SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1847.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume II. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 39.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Doherty & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince William street.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

May.		h.	Sun. s.	Moon h.	w.
29 Saturday,	. .	4	35 7	25 Rises,	11 23
30 Sunday,	. .	4	34 7	26 8	1 Morn
31 Monday,	. .	4	34 7	26 8	54 0 6
1 Tuesday,	. .	4	33 7	27 9	46 0 44
2 Wednesday,	. .	4	33 7	27 10	29 1 21
3 Thursday,	. .	4	32 7	28 11	10 2 1
4 Friday,	. .	4	31 7	29 11	46 2 44

Full Moon, 29th day. 10h. 6m. even.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

EDWARD L. JARVIS, Esq., *Chairman.*
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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

Travelling limits and extra premiums liberal and moderate.

Division of Profits.—The assured has the option of receiving the Profits either in Cash, in reduction of Premiums, or in adding to the sum insured.

Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

The "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society,*" offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR, } Agents.
St. John, Dec. 24, 1846. Nelson street.

THE HARTFORD **Fire Insurance Company,** OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr., Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward. ELPHALET TERRY, President.
James G. Bolles, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed an Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire, for all descriptions of property in this city and throughout the Province, on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.

Minerva Life Assurance Company. King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO. *Agents for New Brunswick.*
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

Minerva Life Assurance Company **OF LONDON.**

AT a Court of Directors of the *Minerva Life Assurance Company*, held in January, 1847, it was resolved, that Persons assured by this Company be allowed to cross the Atlantic in first class sailing Vessels or Steamers to Europe, or vice versa during the Months of May, June, July, August, September and October, *free of charge*; and during the Months of November, December, January, February, March and April, on payments *before* embarkation of an extra premium of five shillings per cent. on the sum assured for each voyage.

All applications for Assurance to be made to the undersigned, who will give every information, as also Books containing rates of Premiums, &c.,
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO. *Agents for New Brunswick.*
St. John, N. B. 26th Feb. 1847.

Exchange, No. 17 Church-st.

THE Proprietor of this Establishment is prepared to furnish SUPPERS, &c., at the shortest notice. An experienced Cook having been engaged, who will prepare every article in a superior manner.

LUNCHES at all hours, and SOUPS from 11 o'clock, every day. *March 26th.*

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM.* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and tenderly said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, John Pirie, Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stone and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in less time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawes, and Cocoabay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND **Life Assurance Society** OF LONDON.

NOTICE TO THE ASSURED IN THIS OFFICE.

AT a Court of Directors recently held in London, the following resolution was passed, which is published for the information of the numerous parties assured by the above Society, who reside in this Province:

"Resolved, That persons assured by this Society be allowed to cross and re-cross the Atlantic in Royal Mail or first class Steamers, or in first class sailing vessels, during the months of May, June, July, August, September, and October, free of extra charge, and during the months of November, December, January, February, March, and April, on payment previous to embarkation of an extra premium of five shillings per cent, on the sum assured, for each passage.

W. J. STARR, F. R. STARR, } Managers & Agents. Nelson street.
March 12—3m. St. John, N. B.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Wholesale Confectioner and Lozenge Manufacturer.

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

Muscovado Molasses.

23 HHDS best Muscovado MOLASSES.—Bright, heavy and sweet;
25 Kegs best Leaf Hog's LARD;
5 Barrels Spirits of TURPENTINE;
10 do. Beans; 1 case India Rubber Shoes;
1 case Lamp Chimnies.
19th march. JOHN KINNEAR.

Pine and Spruce TIMBER, and **RAILWAY SLEEPERS.**

PARTIES desirous of Contracting to deliver a quantity of PINE and SPRUCE TIMBER in the Months of May and June next, of specific dimensions; Also—100,000 Hackmatac RAILWAY SLEEPERS, to be delivered in April, May, June, July, and August next—will please apply to either of the Subscribers for terms and particulars.

THOMAS GORMAN, NATHANIEL HICKS
Jan 22.

Mr. A. Mackenna,

Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.

OFFICE, up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.
June 12, 1846.

MR. G. SLATCH,

Attorney at Law, Notary Public, and Conveyancer.

