SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1857.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XXI. "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE." NUMBER 23.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every FRIDAY afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Doveber's Son, west side Prince William Street.

Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamentally) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

☞ Terms—12s. 6d., if paid within the year, 15s. if not paid until after expiration of the year.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies for our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

☞ George W. White, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Youngs Cove, Grand Lake.

☞ Archibald M'Alister, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Gagetown.

☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, *is the only authorized Agent* for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets."

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esq., *President.*

Directors—J. W. LAWRENCE, S. K. FOSTER, C. H. PETHEBRIDGE, JOHN ANDERSON. *Solicitor*—J. M. ROBINSON, Esq. *Secretary*—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esq., &c.

☞ Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street. May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GROCER and Provision DEALER,
CORNER PRINCESS AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.
Goods sent to all parts of the City free of charge
September 19, 1856.

WILLIAM WEDDERBURN,
Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, &c
—OFFICE—
No. 13, NORTH SIDE OF PRINCESS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ramsay, Shardee & Co's Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
HAS REMOVED to the Office lately occupied by Charles Watters, Esquire, in Messrs. Dovober's building, Prince William Street.
August 22, 1856.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,
CLEMENTSPORT, N. S.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL,
State Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.

Rooms per day,	50 cts.
Rooms per week,	$3.00
Lodging	37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856. 1y.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRITT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.
HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.,—on the most approved principles
LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hands
☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

To Farmers, Travellers & Citizens.
YOUNG'S HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT is kept regularly open, as usual, with every comfort. Horses are properly attended to. The state of the market is daily furnished; with the latest news; and every effort is made, as heretofore, to benefit. His Hotel is No. 15, *opposite* his former well received Establishment in Charlotte-street, and reference is respectfully asked of former visitors. WM. YOUNG.

S. K. FOSTER'S Shoe Store
Just received per steamer from Liverpool:—
A Large assortment of Ladies, Misses, Boys, Children's, and Infants CLOTH BOOTS, of all qualities, suitable for the season.
A great variety of Men's, Women's, Misses, Children's and infants FELT BOOTS, Shoes and Slippers of every quality.
ON HAND—A large lot of Women's Prunella BOOTS, suitable for wearing under Rubber Shoes in Winter—for 3s. to 4s. 6d a pair.
Oct. 17. S K FOSTER.

Hats & Caps.
THE Subscriber has received per *Ad. laide* from Boston—A large assortment of FUR C PS, latest styles; which, together with a large Stock of HATS and CAPS on hand, of his own manufacture, he will dispose of at very low prices.
A. MAGEE.
97, North side, and 58, South side King-street.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 19, 1856.
N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. Cash and the highest price paid for Shipping FURS.

LARD OIL and PORPOISE OILS.—On hand 18 —120 galls. Extra Lard OIL; 200 galls. Porpoise OIL. For Sale low by
S. L. TILLEY.
September 10, 35, King-street

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Established in 1836—*Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.*
CHIEF OFFICE—37, Castle Street, Liverpool, 26 & 27 Poultry, London.
THOMAS BROCKLEBANK, Esq., *Chairman*; J. C. EWART, Esq., M. P., and F. HAYWOOD Esq., *Deputy Chairmen*; SWINTON BOULT, Esq *Secretary.*
BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES.
Europe—Manchester, Hamburgh, Lisbon, Stockholm. *United States*—New York, New Orleans, Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, San Francisco. *British America*—Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Saint John, N. B., Saint Johns, N. F. *South America*—Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Demerara. *Australia*—Sydney, Victoria, Adelaide, Swan River. *New Zealand*—Lyttleton, Wellington, Auckland. *Tasmania*—Hobart Town, Launceston. *East Indies*—Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, Madras, Manilla. *China*—Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Paid up Resources, £749,251 15 8, Sterling.
CONSTITUTION—UNLIMITED LIABILITY.
Fire Premiums Received in 1855, £186,271 16 11, Sterling
Business—Insurance against Loss or damage by FIRE, on every description of Property.
Losses paid promptly on proof of claim.
NEW BRUNSWICK BRANCH: OFFICE—98, Prince William Street, St. John.
(No Charge for Policy.)
April 25. EDWARD ALLISON, *Agent.*

