

low competition, that provocation to good works, which is frequently exhibited among the reformed. Those, who formerly struggled for no other palm of victory than the reputation of drinking the largest quantity of rum, are now ambitious to excel in their respective crafts, or in the cultivation of their farms. I could exhibit many individual examples, in illustration of these remarks. Tomorrow, when you return to Shuffleton, I will ride with you a mile or two upon your way, and show you a couple of families, now residing under the same roof, in perfect harmony. They are temperate, religious, frugal, industrious, and happy. Three years ago, they were among the most intemperate and quarrelsome of my parishioners."

After their evening's repast, Mr. Merrick expressed a wish to hear some account of the families whom they were to visit on the morrow. "George Webber, a cooper, and Peter Bailey, a carrier, married sisters," said Parson Wheatly. "They became very intemperate young men. Soon after their marriages, which took place upon the same evening, a terrible quarrel arose between them; one sued the other; each employed a lawyer; and, for four years, the action was continued, appealed, ruled out of court and ruled in again, tried again and again for non-agreement of the jury, and finally gotten before the full court upon points of law. During these four years, Webber and Bailey, the cooper and the carrier, made an incalculable sacrifice of money, time, and temper. It repeatedly happened, that, whilst the lawyers were arguing upon the merits, Webber and Bailey were fighting upon the common. They left no means of reciprocal annoyance unemployed. It was really a pity, that the sum total in dispute, which had produced this domestic feud, and prolonged it for four years, had not been a matter of greater importance. The whole amount was two and fourpence, the difference between a ten-gallon keg and a calf-skin. The cooper and carrier were extensively connected by the bonds of blood and marriage; and there were few persons in Eddington, who had kept entirely aloof from this unpleasant controversy. Lancaster and York followed their red and white roses; and the good people of our village were, at one time, pretty equally divided, one half declaring for the keg, and the other for the calf-skin. No human being could foresee the termination of this two-and-fourpenny uproar. It occasioned not only alarming results, but some that were exceedingly ludicrous. Webber and Bailey, at that time, resided nearly opposite to each other; and, adjoining Bailey's shop, there was a small tanery. One March-meeting afternoon, when both were full of liquor, and, of course, the worse for it, Webber assaulted Bailey, as he was standing near a pit in the tan-yard, and told him, if he would come over the wall into the road, he'd knock in his head for him. Bailey, in his turn, called hard names, and offered, if Webber would step into the yard, to tan his hide handsomely. Webber sprang over the wall in a moment, and at it they went. After a few blows, which did little execution, for the parties were drunk, each strove to hurl the other into the pit, and both completely succeeded. It was about seven feet deep, and full of hides and dirty water. Peggy Webber saw the conflict from her window; and Biddy Bailey was attracted to her door by the shouting and cursing of the combatants. The ladies flew instantly to the assistance of their lords; each, seizing her husband's antagonist, was seized upon in turn; and, almost immediately, they were all four bouncing and floundering in the tan-pit. It was the more unfortunate, as it was a holiday, and all parties were dressed in their best apparel. Some of the neighbours soon came to their relief, and they emerged from the vat somewhat cooler than they went into it. These men proceeded in their evil courses until employment and reputation were totally lost. Bailey's wife was herself becoming a tippler. Peggy Webber was never known to seek solace from the bottle. There is some consolation, probably, in tears, and poor Peggy took it out in crying. George used to scold and threaten her, and then she would run off, for half a day, with her baby, and seek a temporary asylum with some charitable neighbor. Bailey was naturally obstinate and pugnacious, and rum made him necessarily more so. "If my wife's abed when I get home," he has been heard to say, while reeling, at a late hour, from the dram-shop, "I'll beat her; for what right has she to go to bed afore I gets home and has my supper? and, if I find her setting up, I'll beat her, as sure as I live; for what right has she to be setting up, after midnight, a burning out fire and candles?"—Rum, operating upon a very different temperament in Webber, produced

different effects. He was, by nature wild, scheming, visionary. It commonly reduced him to a condition scarcely distinguishable from insanity. He had a younger brother, who was an industrious, temperate ship-carpenter. Webber, upon one occasion, when crazy with liquor, went into the grave-yard, and, entering a tomb, brought forth a skull, and, carrying it to the ship-yard, exhibited it before the workmen, of whom his brother was one. "Whose skull is it?" inquired this young man.—"I s'pose its father's," said Webber, "for I took it out of his coffin, I'm sure."