OFFICE, in Mr. L. H. DeVeber's new building, on the Western side of Prince William street.
December 11.

REMOVAL.—W. F. BROOKS has removed his *HAIR CUTTING & SHAVING SALOON*, to King street, over the store occupied by Mr. J. Pine, where he will be found for a few weeks. His customers and the Public in general are invited to call at the above. May 7.

Miscellany.

A DRUNKEN SERVANT.

We were at one time as many as fourteen in the drawing room, and all of them highly desirable acquaintances, being people very well to do in the world; when mamma, who is so proud of her cherry brandy, would persuade her friends to take some—if it was only a glassful. So (bother take it!) I had to get my keys, and trot down stairs for her stupid cherry brandy—which I'm sure I could not see the want of, for there was plenty of excellent red and white wine on the table; and that was good enough for any one any day, I should think.—Besides, I had set my mind upon keeping the cherry brandy quietly to myself, as there was only two bottles of it, and Edward had just laid in several dozen of port and sherry. However, I returned with one of the bottles and an agreeable smile on my countenance, to the drawing room, little thinking that I was about to present some of my best friends with a glass of that horrible wash that that tipsy, thieving Mary had filled up the bottle with.—Then giving it to mamma, I told her pleasantly that she should fill the glasses and have all the credit of it to herself. So she good, dear old lady did as I said, and handing them round, observed to Mrs. L—ckl—y (who is the wife of Edward's best client, and of highly genteel connections,) that she should like her to try that; for she flattered herself that she would find it very fine, and not to be got everywhere as she made it herself, after her own peculiar way, and that she felt convinced that any pastry cook would gladly give her twenty guineas for the receipt any morning, and that she always made a point of using none but the very best cognac that could be got for money, together with the finest Morello cherries that were to be picked up in Covent garden Market. When they had all got their glasses, dear, unconscious mama sat down with a self-contented smile waiting for the approbation and eulogiums which she confidently expected they would overwhelm her with.

As soon as Mrs. L—ckl—y had taken one cherry and a spoonful of the wash, all the rest followed her example. Dear mamma observing that Mrs. L—ckl—y made a wry face after it, (as well she poor thing might,) said "I'm afraid the brandy is too strong for you, Mrs L—ck—ly; but you needn't be afraid of it, my dear—a bottle of such as that would not hurt you, I can assure you. Now really, I shall begin to think you don't like it, if you don't finish it. On which Mrs. L—ckl—y (who is an extremely well-bred woman,) answered "You are very good—it is very nice I'm sure." And then the poor thing put another spoonfull of the filthy stuff to her lips. Whereupon poor, dear mamma (who was determined not to baked of the compliments she innocently thought she was entitled to) tried to prevail on some of the other poor things (who really, considering all, had borne it like martyrs) to go on theirs. But Mrs. B—y)—s politely excused herself by saying she thought it was not quite as rich as some of mother's that she had had the pleasure of tasting before, and that sweet woman, Mrs C—ri—e, said that she was afraid the brandy had gone off a little. On which, Edward (lawyer like) fancying something was wrong, and thinking it a good opportunity for teasing his poor dear, mother in law, took a glassful himself, and had no sooner tasted it, than instead of swallowing it like a gentleman, he spit the whole into the fire place, declaring he had never in all his life tasted such beastly trash. Whereupon dear mamma, who believed in only said as much to anyone her, took a glassful likewise: and scarcely had she put her lips to it, than she gave a scream, and the poor, dear soul spluttered it all out of her mouth again, exclaiming—"Oh that shameful, mint of a Mary! I know it's her—the drunken beast! she hasn't been and drunk all the brandy, and filled the bottle up again with what I'd swear was nasty filthy cold tea and unripe cherries." No sooner had she made the discovery, than all the poor dear ladies who had partaken of the filthy mixture uttered a piercing scream, while the unfeeling wretch, Edward, rushed out of the room, and I could actually hear the brute bursting with laughter on the landing-place. All the dears agreed with poor mamma—who was boiling over, (if I might be allowed the expression,) that it was very shameful conduct on the part of the maid, and hoped that mamma would not let it take any effect upon her on their account, as really they didn't mind about it. And then taking a glass of sherry wine a-piece, just to take the taste out of their dear mouths, they all hurried away, and in less than ten minutes we were left alone in the drawing-room. Then we both agreed to make that cat, Mary, finish before our very eyes the whole of the other bottleful, (which we made up our minds she had served in the same manner,) and directly after she had eaten it all up, to give her warning, as it would be the best way of punishing her for her wicked goings-on. So down stairs we went, and and having got the bottle out of the store room closet, we made the wretch devour the whole of it on the spot—though from the crafty way in which the unsuspecting beast, to her sorrow, and from the effect it had upon her shortly afterwards, (for it only made her more tipsy than she was before) to our horror we found out that she had not touched that bottle at all—and, indeed, she told us as much when she drunk every drop, and had the impudence to say she should like to be punished again. So we immediately gave her warning, and told her not to think of sending to us for a character, indeed. But in the evening, the cherry brandy was had forced, her to take, made her so dreadfully bad, that we had to carry her up-stairs and put her to bed again. All of which was a more nothing to us compared with the good humour it put Edward into; who kept teasing us, with a nasty vulgar giggle, that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for driving the poor girl into another fit; and he said he hoped that dear mamma would take care that the next servant she engaged for him wasn't subject to epilepsy. (an aggravating monster!)—*The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the adventures of a Lady in search of a Good Servant, by One who has been almost Worried to Death.*