Fish, Liquors etc.,
—IN STORE—
350 QUINTALS Dry CODFISH;
75 do. do. HADDOCK;
6 whole and 50 half-barrels prime SHAD;
10 chests Congo TEA; 300 pieces Grind-stones, from 15 in. to 45 in.; 20 brls. Gibb'd Herrings; 10 boxes PIPES; 5 do. Pepper Sauce; 20 dozen Basket BASKETS; 1 brl. Rum Colouring Am.; 1 pun. Cammelton WHISKEY; 1 pun. J. RUM; 3 puns. Am. RUM; Port and Sherry WINE; 1 pipe Cognac BRANDY; 1 do. H. GIN; and a general assortment of good GROCERIES.
—*In Bond (at Waller's)*—
5 puns. ALCOHOL—for sale at lowest Market Rates. JOHN MARVEN,
Ward-street.
I would also inform my Customers and the Public in general that I have enlarged my premises, and will be better able to accommodate them in future.
Oct. 17. J. MARVEN.

Pictures! Pictures!
NEW PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS.
POTTER & CO., have just received by the Mail Steamer "Niagara," a case containing a splendid assortment of NEW PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS, comprising pictures in every style of art. Attention is particularly invited to those *beautiful Pictures, after the English Masters*, of Landscape Painting, and also to a superb lot of FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, superior to anything yet seen in America.
Sept. 26. 85, Prince Wm. Street.

GENTS' SHAWLS.—The Subscriber has received an assortment of Gentlemen's SHAWLS, of superior quality to those usually imported. Also, Gents' MUFFLERS, for sale at reasonable prices, by D. H. HALL,
Nov. 14. 41, King-street.

HORSE SHOEING.
[Shop one door north of the Country Market]

WILLIAM GABRIEL begs to Tender his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public for the extensive patronage hitherto received from them; and he takes this method further to inform them that he is prepared at all times to execute orders in his line of business, in the best possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.
January 20, 1854.

FUR CAPS—In every variety of Fur—made up on the premises, in the latest styles,
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

A Large Stock of Furs.
5 CASES FURS just received by the Subscriber, ex "Middleton" and "Courier," in addition to 6 cases opened ex ships "John Barbour" and "John Duncan" from one of the largest and probably the best assorted stocks of RICH FURS ever offered to purchasers in this market, embracing Stone Martin, French Sable, Northern do., Ermine, Chinchilla, Mink, Fitch, Grey Squirrel, British Sable, &c., in MUFFS, BOAS, CUFFS, &c.
These Goods are all marked low, and in plain figures, with a view to early and quick Sales.
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street

H. N. POWERS, Undertaker, &c.
Fourth Door North Trinity Church, Germain-st
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
WOULD inform the public that he has purchased that beautiful and much admired Gothic Hearse from the Messrs. Lawrence, which he will furnish to parties requiring the same, with a careful driver.
He likewise attends to Funerals and furnishes every article in the above line in a superior style, and at prices more moderate than any other establishment in this City.
Orders from the Country attended to with care at the shortest notice.
FURNITURE.
M. N. P. will make to order all descriptions of MAHOGANY, WALNUT, BUTTERNUT, and PINE FURNITURE, at short notice, of superior material and workmanship. Prices moderate.
☞ Every description of Upholstery, Curtains, Carpets, &c., attended to at short notice. Old Furniture cleaned and repaired.
N. B. On hand a beautiful lot of Coffin
FUR COATS.—Fifty Fur Coats—in Fur Seal, Hair Seal, Wool Seal, Lama and Buffalo, made up to order, mostly large sizes, Fur and Cloth lined; (also, FUR BOOTS.)
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

China and Earthenware.
Ex "John Duncan" and "Middleton"—
THE Fall Stock of these Goods are now opening, and offered on liberal terms, Wholesale & Retail, by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON,
Oct. 17. 29, Dock-street.

