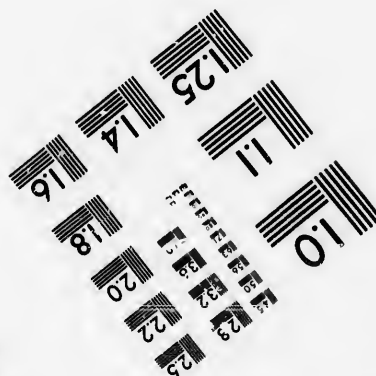
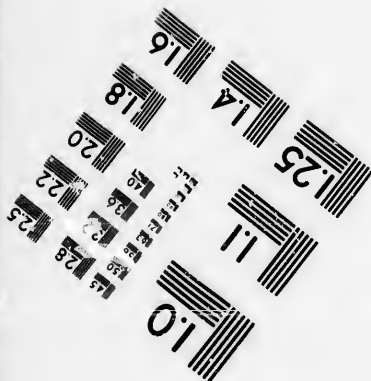
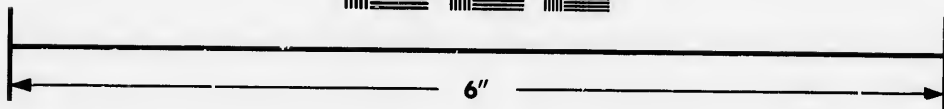
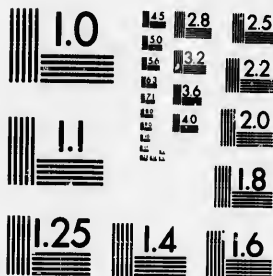


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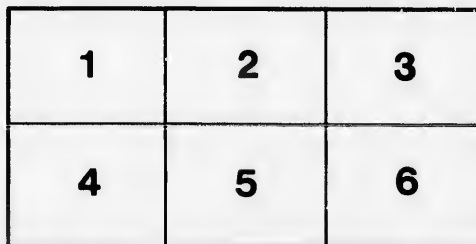
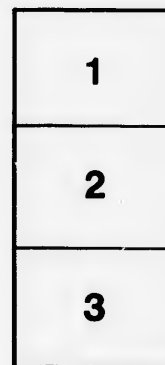
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Sam. M. Hewlett

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LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC

SARAH ELIZABETH HEWLETT.

LECTURES ON

TEMPERANCE,

IN THE NORTH-WEST, MIDDLE, AND WESTERN
PORTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND IN CANADA, AND
THE BRITISH PROVINCES,

AS RELATED BY HERSELF.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1862.

1862.



Sam. M. Hewitt

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The Cup and its Conqueror ;
OR, THE
TRIUMPHS OF TEMPERANCE,
AS EXHIBITED IN THE
LIFE, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES
OF
SAMUEL MUDWAY HEWLETT,
DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS A LECTURER ON
TOTAL ABSTINENCE,
IN THE NORTHERN, SOUTHERN, EASTERN, AND WESTERN
PORTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND IN CANADA AND
THE BRITISH PROVINCES,
AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

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TO
LUCIUS M. SARGENT, ESQ.
THIS LITTLE BOOK,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
"My Mother's Gold Ring,"
IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

3187199

P R E F A C E .

Scarcely any person's life, if faithfully written, would not be perused with interest, more especially when it has been one of dangers escaped, and of vicissitudes of a startling nature. Such has been the nature of my career, which I have here related in its two phases; the first that of an indulger in intemperance, the second as that of an advocate of total abstinence. Example will often prevail when arguments are powerless, and the folly of drinking habits is perhaps better shown by the honest confessions of a reformed man, than by labored essays, or exciting fictions. It is as a warning and a guide that these pages have been penned.

If they shall, while yielding information as to my early career, be the means of enabling others to avoid the ruinous temptations of the inebriating cup, they will not have been written in vain.

Boston, Mass., Dec., 1861.

S. M. H.

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Part First.



MY INTEMPERATE CAREER.

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PART FIRST.

My Intemperate Career.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction — Reflections — My English Birthplace — Hannah More — Fossil Caves — Early Emigration — My Parents — Maternal Influence — I go to School — The French Teacher taught — New mode of teaching French — Reciprocity.

A GREAT writer has said with much truth, that if “any man were to record *faithfully* the events of his career, he could not fail to make an interesting narrative.” Truth is indeed stranger than fiction; and the every-day events of the world surpass romance in interest. I am about to truly relate some of the incidents of a checkered career. I shall confess to

many a fault and many a folly — *not* because I admire the “pride that apes humility, or that I wish to glory in my shame,” but in order that I may, by example, act as a beacon-light, and prevent, so far as I can, others from drifting to the rocks and shoals on which I had so nearly been wrecked. *My* vessel of Life, thanks to a merciful Providence, did not founder in the dreadful sea of Intemperance, whose billows often and again, so nearly overwhelmed me. The Life-Boat, “Total Abstinence,” manned by a benevolent crew, snatched me from the abyss ; so I now sit down to record the events of my perilous voyage, and to tell something of my calm cruising along those shores whose harbors afford safe anchorage, and whose currents flow toward the haven of Eternal rest.

I cannot, to a certain extent, avoid being egotistical, but the reader, remembering that this is an “Autobiography,” will at

once perceive the necessity of a frequent use of the "first person singular." Besides, I want to be as simple as possible, and to talk to him on paper as though he were listening to my living voice. So much, by way of introduction.

I was born on the 17th of October, 1818, in the pretty village of Banwell, England, long since celebrated for its Fossil Caves, and for the visits of Mrs. Hannah More, who founded a school there. Banwell is situated about fourteen miles from Bristol, the great Commercial Emporium of the West of England, but of neither place can I tell anything for the simple reason that I commenced my travelling career at a very early age ; so early that I was but just one year old when the vessel, in which my parents and myself sailed, crossed the Banks of Newfoundland. In hopes of bettering his condition my father had left the old country, where on arriving, he settled at Newark, N. J., and commenced business as

a Tanner, in which he so far succeeded, both in the way of commerce, and in establishing a good reputation, that he resides there to this day, a respected citizen.

My mother, I have heard was an excellent and well-educated woman, but, of course I retain only a very indistinct remembrance of her as she died when I was ten years old. She was taken from me too early for me personally and practically to estimate the invaluable blessings of a mother's love. Had she lived a few years longer, her affectionate influence might have materially influenced my career for the better, for though, my father did all in his power to mould and direct my character, yet every thoughtful person will agree with me in the opinion that it is the mother who exercises the greatest and best influence on her child. I was an only child, too; for a little sister died in her infancy, and when I lost my parent, had no other sister to partially take her place. I do not mention

these matters as any excuse for my after-excesses, but merely as facts in my history.

When I had attained my twelfth year, I was sent to a boarding-school at Staten Island. It so happened that at this establishment was a French teacher, who engaged himself in the work of tuition in order, rather, to learn the English language, than to impart a knowledge of the French tongue. His name was LeRoy. Now, I ought to mention here, that I was early distinguished for an exceedingly retentive memory and that I had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. My tutors were not long, too, in finding out that I had a natural aptitude for acquiring languages, and they made use of that information both to my benefit and that of Mr. LeRoy. And this led to my learning the French language, which has since proved an invaluable acquisition.

It was agreed upon, after some consideration, that I should teach Mr. LeRoy Eng-

lish, and he, in return instruct me in French. To carry this into effect we roomed together — each of us in turn converting one language into the other. Mr. LeRoy was exceedingly anxious to go into business in America, and therefore a knowledge of the English language was indispensable. I was no less desirous of learning French. An *entente cordiale* therefore existed, and one far more cordial and sincere than that which is said to bind Great Britain and France at the present time.

In our mutual tuitions we did not by any means adopt the recognized and conventional methods of instruction, but I assure you, reader, we taught each other in a much pleasanter way. Let me give you an example.

Mr. LeRoy was a terrible snorer, and it was no small annoyance to me to be waked up from a comfortable nap, by the bassoon-like sounds that issued from his nasal

organ, which by the way, was very far from an organ that had music in it. Add the natural nasal French pronunciation, to the unnatural sounds we often hear from sleeping people and you may form some faint idea of Mr. LeRoy's snore, but it would be a very faint idea indeed!

Now, when my French bed-fellow had worried me beyond expression, I used to give him a sharp poke in the back or ribs with my elbow, and rouse him, when some such a colloquy as this would ensue:

MR. LEROY. — "Ah! sare! Vat you poke me, for?"

MYSELF. — "Because you snore so dreadfully that I can get no sleep."

MR. LEROY, (waking up.) — "Oh! ah! *Shnore!* Vat is dat? Vat letters you spell it viz?"

[I would then give him a lesson on the orthography of snoring. When he had learned this he would say:]

MR. LEROY. — “Now, vat is de vay you pronounce snore?”

[Then I pronounced the word over and over until he thoroughly understood how to speak it properly — and then he would go to sleep, and — snore again!]

Of course he gave *me* similar casual French lessons, and so diligent were we, that in six weeks he could make himself thoroughly understood in English, and I could, for a boy, speak very tolerably, the French language. This was my first foreign lingual acquirement, and I was, perhaps, a little vain of it. Many times since I have thought of, and been amused at the manner of my teaching. I am not certain that it was the best mode of learning or of acquiring, but of one thing I am quite sure that the process taught me two important lessons — the value of reciprocity, and of self-reliance. An anecdote is related somewhere of an Englishman who visited Paris, and on his return expressed

his great surprise that even the little children should speak French fluently — after “rooming” with Mr. LeRoy, I felt no astonishment whatever, — at least on that subject.

CHAPTER II.

I return to Newark—Reflections—Journey to Wilbraham Seminary—My Travelling Companions—My Importance—New York—My Life saved by a tight boot—Hartford Experiences—An Extemporized Bedstead—My first lesson in Finance.

IN course of time I was removed from the boarding-school, and went to Newark. My mother had died before my departure from home. I was too young, as I have before remarked, to fully realize the extent of my loss, and to feel what a catastrophe to a home is the loss of its *Natural* head— for let men say what they choose about being “Masters,” women are the guardian angels and Heaven-appointed leaders of the domestic circle. Fathers, however excellent they may be, are not fit trainers of their young children—for all experience

proves that they either spoil them by over-indulgence, or repel them by undue severity. My father, perhaps, felt that being an only child he might "spare the rod and spoil his son," and so, he determined to send me to the Wesleyan Seminary at Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

My adventures, after having been in a measure thrown on my own resources, may be, I think, dated from this period.

It happened that three other boys, were to be sent from Newark to the Seminary, and I, being the senior of the four, was appointed to take charge of them, and of their finances. The latter were not quite as large in amount as those which the Secretary of the Treasury has to manage, but I really think they caused me to feel of quite as much importance as the National functionary. And then, to be the master, as it were of three boys younger than myself! The idea to my young heart was overwhelming!

