

Poetry

ALCOHOL.

There walketh a fiend, o'er the glad green earth,
By the side of the reaper death;
He dazies alike with the glow of mirth,
Or quenches the light of the household heart.
With his foul and withering breath.

He stalketh abroad with his hydra head,
And there gather in his train.
The falling foot and the strong man's tread,
The restless living—the ghastly dead,
And Misery, Want, and Pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless Hate
With the golet's headed foam,
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
In the beggar's hut, at the palace gate—
And curses the poor man's home.

He harbors the wealth of a spotless name,
For the wine-cup's treacherous glow,
And scathes the pinions of deathless Fame,
Till they drop with their burthen of Guilt and Shame,
Mid its dregs of sin and woe.

And there cometh over a sorrowing wail,
In the path of his blighting tread;
And shuddor'd cheek grows wan and pale,
And its heart is faint, and its footsteps fail,
For he grudgeth the poor their bread.

Grogheth the poor their daily bread,
And filleth the drunkard's bowl
With Want and Woe—Remorse and Dread,
With a nerveless hand, a failing head,
And a curse on his deathless soul.

For the fiend still walketh with cruel will,
With a swift and restless tread,
That be may by his guilesome subtle skill,
Gather alike both the good and the ill,
With the ruined and the dead.

But a summons we hear, that comes from heaven
With this deadly fiend to fight;
And though his power be sevenfold seven,
To us oppose 'tis assuredly given,
To conquer and put him to flight.

Family Reading.

The Gold Sovereign.

"When I was only eight years old," said Judge N——, "my father and my mother being poor, with a half a dozen children beside myself to take care of, I was given to a farmer in the town of F——, who designed making a plow-boy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

"Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service; for, although he was an honest deacon, and a tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

"So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgence to enjoy. It was, consequently, a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession, by any sort of good fortune—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that, at the age of eleven, I had learned to regard money a blessing bestowed by Providence, only on a favorite few.

"Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years before I knew the color of any coin except vile copper. By an accident, I learned the color of gold. That's the story I am going to tell you.

"One Monday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store on an errand; and, on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road side.

"I picked it up, to examine its contents, without the slightest suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly supposed that I would like to make an April fool, though it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however; and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny; I felt it, I squeezed it in my fingers, I spelled out the inscription; then something whispered to me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value, and that, if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes I had to take it out and look at it. But whenever I met somebody, I carefully put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner for the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry, that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with gold in my pocket. I would not have the Deacon's folks know what I had found for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at any body with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment, the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous; when Deacon Webb, at the breakfast table, said:

"William!"

"I started, and trembled, thinking the next words would be:

"Where is that piece of gold you have found, and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?"

"I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow."

"I felt immensely relieved. I left the house and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign!—Would I not be called a thief, if I discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the own-

er's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself:

"Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it; that's all. I would not steal gold; and, if the owner should ask me for it, I would give it him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house; but, after all it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking it was not half so well pleased with my immensities, as I had been with a rusty copper penny, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret; and I had been as happy as a king—or as a king is supposed to be."

TURNING also executed at shortest notice. They respectfully give notice that they will attend at your funeral, with all the honors connected with Funerals, will furnish Coffins of Mahogany, or Gevered, at shortest notice. They keep a House, with quiet horse and careful driver. Falls also furnished.

REUBEN FARNHAM,
WILLIAM C. ELLIS,
St. John, Dec. 23, 1836.

Cabinet Makers and Undertakers.

The subscriber returns thanks for the patronage received while in business with Mr. Dunn, and informs the public that he has now entered into a partnership with William C. Ellis, under the firm of FARNHAM & ELLIS. They are carrying on the business of CABINET MAKING, UPHOLSTERY and UNDERTAKING, at the same place formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn, and solicit a few of your public patronage.

Having their premises a Steam Mill they are prepared to furnish Ship's Planking Wedges, and Trun-

nel Wedges.

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They respectfully give notice that they will attend at your funeral, with all the honors connected with Funerals, will furnish Coffins of Mahogany, or Gevered, at shortest notice. They keep a House, with quiet horse and careful driver. Falls also furnished.

ROBERT COLLINS,
103 Union-street.

DOUBBLE & SINGLE HARNESS, BELLS, WHIRLS, &c. Also, a lot of American LEATHER, with leather straps, leather buckles, leather sup-
er-style to suit purchasers. Those in want of good
style would do well to call and examine for themselves. Remember,

JAN 23

CHINA AND EARTHENWARE.—Pack-
et ship "John Owens," a further supply of CHIN-
A and EARTHENWARE, consisting in Breakfast,
Dinner, Tea Services; Porcelain, &c., in large va-
riety. Also—A nice lot of Porcelain, &c., in
HENRY ROBERTSON,
No. 3, St. Stephen's Building, King's Square.
Nov. 29th, 1836.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE public are particularly invited to call at OAK
HALL, No. 9 King-street, and examine the super-
ior stock of

CLOTHING,
CLOTHES,
FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c.

now on hand, being undeniably superior to any in material and make articles offered in the city.

W. BEER & SONS,
ang 1
Merchant Tailors and Drapers.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

No. 79 KING STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE OLD
SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public, that he has taken the store recently occupied by R. & A. Grier, 79 King-street, and now offers it for sale, at that establishment, a good assort-
ment of American, and Domestic Hardware. His goods have been principally selected from fresh and new, and will be sold at the lowest possible rates.

E. H. BABBITT,
mar 30
79 King-street.

FLOUR, MEAT, PORK, TENS, SUGAR, &c.

Received by late arrivals from New York, Philadel-
phia, and Virginia.—

SOOP.—Superior FLOUR, 200 best Corn

100 Boxes and half do. Sounding Corn, 200 best

do. Mustard, in the cans; 30 do. Pepper, in the

4 do. and 4 do. Papers; 30 do. Ginger, do. do. do.

25 Boxes Tobacco, a good article; 15 do. Confe-
ctionary; 50 do. best layer RAISINS;

47 Boxes Biscuits, 12 Ground COOKIES;

100 do. No. 1 and No. 2 SOAPS, with various other

articles very suitable for the fall trade.

"At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's

and having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

"It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not rightfully mine. I got home, and went trembling to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Every body liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meat and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Mr. Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the news."

"I suppose you have heard about my misfortune," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Your misfortune!"

"Yes."

"Why, what has happened to you?" asked the deacon.

"I thought everybody had heard of it," replied Baldwin. "You see, the other night, when Mr. Wooley paid me, he gave me a gold piece."

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

"A sovereign," said Baldwin; "the first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that, if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or a half dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin in taking out my handkerchief, and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up."

"I felt like sinking through the floor.

"I don't know," replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly; "he's welcome to it, whoever he is; and I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though, heaven knows, I want my honest earnings."

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said: 'Is this yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment, and every thing was done to distract my mind.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A good stock of Domestic Sole and Upper LEATHER; Foreign and Domestic SKINS; with a general Stock of goods received in Jan 46, Prince William-street.

J. CHRISTIE,
103 King-street, New-York.

Percheron Ringers and "Union" from New-York.

200 Boxes Leather, a good article.

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