down much easier than one who plants himself erect. And so it is with habits. The man who says, "I will not drink!" is erect, and so long as he retains that position, he cannot be overthrown. He, who says he will drink moderately, appears to me like one, who in the act of throwing himself backward invites another to come and knock him down. He offers no resistance to his adversary, and even seems desirous to court his attacks.

So I found it at this period. I did not drink so much as before, but still kept drinking. I said I did not mean to be thrown down, yet used just the means calculated to bring it about, and consequently was soon entirely upset. My old

habits increased fearfully in power, and I drank deeper than ever at the intoxicating cup. The consequence was, my employment failed, and my means of subsistence grew scanty. No one would wish to employ a drunkard, who was scarcely able to do a day's work, and that by no means well. And this *is* the result. The muscular strength of the body is destroyed under the influence of rum, and he who once was of "strong nerve and sinews," now becomes weak and powerless as a child. His frame becomes tremulous, and his hand unsteady, his eye becomes dim, and his whole body debilitated and destroyed.

In addition to the trouble that I had in getting work, there was another and a greater evil which attended my finding employment; for whenever I obtained my money, a large part of it, at least, was generally spent for rum, which was but constantly sinking me lower and lower in debility and woe. But when both these evils came together, as was the case at this present time, when I could get but little work, or money, and this little to expend for rum — this indeed gave rise to a train of evils of a very serious nature. Among these, not the least, were the sufferings

of my family, who, deprived of their rightful support, were made to suffer all the inconveniences of pinching necessity, and all the wants of pressing poverty.

My wife, of whom I have heretofore said little, bore all these evils with most astonishing patience, and surprising magnanimity. Her lot was a severe one, her fortitude almost incredible. To the evils of poverty were added the unfeeling coldness and cruelty of a drunken husband, and in the midst of all, it is no wonder if her woman's heart sometimes fainted and was discouraged. I have been astonished at her wonderful courage and perseverance, and more than all, at that affection, which, when slighted and abused, would still cling around its plighted object. Such affection truly deserves a better return than curses or reproaches.

Yet such is the return of a drunkard. He destroys the hopes of those he is bound to cherish, and crushes the heart that confides itself to him. Yet this the work of the fiend, and he can only do it when governed and directed by his influence. Though it may be I have never seriously maltreated my family, even in my moments of intoxication, I have nevertheless seriously and

deeply injured them. I have deprived them of their support, I have destroyed their quiet and peace, I have caused them hours of painful anxiety and apprehension. This is the destroyer's work, the legitimate result of the love of the accursed bowl.

During the winter, owing to the increase of my intemperate habits, and the scantiness of work, we made but poor shift of getting along, though by the extra exertions of my wife, we finally succeeded. In the spring, after determining to mend my ways, and pursue a wiser and better course, I obtained some work of Capt De Wolfe, at laying wall, &c., and continued decently steady for some time, until I got some money, and then rushed to the bowl again. — Again I resolved to reform, but I was constantly finding it more and more difficult to find friends, or any who would give me employment. To get trusted I could not; for who will trust a drunkard, who is without money or work? Thus I did not run much in debt, not because I would not, but could not. But if ever I received any money, it was soon gone, and I was left as destitute as before.

Numbers, who were really my friends, endeav-

ored to induce me to quit the bane of my existence and all my happiness, and become a sober and respected man. But I was comparatively deaf to the voice of kindness, and scarcely apprehensive of danger, made but little effort to avoid it. I finally, however, did as much as this, to determine that I should not keep drunk *all* the time, which determination for a while I kept very well. Mr. Cephas Brackett employed me for about three months, in butchering, and I worked steadily, and took good care of my family, and things began to look much brighter than they had for some time previous. I improved my appearance considerably, in respect to clothes, and kept so remarkably steady that I really believe people began to think I was going to reform.

