

I shall now close this essay, by inviting the attention of learned men, antiquaries, and travellers, to the views which I have advanced, in order that they may be established if correct, and overthrown if erroneous.

Selected Articles.

Bill Bennet.

"We have a man in our neighbourhood who has worked at every trade which he could hear of, and who is, of course, as poor as he can be,—for he pawned the very clothes on his back last month to Jones at the cellar for warm toddy. I make no doubt but you have seen him. He always bows, when he meets you, and generally carries about, a splinter broom, or a mop-stick, or a basket of clothes-pins for sale. He might have been a good workman, for aught I know, but he never could keep at any one thing long enough to succeed. I forgot though, there is one thing which he has always followed,—and that is drinking. Yet he never was seen quite drunk more than a dozen times in his life. He was apprenticed to a printer when he was about fifteen years old. But he ran away after six months, and tied himself out to a farmer. Then he tried shoemaking, and tanning, and turned carpenter, and at last was married, and followed peddling. Since that time he makes tubs, and pumps, and brooms, &c. &c. His wife ran away from him, something like six years ago. You must have noticed a little brown house at the three corners, with the chimney broken off—at the top, and a large monkey looking image standing on the ridgepole, with a windvane on its head. There he has lived ever since he was married. He spent some ten days in making that image, though it has always been the laughing stock of all the village,—Poor man, I wish we could get him to do better. But its of no use. He will spend his days in the poor-house, after all."

I had hardly finished speaking when some one knocked at the kitchen door. I supposed it was the butcher, for it was but little after breakfast. But Betty came in, a minute after, and said that Bill Bennet wanted to see me at the door. "Tell him to come in" said I. "But he wont come" answered Betty, "I did ask him to, and told him how you was talking with the gentlemen, but he seems to have something special, for he cried, and begged me to get you to step out a minute at least."

I met him at the door with "Well Bennet—what do you want?" He sighed very heavily, wiped a tear with his ragged coat sleeve, and told me that the deputy sheriff

had attached his little old house, and threatened to carry him to jail besides, and he wanted me to help him.

"What can I do for you? you surely do not expect me to pay your toddy bill at Jones' cellar, in order to keep you from jail,—when I have been trying for years to get you to leave off drinking."

"Well sir, said he, I am in a hard case. If I dont stop myself, I shall have to stop soon there at the jail, for nobody will hire me, and I cant pay Jones' bill any-how. So, I'll agree not to drink raw grog if you will agree to hire me."

"But you will want to drink grog that's not raw, won't you?"

"Why no sir only if I'm sick you know, or the matter of that,—then I might take a drop."

"No Bennet, I can do nothing for you unless you promise not to drink anything that can make you drunk."

"What, cider, and ale?"

"Certainly."

"I can't go that" said he, and pulled his old hat further over his eyes, and putting his coat together, strolled off.

When I returned to the parlor I found Mr. Jenks at the window, looking at Bill. "There he is sir, the very man we were talking of. You heard what he said at the door, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr. Jenks—"but he is coming back again"—And sure enough there he was knocking at the door. When he saw me, he asked for the pledge. I could not get him to come in, but he took a pen and scratched his name down, putting it on his hat, upon his knee. Bill Bennet is now, while I am writing, in my yard, at work as my hired man. He is steady, and has been, for nearly five weeks, for it was five weeks ago, yesterday, since Mr. Jenks was at my house talking about him.

How long he will be steady I cannot conjecture. But if total abstinence can do so much, with such a man,—what can it not do? I ought perhaps to add, that Bill says he should never have been such a boy, nor such a man but for cider, ale, and toddy.—

An Address from the Representatives of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends for New England, to the members of the Society and others.

We with pleasure give place to the following document. Will not Christians of every name, will not every one, that has any regard for the honour of his country, speak with decided tone upon a traffic so disgraceful in its character, so ruinous in its consequences, and, as we must believe, so offensive in the sight of heaven. Will not a righteous God frown upon the nation that tolerates it?

"At a meeting of the Representatives of the Society of Friends in New England, held on Rhode Island, in the sixth month, 1836, an affecting account of the evils attendant upon the introduction of ardent spirits, and fire-arms, and other munitions of war, among the natives of some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, was communicated to the Meeting through its foreign correspondence—and being aware that many vessels sailing from the various ports of New England, were in the habit, in the course of their voyages, of touching at these islands for the purpose of trade or refreshment, the Meeting is anxiously desirous of discouraging, as much as in it lies, the practice of carrying these articles for the purpose of introducing them among those people."

"In pursuance of this desire, we feel constrained, in Christian love, earnestly to exhort all such as are in membership with us, who, in the course of their business, are concerned in ships touching at these islands, to be exceedingly watchful in guarding every possible avenue by which such ships, or their officers or crews, may become the means of carrying these destroying articles among these people. We feel that it cannot be necessary, on the present occasion, in calling the attention of the members of the Society of Friends to this important subject, to do more than to remind them of the uniform concern of the Society to discourage the use of ardent spirits, and of their ancient and steady testimony against the lawfulness of all wars and fightings, and, consequently, against suffering any in their employ to trade in these articles."

Circular Letter

Of the New Jersey Baptist Association, held at Vincentown, September, 1836.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In presenting to you our annual epistle, we desire to call your attention to a subject of much interest, and of great importance in its bearing upon the welfare of Zion. It is, "the duty of making the Temperance reformation a test of membership, or term of communion in the Church." We disclaim all design or desire to dictate to any of our Churches the course they shall pursue in this matter. We fully recognize the truth that each church is, and of right ought to be, independent, yet, as we are associated for mutual counsel and instruction, and as you have requested and expect a communication of our views upon the various doctrines and precepts of the gospel, and subjects connected therewith, we cannot pass over in silence, or with no other notice than a simple resolution, a subject of so much magnitude; especially as it is one which has, to considerable extent, been discussed in all our Churches, and occupied the thoughts of all our members. We design then in this epistle to sustain the position, "that the principle of Entire Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a drink ought to be declared a term of communion in every Church." In explanation of the terms we use, we say, by "Entire Abstinence," we mean an abandonment not only of the use, but of the manufacture and traffic in the article as a beverage, and by this limitation we leave the medicinal and sacramental use of any article necessary for either, untouched. In presenting this position, thus explained, to your serious consideration, we shall first notice the prom-