

If this do not make a lasting impression upon the mind of the reader, I could not produce it, were I to write till doomsday.

117. "But what are people to do who work, seeing that they must have something besides water?" This question is the general one; but it includes an assertion, the truth of which I deny as applicable to any persons but those engaged in hard work. How many miles have I travelled in AMERICA; how many hot days^e endured; how many days' and weeks' and months' toil, from morning till night, carrying a gun and a game bag, in JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER; and yet I do not recollect that I ever tasted spirituous liquors during any of these toils, except once, when I was out with a Philadelphia lawyer, who carried a little canteen of brandy, and who prevailed upon me to mix a little with some water in the crown of my hat. I was eight years, when young, in the colony of New Brunswick, where rum was seven-pence a quart, and where not one single man, out of three or four hundred, was, at a reckoning time, sober for about a week, except myself; and, during the whole of that time, living amidst all that drunkenness, I never once tasted spirituous liquors, except upon one occasion, when I made a journey through the woods for a wager, and expected to be out all the night. The winter in that country is of seven months' duration; and sometimes so severe that you cannot go ten yards without being frost-bitten, if fingers or nose be exposed; yet I never, except in that one single case, tasted spirituous liquors during the whole of that time; and every man that died with us in that country was killed by drink.

118. My drink in that country was goat's milk and water generally. Five or six times I might drink some English porter; but, generally speaking, the pure water alone was my drink. In the UNITED STATES, at my own home in