We got through the winter comfortably, and easily, and in the spring I went to work in company with Mr. Jolin Shackford. We did several jobs, and during the first of the season did very well. We then separated, and as I had some money, I could not get along very well until I had rid myself of it, which I managed to do by drinking and gambling, resources to which I was always able to fly, when troubled with too great a stock of money.

And here I have a single word to say in regard to gambling. It has been my curse — I were nigh saying it has been my ruin. It is the twin brother of intemperance, and indeed is always found in its company. In its influence it is depraving as is no other evil, and fearfully destructive to all the better feelings of the soul. I have gambled much, won but little, but lost incredibly. The passion for it has at times haunted me like a fiend, and, in connection with intemperance, has played me sad tricks, which I hope never to forget while I live; the memory of which I am persuaded will prompt me to avoid them forever.

CHAPTER X.

— “Still deeper into woe
The hapless victim sinks. Sorrow,
Disease, and death are thick around,
And deep remorse within.”—

It would seem that there must be a bottom somewhere and that after an individual has fallen to a certain depth he would find it impossible to fall lower. But this is far from being the case with the hapless victim of rum. He falls, and falls, and unless snatched by some potent and mighty power, he will continue to fall till he sinks into eternal night. The lower he sinks, the fewer obstacles to his fall he encounters, until the way becomes perfectly easy, and his utter fall almost necessary and absolutely certain.

So it was with myself. I found there was no stopping place where I might rest, but at each stage in the descent, the way became easier, and and each successive obstacle gave me less trouble than the preceding. My prospects were becom-

ing more and more dark, and all hopes of their brightening again were becoming farther removed. My health, moreover, was fast failing, tho' I continued to work, whenever I could get anything to do. Sometimes a little hope would rise, but it would soon be extinguished, and all be dark again.

In the fall I worked considerably for Mr. Brackett, killing cattle, for so much a head, in company with another man who was as fond of drink as myself. Mr. B. used every means to induce us to leave our cups, but in vain. He bore with us until we had finished killing for barreling, and then we were discharged. I managed to get along until spring, when I commenced stone work again. I did some small jobs through the first of the season, and the mean while kept myself pretty steady. I then undertook considerable work for the Messrs. Winships, which occupied me upwards of two months. I hired help all the season, and did considerable work.

In the fall I found I had some money left after paying all my help, and still continued work thro' the winter, mostly at butchering, both in Brighton and other places. I continued to drink freely, but seldom got drunk, and my poor wife real-

ly began to think I might yet reform. But it would seem that I was a great way from it, at this time at least, since I could hardly get along unless I drank a quart a day, but with that I made out tolerably well, working steadily, and being able to provide for the maintainance of my family.

Soon after this, however, I was taken sick with the pleurisy fever, which I think was entirely owing to my long continued habits of intemperance, which were fast increasing upon me, and seemed to threaten ere long my final destruction. I was confined for over a month, and my sickness was pretty severe, which the reader may well believe kept me pretty nigh sober for a month at least. When I got able to work again, the momentary restraint was speedily thrown off, and "old King Alcohol" and myself met again, like old and hearty friends, who have long been separated by distance.

* We shook hands right heartily, and if we had lost any friendship by separation, it was all made up, and we were soon as well acquainted as ever. To me, fatal acquaintance! Alas what evil has it brought upon me, into what difficulties thrown me, and how fatally deceived me! "Evil com-

munications corrupt good manners," is an old saying and a true one. And so I believe it has always proved with an acquaintance with the destroyer rum. No one is benefited by it, thousands have been destroyed, every one who has ventured upon it, has been corrupted and depraved.

I soon went to work where my feet were wet nearly all the time, and, the weather being very cold, notwithstanding all the warming assistance I could get from my old friend, the bottle, I nevertheless found this a very uncomfortable situation. I took a severe cold, and the rheumatism, or something else, set in with dreadful force, and I found myself confined to the house for six weeks, being able scarcely to stir. I have never wholly recovered from it, perhaps never shall. I receive it greatly as a reward for my friendship for the fiend, as I do also various other bodily troubles, sicknesses of various kinds, pains in my flesh and limbs, and last of all delirium tremens. They are all the work of rum, the gifts of long continued, hard followed intemperance.

