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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 393.

## LITERATURE.

(From Harper's Magazine for February.)

### Punished Enough.

Adapted from an old French Fennellion.

CONTINUED.

The duchess opened a door and called a servant. "Tell my father he must go alone. This gentleman thinks it better we should escape separately."

"What are you going to do, madame?" asked the major.

"I shall remain here, monsieur," said the duchess. "Now that I have at last met with you, I request—may I command—an explanation?"

Valvins smiled somewhat affectedly. The duchess took up a candlestick, and said, "Be so kind as to follow me into a part of the house where no one may be able to hear what we say to you."

So saying, she led the way to her own boudoir. On entering it, she pointed to a chair. Valvins seated himself, and the duchess, taking her place opposite to him, began the conversation. "You remember I presume, the circumstances of our first acquaintance?"

"Perfectly, madame. I could not have forgotten such an episode in my life," replied Valvins.

"An episode?" the duchess cried. "It was no episode in mine, monsieur. It will darken all my future. During the five years that have passed since then, I have examined myself continually to see if I could find any clue to your conduct in myself or my behavior."

"You gave yourself much useless trouble, madame," interrupted the major.

"I now wish," continued the duchess, "to put some questions to you as to what passed. I beg of you to give me frank answers to those questions."

"Certainly, madame."

"Had you any personal hatred against me? Had I done anything which led you to revenge yourself by cruelty and outrage?"

"Nothing," replied Valvins, roared into some compassion by her earnestness, and speaking in a more respectful tone, as he sat biting the ends of his moustache, and tracing out the pattern in the carpet with his sheathed sword.

The duchess watched him steadily. "I am to understand, then," she said, "that the episode in your life was the result of preconceived design—that when we met, you had taken your resolution with regard to me, and though my foolish ignorance permitted you to excite my purpose, nothing had done was the cause of its having been planned?"

Valvins remained silent.

"Speak, monsieur," said the duchess. "Am I right? This is no time for subterfuge."

"Well, yes, madame, I acknowledge you are right," said Valvins, suddenly. "Before we had ever met, my resolution with regard to you had been taken."

"That is," said the duchess, the color rising in her face, "you had formed the plan of your campaign; and if you were to victory, you knew beforehand the use you meant to make of your advantage?"

Valvins looked down, and began an evasive answer.

The duchess interrupted him; then she rose suddenly, and held out her hand. "Thank you," she said, fervently.

Valvins was utterly astounded at this strange conclusion to so singular an interview; and although a few moments before he would have given all he had in the world to be well out of it, he now wished to know more. As the duchess turned to leave him, he said, proudly, "Your present treatment, madame, assures me you have some design against me. What ever retribution you may exact, believe me I shall not complain of its severity."

"By no means, monsieur," said the duchess, gently. "I have not all I ever wished for in the event of meeting you."

"Then tell me," he exclaimed, "as frankly as I have answered you, why you seek this explanation?"

"To satisfy myself," she replied, proudly.

"I do not understand you."

"One who knew me would understand me," said Leonie, with a dignity which arrested a half smile on the face of her enemy. "But this is a discussion into which we will not enter. And since I have set your fears at rest as to any harm that might result to you from admissions at this interview, there can be no good in any further explanation."

Valvins resumed, haughtily, "I demand no secret, but I think I have a right to ask the meaning of such thanks as you have given me."

The duchess trembled. Her lips grew white, for the restraint she had put upon herself in this interview was beginning to tell upon her nervous system. She nearly lost her self-command; but she recovered it, and resumed, in a low voice which showed her great emotion:

"I had rather not have answered this question. The answer can not in any way concern you. I do not wish to characterize your conduct or allude to what has passed between us. I thanked you when you gave me no word of light behavior upon my part; at our first interview had led to the resolution you carried out so pitilessly against me."

"No, madame," said Valvins, in a

low voice; "it was nothing in yourself. It was—"

"I will not be told what it was," replied the duchess. "I neither know, nor ask, nor wish to know what was your motive. I am satisfied to know you were not to blame either for the commencement or ending of our intercourse. It was for that I thanked you."