A PICKLE FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF BEEF.—First put your beef for ten hours in water, to drain out the blood; then hang it up thirty four hours to dry. Dissolve in six gallons of water, coarse salt, so as to make the brine bear an egg; add a pound of saltpetre, two quarts of molasses, two ounces of cayene pepper, one ounce of pearlash, dissolve in warm water, boil and skim off all the impurities; then put in the beef in this pickle, and in four or five days it will be fit for use and continue so until April—after which boil over the liquor; skim it after you have added some more salt, sugar, &c.

BRAT TIME, WHO DIED.—A man named Atkin, died in Wenford, Upper Canada, a short time since, aged 120. He had during his life time, contracted seven marriages, and had 570 children, grand children and great grand children—370 of whom were boys and 200 girls.

DIED.—On the morning of Easter Day, April 4th 1847, in full hope of the resurrection of the Just, Mary G. Hobard, relict of the late Right Rev. John Henry Hobard, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of New York.

Mary Goodwin Hobard was the youngest child of the Rev. Dr. Chandler of Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Her father was one of the most prominent among the clergy of the Church of England, under the Colonial Government. But he was not only an accomplished scholar and an eminent devine, as his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Oxford would abundantly testify, but he was especially distinguished by his writings and labours in favour of the establishment of the Episcopate in the Provinces of British America. It is inconceivable to us at the present day, how all the efforts in behalf of a measure of such sound policy in reference to the State, and of such vital importance to the interests of the Church, should have been so frequently and earnestly made, and yet have been so utterly unavailing till the Nation itself was dismembered from the Mother country forever. Upon the breaking out of the revolutionary war, Dr. Chandler was also, in common with the rest of his brethern, not only unshaken in his loyalty to the King, but exceedingly active in his exertions to check the progress of what he conscientiously considered an unnatural and wicked rebellion. He was therefore peculiarly obnoxious to its advocates who took a different view of the matter, and was compelled to seek for safety in flight from his country. He remained ten years in England, and did not return until all anger and violence had subsided; and the peaceful pursuits of life were once more restored.

His family during this long absence continued in the Parsonage, with a greater freedom from molestation and annoyance than was common in a border town which was alternately in the hands of the Americans and the British; for they were protected by the latter in consequence of his fidelity and the employment of his only son in the Royal service, and they were treated with kindness and indulgence by the former, from the respect and esteem in which both he and they were universally held. Still in times like these, of outrage, violence, and blood, they were subjected to constant anxiety and alarm, not knowing whether this peaceful temper toward them would always be preserved.

