



NARRATIVE

OF

CHARLES T. WOODMAN,

REFORMED INEBRIATE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Truth is strange — stranger than fiction."

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PREFACE.

THE author's intention in embodying portions of his experience in the form of a book for the public eye, was to give "a plain unvarnished" narrative of some of the prominent incidents in his checkered life, divested of all romance but the romance of reality;—to show the gradations in the drunkard's career;—the steps by which the insidious destroyer leads him on—from the drinking of the first glass of wine in the convivial circle or the fashionable bar-room, to the lowest degradation to which Alcohol subjects his victims;—and to point the young to the beacon-light of the PLEDGE, as their surest safeguard against striking on that fatal reef, where so many hopes have been shipwrecked—so many expectations blasted—so many souls destroyed:—and if in accomplishing this the author has been unsuccessful, it is not because of his inexperience in the sad vicissitudes of a drunkard's life. Few have served King Alcohol with more loyalty than he, and few have met with harder usage at his hands. But, freed at last from the despot's degrading thralldom, he is resolved to avenge his injuries, by exerting all his energies to cripple the tyrant's power, and overthrow his already tottering empire, founded on blood and guilt, and supported at the expense of broken-hearted parents and starving children.

Whatever other motive might have been reasonably imputed to the author in preparing this work, he must be exempted from all suspicion of having been influenced in the undertaking by an ambition for the celebrity of authorship. This would be absolutely preposterous, since he makes not the least pretension to the erudition of the scholar, having never devoted a day's study to grammar in his life; and this confession will account for the lack of polish in his style, and also commend his unpretending work to the charity of the critic. But deficient as he frankly acknowledges himself to be in the learning of the schools, he may say, he thinks, without subjecting himself to the charge of vanity, that in a practical knowledge of the world, he is surpassed but by few men of his years. He has mingled much with mankind under ever aspect—in prosperity and adversity, with the high and the low, the vicious and the virtuous—at the happy fireside, and within the prison's walls,—and he has made it a point to study human nature in whatever condition he has found it; and he submits, in the following pages, some of the convictions which that study has impressed upon his mind, and which, if wrong, must be charged to his erroneous discernment, rather than to a desire on his part to anything

— — — "Extenuate,
Or set down aught in malice."

In apology for his apparent immethodical and often disconnected style of writing, the author would say, it is difficult for him to concentrate his mind for any length of time upon one subject; and that the work was written at different times, as opportunity offered; and this must also be his excuse for any tautology that may be apparent.

The Washingtonian reform, in whose past triumphs the author has been an humble, but he trusts not an altogether inefficient participator, has much yet to accomplish; and let us who have enlisted to fight under its banner, falter not in its support, nor ask for a discharge, till that banner shall wave triumphant over every land and every sea. Cheered on by the approving smiles of God, and the inspiring influence of WOMAN, who not only "points to heaven," but "leads the way"—and encouraged by the assurance that with our cause, as with nations, "a glorious past is a guarantee of a glorious future," let us continue with renewed vigor the battle against the common enemy—relying for new victories upon that weapon alone which has secured for our cause its past illustrious triumphs—pre-eminently illustrious, because their trophies are counted in the *saved* and not in the *slain*.

"Far o'er the land—far o'er the wave,
 Our banners peacefully shall float—
 The young, the beautiful and brave,
 To this great cause their lives devote:
 Then raise the temperance shout on high—
 Our march is on to victory."

Snatched, as the author has been, from the very verge of ruin by the magic might of the PLEDGE, and raised by its heaven-lent influence from the depths of degradation and misery, to his former respectability and happiness, may his hand be palsied, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, when he shall deny that PLEDGE as his benefactor, or refuse it his support.

In conclusion, the author would dedicate his humble production to the cause of WASHINGTONIANISM; and he is willing to regard it as the *meaneſt* tribute that has been offered at its ſhrine. If, however, it ſhall be inſtrumental, in any measure, in benefitting that cauſe, ſo near his heart; if it ſhall be the means of ſtrengthening the faith of a ſingle reformed inebriate in the PLEDGE, or of adding another name to its already countless hoſt, the author will feel that his labor has not been in vain; and that he has contributed *ſomething* in aid of that nobleſt of human enterpriſes, to which, under God, he is indebted for all that makes his preſent life deſirable to himſelf and uſeful to others, and in ſupport of which he intends to devote whatever remains to him of ability and life.

"Success to the PLEDGE, and God ſpeed it."

CHARLES T. WOODMAN.

BOSTON, April, 1848.

ERRATA—On page 104, "Lowell, Maſſe." ſhould have been *Doer, N. H.*

On page 116 the ſtatement that "one-half of my life has been ſpent on a bed of ſickneſs" is not what the author intended to ſay; but that one-half of the time he was in the *Alms-house* was ſpent on a bed of ſickneſs.

NARRATIVE.

My native place is Newburyport, in Essex county, a town in former years considered very remarkable for its religious character.

I was born on the 13th April, 1802; my father was a master mariner, whose name was Joseph H. Woodman; the maiden name of my mother, was Hannali Bartlett. My father was lost at sea, as it is supposed, in the memorable snow storm, in October, 1804, I then being eighteen months old, the youngest of six children left by him. My mother was a woman of limited education, but endowed by nature with a vigorous mind. Myself and three brothers were kept together until we had arrived at a proper age to learn a trade or be put in a store. When a mere boy I was considered quite eccentric, which was attributed to a constitutional infirmity, and this adherent feeling exhibited itself in my temperament. In the midst of enjoyment, a

deep gloom would suddenly shroud my sense of delight, and in the midst of apparent health, and when hope shone the brightest, despondency of the most trying character would influence every buoyant feeling, and overcloud the brightest anticipations. The strongest delusions took possession of my mind ; in the very hey-day of youth and health, I would sometimes imagine I was breathing my last. I remember distinctly of a peculiar feeling which raised a delusion, that a heavy weight was pressing upon me ; my limbs I imagined were powerless and incapable of performing their functions, and I sometimes felt a strange sensation like choking. These delusions were laughed at by my brothers, and whenever they were exercising their influence, they attributed my feelings to a new "fit of the hypo," which it undoubtedly was.

My mother attended divine worship, at the Church of the late Dr. Spring. I remember now, how that venerable form of his, struck my young mind with awe ; that ponderous wig with ringlets hanging over his shoulders,—his stately consequential walk—his awe inspiring look, struck terror to my very soul. Whenever he visited my mother, I was afraid he came to bring the news of some calamity, or to hunder forth

reproof. I remember well, when he passed me, the obedience due the minister in taking off my hat, and making a low bow. I always stood in fear, but never loved him; I thought he knew my very thoughts, and this belief operated as a check-rein upon me when out of his presence. Such slavish fear never will in my humble opinion, excite to willing obedience the heart of man, but on the contrary, lead the mind unconsciously to dissemble, while the heart is at complete antipodes with truth. How irksome were the duties of the sanctuary to me; the slow, lagging hours at Church, I always dreaded, and more especially the duties of Sunday evening, in reading the Westminster catechism,—many a Sunday evening have I feigned indisposition, in order to rid myself of the accustomed task.

The task at school I dreaded; how my little heart would bound when the master was so indisposed as to be unable to keep school. I remember playing the truant a number of times, and can in imagination now view the stern countenance of the pedagogue, as he interrogated me respecting my absence. I can in memory's mirror see him now, with the instrument of torture, which consisted of a large mahogany rule

which the delinquent felt for hours after it had been frequently applied to his hand. This monstrous practice of flagellation was thought to have a salutary effect on the young offender, but like coercion of any kind, it defeats itself in the object which it has in view ; forced obedience, never instils in the mind those feelings of reverence, which the genial influence of love causes to spring spontaneously in the erring hearts of the children of men. From childhood I have felt the withering influence of bigoted and mistaken notions in regard to coercion. And I believe I can, with the fear of God before my eyes, say, that the true and only cause of most of the prominent errors of my life sprang from that domineering spirit, that prostrates all before it, that dissents in manner, opinion and judgment, from a preconceived opinion. The expanding mind of the natural genius, cramped by the narrow, stunted views of the cool calculating bigot, becomes misanthropic, or seeks relief in the convivial glass, which sweeps him on to the vortex of ruin. How many wrecks of men, are there now in our midst, who have fallen victims, to cold calculating men, who seek to enforce truth with a scourge. How many now whose rags dance in the winds of winter, might have

been clothed in fine linen, and sared sumptuously every day, had kindness been extended to them before the storms of adversity had steeled their hearts, and destroyed that laudable ambition which might under other circumstances, have rendered them ornaments to society and an honor to the world. How many there are, whose expanding minds and towering genius bid fair to rise to an envied distinction in society have been eclipsed to the eyes of all :—the star of promise which appeared so conspicuous to all around, overshadowed by the darkness cast over them by the frown of tyranny, or the mistaken idea that harsh measures excite to obedience or drive to duty. This was the order of the day at the period I am speaking of, but I am digressing from my history. I was indifferent whether I ever learnt any thing at school or not, and every excuse I could make to stay away from school I readily used, to rid myself of what I considered an irksome restraint ; consequently the reader must expect I could not make any great proficiency in learning,—I did not, although by attention, I could easily have outstripped some of the first boys in the school. It was unfortunate for me that a public house was near the spot where I passed my juvenile

days. Here my young mind became tainted with the mistaken, and once prevailing opinion of former days, in regard to alcoholic drink. The public-house I refer to, was the "Dexter House,"—of course there were a number of bowling alleys attached to it, and so little danger was seen in those days, when popularity sanctioned the use of ardent spirit, by frequently seeing it drunk, my mother viewed no danger when I visited this tavern to set up the pins on the bowling alley. She was not conscious that by mingling with them, I should sow the seeds of future misery. How blinded indeed were our fathers and mothers to this great enemy's encroachment. They presented us in childhood with the poisoned chalice, in belief that it contained medicinal virtue. We asked for bread they gave us a stone, a fish, and unwittingly they gave us a serpent, thus entailing a curse on each succeeding generation. I became therefore early initiated in the practice of tasting the poison, which gradually diffused itself in every vein in my system. The old fashioned convivial party is still fresh in my recollection. I can almost by the power of imagination, see the females assembling together in the afternoon, enjoying a pleasant *tete a tete*; nothing was spoken that

raised feelings of envy, or jealousy toward each other, until, after the huge salvor went round, filled with glasses containing Annis, Clove and Snakeroot Cordials, the last being the most appropriate name, for at last it did sting like a serpent and bite like an adder. After the salvor had passed round and these before described cordials had been drank by the female part of the company, a low hum of female voices, apparently in the distance were heard; then came a babel confusion of tongues, then the prices of silks, bobbinett and laces were discussed; the high price of this article and the low price of that; then an occasional hit at some dry goods dealer for exorbitant prices; an increased interest in speaking seemed to pervade the short time since silent assembly, and each tried to drown the shrill voice of their neighbor. I remember how the change seemed to me and considered what made the women's tongues have the speed of the locomotive. Religion and ministers were discussed, the merits and demerits of a sermon were handled, as the Irishman said by the tongue,—their powers were sharpened by the inspiring cordial, while their organ of reverence rose in mock adoration by the steam of Annis and Snakeroot. Then the men came in

the evening to see their better halves : they were moderate in conversation, till an invitation was given and accepted to retire to the next room to refresh themselves with a little of the sophisticated creature, in the form of Brandy and Gin. After having taken the above false named refreshments they returned into the room where the female part had refreshed themselves. Then additional garrulity broke into the company and the deep bass tones of the men, responding to the treble voices of the women, commenced a jargon that a linguist skilled in all languages could not understand ; such a concord of sounds and such untiring patience in continuing them, would set at defiance the skill of a Paganini and exhaust the perseverance of a Hayden.

After their magazines were exhausted, and a motion being made to adjourn, it was thought advisable to have another interview with the above named salvor, to protect them against the chilly air of the evening, and thus the huge salvor was again presented, loaded with the universal panacea for every disease the human frame is liable to.

In presenting this picture of the popular custom of our ancestors, I do it to have the reader learn that this hitherto innocent custom was the

means of entailing one of the greatest curses on each succeeding generation, that ever befel them—a curse which was sown in the early part of my life—

Bearing the fruits of misery and wo,
Which increas'd as onward they did flow.

The universal custom in furnishing rum and cordial was not confined to any rank or grade in society ; on all occasions, the goblet passed round to enliven every scene. In summer heat it was called in to add to the enfeebling rays of the solar beam. In winter's piercing cold it was summoned to impart heat to the body, and raise the desponding mind. It was brought forward to bind a contract between parties, while it always stood ready to break the tie which it was witness to in the contract ; at the birth of infants, to heighten the joys of parents; and in the dread hour of death, even when by its shafts a beloved relative was laid low, the side board glittered with the bright decanter, and surviving friends made bare their own breasts to the same poisoned arrow, that had just laid low, a valued relative and friend. Thus was laid the foundation of a habit which has robbed man of his fairest prospects, and his fondest

hopes. These popular habits have been the origin of most crimes which have shaded our fallen world. When a boy I remember my peculiar fondness for military training: Our little mimic band would march to the back yard of one of the officer's dwellings, and the can of cider would be passed round among the little soldiers, and sometimes cordials would be drank. This was only in imitation of "children of an older growth." And when I look back on the custom once so popular, I have no cause to wonder that our land should have been cursed as it indeed has been; but I wonder that millions more have not filled a drunkard's grave. How blinded, indeed, has the past generation been to their best interests, by allowing an enemy to take a part in all their deliberations, and spread a physical and moral mania wherever his polluted touch was known.

At the age of 14, I left my mother's house in Newburyport in order to learn a trade. I had made my mind up that I would be a baker; accordingly I went to learn the art, trade, and mystery of baking, with Mr I. Bond in Wilmington, Mass., about 16 miles from Boston, and 30 from my native place; although an obscure country place as Wilmington indeed was, I

can look on the days I passed there as some of the happiest of my life. I had plenty of comrades, as there were in the two bake houses twenty-two apprentices employed in the business. A large proportion of the town was a dreary swamp, but dreary as it was, it afforded us recreation in our leisure hours, in setting snares for partridges and rabbits. We used generally to commence work at 1 o'clock in the morning. After one year and a half I became restless, and endeavoured to make some excuse to leave the business. I refused one morning to do my work, or a part of it allotted to me; the excuse I made was, that my strength was not sufficient to perform it. The overseer, the father of my employer, told me I should continue to do it, or quit the employ. I boldly told him, I would immediately leave, but he replied if your mother gives her consent I shall lay no claim to you. I wrote immediately and she gave me consent to leave, but my master felt determined I should not until the next week. But to work I went, packed my clothes and hid them, for fear he would suspect I would decamp immediately. The next morning at two o'clock, I was wending my way to Newburyport. On reaching home, I told my mother that I should go to

Boston, and find employment at the same business. I took my bundle and walked to Boston, on the desolate Newburyport Turnpike, counting every mile stone as I passed. As I arrived near Malden bridge, I remember how I was struck with the distant view, as I thought, of Boston. In going through Charlestown I enquired for Bunker Hill, for although in our mimic company when a soldier, we carried the five striped flag in Newburyport, (suggested by some of the full grown politicians,) in defiance of the national government, I was nevertheless a little patriot when Bunker Hill was mentioned, and I gazed with reverential awe on its top, and thought what an extraordinary thing it was, that I should see that mount which I had read so much about. What a traveller, indeed, I am, thought I. Never did I feel prouder in my life than when my visual ray beamed upon old Bunker Hill; I had almost arrived, I thought, to the summit of fame. On reaching Charlestown square, I enquired for Elm street. . A man directed where it was over the bridge, and soon I reached the house of my uncle who followed baking, but he not wanting an apprentice, I sought employment elsewhere, and went on trial with Thomas Jones, the son of the venerable Mr Jones, of Gloucester.

ter, Cape Ann; but not feeling satisfied with my situation, I returned and resolved I would relinquish the idea of learning the business; and on the urgent solicitation of Mr. Isaac I. Caldwell of Weare, N. H., I agreed to go with him as a clerk in his store in that place. This town is in Hillsborough county, a large town in extent of land. Mr. Caldwell exchanged goods for lumber of different kinds, which were conveyed by land to Bedford, N. H., the landing so called on Merrimack river—from there rafted to Newburyport. Our store was filled with all the variety that country stores usually are filled with, and one article we always kept a full supply of; for without it, none would have bought any other goods could they not obtain this indispensable, so considered to health, comfort, and peace, but in truth and verity, the source of most every disease, and the greatest disturber of harmony, social happiness, and true enjoyment, of any one thing in our fallen world. Reader have you already divined what this then considered indispensable was in that store, and in those days I am speaking about. If you cannot, ask the husbandman of hoary locks, what was considered next to food for the support of the laboring classes in those days, and they will answer New-

England Rum. Yes, my friends, the farmer cut down the sturdy oak for ship timber in this town, or split into staves the mountain ash, and brought the first fruits of his field and threshed the nutritious sheaf, and exchanged them for this poison. He sent down the stream of the smooth and placid Merrimack, the fruits of toil and honest industry, and exchanged the staff of life for its great destroyer, thus sending down the stream peace as it were and comfort, and the same returning tide brought the instrument of war, discord and death. How blinded indeed were the eyes of the public in general, in those days to this great enemy's encroachment. Oh thou delusive spirit of rum ! had I no other name to call thee, I would with Shakespenre, call thee devil. I well remember in Weare, of some farmers who bought from 3 pints to 2 quarts of N. E. Rum for their own use a day. The reader may think I exaggerate, but one man who owned one of the best farms in Weare, drank day after day 2 quarts of N. E. Rum himself, and although he daily was running out his farm, there was no check given him by friends, and my employer never refused him any quantity of liquor he called for, as long as he had property to mortgage for it.

My employer's father was a revolutionary pensioner, a real patriot, and no mistake; each 4th day of July, himself, and two more pensioners made it a custom to meet at some public house, and celebrate the day according to popular custom. One 4th of July they three met at our store: my employer, the son of one of them prepared their liquor, which was gin toddy. The old veterans after drinking, fought over their battles; one refreshed the others memory by relating some deed of valor won, of which he bore, according to his own narrative, a conspicuous part, I was really amused to hear them, and in order to give greater speed to their tongues, I mixed a larger quantity of gin and made it very sweet, in order to deceive them as to its real strength; it had its desired effect, and the old soldiers were talking of liberty and equal rights, while the enemy had full possession of their citadel! The battle grew hotter and hotter, old pewter pans were melted into bullets, scythes were altered into swords, and all the alterations which were resorted to in those days that tried men's souls, were again by memory's mirror brought to view, and handled over again by the power of imagination. How lighted

would be the seeming lost lustre of the eyes of these venerable men, when the bystanders would urge them to continue their tale of the scenes of the revolution; but as young as I was, it was curious to me that these men who had sacrificed every comfort of home to defend country,—that they who scorned to submit to the tyranny of the mother country, despising their ease and comfort, for liberty and independence, should, while they were talking over their conquests, suffer a greater enemy than ever oppressed our sires, to hold in the strong chains of habit, these otherwise free and independent sons of liberty; but such was the case, the day sacred to the cause of American freedom was the day in former years, and still by many is now, spent in such a manner, that their individual liberty has been sacrificed while celebrating the birth day of freedom.

But to return. After these three veterans had talked over their old battles and were talked pretty well “how d’ye do,” they were helped on their horses, for all three had rode over in that manner, and started for home, but one of them fell from his horse, and had to be conveyed home some other way.

I have thought of the old patriots throwing away liberty many a time, while I was an inebriate, but forgot to break the chain of servitude myself. I recollect having a falling out with my employer and settling the matter by drinking with him of the deadly bane which has proved to me the greatest curse with which I was ever afflicted.

After living with Mr Caldwell, I left him, and my brother, a clerk for Adams & Redfield, came to Weare and took me with him to Londonderry, where this firm traded. My old employer refusing to pay me any thing for my services, caused my brother, in behalf of my mother, to commence a suit against him, but the cause never went to court, for my old master thought fit to settle the matter by giving his note for a certain sum, which was received a few days before he failed in business.

On my arrival at Londonderry, my brother strongly interrogated me about my habits while in Weare. He told me he suspected that I had been in the habit of taking a little spirit occasionally, which was the fact ; every morning for some time I had regularly taken my bitters ; also at 11 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock, but had been very sly in doing so. My brother, then about 20

years of age, feelingly exhorted me to beware of touching even a glass of wine. Would I had taken the kind advice of this abstemious brother! I never was expert in arithmetic, consequently my business in the store consisted in weighing, measuring, and the greater part of such business. My health and strength was good, while my brother was feeble in body, but strong and vigorous in mind. Without any great advantages of education, he was a superior scholar. How often have I looked at that brother's face when consumption had attacked the citadel of life, and viewed his calm, resigned countenance, and then contrasted my restless and disturbed uneven mind with his. I can truly say I never was at rest. Rash in my movements I always made room for repentance. I resolved without reflection; still for an usual movement, which demanded discussion and haste, I was not behind most young men of my years. We sold drugs and medicines in our store among the great variety of other articles. I became partially acquainted with the abbreviations on the different bottles, and in life I have made use of this knowledge, in a superficial point of view, to obtain liquor when I travelled the different parts of the country, without any other motive or de-

sign than indulgence in this demoralizing vice. While I was a clerk in this store I had an opportunity of studying into human nature, for all manner of persons visited the establishment. Horse-jockies, practicing their deception, came under my observation, and their peculiar manner of trading is still fresh in my memory. It was here I learnt a little of law, by the discussion that fell on my ear from opponents who came to our place to have their cases referred to a chosen company of referees. Religion and other tenets were discussed by the irreligious and profane after their wit or criticism was sharpened by our New England Rum. Here politics were discussed by rum politicians; modes, manner and rule were handled by those whose only mode was that lying in the decanter behind our bar. Rules were criticised by those whose life was reduced to the rule of three glasses before breakfast. Manners were debated by men whose manners were daily forming to fill the unmannerly train of the drunkard. Political economy was a topic much dwelt on by those who paid a heavy duty on St. Ctoix and Jamaica. Filial affection twined round the father from the son as he asked him to partake with him the social glass, to have the affection by the

same means to be paid with interest in cold neglect or open abuse—the sure results of the pernicious dram.

The first question asked by a customer on entering our store was generally these words: “how do you sell New England Rum?” Our reply was, cheaper than you can buy it elsewhere. This was policy on our part, for the reason, that by selling our New England cheaper than our brother traders, we were sure of selling with it other goods; and we clerks were instructed to present the decanter to our customers to have them prove the quality. We well could afford to do this, for after the potent dram was drank, our customers did not feel themselves so very penurious. They actually had money to let; and bought many articles, which they would not have done had not the all inspiring dram raised the organ of liberality and diminished the organ of caution. In the year eighteen hundred and twentyone, I remember that the firm took a mortgage of a farm in Manchester for a debt due, and this debt was based on New Rum; the farm of course passed into my employers hands; they then sold it to two young men both of them married; and as they had to subsist till they could raise a supply the coming season, they

were dependent on our store for all the comforts of life. But some things that were not comforts, although for the present joyous, were bought, and the wooden gallon bottle came regularly to be filled, when any article of food was purchased. The result was, before two years had passed, the farm returned back by the mortgage into my employers hands. One of these men, I have since my reform conversed with, and frankly told him the manner he lost his farm. This man has an industrious sober wife, the man himself is an honest hard working man, although poor but yet clings to the old enemy who robbed him of his farm. No inducement as yet has compelled him to sign the pledge, and when I told him I had in former times been instrumental, for the pecuniary benefit of my employers, in producing the change in his circumstances, he denied that rum had any participation in his losing his property.

For blinded is that mind
 Where truth once shed its light,
 For the serpent there's entwined
 Its poison, truth to blight.