"If you know, Leonie," began Valvins, now thoroughly ashamed of his position, "I will not humble myself by telling you what I think of it—of you!" She stopped; and then, in spite of what she said, her heart thoughts fermenting in her breast, broke forth in words. "Why did you lead me on to say this much? I have tried to be silent; I have tried not to tell you your conduct toward me was a base and cowardly crime; that I lost my reason for months after that long night in which I watched for you; that what you call your 'episode' has ruined my life; that I am a wretched creature, and I only ask you to let all memories between us be suppressed. Remember, we are now as if we had never met. I will never again recognize you."

So speaking, the duchess left the boudoir, leaving Valvins alone with thoughts and impressions altogether new to him. He remained thinking for some time after she left him, and then raising himself, said, confidently and proudly, "She shall be mine yet. A second time I will woo and win her."

Very shortly after the abolition, order was re-established in the French army. The first Restoration made as few changes as possible. It contented itself, as it were, with changing the sheets on the state bed at the Tuileries, and legitimate royalty reposed on the same couch like imperial despotism had slept only a few nights before. Valvins, like other officers of the Empire at that time, kept his rank in the army, and found himself major in one of the new regiments stationed in the capital. There it was in his power to see the duchess—not, indeed, in the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, but in public places, where all society is on a kind of level, and found himself surrounded by the same brilliant and legitimate attention could not fail to attract her observation.

He found means to discover where she was likely to appear during the evening. At the Opera, the Francaise, or the Italian he always made his appearance, and he was not long before he noticed her, and turned away but his eyes with contempt and terror. But his continual appearance in every public place where he might meet with her, his pale, sad face, his humbled figure, and the humility of all his ways, exerted a species of painful fascination upon her. She strove to resist this by showing him her proud contempt whenever her eyes lighted upon him; but to what she would, every where, with a cold, calm, suffering resignation, and no trace of the arrogant assurance of earlier days.

A real, true, patient, passionate attachment had by this time risen in his breast, and, strange to say, it had been kindled by an accident with which the duchess herself had had nothing to do.

He was sitting in one of the orchestra stalls of the Opera one evening, and overheard the conversation of two men behind him. "Are you going up to the duchess's box, M. Balbi?" said one of them, a dandy about twenty, to his companion, a much older man.

"No, indeed; not this evening," was the reply. "I can not think what has come over the duchess."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Valvins, looking furtively in this direction, and as soon as I begin to bow to her she turns away her head, as if I were guilty of an insolent presumption."

"Well," said the younger man, "it is rather a presumptuous thing, I think, to make a lady recognize you all across the house."

"Presumptuous in you, perhaps, Larrieu," said the other. "You are a gay and fashionable young man; but no woman can be compromised by her family lawyer."

"Yes, and she looks away again with the same air," said M. Balbi, turning his eyes toward the duchess's box of the duchess. "There must be some reason for it that I do not understand."

"Bah!" said the younger man; "how much reason is there generally in the caprices of pretty women?"

"The duchess is not, capricious," returned M. Balbi. "She is one of the best and purest women I know."

"Charming and amiable and all that, she is, we all know," laughed the little dandy; "but don't you suppose I know there was a scandal about her before her marriage? Who knows but she—"

"Listen to me, mon garçon," interrupted the lawyer, "and break yourself of this bad habit of speaking ill of pretty women."

"Bah!" said Larrieu; "half the women in this opera-house know all too well to be known to her advantage."