Almost at our very outset, a remarkable circumstance occurred, which I can now look back upon, as a special interposition of Providence, but which then, I merely regarded as a lucky escape. It happened in the following way :

We had crossed the Jersey Ferry to New York, intending, after making some little purchases in the latter city, to proceed to Hartford, on our way to Wilbraham. Before leaving home I had received strict directions, to be always in time for the stage or boat, and I was very anxious to comply with them. Among my purchases in New York was a pair of boots which I put on in the shop where I bought them, wishing, I suppose, with a boyish vanity to exhibit them to admiring gazers. There is an old and in my case, a true saying — that “Pride must be pinched.” My new boots pinched my instep and toes so badly, that before I had walked half a mile toward the boat, I was compelled to stop and rest. I

was old enough to feel assured that *Time* and *Steam* — as well as *Tide* will stay for no man — nor boy either, and as the time of the boat's departure was very near, my frequent delays caused me great anxiety — I hobbled on as well as I could, in the greatest agony, and would gladly have pulled off my new boots and trotted the rest of the way barefooted, but who does not know the difficulty of drawing off a pair of tight new boots? I could *not* do it, strive as I would. I tugged, and my companions pulled, but it was of no use, and so I limped painfully along the rough streets of that part of New York.

At length we came in sight of the pier, and I was congratulating myself on the termination of my terrible travel, when just as we reached the middle of the landing, we saw the boat moving off, — forgetting my pinched toes, I ran to the pier-head, — the boat was a very little way from it, and in my ignorance I hoped and believed the

Captain would return and take us on board. We shouted — we cried — we implored — but it was all of no use — the boat kept slowly moving off. As a last resource and inducement, we emptied our pockets (and what does not a boy's pocket hold?) of marbles — tops — buttons — apples — cakes, and the like, and shouted an offer to the Captain to give all of them to him if he would but come back for us — we labored under the delusion that he *could* not withstand *such* an inducement! Vain hope! — the stony-hearted skipper sang out “Go-ahead!” the vessel was speedily out of sight, and like Lord Ullin, in Campbell's ballad, when he lost his child, we were left to mourn. The ballad says :

“The waters wild swept over his child,
And he was left lamenting.”

The “waters wild” did *not* sweep over us children, but they had very nearly done so — for the steamboat (I think it was the Lexington, but am not certain) whose

Captain refused to return for us never reached her destination. Within a very few hours after her leaving New York, she took fire, and nearly all her passengers and crew perished. On what seeming trifles hinges our destiny! Had it not been for the pair of tight boots, my bones and those of my companions might now have been bleaching at the bottom of Long Island Sound. Two minutes sooner, and I should have got on board—two minutes later, and I escaped the peril. Thus, how often what we fancy to be a calamity turns out to be a blessing in disguise. I do not imagine, however, that many other men have had their lives saved through the agency of a pair of tight boots!

Weil — there we were left — four little boys — standing at the end of the pier — the laughing-stocks of some, the pitied of others — and ourselves images of despair. But, happily I was of an elastic and hopeful temperament, and then, I awoke to a

sense of my responsibility as "Guardian" of my three fellow-travellers. I accordingly made inquiries as to when the next boat for Hartford would sail, and having ascertained that important fact, we strolled about the city, taking especial care not again to be behind time.

We accordingly took passage in the following steamer, and arrived safely at Hartford, Conn., where, on landing we were surrounded by a gang of runners, each of whom seized on us, as if we had been his personal property, and in the most glowing terms set forth the peculiar benefits appertaining to their several hotels. But each of these touting gentlemen evidently, and no doubt, flagrantly departed from the strict line of truth, for no sooner did one of them launch into commendations of the particular establishment with which he was connected, than another gave him the lie direct, and expressed an ardent desire to damage his countenance; which damaging, con-

sidering that every runner's face had either a pugilistically flat nose, a black eye, or swollen lips, behind which no front teeth were visible, appeared to be quite a work of supererogation.

However, we all trudged away, ourselves carrying our scanty baggage, and at length I chose a place of refuge. Having made our wants known we were shown to a room on the fifth story.

There was in the bed only room for three of us, and our finances would not allow of my taking another room. What *was* to be done? Necessity is the mother of invention, and she proved a kind parent to me in this emergency.

There was a bureau in the room — large and old-fashioned, and while studying what I should do, this article of furniture caught my eye. A lucky thought struck me — could I not with a portion of the bed-clothes and our own garments make up a bed for the smallest boy of our party? Of

course we might; and we extemporised a couch in a very short time, but we did not go to bed immediately, for chancing to look out of the window we saw on the opposite side of the street a large building, with the word MUSEUM printed in attractive letters on its front.

That was a great temptation, for, even at this time, I had a latent love of pleasure. I counted the money in my possession, — for some little time hesitated — and then, persuading myself into the conviction that I could not afford it, but that a little pleasure was absolutely necessary, determined to go. The fine building and the brilliant lights also dazzled the eyes and the imaginations of my young companions, so that it needed little persuasion to induce them to accompany me. We therefore all left the hotel, bound on a voyage of Delight, in the barque Hope,

“Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.”

When we reached the pay-office of the

Museum, I drew from my pocket half-a-dollar—handed it to the lady-cashier, and stood expecting some change, as I understood the price of admission was ninepence each person. I did not then understand the various currency-terms used in different States, and fancying I was being cheated, asserted proudly that though I was only a boy going to a boarding-school, I was not to be taken advantage of in that way.

“My change, Ma’am?” I demanded.

“You have none to receive,” was the reply.

I was now fairly angry, but at that critical moment a gentleman tapped me on the shoulder.

“My little fellow,” said he in a kindly tone, “You do not seem to be aware that ninepence here is twelve and a half cents, therefore, for the four of you, half-a-dollar is required.” He then explained the difficult currency question quite to my satisfaction, and thus I literally *bought* wisdom for the first time in my life.

CHAPTER III.

Wilbraham Seminary — A Rival — Expulsion — I Became Reckless — Leave Home — Rum and Singing — A German Acquaintance — The Stewart Club — Am a Runaway Sailor — Pittsburg — Serious Accident — Despair — Become a Deck-Hand — Vicissitudes — A Step in Advance — I Become Clerk.

THE next morning we started by stage for Wilbraham, and were soon fairly installed in the Seminary. I do not deem it necessary to give any particular description of this sort of juvenile learning, nor relate any incidents of my career there. A few, however, I must refer to.

Among the pupils was one named Bigelow, whose abilities were so much on a par with mine that we always divided the prizes for which we contested. With him I became very intimate, until I entered on wild courses. The consequence was, I was

expelled, but at the intercession of my father was taken back again. Again I left the Seminary and became reckless. I made up my mind to travel, and in company with one U——, a German, started from home, agreeing that when he could get work as a saddler that he should find me in food and rum, and when he had nothing to do, I should exercise *my* talents as vocalist. We reached Bordentown, and there became members of the Club named after Commodore Stewart. From there we started in our sailor's garb, and gave out that we were runaway sailors, and that I had been wounded while escaping, showing an old proof thereof. In time we reached the Neghanies, where my companion told the tale in German which I had concocted. In approaching Pittsburg we embarked on a Canal Boat, where I earned, by singing and dancing, about eighty dollars. In Pittsburg we lodged in a cellar of the "Diamond."

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One day, having missed my companion, I went into a harness-maker's shop to inquire if he had called there. A little girl in the place, frightened at my grotesque appearance, screamed aloud, and her father, a great German, weighing over three hundred pounds, coming out without saying a word, attacked me and knocked me down. He then kicked me and broke three of my ribs. For this the Mayor fined him ten dollars, which was handed to me, and it was such a God-send that I would gladly have had three more broken at the same price.

As soon as I had fairly recovered from this accident, which I speedily did, thanks to youth and a strong constitution, I began to look about me for some fresh means of procuring subsistence. It is no easy thing, let me tell you, dear reader, for a raw youth without any definite trade or profession, to get employment in a commercial city. A person applying for work under such

cumstances is almost invariably asked,—
“What is your trade?” Such a query was put to me, too, many a time. Now, as vagabondizing about the country, at one time pretending to be a runaway sailor, at another, singing and dancing to amuse a gaping crowd, and to procure meals and a lodging, can scarcely be called a “trade,” I was compelled to dodge the question by broadly asserting that I could “do anything.” Doing “anything” in the eyes of shrewd business, practical men, simply means “can do nothing,” and so, after having wandered through the streets of Pittsburg until I was foot-sore and heart-sore, I, one forlorn morning, took a hungry stroll by the river side.

A busy but gloomy place is that smoky city of Iron Foundries — the atmosphere is composed of dust, smoke, and a thousand villainous odors. The dingy houses, trees, (where there grow any) canals, and the grimy-looking faces you see at every turn

would not be at all calculated to raise the spirits of one with a full stomach and a well-lined wallet. Fancy then, what a depressing influence it must have had on me to whom meat and money were strangers. While I looked on the river as it swept sullenly by, old times and old scenes came vividly to mind. The home at Newark — the Staten Island School, and the Seminary at Wilbraham. Then, with something like remorse, I thought how I had neglected opportunities, and wasted my best years in frolic and in folly. But, at that time I was never sad long. As I strolled along indulging in these sad reminiscences, my attention was directed to the long line of steamboats that were moored to the banks. They looked anything but inviting, but were one and all dingy and forbidding—a sudden thought struck my mind. Here I can do nothing — what if I tried to gain employment on board one of those boats? I felt such a place would be very

much like a last refuge for the destitute; but then, was not *I* destitute enough? I had, however, health and strength, and energy, and do something I *must*. My mind was speedily made up, and almost before I was aware of what I had done, I had hired myself on board one of the boats as "deck hand."

Here was a startling change! The *quondam* pupil of a Wesleyan Seminary, and an aspirant for Yale College, transformed into a rough looking handler of casks of whiskey and barrels of pork on board a southern river boat! It was terribly hard work, but I stuck to it, and faithfully fulfilled its duties until I changed my position to that of Fireman.

If any one wishes to form an idea (it must be, I suppose, a very slight one) of what Tophet is like, let him occupy such a position as I then did. The spot where I stood panting and perspiring, feeding the ever-hungry furnaces, was *not* "a little

Heaven below," but quite the reverse. In fact, the place was much too hot to hold me, and I became, not without reason, dissatisfied. Yet, with no other situation in prospect, I had prudence enough to remain in it until, as Mr. Wilkins Micawber says, something better should "turn up;" and, sure enough, something *did* turn up which relieved me from my unpleasant position.

One day, as I stood near the clerk's office musing on my present fortune and my possible fate, I observed him busy making up his accounts. "Ah, I thought to myself, how much better I should like such an occupation than the menial one by which I am now obliged to earn my bread. And then, moved by a sudden impulse I addressed the clerk, who, like the clerks of steamboats generally, was a rather high and mighty sort of a gentleman.

"I can drive a quill, too," said I. The gentleman behind the desk looked up from

his account book, and surveyed me from head to foot. I did not appear very much to advantage in my Fireman's costume — my hands and face as grimy as my clothes.

"What do *you* know about writing?" asked he, with supercilious expression.

"I *can* write and keep accounts too," I replied. "You must not judge of me by my looks or dress, unfortunate circumstances have placed me where I am, but I have been well educated and have seen better days."

"You talk as though you had," the clerk remarked, "and I have a great deal to do, I don't mind if I try you."

My heart leaped with joy, and before long, washed and renovated, I was installed as second clerk, and gave entire satisfaction.