While I was a clerk in that establishment, an old woman, a daughter of the Emerald isle, called at the store regularly, with one half of a

bushel of corn which she took in payment for weaving, and always exchanged it for rum. She never was rebuked for so doing, although we all knew how poor this woman was. One thing I will relate, because it gives light on the subject which I am striving to promote, that is, the manufacture of wine, real Port, as we term it. We used to manufacture wine from cider, log-wood and different kinds of drugs, and sell it for real Port—not, my friends, to the ignorant, but to enlightened citizens on other subjects—even to that enlightened General who lived on his country seat in Londonderry, the very man who first imported Merino sheep from Estrumadia. He purchased it by the demijohn to treat his friends from the city. This is dying people in the true sense of the word, for the reader will perceive log wood was indispensable to make this sham Port. How blinded, indeed, have been the eyes of even the wary detector of most every other fraud but this last, but, no means least. I will here give the reader the receipts to make the different kinds of liquor, from the original recipes of a wholesale manufacturer.

BRANDY. Take a barrel containing thirty gallons of whiskey; take one quart of unslacked lime, one fourth of a pound of Pearlash, and a

piece of Allum as large as a hen's egg, pulverize these articles fine, mix them together, put them into the barrel, and stir for ten minutes, then after standing two or three hours stir it again, then rest for forty eight hours, then rack it off, and add two quarts of dried apples cut fine and scorched in a pan. This gives a beautiful color and helps the flavor ; add three gills of the dulcified spts. of nitre, and three gallons real Cognac and leave the bung open. To clarify it, and to render it perfectly clear take two oz. ising-glass, beat the same in shreds with a hammer, and dissolve in boiling water, put it in a barrel and stir for five or ten minutes.

Another. Twentysix gallons Whiskey ; two oz. Salt Petre ; four gallons Cogniac Brandy ; three oz. Tincture of Kino.

TO MAKE HOLLAND GIN. Twentysix gallons Whiskey ; four gallons Holland Gin ; one oz. Oil Juniper ; 1-4 oz. Carraway.

ST. CROIX RUM. Twentysix gallons Whiskey ; four ditto St. Croix Rum' ; 2 oz. spts. of Nitre.

JAMAICA SPIRITS. Twentysix galls. Whiskey ; four gallons Jamaica Spirits ; 2 oz. spts. of Nitre ; three oz. tincture of Kino.

ARTIFICIAL PORT WINE. Cider three quarts ; French Brandy, one quart ; Gun Kino, one drachm.

JAMAICA RUM. One hundred gallons 4th proof N. E. Rum, color it well, add twenty Tonga beans and five Nutmegs grated, and two or three pinches of flowers of Benzoin.

MALAGA WINE. October cider that is sweet—add 30 a 40-100th of pure whiskey ; 10 lbs of Sugar house Molasses ; Cardamum Seeds to be steeped in Alcohol and the liquor used ; ground black Pepper ; if too flat add Sulphuric acid ; Alum may be at times used ; about one quarter may be watered. Red Saunders wood for coloring.

Thus reader you may perceive at a glance what dupes we have been made by the liquor dealers, for we have actually given our money and labor for poison. But knowledge of these facts did not prevent me when a young man from drinking this accursed mixture, for while I reached out the flame to my fellow men, it extended to myself, and though slow was its progress it was certain in its results—and laid the foundation for that insatiate desire to quaff the poisoned bowl. I remember, and I believe I always shall, the suffering I experienced one day

after a ball ; it will be ever fresh in my memory. That night, for the ball did not break up till morning, I helped myself with other young men to the different kinds of wine, the next day in vain did I try to disguise my feelings as I waited on the customers in the store. My head seemed bursting with pain. Although my employers divined the cause, yet they were in as bad a fix as myself, and attempted to disguise the fact, but all in vain ; they feeling so disagreeable saved me no doubt the censure I should otherwise have received.

In the spring of the year 1821, my brother who was a clerk in the store with me, was attacked with the consumption and died in the fall, aged 21 years. I was two years younger than my brother. This was a great source of affliction to me. My brother had been my adviser, and such I needed, as I possessed an ardent temperament which often subjected me to great inconvenience, and I much needed the cool and dispassionate judgment of my much loved and really talented brother. After his death I immediately left Londonderry, and went to Boston in order to finish my trade. I staid through the winter with my uncle and occasionally working enough to pay my bread. The next spring I en-

gaged with Mr. William Cotting, a man who carried on an extensive baking establishment ; as I was partially acquainted with the business, and as I was then twenty years of age, I agreed to stay with him one year and a half, on his agreeing to learn me the remainder of the trade.

While in Boston the winter preceding, I professed religion and stood on trial according to the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but never joined the Church. West Cambridge was the town where Mr. Cotting carried on baking, and the days I lived with Mr. Cotting I believe, I can say, were the happiest of my life. Although the seeds of habit had been thickly sown, I by the grace of God kept these habits in subjection. After laboring in the summer season from one o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, I made it my daily practice to retire into a thick grove back of the Baking establishment, and there pour out my desires in fervent prayer, to the great giver of every perfect gift. If a cloud hung over my brow, I knelt in private to him who does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, and soon a ray of light would dispel these dark clouds and bring serenity of mind. I had temptations of a peculiar character, but with a steady eye of

faith I was able to see these things in their proper light. I made it a practice to travel into the city every Saturday afternoon, in order to attend the Methodist Church on the Sabbath, then travel back on foot after services in the afternoon. The bakehouse was a laborious establishment to work in, but there were blessings enough to offset the hard labor. I was the butt of ridicule of the hands of the establishment, in consequence of my strict moral and religious habits, but I used to say, let them laugh that win. But there still was a respect paid to my regularity of life, and I can truly say none of these scoffs or jeers moved me; I moved along pursuing the even tenor of my way calm amid the trials of life. The setting sun I used to gaze on as an emblem of the christian's life, the bright tint that adorned the horizon as the halo of glory left, when

Those happy hours I view them still,
 By memory's mirror bright;
 When grace did hold the reigns of will,
 And gave increasing light.

Yes, reader, I was no hypocrite. Prayer was my delight; peace was mine, although troubles without were many. To those days I can

look back with pleasure and regret. Although the habit I formed laid dormant for a time, still it was there. No hand in the establishment was allowed to bring any ardent spirits in the precincts, yet these rules were not always obeyed. In the morning, in summer when the heat was oppressive and we felt languid, we used to take turns to buy snake root bitters, to give us as we thought an appetite ; one man was stationed at the window to watch, while the rest drank. It was drank in a sly place, I drank with them and actually thought it almost indispensable ; thus the appetite was kept alive although seemingly kept in due bounds. But, reader, place the boundary line where you will, time will keep moving these stones by the calls of appetite, until all bounds are passed over, and you find yourself on the swift tide of intemperance sweeping toward the vortex of ruin. I left West Cambridge before the time had expired that I agreed to stay, and went to Boston, worked as a journeyman with my uncle, Daniel Woodman, in Hanover street.

But before I proceed with my narrative, let me mention an important scene in my history, which popular custom sanctioned. I allude to the then common practice of treating at free-

doms. I invited my brother apprentices, the journeymen, and a large number of young men to celebrate my birth day of freedom by partaking of intoxicating drink ; and I believe the next morning my head gave me some indications that celebrating freedom in that manner was not so pleasing to reflect upon as was the anticipation. But to return ; I staid with my uncle till towards spring, and then commenced business myself on a small scale, and succeeded first beyond my most sanguine expectations. I employed a journeyman and bread carrier, an unprincipled man who had formerly been a journeyman where I was an apprentice ; but I might have done well had it not been for my old habit reviving, which came upon me like a strong man armed ; I neglected my business, suffered myself to be taken in, and finally by bad debts and the unfaithfulness of my bread carrier, together with my neglect of business, found myself unable to meet demands, and clandestinely I left Boston for New York ; from thence I immediately went to Philadelphia and worked with a baker from Boston. But I was not contented in Philadelphia and I left the place for New York ; not immediately getting employment, I felt an indescribable horror in view of my situa-

tion. I was in a strange place, alone as it were, and I loitered around the bar rooms of the city, and commenced in good earnest to partake of the great enemy's mixture of wrath to enliven my dull and dark hours. I drank for that purpose, and flew to it in the morning to still my nerves, not as a debt due to custom; ah no,—but a debt as I thought due to my physical powers, which had become debilitated by excess, and to fill up the vacuum in my mind of the wearisomeness of having nothing to do. How sad indeed, reader, is the lot of that young man who has become a prey to ardent spirit; when he is too proud to beg, too enfeebled to work in a strange place, how sad indeed, I say, is his situation. Such was my situation at the time I am speaking of. But my conscience still was active in giving reproof, and how often in my wandering about the streets of New York did my mind sicken at the prospects before me. I thought of my mother and friends who knew not my desolate situation. I contrasted my sad heart with the buoyancy it possessed a few months before, and it is not without feelings of delicacy I say, that I never had a natural disposition to do what I thought was wrong, and believe

I cannot recall an act of my life of guilt, of any amount in the mind of the public, that ever I committed in a cool deliberate manner. What I ever have done wrong, of a nature to be particularly noticed, was done by impulse, or by necessity driven to do it. For I have suffered for food and lodging many a time when I could have given myself temporary relief by fraud, without the prospect of its being known, but still I will say I believe that there is no man living or dead, who had become a prey to habit and was poverty stricken in the true meaning of the word, but what has done acts under the influence of ardent spirits, that his mind would revolt against in his sober hours of calm reflection, even in the midst of poverty and want.

I engaged about this time to work in a ship bread establishment, in Pine street, New York. The foreman employed the hands, and Saturday night paid them off at a porter house, a room being furnished by the proprietor of the establishment. And we never left the establishment on Saturday night, without leaving a good share of our week's earnings, for that which

On to-morrow's morn,
Told us it had our wits and money shorn.

I soon became hardened in conscience, and even went beyond some of my companions in the pernicious habit; my religious and moral sensibilities were blunted, and to give you a proof of what a change took place in my mind, I will observe, that frequently on a Sunday morning after my arrival at New York, on walking by the Fulton Market House, my very heart was pained within me to see the crowd issuing from the victualling cellars; and frequently have I seen them run to the door to discharge the first glass of alcohol they had swallowed, their stomach being too much weakened by debauch the night before, to retain it, until repeated drinks restored it to its natural tone. Yes, I viewed then these men almost with contempt, while I was slowly passing on to the condition of those whose habits were so firmly fixed. How blinded is the youth who cautiously as it were sips the rosy wine; his mind sees no paralyzing influence in the nectar which cheers, and in a wonderful manner gives to his mind such pleasing impressions of joy. But thus it was with me; I moved on an inclined plain until I found I was whirling round in the vortex of dissipation, and the day set apart for reverence to deity, I spent with my companions at the grog shop. Occasionally would I see

my danger, but was laughed out of my serious mood by my companions, whose only pleasure was in contemplation of a well filled decanter, or indulging in the wild scenes which was occasioned by the excitement it produced. Oh ! how often have I gone alone in that city and wept not tears of godly sorrow, but of that sorrow for the world, which worketh death. In the beginning of the winter of 1824 I was taken sick and went to the city hospital. I did not recover my health until the April following. After leaving the hospital I went to work for my board until I could find something better to do. One day after working hours, as I was setting disconsolate in the bake house, a gentleman from New Haven by the name of Lego came to me and asked if I should like to go to New Haven to work at baking.. If ever I said yes with a good grace, I did it then. I engaged to go, and took passage with a light heart on board a sloop for that city. I found my employer was what the world calls a jovial, clever man ; there were twenty passengers aboard the sloop, and I believe in our trip up Long Island sound, there was, to say the least, twenty quarts of rum drank on board the sloop. My employer was a great lover of a spree, but a harder working

and kinder hearted man I believe did not exist. When we arrived at New Haven my heart bounded with joy ; there were three men connected in the firm, Flagg, Warden & Lego, the two first from Worcester, Massachusetts. In this city in Connecticut, there were the same temptations as in New York, though in not so gross a form, but no less dangerous. I was promoted in this establishment, and my reputation as a good workman was established. Mr. Lego was a lover of pleasure, and that pleasure consisted in that company whose feelings were congenial with his own. We had a practice in the bake house to turn coppers to see who should pay for the liquor we drank for the day. I at this time was mighty to drink strong drink, and apparently received no physical or mental harm for a long time.

October 11, 1826, I was married to Miss Verilda Jerome, a resident of the town of Bristol, Conn., a lady of good natural talents for a female ; but time told how fickle was her heart. She was a good companion in sunny hours, and I believe faithful during the three first years of my marriage.

The night I was married, as the custom then was, we had a large assemblage of people, to

witness the ceremony and those indispensable guests at that period—rum, brandy, gin and wine, were present to heighten our joy and to give a new tone to our feelings. Sometime after I was married, I lived for me rather a temperate life, but in the fall of 1827, I had more than once exposed myself by my habits in an unfavorable light; it gained daily upon me, and I was checked even by my employer, Mr. Lego, who himself was travelling with me to the same vortex of ruin. In a drunken revel in New Haven I was stabbed by a man by the name of Sage, in my right hip, by a knife or dirk. He first knocked me down, and afterward stabbed me; he immediately fled, and eluded the grasp of justice. This was the winding up of my working in New Haven. After I recovered, I sold my furniture, and with my wife returned to Boston. My wife was a first rate seamstress, and could earn by her needle a great deal of money. I worked a while in Boston, Worcester and East Cambridge, and from thence went to Framingham and Hartford. In the city of Hartford I came very near being killed by a man, while I was in a state of intoxication. From that city I went to Springfield, and worked at my trade, but soon left there in consequence

of my habits, (which had been constantly growing worse,) and proceeded to Northampton, Mass., but soon left there for the same cause, (i. e. my want of self-denial.) I next worked for Elisha Flagg, of Worcester, but was discharged in consequence of my habits of drunkenness. I then came to Boston, and from thence went to Kingston, and worked for Mr. Timothy French, but left him and engaged with Otis and Hiram Shepard of Dorchester, Mass., near Boston.

The reader will perceive my object is not to give a full and detailed history of my life, but merely to lead him along with me and witness the changes brought about in my history, in consequence of the pernicious habit of drinking. This is the great design in giving these details to the world.

In justice to my first wife, I must say she had been severely tried by my indiscretion, but she showed her fickle mind not when poverty called to make a sacrifice of her feelings towards me, nor when want laid its pinching hand upon her. She forsook me at a time that made me almost desperate. Shame, wounded pride, drove me faster down the inclined plane of the drunkard.

One day, under a partial degree of insanity, occasioned by intoxication, I went to an apothecary's shop, and bought half an ounce of opium and swallowed part of it. I suffered considerable on account of it, but was rescued from the jaws of death. After this, I wandered around the city of Boston, going from one grogshop to another, regardless of my dress, or the manner in which I conducted. Tired by continual exposure and inward trouble, I resolved in one of my sober hours, to put myself in a condition in which I could not fly to the intoxicating cup for a temporary alleviation of my trouble. Under these excited feelings, I found my way to the police court, in the city of Boston. I marched in with an air of desperation which was visible in my countenance, and literally covered with filth, and charged myself with being a common drunkard. The Judge looked somewhat surprised at this novel proceeding and asked me where were my witnesses. I told him the witness was before him—the swollen eye, the tattered garb, the reeling form, were my evidences. He asked me how long time I should like to stay in the House of Correction. I replied, I thought about two months would be sufficient to restore my body and mind.

to their usual equilibrium. The mittimus was prepared and banded me, and I put it in my hat, and wended my way to Leverett Street House of Correction. This was in the year 1832. I remember how surprised Mr. Badlam looked as the mittimus was shown him and the manner of procedure explained. At this time I had a diseased leg, or if you please a *rum* leg, and I firmly believe this diseased leg saved my life by its being, (if I may so term it,) a common-sewer to my body, for it seems to me impossible that I could have lived and drank so many years without having my lungs injured, had not the elements of disease had vent through this ulcerated leg.

But pardon the digression from my story. I was immediately set at work in my new quarters picking oakum. I will here give the reader a view of the prison at this time, the manner it was conducted, and my views of the method taken to reform the inebriate ; and shall endeavor to divest my mind of that prejudice which it is natural should exist in the minds of those who have suffered imprisonment for their want of self-denial.

The House of Correction, at this time, was one of the stone prisons in Leverett street : the

lower floor or arch contained cells on each side ; each cell contained six persons, generally. Of each division or arch of the building, a prisoner, whom the keeper thought trusty, had the charge ; that is, he kept it clean, swept and whitewashed it while the prisoners were out in the prison yard cracking stones to McAdamize the city streets. Captain Robbins, the then Assistant Master, promoted me to be a Captain of the Arch, an office by no means unenviable in the House of Correction, for, let me tell you, reader, I felt more honored at that time by this little mark of distinction, than I have by the applause of the multitude in higher life. Our provision was bread, beef, and the beef-water thickened with Indian meal, was given us with our bread and meat in the morning ; this compound of Indian meal and beef-water was called *skilley*. Some days, at noon, two pounds of potatoes per man was dealt out. This was the provision invariably given to the prisoners at Leverett street Jail at this time. Mr. Badlam was the jailer and master of the House of Correction.

Reader, would you know my feelings while in the House of Correction ? I will endeavor to give you some faint idea of them.

I knew that the public mind had but very little sympathy for the unfortunate drunk-

ard at this time, and I well knew in what light I had myself in former years looked upon the face of him who had been so unfortunate as to be incarcerated in that abode called, (and in my now sober view, very falsely,) the *House of Correction*; but I consoled myself with the reflection that as I had surrendered myself a prisoner for the purpose of breaking an iron-bound habit, I should have the sympathies of the virtuous part of the community at least. I had made up my mind to drink no more, provided the world should receive me with open arms. But there was then no spirit of Washingtonianism abroad, to shield the poor discharged prisoner from the attack of ridicule and contumely, which was cast into his teeth by the unthinking and uncharitable part of community.

After my two months' sentence had expired, on a bright Sunday morning, in the month of March, my iron door turned on its hinges, and a voice told me I was at liberty to mingle once more with the world. How indescribable were my feelings on that morning! Alternate hope and fear rose in my breast. I ardently longed to be at liberty, still I dreaded the trial. No sooner had my feet cleared the threshold of the prison office, than the cold look of scorn was

cast on me, and unwelcome voices grated harshly on my ears. "There goes a House of Correction bird." Ah, thought I, this is more than I can bear. I, who have surrendered my liberty, the birthright of every true American for the purpose of freeing myself from a despot's bondage, to be thus assailed on my first tasting again the sweets of liberty, is unsupportable; and I, madman-like, sought a temporary alleviation of my wo in the intoxicating cup, and in a short time surrendered myself to the Police Court as a common drunkard, and was sentenced to four months in the House of Correction.

I felt a great deal worse during this confinement than the first time, for it was the spring of the year; and I thought of the birds and flowers, and felt how hard it was to be debarred from all the privileges of life in the stone walls of a loathsome prison. This was the spring that General Jackson visited Boston, and as I read in the papers of his arrival, and the preparations to welcome him, how did I indeed sigh for liberty. But here I was, and forced to stay; and while I thought of former and happier hours, I found despair was trying to set its final seal upon my heart. I knew that the loss of my liberty was owing to my habits, and I longed to break the

chain of those habits more than I did the bolts and bars which stood between me and my liberty ; and I must confess I was at a loss how to do it. The reader may think this strange, but I can assure him it seemed to me a matter next to impossible to rid myself of the loathsome vice which was ruining me in every sense of the word.

I knew not which way to turn ; my ambition was entirely gone ; I felt as if I had nothing to win or lose ; I felt as if the good things of this life were denied me ; I saw myself neglected, and thought I had no character to win or lose ; ambition urged me not to denial, to raise my moral character. Supine, and as it were, indifferent to the comforts of wealth, my utmost stretch of thought of happiness reached but to the decanter behind the sin-fraught bar ; and in this was centered all my thoughts of relief when trouble and anxiety cast a gloom over my future prospects, and added to the misery of my present state. Houseless, when without the prison's walls, I became a wanderer in the streets, till the gripe of the constable carried me to the place furnished by the public for persons of my class—the House of Correction.

Thus by being poor, I became doubly miserable by my isolated condition, and believing, as I then did, (and more so by the effect of the cup,) that there was nothing in the world to inspire me with self-respect—that sure promoter and guardian of virtue I found that to be unnaturally stimulated, was my all-absorbing want. This was my sad condition ; but had the proper means been taken to reclaim me, I might, long since, I believe, have been a reformed man. For, to save the drunkard, we must excite him by contrasting the happy condition of the reformed with his own miserable state. We must use the pecuniary means necessary to increase his power of resistance and diminish the temptation which besets him. No man is safe against this foe, but he who is armed with moral strength in his own soul. Then let us awaken in the heart of a fallen brother that moral strength, that power of denial, the noble and vigorous action of conscience, to elevate them from their deep degradation, and excite in them that laudable ambition to overcome the obstacles which have hitherto formed the separating barrier between them and the respectable portion of community.

But to return to my narrative. In the middle arch of the prison, all the prisoners were brought

on Sunday forenoon and afternoon to hear preaching. The chaplain, Mr. Charles Cleveland, was indeed a good man: I shall have occasion to speak more of him in some other part of my narrative. This was spring, and all the prisoners were removed to South Boston. The large building formerly occupied as the House of Reformation, was fitted up on the solitary system, for a House of Correction and the home of the drunkard. Captain Robbins, the assistant master, was chosen by the city government, Master-in-chief. I, of course, was removed with the rest of the prisoners to South Boston. A new discipline was immediately introduced. Captain Robbins, with great energy, made every improvement which was suggested to his mind, with the approval of the directors of the institution. Our food was improved; cleanliness was strictly enforced, and not a place for a solitary flea to hide and torment the already sufficiently tormented prisoner, was to be found.

The change seemed like magic; and during the first two years, Captain Robbins' place was by no means enviable. It is true the institution was a heavy tax on the people for the first few years, but soon ceased to be burdensome, on account of its good management. The made

land by the prisoners' labor, is now very valuable ; and such a complete clock-work system as there prevails, all travellers acknowledge is not to be found in any similar institution in the United States.

One word in relation to Captain Robbins. I believe few can compare with him, for some prominent traits of character. Commanding without any strained efforts, decision in all his movements, he moves on like a locomotive, while he has perfect composure. So quick was he to detect the least derangement in any part of the institution, he made me almost think he had more than one pair of eyes ; and for reading character, I believe there cannot be found his equal in the United States. Strict without being harsh, impartial in his treatment of the prisoners, without getting the ill will of those whom he punished for breaking the rules of the prison. Though to a stranger his manner may appear cold and distant, upon a nearer acquaintance with him there will be found more meaning of good will in his suppressed smile, than in the loud laugh and pleasant look of many who in trouble and in joy wear not his even countenance. I think I never saw a man who could command the same number of men with apparently the same effort ; his

very look carried conviction to the prisoner when he was wrong ; all watched his eye as he passed, and often have I seen prisoners moving this way and that, without a word passing his lips, to perform some different work from what they were about, and which they knew from his looks he desired.

After we moved to South Boston, I was appointed Chief Baker. What do you think of that, reader ? But I tried not to do any thing worthy of death, like the Chief Baker of Pharaoh, but resolved to submit calmly to my imprisonment, and try so to perform my duty as not to have the disapproval of the master ; and I must say, that during the six years I passed in that institution, I never had occasion to think disrespectfully of the master. I studied my man ; I knew he would appreciate the doings of a prisoner if he did as well as he knew how. Regularity and neatness in business was indispensable with Captain Robbins, and he utterly detested any effort to conceal dirt ; no slut-hole was allowed—every part of the institution must match in neatness. And with regard to the subordinate keepers, I did not know whom he watched most, them or the prisoners. His eye was every where, and the way he took to de-

fect trouble in ranks of prisoners I could not imagine myself; but his wary, watchful eye read the heart of many a prisoner while he was indulging the thought he had escaped the observation of the master.