"They can know very little," said the lawyer. "M. le Duc de Pezenas

was a cross, unattractive, ugly old man. Did any one ever say a word against the duchess's relations with her husband? Look at her devotion, since her widowhood, to her old father; see how loving, gentle, wise, she is in all her ways. True, but with her young brother; she has been like a loving mother to that lad. Her servants all adore her for her simple kindness and generosity. It is true that white she was a school-girl in a convent at San Sebastian, that some of her foolish children of her own age made the acquaintance of some French officers—men of the Empire—who could never have been gentlemen. Now listen, Larrieu: imagine a young girl, not yet sixteen, falling under the power of a brutal soldier, the coarsest and vilest of those who suit were only equalled by his cowardly exertion. He persuaded her to escape out of her convent, promised to marry her—a promise that, under the circumstances, he could not have kept; and then, becoming terrified at the possible consequences of his intrigue, or for some other reason, left her to spend the night exposed to every danger on the street, and never came to claim her. She was found by the sisters of the convent in a dead swoon at their doors. It was months before her reason returned to her. It made a dreadful scandal at the time, but the family hushed it up by marrying her to M. de Pezenas on her recovery. Think what she must have suffered, heart and soul, for the poor child had persuaded herself that she must be in love with the base wretch who humbled and deserted her."

Imagine with what burning shame and anguish of remorse Valvins heard this conversation! He started when the young man said to the lawyer, "Who was the brute capable of such an infamy?"

"She never told his name," said M. Balbi, "and her father was never able to discover it."

"What could have been his motive?"

"She never knew. I was summoned from Paris at the time, and admitted to the confidence of the whole family. She told me repeatedly, 'I must have been sacrificed to the caprice of some other woman.'"

This was the conversation which made a total revolution in the feelings of Valvins—in his sentiments toward the duchess, in his opinion of his own conduct, and in his relations with her. Night after night he saw her, the most beautiful and brilliant of fashionable women, receiving the attentions of the handsomest young men of Paris, the most distinguished literary men, artists, and foreign celebrities, smiling, and some listening attentively to all, loved and re-cherished, admired and revered, while he was forever cast out from her society. All kinds of desperate projects were engendered by his rage and his jealousy. His health failed, and he grew so ill and pale that one night his looks startled Leonie, as he stood beside a lobby of the Opera, and for a moment she was moved to pity as she looked at him. To what rash act he might have been brought at last by his power she exerted over him no one can say, but accident came to his assistance.

One morning he went to see his colonel, an old soldier of the Empire, and found him terribly out of humor. "Well, Valvins," he said, "they are beginning to poison the service by a crowd of idle fools only fit for a court-jester. Pah! Anyhow, your command is better off than most of them. You are to get off with only two subs of this description. One is a M. Larrieu, the other a young Count de Lesly."

"Count de Lesly!" cried the major; "brother to the Duchess de Pezenas?"

"Just so," said the colonel. "Make an enemy of him, and he can get you cashiered in half an hour."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Valvins, to the astonishment of the colonel. The old officer looked hard at him; then turning round to several other officers, he touched his forehead. "Poor Valvins!" he whispered. "Have none of you noticed that for some time past he has been—ah! I do not altogether—quite right here, you know?"

He was right. Valvins was out of his senses at that moment—gone crazy over the hope that had dawned on his despair.

The wretch who finds himself fast falling from a precipice welcomes the smallest check from root or ledge. The news that had been told Valvins by his colonel seemed at first sight a blessed gleam of hope shining through the darkness of his misery. But when his first transports of satisfaction came to an end, he began to doubt in what manner he could draw any advantage from what had so delighted him. How could he establish social relations between himself and a family so polluted in their position and gaining the good will of his young subaltern, might it not lead to the duchess revealing her secret to her brother? He shrank from picturing to himself the hatred and contempt that would be felt for him by De Lesly, the vengeance that would fall on him, the insults that no soldier could accept, and which might lead to a more terrible remorse

he dared to cross swords with such an enemy.

During the first few months after the young count joined the regiment, Valvins endeavored to make friends with him. But Louis de Lesly, though submissive and respectful when his superior addressed him upon military affairs, became cool, distant, and reserved as soon as Valvins attempted to establish social intimacy between them. Valvins's attempts to win the good opinion of this heir to a great name became so marked that they were the subject of many disparaging observations among the brother officers. Valvins could not but be aware of these remarks. They made a bitter portion of the relative justice that was closing in upon him.