No. 89, Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
SAMUEL WILSON—*Tailor and Draper*—Is prepared to stop the importation of all Slop made CLOTHING—if Customers will only call and have their measure taken—and choose their own CLOTH—as I attend to the Cutting, &c., myself. Please enquire as above, No. 89.
September 19. SAMUEL WILSON.

MEDICAL REVOLUTION!
THE WORLD UNANIMOUS!
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
THE GREAT COUNTER IRRITANT!
The virus of disease often makes its way to the internal organs through the pores of the skin. This penetrating Ointment, melting under the hand as it is rubbed in, is absorbed through the same channels, and, reaching the seat of inflammation, promptly and invariably subdues it, whether located in the kidneys, the liver, the lungs, or any other important organ. It penetrates the surface to the interior, through the countless tubes that communicate with the skin as summer rain passes into the fevered earth diffusing its cool and regenerating influence.
SKIN DISEASES & GLANDULAR SWELLINGS.
Every species of exterior irritation is quickly reduced by the anti-inflamatory action of this Ointment. Angry Eruptions, such as Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ringworm, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Scabies (or Itch) &c., die out, to return no more under its application. Hospital experience in all parts of the world proves its infallibility in diseases of the skin, the muscles, the joints and the glands.
ULCERS, SORES, AND TUMORS.
The effect of this unrivaled external remedy upon Scrofula, and other virulent ulcers and sores, is almost miraculous. It first discharges the poison which produces suppuration and proud flesh, and thus the cures which its healing properties afterward complete are safe as well as permanent.
WOUNDS, BRUISES, BURNS, AND SCALDS.
In cases of the fracture of the bones, injuries caused by steam explosions, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, and contraction of the sinews, it is employed and warmly recommended by the faculty. This marvellous remedy has been introduced by its inventor in person into all the leading Hospitals of Europe, and no private household should be without it.
UNDENIABLE TESTIMONY.
The Medical Staff of the French and English Armies in the Crimea have officially signed their approval of Holloway's Ointment, as the most reliable dressing for sabre cuts, stabs, and gun-shot wounds. It is also used by the surgeons of the Allied Navies.
Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions,	Rheumatism,	Sore Throats,
Burns,	Ringworm,	Sores of all kinds
Capped hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints
Fistula,	Skin Diseases	Tetter,
Gout,	Swelled	Ulcers,
Lumbago,	Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Mercurial	Sore Legs,	Wounds of all
Eurptions,	Sore Breasts,	kinds.
Piles,	Sore Heads,	

*** Sold at the Manufactories of Professor HOLLOWAY, 80, Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London, by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the United States and the civilized world, in pots, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and 1$ each.
☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.
S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 2, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and ames G. White, Belleisle.

