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Deacon Giles's Distillery.

[A North Carolina correspondent of the 'Messenger,' begs to have the following piece republished. It was written over sixty years ago, and is doubtless, already familiar to many of our readers.] The picture is a historical curiosity.

(Written by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, Feb. 1835)

Some time ago the writer noticed an advertisement in a paper, bibles for sale, 'Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.' You may suppose 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 grand-

lived, did nothing to soften it. If his workmen sometimes fell into his vats, he himself oftener fell out with his workmen.

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. One Saturday afternoon his workmen had quarrelled and all gone 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 over-

could not give, and would not to the best set of workmen that ever lived, much less to such piratical scapejails 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 toward the door, and made a step backward, 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 seemed 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,



DEACON GILES'S - DISTILLERY.

father had been distillers, and the same occupation had come to him as an heirloom. The still-house was black with age, and with smoke of furnaces that never went out. Its stench filled the atmosphere, and it seemed as if drops of poisonous alcoholic perspiration might be made to ooze from it.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house. It was 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's temper was none of the sweetest, and the liquor he drank, and the fires and spirituous fumes among which he

joyed, 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 turned 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

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 his distillery to his new workmen. As soon as he had departed you would have thought that one of the chambers of hell had been transported to earth with all its inmates. The distillery glowed with fires that burned hotter than ever before; and the figures of the demons passing to and fro, leaping and yelling in the midst of their work, made it look like the entrance of the bottomless pit.

Some of them sat astride the rafters over the heads of the others, and amused themselves with blowing flames out of their