I was, as I before said, the baker of the institution, and of course it was a situation rather to be desired, as no man will starve himself in a cook-shop. The amount of bread per day for each prisoner was twenty ounces, flour and Indian. A very small portion of Indian meal was used; the flour was the best superfine. I ought to mention that those whose work was laborious had an extra 10 ounces whenever they made application that they had not enough; at dinner they had alternately soup and the compound called *skilley*. In the morning, minced meat and potatoes—at night, mush and molasses. For a prison, I think none could find fault with the provisions. Captain Robbins was very particular in regard to the meat that it should be in accordance with the contract. Every individual had his work assigned him.

I will now endeavor to give a graphic view of this truly celebrated prison, and will try to give a description unbiassed by any other motive than to give an accurate account, in order that the

reader may make his own comments. The prison is two large wings, running east and west from a centre building, which is the dwelling of the Master and family, and under-keepers; it is a prison within a prison; 5 tiers of cells, 18 in a tier, on each side, making 10 tiers. The whole number of cells in each wing is 180—in the whole prison, 360. These cells are about 10 feet long by 3 wide, with a swing iron bedstead, or cot, suspended, when down, by two iron hooks from the wall. The bedsteads are of two inch round iron, bent near the form of a coffin, and turned up against the wall in the day time, and fastened back by a loop and hook; the beds were filled with split husks in a common striped bed-ticking. The only furniture was a box about one and a half foot square, with a cover on hinges, having a small apartment underneath, where a Bible was deposited, and had to be found in its place when the prisoner left his cell. No other book was allowed either religious or profane—this was a species of tyranny wholly inexcusable.

I remember that Deacon Grant, the well known friend to suffering humanity, brought to the institution the Temperance Almanac, and that year each prisoner had one, and with eagerness, to my knowledge, were they read over and

over again. The next year he brought them again, but he was not allowed to give them out. I will here remark, that in my opinion Captain Robbins was to blame for this. It is well known that I respect that man, but he, in common with others, had his faults. Long used, as he had been, to commanding the prisoners, and they having no power to resist his commands, and knowing the consequences of disobedience of orders, all he had to do was to point his finger, and his mandate was obeyed; and the consequential look and demeanor which his situation gave him the opportunity of showing to the prisoners under him, naturally made him feel as if he was born to command, and perhaps, (as it naturally is with mankind,) after having been elevated to such a situation, to look on the apparently humble prisoner as if he were not made of the same materials as himself; and never hearing a reply given to his orders, it is indeed natural he would feel at times as though he was made of superior make than those under his charge.

When I first resigned my liberty and came under his charge, he was a man of quite a different stamp from what he was after he was appointed master of the House of Correction. When Assistant Keeper, he would allow his

passions to rage like a thunder storm; sometimes it seemed to me as if he did not attempt to check the impetuosity of his feelings. Acting upon impulse, he subjected himself to feelings of remorse in his cooler moments, and to his credit, I have noticed, after he became calm, although he assumed the same lofty bearing, he took some method to show the prisoner whom he had been harsh with, that it was not a settled principle with him to be a tyrant, but more like a habit acquired by his having been long accustomed to having his word regarded by the poor restrained prisoners under his charge. But after he became the master of the institution, he indeed was a changed man. Contrary to the expectations of the prisoners, he was no longer the petty tyrant, as some used to call him; he was still strict to the letter, but held a firmer rein on himself, becoming more dignified every day, and actually instead of creating within the prisoner's breast a slavish fear, they were rather excited to obedience by a willingness to reciprocate feelings, and to testify that their willingness to perform the duties incumbent on them was the grateful incense of respect for his care of them. But I firmly, honestly, and conscientiously believe, that neither the highest aim of the master or the

directors of that institution was the moral culture of the poor prisoners, or that they were as much interested in their moral improvement as they were to *raise the character of the institution*, and have the salutary effects blazoned abroad to the world, to make people believe that they were indeed philanthropists to the unfortunate ; and my belief is based on facts which came under my own observation.

The reader may be assured that I would willingly forbear stating my opinion relative to any thing derogatory towards the master or directors, as I bear them no malice, but on the contrary, feel grateful for their usage to me while I was a prisoner. But truth shall mark my narrative, and no statement will I make but what I think I shall be justified in making ; for, now we live in the age of reform ; old preconceived opinions and matters of policy are giving away, and darkness of judgment in relation to these matters is lighted by the bright beams of experience ; and availing myself of the knowledge of facts which seven years' imprisonment afforded, I come to present them in naked, unadorned truth, to the unjaundiced eye of the candid, well meaning and truly philanthropic.

The reasons I might give to prove my assertion, that the management of that institution was not conducted with an eye single to reform of the confined, are founded on truth, and as my aim is not to get the enmity of any man, I shall keep debt and credit on each alternate page.

And I believe that no one who is, or has been, acquainted with these matters, will charge me with misanthropic feelings; for the last thing I would now do, guided as I am by the lamp of sobriety, would be to set the public's teeth on edge by an unnecessary recital of facts, and shall only narrate that part which I believe may enlighten the reader, and gently reprove those who have the supervision of matters in the institution in question. And trusting in God, who knows my intentions, I shall prudently, yet fearlessly and independently, record the truth with an honest purpose of heart.

One half of the discipline in the House of Correction is not only unnecessary for the purpose of preserving decorum, but actually has a contrary effect, and is a great hindrance to the reformation of the prisoners. The under keepers were men, generally speaking, when I was a prisoner, inadequate to the task. They were taken, most invariably, from the ranks of the

city scavengers, or were 'green' from the country. But the qualifications which were considered necessary, was not their knowledge of human nature, or kindness of disposition; but these were the qualifications which were indispensable. The man must feel that he is watching the poor prisoners with an eagle's eye, and when the least deviation from an unnecessary rule was visible, to show his mighty power, "his little brief authority," and pour forth abuse from an illiterate and foul-mouthed tongue. Although there was a rule for the prisoner to be reported for his remissness of duty, or any other default, yet the keeper, who was considered the most savage, was thought to be *the best man*; the greater the tyrant, the better he was, in those days, qualified for his business. Snelling's description of the keepers at the time he was there, given in his rat-trap book, was true to the letter, although in regard to other matters he was warped by his misanthropic feelings. The keepers, generally, have been men who were not persons of acute discrimination, but on the other hand, ignorant, dunghill-raised officers. There were exceptions. There was a keeper while I was there by the name of Whidden, a man who stood six feet four inches in his shoes—who was in-

deed an exception to the general rule. Although at first he was a favorite with the master, and they were unusually, as the saying is, *thick* with each other, for the few first months ; it was visible to the prisoners, that there was something that clashed between the two, before a great number of months had passed. Whidden, to a casual observer, was rather *green*, but who ever took him to be so, was mistaken in his character. He knew mankind ; he ingrafted himself into the good feelings of the prisoners, and I knew of none that would not jump to obey his commands. There was the strongest example of love over force exhibited in the case of Whidden that ever I saw ; none took the advantage of his lenity, and I have heard rogues frequently say they would not run away, if they had opportunity, when *he* was responsible for them, or were in his charge. He was an ingenious man withal, and no doubt the best man for such a situation of any subordinate officer ever in the Institution ; but he was an independent man ; he never crouched to the master when he knew he was right ; and I believe Capt. Robbins knew better than to try to make him feel he was inferior to himself. But owing to jealousy on the part of the master, or something of the kind,

Whidden left the Institution disgusted, as he told me, to see such minds as he saw there, as it were in ruins—none trying to excite in them an ambition to rise superior to their low condition.

An officer named Leavitt, was also a kind-hearted and worthy man.

The greatest tyrant and most unprincipled man that ever I saw there, was the master's brother. He had been a very intemperate man, and I believe the master procured him the situation in order to reform him. And for a great length of time he continued sober, except occasionally when he visited the city. He finally left the Institution, and I believe Capt. R. was glad he left. He lived in Boston a great while after, having returned to his cups, but he knew enough not to visit his brother under such circumstances, and I believe he is still a slave to his habit.

I shall not go into a detail of all the doings, right or wrong, which came under my observation while I was a prisoner, but I will mention some of the modes of punishment, and particularly one which is a disgrace even to barbarians, much more in the enlightened city of Boston. This punishment, I believe, was introduced through the influence of Capt. Robbins, after he returned

from a tour to the west. Capt. R. must excuse me, but I know he does not like fulsome flattery, and I well know he is very zealous to be thought much of; and as for flattery, I shall use none, but shall endeavor to give him his honest due, and not withhold any censure which I know he deserves; for, as much as I respect him, I must say he has some prominent faults, as well as exalted virtues, and I shall speak of each only as they come in track of my narrative.

This mode of punishment, which is not only destitute of any good effects, but injurious to soul and body, and instead of producing subordination to rule, has to my knowledge, had a contrary effect, I feel compelled, (and call on God to witness the purity of my intentions in disclosing the fact,) to show the public, and if it is still used, to beg that it may be discontinued. The mode is *showering* with cold water. But, says the reader, this is not only healthy, but rather a luxury. Well, reader, if you think so, go to South Boston, and put yourself under the charge of the master of the House of Correction—then neglect to perform some duty that will get you a *showering*, and if you ever after pass by a sign painted *bathing*, and not feel as if a mad dog was in pursuit of you, then I am mistaken.

I will give a description of the luxury of *bathing* in the House of Correction. Imagine, reader, a tall box some twenty feet high ; on the top of the box is a large strainer with holes big enough for bullets to pass through ; then a barrel by its side, hung on a swivel, so that you can haul a string below, and turn the barrel, filled with water, on the strainer below ; then a hole dug under this box under ground, some three or four feet in order, when the individual to be *bathed* steps into the box, his or her head will be about two feet above ground ; then the head is put in a frame which is made of wood, and holes bored in it to let the water through. Imagine, reader, (to give you a clear conception,) a round hole bored through a table cover, and a man getting underneath and putting his head through like one in the pillory. There are iron gags, something like a horse's bit, with an iron clapper to hold the tongue down ; then their hands tied behind them, the men in a perfect state of nudity. Imagine them on a cold winter's day thus standing to receive a hogshead of ice-cold water upon them without the privilege of holding their hand to their eyes, or in any way warding the descending torrent, and you have a correct picture of the showering punishment as inflicted on male and female

in the House of Correction at the time I left the institution. The women were dressed in a gown made for the purpose, and I have seen their garments stiffen by the cold before they got to the house, after a *showering*.

I speak not of this mode of punishment to beget an excited feeling of commiseration for the prisoner, but to show it up without coloring to the public, in order that they may calmly look at it, and see if they can reconcile such modes of punishment with true philanthropy or justice.

There were other modes of punishment. When a prisoner was seen talking with any other prisoner without leave, the officer in charge made a report of the same, and his next meal was forfeited. And let me tell you, reader, the loss of a meal of victuals, coarse as it may be in the House of Correction, was no small loss. For the poor prisoner's only relaxation from continual routine of labor, is his meals and sleep. Other offences were punished in the solitary cell, without a bed, or even box to sit upon; the stone floor or his night-bucket were the only seats then allowed. One half pint of water, I think, was his daily allowance, and one third of a loaf of bread. In some cases the bed was put in at night. I believe no man could be

confined 24 hours without a report being made to some of the overseers of the institution, and eleven days, at one time, was the longest period of solitary confinement for one offence.

The prison and cells were kept perfectly neat; the least mark of dirt in the cell was noticed in some way or other, and not a solitary flea could hide his head or sheath his dagger in any of the bed clothes without detection.

One thing I cannot pass over without giving Capt. Robbins credit for it: that is, his great care of the prisoner's health. In rainy weather he would expose none who were feeble to its inclemency, nor any when it could be consistently prevented. In changing clothing, he was very particular to see it was well aired. And in sickness he was very kind; but yet to some he would appear not so, and this is the reason there were many individuals who could feign sickness, and did do it many a time to my knowledge, and deceive the doctor and the master. This was the reason he used such great caution with applicants for admission into the hospital. I remember a laughable scene, however, in which at first I believed the Captain was deceived. It was about the time when the prisoners first moved over from Leverett Street to South Boston. A

man was taken sick and remained in the hospital. He was a sailor, and informed the master that as he did not expect to live but a few hours, he wished for some one to write his will, as he had some little property in Salem, and wished to leave it to an only sister, and also arrange some other matters. He was taken sick very suddenly; his breast was inflated like a bladder filled with wind; at this time he appeared unconscious, and when the paroxysm subsided, he appeared very weak. The master furnished me with pen, ink and paper; I wrote his desire to his friends as with a weak and tremulous voice by his instruction. So well was all this counterfeited, that the wary eye of the master detected not the deception. But the next day as I passed his cell, it being a large one, where four or five lodged, being then used for a sick bay, I saw this man, so sick apparently, walking around the cell and searching the beds and stealing the tobacco of the other prisoners. (This, the reader will remember, was before the new rules were put in force, tobacco being at this time allowed in the institution, which afterwards was prohibited.) I still continued to watch him, and found he thought he should get well, as he was very partial to the prisoner's rations of bread. I com-

municated his doings to the master, who immediately gave him the privilege of going to *Wheeling*, not in Virginia, but wheeling a loaded wheelbarrow of dirt from morning to night, which he did without any difficulty.

Another man feigned fits, but soon the deception was discovered. These hypocrites made the master more critical in examining those who made claims for admission in the hospital, and was the means of some poor fellows being obliged to work when in fact they were unable. But the master had, as I said before, an eagle eye, and a man must be very shrewd to deceive him.

The physician we first had at the Institution was Dr. Joshua B. Flint, a first rate doctor, but aristocratic. The hospital was, at the time I am speaking of, over the receiving cell, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. There was a nurse in each hospital, who was a prisoner. There were two rooms in each hospital; the beds were the same as in the main prison; the sick and nurse were locked in night and day, and were waited upon by a man who had charge of the yard; when any thing was wanted in the hospital, the bell was rung, and the man in charge made his appearance. The sick were well

treated, and I think were I a sick man in poverty's ranks, I would feel thankful for so good accommodations as the hospital furnished.

One thing I have always thought hard of in the master. There was a black man, a tailor, in the institution, who was a fugitive slave. The master put him in nurse of the hospital. I was sick once in the hospital when he was nurse, and I had an opportunity of feeling the tyranny of the colored man. He was very strict to enforce the rules of the hospital toward the whites, but to his colored brethren he was not so scrupulous. All the whites he would put in the back room of the hospital, and that gave him an opportunity of doing some *dark* deeds in the front. These deeds were petty pilfering. He would "lay in" with some one of the tailors who happened to be sick, and treat them very kindly, and when they went out of the hospital, they smuggled to him silk, twist, buttons, cloth, &c., which he made into vests for his own private use, not thinking he would be searched when he left the institution. The master found out that he had these articles, and on searching found them in his bed, and discharged him from being nurse; but he always said he was the best nurse there ever was in the Institution; and if being a

tyrant and neglect of the sick constitute a fit nurse, he was every way qualified for his station ; and I have heard the master regret that he could not find so good a man for a nurse among the white prisoners. His usage to me soured my mind at that time against those who were laboring for the suppression of slavery. For I foolishly then came to the conclusion, that if that slave would treat those under his charge as he did, what would they not do if their liberty were granted them by their masters in a body.

I will here notice the different feeling manifested toward the prisoner by the visitors of the institution. Some would express great indignation at the narrow, confined cells, and speak and look kindly toward the prisoners ; but one thing I learnt : it was always the rich man's wife, dressed in silks and satins, that was the sham lady. I recollect a very rich man's wife came to visit the House of Correction with some of the nobility of the city of Boston ; and when viewing the bread in the bakehouse, this lady looked with a turned up lip toward me, and then to her companions, exclaiming, as she took a view of the bread, " this is as good as the virtuous poor have at the House of Industry !" casting, at the same time a disdainful look toward me. This

was more than I could stand. I broke over the rules, and looking direct in her face, exclaimed, "whom do you call the virtuous poor, madam? Be it known to you, those virtuous poor at the House of Industry, called so by you, have been, a greater part of them, inmates of this same House of Correction or the State Prison, through the influence, directly or indirectly, of alcohol; and after the enemy had crippled their limbs so that they were no longer able to labor, the magistrate handed them over to the overseers of the poor, or as a dernier resort, they obtained a permit, and voluntarily sought that place as an asylum for the alleviation of their poverty and wo; and thus much for your judgment, Madam." She looked, as I uttered these words, as though she could have slain me.

How often has it pained me to see parties of ladies looking at the prisoners as they marched to the prison lock-step, and enjoy the sight with a hearty laugh. I have thought that in all probability, some of *them* might live to see the time when they might visit that institution not to laugh, but to weep over some of their relatives placed in the same situation that those prisoners were.

There were a number of prisoners who were considered trusty, that had an office—that is, they were not immediately under the eye of an officer, but sometimes took a temporary oversight of other prisoners. Two or three men were stationed in the prison as sweepers ;—their business was to keep the prison clean, deal out the rations, make fires, and other work, while the prisoners were at work at their different workshops. The stonecutters were principally men who had committed crime, and were sentenced by the Municipal Court ; these men were continually under the eye of a keeper, and were not allowed to move beyond the confines of their block except by permit of the keeper, or in some particular case. They were not drove in their work, but had to keep, what we should call, a steady jog. The drunkard's work was picking wool or oakum, or tending on some one who was employed in some handicraft. The women were employed in making garments for the southern market, except a few in the kitchen and washrooms. I believe their work was more profitable for the city than the men's, but I have heard the master say they were more difficult to manage ; but frequently I have known that the fault laid not in the prisoner, but in the

woman-keeper who had charge of them, for women will oppress women. However, some of these females were "hard cases" to manage, but they would, generally speaking, suffer double the punishment of the men, without yielding.

The Rev. Charles Cleveland was then Chaplain of the Institution, and is at the present time, although for a season the Rev. Mr. Sperry, of Wenham, was appointed, but did not keep the situation long. Father Cleveland, the present Chaplain, (for he has been a father to me,) was a man who indeed felt for another's wo; no rude word from him fell harsh upon the prisoner's ear. Mildly he probed the prisoner's wounded side, and lifted his mind with the bright ray of hope, from his present forlorn condition, to a glorious future. When he was about to leave us, and on the day he preached his farewell sermon, I wrote a farewell address in behalf of the prisoners, and I believe every prisoner there responded to the sentiments it contained, for all, I believe, respected the good old chaplain. The following is a copy of my address :

God bless thee, reverend father, friend,
 For such near ties we claim,—
 Faithful on us did'st thou attend
 To raise our gospel flame.

No stern rebuke fell on our ear,
 Our feelings rash to move ;
 And when thou didst awake our fear,
 'Twas mingled sweet with love.

When Sinai's mount was brought to sight,
 With thunder and with flame,
 The cross was rais'd—amid its light
 We saw a Saviour's name.

Thy congregation—who were they ?
 Sinners, like all the world ;
 We felt it thus when thou didst pray,
 Or the gospel flag unfur'd.

Unnumber'd acts of kindness done,
 Unknown to all but God,
 Shall bless thee when the rolling sun
 Shall shine upon thy sod.

The man whose wicked love of gain
 Had been his cause of wo,
 Was made by thee a penitent,
 And virtue's peace to know.

At thy entreaty, he whose bane
 Was the false, deceiving cup,
 Resolved once more to raise his name
 And freely give it up.

And they whose lives of wanton lust
 Had reap'd the fruits of sin,
 Thou pointed to a Saviour first,
 Then, Mary Magdalene.

Clear are thy skirts, thy hands are pure,
 God's whole counsel shown ;
 Faithful hast preached unto the poor
 And listen'd to their moan.

But thou hast seen affliction too—
 Sunder'd has been a tie—
 In early manhood's brightest dream,
 Thy youngest son did die.

More than threescore years have roll'd
 Since first thou saw'st the light,
 But yet thy step is firm and bold—
 Thy countenance yet bright.

Thy bosom friend who's shar'd with thee
 Hope, sorrow, joy and fear,
 In life's decline we hope may be
 A lamp thy heart to cheer.

Accept the prisoner's last fare-vell,
 Who will remember thee,
 In gratitude, within the cell,
 And when at liberty.

Thus the reader will see that a poor cast-away prisoner was not so hardened as to be insensible to the claims of gratitude, or lost to all feelings of respect toward those who felt for his wo.

Father Cleveland was a man of unaffected piety ; his brow was not knit with gloom ; no

forbidding look warned the prisoner to be careful how he approached the chaplain; faith was visible in his eye, and pity sat enthroned upon his brow; he gained the confidence of the prisoners before they were aware they were acquainted with him, and his knowledge of the characters of the prisoners was not as limited as some of the officers supposed. Some of the scavenger subordinate officers frequently would speak in terms of derision of Mr. Cleveland—thinking that he was easily to be deceived by the prisoners; but they were mistaken, for the old gentleman's kindness to all did not veil his eye from their motives, for in private conversation I have learnt of him what hopes he had of them, and generally speaking, he scanned their intentions; his benevolent heart felt for all; his charity saw excuses for the poor prisoner's conduct, and by unwearied devotion to their best good, he made pleas for their want of honesty in their expressions, under the circumstances in which they were placed.

When the Rev. Mr. Sperry was inducted into the office of chaplain, Mr. Cleveland gave the charge, and such a charge surprised even the master, for he told me in the bake-house after the meeting, that Father Cleveland eclipsed all

the others that had taken any part in the services, and he thought no person could have given, in the same words, a better description of the different characters than he did. In his charge to Mr. Sperry, he told him the different means to be used with different prisoners. The avowed infidel, the sceptical believer, the indifferent and open opposer to the doctrines of the gospel, were pointed out—the crafty sycophant was dwelt upon, and in fact the mixed mass that generally make up the ranks of the convict, were analyzed in such a manner as plainly told the old chaplain had been a close observer of the different characters of those under his charge. Yes, good old father, thou knew their unenvied situation, and dropped the tear of sympathy for their misfortune, and threw the broad mantle of charity over their imperfections. As for myself, I can say if ever I felt the emotion of gratitude it was toward that good old man. In the darkest hour he never gave me up, but always kindly bade me hope and live, and in a pecuniary point of view did he try to encourage me. Would there had been in my path many more like thee, thou venerable philanthropist and Christian. May thy last days be thy best, and a green old

age be thine to enable thee still to lift up the bowed down, and cheer by thy smile the wo-stricken heart.

I often used to think how I could testify to the chaplain my gratitude for his kindness, but as every ray of hope in regard to my reform was shut from the avenue of my heart, I found I must be to him an insolvent debtor.

Since writing the above, Father Cleveland has kindly favored me with a copy of his charge to the Rev. Mr. Sperry, upon the occasion of his being inducted into office as Chaplain to the House of Correction, Feb. 17, 1839, which I am happy to insert here :—

CHARGE.

“MY DEAR BROTHER—The invitation given me to bear a part in the solemn and interesting services of the present occasion, would not have been listened to, considering the many years of your experience in the great and blessed work of preaching the gospel of reconciliation, but, from the conviction that the duties of a pastor over a regular organized church differ, in many respects, from those attached to the office of Chaplain of a penitentiary, and that I might, perhaps, say something which would, in a measure, aid you in the discharge of obligations anticipated.

“ Having, in the term of five and a half years, sustained, with many imperfections, the office to which, in the providence of God, you, dear brother, are now called to fill, and under circumstances peculiarly felicitous, permit me to offer for your prayerful consideration a few remarks, based on my own observation and experience, with a view to enlighten your pathway, and help to promote the leading objects connected with the institution.

“ You may easily conceive, my brother, that it would be utterly in vain, to promise yourself any beneficial results from the most zealous and unremitting labors, however wisely directed, except you gain and retain the entire confidence and affectionate esteem of the prisoners. I observe, then,—

“ That studied prudence and discretion, harmonizing with the heavenly precepts and holy example of Him, in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, must signalize your every step, having for its aim the reformation of rational and immortal minds, swift to discern with what motive their best happiness may be sought. In your discourses from the pulpit, you will bear in mind, that individuals of very diversified powers of intellect, and of va-

rious dispositions and grades of character, will compose your audience. Few, and but few, will be met among them destitute of kind sympathies, and to whose understanding and hearts you may not have free access. Touching, with cautious concern, these sympathies, you will, without fail, gain a hearing head, and may cherish the hope, that counsel, affectionately given, will secure to you the highest respect and unshaken confidence of your people.