NEW GOODS.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE,
HAYS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING ST.
B. HUNTER,
HAS received per late arrivals from *Great Britain* and the United States his FALL AND WINTER GOODS, would now respectfully solicit the attention of his friends and the public in general to his *Extensive and General Assortment of Goods*, which will be sold *WHOLESALE and RETAIL* at exceedingly low prices. The Stock in part consists of—
Winter Cloths,
in Pilots, Beavers, Witneys Siberian, Lambskin, Elephant, and Himalay Cloths, and various new materials for Over Coats, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Double Mill'd Kerseys, Satinetts, Moleskins Tweeds, Homespuns, Flannels, Ticks, Shirting Stripe, &c., &c.
VESTINGS—In Cut Velvets, Silk Plush, Satins, Baratheas, Quiltings, &c., &c.
THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
consists of an immense Stock of OVER COATS, in various materials and styles, and at all prices.
UNDER COATS
In Dress, Frock, Paletot, Sack and Shooting Coat Styles—in Superfine Broad Cloth, Cassimere, Doeskin, Tweed, Homespun, Satinetts, &c.,
VESTS,
In Cut Velvets, Silk Plush, Satins, and an endless variety of materials for dress and ordinary wear.
PANTS
In any quantity and quality, and at any price required.
FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
Comprises a general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Hosiery, Gloves, Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarfs, Muslin Handkerchiefs, Braces, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, Snow Stockings, Lambs' Wool and Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Cotton and Merino, do., &c. &c.
HATS and CAPS—in Fur, Silk Plush, Mohair, &c.
R. H. would intimate that as the Clothing is all cut and made up on his own premises by the best Workmen, it cannot fail in giving good satisfaction.
Garments made to order, in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice.
No second price—all Goods marked in plain Figures. (Oct. 24.) R. H.

NOTICE!
JOHN KINNEAR, of the City of Saint John, Merchant, by Deed of Trust, bearing date the 11th November, 1856, having assigned to us all his Stock of Merchandise, Books, and other Effects, for the benefit of such of his Creditors as shall within the period named in said deed, execute the same, and give a discharge. Notice is hereby given that the said Deed lies at the Office of GEORGE THOMAS, Esq., for signature, and all persons interested therein are hereby required to sign the same and render their accounts within three months from date hereof, or they will be debarred from any participation or benefit therein.
GEO. THOMAS,
GEO. EATON, } *Assignees.*
SAML. D. BERTON,
St. John, 14th Nov., 1856. city papers.

Poetry.

"Oh, who shall dare, in this fruit season,
On fullest happiest thoughts to lean,
On friendship, kindred, or on Love."

Is it then so? Can even love,—
The fortunate sweet of heaven, deriving birth
From tho'ts, and hopes, and ties above the earth,
Can it, too, faithless prove?

Kindred we know, may cease to own
The claims of brotherhood; in anguish wild
The mother may "forget her suck child;"
Fathers their sons disown.

So, too, may friendship's silken tie,
By time or absence silently untwin'd;
Or, rent by force, two brother souls unbind,
To stand apart for aye.

But O! can thus the golden chain
That binds two hearts in one, be lightly broken?
Can vows on bended knee before God spoken,
Their witness plead in vain?

"It needs must be" that all should learn,
Though writ the lessons be in tears of blood,—
Cease yo from man, and trust alone in God;
He ne'er shall change or turn.

"It needs must be, though woe to him
By whom the offence" that teacheth it shall come;
But all things speak it,—some in precept, some
In type, nor false nor dim.

The loveliest flower that blooms to-day,
Shedding its fragrance through the balmy air,
Just shows its form, so delicate and fair,
Then quickly fades away.

The summer morn that early glows,
And seems as though 'twould last for ever bright,
Sparkles a few short hours, then, lost in night,
Sinks into calm repose.

The very texture of our life,
How frail it passeth as the morning dew,—
That dew, how transient! as the glimpse of blue
In the dark heavens, with strife.

Yes, come that last tremendous day,
And earth, on strong foundations surely laid,
With fervent heat will be dissolv'd, and fade
With all its bright array.

There is but One unchangeable,—
One only true, on whose enduring name
We safely rest, and find him aye the same,—
Our sheltering citadel!

In conflicts sore or weariness,
An everlasting object for our love,
Tho' earth's dear friendship fail us, and we prove
Its powerlessness to bless.

From things of earth our spirits wean,
Thou who canst never fail, nor change, O Lord!
On Thee, Eternal, and Thy faithful Word,
On sinking hearts be stayed!

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE SUDDEN REFORMATION.