Here was a change for the better, — a trifling one it is true, but yet a step in advance. Hitherto I had been exerting only physical strength, but now my talents were

called into action. We went to Louisville, Ky., and I left the boat there. At Beargrass my friend got a contract to make two hundred dozen mule collars. I loafed round till I was ashamed and then went to assist him, but was soon seized with bilious fever.

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CHAPTER IV.

I become Second Steward of a steamer — A Stabbing head Steward — Biscuit-making Extraordinary — St. Louis dissipation — I improve in biscuits — The Captain's caution — New Orleans — Strange adventure with a Creole — I have the choice of being married or shot — My escape from a Tigress — My heels save my head.

ON recovering from this severe attack, I engaged as second steward of a boat bound to St. Louis, saw many a strange scene enacted and learned something more of the world and its buffetings. The head steward, under whose orders I acted was an exceedingly violent and passionate man, and being of a rather quick temper myself, I had much difficulty in getting along with him. However, I was soon relieved from his domination, not by any act of mine, but of his own.

Every one who has travelled on those Southern boats is aware that quarrels among the officers and crew are frequent. It is a word and a blow, and frequently the blow precedes the word. The head steward on our way to St. Louis had a "difficulty" with one of the hands, and stabbed him, the consequence of which was that he was put on shore by the Captain, at the next landing. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the truth of the adage was verified in my case, for I was at once promoted to the vacant head-stewardship.

I accepted the office with some apprehension, for I really had had so little experience in the duties of it that I was terribly afraid of making some mistake which would subject me to ridicule or worse; and it was not long before I committed myself.

Among my other duties was that of making biscuits for the cabin table. Now how to do this I knew no more than how to make a steam engine, but keeping my

ignorance to myself, I determined to try, and a pretty mess I made of it. The biscuits I put on the table were as hard as cannon balls, and innumerable were the jokes perpetrated at my expense. Some very impulsive gentlemen flung them at my head, which process gave me a striking proof of their want of lightness, but did not tend in the least to improve me in their manufacture. With the drinkables I could get on very well, but when it came to fancy bread making, I was terribly at fault. However, I managed to get along until we arrived at St. Louis, when I left that boat.

After a short stay in St. Louis, my money soon growing short again, in consequence of my frequent visits to grog-shops, I procured another situation as steward on board the boat Stephen Girard. I had idled away my time on shore, when I should have been improving myself, and becoming qualified for my new sphere of action. But what habitual drinker ever cares for the

future? The consequence was, that I was not improved much in any way. Chance however, did for me what I would not do for myself, and it fell out thus :

On our way up the river, there happened to be a man on board who was working his passage. He was very poor, and remembering what I had suffered myself, I rendered him some little kind offices and found him a very intelligent person. One evening, while talking together, I happened to mention my biscuit failure. He said immediately :

“ Well, you’ve been good to me, and so I’ll put you in the way of making bread and biscuits — I was a baker once.”

Here was a chance! I took lessons, and very soon my biscuits were pronounced first-rate. So that, the reader will perceive a kind action often brings its own reward.

I returned in the same boat to New Orleans, and was so attentive to the

passengers, and set such a good table that I became quite a favorite with the Captain, who seemed to take a great interest in me. As we were approaching the Crescent City, I was charmed with the lovely, and to me, novel scenery on its banks, and I hinted to the skipper that I anticipated a fine time in New Orleans.

“You will have to be very careful while there, young man,” he observed.

“Oh!” said I carelessly, “I guess I can take care of myself, I am not afraid of any man.”

“That may be,” he added, “Its not so much against the men as the women, I would warn you—the Creole women, I mean.”

“I said, I had never seen much of them.”

“And the less you see and have to do with them, the better,” went on the Captain; “they are beautiful and fascinating as angels, but offend or cross them, and they are devils in their wrath. Stear clear

of them, Sam, or you'll get into a scrape before you know where you are, or what you are doing."

I promised to take his advice, but what young man situated as I was ever *will* be advised? On our arrival at New Orleans, we lay along side the levee, and I went ashore to see the lions of the great city.

A few days after our arrival, a very strange adventure quite justified the Captain's warnings to me, and convinced me that the Creole ladies are indeed dangerous acquaintances. The following occurrence may read like a bit of romance, but it is strictly true, and not exaggerated in any respect — indeed, in these memoirs I have rigidly abstained from all embellishment, and attempted to tell, in all instances a "plain unvarnished tale," for, as I have before remarked, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

I was occupied in my room one morning, when a Creole lady, dressed in the height

of fashion, came on board and said to one of the hands,

“ I want to see de steward ? ”

She was shown up, and certainly a more beautiful and attractive looking woman I have never seen. She looked over the boat, chatted very familiarly, and at length asked me if I would not like a drive a little way into the country. As I was a stranger, she would be happy to show me some charming scenery, &c.

Forgetting what the Captain had told me, I jumped at the offer, and after “ tidying ” myself, accompanied the lady on shore, where a carriage and horses were awaiting her. She entered it, and at her invitation, I seated myself by her side.

Away we drove, I not a little flattered and proud at having so gay a companion. Leaving the city, we dashed into the country, my companion pointing out the various objects of interest as we went along. We must have travelled some four miles at

least before we stopped at a charming villa, surrounded by magnolia and other trees, and placed in a beautiful garden.

“Dis my house,” said the lady, as she alighted and gave the reins to a black servant.

I followed her example, and quitted the carriage. She then led the way into the dwelling.

It was a charming place — elegantly, nay, luxuriously furnished. She very courteously bade me welcome, and ringing a bell, ordered refreshments.

Quitting me for a short time, she soon re-appeared, dressed in an elegant but rather loose habit, and we sat down to the table which was abundantly spread with cakes — jellies — fruits and several sorts of wine, of which we both partook freely. The sparkling liquid did its office, and I sang some of my best songs in my best manner. She also vocalized, and who so happy as we? But this state of things

was too pleasant to last, and the end came in a very unexpected way and manner.

Rising suddenly from her seat, the Creole went to a cupboard and produced two boxes, which she placed beside her. Looking fixedly at me, she then made the following startling announcement.

“Monsieur Steward. Sare, I like you, and you must marry me. Dis house and all dat is in it is mine. You marry me and it shall be yours.”

The offer was so unexpected and strange that I was quite taken aback, and I muttered something about being obliged to decline the honor, or words to that effect. I thought that the wine and her company for a short time were well enough, but as for marrying a strange Creole lady — *that* was carrying the joke a *leetle* too far!

On my refusal, her large black eyes blazed with anger. She opened one of the boxes and took out a pistol. I saw mischief was brewing, and by a sudden move-

ment, possessed myself of the other weapon and retreated towards the door. She held her pistol pointed at me, and I never took my eyes from hers for a moment. I had heard that wild beasts were cowed in a similar way, and this woman seemed as ferocious as any tigress.

“You *shall* marry me,” she exclaimed, “or I will shoot you where you stand.”

Here was a pretty situation to be in, and anxious enough was I to escape from it. But had I turned and opened the door, she would have shot me down like a dog — had I shot her, who could tell what my fate would have been at the hands of her servants? Fortunately I retained my presence of mind, and that served me at this pinch.

She stood, as I said fronting me; behind her was the fire-place. We were both glaring into each other's eyes, the Creole by this time maddened almost into frenzy. I stood with my back close to the door, my right hand grasping the pistol — my left

behind my back, holding the knob of the lock. A sudden thought struck me, and assuming a look of horror, I pointed to the stove, and exclaimed suddenly, "Voyez la feu?"

She was thrown off her guard, and fancying her dress had caught, perhaps, looked round. Then was my opportunity!

Quick as lightning I turned the handle, opened the door and rushed out. Fortunately the outer door was open, and I was the next moment in the open air, running for my life. I knew not what agents—men, or dogs, she might have to send after me, and I kept on at the top of my speed, never once daring to slacken my pace, or look behind me. On—on—on, expecting every moment to be brought down by a bullet or blood-hound! For four miles I kept on, and then the spires of New Orleans came in sight, and I felt safe; but I thought it would be the wisest course to keep away from my own boat for the pre-

sent at least, for fear some of the Creole's people might entrap and murder me, as in such cases they will, if possible, be revenged. So I got on board another boat and proceeded to Baton Rouge, from which place I soon after sailed and joined my own boat at a landing above New Orleans.

This adventure had a great deal of mystery about it, which I never could fathom; indeed, I quitted those parts so soon after its occurrence that I had no opportunities for investigation. I have related the true and bare facts, and must leave the reader to form his own conjectures respecting it.

CHAPTER V.

A 22d of February Speech— I begin to Meditate — Resolve to visit my Father — Thomas H. Benton and his Kindness — I visit Home — Master Beals — A Partnership — Singing — Dancing and Vagabondizing generally — Drink to drown care — Join Mr. La B——. — Partial success — La B—— puts me in a fix — Canal-boat life — The “Water-Mellon-Patch” song — Success and Drink again — Love.

DURING my steamboat life on the Mississippi, I fell in with many strange and some great characters. I will relate one adventure. On the 22d of February we were going to St. Louis. The ladies and gentlemen had their celebration in the cabin, and we deck hands had ours forward. We had plenty of drink, and as my talents were known by my fellows, I was called on to make the oration. I happened to be in good talking humor, and really may say, without vanity, made a good speech.

During its delivery many of the ladies and gentlemen came forward and listened. When I had finished, a tall, imposing looking personage came and asked who I was, and as he said he had been much struck by such a speech from a deck-hand, I told him I had moved in a far different position, and he said,

“When we arrive at St. Louis, come to my house, but come *after dark*, and I'll furnish you with clothes, and the means of getting back to your father. Here is my address,” and he wrote it in pencil on a scrap of paper.

The “after dark” wounded my pride sadly, but I determined to avail myself of his kind offer. On the paper was written, “Thos. H. Benton,” with the address.

When I landed, however, I got drunk and forgot all about my kind would-be benefactor. I never saw him after. I dare say he only remembered me as some incorrigible rascal who was past praying for.

I now began to get tired of Mississippi steam-boating, my restless disposition would not allow me to follow one pursuit for any great length of time, and my opportunities for indulgence in ardent liquors, had been so sedulously improved, that I had got pretty much used up. My talents for singing, mimicry and dancing had led me into society which was by no means calculated either to improve my mind or my morals. Petted and flattered, I lost all relish for better company; but even this state of things soon wearied me, and at times conscience would not be silenced, and sternly rebuked me for thus, in the morning of life, wasting my best energies.

“I will arise and go to my father,” said the Prodigal Son, and in a similar spirit I determined to visit my only parent. Nature in my calmer moments, prevailed over dissipation. I longed to see once more the old home and the thousand familiar things connected therewith. So I started for Newark, and was kindly received.

Here I staid for a few weeks, and for a time determined to profit by the good advice which my father gave me. But roving habits are not easily eradicated, and the old longing for an uncertain and vagabond life returned with such force that at length I yielded to its influence.

I had now formed acquaintance with two young men whom I shall term Master Beals and Y——, and in their company I started from home once more. We had no money, but our plan was to sing and dance our way to Albany. After many vicissitudes we arrived in that city literally penniless, but a few exhibitions of my talent in grog-shops and dancing saloons soon brought in enough to enable me to get some handbills printed, and then we started on a concert exhibition along the line of the Erie Canal.