Louis de Lesly, after the first novelty wore off, found little to interest him in drilling an awkward squad, or passing the night in a close guard-room. Before long he became the most troublesome element in the regiment. Great complaints were made of him by his superior officers, and it may be imagined how very indignant they felt when the just consequences of their accusations were always warded off from the culprit by the favoritism of Major Valvins.

Valvins was in command of the detachment of the regiment stationed in Paris, two battalions of the regiment being quartered at Fontainebleau.

One day young Larrieu, the other subaltern of good family, was put under arrest in consequence of a scrape he had got into with De Lesly, to whom nothing was said about the affair. Larrieu, in a great passion, wrote a letter to Major Valvins giving his views of his conduct, with respect to Lesly, and reproaching him with his injustice. "There can be no justice," concluded the remonstrance, "without impartiality."

The truth of this remark struck Valvins, who was normally a man of strict justice and integrity, and, as he was reflecting on the subject, his servant announced Count Louis de Lesly.

"Major," said the young count, respectfully, "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, monsieur?" replied Valvins, somewhat sternly.

"To put me under arrest as well as Larrieu. Or else," continued Lesly, after a moment's hesitation, "to release my friend."

"What is the reason, monsieur?" said Valvins, in a stern tone.

"True, major," replied Lesly; "but if it was just to punish me, it is unjust not to punish me."

Valvins looked at him with his hollow eyes, for a moment, and then he fell silent for a moment, and then he said, "You think so, monsieur?"

"It is true, major, you have been extraordinarily kind to me. I do not wonder that my comrades do not understand your favor. I do not understand it myself."

Lesly took it, read it all through, and then he said, "I am sorry to see you walk up and down his room, taking nothing till the major, taking Laurie's letter from the table, held it out to him again, and said bitterly,

"Do you see nothing else in that letter?"

"Forgive me, major, but I do see an insinuation which I at least know to be untrue. It presumes to intimate that you have some personal end in view in all the kindness you have shown to me. It seems to imagine that you hope to obtain the interest of my family."

"I shall never rest till I have refuted the calumny."

Valvins was silent. He turned round to Lesly at last, and said, kindly,

"Take no steps to do me justice. I gained my cross and epaulettes such a way that no man will insult me. I will not shrink from my peril. Return to your duty, lieutenant. I shall not put you under arrest, and I shall not release M. Larrieu."

Lesly stood for a moment surprised by this decision. Then, going up to his commanding officer, he said, in an accent of true feeling,

"Major, indeed I thank you for all you have been pleased to do for me; but permit me to tell you frankly I have no right—I cannot but condemn myself. Major, I entreat you to show me some severity. I would like to prove to you that I am not grateful. Punish me for my own good, and, if I may be permitted to say so, for your own sake also."

This request was made with such bright winning grace, so gayly, lightly, affectionately, and sincerely, that Valvins was much touched by the unselfish favor shown him by the major. He had not dared to ask any explanation of it from that officer.

When the news of the young count's arrest reached his most noble relatives, his quarters were crowded by sympathizing friends; and when the marshal came to know the cause for which his son had been put under arrest, he exclaimed against what he called, "Prussian discipline" ap-

plied to a French nobleman. But his anger became still greater when he discovered that it was not a man of his own rank who had ordered the young count's disgrace, but a private, a soldier of fortune, a man who was a plebeian name—a M. Gregoire Valvins.

The marquis said nothing about this to his son. He did not feel right to find fault in the culprit's presence with his superior officer. He had a vague idea that the proper course of proceeding would have been for Major Valvins to have asked his own permission to punish his noble subaltern. "Had he done so," he exclaimed, "I would have performed my duty, and have backed up his authority."

The marquis made this remark to his daughter, and added: "I intend to complain to the Minister of War; I am now going to see him. I shall ask his opinion of the conduct of this Major Valvins."