A TEMPERANCE TALE
FOR OLD AND YOUNG.
BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The simple story I am about to relate, possesses much interest for those who were ever acquainted with the parties concerned, and I trust its interest will not only be in its truth, but also in the peculiar soul-touch it develops.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man whom I shall call Daniel Bryam. He was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most intellectual men in that section of the country. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than he did, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven, Bryam took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country. Mary Felton experienced a strange pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be as fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Convivality ran high among the members of the bar, and young Bryam possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length give the whole body and soul up to the demon of appetite. For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally he sank to the lowest pit of degradation,—when at the age of five-and-thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not remain sober long enough at any one time to carry any case through court. The only business he had now upon his hand was the collecting of some few small debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birthday he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not long; and amid the examples of those who were his constant companions, he went back to his cups, and down he sank, as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserable, degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect, called at his house, and upon enquiring of his wife where he was, she would tell them he was away. Poor woman! they could not bear to dispute her, and they would go their way, though they knew full well that the remains of Daniel Bryam were prostrate upon his bed-room floor.

One day Mr. Vinson called to see him. Vinson had left notes and accounts to the amount of several thousand dollars with Bryam to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings, but I must see your husband. If I can see him for even one minute, I can learn all I wish to know."

Mary Bryam spoke not a word, but with a fearful eye she turned away, and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryam in a back room, stretched at full length upon the floor, with a jug of Medford rum by his side. With much effort, Vinson aroused the poor man to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked if he had done anything about the notes and accounts he had left with him.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, in a weak, husky, hiccoughing voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted my percentage, and you'll find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryam was called in, the key was produced, and Mr. Vinson found his money—four thousand and some odd hundreds of dollars—all right and safe.

In his worst moments, Bryam never used for himself a single penny he had in trust. Hundreds there were who tried to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Year after year went by, and he sank lower and lower—yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer, named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie down on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was ever known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated, would not drink with him. All, all alone, in his own office and chamber, he drank the accursed poison, and even his very life seemed the offspring of the jug.

In early spring, Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out, he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush Moses; speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me; he cannot last much longer."

At that moment Daniel Bryam entered the apartment. Both Moses Felton was startled by his appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug was in his hand.

"Ah—Moses—how are ye?" he gasped for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features resumed a cold, stern expression, he said in a calm, but strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryam, I have been your most intimate friend but once. My heart is an open book to you with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before, for you were noble, generous-hearted kind; but I hate you, now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—the only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to live with me, but she will not while you live, yet when you die she will come to me. This do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely pray that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place, after I reach my new home—may be—*that you are dead!*"

Bryam gazed upon the speaker some moments without speaking.

"Moses," at length he said "you are not in earnest."

"As true as heaven, Daniel, I am! When I know you are dead I shall be happy, and not until then—so go on. Fill your jug, and—"

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough, enough to have reformed half the sinners in creation—and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you like, for the moment that sees you thus will set mourners free."

Bryam's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go!" said he, with a tone of thrilling power-ful firmness that had often electrified a jury, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go sir, and watch the post."

With those words, Daniel Bryam hurled the jug into the fire-place, and while yet its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to the bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a moment Daniel Bryam hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system that had for long years subsisted on almost nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill, and not take any more?"

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath! Moses Felton shall never learn that brandy or rum killed me! It the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die! I'll live—live, till Moses Felton shall eat his own words!"

He did live; an iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryam lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—joyful, powerful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington and Daniel Bryam was upon the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had Bryam looked so noble and commanding, and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could see them, Bryam stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the word you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back? Damn them now and forever."

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest unperjured man! The only thing that has bound me thus far to this state of life."

That evening Mary Bryam was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in word, to that strange scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryam yet lives, one of the most honored men in Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature; thrice in the Senate, and once in the National Congress; and he is yet a noble man, and an ornament to society; declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

Many who read this will know the characters whom I have discussed, and will at once recognize the true individuals beneath the fictious names I have borrowed.

A TRIBUTE TO SCIENCE.