“ While standing forth in defence of ‘ the faith once delivered to the saints,’ and with a zeal and fidelity becoming the sacred cause, you shall beseech the sinner to forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, pointing them to the Lamb of God, who came to seek and save that which was lost, you may take sweet encouragement, that the word shall not return void, although it may be, you yourself may not live to see all the fruit of your labors. You will witness an attention from prisoners rarely met in the congregations of our city, and you will, from such exhibition, gain fresh animation to your spirit while pleading your master’s cause, in the language of truth and soberness. It is true, the rules and regulations of the prison require from every man strict attention to the in-

structions of the Chaplain ; but the eye, the index of the heart, will inform you, most emphatically, that the kindest feelings of your audience are with you.

“ After all, my brother, you will have to lament over many cases where truth, delivered in the most endearing terms, shall have made no *abiding* impression—shall have resulted in no practical good. But to however many it may prove a savor of death unto death, you, dear brother, shall find no ground of self-accusation, while conscious that no essential truth shall have been withheld. Give your hearers the sincere milk of the word, and that in simplicity and godly sincerity. Let this rule have practical influence in all your interviews with your people, whom you will visit from cell to cell, as a due regard to other duties shall permit. You will meet individuals who, blind to the treachery of their own hearts, will with all their powers, cast odium on witnesses, judges and jurors—most vehemently averring that, but for the false testimony of witnesses, the indifference of the judge to individual rights, having no sympathy for suffering innocence, or, the wicked bias on the minds of the jury, they would never have been committed. In these cases you will see the propriety of vin-

dicating the laws, and absolve obligation to defend the motives and characters of those commissioned to expound them. Men of the highest standing in the community, and selected for their *learning, wisdom, humanity* and sympathy for the distressed, to sustain seats of the most awful responsibilities, ought to enjoy the full confidence of all.

You will remind the prisoner, that his true wisdom and security, in person and character, must be found in his humiliation of soul before the searcher of hearts—in his unfeigned repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that a hope of security and enjoyment of divine favor upon any other foundation, will prove as 'the spider's web.' Let them well understand, that while harboring in the breast evil surmises, unfounded jealousies, unkind and unjust censures, they can have no prospect of a radical change of character. Direct, therefore, every murmurer or complainer, to the duty of strict self-examination and fervent prayer—that God would 'search them and know their hearts, try them and know their thoughts,' and exterminate from their breasts whatever may, in his pure eyes, appear wrong. On the other hand, while passing over the prison you will find gratification in meeting a class, rational and con-

sistent, ready with becoming honorable freedom and ingenuous manner, to confess their delinquencies, the justice of their condemnation, and in expressions of heart-felt grief deplore their madness and folly in forsaking the home of their childhood, making light of, and casting scorn upon parental counsel, warnings, admonitions, reproofs, neglecting the use of the Bible, choosing to cast their lot with characters abandoned to every species of crime, and hurrying on to irretrievable ruin. With these self-condemned and self-abased individuals you may labor in good hope of success. They will gratefully accept your counsel, and will earnestly invite your further notice. They will also ask an interest in your prayers. Your soul will be lifted up in thanksgiving to and praise of God, that cases so encouraging have been presented. O that they may be greatly multiplied.

“The hospitals you will visit, as circumstances may favor. The Sabbath-school will also receive a share of your attention. The good work will meet encouragement from your occasional presence. In connection with obligations attached to your field of labor, you may gather strength, in the assurance that you are privileged to recognize, in the city government, in the

board of overseers, and in the faithful and vigilant master of the house, as also in the Rev. Secretary of the Prison Discipline Society, wise, faithful and efficient coadjutors, under all the relations of your official course.

“ And now, dear brother, may you be richly endowed from on high with all gifts and qualifications essential to a faithful discharge of duty, bearing in mind, that ‘ it is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps.’ Would you preserve a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man ; would you aspire after a *growth* in grace and knowledge, would you be faithful unto death, and obtain a crown of life, you will daily seek fresh supplies from Him, who is ‘ wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.’ He will most graciously and liberally, beyond all you can ask or think, supply all your needs from the inexhaustible store-house of his wisdom and mercy.

“ May you, while it shall please God to prolong your days, hear a voice behind you, saying, ‘ This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left,’—and may the God of Abraham be ever your sun and shield, protect and bless you by day and by night, and at last, *through rich grace*

in Christ Jesus, hail you to a seat at his right hand, where, with all the faithful, who shall have turned many to righteousness, your emancipated and glorified spirit shall shine as ‘the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever.’ Amen.”

I used to feel at times an inexpressible desire to be loosed from the habit which caused all my misery, but found obstacles in the way of climbing the high walls which separated me from respectable society. There was no raising principle in the case of the drunkard in those days; his former disgrace would still cleave to him like a garment. This I know from experience: but thanks be to God, I have lived to see this day, when a man, no matter how low he may have been sunk, can not only be looked upon and treated as a brother, but can stand on an eminence, like hope on the ruins of despair; when he can again take his forfeited station in society, and no taunting reference be made to his former life;—when the sympathetic cord vibrates from heart to heart, and the power of love over law has been fully and fairly tested, and proved to be the most potent.

I had become so misanthropic in my disposition, that I actually have wished I had a “lodge

in some vast wilderness," where before the foot of man never trod. I became warped in my judgment toward the real and true philanthropist, and classed all temperance men alike, that is, the true and hypocritical. Such are the sure consequences of the oppression of bigotry whose only appeal is to the statute book. To give an idea of my feelings at this time, I will here give the following lines, repeated by me before the police court, when I was about to be sentenced to the House of Correction. I wrote them beforehand and committed them to memory :—

Once was the time in days of old,
 When they that heap'd up bags of gold,
 Of every man and rank,
 When a deposite they did make,
 They never thought that at a stake
 Was money in a bank.

'Tis true that men were not so wise
 As those that move now in disguise,
 In religion, politics,
 Nor was there made so much pretence
 About the matter temperance,
 Or showing all their wits.

But a steady course did they sustain,
 They felt for wo, but not sham-pain (Champagne,)
 'T was real, genuine ;

And men that did to office rise,
 Were men of honor, and so wise
 Their example still doth shine.

The man whom keen adversity
 His mind had sank to low degree,
 And left him all forlorn,
 By alcohol's dire, potent sway,
 Was not condemn'd or cast away
 But pity did him warn.

But in these days, if he is caught,
 Though seldom he doth take that draught,
 With his kindred he must part,
 And with the basest felons stay,
 And work throughout the summer's day,
 Like yonder horse in cart.

But not so well repaid as him—
 His scanty food don't fill his skin,
 Nor his keeper half so kind—
 An awkward clown directs his step,
 Bids him to rise, and stand or sit,
 And his every whim to mind.

But do not think, ye men of sense,
 That I do rail at temperance
 Or mock cold-water men,—
 But ye who hold the reins of state,
 An impartial standard now create,
 All rogues in life to ken ;—

And chase away from virtue's ranks,
 The men of power who rule the banks
 And make their roguery brief;—
 And all ye stickers of the type,
 Who for police reports e'er rife—
 Stamp them in bold relief.

At another time, when brought before the Police, I gave vent to my feeling by an affected *sang froid*, while in truth despair was rankling in my bosom, and deep settled gloom hung, as it were, in clouds around my mind. This was the time that such confusion was made in regard to bank directors, and I availed myself of the opportunity of venting forth my feelings in rhyme, which gave me the very much envied distinction, by a certain reporter, of being the "Poet Laureate" to the House of Correction.

THE CONSOLATION OF AN INMATE OF THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

'Tis very queer, while I am here,
 My mind so easy feels,
 No care doth haunt, nor do I pant
 For Bacchanalian reels.

If cash is spent, I can't repent—
 I spent it whil' 'twas good;
 No broken bank makes me feel lank,
 If stinted is my food.

I look around on men profound,
 Surpris'd they look on me ;
 For sweet content to me has lent
 A phiz from farrows free.

My crying sin is drinking gin,
 But their sins cannot cry ;
 But others weep, and cannot sleep,
 Their pockets are so dry.

This house of stone, that 's now my home,
 'Tis true is somewhat rude ;
 But while I stay, no rent I pay,
 Nor do I pay for food.

My furniture, though very poor,
 Suffices for my use ;
 An iron door, that's strong and sure,
 Prevents me from abuse.

The richer sot has harder lot—
 They let him speed his way,
 And quaff that draught, till he is brought
 To ruin and decay.

But here we poor, in closed door,
 Revive from our decay,
 And in fall or spring come out again
 To reflect upon our way.

And if we find again we're blind,
 And appetite doth reign,
 Again we're sure, a closed door,
 Will bring us to again.

Our tottering feet, again complete,
 In steadfast ways incline,
 Our swimming head is anchored
 Till we have staid our time.

This was poor consolation, reader, after all; but in my darkest and most distressed hours, bodily and mentally, I always tried to appear cheerful. Even when in the cold winter's night I had no place to lay my head, have I never complained that I was unhappy, although indeed I was the most miserable object that perambulated the streets of Boston. So loathsome was I that the keepers of the public houses have given me money to leave their bar-rooms, when I went in to warm my almost perished carcase; they did not want their sign to appear in the bar-room as an admonisher to their customers of what they would be in course of time by their now *temperate* devotion to its shrine; for I was indeed an emblem of their calling. My bloated cheek, and swollen eye, and nervous hand, and tattered, scanty wardrobe, was a true picture of their business, and their sympathy is never extended to their customer after they had rifled his pockets, and poverty had laid claim to his best garb, and outward marks of respectability were no longer visible. Then, poor fal-

low, thou must consider it an act of charity to be permitted to warm thyself at his fire, whose liquid fire had burned up thine increase and marred thy reputation, even in sight of him who brought the desolation upon thee.

But let me return. After reciting the above lines I left the court in the covered carryall, enclosed all round, with a door and padlock on behind. The reason of this I suppose was, they thought the drunkard was so used to retrograde movements, that his habit would still urge him, even when riding over to the House of Correction, to step backward, and when arriving at the prison they would find their prisoner's habit had made him back out as usual; and their mittimus would be of no use without the prisoner.

I have lectured in South Boston twice since I have been a reformed man, and I informed the audience that I had visited that afternoon my former home, the House of Correction, on foot, but had great difficulty in finding the way. They might think it strange I told them, but such was the case. I had been confined there so many times, they might naturally think I ought, at least, to know the way. But I informed them that our good city was very particular in regard to my health, and had provided a close carriage

to convey me there whenever I went, to keep me from taking cold ; consequently I had not the opportunity of making *discoveries* ; and as I sometimes was in an exposed situation when I had the honor of being teamed over there, they were careful that I should not be endangered in falling out behind, and had the precaution to lock the door of the carriage ; therefore it was not a matter of wonder I was not well acquainted with the way.

While I was a prisoner, I became acquainted with a large number of congenial spirits whose only home was the House of Correction or Almshouse, but who are rejoicing in the power of the pledge by total abstinence, and I believe there cannot one be found who can or will say the House of Correction ever *corrected* their moral habits ; but on the other hand they will answer, to a man, and say imprisonment only drove them to embrace their great enemy's chain the closer, and subjected them to greater degradation of mind and body. Once I was sentenced to the House of Correction before I had been out long enough to become intoxicated. While in the cell the first night I made up my mind to regain my liberty. I usually was called up by the officer of the morning watch

about three o'clock in the morning, and went out of the prison into the bakehouse, and was not under the immediate eye of any one, and all I had to do to accomplish my purpose was to climb the pickets, and drop down into the path leading to the main road. But the reader will perceive there was a difficulty in the way, for every prisoner was dressed in uniform from cap to pantaloons ; but my opportunity for planning was not as limited as any other prisoner ; and had any one suggested to Capt. Robbins that I was about to make my escape, he would have laughed at them, and no doubt would have told them there was more danger of my running *into* the House of Correction than running *from* it. But I had made a desperate resolve in the afternoon previous to my escape. I procured a pair of uniform pantaloons, and cutting off the drab leg, I kept it ready for the next morning, when I was let out to work. The next morning, the moment I was called to bake, I put on this drab colored leg of pantaloons over the black one of my uniform, and that made it appear as if I had a pair of drab pantaloons on. I took a striped under garment such as is worn in prison, and put it over my uniform jacket, and cut off the blue collar, and tied it round my neck ; and in

the night, any body looking at me would suppose I had on a striped woollen frock. I had a straw hat in the bakehouse which I was allowed to wear under cover in lieu of my different colored cap. I bundled up a few crackers which I made in the bakehouse, and took a little hatchet I used there. What my motive was in taking this hatchet I never could tell, but as it was, that hatchet saved me from being taken in about ten minutes after I had scaled the walls. Thus equipped I went to the picket, threw over my bundle and hatchet and climbed the wall.

After getting into the road two watchmen came up to me and asked my name. I thought I was a gone goose ; but in a moment I thought my hatchet would be of some use to me in this trying time. I told them I had been bundling up faggots the day before and got drunk and had been to sleep in a barn near where we were ; then they examined my bundle, and on seeing the crackers and knowing prisoners were not allowed them, they told me to pass on, and with a light heart I did, and reached Dorchester before daylight, and went into the barn of O. & H. Shepard, bakers. I had formerly worked as journeyman for them, and knew where to find a buffalo skin to cover me with. After I laid

down, the dog came and laid down beside me. He knew me, and licked my face. Oh how I thought of the kindness of the dog above the human species.

I laid on the hay till dawn of day; then I awoke and pursued my journey indeed an almost heart-broken man. I went toward Dedham—about eleven o'clock I reached Mill Village and went into the bakehouse now occupied by Mr. Stone. The bakers knew me, particularly Mr. Stone, who then was a journeyman for Mr. Bailey. They expressed surprise at the oddity of my dress, but were kind to me.

About this time Sylvester Graham was lecturing on his saw-dust system, (so called in ridicule,) and had been charging the bakers of making impure bread, and not a reason he gave was founded in truth. The bakers looked at me with surprise, my dress being so little in accordance with the season of the year. However, they said nothing, thinking perhaps it might be one of my eccentricities. They informed me that Graham was lecturing in the village, and was attacking the bakers rather severely, and asked me to sit down and meet his arguments in writing. I sat down and wrote an article showing up the absurdity of Graham. In the evening they

wished me to go and hear him, and if opportunity presented, to reply on the spot to his statements. I put on a borrowed coat, and went to the Town House to hear his arguments. But before I went, I was very careful not to venture till I had gone to a grog-shop and drank two or three times to give me confidence in my undertaking.

I went into the Town House, my uniform dress being hidden from view by the borrowed coat. After Mr. Graham commenced his crusade against the bakers, I arose, being in a partial state of intoxication, and began a reply. But no sooner did I commence than the cry was, "turn him out," and some of them suited the action to the word, and I was ejected from the Town House.

I then bent my way to Mr. Alden's tavern, and changed business immediately and turned phrenologist. The house was filled with strangers. I attracted the attention of them by my strange dress and manner. I examined the heads of a great number, and by chance hit their characters, especially one or two from Medway. These I gave so accurate a description of, that it has been remembered till this day, and a gentleman from Medway informed me, since I have

lectured on the subject of temperance, that he was present that evening, and that its scenes were fresh in his memory. My pay for examining heads I took in wine, and a gentleman informed me that I drank between twenty and thirty times that evening. However, the next morning I found myself in a hay-mow not far from the tavern, and almost frozen.

I arose and travelled, it being Sunday, toward Providence, cold and miserable in body and mind, not knowing or caring what became of me. Reader, I shall never forget my journey to Providence: a fugitive, penniless, without home, friends, or one ray of hope to bid me look to the future for comfort. I arrived at a part of Attleboro' that evening, and picked up a little change by writing acrostics for some hands employed in Robinson's button manufactory in that town. The next day I was in Providence, and wandered around from one grog-shop to another, writing, and obtained just enough pence to get what liquor my habit called for.

I staid in Providence about a month, and then started for Worcester, stopping at the manufacturing towns on the Blackstone river. I had formerly worked in Worcester for Mr. Elisha Flagg, a baker, who had given up the

business at this time to two of his apprentices, Mr. Benjamin Rice and Mr. Goddard. Mr. Rice kindly gave me a comfortable great coat, which I at that time stood greatly in need of. I left Worcester the third Sunday in April of the same year I eloped from the House of Correction. The Saturday before I drank a large quantity of strong liquor, consequently the next day I felt as all drunkards feel after a debauch. About four o'clock Sunday afternoon I arrived within half a mile of the Gate's Hotel in Marlboro', kept by Mr. Wetherbee, whom I shall have occasion to speak more of hereafter.

On the cross, on the right hand side toward the tavern from Worcester, I saw a little low house which told me the occupants were far from being rich. I always found more hospitality, when I have been travelling from the low, mean looking cottage, than in the large splendid mansions of the rich. I knocked at the door of the house, and a tall man welcomed me in. It was rather a cold day for the month of April, and they had a brisk brush fire burning on the hearth, and I took my seat beside it, my nerves shaking from the effect of my drinking the day before. I cast my eye around the room, and could plainly trace, although there was poverty in the abode,

the marks of a good house-wife in its midst. I also was well aware from appearances that the man liked his cup, and my appetite suggesting, I thought I would find out whether he had any of the liquid poison in the house.

I first commenced an attack on the cold water men, and found it was in unison with his feelings. He then informed me he laid in some ardent spirit for Sunday, and invited me to partake of some of the liquid poison. This was what I had been fishing for. He brought a bottle of new rum, and put it on the table, and asked me to help myself. I drank, and drank till supper time, and he then invited me to partake of that also. After tea we began again to pay obeisance to the wooden bottle, till we had drank the last drop. During all this time the woman never once harshly spoke to her husband; there was something in her that called forth my admiration. I viewed her as a patient sufferer for an evil which thousands with her have experienced. I staid with the man all night. The next morning we arose, and both of us sadly felt the effects of the liquor we drank the night before, and we had been so improvident as not to save a drop to still our relaxed nerves in the morning. I asked him how far it was to a tavern; he told

me about half a mile distant was the Gate's tavern, I have before mentioned. I told him I had plenty of money; when in fact I had not one cent. Arriving at the tavern, I went up to the bar and called for a couple of glasses of rum sling, and we both drank. I then assumed an air of independence, and asked the landlord how long he had kept the tavern. He told me, observing that it was a very old stand, but the building was new. I requested him to hand me pen, ink and paper, which he did. I wrote a poetical advertisement addressed to travellers. After finishing it, I gave it to the landlord, and he read it. "I will now pay you," I observed to him, "for those two glasses," although I knew I did not possess a farthing in the world. He looked at me, and said, "no, no, it's my treat—come, wont you and your friend take a little more?" A number of young men were sitting in the bar-room, and one of them asked me to walk into the other room. I did, and he employed me to write an article for him, and on finishing it he gave me fifty cents.

I found considerable writing that day, but the next morning I found myself in a pasture under an apple-tree, about three miles from Framingham, with just enough consciousness to inform

me of my free indulgence in drink the day before. I aroused my energies, and about ten o'clock I arrived in Framingham, and engaged work with Gilbert J. Childs, at baking. He immediately bought me some new clothing, and treated me like a man possessing humane feelings. I never drank a glass of ardent spirit while I worked for him, but I kept my appetite alive on cider, by occasionally drinking at the neighbors; but I was continually in fear of being found out, that is, of Mr. Child's learning that I was a fugitive from the House of Correction; and every time he returned from Boston, I trembled, as I supposed they had known previously of my being in prison, by the police court reports. But what I stood in fear of was, that the master of that institution would find out that I was there, and would send and bring me back to prison; and driven almost to frenzy in consequence of this fear, I settled with my employer, a considerable sum being due me, and having good clothing, I went into a public house in the village, and in less than six hours my money and clothes were gone, and I was on my way to Boston, the very place I had been so much in dread of for the last three months.

I woke up the next morning, and found myself in a hay-mow, penniless, with an aching head. I stopped in Brighton, in a victualling cellar, and sold my beaver hat, and then drank myself intoxicated, and the next morning I was in the city; but before I had been in the city one half hour, I was arrested by a constable, carried back to the House of Correction, taken out by a writ of habeas corpus, arraigned before the Municipal Court with my uniform on, such as the prisoners wear in that place, exposed eleven hours to the gaze of the multitude, and then sentenced by Judge Thacher to six months additional imprisonment, making in the whole eleven months to hard labor.

At the time I was arraigned before the court I suffered a severe conflict in my mind. Desperation fired my soul with revenge. I saw no hope of being a man again after such an exposure, and in fact there appeared but little chance left for me. All the baser passions of my soul were in exercise. To be thus exposed needlessly to the stare of the public, was an act reflecting little credit on those in whose power it was to prevent it. And I was the only one that was tried in a felon's garb. There was a man just after my trial, who had formerly been a doctor,

who ran away, and stole some of the keeper's clothes to hide his uniform. He was permitted to appear at trial in citizen's clothes, and was only sentenced to one month. I leave the reader here to make his own comments.

After my sentence I was put in the stone shed with the other Municipal Court prisoners, and the first six months I cut stone; afterwards I was removed to the bake-house, upon my promising I would not again abscond. Thus I served out my time.

After this I never calculated to stay out of prison a great while at a time. Sometimes, however, there have been intervals of three months that I have spent in wandering. Sometimes I would visit Lowell, Massachusetts. In that place I was known by the assumed name of Snelling. There were many good men who took a particular interest in my welfare. I cannot but express my gratitude to the Baptist minister there, who indeed was a good Samaritan; also, the Rev. Mr. Green, the Methodist minister, who commiserated my condition, and was a kind-hearted, benevolent man. Mr. Samuel Cotting was a man who indeed felt for another's wo. The citizens in general knew me as the wandering poet. A number of physicians

were very kind, particularly Doctor Cowan, and another, I believe, by the name of Graupwell or Graupner, (I have forgotten the name,) all of whom have my best wishes and the warmest feelings of a grateful heart.

A word in relation to Dover, N. H. While I was there I should call it the Banner town for intemperance in the State—that is, according to my unprejudiced mind. Of its hundred grog-shops, I visited the whole, and the citizens there can well remember the “Baker’s Bard,” as they used to call me, and some by the name of Snelling. Exeter people can call to mind the wanderer, as well as those of Lamprey River. The people of Newmarket, Great Falls, and South Berwick, will find in the writer, Charles T. Woodman, the poet who went by the name of Snelling. To speak particularly of all these places would fill a volume. They cannot but remember me by the forced eccentric manner that was assumed by me, not as a matter of choice, but to hide my shame for being a drunkard, and to apologize for my ragged wardrobe.

From Dover I travelled on foot to Portland. On my way, I stopped at York, (Maine.) I was barefooted when I arrived at York. It was

then summer. I came across a man who had a couple of small lobsters in a basket. I went with him into a store kept by a man by the name of Emerson; the man swapped his lobsters for new rum; he gave me a drink or two from his bottle, and this restored my nerves back to their natural braced firmness, which the want of denial the day before had relaxed. I, as usual, here attracted a great deal of attention by writing poetry, and always took my pay in rum.

A word in relation to York. For a small place it was the worst rum-hole I was ever in. It seemed to me as if rum was the staple commodity of the place. But I rejoice to learn a great change has taken place there, and perhaps more than in any other town in Maine. From York I went to Kennebunk. This also was a rum place. There was a store kept there by Gilpatrick & Mitchell, who sold a great deal of liquor. They were very kind to me, and instead of taking my clothing from me, as some rum-sellers did, they actually furnished me with decent clothing.