In the spring of 1835 I began to work again on small jobs, as I could get them; for my work was very scarce, as but few people were desirous

of employing me if other help could be had.— Nor for this had I any one to blame but myself. I had unfitted myself for work, and was really unable to do a day's work in a day. So much for the assistance of my friend, Alcohol. I became exceedingly down-hearted, and but for the kindness of my wife and daughter, I know not what I should have done. They endeavored to sustain my sinking spirits, and though undeserving of their sympathy or kindness, I really found it, at this period, of very important benefit.

I now began to think of getting employment elsewhere, as I could get so little in Brighton, and accordingly started off for some of the neighboring towns, that I might obtain amongst strangers, what I could not where I was known. But I found that it was not my name that people were opposed to, for even amongst those who did not know that, I fared but little better than amongst those who did know it. It was my sign at which they looked, and this I always carried in my face, and at this time, I doubt not, it was a sight so dreadful that every one must have been effectually frightened from ever having any thing to do with me. "Drunkard!" was written on my face, and who would employ a drunkard?

I returned home thoroughly dejected, but resolving to reform. I did so partially, but not entirely, and still cherished as warm an attachment as ever for the fiend. A return to my old habits, therefore, I found exceedingly easy, and with that return I had a severe attack of the rheumatism, which laid me by for some time. By fall, however, I had so far recovered, as to be able to work at butchering, which enabled me to get through the winter in a tolerably comfortable manner.

In 1836, I became somewhat more steady, and continued so through the year, although I still drank, and sometimes to excess. I did several jobs, in company with a man named Powers, and might have done very well, had it not been for rum. As it was, however, I made out to get through the summer very well, and through the fall and winter I was engaged in butchering, which enabled me fairly to keep my head above water. The spring following, I did considerable work for Mr. David Cooledge, of Brookline, at building wall. I was engaged for him about three months, and might have worked longer, had I not loved the bottle so well. I then work-

ed for Mr. N. A. Griggs, a while, building wall, and doing other work.

My practice of drinking at this time brought on another attack of the rheumatism, which disabled me for work for a long time. Here was more of the reward of the friendship of the fiend, and as I obstinately refused to harken to the advice of those true friends, who were desirous to induce me to leave off drinking, I was under the necessity of suffering the rewards of my folly. Had I listened to the voice of friendship, instead of the voice of the fiend, how much evil, and pain, and sorrow should I have been saved! But as though under the influence of some invincible charm, I closed my ears to the kind voice of love, shut my eyes upon the dangers of my situation, and blindly rushed forward apparently to destruction.

I continued thus through the fall and winter, doing but little work, and getting along as I could with the assistance of my wife and daughter. Their kindness has at times affected me exceedingly, and then I would resolve to do better, to quiet the voice of conscience which at such times would be awakened within me. But such repentance was generally short-lived, and my re-

solves were seldom persevered in. In 1838, my course was still downwards. I did but little work, for I could now get less than ever to do. My health and spirits too were fast failing me, and I began sometimes to feel that it was all over with me. Without a friend in the wide world, as I sometimes felt myself to be, and but few even who would employ me in any work, my spirits sunk so low that I sometimes even meditated the taking of my life.

This I once attempted, though not while in a moment of insanity caused by rum alone. The circumstances were something like the following: I had been at work in the field without my hat, the weather being warm, and the heat of the sun in the middle of the day excessive. I had drank but very little spirit through the forenoon. There was another man in company with me, and at twelve o'clock, he left the field. I did not see him leave, and when after a while I looked around, I found myself about a mile in a contrary direction from my house, which was about a quarter of a mile from the field.