Mary Goodwin Chandler was born in 1774, just before the revolution commenced. Her early childhood was spent amidst these troubles and trials; in addition to which she was threatened with consumption, which brought her near to the grave. Whether she was old enough to be sensible of these evils, and to turn them to good account, is uncertain; but yet from her well regulated affections, and well-balanced mind, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that she may have profited by her early discipline, and been better prepared for the discharge of those duties which in after life she so faithfully fulfilled. She grew up in favour, as it appears, both with God and man. No one ever spoke of her who knew her in youth, but with admiration and respect. She seems to have united with humble and unaffected piety a quiet cheerfulness of spirit, which led her to serve the Lord with a perfect heart and willing mind, and to use the world without abusing it.

Her character, disposition, and habits were all fully formed and established when her acquaintance commenced with Mr. Hobard, and they were such as to furnish a sure presage of the comfort and happiness which he actually enjoyed with her, as long as his useful life was spared.—After their marriage in 1800, they were settled a short time at Hempstead, in which humble situation, from her love of the country, she would doubtless have been content to remain the rest of her days. But when in the course of God's providence their residence was changed from a peaceful village to a bustling city, she cheerfully accommodated herself to the duties and relations of another sphere, and was equally successful in winning the regards of all who knew her.

It was only a few years, when the writer of this notice became acquainted with her. In the gentleness of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition, the placid benignity of her countenance, the simplicity of her character, and her unostatious piety, she seemed to him one of the loveliest among women; and now, after a close intimacy of more than forty years he has found no reason to change his opinion, but rather to regard her with increasing respect and love.

Though fond of quiet and retirement, the circumstances into which she was thrown after Mr. Hobard's removal to the city, and more especially after his elevation to the Episcopate, but seldom permitted her to enjoy it. In the earlier part of her husband's ministry in New York, he exercised a plain but most abundant hospitality, and when he became Bishop, this hospitality was exercised with greater elegance and almost without limit. It was deemed essential to his station, his influence, and the many civilities he received from others. The extent of it could not have been borne, even with an ample income, but for the prudence, the supervision, and management of his admirable companion. And still, though it was to her in a great measure a perfect sacrifice of her personal comfort, it was nevertheless performed with cheerfulness, unruffled by complaint.

In all the situations indeed in which she has been placed, there has been a most remarkable illustration of Christian temper and Christian principles. The simple thought in her mind seems to have been, under every changing circumstance—what is my duty?—and then to discharge it. She adorned the prosperity with which God had uninterruptedly blessed her, for a season but seldom known in the constant mutation of human things, and she adorned adversity still more signally by the meekness, the patience, and submission which she has shown under some of the severest bereavements and trials, with which in this vale of misery and tears we can be afflicted.

In the various relations of life she has fulfilled her obligations, with as much scrupulousness and fidelity, as is at all consistent with the imperfection of our nature. While her affections ran out strongly towards those who were more immediately connected with her, yet her heart was full of good-will towards others, and her tongue was the law of kindness. With fixed opinions and decided views on most points, she indulged in no harshness of thought nor bitterness of expression towards those who differed from her.—Love she regarded as the fulfilling of the law, and the Church as the embodiment of truth; endeavouring to exercise the one with the assistance of God's grace, and to follow the teaching of the other with the lowliness and simplicity of a child, knowing that the meek He will guide with judgment, and the merciful He will crown with glory.—*New York Churchman.*

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A PHYSICIAN.

In the course of my practice, I have paid some attention to the effects of the two great stimulants, whisky and tobacco, on the bodies and habits of the votaries of excitement. There is a great difference in the action of the two substances; and I know no more curious subject for the investigation of the metaphysical physician, than the analysis of the various effects upon the mind produced by all the stimulating narcotics which are used by man, for the purpose of yielding pleasure or mitigating pain. I have myself committed to paper some thoughts upon this subject, which may yet see the light; and many of the conclusions I have deduced from my reasoning and experience, may be found to be curious, as well as instructive. I have found, for instance, that people of sanguiny temperaments are greater drinkers than smokers; and those of a dull, phlegmatic cast are greater smokers than drinkers. A man who smokes will almost always drink; but a man who drinks will not always, nor indeed often, smoke. The two habits are often combined in the same individual; but it is notwithstanding, a fact, that, if the smoker and drinker could always command the spirit, he would very seldom or never trouble himself with the other.