It was a hand-to-mouth sort of living to say the best of it. One day we were flush of money, and the next, perhaps, were without a cent. But somehow or other we

managed to get along, though how we did so, is at this day a wonder to me. Many and many a time while making my audiences scream with laughter at my jokes and funny stories, I have had an aching heart under my waistcoat; but the necessities of the moment and a glass of grog, too often drowned dull care, and in intoxication I found oblivion for the time. While on this Erie Canal Expedition, we fell in with a Mr. La B——, who was "on the tramp" like ourselves. He had his wife with him, and he proposed that we should join our forces and travel in company. He was a plausible fellow and held out so many inducements that at length I agreed to his proposition, so we became partners, enlarged our show, and travelled together until we reached Buffalo.

I fancied that I had made a good hit in allying myself to La B——. He flattered me a good deal, spoke highly of my comic talents, and did not forget to treat me to

grog. The result was, I exerted myself to the very utmost, and we did a good business. Now, thought I, after floating on fortune's uncertain tide so long, I begin to touch ground at last. But alas! I was soon to experience the treachery of fortune and the worthlessness of some kinds of friendship.

One fine morning, while in Buffalo, I wished to speak with Mr. La B—— on business, and went to his boarding house.

"He's not in," said the person with whom he lodged.

"Well, no matter, Mrs. La B—— will do as well.

"She is not in either," was the reply, and I fancied I saw a sly expression on the face of the boarding-house keeper.

"Where can I see him, do you think?"

"That's mighty onsartin, I guess."

"Well," said I, impatiently, "I *must* see him soon, for I want him particularly."

"Then you'll have to look him up Mister,

and I calculate you'll find that a hard thing to do. Fact is, he and his wife have cleared out without paying anybody."

Here was a blow! La B—— had indeed "sloped," leaving me and my two companions penniless. But it was of no use grumbling; so after getting a few quarters together we left Buffalo, on the canal boat, hoping to earn enough by amusing the passengers and people along the line, to enable us to reach Syracuse.

At that time political strife ran high, and I thought it would be as well to take advantage of the crisis. There were a great many passengers on board who were going to a convention or some political meeting of that kind. I had a knack of ready rhyming and was enabled to write songs to order, with great facility, so I now began to compose and sing political comic songs, which made me quite popular. One little incident which many will perhaps remember occurred, induced me, assisted by Master Beals,

to write a song, destined to acquire considerable notoriety. It was called "*the Water Melon Patch*," and referred to a predatory excursion of a certain party which shall now be nameless. This song I and my friend Beals sang on the boat and elsewhere, and it took amazingly, so much so that I collected about one hundred and ninety dollars on one occasion. I was now a perfect Crœsus, and to secure my money, on one occasion, I buried it in a manure heap, lest I should be robbed.

Notwithstanding all my precautions, however, I did not long retain my riches. The adage, light come—light go, was strikingly exemplified in my case. I could not leave liquor alone, and I was one of those who cared nothing for cash when half seas over. This, my drinking companions knew well enough, and they never quitted me, until I came to my last dollar, when I was left to myself to cure my folly.

At Syracuse I remained some little time

picking up a bare subsistence, and then, with B—— for a companion, we travelled through portions of Western New York, still singing and dancing, but giving in addition, exhibitions of ventriloquism, and sleight-of-hand tricks, in fact, I became a Magician! We did pretty well at this business, but my drinking habits quite prevented me from saving any money against a rainy day. I acted in accordance with the proverb, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and so was continually coming to grief. Thus matters went on until we reached a place called Dayanville, where another change of fortune awaited me.

As though we had not troubles enough already to contend with, my companion Beals must needs add to them by falling in love. At the town I have mentioned he became enamored of a young lady named Miss G——, and although I did all I could to dissuade him from indulging in dreams of matrimony when it was as much as he

could do to keep body and soul together, he persisted in his suit. So I had to leave him, and my other companion soon after started on his own account. I was therefore once more left alone and thrown upon my own resources.

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CHAPTER VI.

I go to Canada — Montreal — Drink and Dissipation — Good Resolves Futile — I ride Horseback into a Church and get into Prison — Desertion — I Travel to the Lakes — Weary Travelling — Buy a Canoe — A Canoe Voyage down the Long Sault and Narrow Escape — Messina Point — Desperate Condition.

“QUITTING New York, I now determined to seek my fortune in Canada, and after a journey marked by more adventures than I can at present call to mind, I found myself in the city of Montreal. For a time I managed to live by the exercise of my wits in saloons and public houses, but it was sorry work. Till this time I continued drinking, and had now become such a slave to the intoxicating cup that I was literally saturated with liquor. This could not last, and it was not long before I was laid on my back in a French hospital. There, for

some little time I remained, lonely and desolate enough, making many good resolutions, which, I regret to say, I forgot all about as soon as my health was restored and I was discharged cured. Like the dog I returned to my vomit, and plunged into wild excesses more desperately than ever.

In fact, during this period of my life I was scarcely ever sober. I had little money, for as I mostly sang and danced in grog-shops, I received my reward in the shape of drink, and the more I swallowed the more I craved the liquid fire. In some of my "sprees" I did the most absurd and ridiculous things, and frequently narrowly escaped severe penalties. As a specimen of my recklessness and fool-hardiness take the following as an example :

In one of my drunken fits I made a bet that I would ride into a church on the back of a pony during divine service, and the celebrated Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame was selected as the scene

where this novel act of equestrianism was to "come off."

Well primed with Canadian whiskey I mounted the animal amid the cheers of my cronies, and rode boldly up to the great cathedral doors. Mass was being performed, but undeterred by the sacredness of the place and service, I spurred my Pegasus, and boldly trotted in before any of the attendants were aware of my desperate project. What a sensation the clatter of my pony's shoes made on the stone pavement! They were heard above the tones of the organ and the voices of the Priests. Had the occurrence taken place during the dark ages, the worshippers might have regarded the affair as a miracle, and myself as a saint — St. George, perhaps, on his charger. But alas! the days of miracles were past, and they saw only a drunken fellow on a spree, and I was ingloriously dragged from my steed, taken into custody, and locked up in jail. Those who had urged me on to

perform this feat, or rather outrage, taking especial care to make themselves scarce when I got into limbo, but that is the way of the world, as I have too often found to my cost.

Fortunately for me, a good Samaritan heard of my case, and so kindly and effectively interceded with the authorities, that after a short incarceration I was liberated, but my adventures had made me so notorious, and brought me into such bad odor, especially among the Roman Catholics, that Montreal became a trifle too hot to hold me, and I determined to go up the river St. Lawrence and try what I could do in the towns situated on that mighty river, in my old profession.

Leaving Montreal, I travelled on foot in the direction of the great lakes. It was weary work, threading one's way alone, through those almost trackless Canadian pine forests, or dragging my weary limbs along bad roads and over mountains bleak

and barren. But I was not one to be vanquished by difficulties, and not abating one jot of heart or hope, I pushed steadily on. Sometimes I enjoyed the luxury of a bed; often I lay down in a barn or under a tree, hungry and foot-sore. Frequently when I arrived in a town or village and had played off my mountebank tricks, I imbibed so much whiskey that I slept the heavy sleep of the drunkard I knew not where. I visited both Prescott and Ogdensburg, and at the latter place bought a canoe, thinking I would take a river trip and stop at the places on the banks, for I was tired of the terrible walking. I got the canoe cheap enough, it was a rickety affair, but I had grown reckless and scarcely cared whether I should be drowned or not. After purchasing some whiskey, eggs and an old umbrella to shield me from the hot sun, I boldly embarked, knowing nothing of the mighty river on whose surface I trusted myself. I took chance for my pilot, and

paddled away as contentedly as though I was sailing on a small pond.

For a time, aided by the current, I glided pleasantly enough down the river, quite unaware that I was approaching the longest and one of the most dangerous rapids on the St. Lawrence. Ah! how glorious it was to sweep thus pleasantly along without labor, for I found my paddle needless. On I went, swifter and swifter. Presently the banks seemed to fly past me in an opposite direction to that in which I was sailing, and I could hear ahead the roaring of waters — swifter and swifter the banks receded from my view, and suddenly I was surrounded by seething, roaring, angry waves, that raged and roared round my frail canoe as onward still I dashed down an incline of angry waters, that as I looked behind appeared as steep as the peaked roof of a house. I was in the Long Sault rapids!

But I had no time to think. I clung

close to the sides of the canoe with desperate tenacity. Now I was being dragged along by it as I was half immersed in the waters, and then astride it as it swept along bottom upwards. I was driven hither and thither like a shaving in a whirlpool. Occasionally I would glide down a fall of smooth green water between rocks, and then whirled about in a white foaming cauldron below. But still on, on down that fearful incline! I cannot remember how I got into comparatively smooth water at last, or how I contrived to get seated in my canoe, but wonderful to relate, I found myself almost close to Messina Point, where I landed.

A man came presently to the point. I hailed him, and pointing to the wall of water down which I had come, asked him what those things were?

“What are they? Why, the rapids, to be sure; but where the deuce did *you* come from?”

“Why, I came down ’em from Ogdensburg,” I replied.

“*That* won’t do; no living man ever com’d down ’em yet, but lots have been drowned there. They do say an Indian once shot that rapid in safety, but *I* don’t believe it.”

And well indeed he might have doubted, for the Long Sault Rapids are nine miles in length, and I could not have been more than a few minutes in passing through them. At that time they were considered unnavigable, but since then the steamboats make the passage. I believe, I may claim the honor, if honor it be, of having been the only white man who ever shot them in a canoe. There is, as has been intimated, a rumor of an Indian having done so, but it is not authenticated.

The good people at Messina Point having become convinced of the truth of my strange story made quite a lion of me, and I was compensated for the loss of my eggs, whis-

key and umbrella. My wonderful escape did not, I am sorry to say, effect my reformation, for I soon fell into my old habits, and became more reckless and drunken than before.

CHAPTER VII.

I swap my Canoe for Whiskey — Back to Buffalo — Despair — Attempt Suicide twice — Am rescued — New Resolves — I go Homeward — Terrible Destitution — A Lady's Kindness — Ingratitude — I turn Phrenologist — A Landlord's Vanity — Find Myself Afloat — A Prediction — Reach New York.

AGAIN I visited Montreal, where I sold my boat for whiskey, and plunged into all the excesses which are so easily indulged in a great city. But my resources failing, I wandered on foot back to Buffalo, which I reached after a few weeks pedestrianizing.

I was by this time in a sad condition. Almost every particle of pride was dead within me. I had little hope for the present and no care for the future. Dissipation long continued had so broken me down that I had scarcely energy sufficient to enable me to go through those performances

on which my living depended. For the first time I now began to despond, and so black did the future appear that the idea of putting an end to my life more than once suggested itself. I was intensely miserable and the very sunshine appeared black. I grew fierce and quarrelsome, conceiving that every one was my enemy, and the consequence was that my hand was against every man. Than I, at that period, a more wretched creature did not exist, and *rum was the cause*.

One evening, shivering and despairing, longing for a drink, but without the means of procuring one, I went ragged and wretched into a grog-shop situated near the Erie Canal. I sang and danced, and told stories as well as I was able, got some drink, and then became quarrelsome. The consequence was that I was cruelly assaulted by the drunkards present — thrust from the store and kicked into the canal. From this I was dragged out by some passers by,

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which I was sorry for at the time, but I then made up my mind that I would no longer endure such misery and degradation.