I was somewhat alarmed, and hastened home as fast as I could. When I arrived at home I attempted to take my life with a pistol, which I

had previously loaded. It was snatched from my hands by a friend, and not long afterwards when I again attempted to take my life by hanging, I was prevented by my daughter. This, as I have said, was not purely the effects of rum; but then rum was in it, and lay at the bottom of it all. It had nearly destroyed my mind, as well as my body, and was fast sinking me in the dark abyss of woe. My moral feelings had become weakened and almost extinct under the palsying influence of intemperance, and the little power that my mind ever possessed was now nearly annihilated and utterly destroyed.

I imagined to myself enemies, where I doubtless never had any, and after all was my own, I had almost said, my only enemy. Had I been a true friend to myself, I never should have allowed my worst foes—the foes to my reason, my prosperity, and my health, to have obtained such complete triumph and victory over me. It was my enmity to myself which caused me to make friendship with that which was really my enemy, and instead of endeavoring to defend myself against his insidious shafts, to surrender myself entirely to his control and direction. And greater evidence of insanity is not needed.

But I must hasten this mournful part of my history to a close. My friends now endeavored to keep the poison from me, but it was like an endeavor to separate long and sworn friends. It was almost a hopeless case. If I could not get the poison myself, I had friends, as I supposed them, who would get it for me. And this they no doubt supposed they did purely from kindness, but, alas, how mistaken were they, and how dreadful was the result. Instead of friendship, it was the opposite, and what they thought was love, was hate. It was the fiend, who had "put the garb of friendship on," in order to make more sure the victory which he must have supposed was already complete.

I was now bloated in a shocking degree, and afflicted with sores of the most painful and loathsome kind. In the fall I drank less, and acted better than I had for some time previous, got employment in a slaughter-house, and made some money, which enabled me to get through the winter very well. In the spring, the temptation was strong upon me to indulge myself more in drink, yet I knew that my employment must fail in that case, and now I had a prospect of considerable work, I was enabled for a while to

resist, and found considerable to do. But the task was too severe — the monster had too strong hold upon me.

Again I returned to my cups with more eagerness, if possible, than ever, and spent nearly all the money I could get in drinking and gambling. I was now almost reduced to my very last penny, when, as fortune would have it, I made what the gamblers call “a rise” of some little amount, a good portion of which I laid out for provision for my family, which enabled us to get through the winter very well. In the spring of 1840 I began to think of going out of town to get work, as I could get but little at home, and consequently set out. In Newton I found some work, which employed me for a while, as well as an individual whom I hired to assist me. — When I had finished it, I returned to Brighton, and engaged for some time, in haying, &c., and then went back to Newton, and engaged in stone work again.

Through the summer, while engaged in haying, I drank pretty freely, which induced fits, greatly to the injury of my nerves, and what little of health and strength I had remaining. I, however, became more *sobber* before I began to

work in Newton, and was enabled to complete my jobs there to the apparent satisfaction of my employers, at the time agreed upon, received my pay, paid off my help, and then had some change remaining. But it did not last me long, as I eagerly renewed my acquaintance with the bottle, which I had never broken off entirely, and for this acquaintance I have always found that I had to pay, as Franklin did for his whistle — “too dear.”

CHAPTER XI.

"The clouds grew darker, and the storm
Seemed nigh; but sudden thro' the gloom
There shone the sun of peace. The clouds
Dispersed, and all was joy again."

My money being well nigh gone, I made out to find some employment in the slaughter-house of Mr. Hudson, though not for any length of time, and I soon found myself entirely destitute of work. Now and then I would be able to get a small job, but the money I received for it was barely sufficient to furnish me with "grog," for which it was soon spent. My family, however, were not in a suffering condition, as we had plenty of "pork and potatoes," as well as of wood; so we got through the winter tolerably well, so far as "living" was concerned.

