

which I heard her account of your new course," said the doctor.

"Why, is it possible you doubted me?"

"Ah! my dear ma'am, I had so often seen such hopes blasted, that I dared not encourage your anticipations, but one glance at your husband's face and form have done wonders; the teachings of sickness have made him a wiser and a better man."

"Yes doctor, those teachings, coupled with your warnings and my wife's tears, have saved me from an early and dishonoured grave. God bless you, and ever give you moral courage to warn the wine-bibber."

The following is the much celebrated "Deacon Giles' Distillery," as it originally appeared in the *Salem Landmark* :—

#### "INQUIRE AT AMOS GILES' DISTILLERY."

Some time ago the writer's notice was arrested by an advertisement in one of the newspapers, which closed with words similar to the following; "Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery." The readers of the *Landmark* may suppose, if they choose, that the following story was a dream, suggested by that phrase:

Deacon Giles was a man who loved money, and was never troubled with a tenderness of conscience. His father and his grandfather before him had been distillers, and the occupation had come to him as an heir-loom in the family. The still-house was black with age, as with the smoke of furnaces that never went out and the fumes of tortured ingredients, ceaselessly converted into alcohol. It looked like one of Vulcan's Stithies translated from the infernal regions into this world. Its smelt filled the atmosphere, and it seemed as if drops of alcoholic perspiration might be made to ooze out from any one of its timbers or clippboards on a slight pressure. Its owner was a treasurer to a Bible Society, and he had a little counting-room in one corner of the distillery where he sold Bibles.

"He that is greedy to gain troubleth his own house." Any one of those Bibles would have told him this, but he chose to learn it from experience. It is said that the worm of the still lay coiled in the bosom of his family, and certain it is that one of its members had drowned himself in the vat of hot liquor, in the bottom of which a skeleton was some time after found, with heavy weights tied to the ankle bones. Moreover Deacon Giles' temper was none of the sweetest, naturally, and the liquor he drank, and the fires and spirituous fumes among which he lived, did nothing to soften it. If his workmen sometimes fell into his vats, he himself oftener fell out with his workmen. This was not to be wondered at considering the nature of their wages, which, according to no unfrequent stipulation, would be as much raw rum as they could drink.

Deacon Giles worked on the Sabbath. He would neither suffer the fires of the distillery to go out, nor to burn while he was idle; so he kept as busy as they. On Saturday afternoon his workmen had quarrelled, and all went off in anger. He was in much perplexity for want of hands to do the work of the devil on the Lord's day. In the dusk of the evening a gang of singular looking fellows entered the door of the distillery. Their dress was wild and uncouth, their eyes glared and their language had a tone that was awful. They offered to work for the Deacon; and he, on his part, was overjoyed, for he thought within himself that as they had probably been turned out of employment elsewhere, he could engage them on his own terms.

He made them his accustomed offer; as much rum every day when work was done, as they could drink; but they would not take it. Some of them broke out and told him that they had enough of hot things where they came from, without drinking damnation in the distillery. And when they said that, it seemed to the Deacon as if their breath burned blue; but he was not certain and could not tell what to make of it. Then he offered them a pittance of money; but they set up such a laugh, that he thought the roof of the building would fall in. They demanded a sum, which the Deacon said he could not give, and would not, to the best set of workmen that ever lived, much less to such piratical looking escape-jails as they. Finally, he said, he would give half what they asked, if they would take two thirds of that in Bibles. When he mentioned the word Bibles, they all looked towards the door and made a step backwards, and the Deacon thought they trembled, but whether it was with anger, or delirium tremens or something else, he could

not tell. However, they winked, and made signs to each other, and then one of them, who appeared to be the head man, agreed with the Deacon, that if he would let them work by night instead of day, they would stay with him a while, and work on his own terms. To this he agreed, and they immediately went to work.

The Deacon had a fresh cargo of molasses to be worked up, and a great many hogsheads then in from his country customers, to be filled with liquor. When he went home, he locked up the doors, leaving the distillery to his new workmen. As soon as he was gone, you would have thought that one of the chambers of hell had been transposed to earth with all its inmates. The distillery glowed with fires hotter than ever before, and the figures of demons passing to and fro, and leaping and yelling in the midst of their work, made it look like the entrance to the bottomless pit.

Some of them sat astride the rafters, over the heads of the others and amusing themselves with blowing flames out of their mouths. The work of distilling seemed play to them, and they carried it on with supernatural rapidity. It was hot enough to have boiled the molasses in any part of the distillery, but they did not seem to mind it at all. Some lifted the hogsheads as easy as you would raise a teacup, and turned their contents into the proper receptacles; some skimmed the boiling liquors; some with huge ladles dipped the smoking fluids from the different vats and raising it high in the air, seemed to take great delight in watching the fiery stream as they spouted it back again; some drafted the distilled liquor into empty casks and hogsheads; some stirred the fires; all were boisterous and horribly profane, and seemed to engage in their work with such familiar and malignant satisfaction, that I concluded the business of distilling was as natural as hell, and must have originated there.

I gathered from their talk that they were going to play a trick upon the Deacon, that should cure him of offering rum and Bibles to his workmen; and I soon found out, from their conversation, what it was. They were going to write certain inscriptions on all his rum casks, that should remain invisible until they were sold by the Deacon, but should flame out in characters of fire as soon as they were broached by his retailers, or exposed for the use of the drunkards.

When they had filled a few casks with liquor, one of them took a great coal of fire, and having quenched it in a mixture of rum and molasses, proceeded to write apparently by way of experiment, upon the heads of the different vessels. Just as it was dawn they left off work, and all vanished together.

In the morning the Deacon was puzzled to know how the workmen got out of the distillery, which he found fast locked as he had left it. He was still more amazed to find that they had done more work in one night, than could have been accomplished, in the ordinary way, in three weeks. He pondered the thing not a little, and almost concluded that it was the work of supernatural agents. At any rate, they had done so much that he thought he could afford to attend meeting that day, as it was the Sabbath. Accordingly he went to church, and heard his minister say that God could pardon sin without an atonement, that the words hell and devils were mere figures of speech, and that all men would certainly be saved. He was much pleased, and inwardly resolved he would send the minister a half cask of wine, and as it was communion Sabbath, he attended meeting all day.

In the evening the men came again, and again the Deacon locked them in to themselves, and they went to work. They finished all his molasses, and filled all his rum barrels and kegs, and hogsheads, with liquor, and marked them all, as on the preceding night with invisible inscriptions. Most of the titles ran thus: "Consumption sold here.—Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." "Convulsions and epilepsies.—Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery." "Insanity and murder.—Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." "Dropsy and rheumatism." "Putrid fevers and cholera in collapse.—Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery." "Delirium tremens.—Inquire at Amos Giles Distillery."

Many of the casks had on them inscriptions like the following: "Distilled death and liquid damnation."—"The Elixir of Hell for the bodies of those whose souls are going there." Some of the demons had even taken sentences from the Scriptures, and marked the hogsheads thus: "Who hath woe?—Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." "Who hath redness of eyes?—Inquire at Deacon Giles'