I determined to drown myself. Fearful that when in the water my resolution would fail me, I concluded to tie my hands together, but I had no rope, nor money to buy a piece. In such cases men are cunning enough and amazingly fertile in expedients. Passing a grocer's store, I saw some sugar loaves tied about with strong cord, and I went in and begged a piece. I then went to the light-house, near which was a retired spot, convenient for my purpose. After carefully tying my wrists by the aid of my mouth, I watched my opportunity as a large wave receded, and rushing down the beach, flung myself as far into the lake as possible and then I lost all recollection.

But I was not to die yet. How I got out, I cannot tell, but on recovering consciousness, I found myself high and dry on the bank. The very waves had rejected

me. But my resolution to kill myself was not broken, and having called at another grog-shop, and procured some liquor by singing a comic song, [Heavens! only think of my being "funny" under such fearful circumstances!] I borrowed a razor under pretence of shaving.

Then I went stealthily into the backyard of the groggery, bared my neck, and in a wild moment of frenzy and utter despair, drew it across my throat. The blood gushed forth and I fell to the ground insensible. There I was discovered and taken to a house near by and cared for. Providence thus once more preserved me. The scar in my throat will remain to my dying day as a memorial of God's infinite mercy.

I gradually recovered, and now made up my mind to go home, which, however, I was almost ashamed to do. And remembering that I had left a sick friend in Montreal, I made that an excuse to myself for return-

ing to Canada. To Montreal I accordingly wandered on foot, forgetful of my recent narrow escapes, carousing as usual, or perhaps more than ever. Again I ran the perilous gauntlet of city life, and when I could get neither money nor credit, I sternly resolved to go home and die.

And before long I started. I was in a pitiable plight enough, and so broken down that it seemed scarcely possible I could get through such a long journey as was before me. I had no shirt, and my clothes were ragged and travel stained. Still, I did not despair, but tramped along the lengthy, dreary roads, now getting a chance meal, but more frequently going without any food save the berries I picked on the roadsides. After many toils, I arrived at the boundary line between Canada and the United States, where I found a company of British troops near Rouse's Point. I fixed up as well as I could manage to and gave an entertainment, but as I sang, danced, and told queer

stories, I must have cut a very dismal figure indeed. But poor as the show was it benefitted me.

One of the officers' ladies saw and pitied my forlorn condition. This kind woman bought some calico, and made me a coat. She evidently had not been used to such work, for it hung about me like a bag ; but her goodness was all the same, and I still remember her with gratitude. A trooper gave me a pair of old shoes that were much too large for me, but I managed to keep them on my feet by sticking rags into the toes. Another soldier presented me with a cap, decorated with a small pompon, and a shirt, and also an old valise, which I stuffed with shavings and strapped across my shoulders. Thus equipped, I again started on foot with more than five hundred miles between me and New Jersey.

I had not long proceeded on my toilsome journey when, thoroughly tired, I stopped at a cottage and asked an old woman for a

drink of water. She invited me to enter and sit down, and got me to relate some parts of my story.

“Poor boy,” she said, as I concluded, “You much remind me of my son who died,” and she burst into tears.

Then she got me a bowl of milk and left the room. Presently she returned with a flannel shirt that had belonged to her son, and gave it to me. It was a great comfort, and I left her cottage with grateful feelings and much refreshed in body.

Day after day I trudged on, enduring more hardships than I can chronicle here. At length the steeples of Albany came in sight, and I soon entered that city weary and footsore enough.

During my journey to this place, I had all along buoyed myself up with the idea that I should be certain there to procure assistance on my way. When at home in Newark, I knew a man whose family were in great distress, and whom I had assisted

frequently. Indeed, to furnish them with supplies of food, I had committed a breach of trust and ran my own father into debt without his permission. This man was now, I knew, doing well in Albany, and I applied to him feeling the certainty of his relieving me.

I called on him, but to my surprise he treated me coldly enough as soon as he found that I was in distress. After much hesitation he handed me a pair of old gaiters and some wretched garment, intimating that that was all he could do for me. I turned on my heel in disgust at his ingratitude and left him.

By this time I had got to be tired of always telling my old stories, and I cast about to see what new sphere of occupation might be open to me. At that period phrenology was all the rage, so I made up my mind to become a professor of that art. I accordingly commenced at a public house, and in order to secure customers, offered to examine the landlord's head gratis.

He was a great big burly fellow, who looked anything but generous, but I had seen enough of human nature to be aware that every one has his or her weak point, and that they are most assailable on that side. I saw at a glance that Boniface loved flattery, and accordingly I determined to lay it on thick. Besides, I wanted a drink badly.

I began feeling his head, looking very wise all the time, and chattering a pseudo-scientific jargon, that I knew no more the meaning of than did the listeners, but as many people affect to admire that which they cannot understand, I was at once set down as a remarkably smart fellow.

All at once I affected to be wonder-struck. "Bless my heart, what a wonderfully developed organ, this is, to be sure! Why, in all my experience I never met with anything like it!"

"What is it?" asked the gaping bystanders.

“Why, the organ of Benevolence in the landlord’s cranium. He *must* be a philanthropist and no mistake; if it were not so well balanced by the organ of caution, I verily believe he’d give his own head away if he could.”

The landlord smiled a smile of great satisfaction, and so did I — when he asked me what I’d take?

This “dodge” did not last long, for I drank to such an excess, that one night on leaving a groggery I forgot everything until I found myself in a lumber yard lying down, and felt a savage looking negro kicking me and telling me to get up.

Up I got, and I suppose procured more drink, but cannot certainly tell, for on my next recovering my senses I found myself lying on the floor of a steamer, and as I was told, within twenty miles of New York.

How I got there I could not then tell, nor can I now. A pretty figure I cut. My face and hands were begrimed with

dirt and coal dust. My calico coat was torn up the sleeves, and I was literally a bundle of rags. Presently the captain came and asked for my fare.

“Fare,” I replied, “that’s not *fair*!”

The wit, poor as it was, attracted notice, and a crowd now gathered round and cruelly jeered me.

My blood was up, and I passionately exclaimed, “I was not always the poor wretch I now am, and the time will come, when some of you who are mocking me may see me better off and be ashamed of yourselves.”

This attracted the attention of a Southern gentleman who took me to his State-room, gave me a new shirt and a five dollar bill. He was a tall, and I a little man, so that the garment was very much too large, indeed, and generally, it was a decided misfit. The captain also came up to me and asked some particulars, and when I had communicated them he took my hand, and

said, "God bless you!" and ordered me a good meal which I was sadly enough in need of.

My assertion that some who jeered at me would be afterwards sorry for it, was prophetic.

Years afterwards, I was lecturing in Boston one evening; at the conclusion of my address, a man came to me on the platform and said:

"Mr. Hewlett, do you recollect me?"

"I do not" I replied.

"Well, do you remember being on board a Hudson river steamboat, not quite so well dressed as you now are, and a crowd round you laughing at, and insulting you?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I was one of that crowd. You said some there would be sorry for so treating you, and I *am* sorry, I beg your pardon, and now, sir, I'll sign the pledge."

And he signed then and there.

* * * * *

In due course I landed at New York. The Newark boat was soon to be off, and with my five dollars in my pocket, I strolled about the wharves, picturing to myself the delight of meeting my aged father again, and of resting beneath his roof after all my wanderings. I determined to become steady, but alas! for good resolutions when they are not based on right principles! Feeling thirsty, (I always felt thirsty now) I went into a groggery and commenced drinking. There were a lot of wood-sawyers and wharf-men present, and in the fullness of my heart I treated them. All thoughts of home went to the winds, and then I remained drinking and treating until I had spent all of my five dollars, but ten cents, but with that I managed to get to Newark.

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CHAPTER VIII.

I Return to Newark — Meeting with my Father — The Washingtonian Movement — Hear a Speech and make one Myself — The Turning Point in my Life — I Sign the Pledge — The Chain Broken.

I CANNOT describe the meeting with my father; he had heard months before that I was killed, and believing it, he now received me as one from the grave.

At this precise time it happened that the Washingtonian movement was causing considerable excitement in Newark. Meetings were being held regularly, and much opposition was evinced. As soon as the news flew around that I had returned, the cry among the toppers was, "Sam Hewlett is here, he'll break up all the temperance meetings!" Others who still had my true in-

terest at heart, exclaimed, "Oh! if we could only get Sammy!"

One night, out of curiosity I went to the meeting and heard a man speak who I knew had once been the drunken driver of a stage, but had become a tee-totaller. He made, I thought, a poor speech, and on my return I said, "Father, if that man can tell a story, I think *I* can."

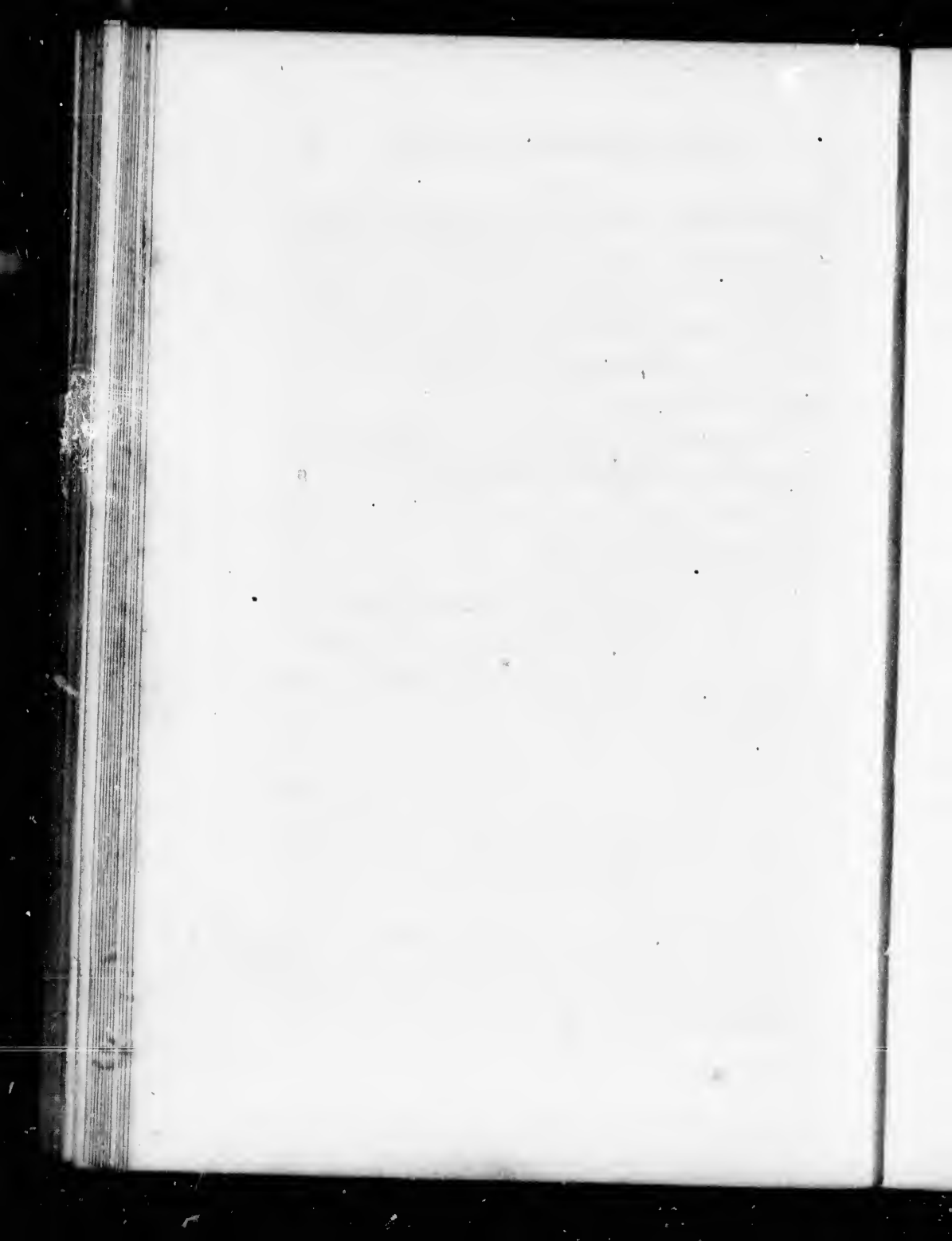
"Yes, my son," the old gentleman replied, "and would to God you would try it."

