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THE TRAVELER'S GUIDE,

OR

THE LIFE OF

JAMES H. BARNUM.

—  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
—



G. T. BARRINGTON :

1847.

## INTRODUCTION.

The author of this book—James Harvey Barnum—has been a sea-faring man thirty two years.

He was a prisoner in Gaudaloupe, with four hundred others, and condemned to be hung.

He was on board of a pirate one year and eight months.

He was given up to the British by Hull.

He was at the siege of Fort Meigs, with Harrison.

He was with Perry in the action on Lake Erie.

He shot Owen Leonard on Cunningham's Isle.

He was in the boat with Capt. Stiles, when he was drowned on Lake Erie.

He has travelled from Boston to Oregon, by land.

He gives a full account of the soil, rivers, beasts, birds and fish; and a correct account of the inhabitants of all parts that he has visited, and how all kinds of fruit trees and plants grow in Africa and the West Indies, and how gold and silver is made, and how they catch Wild Cattle, Horses and Whales. In this book is a receipt for catching Otter, Beaver, Muskrat, Coons and Foxes; and if you do not find every thing that this book contains true, your money shall be refunded and all damage made good.

Come, brother sailors, and sit you down by me,

And all you land-loving fellows that stay at home at ease,

And I will tell you a story and a sad tale it will be,

What we poor sailors undergo that cross the raging seas.

## NARRATIVE OF JAMES HARVEY BARNUM.



FORASMUCH as many have taken the pains to give an account of other men's transactions through their lives, I am resolved to shew the world what conflicts I have met with in the course of my own life, and set in order each trial by relation, which occurred from the age of eight to forty seven years of age. At the age of eight, my father set me on a horse that was hitched before a yoke of oxen, and went from Danbury to Norwalk after a load of goods, and that was the first time that ever I saw salt water, and I had a chance of seeing a number of boats sailing which I thought to be great pleasure, and made up my mind that if ever I should get old enough, it should be the business that I would follow for a living. In a few days my father and I set out for Alford, Berkshire Co. Mass., with the same team, and put in a piece of grain, and in the fall went down to Danbury and moved the whole family up to Alford, where he long resided\*. He was an austere man and would kick and cuff every child for the least offence. One day I was passing through an entry to go up stairs, and some one of the children hurt the other and made him squall. My father heard him and ran in and fell to kicking me, when I was innocent of touching either of them, and kept kicking until I was finally landed at the top of the stairs. I thought my insides were all broken to pieces, for I had besmeared myself from head to foot, and could not get up till my mother came and helped me to stand on my feet. I told her I should die, for he had kicked my belly all to bits. This happened when I was in my 12th year, and in my 13th year he set me to driving a yoke of oxen to cart in oats. There was a steep hill to descend, and he hove one of my little brothers on the load, and just at the bottom of the hill there was a small bridge, and the team was going on a fast walk and jolted the lad off, but it did not hurt him much; my father was upon a side hill and saw the whole manœuvre, and as soon as I had returned to the field he took the ox goad and thrashed me very severely, without judgment or mercy. Then I made up my mind that I should not stay any longer with him, and the third night after I tried to catch a horse to ride, but the old nick was in the horse as well as the old man, and was as much averse to being friendly, for he would not let me come near him.

In a few days there was to be a General Training in Gt. Barrington, and so the day before I succeeded in getting my bundle of duds out of the house and took them some way on the road towards the training ground, and the next morning arose first and got to Gt. Barrington first. Presently my father came to me and asked if I wished any money? I said I should be glad of some, and he gave me a silver dollar. I now felt rich enough, and as soon as his back was turned towards me I made off and traveled towards Danbury, and on my way stopped at the town of Pawlings, Dutchess Co. N. Y. to get a

\*He has since died.

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