Will it not be pardoned if one who for thirty years has been almost constantly engaged in the examination of nature should bear testimony, from his own experience, to the charms and pleasures of science? I know it would be vanity for me to pretend to a profound acquaintance with science, or to distinction in it. But I cannot feel that it is vanity to profess a strong attachment to it. Indeed, how ungrateful in me not to recommend with enthusiasm that which has spread before me so many and such delightful prospects along the path of life; which has furnished a delightful retreat from the agitations and vexations of the world; which has thrown so many gleams of light into the darkest part of my path; which has led me to many a clear and sparkling fountain, and permitted me to breathe an atmosphere of peace and happiness? Often have I known the time, when, through feeble health, the languid eye looked out with indifference, if not absolute disgust, upon all the ordinary objects of life; never has a view of nature, dressed in the garb of science, failed to rally back the shining powers, rouse the leaden eye, and diffuse animation and joy through the soul. A distinguished writer of the last century, although, in eloquent and beautiful, expressed a regret that he had ever learned. But leaving every thing else out of the account, I can bless the day in which I was born, because I have enjoyed so much in studying the works of nature. And when I see so many noble minded youths placing all their hopes of earthly happiness, some in the hot strife after political distinction, some in the possession of wealth, equipage, and power, some in following the tasteless round of fashionable amusements, and above all, when I see some whose chief source of happiness lies in a devoted attachment to fictitious literature, how gladly would I win them into those fields of science, at which we have this evening glanced, and thus save them from the disappointment and disgust of which I know they will receive experience, and which may lead them also to lament that they were ever born!

Many, many are the bright eyes that are turned upon me at this moment; eyes sparkling with health and hope. Must any of those be palsied by the withering touch of such disappointment? O, if their possessors will have a refuge amid all the storms and fluctuations of life, and those eyes may be bright and sparkling even amid the frosts of age.

"O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?—
The wealthy woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and grandeur of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's shelt'ring breast shields,
And all the bread magnificence of heaven:—
O, how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven!"

I would not undervalue other sources of happiness, which are more freely parcelled out to us in this world. I only wish to show that the pursuit of science, as a means of happiness, has strong claims upon the attention; that it does not interfere with any other innocent enjoyment; that it is also calculated to overcome that appetite for artificial excitement and dissipation which makes so many miserable; that it furnishes in youth a rich fund of happiness; to the man in middle life, a delightful relaxation from business and professional duties; and that, unlike most other sources of enjoyment, the relish for it grows stronger by age, so that in advanced life, when the common objects of life cease to interest, those of science still possess the charm of novelty.

Let me not, however, be understood to imply that there are not pursuits and pleasures of a more noble and satisfying character than even those of science. I would not bring them into competition with the results of active benevolence and piety. But the two pursuits are not inconsistent with each other; and he who chooses can make the pleasures of both his own. Such a man has reached the highest point of earthly happiness. For every wonder of science now becomes invested with the double interest of being beautiful in itself and an exhibition of divine wisdom. And then, what delightful anticipations crowd upon his mind! He soon learns that even the veteran in science can obtain but little more than a glimpse of nature in this world, and that much cloud and darkness rest upon the brightest spots. Yet he knows that the works of the Deity will form objects of study in a future state, where nothing intercepts the pure rays of truth, and that these works are vast enough to fill and feast the soul thro' the round of eternal ages. Such hopes as these constitute the true nobility of man:—

"For how great
To mingle interests, converse amities,
With all the sons of reason scattered wide
Through habitable space, wherever born!
To call heaven's rich inhabitable mines
Our own! To rise in science as in bliss!
To read creation, read its mighty plan,
And the bosom of the Deity!
To ken eternity, what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken! new life sun-gild!
What webs of wonder mark unravel'd here!
What full day pours on all the paths of heaven,
And lights the Almighty's footsteps in the deep!"

—*Lectures by Professor Hitchcock.*