I am led to these remarks by a case that occurred in my practice not very long ago, where the two habits joined in an extraordinary manner their baneful influences in closing the mortal career of one of those unfortunate votaries.

I was first called to William G——, a very ingenious artist, when, he lay under a severe attack of what we call *delirium tremens*, or temporary insanity, produced by or consisting of (for the proximate cause is often the disease itself,) highly irritated nerves, the consequence of successive and drinking fits. I found that he had been "on the bank," as they say for three weeks, during which time he had drank forty two bottles of strong whisky. Like many other people of genius, whose fire of inspiration may when work to excess, and leave them, as they year on, the victims of *ennui* and lassitude, he was in the habit of applying himself to his business with too much assiduity for the period generally of a month. Excited by the excitement of thought and invention kept up too long, he fell regularly down into a state of dull lethargy, which seemed to be painful to him. He felt as if there was a load upon his brain. A sense of duty stung him, after a few days idleness, pursuing him, and while he writhed under the sting of the sharp monitor, he felt that he *could not* obey the behest of the good angel, and yet could not explain the reason of his utter powerlessness and incapacity for work. If he had allowed this state, which is quite natural, and not difficult of explanation, to remain unintervened by stimulants for a day or two, he would have found that as the brain again collected energy, he would have been relieved by the *vis medicatrix* of nature herself; but he had no patience for that, and drank wine, accordingly his relapse and relief. The first glass he took was fire, and the second, dire poison—it threw down his floodgates of a struggling system; he rejoiced of the wine and artificial impulse raised his spirits; another application inflamed his mind, and then bottle after bottle was thrown into the surface, until the drink fever had lain up, and brought upon him the salutary nausea which overcame the rebellious desire. The system had consumed for more than ten years. He had been gradually getting worse and worse, and patiently he had resigned himself to the cognate influence of the narcotic weed.

When I got an account of this young man—for he was still comparatively young—and was aware of the exquisite pieces of workmanship, both in sculpture and painting, he had executed, I felt a strong interest in his fate. He was, indeed, one example out of many where I had contemplated with tears that exhibited my professional sparing genius, commonly supposed to be the rarest, if not the highest gift of mortals working out, by some powers inherent in itself, the ruin of the body, mind, and morals of its possessor. This victim I was trying under the fell power of one of the most frightful of diseases, brought on by his own intemperance; and not far from his bed lay a half finished Scripture-piece—a work which, if finished, would have brought him money and fame. He presented the ordinary appearances of his complaint. Emaciated and pale, he laboured under that union of agitation and temporary paralysis which *delirium tremens* exhibits. All the motions of his nerves seemed to have been inverted; those servants of the will had got a new master, which kept them, by his individual power, in continual action. His arms were continually in motion, aiming at some object present or ideal; but, instead of making direct for it, vibrating in sudden snatches backward and forward; his legs were also in continual agitation—kicking up the bed clothes, then being stretched forth as if held by a spasm; and his eyes, red and fiery, seemed to fly from object to object, as if the vision of a thing turned the orbs, and made them roll about for a resting place. Thousands of *musca volutantes*, or the imaginary flies that swarm round the heads of victims of this complaint, tormented him by their ideal presence, and kept his scattering, quivering hands in continual play, till, by seizing the bed posts, he seemed, though only for a moment, to get a relief from his restlessness. He knew no one; and sudden burning thoughts flashing upon his heated brain, wrung from him jabbering exclamations, containing incessive words of agony or mirth. The rest of his convulsed muscles was only purchased at the expence of such a morbid increase of the sense of hearing, that the scratch of a pin on the wall pained him as much as if the operation had been performed on his brain—a symptom often so strongly marked in regular brain fever, and often detected in this last stage of the drunkard's disease. The sense of the pupil of the eye was of the same morbid character. A stream of light produced in him a scream, suggesting the analogy of the sound of the nightbird, the owl, when light is suddenly let into a nest among the young brood. The delights of life, sunbeam and sound were transformed into poisons; so that his own vivid pictures, or the most melodious of songs, would have produced a convulsive spasm.—Food was nauseous to him, and water swallowed by gulphs, in the intervals of spasms, was all that could be taken without pain, to quench the burning fires within.