But alas for the peace of my family — the happiness and comfort of my wife! What comfort can the family of a drunkard enjoy? Their protector, he who is bound by the most solemn obligations to love and cherish them, is sacrificing

at the shrine of the demon Intemperance! His affections are all engrossed by one darling object — his much loved bottle. For aught he would seem to care, his family might suffer — nay, often does suffer, for want of the necessities of life. But even if this is not the case, what can atone for the deep anxiety, and long continued watchings, of a loving yet abused wife? But the reflection is too cutting, too severe.

In the spring I was again attacked severely with the rheumatism, which caused me much suffering, and for a long time disabled me for work. But I got over it so as to be able to do some little jobs, laying stone, &c., for various individuals, which kept me pretty busy until the first of June. I then had an offer of employment made me, on condition that I should drink nothing stronger than beer or cider, but as much of these as I pleased. The offer, as I thought, was an advantageous one, and I resolved to accept it. Accordingly I resolved to leave my rum bottle for three months, or, as one writer has expressed it, “to give up the old devil for his children.”

In making this arrangement, it was doubtless supposed that my love for rum would be weaken-

ed, and that these "harmless drinks" would do me no evil, or at least far less evil than rum.— But I have found that this is a poor way to destroy one's love for drink. Indeed that it is an entirely mistaken course; nor can I believe that a pond was ever filled by closing up one outlet and opening several others.

I found moreover that this was a much more expensive course than the one I had formerly pursued. The cider and beer cost me a great deal more than the "New England" I had been drinking, and more than I could well afford. Indeed I could *afford* nothing. My old drink made me poor, but these made me a great deal poorer. Besides their effects were much more injurious and evil for the time, I perhaps may say, more serious in their final consequences. I was not able to work more than half my time, far less than I could have done under the influence of rum.

I kept my pledge, however, the three months, and right glad was I when the time was out. I returned to my old bottle again with a keener relish and a sharper appetite. But I had not yet quite done with the cider and beer; for when the rum met them, seeming to consider them intru-

ders, who had no right or title to its place, it raised such a 'hullabaloo' at my expense that my now frail carcase was nigh to being torn in pieces. My body was convulsed throughout, and my limbs refused to do their office. So much for the expediency of the cider and beer plan.

I was at this time, I suppose a complete sot. My credit was utterly gone, my health was fast going; my prospects were dark as night, and my name became a hissing and a reproach with all. I was shunned by the virtuous and sober, despised by the toper who was not quite as bad as I. The very boys would scoff at me, and every one turned from me in sorrow or disgust. It was now *certain* that I was a confirmed drunkard and every body supposed it was "a gone case," with "old Jim Gale." And so indeed it was but for the interposition of that power which "causeth light to shine out of darkness."

It is said "the darkest hour is just before the day;" and so it has seemed to me, it was with me at this time. Sunk to the lowest degradation, which it would seem was possible this side of the grave, utterly destroyed, as it were, in body and mind, I stood on the brink of destruction. The crazy bark, in which I had so long sailed, had

long been approaching the fearful shore, and now she seemed in the midst of the breakers. Another wave and the fearful surge must swallow me forever. Oh how my very brain reels, as I think of that fearful crisis. Yet just as the last wave comes rolling on, I am snatched from my dangerous position, as it were by an Unseen Power, — and *I am safe!*

Yes, just at this fearful crisis, the Washingtonian ship appears in sight, and perceiving my dangerous position, comes to my rescue. I was induced to sign the pledge of

“Perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.”

The old and leaky ship in which I had sailed so long was now abandoned, and I was received on board the new, the true cold water ship. How glorious my deliverance! How astonishing the change! He who but a short time before was given up for lost, the scoff and the derision of all the thoughtless and unfeeling — he, whose very friends had almost abandoned, and given up as hopeless — old Jim Gale become a temperance man! Methinks I can now see the astonishment which works in the countenances of all,

who have ever known me, on first hearing such intelligence.