"Well," I said, "if my friends will gather round me at the next meeting, I'll try it, for I begin to think it is high time to change my mode of life." I was sincere then.

And friends *did* gather round me. On the 11th day of August, 1842, I spoke at the Washingtonian meeting, and signed the pledge. I broke the accursed chain which had so long bound me, and stood up, blessed be God, a free man—a brand

snatched from the burning, and an earnest temperance convert. Among the friends who so nobly rallied around me I must specially mention Capt. George Dunn, of Newark, whose steady kindness to me I shall never forget.

I have thus related my career as a drunkard. In the second part of these memoirs I shall describe my experience as a temperance advocate.



Part Second.



MY TEMPERANCE CAREER.

PART SECOND.

My Temperance Career.

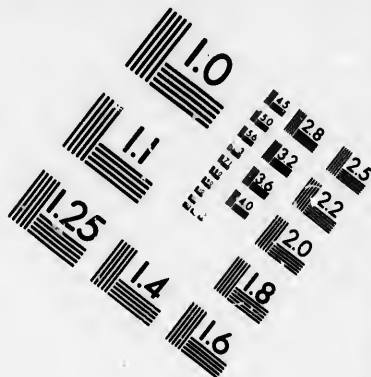
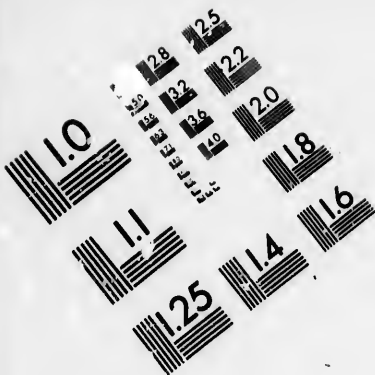
CHAPTER I.

I commence a Temperance Career — Encouragement. — Deacon Grant — Join the Washingtonians — Faneuil Hall — My Marriage — David and Goliath — “The Little Jersey Gun” — The Boston Quartette Club — Southern Tour — Handsome Present — A Sad Accident — Enormous Egg-Eating.

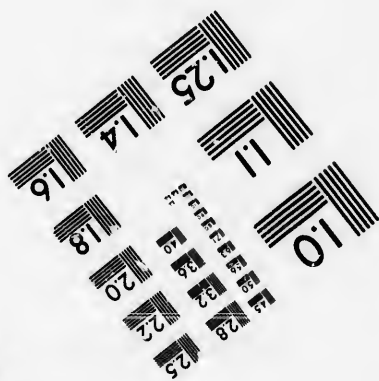
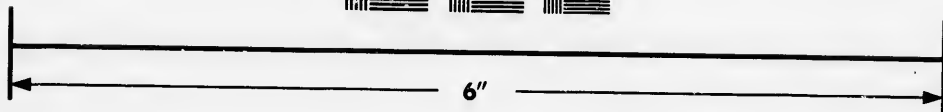
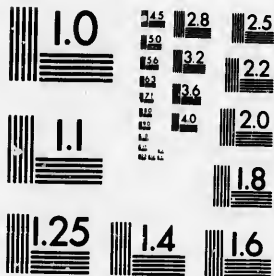
I NOW proceed to narrate some of the incidents of my career as a Temperance advocate. In this I am compelled to observe brevity, or I could fill several volumes with my experiences.

It was not long after the delivery of my first speech, that I began to receive applications for my services from various quar-





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ters. Platform practice soon gave me the requisite confidence, and increasingly crowded audiences proved already some degree of popularity. Among other applications I received one from the late well known Deacon Moses Grant, of Boston, who promised to aid me with his influence and support. But I eventually joined the "Washingtonians" from a sense of duty, and it is with great pleasure that I here mention the courtesies I received from Captain Stacy, Robert K. Potter, Esq., Rev. Edwin Thompson, and other leading members of the body. I am happy to say that I retain and reciprocate their friendship to this day.

I now frequently spoke in Boston, and with increasing success, among other places in Faneuil Hall. Having made arrangements for getting settled in life, I returned in 1844 to Newark, and married Miss Mary Fitz Randolph, of Belvidere, New Jersey, a branch of the same family as that of John Randolph, of Roanoke. The union

was a happy, though a short one, and I may here add that my wife, with my daughter POCAHONTAS, afterwards accompanied me over twenty-five thousand miles on my lecturing tours.

I should here mention that on my return to Newark, I persuaded a friend whom I will call J. J. C., a gentleman of great natural talent, and entirely self-educated, to accompany me to Boston. He did so, and completely astonished the students and Faculty of Cambridge University by a most striking lecture on Temperance. He was a man of remarkably original power, but he lacked confidence in himself, and returned home. He is now a skilful surgeon in the army.

Soon after my marriage I returned to Boston, and again lectured frequently. On one occasion I was announced to appear in conjunction with Van Wagner, the "Poughkeepsie Blacksmith." Van Wagner spoke first. He was a big, powerful man, and

made such a great impression that when I, almost a dwarf in comparison, came forward to follow him, the people smiled and wondered how such a David could follow such a Goliath! But I had a very powerful voice, and soon convinced the audience of my ability to stand the test. The next morning the *Bee* came out with a report of the proceeding: It styled me "THE LITTLE JERSEY GUN," a *soubriquet* which stuck to me for a long time.

I now formed a connection with the "Boston Quartette Club." We had recommendations from Drs. Bigelow, Channing, the late Governor Briggs, and others, and took a tour in the New England States, during which, I delivered a 4th of July oration at Uxbridge, Mass. Our success was great.

In 1848, I was employed by the Executive Committee of the Hunterdon County, New Jersey Temperance Society, to deliver twenty-two addresses in that county.

My first meeting was held in the Presbyterian church, at Allerton; a great number of anonymous letters were written to me, saying, if I came my life would be in danger; but as I have heard that barking dogs seldom bite, I gave no heed. At my Allerton meeting, the church was filled to its utmost capacity. I had proceeded but a short time, when the mob placed a huge log beneath the window, opposite the pulpit; the log was bored and filled with powder and the match applied, when an awful explosion ensued, smashing in the windows, and nearly filling my hat, which was beside me, with broken glass; a piece of the log grazed my head and stuck in a panel behind me. The meeting was soon over, and my great concern was, to get out without being recognized. As I was passing out with the crowd, I heard some one say, "Jim, where is the feathers?" another voice replied, "in the corner, with the tar; keep your eye on him, Jim." I

then pulled my hair down over my face, took off my spectacles, turned up my coat collar, mashed down my hat, and with an awful limp, hobbled by them unrecognized, and ran in the darkness, until faint, I fell down; but seeing a light, I again rallied, and knocked at the door of a farm house, and found I had run three miles. I was the guest of a farmer four miles from the church, at whose house I had left my horse and buggy. My host was a tender-footed Temperance man, and fearing there would be a row, he did not accompany me to the church, but came in after my lecture had begun. He was a man who much resembled me in person and attire, and as he was among the last to leave the church, the mob thinking it was I, pelted him with addled eggs. I was mobbed at ten other places in the county. I particularly wish to acknowledge in this place, the efficient assistance rendered by Col. Peter J. Clark, of Flemington; especially upon one occa-

sion, when my life was in great danger. Four years afterward, by invitation of the Colonel, I delivered a Fourth of July oration at Flemington, and among my auditors, were the Sons of Temperance, many of whom were in the mob, to attack me, a few years previous.

I still continued lecturing in various parts of the country, and in 1849 received an urgent invitation to take a Southern tour. The health of my wife at this juncture was poor, and as she was suffering from a bronchial affection, I thought the opportunity a providential one of removing her into a warmer climate. Having well considered the matter, we took our departure, and I made my first appearance before a Southern audience, at Huntsville, Alabama.

My reception was gratifying in the extreme, and I spoke to crowded audiences three different nights. The citizens were so well pleased that they presented me with

a purse of one hundred dollars. From Huntsville, I ascended the Tennessee river, and made my next appearance at Rome, Georgia, where I was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and escorted by large numbers of citizens from the cars to my quarters. Here, also, my lectures were extremely well received, and on the termination of my engagement, a committee of gentlemen was appointed to accompany me sixty miles distance to the next scene of my labors. These, however, were for a time, to be unexpectedly interrupted. When we were about nine miles from Marietta, an accident happened to the cars. I looked for a rope to pull as a signal of danger, but there was none, and in my alarm I leaped from the cars and broke my leg badly.

In expectation of my arrival, a band was waiting with a host of friends to meet me at Marietta, but I entered the place in a sad enough condition. The doctors said, as my constitution was good, and my habits

temperate, I should recover, by careful *dieting*, in six weeks, but at the end of six days, I was in a wheel chair on the verandah! During my confinement, (twenty days) I consumed two hundred and twenty eggs, besides "any quantity" of all kinds of cakes, and nothing could exceed the kind attentions showered on me from all quarters.

I rapidly got strong, and as the anxiety to hear me was very great, and the enthusiasm increased by sympathy for my crippled condition, I agreed to speak in a meeting house before I was quite strong enough to do so. I was escorted to the pulpit by two strong negroes, one of whom stood behind my chair on which I sat in the pulpit. In the course of my lecture I became excited, and swung my leg about, so that I once struck it, and the bone not having firmly united, I so injured it that to this day it is irregularly ossified, and affords ample evidence of my then absorption in my subject.

As soon as I could hobble on crutches, I prepared to leave Marietta, and called for my bill, which I expected would be a pretty formidable affair, but to my surprise neither landlord nor doctor would accept of a cent, and expressed their delight at having been enabled to render me assistance. Their kindness I shall never forget. One hundred dollars were presented to me by these whole-souled people ; and from Marietta I went away on crutches to lecture on the sea-board of Georgia and South Carolina.

In all the places I visited, great crowds flocked to the places of meeting, and I made very many agreeable acquaintances, among others, that well known gentleman so universally known as Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tennessee. He is a truly noble character, tall, sharp-featured and decided looking, as indeed he is, and a warm friend of the temperance cause. I first met him in Savannah, and received from him a warm invitation to his house, where I spent a week most pleasantly.

