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yards out of pieces of sawed off horns. We made blocks of lead below and aloft. We had crawled all over the ship in the Strait, noticing everything and remembering it as well. After a lot of hard work, we took her to the river and launched and she would not stand up, so we hauled her ashore and made a deep lead keel for her. That was my plan. Will wanted to reduce the spars and sails. After hunting for tea lead high and low we got the keel made and fastened on in place. She would stand up fine so we launched the Eleanor again. She would sail fairly good. One of us was on each side of the river. Will, when launching her from his side would sing out orders such as, "Ready, about Main tops," et cetera. So we were walking along the shore. My father, although he built 14 vessels here, four brigs and ten schooners, never wanted us boys to go near vessels, and did all he could to keep us from going to sea-- but to no purpose. It was in the blood. My father offered me all kinds of inducements to stay home, but I was longing to be off. In the spring of 1873, I asked my father for a horse and wagon to go to a Sacramento some 20 miles away. After a lot of orders to be sure and not go racing and to be careful, I got the rig. I was on my way home when a young man tried to pass me. He never asked me for half of the road. I let him come on till near abreast of me. Then I touched up Bob and the race was on. He was a fool, for he was a man and I was a boy. Well, he could not pass me and I would not give back. I noticed a bridge and a ravine ahead over the brook and I spurred up to get in the middle of the road. He did the same. The hind wheel of my wagon caught the fore wheel of his, forcing him over the edge of the bridge and carrying over my horse and wagon as well. I jumped clear, but down Bob went, breaking his neck. The other horse was Ingrahams United Ltd. 213 Commercial St., North Sydney, N. S. B2A 1B5 Telephone 794-4536 GENERAL DEALERS Clothing for the Whole Family killed and the driver had his leg and arm broken. I took the harness off of poor Bob and carried it home on my back, some 15 miles. I got home about three o'clock in the morning. I went at once to my father's room, waking him up and telling him I broke Bob's neck. I got a dressing-down in good shape. I was told I was good for nothing, only to kill or to break things. "Look," said I, "I will soon make money to pay for the horse." "You make money--get to bed and hold your tongue." "Yes," said I, "and I am off this morning, sure thing." I did not sleep much, and after breakfast and prayers--the last I heard for many a day-- I said to my mother, "I am going away to sea." She pleaded and coaxed me, saying that father did not mean what he said, and that it would soon all blow over, but nothing could prevent me. Go I would. If he, father, would give me money to pay my way to Pictou it was all right. If not, I would walk. But father gave me \$10 and drove me over to the Strait of Canso. Before parting, he said to me, "David, I want you to make me a promise, and I know if you make a promise to me, that you will keep it." He said, "Your promise, which will help you in both time and eternity, is this: I want you to place your left hand over your heart and raise your right hand and repeat after me, 'I swear by the help of the Almighty God that I will never take a glass of liquor, and if I never take the first glass I will



never die a drunkard." I made the promise and have during all my long life religiously kept it. I went on board of a steamer at the Strait of Canso called the Princess of Wales. I was in my element going all over the boat. Seeing a sailor going into a wheel-house

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