Such is a faithful picture of a disease produced by added spirits. I recommend it to the votaries of intemperance. The moment I saw the patient I knew his disease; and the particulars furnished to me by an old woman who kept his house only corroborated my opinion. The remedies in such cases are well known to us, and were instantly applied. He remained in the same state nearly all the next day; but began to show symptoms of recovery on the morning following. Nature prevailed, and he got gradually better; having, with his weakness was on him, a strong appetite for ardent spirits—a symptom of the drunkard I have often observed.—The interest I felt in him made me call often; and I had a long conversation with him on the philosophy and morale of his intemperance. He went himself to the very depths of the subject; and I found, what I have often done, in regard to other other drunkards, that no one knew better the predisposing causes, the resisting energies, the consequences—everything connected with the fearful vice; but all his philosophy and reasoning ended, as those often do, in the melancholy sentence that "there are powers within us greater than reason or philosophy."

After the fearful attack he had had, he remained sober for about a month, and got a great length with his Scripture piece. I called often to see his progress, to inspirit him in a continuation of his efforts, and support him in his self denial. Matters seemed to be progressing well, and I hinted as much to his housekeeper, but she shook her head and replied, calmly, "that she had seen the same scene acted, ten times a year, for ten years." She added "that he would break out again, in a day or two," and, accordingly on the next day, I discovered he had began to lay in his work, to draw deep sighs, and to exhibit a fast unease, all premonitory signs of a relapse. Knowing that he was at times a smoker, I suggested to him the trial of tobacco, at this critical period. He said he had tried that remedy before; but acknowledged that perhaps he had not carried it far enough. I therefore set him a-going; advising him to keep to it steadily, for I had succeeded once before, in a very extreme case, in drawing out the one vice by the other—undoubtedly a lesser. So he began well, and persevered for about a week, during which time he had also got pretty well on in with his works, having finished, in that time, two of the most difficult heads in the whole piece.

I had now some greater hopes of him, and told the housekeeper to do what she could to aid me in my efforts. Two days afterwards I called, and met the old woman at the door. She shook her head ominously as I passed her. I opened the door and went in. On the chair opposite to his picture I set the artist, with his pallet in his hand—the brush had fallen from his right—his head was hung over the back of the chair, and his cravatless neck bent almost to breaking. Beside him sat a bottle empty; there was no glass beside it. I took up the vessel and smelt it. It had been filled with whisky. I now looked at the picture. It was destroyed. His hand had been drawn over it like a mop, and dashed backwards and forwards, as if he had taken a spite at it, and been determined to put an end, in one moment, to the work of six months.

There was now no occasion for a doctor; a drunkard fairly broken out is far beyond our help; and, with the housekeeper, I told the house-keeper to call and tell me when the fit was over. She did so; and I called again. I found him sitting on the same chair, perfectly sober, but so [illegible] and wan that he seemed like one taken from [illegible] where one inherited the creeping things, and beasts, and worms." His languid blood shot eye was fixed on the picture, and tears were coursing down his white cheeks. When I entered, he held his hand up to his face, to cover the shame that mantled on his cheek, and deep sobs heaved his bosom. I was moved, and sat down beside him without speaking a word.

"O God!" he exclaimed, "what am I to do with myself? Is there no remedy against this vice?—has the great Author of our being thus left us with an inheritance of reason, and power that are like a cockatrice on our brains, and insight at the God-sent gift? See—see the fruits of six months hard labour! I expected fame from that, and money—I would have got both. The fiend has strung me! When I awoke from my dream, I found him laugh behind the canvass. I am undone."

And he wrung his hands like a demented person, and sobbed bitterly. I was still silent; for any words I could have uttered would have destroyed the impressiveness of the scene before me. Which I had allowed the sensation of remorse to sink deeper into him, I spoke:—

"I am glad that you have wrought this desperation," said I. "You have produced an antidote to your own poison—let it work. I have no medicine in my laboratory that have half the efficacy of that once splendid enthusiasm of your genius—how