From Kennebunk I travelled to Saco on foot. I yet went by the name of Snelling. I did not make a long stay in any of these places. The editor of the Saco Democrat cannot but remem-

ber the man who became a literary character in one night by sleeping on a bed of newspapers. Likewise the editor of the Saco Herald will perceive in the writer of these memoirs, Sneling *alias* Woodman, who wrote an article for his paper, and to whom he made a present of some clean linen. Doctor Billings will call me to mind by an acrostic I wrote on him as a Thompsonian doctor. A student in Governor Fairfield's office will perceive also in the writer the crazy poet, for in all these places I distinguished myself in the first place by eccentricity, and in the second by my habitual drunkenness.

From Saco I went to Portland. It was Sunday, in the afternoon, when I arrived in that city, without one cent of money—not an exchange of clothing of any sort—without shoes, and a perfect stranger, as I thought, to any one. I was very tired, and sat down in a ship-yard looking dejected. A man entered into conversation with me, and I frankly told him my situation; he invited me to go to his boarding-house and take something to drink to cheer up my spirits; this gave me a little Dutch courage, and I commenced writing an acrostic, or two for the family of the man who kept the house, which was the means of my getting a supper and lodg-

ing. Thus I got through the worst of all, and the most dreaded day for a drunkard, Sunday. For with him,

No Sabbath morn is usher'd in with prayer,
 He finds no rest, where saints do oft repair,
 But from his couch he slowly doth arise,
 And view the morn, with languor in his eyes.
 There's something wrong, there's something presses
 sore—

He would review the scenes of last night o'er ;
 And while his head seems bursting with the pain,
 He says, I'll rise and seek it thus again.
 And from the baue he seeks once more a cure,
 And quaffs again the treach'rous one glass more.

Monday I began to perambulate the city of Portland, and soon became acquainted with a number of loafers like myself. I went also among some of another character, for I took all parts while a drunkard. I chanced to go into a printing office where a newspaper was published, and introduced myself by the name of Snelling. The editor asked me to write an article. I did, but as very careful to mind Dr. Franklin's advice,

“Larger boats may venture more,
 But little boats keep near the shore.”

and did not launch out beyond my depth. He gave me some clothing, but one day coming

down from his office, a man with whom I had formerly worked in the capacity of journeyman, informed the editor of my real name.

I continued to prowl round from one grog-shop to another in Portland, drinking and making myself the most miserable man living. There were a number, however, in Portland, who were very kind to me. I will mention the names of a few individuals: Capt. Albert Jewett, who was a whole-souled man; Abner Shaw, merchant on Front street; a Capt. Churchill. Among the liquor dealers was an Irishman by the name of Phillip Quinn, who kept in Front street, at the sign of Daniel O'Connell. Although he kept a rum-shop, he was kind to a drunkard, and he has my thanks for giving me food when I indeed needed it.

The Irish character I learnt to appreciate in my dark and desolate hours. I have been used better by the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, while in misery, than by my own countrymen. They would cast a broad veil over what they termed a good man's case, and share their pittance to the last with the unfortunate.

Politics were raging high in Portland at the time I was there, and I became a ragged rum politician. One day I was writing a song in fa-

vor of "Tippecanoe," the next I was shouting for Van Buren, according as the landlord's politics were. I was libating in order to lay claim for his liquor, the centre of all my desires. Thus I spent a part of a summer in Portland, a miserable drunken wretch, and also a part of the fall, till the cold weather told me I must soon perish if I did not find winter quarters. I then retraced my footsteps back to Newburyport.

On the way I stopped at the same places I had visited on my journey down. On arriving at Portsmouth I was indeed a pitiful being, misery in its worst forms hung around me. One day I went into a barn and crept a considerable distance under the hay, in order to keep warm, or die. About dark a man came into the barn, and in pitching over the hay he struck the pitchfork against me. He appeared to be frightened, and asked my name. I told him it was Snelling. He observed to me, if I would lie till nine o'clock he would come after me and take me to his own house. This man's name was Edmonds, the individual who published the Directory of Portsmouth. He came at nine o'clock, and enfeebled as I was, I arose and went to his house, where he and his Christian wife administered to my wants. I never shall forget the kindness of

Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds ; they were professors of religion of the Freewill or Christian Baptist church, and were, I believe, not only professors, but possessors of that charity that suffereth long and is kind, and that seeketh not exclusively to do good to its own.

From Portsmouth I went to Newburyport, with a calculation of ending my days in its poor-house. My health was completely destroyed. I wandered round Newburyport visiting the low grog-shops, (and there were plenty of them,) till I became so disgusting an object, that I was an unwelcome visitor in any of them. I was more isolated at this time in Newburyport than in any place I was ever in. A few days before thanksgiving I gave myself up to the overseers of the poor, and went to the Almshouse, and Nov. 20th, 1841, was the last time I drank a drop of ardent spirit, or any thing that can intoxicate.

I have not gone into particulars in every part of my life, as it is wholly unnecessary, my object being to lead the reader along with me through the miseries of a life of intemperance, and give him a faint idea of the reality springing from such a source.

I shall now come to an important part of my life, and I wish I could pass over the scene of

the Almshouse, because in telling the truth, I may get the ill-will of some one in that town. I will describe the Almshouse, and the character of the superintendent and his wife, as near as my weak perception of human nature will allow; and as Newburyport is my native place, and my book will be read by the people there, no doubt with interest, I shall dwell a considerable time on my views of matters and things relating to that town.

It was just before thanksgiving, in 1841, when I was received as an inmate in the Almshouse. There were eighty or ninety paupers in the institution. These were composed of every shade of character, consequently the task of a keeper of that establishment was not an enviable one, and his salary rather small for such a place as Newburyport. I was put in the oakum cellar to pick oakum with those who were able. I slept in the garret; this, however, was as desirable a place as I wished for; my condition was wretched when I came, having an ulcerous leg, caused by drinking, which at times was somewhat offensive. My lodging and work were proper enough; our provisions, however, were not proper for old people. Salt beef, (real mahogany,) was allowed at one meal, three times

in a week, and a very stinted fare indeed. Where they could find beef so wretched poor I never could imagine. Two small slices of brown bread and a pint of chocolate was the fare for breakfast and supper. I understood *one cake* of chocolate made enough for all the inmates. It was poor enough, any way. Coffee, they called it, we had in the morning, but no butter. I have known, however, a small piece of salt fish to be given each man once in a great while, but very seldom ; and once or twice while I was there, about two or three ounces of butter per individual ; however, I never complained of my food. But the old travellers that came along to stop awhile, (and there were many while I was there,) I had known to choose rather to run the risk of getting to South Boston House of Correction than to live in Newburyport Almshouse. For although I never found fault with my living at this place, I must confess that Capt. Robbin's boarding-house is a desirable one to Newburyport Almshouse ; for the food at the House of Correction was the best feature in the institution, except neatness.

Mr. Johnson, the keeper of the Almshouse, had his virtues, but they were in my opinion overbalanced by his failings. His great failing

was an ungovernable temper; he would lose his equilibrium on every trifling occasion. This, I believe, was a natural failing, but yet wholly inexcusable in a man who professed so much piety. He was quite bitter against every denomination that did not meet his own views. The Universalists he could not tolerate, and I remember how shy any of the inmates were who owned or had borrowed a Universalist newspaper, or book of that denomination. Free discussion was not tolerated in religious matters by him. There were times when the man was really pleasant, but it was only a weather-breeder, for we always expected a storm after the sunshine in his countenance. In fact, he was a man that never would raise the latent star of hope in the desponding mind, but was prone rather to raise within those under his charge the bitter feelings which he ought to have kept down by his influence and example.

In the oakum cellar, in the evening, we were allowed to read till eight o'clock. This was indeed a privilege, and to the credit of Mr. Johnson, we were allowed privileges of such a nature that proved a solace to us in our forlorn situation. After supper in the evening, the inmates would assemble in the oakum cellar,

which by the way was always kept comfortably warm, and one would read the news of the day, or from some book which had been lent them by a friend. The newspapers we bought ourselves, except the papers which were regularly taken by Mr. Johnson. I kept the run of the world, (if I may so express it,) better in the Almshouse than when I was out, for I perused every newspaper that came to hand, and having no outward objects to take up my attention, I of course feasted on every thing that was new.

Our bedding was good in general, but there was not, nor in fact could then be, as much regularity or neatness as there was in the House of Correction. Mrs Johnson, I believe, was a good woman. She certainly was a capable and industrious woman, but she was like her husband, uncharitable in the extreme in religious matters. I have been told since I left the institution, that she had a revengeful spirit, but I think it was owing to a want of knowledge of the different sects that made her so uncharitable in her feelings towards those she differed with. In fact she was a far better woman than I believe him to be a man; although I have no direct charge against him, in the way of his duty, except what I have

before mentioned ; and if this should meet his eye, I hope he will discover I have not altogether been blind, in regard to his faults nor insensible of his merits.

The Washingtonian movement began while I was an inmate of the almshouse, and there its invigorating power first cheered my heart, and bid me hope and live. In the spring of 1842, I was taken sick, very suddenly, had been in the almshouse three months at that time, was attacked in the oakum cellar, and had to be carried to a chamber by two men. Three months I suffered all, it appeared to me, a man could suffer. My legs were contracted and an abscess formed on my thigh, which literally drained off all my ruffled flesh from my bones. I had been partially frozen in the fall, and in the spring when a reaction of the blood took place, my body became a mass of corruption. I could clasp my hand around the calf of my leg easily. For three months I could not help myself,—yes, reader, one half of my life has been spent on a bed of sickness, and the cause can be spelt in three letters—RUM.

One day while lying on my bed revolving in my mind the scenes of my past life, Mr Johnson came into the chamber and informed me that six

reformed drunkards of Baltimore, were giving lectures on temperance. This to me was a new idea. He read to me from a newspaper an account of their sayings and doings. How novel it appeared to me, yet I had no hope, even if my life was spared, that I could live a sober life.

One day while weeping, Mr Richard Plummer of Newburyport, came to my room with three Washingtonian delegates from Boston, (Messrs. Rowan, Bennett and Moody,) and requested me to sign the pledge—a Washingtonian pledge—and they described the Washingtonian platform. I could hardly believe my senses. One of these delegates observed to the other, there is no need of his signing, for he will not live long; and indeed every one around were of the same opinion. But I thought I should live, and I resolved in my mind if God spared my life, that life should be devoted to admonishing the inebriate—that I would be a laborer in the cause of Washingtonian reform. Lying in bed, on my back, a mere wreck of what I once was,—I signed on the *New Testament*, "THE PLEDGE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE from all that intoxicates." A glorious event to me, and the one from which I date the commencement of my present happi-

ness. I cannot better express my view of the Pledge than by giving here the following line which I wrote soon after leaving the alms-house

WASHINGTONIAN PLEDGE.

The name itself sounds sweet to me,—
There's magic in its tie ;
No shackling bonds of slavery
Its name doth signify.

When Britain did our sires oppress,
What broke oppression's bond?
The PLEDGE releas'd them from distress,
'Twas freedom's, magic wand.

Say not your liberty's curtail'd,
Ye slaves of Alcohol ;
How oft has resolution fail'd—
How oft you've rose to fall.

Tears could not banish from your mind,
This soul-destroying sin—
Your resolution, like the wind,
Chang'd oft as cares did spring.

The prison walls the work shop was
Where ye did forge your chain,
Which caus'd you to defy the laws,
Connected you with shame.

Reproof no balmy influence gave,
But stirr'd within the soul
Those passions vile to make you brave
As champions of the bowl.

Disease with parched tongue did call
 From where it first did spring ;
 Its tones of anguish for its thrall
 A present cure to bring.

Remorse, a sting of venom, drives
 To desperation dark ;
 Despair within thy bosom thrives,
 And quenches hope's last spark.

Appetite is constant fed
 By tributary streams,
 Swelling the tide from fountain head,
 And woe-fraught habit teems.

The Pledge doth raise its latent hope,
 'Tis honor's grand appeal ;
 We view it as the greatest prop
 The mind can see or feel.

The inebriate sees its beacon light
 Amid despair's dark cloud,
 Sending its scintillations bright,
 Illumining its shroud.

He feels that honor once secure
 By him is firm maintained ;
 He knows that now the closed door
 Of confidence is gained ;

And that the walls the public voice
 Had raised high and wide,
 Between him and departed joys,
 The Pledge would cast aside.

And he again once more can take
 His station once so dear,
 And cordially again can shake
 'The hand of trust sincere.

The sidelong glance of cold mistrust
 Bears now with faith and love,
 And nobly rising from the dust
 He comes the pledge to prove.

An eminence whereon to stand,
 The Pledge unfolds to you ;
 The light of hope is sweetly fann'd
 And brings its top to view.

'Twill keep you from the prison's wall—
 It will unchain your mind ;
 Your foes before your eyes will fall
 And balmy peace you'll find.

Friends long estrang'd will soon return
 With beaming eyes to greet,
 And true forgiveness, you will learn,
 From it will flow complete.

Then come, my brother, pledge your name
 Here, on bright honor's scroll,
 And then your rank you can maintain
 By parting with the bowl.

'Tis a cement that strong will bind—
 It breaks disunion's wedge,—
 It lifts the body and the mind,
 Our hearts to God to pledge.

I left the almshouse in April, 1842, destitute indeed. But the feelings of the community towards the drunkard had changed. I went immediately to Mr Richard Plummer, the secretary of the W. T. A. Society, of Newburyport. He was indeed a friend in trouble. Under God, that individual has been the means of propping me up, and keeping my mind firm to the Pledge. The keeper of the almshouse had no faith in my keeping the pledge.

The first time that I ever spoke in public, was the second night after I left the almshouse, in Phoenix Hall, Newburyport, on the subject of Temperance. I was immediately invited to lecture in the Market Hall where I did the next Sunday evening, to a crowded house. But I am a little before my story, for before I lectured in the Market Hall, I was invited to lecture about four miles from Newburyport, in that part of Newbury called Great Rock, or by some, Dog Town. I had not been in the place since a mere boy, and the appearance of the place *then* was fresh in my memory ;—old hats thrust out of the windows, shingles and parts of roofs off the houses, children in rags, and other indications of rum's ravages.

I thought I would make my *debut* in Dog Town as a lecturer, as the inhabitants would not be so inclined to criticise my remarks as their more polished neighbors; and should ascertain whether I was qualified, in my own opinion, for a temperance lecturer.

After making my address, which was received favorably, I started for Newburyport: when near the town, the wagon was upset, and I thrown on the ground. Being stunned by the fall, I knew not until returning to consciousness whether I was much injured or not;—but, reader, never in my life, did I get such a pair of black eyes as I got that night.

I had every thing on my first commencing lecturing to discourage me,—but thanks to God for his goodness and the pledge, the clouds passed away, and the bright beams of hope began to gild my future prospects.

A few evenings after my debut and accident, I was called upon to address the Total Abstinence Society in Phoenix Hall, Newburyport. It was rumored about in Newburyport by the dram sellers, that I had been out of town delivering a temperance lecture, got intoxicated, and by that means procured a pair of black eyes. The evening I spoke in Phoenix Hall, there was a crowded meeting. I arose and looked around

on the audience with my visual ray peering through the dark clouds that surrounded it, and commenced in the following strain:—"Ladies and Gentlemen: shall I introduce to you this evening an emblem in a drunkard's coat of arms a pair of black eyes! But for once in my life, I exhibit them to you as a trophy won in my first attempt in the cause of temperance, and I value them more than the diadem that encircles the monarch's brow."

I believe this little accident strengthened me in the faith of the pledge, while the great change in Dog Town afforded me an opportunity to indulge in a description of the place as it formerly was under the reign of old King Alcohol, and the different aspect it presents at the present time; and I gave the following description in rhyme, which is literally true:

THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO DOG-TOWN,

After an absence of 25 years.

Good neighbor can you tell me where Dog-Town
doth lay?

Ask'd a Sot who had long been tarrying away.

I've been searching for it, and to this conclusion have
come,

Its landmarks are lost, and its Boundary's Rum.

The last time I was here, or near, I saw
 A great many signs of woollen and straw
 Stuck out the windows, where glass should have been,
 And these signs were the emblems of Brandy and Gin.

I also was sure many children to see,
 Whose rags stream'd like banners on board Penury ;
 Whose faces could hardly be distinguish'd by day,
 Of what color they were, whether white, black or grey.

The inhabitants I saw whether in wo or in weal
 Had a passion for dancing, but excell'd in a reel,
 And the fit often took them when driving a load,
 And when they did reel, they took the whole road.

On week day they drank to help them to work ;
 On Sunday to assist in the service at kirk.
 They drank fire in summer to cool their hot blood,
 And in winter they drank it for it saved them wood.

The last time I was here all the business in town,
 Was discuss'd at the grog shop, with a hearty knock
 down;

At Election of Rulers they cast up this sum—
 Those men are the best who treat us with Rum.

In vain I have look'd, and still look in vain,
 But cannot now see one vestige remain
 Of all these tokens of ruin and disgrace,
 Which once so indelibly marked the place.

Dear Sir, says the man in reply to the Sot,
 This one thing I find you have not forgot,
 And to be plain, Sir, this is the sum,
 You have not forgot how to drink rum.

The reason the landmarks are removed from sight,
 They landmark'd us so often by day and by night
 That in running our lines we so oft took the Sun,
 Its brilliancy away with our senses did run.

And as for those signs of woollen and straw
 Which stuck in our windows and often you saw,
 We came to the conclusion while a vote we did pass,
 To break the decanter, then look through the glass.

And as for those rags our children display'd,
 We found they cost more than our profits in trade,
 And by removing these landmarks though first we
 were loth,
 We sold all our rags and purchas'd new cloth.

And in respect to our dancing or reeling I'll say,
 We found that the grog shops took our money away ;
 But since we have found this cold water spring,—
 We seldom do care our heels high to fling.

And as for its assisting in service divine,
 Religion would not mix with brandy or wine ;
 But our worship, we hope, is sincere and pure—
 A spirit of Rum we no longer implore.

And at election, when to vote we do meet,
 We reject the *solicitor* who offers to treat ;
 And cast in our vote for a cold water man
 Who with sobriety forms an economical plan.

And as for drinking to strengthen our frame,
 We found it disjointed and made us quite lame ;
 And when to the grog shop we went for our Rum
 We had such a feeling that our work we'd all shun.

No longer in summer rum's aid we call in
 To cool our hot blood, but we go to the spring.
 In winter we have, by quelling desire,
 Money to expend in fuel for fire.

And you my dear Sir, as you've not forgot
 Your habit so vile, of being a Bot,
 I would advise to go to our cold water spring,
 And quaff in full draughts, till a cure it doth bring.

And if to our hand your hand and your heart
 You will pledge that from rum you will ever depart
 You will soon raise your name from a vile drunken
 clown

To a respectable station—though not in Dog-Town.

So much for Dogtown. After this I commenced lecturing in different towns of the county of Essex. Wherever I went, some individual would recount to me some incident relative to himself and me while I was a victim to the bowl. I found I was more generally known than I had imagined. My forced eccentricity while travelling attracted the observation of people, and the excitement to hear such a curious being lecture was indeed a novelty. The great change in my looks and dress was indeed a convincing argument of the power of the pledge. My most sanguine friends never imagined I should break the chain that bound me to the de-

grading thralldom of the bowl. Regarding my reform as hopeless, I was considered upon the drunkard's tide, and doomed to strike at last upon that fatal rock, where so many have foun-
dered. And now when with a calm collected mind, I take a retrospect of my past life, I can hardly believe, or at least realize, that I have been spared amid so many hair breadth escapes. Oft have the heavens been my only covering from the pelting storm in many a long night. Oft have I endangered my life when under the influence of strong drink. Houseless, friendless, and drear, I still embraced the great enemy who had subjected me to all these privations of the blessings of life. I had disgraced the image of God—I had quenched reason, that divine principle which enables us to distinguish between right and wrong, between man, and beast, and God, and thus permitted the storms of adversity to beat upon me by destroying that priceless gift to man; and if there is a being to be pitied, it is that man who is a victim to his bowl, with poverty for his only companion. He becomes doubly miserable by his isolated condition in life; he becomes a wanderer wherever he takes up his residence, till the gripe of the constable conducts him to a magistrate, and thence to

prison, to atone for his want of self-denial ; while the drunkard in *higher life* is shielded from a thousand ills which the poor are subjected to.

I had forgotten in the preceding part of my narrative to mention my confinement in East Cambridge House of Correction, in the fall and winter of 1838. I gave myself up to a magistrate in Lowell, and was sent to prison for six months, from Oct 5th till April 5th the following spring. Mr. Watson, the keeper of the jail and House of Correction in that place, is truly a proper person for such an office. Kind-hearted without effeminacy, strict without exacting any unnecessary obedience, he discharged his duties to the satisfaction of all. Not puffed up by the prerogative he had over the prisoners, he chose rather to gently excite them to obedience by kind, impartial treatment, than to incur their ill-will, and make them uncomfortable by overstraining his authority and acting the petty tyrant. He gave them all the latitude he could consistently with the station he occupied. I can truly say that he actually excited in my bosom a strong affection toward him, and any prisoner who was punished while I was there must admit himself that he got only his deserts.

At the time I was at East Cambridge, the prisoners sent to the House of Correction were kept in the jail, (the present commodious buildings were then being erected ;) consequently the condition of the cells could not be as well attended to where there were so many jammed into one room as the solitary cells are since the completion of the new buildings. Neither was there as much unnecessary show of power and tyranny as were exhibited at the South Boston Institution. The prisoners were not denied of newspapers and books, which were inexcusably prohibited at South Boston. Neither was moral culture denied them at East Cambridge; and any friend could visit a poor, condemned drunkard, and not feel as if they themselves were liable, if they did not move just so, to be incarcerated with him. All the visitors, high or low, that visited the institution were respectfully treated; but at South Boston much respect was paid to a certain class of people, and but little to others; and as much as I regard Captain Robbins, I think he would be wonderfully improved in these respects, by taking a few lessons from Mr. Watson. I certainly think that Captain Robbins was not a little aristocratic, and not a little remiss in attention to the poorer class of

visitors, who would not lose in character by comparison with some clothed in finer cloth, or decked in ribbons and gewgaws.

I was particularly struck with a little daughter of Mr. Watson by the name of Charlotte, a free, lively little creature, with all the giddiness of other little girls of twelve years of age. She had a remarkable feature, seldom witnessed in one so young and lively, which was kindness to the prisoners. To some of the peculiarly unfortunate, she would beg of her mother to give her something nice to carry such to eat, and many a poor fellow has blessed the little girl for her anxious solicitude to promote their comfort.

I have visited lately a number of times the House of Correction at East Cambridge, and rejoice to find the condition of the prisoners so comfortable. They are allowed books and papers, and my prayer is to God to bless the government of that institution for their kindness toward the poor prisoner in that respect; and I hope the rigid system at South Boston may be relaxed at least in this particular, and the poor, confined drunkard feel some kind impulses to raise his desponding mind from his low estate. I firmly believe the strict discipline at South Boston—I mean the unnecessary restraint upon

the drunkard, is not only needless, but is a great moral injury to the poor prisoner. I speak from a conviction founded on experience, and with no other motive but to direct the public attention to such places in this day of reform, when results of kindness stand out in bold relief. I rejoice, however, in one thing—that the directors have laid aside their former custom of champagne drinking, and are now, I believe, turning their attention to raise the poor isolated prisoners from their degraded state; and I hope the moral improvement of the prisoners will not be neglected in their exertions to make improvement in show and unnecessary glitter, to astonish the eyes of the visitors, in order to have them blazon forth the unsurpassed neatness of the white walls and burnished coppers, while the great object of elevating the poor prisoners may be deemed of minor consideration.