CHAPTER II.

I go to Charleston, S. C. — Great Enthusiasm — John C. Calhoun's Funeral — A Rough Ride — Go to Pennsylvania — Harvest Home Temperance Meeting — Return South — Northern Visit — Remove to Horicon — Build a Drug Store — Death of Wife — Another Southern Visit — Go West — Visit Minnesota — I Marry again.

MY next important move was to Charleston, South Carolina, where I addressed very large audiences night after night, and was very kindly received. After having completed my labors there, I was preparing for an engagement at Wilmington, when the celebration of the funeral of John C. Calhoun occurred, and I was induced to remain and witness the obsequies of a man who was so popular that it was facetiously remarked, "if Mr. Calhoun took a pinch of snuff, all South Carolina sneezed." The scene was very impressive at the funeral,

the very spires of the churches being draped with black.

The landlord of the place where I was stopping offered me a pony to ride on in the procession, in which the Temperance "Sons" took part. But I had, in consequence, nearly come to grief, for at the noise of the kettle-drums, the pony bolted, fortunately without any serious injury to his rider.

During my stay in Charleston, I received the most polite attentions from the Hon. Mr. Tupper and others, which I am glad to acknowledge in this place.

I had not yet been able to leave off crutches, but my engagements multiplied so fast that I was obliged to make my way to Pennsylvania. I met my family at Philadelphia, and after a short rest, commenced a series of harvest engagements in the woods, and among the farming community. After having assisted at many Temperance Harvest Homes, I returned South with my

family, lecturing in most of the large towns and villages with great acceptance.

In the following summer, as my wife's health was not at all improved, after another visit to the North, I concluded to go West, and the year 1853, found us at Horicon, Wisconsin. Such were now my domestic anxieties that for a time I ceased to lecture, but being of too active a mind to remain entirely unoccupied, and having acquired some knowledge of medicine, I built a store and stocked it with drugs and chemicals.

This went on for some little time, when my wife died, and I was left alone with my daughter. Previous to my wife's death, she expressed a desire that I should sell out and resume lecturing again, as otherwise I should feel more lonely than if engaged in public life. This step I accordingly took, and after again visiting the South, took my daughter with me into Minnesota, and afterwards placed her in a school at Horicon.

While lecturing through the West, I received the intimation that Mr. Gough had recommended that I should fulfill several engagements for which his services had been secured, he from some cause having been prevented from being present. In consequence of Mr. Gough's advice, I was engaged. One of these engagements was before the Library Association, of Iowa City, and this led to my introduction to a Miss Helen A. Pratt, a lady of considerable intellectual attainments. Miss Pratt was formerly of Canton, New York, a place well known as the home of Silas Wright. The introduction was followed by an intimacy, and on the 3d of June, 1857 we were married in St. James' Church, Chicago. This step very materially conduced to my happiness, and bestowed on me all those endearments of home, which none so well know how to value as they who are compelled frequently to be wanderers from it.

CHAPTER III.

Another Lecturing Tour — Excitement in the South — Opelika — Narrowly escaped being hanged for an Abolitionist — Am released — Vigilance Committee — Change at Columbus — Return to Wisconsin — Re-visit Newark — Visit Boston — Changes there — Visit Canada and British Provinces.

It was not long before I again set out on a lecturing tour, in company with my wife. At this time, such was the excitement in the Southern States that it was extremely hazardous for a northern man, whatever his business might be, to travel through them. I fully experienced this "difficulty" at a place called Opelika, in Alabama.

In consequence of being subjected to the shafts of personal malignity, I was denounced by the Vigilance Committee at Opelika, as a Northern Abolitionist, although I had strictly confined my labors

to the temperance cause. I was in the utmost peril, and preparations were actually being made to hang me by an infuriated mob which demanded that my "heart should be cut out," and that over, savage and (to me) unpleasant liberties should be taken with my abdominal viscera.

It may easily be conceived that in such a state of affairs, my feelings were anything but agreeable. To relieve myself, I gave a Masonic sign, and used every effort I could to impress the Vigilance Committee with the fact that private malice had misrepresented me, and in this I succeeded to the important extent of saving my neck.

To make sure of my doing no "abolition mischief," however, it was settled that certain members of the Vigilance Committee should accompany me to my next station — Columbus, Georgia — and into that city I was so conducted, a city in which ten years before, I had been present-

ed with a gold headed cane, and one hundred dollars wrapped round the handle.

I now found that I could do little good for the temperance cause in the South in the midst of so such excitement, and accordingly returned to Wisconsin. After looking to some farming interests there, I took a lecturing tour through Michigan, and then with my wife and daughter, I re-visited Newark, whence, after a pleasant season with my father and friends, I departed for Boston.

One great reason for locating myself in the "Athens of America" was, that there I could obtain the best education for my daughter, whose musical talents already assured me that all pains taken for her culture would be well bestowed; and another reason might be added—my increasing engagements in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and the British Provinces, rendered it necessary that I should reside in some central locality such as Boston.

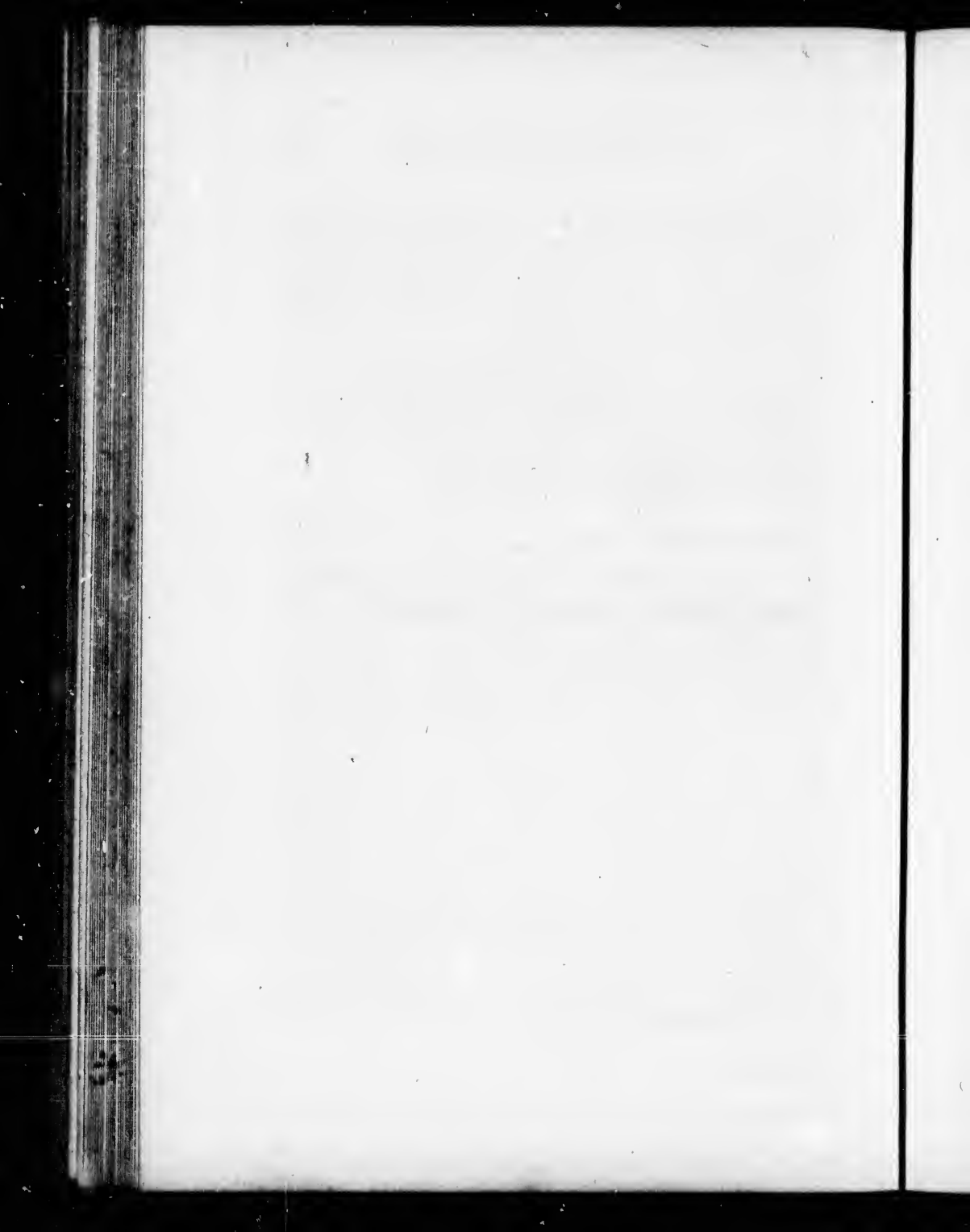
Some years had elapsed since my first visit to Boston, and I found many changes had occurred during the interval. A different race of temperance professors had sprung up, but by many of my old friends I was remembered and warmly welcomed.

After lecturing for a short time in Massachusetts, I proceeded on a tour through Canada and the British Provinces. In all the principal towns I met with encouragement and success, and experienced the greatest kindness from influential and warm advocates of the cause, among whom I may mention the Hon. S. L. Tilley, Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick, Hon. John Dougall, of Montreal, W. H. A. Kean, Esq., W. W. Wedderburn, Esq., C. D. Everett, Esq., and O. J. Wetmore, all of St. Johns, and I wish also to acknowledge the unvaried kindnesses I received from Professor Calvin E. Stowe, of Andover, and J. Stimson, Esq., whose heart and purse are ever open to the noble work.

I have thus told my "plain unvarnished story." I have without reserve spoken of my wasted youth, in the hope my narrative may serve us a warning.

" Those days are gone,
 And it has pleased high heaven to crown my life
 With such a load of happiness, that at times
 My very soul is faint with bearing up
 The blessed burden."

In the third part of these memoirs, I propose to give a brief summary of my labors, which I trust have not been without some beneficial results. That, however, eternity may reveal, it is not for me to estimate them.



Part Third.



ENGAGEMENTS FULFILLED.

17

PART THIRD.

Engagements Fulfilled, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Summary of Labors, Accidents, &c. — Presents, &c.

DURING my career as a temperance speaker, which has occupied about twenty years, I have travelled over 180,000 miles, of these, 600 on foot, 22,000 in private conveyances, 10,000 by stage coach, 24 miles astride a log in Tar River (when there was no other means of getting to an appointment,) 35,000 by water, 800 on horseback, and the rest by rail. I have used five horses and two mules — one of the former of which was sheared by some rum drinkers while I

was lecturing, in consequence of which I got a pair of mules, which animals would be benefitted by the operation! One of the horses was poisoned.

I have made 5000 speeches, or about 250 a year—averaging $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours each, making a total of 8,750 hours, or 729 days of talking. Have spoken in 32 States, and two territories, and in the British American possessions, and have addressed nearly 3,000,000 people.

My lectures have been given in

- 3 Hard Shell Baptists Houses.
- 500 Town Halls.
- 500 Court Houses.
- 800 Methodist Churches.
- 350 Presbyterian Churches.
- 650 Baptist Churches.
- 1 Catholic.
- 2 Episcopalian.
- 12 Railway Stations or Depots.
- 4 Cotton Gin Houses.
- 400 Mass open air Meetings.
- 40 Hotel Dining Rooms.

