

upon his eternal interest. This was in the barnyard. He immediately went to the house, took down his bottle, and drank largely of its contents; then seating himself on the side of a bed, he fell backwards, and with a terrible groan, expired! Similar instances having fallen under the pastor's personal observation, might be greatly multiplied; and yet, with suicidal obstinacy, New Hampshire still continues to reject that prohibitory law, which, upon us in Maine, is conferring blessings too enlarged and multiplied for description.

One additional instance, of a less painful nature, suggests itself, when this already too protracted communication shall find its terminus. B. R., a respectable citizen of the same town, for more than twenty years, had been in the habit of taking daily drams. His pious wife with grief, perceived the increasing power and pernicious results of this habit; but expostulation was in vain. At length she procured a rumbler, and when he went to his accustomed closet, she followed him, and, imitating his action poured out and drank a quantity of rum. He looked at her with astonishment, but said nothing. The next day, on a repetition of the same process, he exclaimed,—"For heaven's sake, wife, what do you mean?" "Mean!" said she; "I mean to drink as much rum, and as often as you do; and if you are determined to go to a drunkard's grave, we will both go together."

This was too much. He loved his wife; and was both alarmed and shocked. He dashed the decanter, rum and all, upon the floor. "Now," said he, "wife, I am done! I have drank my last dram.—Pray for me." Shortly subsequent to this, the hours of 11 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M. witnessed the daily devotion of this husband and wife, on their knees before God, in that same closet! How truly have intoxicating drinks been described as "a thief to the purse, witch to the senses, and devil to the soul!"—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### Moral Courage.

A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command, high-sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the thrill of the bugle's note, as with more than magic sound, it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front, planted there to stand amid victory or defeat; oh! how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting nobly, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle-field compared with the moral courage of every day life?—Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, labouring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of a hundred battle-fields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things? Why, the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—to do—when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security and life are threatened to be swept away.

Yet, who looking back on the page of history or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold—how fares it with them? Cherished as earth's honoured sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for its sake—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thought and love. And yet, what did they? Like men they spoke the truth that was in them.—This was their courage. If they had been silent, if, trembling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died as other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before every thing else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing. Give us moral courage first and last! For while it nerves a man for duty, it roots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passion, making him rise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.—*C. M. Clay.*

### A Touch of the Maine Law One Hundred and Forty Years Ago.

A gentleman recently from Nantucket has put into my hand an original recognizance, of which the following is an exact copy. The paper is coarse and yellowish, the writing good, but quaint, and the ink excellent. Your readers will see by it that the "old folks" could sometimes be hard on rumsellers:—

"Barnstable, s. s.

MEMORANDUM, That on the sixteenth day of February, In the sixth year of her Maj's. Reign—Anneque Domini 1707, before us, Nathaniel Freeman and Joseph Doane, two of her Maj's Justs. of the Peace for the county of Barnstable—personally came and appeared William Nickason, of Manumoy, in the county of Barnstable, Inn holder, and acknowledged himself bound by way of Recognizance unto her Maj'y. Queen Anne, in the sum of forty pounds to be levied upon his Goods and chattles, Lands and Tenements, to the use of her sd Maj'y, Queen Anne, her heirs and successors, if default be made in the condition under written.

The condition of this recognizance is such that whereas the above bounden William Nickason and Mary the wife of the sd William Nickason, are accused by Richard Alamon and Hose his squa and Sarah the squa of Sam Ponymoo, all Indians, of selling them the sd Indians, severall quarts of syder and about one pint and a half of Ruhm on or about the 28 day of January last past. Now if the above bounden William Nickason, together with his sd wife Mary, shall make their personal appearance before her Maj's. Just's. of the Peace of the next General Sessions of the Peace to be holden in the county of Barnstable on the first Tuesday in April next, and shall then and there obey and abide the order and Judgment of sd Justices relating to the premises, Then the above recognizance to be void and of none effect, or else to be and remain in full force and valuer.

Recognized Coram nobis.

NATH'L FREEMEN,  
JOSEPH DOANE."