"Webber and Bailey," continued Parson Wheatly, "were still young men, though strongly marked with every ordinary token of intemperance. They absented themselves from meeting, and studiously avoided me upon all occasions. In short, they were, to all common observation, irreclaimable, when the temperance reform began to be a topic of interest in our village.—But you shall see with your own eyes, Mr. Merrick, and hear with your own ears. They have entirely reformed; and, with their wives and their children, constitute one of the most united and pious families in my parish."—"It will be needful for me to start at an early hour," replied Mr. Merrick; "and, I fear, before it would be convenient to give them a visit."—"If you are up before the cooper and carrier," said Parson Wheatly, "you will be up long before the sun."

The next day, at an early hour, the two clergymen rode forth together. It was a fine September morning. They had proceeded about a mile and three quarters on their way.—"Stop," said Parson Wheatly, as they approached the opening of a hickory wood, "do you hear that sound?"—"What is it?" said his companion.—"Why, it is just as I told you; that *rub a dub dub* is the cooper's reveille; he is driving a hoop, and you see the sun is but just risen. Let us move slowly towards the cottage. You see the busy housewife's signal—the smoke is curling from the chimney top; and, I dare say, the jenny-cakes are already at the fire. There, Mr. Merrick, look at that white cottage, with green blinds, and a pretty garden before it. It is provided, as you see, by the double doors, for two families. That is the residence of the cooper and the carrier. Three years ago, it was a perfect hovel, whose fallen fence, and broken windows, proclaimed its occupant to be a drunkard. He was so. It was the property of old Bill Cleverly, who died, cursing the temperance folks with his latest breath.—The chaise drew up in front of the Cooper's shop. "Good morning, Mr. Webber," said Parson Wheatly.—"Ah, bless me, parson—*rub a dub dub*, you are out early," *dub dub a dub*—"going to Shuffleton, I s'pose, with Mr. Merrick"—*rub dub a dub*—"No, we have come to pay you and Mr. Bailey a short visit, Mr. Webber."—"Very much obliged to ye parson," *rub a dub dub*—*rub a dub dub*.—"There, I believe that hoop'll stick. Come, walk in Peggy'll be rejoiced to have ye take breakfast with us—sorry brother Bailey and his wife have gone to the city—went off by dawn o' day."—The clergymen endeavored to excuse themselves from taking breakfast, but Peggy was importunate, and the cooper assured them, that his boy, Phil, had caught some fine pickerel, on the preceding Saturday afternoon, and they were, at that moment, in the Spider. They, accordingly, were prevailed on to partake of the cooper's repast. Webber then produced the family Bible, and read a chapter; and Parson Wheatly made a prayer.—When he had concluded, he resumed his seat, and inquired of his host, if he were so much at leisure, that morning, that he could conveniently give them a small part of it.—"With all my heart, Parson Wheatly," said he, "if I can be useful, for I can drive the job I have in hand, a little farther into the evening."—"Mr. Webber," said Parson Wheatly, "I have been giving my brother Merrick, some account of the happy effects of the temperance reform in our village. I well know how openly you, and your brother Bailey, are in the habit of exhibiting your own conversion, as an inducement to others; and, if you will do me the favour to give Mr. Merrick some little account of it, I shall be much obliged to you. The effect of such a narrative may be beneficial elsewhere."

"Why, gentlemen," said the cooper, with a grave expression upon his features, "I shall bless the day when the reformation came into Eddington, and so will Peggy."—Peggy Webber had removed the breakfast table to one side of the apartment, and, with a baby in her arms, had drawn her chair into the circle.—"Brother Bailey and I have often said," continued the cooper, "that, if we had'n't turned about just as we did, we should have been, as like as not, in the drunkard's grave, by this time. We used to have