The duchess started at these words. She had never before heard the name of her brother's commanding officer; his arrest, which she had not considered a matter of great importance, now that Valvins had something to do with it, struck her as most alarming. "Wish to know at once the full measure of the danger before proceeding to counteract it," she ordered her carriage and set out to visit her brother.

The young count was stretched out at his ease, playing with his dog, and laughing to himself over the compromise of his relatives, when the duchess entered with an air of great anxiety. Seeing her pale, agitated, and unlike herself, he burst out laughing, and cried out, "You too, Leonie!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

An old Scotch Presbyterian, wishing to raise the frame of a dwelling house, called his neighbors together to assist him; and as was the custom proceeded to give out a psalm. As they had no psalm-book he tried to recite a psalm, that at night join in the singing, as follows:

Except the Lord do build the house, The builders lose their pain— And—

"Bill," said he, turning to his son, "I do not expect to see you here, know any more than his parent did, but rather than see them stuck he gave them this version of the psalm:

Except the Lord do build the house, The builders lose their pain; The builders lose their pain; 'Twill tumble down again;

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**THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,**  
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**\$54.30 PER WEEK** as HOME Samples and each Free to all. Address: MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., 236 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

**DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC IN VERMONT.**  
The Great English Remedy for all the most distressing and dangerous diseases of the human system, such as Consumption, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all the diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest. It is a purely vegetable extract, possessing qualities destructive to the living fungus, in all instances except where cases have reached their last stage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

For information, address  
**C. A. SEARS,**  
Montreal, N. B.

**KNOW**  
By reading and practicing the instructions contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled  
**THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY**  
Price only \$1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It is a purely vegetable extract, possessing qualities destructive to the living fungus, in all instances except where cases have reached their last stage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**THESE** Subscriber has purchased the right to sell in the Province of New Brunswick the "Great English Remedy," a remedy that, in a multitude of cases, has proved completely efficacious. It is a purely vegetable extract, possessing qualities destructive to the living fungus, in all instances except where cases have reached their last stage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Montreal, N. B.

**Business Cards.**

**CO-PARTNERSHIP CARD.**  
I HAVE this day associated Mr. H. R. Emerson with me in professional Co-Partnership, and the business hereafter will be conducted under the name, style and firm of  
**HICKMAN & EMERSON,**  
Dorchester, N. B., } A. J. HICKMAN.  
Nov. 2nd, 1877. }

**NOTICE.**  
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS which existed between the Subscriber and his late father, Thomas Baird, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber John Milton Baird alone under the old style of firm of  
**THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,**  
Pursuant to the provision of his father's will.  
JOHN MILTON BAIRD,  
Sackville, Oct. 23rd, 1877.

**Notice of Removal.**  
**G. H. VENNING,**  
Clock and Watch Maker.  
WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that he has removed his shop to Mr. John Bell's NEW BUILDING, where he will be happy to attend to his customers, and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage. He can promise strict attention and reasonable dispatch. Plain Gold Rings made to order. Jewellery neatly repaired. sep 28 G. H. V.

**LUMBER FOR SALE.**  
ALTHOUGH we have suffered heavily by the late fire, we still intend to carry on the LUMBER BUSINESS, at the  
**AMHERST**  
**Wood-Working Factory**  
In new and spacious premises, near the Station.

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND:  
**LUMBER & SCANTLING,**  
Laths, Shingles, Clapboards, and other Pine Lumber.  
WANTED—PINE PLANK & BOARDS of good quality.

**RHODES & CURRY.**  
Amherst, N. S., } N. A. R. RHODES.  
Nov. 1, 1877. } N. CURRY.

**Wilson, Gilmour & Co.,**  
204 UNION ST.,  
Capt. McLean's Brick Building,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Marbleized Mantles and Grates,  
**PORTABLE RANGES,**  
**STOVES.**  
Tinware, etc., etc.,  
**REFRIGERATORS,**  
**GRANITE IRON WARE**  
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