But excuse my digression. Since I have been a Washingtonian lecturer, I have neglected no opportunity of informing myself where the greatest obstacle lay in this glorious reform; and I conceive it is principally in the want of co-operation generally by the “*higher circles*” of life. Pride seems to be the great obstacle to aiding in the reform, with a certain portion of the

community; and by not lending their countenance in a direct manner, they clog the wheels of the locomotive car of temperance. There appears to be a suspicious feeling with some in regard to the Washingtonian movement. This arises from its being an *elevating* movement—the *gutter drunkard*, so called, being restored by it at once to his forfeited station in society. There is a class who though they acknowledge themselves to be temperance men, look with a different eye on the Washingtonian movement than an eye of faith; they consider it as an insect of a day that flutters by excitement, soon to die and be forgotten. These men belong to no one particular class in society, neither are they of a particular sect in religion, nor of a particular grade in community; but they are from all sects, all grades and denominations, whose faith is bounded by their own narrow conceptions and long cherished prejudices.

When I had been but a short time from the Almshouse, I was invited to lecture in Salem. Two nights I lectured in the Washington Hall, and one night at the Mechanic's Hall, to crowded audiences. A man well known in Salem for his strict religious character, who kept a large hat store in Essex street, heard me lec-

ture, and in speaking of the temperance men of the old school, I perhaps spoke not exactly in accordance with his feelings ; and I will honestly confess when I first lectured I was rather severe on the old pioneers in this cause ; but any man who had the cause near his heart would have overlooked my remarks when he had heard my recital, and would have given me the right hand of fellowship, in consideration that in my hours of degradation, no friendly hand in the old temperance times ever gave to me encouragement to rise and live ; but many were not only indifferent to my situation, but actually, in more ways than one, were my oppressors. Never did an individual ever actually act the part of a good Samaritan to me but old Father Cleveland, our Chaplain to the House of Correction. But this Salem gentleman prophesied, after hearing me lecture, that I would fall from my pledge in three weeks. Not content with once mentioning it, he made it a business to promulgate his prophecy to many individuals belonging to different places. This man was a strict professor of religion, and he told me in his store on my interrogating him on his remarks, that I would not, in his opinion, stand to my pledge but a short time, and in fact he believed *no man* who

appeared and expressed himself as sanguine in the power of the pledge as I did, would stem the current of appetite but a short time. He appeared very indignant at my remarks, and actually it abated my ardor in the cause after I left the store. I told him plainly that it was such religious bigots as he that had kept the drunkard confined to his cups for years, and that I considered him more in the way of the cause than ten open opposers ; and in fact such men are complete icebergs around any reform, chilling the atmosphere wherever they approach. I turned from that man with disgust, and was half inclined to think that all professors were like him ; but I soon found there were the *genuine* Christians in our good cause, who manifested that they possessed that charity which "suffereth long and is kind ;" that "believeth all things, hopeth all things." I mention this case because some one may see here reflected their own image, and by the reflection may open their hearts to receive the light which now shines for all, dispensing the former clouds which hung around such reformers who believed that no man could be reformed from intemperance, but who conformed to the rules which their own narrow, prejudiced mind conceived to be the only ones right.

The second lecture that I delivered out of Newburyport, was in Belville, at the Rev. Mr. March's meeting-house, a whole-souled temperance man. I next lectured in West Newbury. The pastor stood aloof from the meeting.

I have noticed in the towns where I have lectured a great difference in the minds of the people in respect to the temperance cause. In some places where the inhabitants were scattered, they appeared all alive in the cause, and in other places of dense population they were indifferent in the good work.

Beside the towns I have mentioned, I have lectured in Georgetown, Haverhill, Kingston, N. H., Lynn, Marblehead, Danvers, Topsfield, Limebrook, East Cambridge, and West Cambridge, where I finished my trade as a baker. I assisted in forming a Washingtonian Society there, which is in a flourishing condition. That place has undergone a great moral change since I lived there. The clergymen are all engaged in the cause, with some of the principal people in the place; and any good cause will flourish when the professional and influential men lend their countenance in its support.

Mentioning clergymen, reminds me to note here that I have in my possession a letter

written by a Baptist minister in Lexington, that I keep for the novelty of it. I believe he is the president of a temperance society, but the letter breathes any thing but temperance, and is quite unique.

I have also lectured a number of times in Walpole, in the different parishes. At South Dedham I lectured in the hall of a tavern kept by Mr. Sumner, who now keeps a first rate temperance house. This man became hostile to the temperance society by the ill-timed and improper measures taken by some temperance men, in threatening him with prosecution. But finally by the interposition of the Rev. Edwin Thompson, he abandoned the traffic, and is now a staunch teetotaller and promoter of the cause of temperance. So much for the influence of one man by using moral suasion. A word in regard to the Rev. Edwin Thompson. He is the pastor of the Universalist Church at South Dedham—a small man in stature, but a great man in every good work—one who takes an energetic part in every reform of the day, and who leaves traces of his exertion wherever he labors. When I first came to Boston, Mr. Thompson got me to lecture at South Dedham, and many other places. I speak of this gentleman partic-

ularly, because I believe he deserves the meed of praise. And if some of our city clergymen and others who have acquired a great name as preachers, had been as active philanthropists as Mr. Thompson, the breath of fame would have wafted their names from one part of the country to the other.

In Walpole Centre I have lectured a number of times. The Unitarian minister there is a good temperance man. There are a number of prominent temperance men in that place. Mr. Lawrence, the thread manufacturer, showed me marked attention. Mr. Wm. Hartshorn, an old acquaintance of mine, takes a great interest in the good cause, as does also Mr. Gray; and many others whose names I do not recollect, have given proof of their willingness to make any sacrifice for the cause. This town has done well in the glorious war against old King Alcohol, and the inhabitants of every sect and party express their praise to the Rev. Mr. Thompson for his valuable and untiring exertions for their good.

I have also lectured in West Dedham, Dedham Village, Mill Village, Foxboro', Canton and Needham. This latter town I regret that ever I lectured in. I had an invitation given

me to visit it, by Mr. E. K. Whittaker, a most devoted friend to the cause. I went the next day, and visited a number of the inhabitants at their houses, and of one of these houses I gave an accurate description in writing. My motive was of the purest kind. I did it to contrast the abode of the reformed with the drunkard's; but the good people of Needham, of a Pharasaical sort, came out against me in the Dedham papers with all the malice imaginable, and seemed determined I should not gain a footing in their country. They accused me of giving a false coloring to the description of the drunkard's abode; but in fact, my imagination could not have colored it too highly. But these delicate-feeling men defeated themselves in the onset. Their gun kicked them over, and the charge left me unscathed.

They first indirectly attacked me on the grammatical manner in which my description was written; and in the next place they made a direct attack on Washingtonian lecturers; that is, they abused me because I had been a prisoner so many times for indulging in drink, (never once for dishonesty, reader,) and in a would-be refined slander, tried to influence the public

against me, when the only error I had been guilty of was in telling *the truth* about a drunkard's abode in that town. I have proof that what I stated respecting that abode was true, and never felt any inclination to take back a word I said in relation to it. And as for the writer of the article against me, I would say, that if he displays no more wit in the common pursuits of life than he did in burning his own fingers in that article, he never will be a very successful man in any enterprise.

This is the only town I have heard the reformed inebriate slurred in, except in Great Falls, by the rum-seller I have mentioned. They spake in derision of him who had moral courage to rise from his degradation and claim his rank in respectable society;—qualifications, they said, acquired by years' acquaintance with the lowest and most abandoned, were not the proper credentials for their possessors to be teachers of others,—forgetting that the Washingtonian reform was a spontaneous fire, springing from the ashes of degradation, and that the experienced laborers in it, by the recital of their former errors, induced others to rise from their degraded state and become men among men.

So much for that portion of Need-ham-ites who are not wanting in the nature of the animal whose flesh makes *bacon*.

I am well aware that many of my Washingtonian brethren who lecture on the subject of temperance, have been unguarded in their expressions, not intending thereby to injure any one unjustly. This is owing to the fact, that many of those lecturers are men who have forfeited their liberty, at times, by their indulgence in drink, and that those who have brought them before a magistrate for this fault, have not always had an eye single to their reformation in so doing. I have known instances of men being repeatedly sent to the House of Correction through the instrumentality of persons whose habits have been far more vicious than those of the one complained of, thus stirring within the prisoner all the worst passions of his breast. I have known wives complain of their husbands, and have them sent to the House of Correction, for the purpose of having their placed in the family filled by some favorite boarder.

But to return. I have also lectured in Dorchester a number of times. A great change is

seen there in the different parts of the place. I once worked at my business in that town, and the most noted grog-shop was kept by a select-man of the town, who was also an overseer of the poor, while he was the greatest pauper manufacturer in the place. But such a state of thing does not exist in Dorchester at the present time.

I lectured also in the town of Quincy, and assisted in forming the first Washingtonian Society in that place. It has been as hard as its granite to move in the great reform, but is now awake in the good cause. The Rev. Mr. Gregory is a very useful man in the good work, and has been sorely persecuted for his zeal, but I believe has surmounted his difficulties and confounded his enemies with shame. The night they formed the Washingtonian Society there, one hundred and seventy-five signatures were obtained to the pledge.

I have also lectured in the towns of Hanson, Hanover, and in the different parts of Weymouth. At Weymouth, Rev. Mr. Spear is an active laborer in the cause. This town has a number of societies which are very active in the good work. The temperance hotel kept by Mr. Wales, is a first rate temperance house.

Here I would remark, that liquor-selling tavern-keepers now in these days when ardent spirit is stigmatised with every thing that is hateful, and its use becoming so disrespectable, are not so fond of hanging their "banner on the outer wall" as they were wont in by-gone days; and people from the country suppose on entering our tavern bar-rooms and seeing no decanters standing in full view, imagine they are temperance houses, and thus give the rumseller their patronage. But this is not always the case. In Boston there are but a few temperance hotels kept on total abstinence principles. The Marlboro' Hotel is of this character, as is also the National House, kept by Mr. Lewis Boutell, who ought to be patronized by every Washingtonian. Mr. Boutell made a great sacrifice for conscience sake when he opened the National House as a temperance hotel. I mean a sacrifice in a pecuniary point of view; and such men certainly should be sustained.

Temperance people from the country are not particular enough to inquire for houses kept on total abstinence principles. This ought not so to be. Every man pledged to the cause should discountenance, in all suitable ways, those

houses where ardent spirit is sold, no matter how high may be their reputation with the public.

I have also lectured in South Reading, the residence of Dr. Richardson, of whose bitters so much has been said, and to which I feel bound to add a little more. His dry bitters steeped in water, no doubt are very beneficial in many cases of ill health ; but every true friend to temperance must raise his voice against the *liquid* bitters, with the yellow wrapper, because no reformed man can partake of them with impunity. With a keen, suspicious eye should every reformed man watch every avenue of desire, when he has an opportunity, under the plea of sickness, of walking round or evading his pledge, and partaking of these nostrums ; for they will rekindle appetite, and subject him to all the miseries he has escaped from. One spark from off the altar of alcohol, however small it may appear, is dangerous to the reformed man, for it may be fanned to a blaze that, once kindled, may never be quenched.

In the town of Roxbury are a host of strong temperance men, but there is much work there yet to do. I have lectured a number of times in that place. Its temperance character is about

the same as that of Boston. I have also lectured in Brighton. The enemy is mounted on the ramparts there—but there are stout opposers to watch his every movement. Near Brighton is the town of Brookline, where the old veteran temperance preacher resides, the Rev. Dr. Pierce. No doubt his influence with that of Mr. Samuel Walker, has been the means of the complete triumph of temperance in that place.

One year ago this day, 7th of March, I was a pauper in the almshouse in Newburyport, in feeble health, but hope burning in my bosom, that I should live to tell and prove to the world, that I would and could be a temperance man. One day, while meditating on my past life, and contrasting my situation with what it might have been, had I lived a temperance life, and not become a prey to the dram-seller, and thinking at the same time what return the liquor-dealer had given me for the great sacrifice I had made for his interest, (for he had robbed me of all that could render life dear, and sickness and bonds had been the fruits of my devotion at his accursed shrine,)—in view of these facts I wrote in the garret of that institution the following lines to the dram-sellers in Newburyport :—

TO THE DRAM SELLER.

Ye who deal in liquid flaine
And fearless scatter wide,
Without a thought that deadly bane
Thousands have drank and died.

What motive shall we bring to bear,
What arrow shall we send ?
Coercion thou dost madly dare,
And pleadings of a friend.

Wan poverty before thee stands,
And eloquently doth plead,
To loose her from those iron bands,
Those iron bands of need.

Crime gives thee credit for thine aid
Its felon host to swell,
And sprang directly from thy trade,
That cursed hane of hell.

The gentle partner of the sot
Unfolds her misery;
A mother's tears thou heedest not,
A father's frown you see.

Discord rings daily in thy ears,
Concord 'tis all to thee ;
Thou smileth when thou seeth tears
And discord's harmony.

The prisoner in his narrow cell,
 In visions of the night,
 Visits by dreams thy earthly hell
 And wakes up with affright.

Disease her bloated carcase brings,
 And seeks from thee a cure,
 From thy curst fountains and thy springs,
 And calls for one glass more.

Public opinion frights not thee,
 Monitions thou dost spurn ;
 Thou cheerful looks't on misery,
 And pity will not learn.

What ye have sown ye sure shall reap,—
 The sickle ye shall take,
 And bind the harvest sheaves and weep,
 And lay them at your gate.

Long linger'd judgment soon will come,
 Though lengthen'd now its stay :
 Your funeral pyre shall be the rum
 You sold by night and day.

The prayers of weeping friends shall feed,
 The flames that you surround,
 And all your victims, to a man,
 Your conscience then will wound.

But, vender, stop ! avoid the hour
 That soon will seal thy doom ;
 Come sign our pledge and own its power,
 For thee, for thee there's room.

Come, make amends—in part atone
 For evil thou hast done ;
 And to the world let it be shown
 A foe thou art to run.

Thy mental and thy active powers
 Enlist in our good cause,
 And feel how happy are the hours
 By following virtue's laws.

If avarice doth urge her claim ;
 And tempt for gain to sell,
 That pois'nous draught, respect thy name,
 And quick that claim repel.

'Tis noble to renounce that gain
 That is from misery drawn,
 The sacrifice will raise your fame,
 Though debauchees do scorn.

Come, venter, come—we ready wait
 To take thee by the hand,
 And save thee from impending fate,
 By joining here our band.

These were my feelings toward the traffic in
 ardent spirits, when I viewed the trade in its
 true light, and saw the great guilt of the traffic.
 One thing I have learnt by rum-drinking : it
 brought me to sickness and entire destitution,
 and thus afforded me ample opportunity of find-

ing who were friends in the adverse hour. Never did a friend or kinsman breathe through the lattice of my prison house during the whole number of times I was incarcerated in that unenviable abode. One brother visited me a few times during my sickness in Newburyport Almshouse; but he was not in favor of my ever leaving it, having no confidence in my ability to abstain from drink. No other relative visited me there. I was a stranger in my native town, a pauper, despised, lonely and indeed miserable.

I wish to state here what I conceive to be the great difficulty in the way of the public's judging of the truth of the transactions of superintendants of prisons and of almshouses from the reports of the inmates. I will first point to South Boston for illustration. While I was a prisoner there, once a month, I think, the inspectors visited the prison. The inspectors were judges of the Municipal and Police courts, and others connected with the courts. Their business was to inspect the prison and prisoners, and inquire of the prisoners whether they were treated well, had enough to eat, and so on. Now this was all sheer *moonshine*. The reader will at once perceive that the prisoners dare not

complain, provided they had cause. Now I speak from accurate, impartial observation. Capt. Robbins sometimes on Sunday morning, in the chapel, would read the regulations of the prison, then observing to the prisoners that they had a right to complain to the inspectors, if in any respect they thought themselves wrongly treated ; but, said he, with a peculiar look, you must be careful that your complaints can be proved—if not, beware ! beware ! This warning was understood.

Now, when the inspectors visited the prison, the prisoners formed a line, and the inspectors passed each man. If they asked a prisoner how he was used, close to him was the master, or some other officer, to hear what was said. Thus, consequently, the prisoner who had a complaint dare not make it, for if he said he had not enough to eat, he was heard by the officer ; and then perhaps the next prisoner interrogated, whose time might be nearly expired, (and in whom it would be a matter of policy to give a contrary reply,) would say *he had* sufficient food although he had not, thus giving the lie to his unfortunate brother prisoner. I have heard some say they would complain when the inspec-

tors came along, but on the trial their heart failed them; therefore no criterion could be made from the prisoner's statements, respecting their usage.

So it was in the Almshouse in Newburyport. A man who conscientiously made a complaint did not fare so well for it. Therefore, in such places, the less a man says of his usage the better it is for him. I am not to be understood as saying whether such causes for complaint existed in either of the above named institutions or not, but as merely endeavoring to show that no true account of such places can be gathered from the representations of prisoners or paupers, for selfish motives influence their minds both when confined and when at liberty; for in the latter case, they feel they are liable to be returned to such places, and do not therefore wish to incur the ill-will of the keepers by any unfavorable statements.

One thing I would not omit to speak of, that is, the danger there is of prisoners flying to the bowl after leaving the institution. To prevent this, people should meet them with smiles, and lift their dejected minds to hope for the future. How often have I wished and sighed for the grave when I have left the prison. Without one

friend to look to in the trying hour, I would have exchanged my situation, it seemed to me, with the most miserable. It was in such gloomy moments, though with reluctance, I sought through the intoxicating glass to light up a visionary gleam of hope in my desponding mind :—

'Tis thus the prisoner leaves his drear abode,
 Snarting, as 'twere, from underneath the rod ;
 No smiles to cheer or warm his sinking heart ;
 But withering looks now tell him to depart.
 The world to him is chang'd so sadly now,
 His spirits droop, his manly pride doth bow ;
 And to the glass he seeks a present cheer,
 To drown his care and drive away his fear.
 Houseless and friendless, soon his die is cast,
 And he returns to his sad home at last.

Such were my feelings after leaving the House of Correction. Darkness and clouds hung in heavy masses over me. Hope's ray had ceased to light up any prospect for the future. I was deserted by every one connected to me by the ties of nature, and all were as strangers to me. Yes, reader, intemperance in those days, but so recently passed, was considered a crime greater than that of robbery ; for the robber was respected in the bar-room so long as he made a genteel appearance, while the poor votary of the

bar was often ejected from its premises, simply because through its influence he had lost his caste. But changed now is the scene. Beggars are now no longer on foot, and princes exclusively on horseback ;—a mighty revolution has taken place in the great family of man, and the eye of the philanthropist beams with rapture, in view of the consummation of his wishes. No excuse will the young man have if he now becomes a drunkard ; hourly before him he sees the reformed inebriate exhibiting in his own person the power of the pledge, and the change in the public mind towards the unfortunate drunkard ; and if he falls, he cannot have the excuse of those victims to a depraved appetite who have preceded him, that the habit was entailed on them by their fathers and mothers ; for light now penetrates every abode on this subject, exposing, in its true colors, the character of intemperance, and showing the way of escape, while it also guides the inebriate to his former forfeited station in society. We just begin to see the true cause why the drunkard's case has been regarded as so hopeless. There has been more preaching than practice by the watchmen on Zion's walls. "That charity that seeketh not its own"

has not been practised by those who professed to possess it ; and God himself appeared in a wonderful manner to reprove his professed children, by permitting this reform to spring from such an humble source. From the very dregs of degradation has arisen this noble superstructure of Washingtonianism, which has astonished the world.

Just like the cloud that met a servant's eye,
 Over Samaria when its fields were dry,
 Was the small cloud that hung o'er Baltimore,
 And on the parch'd earth refreshing showers did pour.

Thus, reader, after so many years of slavery, I am again free. The grog-shop has lost its power of attraction. The noisy scenes of the tavern bar no longer meet my eye. The fumes of alcohol and tobacco from these dens no longer are inhaled over and over again. No longer my aching head in the morning reminds me of my degradation the day before ; but sober reflection bids me look from the changing scenes of time to an enduring state beyond the tomb. Envy's dry consuming bane is no longer fed by streams from the still or drams from the grog-shop. I have now a clear head and calm judgment in that

breast which once was swayed by impulse, and driven on to acts of imprudence.

I remember a scene in Newburyport, when my mother witnessed my deep disgrace. I had been drunk the night before. How I felt in the morning after that debauch, no tongue can give a description. My mother's looks stung me to the soul. I remember of setting down with a shaking hand, and writing the following lines. I composed them to allay the temporary excited feelings of my mother. The lines are entitled, "Adieu to Rum." Although I did not think then of renouncing this foe, yet God has overruled it for good; and reader, mind their import; no matter what object I had in view in composing them, they contain an important lesson; and by inserting them here, my object is to stop the inebriate in his career before it is too late:—

ADIEU TO RUM.

Adieu thou vile deceitful cheat,
 Now let my head be free;
 No longer you and I shall meet
 Or join in company.

So long I've tried thy specious skill
 To ease my mind from care;

But thou did'st never once fulfil
Thy promises so fair.

When I had tried thy potent charm,
No riches did I want,
I felt myself quite freed from harm—
No care my soul did haunt.

But when the sober morning came,
No riches then had I,
But care returned, and in her train
I a thousand more did spy.

And memory quite forsook her throne,
'The last night's scenes had fled,
Till from my heart a piercing groan
Told of my painful head.

And modesty affrighted flies
To view the beastly scene,
And conscience with a groan then dies—
Now the drunkard on may dream.

Though tears in showers thick may fall
From purest friendship's eye,
And mercy doth in pity call,
Prostrate the soul doth lie.

Oh, God ! when thus the conscience's dead,
Restore its energy—
Bring back those feelings that have fled,
Restore the eyes to see.

Viewing the ruin rum has made,
 Scanning its misery,
 No more the heart may it degrade,
 But from its banè be free.

No more to rum then will I bow,
 Or of Bacchus ask a sup,
 My thoughts to them no more allow,
 Lest death be in the cup.

Then dash the glass right from thine hand,
 A mixture sure is there,
 Of every evil in the land,
 To drink then O beware.

Oh could'st thou view its after scenes
 In a mirror 'fore thine eyes :
 How from thy heart all good it weans,
 I know 'twould make thee wise.

But sweet deceit lies lurking there,
 The tedious hour beguiles,
 And before thou canst around thee stare
 Thou art caught within its wiles.

Call reason to thy timely aid,
 The God of strength implore,
 Let all thy vigor be array'd,
 And touch that cup no more.

The reader will perceive that it is not my intention to record each event of my life, but in a desultory manner to lead his mind to a knowledge of a portion of my history and course connected with intemperance ; and as I had designed to light the picture by introducing to his notice the change in my circumstances since my reform, and give some account of the progress of the temperance reform in the different towns I have visited, I will begin to make the contrast in some particular towns, where I figured as a drunkard in by-gone days.

This morning, March 8th, I have returned from a tour in New Hampshire, having lectured in Dover, Great Falls, Exeter and Epping. In the year 1832 I became a poor miserable wanderer and outcast. I travelled on foot to New Hampshire, visiting a number of manufacturing towns, not for the purpose of taking notes by the way, but in order to come under the particular notice of every keeper of a grog-shop, high or low. I left Newburyport, and travelled through the different towns in a straight course to Exeter and Dover. I worked but a few months before with Mr. Silas Gould in Exeter, who carried on the baking business at this time

in that place. For a *few weeks* I was comparatively steady, but having a domestic trouble on my mind at that time, I sought to drown it in the bowl. A little low grog-shop was located near the bakehouse, quite too near for the interest of Mr. Gould, as far as I was concerned, for I neglected his business, and made my visits so frequently to this grog-shop, that he found it was impossible to keep me a sober man. He, however, used every endeavor as a man and a christian to reform me. He was pleased with my services when I was sober, and would have put up with many things disagreeable to him, in order to have kept me, but all in vain. Trouble, and habit, and disease, were uniting stronger every day to render me less susceptible to a true realization of my real condition, and to throw a shade over my future enjoyment.