- 200 Temperance Halls.
 - 20 on Steamboats.
 - 8 on Canal Packets.
 - 20 in Private Dwellings.
 - 20 on Wharves.
 - 120 Congregational Churches.
 - 600 School Houses.
 - 200 Universalist Churches.
 - 100 Public Halls.
 - 5 State Prisons.
 - 1 at an Execution.
 - 1 in Deacon Giles' Distillery, Salem, Mass.

In the course of my travels I have had, as already related several accidents and some narrow escapes. I have been mobbed more than once, been nearly hanged, and often in various perils, but on the other hand I have been the recipient of much kindness, and of many valuable testimonials. Among the latter, I may mention:

One lot in Sumner, Kansas, from the friends of the cause.

One in Glencoe, Min., from the Hon. A. J. Bell.

A horse from a friend in North Carolina.

A splendid gold headed Georgia cane, with one hundred dollars wrapped round the handle.

A complimentary supper, and fifty dollars at Cooperstown, N. Y.

A silver headed cane made from Commodore Perry's Flag-Ship, the Lawrence.

A beautifully bound Bible from the ladies of Fredericton, N. B.

And many other memorials which I have not space to chronicle.

In the fourth and concluding portion of these memories, I beg to append a few testimonials from the press and from private individuals ; not for the gratification of any vanity, but merely to show what are the unbought and unsolicited opinions of those among whom I have labored.

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Part Fourth.

TESTIMONIALS.

PART FOURTH.

Testimonials.

PHI SIGMA HALL, UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, }
FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

S. M. HEWLETT—DEAR SIR. — I have the honor of informing you, that, at a regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society, you were this morning elected an honorary member of the same. Hoping you will avail yourself of the earliest opportunity to be initiated,

I am, very respectfully,

F. A. POPE,
Cor. Sec. Phi Sigma Society.

From Hon. Edward Dillahunt, Tenn.

I regard Mr. HEWLETT as a remarkable man in the Temperance Drama—just adapted to the times, when it is thought nothing new can be said.

Hon. James Meacham, Vermont.

Go hear him: if you are cross, he will make you happy, and cause you to love yourself and all around you. If you are a victim, listen to him and believe.

Iowa City Republican.

Our citizens, through the efforts of the Library Association, have been fascinated by a PHILLIPS, entertained by a HEWLETT, and instructed by a GREELEY.

Minnesotian. St. Paul.

S. M. HEWLETT visited our city, by invitation of our leading citizens, and treated us with the best lectures upon Temperance we ever listened to. He is a sound reasoner, and though a small man physically, he can "knock Whiskeydom into blue fits." His fund of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and he tells them as no one else can.

Waukegan, Ill. Gazette.

S. M. HEWLETT, the famous Temperance lecturer, delivers a lecture in Dickinson's Hall, this evening. Mr. HEWLETT has a reputation of being second to no lecturer but GOUGH. We consider Mr. HEWLETT the best of the two. His manner of speaking, his voice, his power of imitation, are, in our estimation, more effective and pleasing than GOUGH's. We wish him success in the field of Reform.

Constitutionalist, Augusta, Ga.

Our citizens have been richly entertained by several speeches from S. M. HEWLETT. He has gone from here to Savannah, where we hope he will be warmly welcomed. Give him a little time and he will make friends for himself, and be sure to draw crowds. He is a natural orator—a great mimic—full of anecdote—a shrewd man, and an observant one—sings beautifully—has seen the world—is a gentleman and a scholar and can entertain a crowd.

Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.

We heard S. M. HEWLETT's lecture on Monday evening, and venture to say such another was never deliver-

ed in our city before, for humor, for satire, for eloquence, for power of declamation, for aptness of illustration. The annals of speech making know no parallel. His side-shaking anecdotes, his mimicry and mockery are inimitable.

New York Observer.

A COINCIDENCE.—J. B. GOUGH and S. M. HEWLETT, the two popular Temperance Speakers, were both born in England—were both actors upon the stage—both dissipated — both rescued from the slough of despair at the same time—both same age—have both buried the companion of their first choice — are both good singers, and both are now filling the land with their eloquent appeals for suffering humanity. God bless and speed them both.

J. C. Dobbin, Ex-Secretary of the Navy.

S. M. HEWLETT, who has been appointed Lecturer for the "Sons" of this State, has been arousing our citizens for the three days past. He is a little giant in his peculiar way. His power is in ridicule; he places himself in the position of a liquor imbiber, or license upholder, argues as they argue, and makes them appear in ridiculous positions; in whatever he says, he "makes smiles from reason flow." As a mimic he is unsurpassed, whether as a live Irishman he gives the unadulterated "discourse," or as a Frenchman, when attempting the jaw-twisting English, he confounds gender, person and case; his imitations are perfect. His looks tell a story; each wrinkle on his face contains an anecdote; the twinkle of his eye propounds a query, and if there is a ludicrous point in any argument, he will bring it out.

Omaha Nebraskian.

S. M. HEWLETT, Esq., the distinguished, and, we may add, eloquent champion of the Temperance cause, lectured in the Methodist church in this city, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week. The church was crowded to overflowing both evenings. As a lecturer on that subject, Mr. HEWLETT has no superior, and but few equals. His style is fascinating; his articulation perfect, and he seems to possess, in an eminent degree, all the qualities that make the orator. His fund of wit and anecdote appears to be inexhaustible.

Leavenworth, Kansas, Herald.

Our citizens have never been presented with a greater treat than the series of Temperance Lectures delivered within the past and present week, by the celebrated S. M. HEWLETT.

The Lecturer's great power lies, not only in pathos and argument, but in description and the dramatic impersonation of character. His humor is inexhaustible; and in exquisite representations of diverse characters, he has, perhaps, no equal in America.

Mr. HEWLETT is accomplishing a good work, and we cheerfully commend him to the approbation and encouragement of the communities which he designs to visit.

*From the American Temperance Magazine, New York,
June, 1852.*

S. M. HEWLETT. —“ It is very difficult to speak of him in anything like a spirit of critical examination. One cannot hear him in cold blood. He sets all one's tastes and sympathies working at once, to the dire distraction

of the reason. Flooded by his humor, and exhilarated by his heartiness, we were made to feel to our finger's ends. We were not only highly entertained while hearing him, but, (which is not always the case) deeply impressed on our returning home, and have been ever since. In hostility, he is an overwhelming antagonist; his arguments glittering with laughter and well balanced with good sense. They flow onward with the ease and certainty of a current above a bright cascade. He piles up his merriment like a grotesque mausoleum over his opponents, and so compactly and regularly that we feel no fear of its toppling over by any retort. And then he sets it off with looks, tones and gestures, worthy of a Talma or Garrick. He is at times pathetic, but he does not excel here. His mimicry and life-like pictures tell with wonderful effect. There is, however, one serious objection to his eloquence—he seldom lets down, and then not long enough for his audience to rest, but keeps them with the head bent upwards, neck stretched out, mouth and ears wide open, eyes strained, the mind constantly on tiptoe to catch the next expression, continually feeling that you must explode under what has just been said, but not daring for fear of losing what is coming. This is too bad, and we hope I'll profit by this criticism, remembering it is positively dangerous to raise the steam so high without providing a safety-valve.

The Republican, Springfield, Mass.

S. M. HEWLETT had a large audience at the Pynchon Street Church, yesterday afternoon, to hear his address on Temperance. He proves an eloquent, effective dra

matic speaker. Mr. Hewlett also spoke at the House of Correction yesterday, and the prisoners were so delighted that they wanted him to stay and be "one of 'em."

Gardiner Journal, Maine.

LECTURE.—Mr. S. M. HEWLETT, of Wisconsin, delivered a temperance lecture on Sunday evening, in the Universalist church, presenting to a considerable degree, a novel view of this often-called thread-bare subject, and giving very general satisfaction to the large audience. Mr. HEWLETT is a man of education and talent — an often eloquent, though somewhat desultory speaker, and an excellent humorist. This vein he evidently felt compelled to restrain out of regard to the day, and we have heard many express the desire to hear him on a week-day, when he could give his wit full play. Mr. HEWLETT, like Gough, is English born, and like him, too, he has personally felt the evils of intemperance, and therefore speaks much from the heart. His labors are calculated to do much good in renewing the interest which all should feel in a cause of which they will not have "heard all," certainly, until they have heard Hewlett.

Daily Courant, Hartford, Conn.

Mr. HEWLETT is remarkably eloquent as a speaker, and a most admirable actor, his personations and mimics being beyond praise. He is said to be the equal of Gough, and holds his audience enchained by his wonderful powers. This evening all who are interested in temperance should attend. Those who are in the habit of "taking a little moderately," will do well to be on hand.

Daily Mercury, Newark, New Jersey.

S. M. HEWLETT, the distinguished Temperance speaker, delivered two lectures in this place on Sunday and Monday nights. A large audience was present on Sunday night, but on Monday night the house was a perfect jam. It is useless for us to speak of the style of the orator; Mr. Hewlett has no superiors, and few equals, as a lecturer. He attacks the license system with that keenest of weapons, satire, and every blow of his trenchant blade, shakes the Redan of falsehood, and makes the Malakoff of error tremble to its centre.

Herald and Advertiser, Kingston, Canada.

Mr. HEWLETT's merits as a popular lecturer are great. In our judgment, he excels Mr. GOUGH in the comic touches of character which he introduces; in fact, he equals, if not surpasses the celebrated SAM COWELL himself, in this. His sketches of Irish, French, and Yankee character are really inimitable.

TO SAMUEL M. HEWLETT.

All o'er our broad land is the cry of "To Arms,"
 Hill and valley resound with grim battle's alarms;
 The war-dogs are slipped, and wild "havoc's" the cry,
 And the brave and the bold fight, and conquer or die.
 From the city—the village—rise shrieks of affright,
 As sons, brothers, husbands, march off to the fight;
 And widows' and orphans' tears silently flow,
 For their loved ones who died, each with face to the foe.

But, ah! there's a conflict more terrible still—
A warfare that's waged by a demon of ILL;
An enemy worse than the mad Rebel horde,
Whose weapons more powerful than cannon or sword.
'Tis *Intemperance* who smites down the young and the
old,

The timid, the reckless, the beauteous, the bold;
Who steals on his victims in pleasure's wild hours,
And his poison conceals beneath garlands of flowers.

You, Hewlett, have dared with this foe to engage—
Against his dark legions truth's warfare to wage:
Once you served in his army, a mad march pursuing,
With General Remorse, and with gaunt General Ruin;
But thousands to-day are to Heaven giving thanks,
That scorning the wine-cup you quitted their ranks.
You left the black banner that loomed o'er your head—
Now the white flag of Temperance waves there instead.

Let war's heroes with chaplets of laurels be crowned—
A coronal nobler for you will be found;
Far more glorious than their's is the cause you defend,
So, Hewlett, fight on—not man's *foe* but his *friend*.
God has given you eloquence, humor and power,
To bring smiles to the lips, or draw tears like a shower.
These weapons use still, they are God-given—sublime,
And assail with love's sling this GOLIATH OF CRIME.

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ALBERT DAY, Superintendent.

Boston, January 1, 1862

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