But notwithstanding the marvellousness, the supposed impossibility of the thing, such is really the case. I have renounced entirely and forever the accursed bowl. I have broken forever all friendship with the fiend. Never again will I listen to the destroyer of my peace, my prosperity, my happiness and my health. "Taste not, touch not, handle not," is now my motto, and with God's help will I follow it while life shall last.

As the reader may well suppose, my friends were exceedingly rejoiced at this unexpected step which I had taken, and already seemed to look upon me as one risen from the dead. But my wife and family — how shall I be able to describe their ecstasy, their joy, their really inexpressible delight? I cannot, will not do it; it exceeds my power of language. If any can imagine the feelings of one, who has long mourned over the utter ruin of the one she loves, whose peace has been destroyed, and her entire life embittered by the desolation of all her hopes — if any one, I say, can imagine the feelings of such an one, when she sees her loved one restored to her em-

brace, her peace again brought back, and her hopes again revived, he may then know in some measure how to sympathize with the joy of my wife and family.

My appearance and health are of course much improved since my reform, though I still suffer the rewards of the fiend. That friendship I have broken forever, but its consequences follow me still. How long they may I know not, or whether I shall ever entirely regain my health; but this I am certain of; that fatal friendship shall *never* be renewed.

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CONCLUSION.

AND now, gentle reader, your patience has at length brought you to the end of my story. Dull, to be sure, and tedious, I may have been in relating it, yet I have endeavored to make a simple statement of facts, the embellishing of which I am under the necessity of leaving to the reader. But my purpose is at length accomplished; the 'thread' of my life thus far is 'spun.' For nearly forty years have I sailed in a leaky ship, on a stormy sea, and with some of the dangers to which I have been exposed, and some of the sufferings I have undergone, the reader is now acquainted. Thus far is my object gained.

Yet I cannot close these pages without briefly addressing myself to several classes of individuals. And first, to those who traffic in the destructive poison. You are acquainted with the evils which rum has caused. You know well that it beggars the purse, subverts the reason, destroys the health, and ruins the soul! It wrings tears and groans from orphans and widows.

whom it makes. It renders the poor victim of its delusions a curse to himself, to his friends, and to the community at large. It leads to pauperism, vice, and crime. These evils *you know* to be the result of intemperance; and, knowing this, permit me kindly to ask you, how *can* you allow yourselves to be instrumental in producing them? Are the lives of your fellow beings of no value? Are the tears of bereaved wives and children of no importance? Is the peace of the community a matter lightly to be trifled with?

If so, go on with your destructive trade. For the sake of some pitiful gain, continue to make individuals drunkards, whole families wretched — and the community burdened. But if the matter be too serious to be thus trifled with — if lives are valuable, and souls are of infinite worth, O! forbear! Give up your dreadful trade, and instead of rendering your fellows wretched, strive to make them comfortable and happy. I would I had the power to strike some chord that should vibrate through your hearts. But I am a plain man, and can use only simple expostulation. O! let the voice of one, who has long suffered under the cursed influence of rum, reach your hearts. Listen to the voice of entreaty, and, if compas-

sion have a place within your breasts, O ! be induced to renounce your traffic in your brother's bane.

To those who have been my fellow sailors in "the leaky ship" I would say, beware ! Your craft is crazy, your sea is stormy, your situation is dangerous. I have told you some of the evils I have experienced, and your own experience declares them not to be exaggerated. O ! consider your danger. Look ahead, for the breakers are just under your bows. A few more waves, and all is lost.

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To those who are engaged in the glorious work of the reform, let me say, go on, and God will bless you. The widow's heart has sung for joy, as she has seen her long lost son again restored. O ! let not temperance men falter, or lose their interest in the work. It is a noble, and a glorious one. There is everything to encourage them, everything to reward them. Let me say again, go on, and God will bless you ; and many a weather beaten wanderer will exclaim, as he recounts the story of his "long voyage in the leaky ship," thank God for Washingtonians !