At this time I suffered a great deal in body and mind. I was indeed a miserable man. Mr. Gould seemed as if he knew something troubled me, and he cast a veil over my imperfections. But the little grog-hole near the bakehouse became the centre of all my hopes, and as my credit declined, I pawned one article after another of my wardrobe to obtain that liquid poison in his store, which was destroying, mentally and

physically, the priceless gifts of God. I recollect at one time after I had pawned a great number of articles of clothing, and was destitute of money, the keeper of this grog-shop refused to trust me, and some altercation taking place between us, he threw a pint of N. E. rum in my face, little thinking perhaps that the time would arrive when I should be redeemed from the bane he sold, and after eleven years absence, should stand before the citizens of Exeter, and tell of the miseries I suffered in consequence of being a victim to his bar.

I finally left Mr. Gould, and gave myself up to intemperance, drinking in every shop where I could get treated. I remember well a man, a relation to the dram-seller who frequently visited the shop where I did, who had been a young man of promise, and whose friends were very respectable people. I remember one night of going with him and a number of others to a neighboring house where the whole family were intoxicated, and spending the night there. I had often thought of that man while I was a prisoner at South Boston, and inquired for him particularly after my reform. I have since been informed that he fell a victim to rum in an awful

manner, the last place he left before he was found dead being the identical grog-shop kept by his relative. He was found lifeless in the streets on his face, supposed to have perished in a fit, occasioned by drinking. When I heard of this fact I felt indeed God had wonderfully preserved me in thousands of instances. I have ascertained since I have lectured, that many who had not been notorious for intemperance in my drinking days, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, while some some who I thought in all human probability would soon be doomed to that direful fate, are now among the foremost and the firmest in the good cause of temperance, rejoicing in the great change in their inner and outer man.

Truth, 'tis said, is stranger than fiction; and I might have written a novel based on fact, instead of a plain memoir of events in the history of a drunkard; but my object is to instruct, or at least to warn others of the rock I split on, and point them to the path of temperance which I am trying to walk in, and endeavor to persuade others to do the same. But pardon this digression.

I continued to stay in Exeter till I became a nuisance. I annoyed Mr. Gould very much,

and my health being very poor at the time, he in kindness to me no doubt, made my case known to the overseers of the poor of Exeter, and they sent me to Newburyport, in charge of Mr. Foss, stage-driver, who dropped me near the Dexter house in that town. I went immediately to the grog-shop and drank myself crazy ; and in the evening went to my mother's house, who then was absent in Boston. It was occupied by two sisters. My object in going there was to get some clothing in the house which belonged to me ; and not being able to get in, I endeavored to raise a window, which frightened the women in such a manner, they raised the hue and cry, which was heard on the opposite side of the street, at the residence of Captain Ebenezer Johnson, who came out of his house, and bound me with a silk handkerchief ; but upon my promising good conduct, he let me go. But the next day I was arrested, tried before Justice Woart, of Newburyport, and the keeper of the Dexter House was an evidence against me, the man at whose house I had drank a number of times in the evening before, in a back room where a large number of men were gambling and drinking ; but his evidence was good. The justice

did not rebuke the men for keeping the liquor to sell to gamblers and drunkards, but sentenced me three months to the Almshouse.

I was immediately put in the bridewell of the Almshouse, in a room ten feet square, where a number of lunatics were confined. This was a building separate from the Almshouse. A little port-hole about 7 by 9 inches was the only window ; a bunk with a straw bed was all my furniture. About the third day after my confinement, the keeper told me I might go into the Almshouse and pick oakum ; but I refused, and continued in that lone cell for three months without a friend to visit me, and never breathed the pure air of heaven. During that time of solitary confinement, I strengthened my memory, and studiously turned my thought to the investigation of many things, which has been advantage to me since I have lectured on temperance.

After I left the Almshouse this time, I travelled to Portsmouth, from thence to Newmarket, thence to Dover.

I will give the reader a history of my entering Dover, and the manner I took to obtain a pittance when I first arrived there. I travelled on foot to Lee, where I worked for a farmer at

harvesting by the name of Durell. He made a great quantity of cider that fall, and it was no matter of choice where I worked, or who with, provided I could get intoxicating liquor. I staid with him a fortnight, and left for New Market, (Lamprey River.) The night I left him, I as usual became intoxicated, and fell down, and some people seeing me helped me into a house, where they kindly lodged me; but in the morning, my money, which was paid me by Mr. Durell, was all gone. I asked the man of the house to show me where I fell down the night before. On arriving at the spot, there lay all my money on the ground as it fell from my pocket, the previous night. I frequently slept in barns, and if I had any change, no matter how drunk I was, I would be very careful to take it out of my pocket, and put it away carefully in some part of the barn. But on getting up in the morning, in vain I tried to forge together the links of memory in order to find the few pence I had the night before secreted; but after visiting the dram-shop, and partaking a few glasses of liquor for an antidote to my bad memory, I would return to the barn, and go immediately to the place where I had stowed my money away

so safely when drunk that I could not remember where it was when I was sober. But to return.

From Lamprey River I went to Dover. This was in the spring of the year 1832. I arrived there without one cent of money, and destitute of an outside jacket. I happened to walk into a tailor's shop kept by a townsman of mine by the name of Hervey. The tailor knew me, and observed to a gentleman standing by, partly in derision and partly in earnest, that I was an "Acrostic writer." He then requested me to write an acrostic on his name. My dress and manner being so unique, he thought, no doubt, it would be a novelty to see what my brain contained. I, imagining he was an agent of one of the factories, wrote the acrostic. After reading it, and pitying my condition, he gave me a quarter of a dollar, with an emphatic caution to make good use of it. This man, reader, who pitied me and gave me the money to get some food, was no less a personage than the Rev. Samuel K. Lathrop, now pastor of the Brattle street Church, Boston, formerly pastor of the Unitarian Church, in Dover. I bought some some food and rum with the money—more rum than food, however. A few days after, I en-

gaged work with Joseph Weeks, as a journeyman baker. Mr. Samuel Wiggin, now an eminent merchant in Dover, was employed by Mr. Weeks to work, being somewhat acquainted with the business. I frequently left my *batch*, and went to a neighboring grog-shop, where Wiggin would find me, and beg of me to return to my business ; but all in vain.

I finally left Mr. Weeks, and led a drunken life during the summer in Dover, and returned to Boston, and was sent to the House of Correction in the winter.

About three years since, I visited Exeter, Lumprey River and Dover again, in the capacity of a drunken poet. The citizens of those places will remember me for my eccentricity. I left Dover three years since, in the latter part of the summer, and in the fall returned to Newburyport Almshouse. The bodily suffering I endured here, exceeds the power of imagination. Oh intemperance ! the reformed inebriate cannot give but a faint outline of thy treacherous wiles, the suffering thou imposeth, and the woes connected with thee and that follow in thy train.

I have been so extensively known, it would be unnecessary for me to give a description of

my suffering and misery, for they stood out in bold relief before the world, and were I to give any thing near a graphic view of these sufferings, it would exceed the belief of those, who have never seen me in those dark hours of my life, when my rags danced to the breeze.

I will now try to give you a contrast of my feelings since I have visited the above places lately, under the flag of Teetotalism. This, I hope, will give encouragement to the desponding victim of habit to rouse in all the native energy of his soul, and also claim with me as a right his forfeited station in virtuous society, of which he may have long ceased to be a member.

The 10th day of March, the present year, I visited Dover, Great Falls, and Exeter. On my arriving at Dover I met two of my old pot companions, as I got out of the cars; but I perceived at a glance they were not cold-water men. I went into the brick tavern called the Eagle Hotel, kept by Mr. Chamberlain, not a temperance house. However, this house is owned by Samuel Wiggin, whom I have mentioned in the course of my history. Mr. Wiggin is the proprietor of a large wholesale grocery, and I am sorry to say, keeps the enemy

whom I am now waging war against ; but he is a gentleman—a smart, shrewd, active business man, who began life on his own resources. His brother is a partner with him, a shrewd man, yet noble in his transactions in business. The whole family of Wiggins I have great cause to respect, but as much as I respect them, I believe they will say I have not been “ mealy-mouthed ” in speaking of the enormity of the traffic they are engaged in.

The citizens of Dover generally looked upon me as a monument of God’s sparing mercy, and the anxiety to hear me was very great. I lectured two nights, not under the Washingtonians, but, as the saying is, on my *own hook*. The Washingtonian Society, the first one of which Doct. Merrill was president, I believe have given way to another, with Mr. Eri Perkins at their head, a man of wealth, and a reformed man. He indeed was a hard case when I left Dover three years before. The last society call themselves the *real* Washingtonians ; but I think it will not take a very keen observer to notice that their *moral suasion* is rather too soft for the genuine Washingtonians. The officers are men interested in public houses, and, in

fact, the president owns the tavern kept by a notorious opposer of Washingtonianism, Mr. Riley ; and they rather bow, in my opinion, to the enemy for interest sake. I may be wrong, but these are my honest sentiments. I prefer the first Society's movement to the last, and think Doct. Merrill is a more sincere, discerning man than some others in the new society. I met with an old pot companion of mine in Dover by the name of Parker, known by the name of Judge Parker. The man exhibits in himself a strong proof of the utility of the Washingtonian pledge as I ever saw. When I was at Dover, the last time before this, I could hardly tell whether he was more degraded than myself or not ; but he certainly is worthy of the best wishes of the people of Dover, for his moral courage in raising himself from his low condition to the standing in society which he now maintains.

The town of Dover has been as wonderfully improved in temperance as most any town I have visited. A few years since, nearly every store was a dram shop, and the fathers of the town were far from being strictly temperance men—such as we should call so at the present time. But a great change has taken place ; but

before ardent spirit will be banished from the town, the government of the present society will see the necessity of altering their plan for its extermination. A little too much policy is visible in the operations of the society, to be careful not to offend the dram sellers ; but I do not intend to make strictures on the society, but throw out a few hints about time-serving men. A Mr Risley keeps a rum tavern there and is a man, I should judge, by his conversation, who would not be likely to relinquish the traffic very readily.

While in Dover a few years since, I was very kindly treated by a Baptist clergyman by the name of Hayden. I lectured in the meeting house in which he formerly preached, and I observed to the congregation that a few years since I was sitting in a state of intoxication listening to their minister ; and he observed me, as miserable looking as I then was, and did not, like some of the priests and Levites of olden and modern times, pass by on the other side, but took me to his house and administered to my wants. Such cases have been rare, but country clergymen have not generally that stiff consequential air that many clergymen of cities assume.

From Dover I visited Somersworth, (Great Falls.) A few years ago, in this place, I passed by the name of Snelling, and figured as a drunken poet in an eccentric manner. This place, like Dover has greatly improved in regard to morals. A citizen, Mr Oliver Fernald, informed me that a few years since, he found me on the edge of a wood in a most deplorable situation, and furnished me with some clothing and otherwise administered to my necessities. I remember the time, and also remember I was planning the best manner to commit suicide ; but his timely interposition, no doubt, saved me from that awful fate.

There is a store kept there by a Mr Moore, who sells the poison—a man of many good feelings, as I ascertained while an inebriate, but by the indiscreet measures taken to stop his course, he has become steeled against the temperance community. There is an excellent temperance hotel kept in Great Falls by Mr Morrill, an obliging and attentive landlord.—While in the town of Somersworth and at the house of Mr Morrill, a wholesale liquor manufacturer and dealer was trying his skill with mine host for a sale of his liquors. He referred him to Mr Owen and myself—Mr Owen being also

a temperance lecturer. He commenced by abusing the reformed men in general, and poured forth a volley of abuse on the Washingtonians. He was encouraged by Mr Risley, the tavern keeper of Dover, who was with him. After he had got through, I took occasion to give my opinion of him and his abuse. I had not heard for years a man so brazen in defence of liquor selling and drinking as this Boston liquor dealer. Would you know his name? It is *Oliver Locke*, formerly keeper of the Franklin House, in Boston, but who now manufactures impure liquors to poison the country people; a man destitute of that great moral principle which bids us love our neighbors as ourselves; a man of the most unblushing impudence that I have met with since my reform.

There are a number of gentlemen at Great Falls whom I cannot but speak of with pleasure, who amid my poverty and disgrace were ever kind to me: such men should have their meed of praise—men who *before* it became popular to pity the inebriate, shewed him commiseration and stood as true philanthropists in a cold unfeeling community—such men are Rufus Janvrin, Mr. Dawley, and a number of others who saw more to pity in me than to condemn.

Reader, I might notice facts of the sympathies of people evinced toward me who were even considered as immoral men, that would put the blush upon many a clergyman's face for his want of that charity which seeketh not its own ; but my object is not to raise bad feeling in the mind of the reader but to stimulate him to acts of benevolence and mercy. " Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand," is the command of sacred writ, " for thou knowest not whether this or that shall prosper."

I feel, in view of my past life, a great desire to counteract the evil influence of my life while I was a victim of habit. The mercy that God has shown to me, will, I hope, be an incentive to every good work ; and I am convinced of the importance of securing His approbation in my feeble efforts to do good, and hope never to feel unmindful of his mercies, which have been interspersed in the midst of my afflictions. Relying upon his Almighty arm to aid my humble endeavors to show the deformity of sin in whatever form it appears, and being assured that he is for me, I care not who is against me.

In viewing the mercies of God towards me, I cannot but call the reader's attention to a fact which will show how far God has smiled on a kept vow to break an immoral habit.

On Thanksgiving day, in the year 1841, I was writing in the almshouse garret, a little poem on Thanksgiving. Feeling peculiarly sad, for memory's mirror brought to my mind scenes of happiness in former years enjoyed by me on this New England festival—those bygone days when I was happy among my dear relations—I contrasted those days with the present. Then not a cloud darkened my prospects; but still amid the present gloom there was hope: *I had signed the Pledge*, and was fast recovering from a dangerous illness, and I contemplated in the spring, to leave that abode, and endeavor, by the assistance of God, to conquer my great enemy who had been the cause of all my troubles. No friend or relation came to see me on that day of Thanksgiving.

How sad indeed was my mind. I was under that peculiar pathos of feeling which some describe (and not paradoxically neither,) a pleasing melancholy. By imagination I viewed those friends who were dead, brought again to life, and a thousand associations rushed to my mind,

pleasing yet melancholy. This inspired me with a poetical feeling, which I gave vent to in the following strain :—

FATHER of mercies! on this day, by usage honor'd
long,

A grateful tribute I would pay, and lift my soul in
song.

From this asylum of the poor, oh may my thoughts
recede,

Back to the halcyon days of youth, when hope my
mind did feed.

Let memory's mirror now reflect before my visual ray,
The lights and shadows of my life unto the present day.
Past mercies rise to check complaint, when sorrows
come to view,—

How all unmerited the first,—the last in justice due.

How oft upon this festal day, has joy my portion been—
I oft the smiles of friends did greet, denoting peace
within,—

Death had not marr'd those joyous hours, and habit
had not thrown

A gloomy pall around my joys to make my spirit
moan.

The vale of poverty was hid amid the sunshine's glare,
And health did animation throw around the brow of
care;

The past did rise before my eyes, and no accusing
voice

Of conscience thunder'd in my ears, to drive away
my joys.

But future scenes I could bring nigh, in colors gay and
 bright,
 No clouds did ever come between my seasons of
 delight,
 But what one ray of hope could drive these mists and
 clouds away,
 And bring serenity of mind, and turn my night to day.

Oh let the past be present still, the present's gloom to
 light ;
 And chase the clouds that now o'er cast my prospects
 of delight ;
 Let not despair unnerve my powers, though poverty
 I feel,
 But grant me fortitude to rise, once more my wounds
 to heal.

And as the autumnal leaves shall fall on each succeed-
 ing year,
 These emblems of my future hours may I regard with
 fear ;
 With gratitude may e'er I hail this hallow'd day's
 return,
 Gladly review the year that's past, and still new wis-
 dom learn.

And should I mingle with the world from this retreat
 once more,
 And smiles should cheer my future life, the past may
 I look o'er,
 Remembrance bring back the hour, and whispering
 may it say—
 "Keep faithfully the vows you made upon thanks-
 giving day."

And when the hour of death shall come, with life's
 last flick'ring ray,
 May I view the past with gratitude, and raise my
 humble lay ;
 In weal or woe, oh may I walk in wisdom's narrow
 way,
 And ne'er forget my peace was made upon Thanks-
 giving Day.

These lines were written as expressive of my
 determination to keep inviolate the Pledge, and
 I then thought if I lived to see the light of
 another Thanksgiving, I would review the year
 which had passed. Time rolled on, and its
 revolving wheel brought around another Thanks-
 giving. Reader, imagine to yourself a man well
 dressed, standing before a large audience, with a
 paper in his hand, reading the above lines, and
 informing the assemblage the circumstances
 under which they were written,—describing the
 great change which had taken place with him in
 so short a period, and you will picture the writer
 of these memoirs as he was employed on last
 Thanksgiving. The pledge restored me to the
 privileges of my fellow-citizens—to health and
 comparative peace of mind ; it seemed to some,
 as they told me, that it was impossible that one
 short year previous I was an inmate of the alms-

house ; but such was the change. To me, in view of the past, it appears more like a fitful dream than sober reality.

The many hair-breadth escapes and exposures I have been subjected to through the influence of strong drink; were I to point them out, would seem to the reader a fictitious narrative formed by an over-excited imagination. I remember once of falling down in a butcher's barn in the night, among the hogs, and was very much injured, and had to crawl out through the underpinning. At another time I found myself "lodging" in a hogshead on the city wharf, and hearing somebody snoring very loud in the next hogshead to me, I told him to wake up, or he would attract the attention of the private watch. In the morning I discovered the head of an old House of Correction comrade looking down in my hogshead, and he inquired who I was, and we soon became acquainted with each other, or at least had an opportunity of renewing an old acquaintance. The first inquiry I made was, "have you any money to buy the bitters this morning?" I found he had a spare sixpence, and we trudged on together to a victualling cellar which was formerly kept open most of the night : he spent the money for two glasses of liquor,

and another old comrade came in and treated us to our second glass, for one glass was not considered what we used to term "*a settler*." I have frequently drank ten times before I ate any thing in the morning. I observed to my comrade that I had a little writing to do for a man, but as my shoes were minus of soles, I felt ashamed to go and see him. He told me he could procure me a better pair of shoes if I would go with him; and, reader, where do you suppose he guided me? To a shoe store? No, but to the back bay scavenger heap, where the city dirt was carried, and there he picked up a pair of cast away shoes that were better than mine, but poor enough, in all conscience.

I mention this fact to show the destitution ardent spirit will bring a man to. The story of his degradation, as dark as it has fallen from the reformed inebriate's lips, was never equal to the reality. No reformed man from this slavish vice, I believe, is so lost to modesty as to tell *all* the disgusting reality.

This day, March 28, a man has just dunned me for a whole load of fresh fish that I bought of him when I was intoxicated some years since. I have a faint remembrance of the transaction. How it was possible I could have traded with

the man, and get his confidence to trust me with the fish, drunk as I was, I am not able to tell; for at that time my wardrobe would have set off a scarecrow in a cornfield with a very good grace. But I have displayed at different times, under the excitement of liquor, a peculiar kind of cunning. It was owing to the concentrative power of the liquor on the brain, which caused it to send forth meteoric flashes of wit, to be succeeded by almost Egyptian darkness. I was one of that class of inebriates that ardent spirit injures the most, for when I was the most exposed I felt the most secure. Without a cent in the world, I had in imagination an abundance of riches at my command. I thought I was clothed in purple and fine linen, when in fact the dogs barked at me at the sight of my rags. When in liquor I have frequently made offers of pecuniary assistance to others, when I was incapable of rendering myself any assistance, however small. When excited by strong drink, my organ of veneration rose in mock adoration toward the deity, when the whole was the effect of the fumes of alcohol. My friendship was unbounded for all, when I had not a solitary friend on earth. My patriotism assumed a devotion to my country, when I was an incubus on the tree of liberty.

The sublime and beautiful rose before me in prismatic beauty, when all the sublime and beautiful was the prism reflected from the glowing decanter. I have often gone into stores, and ordered a hundred weight of sugar, and coffee, tea, &c., to be put up, when I had no credit, nor a farthing to pay for them. I would walk into a gentleman's store and inquire the lowest price, by the quantity, of his goods, and do it, (though after I became sobered I was unconscious of it,) with such a good grace, that all my questions were readily answered. I felt so consequential that I allowed no one to know more than myself, when in fact I had not discernment enough to know whether I was barefooted or not. My cunning always turned against myself at last, and subjected me, when sober, to great mortification; and then I would immediately fly to the bowl, to patch over or drive away these sensations. When in liquor, I was suspicious that people did not think well of me, and this was well founded, for in truth I believe but very few did. I was very particular in discussing some religious tenet, and contending for some trifling article of faith, when my whole practice was irreligious. I felt as powerful as Sampson, when I was most enfeebled by alcohol, and imagined I could fly, when I could not walk without taking a serpentine course.

Yes, reader, these are a part of the illusions that rise up before the victim of intoxicating drink, subjecting him to be a laughing-stock wherever he is seen. A man who has not become a drunkard often exposes himself to after shame by his careless or silly remarks, which he had uttered under the influence of ardent spirits. I remember once of riding in a stage coach from Worcester to Hartford, and having drank enough to inspire my self-esteem, I sat listening to some remarks of the passengers. A lady observed that she was very glad that a Judge, (whom I will call Jones,) had decided in the Supreme Court of the State, that a Universalist was not a competent witness. I observed I thought it was very strange that the judge should make such a decision, for I believed that Judge Jones' character was far from being very moral, if we were to judge from his wife's statements. I had no sooner uttered these words, than a lady in the stage called me by my name, and introduced me to Judge Jones' daughter. Here I was in a very curious position. I remained *mum* for a time, but the fumes of alcohol having raised my garrulous powers I recommenced conversation. In the course of the remarks, they spoke of the Greek character, extoll-

ing the Greeks. I observed I did not agree with them, for I believed the modern Greeks had lost all that nobleness of soul which distinguished their ancestors in early times; and also observed that when supplies were sent them from this country, they choose rather to steal them than to receive them as gifts. I had no sooner uttered these words, than the same lady introduced me to a gentleman in the stage as a Greek, from Scio, who was studying at Yale College. Chagrined at this unexpected introduction, I then asked, "and who, lady, may you be?" She answered, she was a clergyman's wife, who knew me well when I lived in a certain town in Connecticut.

The reader will see by this how liable a man is to get himself into a disagreeable position, by his unguarded manner, while under the influence of alcohol. In thousand such instances have I been caught by the locomotive speed of my tongue, induced by the power of the reason-robbing enemy, alcohol.

After having arrived at Stafford Springs, I rode with the driver to Hartford. The next morning I put my name on the stage-book for New Haven, being the only person I saw enrolled for a passage: but the first house the

stage came to, the driver took in the identical Greek, Judge Jones' daughter, and the clergyman's lady above mentioned. I told the driver I believed I should ride outside, as I was not in a very enviable situation inside. Thus I rendered myself odious, in my own eyes, by my indiscreet manner in conversation, caused by my devotion to the bowl.

I recollect one night sleeping in a crate containing straw, and having on a straw hat, the hogs came in the night and commenced an attack on the straw, and my straw hat fell a victim to their rapacious appetite. This was in the city of New York. I have never for three months in the summer season, during my drinking days, slept in a bed. My lodging was either the cold ground, or in some barn or outhouse. I have been told after a lecture, by some of the officers of different societies, that rum never injured my lungs, as I spoke very loud. In justice to the cause I have espoused, I have told them the reason, for ardent spirit, all reasonable men acknowledge, will injure the man some way, in his corporeal frame, as well as his mental capacity. The reason is obvious to those who have known me, and will no doubt silence all who have drank for years, and have never

experienced any harm, being blinded as to the real cause of some defect in their body, occasioned by their free use of ardent spirit, or willfully denying the truth. The reason my lungs and brain have never been more injured, was an ulcerous leg, (mentioned before,) which became a common-sewer, if I may so term it, for the humors of the body. For years has that leg been in such a state, that I have frequently thought mortification would ensue. The cords of my leg have been visible, and my suffering in this respect has been beyond the conception of any one who has not experienced the same. This will explain the mystery why my brain has not left greater traces of the effects of this subtle poison. And to those who are suffering under the same affliction, let me prescribe the universal balm and panacea which restored the limb of mine again to soundness. And the secret lies in the use of cold water by an inward and outward application; keeping the diseased limb constantly moist with water, will do that which no liniment has been successful in doing. I am not the only reformed man that can testify to this fact. Try it, sufferer, and save expense of the advertised nostrums of the day. But the greater blessing is the tranquility

of mind which this cold water remedy, brings. The sweet influence of peace will cheer your hours, and the scenery of reviving nature dispelling winter's gloom, will afford the same delicious and indescribable sensations that it did in the halcyon days of thy youth, before thy sensitive feelings were blunted by the muddy vapor from the dram-shop.

How my mind revolts when some of the disgusting scenes of my life arise before me. One night, in the fall of the year, I was drinking in a low grog-shop in Boston, where I came across a brother-baker, who, finding I had no place to stay during the night, invited me to his boarding-house. He had, as well as myself, suffered everything by strong drink. I, in accordance with his wishes, went with him, and such a lodging room! it was filled with drunkards. In the course of the night a great cry was made for water to cool their parched tongues. My thirst was indescribable. My comrade got up, and went below to get some water; after a while he returned, and brought up a piggin of the liquid. I drank very freely, and could almost hear it *siss* as it went down. The next morning my shirt had changed its color, and was as blue in front as I had been the night be-

fore ; but the mystery was soon explained by my looking into the vessel, and seeing some of the water left ; and what do you think it was ? He had gone into the yard, and not finding a pump, had taken from a wash-tub a liquid which proved to be *bluing water*, and in my haste to drink I had spilled it on my shirt, which gave it the appearance I have described. This is what I call literally, in the strictest sense, *getting blue !*

To entertain the reader with anecdotes was not the design of this work ; but for higher, and I trust, nobler purposes. How sad indeed, is the recital of misery which is now unfolded by the reformed inebriate ; but this course has been the salvation of many a poor wretch who would have filled a drunkard's grave.. For the reformed inebriate knows each avenue to his brother's heart ; he lightly touches the string on which hangs all his sorrow ; no rebuke mingles with his invitations of welcome ; he presents him with the life boat of safety, the Pledge, and tells him how nobly she stemmed the current of appetite, in his own case, and bounded over the billows of despair to the haven of security ; he well knows that one rude breath would contract his expanding hope—and the great key

which Washingtonians use to lock up for the present all those excitements which tend to destruction, is the soothing voice of kindness. They take their erring brother immediately into the hospital of their affections, and pour in the oil of hope, and fan, with gossamer lightness, the almost expiring embers of self respect, to a steady yet increasing flame, and raise a desire within him to climb the barrier walls which have stood between him and well regulated society. The reformed man does more than this ; he brings his brother shoes for his feet, and for rags presents him with comfortable apparel ; he lifts the veil from his own heart and his suffering brother sees reflected every prism of his most ardent desire. Finally, he gains his confidence by kindness, and stirs within him an emulous spirit to rise from his degraded state and become a man among men.

What a contrast is this to the cold, withering look men of the old school cast on the poor victim of appetite. No longer are heard threats in his ears of the curtailment of his liberty by imprisonment in the common jail or house of correction ; the bolts and bars of the prison fly not open so readily. Heaven has interposed in behalf of the self-immolated victim of habit and

philanthropy claims him as her own, and shields and protects him from the cold charities of a frowning world.

Reader, go then in the spirit of meekness and love to a fallen brother, and feel the reward in thy own bosom that thou hast indeed saved a brother from the error of his ways, and by thus doing, you will learn what constitutes a Washingtonian. As I oftentimes, you see, indulge in rhyme, I will describe in verse, what I think constitutes a Washingtonian :—

WITH an eye single to the good of the cause,
He fearless should enter the field,
Moral suasion his weapon independent of law,
But what the law of kindness can yield.

Principalities and powers he should fearless attack,
If they hedge up the way of reform,
Declaring the truth and keeping nought back,
Though the lip of the haughty should scorn.

If incense is offered to Bacchus' gay shrine,
And the lawmaker lights up the flame,
Let him fearless attack this lover of wine,
Though *Councillor* be attach'd to his name.

The fav'rite Madeira and sparkling Champaigne,
Indispensible yet with the great,
He should class with a foe of a different name,
Though it's found in the great chair of State.

At election of rulers when to vote he doth meet,
 May he carefully draw a straight line,
 Rejecting the solicitor who offers to treat,
 Or buy him with the juice of the vine.

No sectarian zeal, should his influence mar,
 No political name should be known,
 Temperance alone should be his pole star—
 To guide him, his guardian alone.

'Gainst each rank and each grade that float in the
 breeze,
 Of fortune's unstable, gay sphere,
 He should use all the weapons he consistent can
 seize,
 And wield them without doubting or fear.

If the watchmen of Zion are remiss to proclaim
 From its walls to the people around,
 'The ills that spring from this treacherous bane,
 And refusing their trumpets to sound ;

He should visit their sanctum with a mirror so bright,
 'Twill reflect themselves plain to their view,
 As cowards unfit for the temperance fight,
 And paint them in characters true.

The Washingtonian true to his pledge, will assail
 His foe in each shape he appears,
 Discouragement never his spirits should quail,
 But faith should dispel all his fears.

Charity, the Daughter of Heaven, shall spread,
 Her veil o'er the outcast and drear,
 And strengthen the weak and lift up the head
 Which is bowed down by trouble and fear.

The life-boat of safety, its name called the PLEDGE,
 Has Hope's sure sheet anchor and chain ;
 Her chart, ever true, points the shoal and the ledge
 Where the hulks of the shipwreck'd remain.

In the squalls of misfortune the Pledge furls your
 sail,
 Till the storm and all dangers is past,
 To the haven of peace with a soft balmy gale,
 In safety 'twill speed you at last.

Then come here, my brother, and pledge with your
 hand,
 Let your heart be the impress and seal,
 And forever resolve by the Pledge you will stand
 In poverty, woe, and in weal.

This principle stands out in bold relief from the former method which was taken to reform the inebriate, and guided by my own experience, I use the same method in my humble exertions to reform others that quickened in me the desire and purpose to deny myself of that bane which had strewed my path with thorns.

There is one undeniable fact, that the greater the drunkard, the more hope there is now of his reforming. When I rise to address an audience in any town, where I am known, I say to them that if my tongue should cleave to my mouth and I be incapable of uttering a word, the

mere fact of my standing before them, was sufficient evidence that none ought to be considered past recovery ; for I have never known the man who has been redeemed, that had fallen lower in the scale of human suffering and degradation than myself ; nevertheless, thousands of the most inveterate cases, so considered, are now among the foremost and firmest in the ranks of Total Abstinence ; while the moderate drinker slowly walks on an almost imperceptible inclined plane toward the same ruin which awaits finally all who tamper, even with the greatest caution, with the nefarious alcohol. Such men move on, and the young man views them indulging for years without apparent harm, and thinks his own power of self-control is equal to the cautious man's who feels so strong in self-command that he will not relinquish what he calls a necessary medicine,—a health promoter and agreeable companion. Thus I say, by their example, the young man is led to steer his own frail bark in the same channel as the moderate drinker, but soon finds she minds not the helm, and before he is aware, he founders on the shoals of Intemperance.

The moderate drinkers of the present day do more injury to the cause of temperance than

the confirmed drunkards, whose habits have destroyed their self-respect, and who stand, rather as monuments to warn the youth to avoid their course ; while the moderate drinkers are like decoy lights, alluring him to inevitable destruction :—

The moderate drinker's sordid soul,
 Who tempts the drunkard to his bowl,
 And feels secure in self control,
 A curse lays on him heavily !

I feel compelled to write these thoughts in connexion with this narrative, in hope the man who tells you it is no sacrifice for him to deny himself of his *little*, and still persists, regardless of his example, in this enlightened day, may see the injury he inflicts by his continuing in the evil, and resolve, like St. Paul, "if meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth."

The example worthy of the saint of old,
 Ye will not mind, but still your arms do fold ;
 Philanthropy now views you with disdain,
 And a cold misanthrope you still remain.

Excuse, reader, my desultory remarks, and as I have nearly arrived at the end of my narrative, I will now take a survey or rather a hasty

glance at the change in my condition since I signed the Pledge of Total Abstinence.

It is now nearly two years since I signed the pledge. I cannot give the reader any adequate idea of my miserable condition at that time.— Suffice it to say, I had not left my bed for months, and was literally reduced to a skeleton, and in fact, no one would have supposed it was possible I would be restored to health. But Providence who sees not as man seeth, permitted me, an unworthy worm, to arise from that bed of bodily and mental suffering, to be restored again to health, and to the enjoyment of friends and the confidence of the public ;—and I have endeavored in my humble manner, to counteract that influence which was prevalent among society when I was a slave to the bowl.

But one short year has expired since I left the almshouse,—I have been blessed in so many ways I cannot but testify that these blessings have followed from the kept pledge. The Pledge—the polar star to the reformed man—never swerves from its fixed and faithful point. Cruel care flies before it—confidence springs in the breast of those who had lost all confidence—hope beams again from the eye of the once hopeless.

I am well aware some may think in my present happy change, I have forgotten the miseries of my past life ; but time can never obliterate all the disgusting realities, the sorrows, sufferings and imprisonments, connected with a life of intemperance. Past scenes rise before me in all their black deformity ;—the swollen eye,—the nervous hand,—the bloated cheek, and the despair-betokening countenance,—the watch house, filled with the sickening odor of miserable remnants of mortality,—the house of correction with its iron doors and grated windows, are still fresh in memory ;—and the oakum cellar of the almshouse,—these by recollection, admonish me to cling to the pledge and keep low in the vale of humility.

These, reader, are my feelings. I have indeed been a sufferer, but the storm which intemperance raised has subsided ; and as the dark clouds roll away, the edges tinged with light and hope, tell that the sun is dispelling them from my sight. I am now comfortably situated, poor, yet not penurious ; for food and clothing I have never been in want since I have been a reformed man.

Feeling, as man naturally does, that it is not good for him to be alone, I have entered the

connubial state once more, with one every way calculated to be a lamp to light my gloomy walks in life. I was married Oct. 13th to Mrs. Margaret L. Davis, of Boston. We were married in Washingtonian Hall. We have met with congenial feelings, united our destinies together, and feel happy in the society of each other. Persuaded from our experience, that our joys must flow by a mutual dependence on God, our hope for happiness is not in the accumulation of riches, but in the cultivation of an attachment to each other, which strengthens as time's crumbling fingers dissolve over earthly houses for a building not made with hands.

To me the past seems almost impossible. I have often heard people say after hearing a reformed man lecture, that it seemed to them as if they meant to impose on the credulity of the people in their recital of sufferings they have endured. But as for myself, I can truly say, although I have unfolded before large congregations most appalling scenes in my life, yet I have never over colored the picture, or gave a hideous hue enough to give a clear idea of the reality; and in fact, decent pride would keep me from the disgusting recital; and, no doubt, the delicacy of the public would be wounded by

some of those scenes connected with a life of intemperance. Yet the simple recital of these sufferings, given with a prudent, well-directed zeal, has been the basis of this great reform. These appeals, flowing from the fount of experience, have reached the hearts of those of like experience, and been the raising lever to thousands considered once entombed from hope.

I could unfold from the record of experience thousands of facts to prove this assertion; but a sound has gone forth from the degraded ranks of the drunkard, which has awakened the sleeping sympathies of the bigoted, uncharitable and skeptical pretenders to piety. The ear of pity has been excited, and charity, daughter of heaven, has thrown a mantle over the poor outcast inebriate; the sun of love has expanded the latent talents of the crippled and forlorn votary to the goddess of fashion, and of the lower devotee to the bowl. The variegated beauties of intellect are brought to light, as well as genius from the tomb of hope, by the magic wand of total abstinence. Eyes now beam with hope, which were once overshadowed by despair. Affection twines stronger around the mind than when she ~~first~~ felt its kindling glow. The eye of the philanthropist beams with rapture at the

consummation of his wishes, and a general jubilee is kept by the once desponding friends of the saved. And what has accomplished all this? What measures have been taken to call down the approving smiles of heaven? Was it the bolts and bars of a prison that sent conviction and repentance to the poor inebriate, or the despotic discipline of tyrants, or the strong arm of the law? No; but the soothing voice of kindness and moral suasion. Yes, my friend, let me tell you, that never did confinement within the stone walls of a prison wean me from my great enemy's embrace; it only drove me on to desperation, and led me to a closer acquaintance with alcoholic stimulants, and sunk me lower in the mire of degradation. But, thanks to God, I have lived to see this day, when the drunkard cannot only be loosed from his chains, but resume his forfeited station in society. Formerly, when one left the House of Correction, whose purse and stomach were both empty, wo to him if he reeled. This was a mark upon him more visible than Cain's, and the eyes of "long staffs" became double-sighted when they ascertained where he last came from, and could discover, with more than a lynx's eye, an inward inebriation, when there

was no visible proof of it outwardly. If he was lame, he seldom could walk abroad in the streets, and were he so unfortunate as to fall down, he was not only sure to find a helper to raise him up, but to conduct him to a place where there was sure footing. Alas, poor fellow! thou hast no alternative; thou must either suffer the pinching want of a hungry stomach, and the bleak winds of our northern skies, or rely on the cold charities of a frowning world, or return, as I have often done, a necessity-driven prisoner to the House of Correction, and thy name held up through the public prints by an unprincipled reporter, to create new obstacles in the way of thy reform, by the knowledge thus given of thy disgrace.

How now my mind revolts at the sickening thought of my unfortunate fellow-beings, who are now confined in that abode of the drunkard. I can hardly preserve the balance of my mind when I ponder on these things, and when I think how much I have suffered in disgrace and imprisonment, I wonder that I never before should have seen my way of escape. I have wept in former days in the House of Correction at my sad fate. I wept when the temperance lecturer, Mr Frost, spoke before the prisoners;

but those tears were not indicative of repentance, but despair. He showed my lost condition, but raised not the star of hope in my then dark mind; and as for reaching my heart by a salutary influence to reform it, his words, in this respect, fell like moon-beams on polar ice. The reason of this is obvious; there appeared no good Samaritan to bind up my wounds. I had received from the cruel enemy to whom I had been so devoted no hospitable friend to aid me in my suffering which he had caused. My disgrace clung to me like a garment, and despair threw me more effectually into the power of the spoiler. I made my head bare to the winds of misfortune, and wished, and that often, for the peace of the silent tomb.

Worn out at last by continual exposure to the pelting storm, while disease was sapping my frame to its foundation, I wended my way to the Almshouse, where for seventeen months I never strayed beyond its precincts but once, and that once for the purpose of hearing a lecture from John Hawkins. I cannot better express my feelings on that occasion than by giving the following lines, which I wrote at the time, and they will give the reader a true description of my case.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

I could not thought when first I sipped the false in-
 spiring draught,
 That to excess I should have dipped, and such a les-
 son taught
 Of sorrow, wo and wretchedness, and loss of dearest
 friends,
 And more than all should be so blind to plead the
 cause of fiends.

The tempting bowl I cautious view'd, and drew a
 prudent line,
 And when appetite did sue, I quell'd it for a time ;
 And manly pride resisted long the cravings of desire,
 Till gradually I sailed upon a sea of liquid fire.

Conscience less loud its warning gave, prudence with-
 drew its bound,
 And then this deadly poison gave a deep and cruel
 wound.

Within the vortex round I whirl'd—I look'd in vain
 for aid—
 Prudence was buried from my sight, a chasm deep
 was made.

Within my breast that nought could fill, insatiate was
 the cry—

Rum led me captive by its will, no escape could I
 espy.

Poverty did follow in its train, and drove me faster
 on,

At last the prison's bars and walls proclaimed my free-
 dom gone.

Disgrace sought ease from whence it sprang—disease
 my cup did fill,
 But yet the venom'd hite did court the worm around
 the still.
 I knew my bane, I felt its power, and look'd with anx-
 ious eyes
 To find a friend in this sad hour for aid and kind ad-
 vice.

But ah! the lip of scorn was seen—the cold and with-
 ing look—
 Repulsive told me of my sin, and seal'd seem'd pity's
 book.
 The chilling blasts of winter came, no home did wel-
 come me,
 On friendship's alter rose no flame, no aid or help did
 see.

Still, still I hugged my deadly foe, and courted his
 embrace,
 Full sensible my misery I direct to him could trace.
 Ah fatal bond! how strong thy hold! what charm can
 it unloose?
 I could not urge from thee respite, or get of thee a
 truce.

And sad experience tells me true, no truce with thee
 is kept;
 Thou lulls thy prisoner for a time, but thy watch is
 ever set;
 A milder name thou dost assume, and sweetly it doth
 chime
 Softly in the inebriate's ear, the pleasing name of wine.

Thou smooth, polite, enchanting name—thy arts are
 ever sure,
 To lead, without suspicion on to death and ruin's
 door.
 A pirate thou, thou lead'st thy prey where the dread
 vortex rolls,
 And then they find alas, too late, that shipwreck'd are
 their souls!

Thus, reader, I have tried to give you some idea of my feelings in my retirement from the world in the Almshouse. How revolting to me now, in my sober view, are the associations of the sin-fraught bar-room. Here the professed robber meets in the drawn curtained box with his comrade, to devise means to accomplish their purposes of crime, and not unfrequently is it known to the landlord who these men are, and for the sake of their custom he provides them with a place to council together. Here in the grog shop, the libertine devises means to put his arts of seduction in practice, and blast for ever the fair hopes of a parent's heart. 'Tis here malice vents forth its vituperation against an unoffending individual. Here envy's dry consuming bane kindles anew by the potent charm behind the bar, and calls in revenge to aid to suppress the torturer in the bosom where it is cherished. Green-eyed jealousy here become double-sighted by the pernicious dram, and stalks forth to revenge itself on an innocent wife or lovely children. Here at the grog-shop, conjugal bliss receives its death-wound in a husband's heart, and all the fond endearments of home are eradicated, and the bar-room's revolting scenes take the place of those once-cherished endearments. 'Tis here

we hear the garrulous drunkard talk of liberty and equal rights, while he is laying a death-blow to future liberty, and every right he now possesses as a citizen. 'Tis here the brainless fop puffs his segar over his mint julep, and with consequential air adjusts his dress at the glass, and looks down on the rational man as a fool or inferior. 'Tis here the politician raises his patriotism by *steam*, and talks of the national finances and political economy, whil his individual finances are hourly decreasing by his devotion to that great scourge of all economy, alcohol. 'Tis here the poor man complains of hard times and high taxes, while his hard times and high taxes are brought on by his devotion to the landlord's interest. I have often sat in the bar-room astonished, and heard people charge their evils to every other source but the true one, when in fact the true cause stood in the glowing deeanter before them.

Yes, reader, this is no fancy sketch. I have scen all this : the connecting links in the chain of intemperance, are so many that I am not able, with all my experience, to call them to mind. Is it possible, I sometimes say to myself, that I have spent so much of my life in these dens of pollution ?

How often have I gone into a shop in the morning, and begged the privilege of bringing the pail of water for the use of the customers whose parched throats compelled them to rise from their beds and pay their homage to the man whose poison the night before had kindled a fire within them that burnt like Sodom. How often have I contested my right to the broom, with another poor victim of habit, to sweep the miserable dram-seller's shop for the loafer's accustomed fee, a glass of poison, and when some more fortunate, or I should say, unfortunate wretch had the honor of being appointed to do the morning drudgery, have I crouched in a servile manner to the landlord, and supplicated him to trust me to one glass more—one single glass to clear away the phantoms that my giddy brain were bringing before me, or have by fulsome flattery raised his generosity to bestow on me one glass on credit, and thus he, using his prerogative, drew from the common loafer's cask, the New England manufactured poison.

My case is no uncommon one in this respect, for any man who has become a victim to habit, and has poverty for his only attendant, passes through all these humbling, degrading scenes which have here been presented to the reader.

One thing I have remarked, when I had left the House of Correction after a long confinement, frequently has a little money been given me as I left the institution, by order of the directors, and feeling very proud that I could have the privilege of going to the bar, and call for my liquor like the *gentleman* drunkard, I, in imitation of him, would take from my pocket all the change given me, and pick it over in the presence of the landlord to find the price of the potion I called for. And how polite that man would be as his eye rested on the change—the very man who before I was taken the last time to prison, had ejected me from his den as a drunken loafer, because my pockets were to let; but yet there was something in that little respect which he paid, not to me, but my money, that was pleasing after all. So used to disrespect and disgrace, I caught at every little straw to support my sinking mind. “But no more his sparkling glass invites; it hath no charm for me now; the spell that bound me with delight is broken, and I am FREE.”

None have been exempt from intemperance: that is, no rank or grade in society has been passed by this destroyer. The pride of a fond father and the dependance of a tender mother, have been forever blasted by this deceitful

enemy. No place has been too sacred for it to enter and pollute. And yet amid all the light that now shines, mammon causes many to make sacrifice of conscience and sell their best hope for gold and silver. The unblushing zeal of the dram seller yet triumphs! but one thing is certain—no *respectable* man will sell liquor in this day of reform. If the rum-seller could view this traffic as God views it, he would rather scrape the streets for a living than continue in it for a single day. I care not how shielded he is by public opinion, or what name is attached to the building he occupies—whether it be called a Dog hole in Ann street, or the Tremont House in a more respectable site. The odium is as strongly attached in one case as the other. If the bar of the Tremont holds not out a three cent inducement for the sale of its poison, and where the poor cannot afford to pay twelve and a half cents a glass for its nectar, or if the rags of the drunkard are not permitted to enter its door, it nevertheless is the way to death, and the now rich and respectable young man, who beholds nothing derogatory to his character in drinking his mint julep, will most probably find it an inclined plane leading finally to the drunkard's degradation—the low grog shop and the House of Correction.

I have seen those who once were visitors to the Tremont, (as few years as it has stood as a proud pillar of defiance to law and moral suasion) wearing like me, the felon's garb in the House of Correction.

But the young and inexperienced, sees nothing that presents to him the future reeling form of the drunkard in the splendid mirrors of that elegant structure. The ball there set in motion will run down to the foot of the declivity, before the young man will wake to the dread reality. Then perhaps the whirling vortex will be too strong for him to regain the placid stream of sobriety. Oh! ye young men of fashion,—dash the sparkling wine forever to the earth, as you value your peace here and hereafter.

Beware! beware, young man, of the syren arts of the tempter of the bowl. “Look not upon wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.” I have endeavored in my narrative to give a true picture of the drunkard, hoping to deter the young man from indulging in any light drinks such as wine, beer or cider, which if indulged in as harmless, will sow the seeds of future misery and degradation.—
Moderate drinkers! beware! beware!

As ~~myself~~, the PLEDGE is my polar star ;
 it is at once my hope and my solace, 'my safety
 and my joy. I rejoice for the goodness of
 God, through the Washingtonian movement,
 in thus helping me to arise in the full vigor of
 my mind, and claim my forfeited station among
 my fellow men, and by His blessing, will use
 my feeble efforts in this crusade against our
 common foe. Since signing the pledge, I have
 never given the enemy any quarter,—have not
 drank any thing that could raise the thermometer
 of a latent appetite. I keep a strict watch and
 drive away every association connected with my
 former habits, for one spark if allowed to com-
 municate to my bosom, might kindle anew all
 those flames which for a time burned like a
 furnace. Therefore, "TOUCH NOT—TASTE
 NOT—HANDLE NOT," I keep ever before me
 as my ruling motto — and, by the assistance of
 God—

I ne'er again will touch that bane
 Which brings such misery—
 In honor I have pledg'd my name
 To live REFORMED and FREE !

Calculated-Perfect - 2 July 1914. S.H.F.