The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1844.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 8.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents,) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of E. L. JARVIS & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. JARVIS, Esq., their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

NOTICE.

JAMES H. FITZ RANDOLPH, of Digby, in the County of Digby, having, by Indenture bearing date the 1st of June, instant, assigned to the Subscribers all his Interest for the general benefit of his Creditors, all his Estate, Debts and Effects of every description, a Schedule whereof is to the said Indenture annexed—Notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said JAMES H. FITZ RANDOLPH, that the said Indenture of Assignment now lies at the Office of LEMUEL D. MORTON, Attorney at Law, in Digby, for signature, and will so remain for Three Months from the date hereof, after which all persons neglecting to subscribe to the said Indenture will be excluded from all benefit therein. And all persons indebted to the said Assignor are hereby required to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers.

L. D. MORTON,
JOHN C. WADE,
EDWARD K. TIMPANY.

Digby, N. S., June 1st, 1844. 2m.

☞ NOTICE.

THE undersigned begs leave to intimate to his friends and the public generally, that he intends carrying on business at Indian Town as Surveyor of Lumber, and, having had some experience in the business for the last twenty years, would solicit a share of public patronage.

April 9. THOMAS McMACKIN.

ESTATE OF DR. HENRY COOK.

ALL Persons having Legal demands against the Estate of HENRY COOK, late of the City of Saint John, Surgeon, &c., deceased, are required to send in their claims, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof: and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment.

JAMES VERNON,
GIDEON VERNON, } *Administrators.*
A. BALLOCH,

St. John, April 30, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late SAMUEL FREEZE, Esquire, of Sussex, King's County, deceased, are hereby requested to present their accounts, duly attested, to the Subscribers, within Three Months from this date; and those indebted to the said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to

MARY J. FREEZE, *Executrix.*
GEORGE RYAN,
ROBERT M'LEOD, } *Executors.*

Sussex, Kings County, May 6, 1844.—3m.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE late Dr. COOK, having purchased Dr. C's. Medical Establishment, will in future carry on his Professional business on his own account, at the old stand, Germain street; and, as Mr. M. had been connected with Dr. Cook for several years before he finished his Medical Education in Glasgow, and since his return to this City has enjoyed the professional confidence of many of that lamented gentleman's friends, he begs most respectfuly to offer them and the public in general his best services.

Germain Street, April 2, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Subscriber begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has removed his GOODS, consisting of *Hardware, Baskets,* and other articles, to the Store at the corner of Brussels street and Adelaide Row, under the office of H. N. H. Lugrin, Esq., where all favours will be thankfully received.

June 25. E. C. WADDINGTON.

The Religious Tract Society

Have received by the Perthshire, just arrived from London:—

ABOUT 500 Volumes of BOOKS, published by the London Religious Tract Society, among which are Henry and Scott's Commentary on the Bible, the Companion to the Bible, Christian Biography, Bunyan's Progress and Holy War, British Reformers, Publications explaining and illustrating the Scriptures, Ancient History, Science and Natural History, the Family Book of Domestic Life, Anecdotes, Missionary Records, packets of Children's Books, &c.

Also—10 LIBRARIES, put up for SUNDAY SCHOOLS, and which are sold at half the cost.

The above are offered for sale at Mr. JOHN KINNEAR'S Store, in Sands's Brick Buildings, Prince William street. *St. John, July* 23, 1844.

EDUCATION.

THE Rev. J. G. MACGREGOR begs leave most respectfully to intimate, that his ACADEMY will be re-opened on THURSDAY next, the 1st of August, at the usual hour.

Mr. M. can accommodate two or three Pupils as Boarders, whose education he would superintend along with that of his own children.

St. John, July 29, 1844.

Domestic Manufacture.

THE subscriber begs to announce, that in addition to his Loaf Bread Establishment, he has commenced to Manufacture all kinds of FANCY and TEA BISCUIT; and by the aid of Machinery, he is enabled fully to compete with American manufacture. Merchants and Grocers can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. Boarding House Keepers and Private families will find it their interest to call. Orders from the Country will be punctually attended to.

JOHN McLARDY,
Right opposite Trinity Church, Germain street.

May 14, 1844.—3m. Saint John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

D. PATERSON

WOULD acquaint the Public that he has removed his BOOT & SHOE Establishment to the premises two doors North of the *Commercial Bank,* Prince William street, where he offers for sale a choice selection of Gentlemen's

BOOTS and SHOES,

at Reduced Prices—being convinced, from experience, that it is better to sell for CASH, at a small profit, than for *large promises,* which often fail of being fulfilled.—He now offers Gents. Morocco and Calf Skin BOOTS, made in his usual style, from 25*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.* per pair; SHOES in variety, equally low.

☞ He assures the Public that he will not offer for sale any Boots or Shoes but those of his own manufacture. St. John, May 7, 1844.—3m

W. G. LAWTON

Has received per "Belize," "Princess Victoria," and "Mars," from Liverpool:

100 PACKAGES, containing Printed COTTONS & Furnitures;
Grey, White and Striped COTTONS;
Muslins, Linings, TICKS, and Dowlas;
White and Colored COUNTERPANES;
White, Grey and Colored Damask Table Cloths;
Linens, Lawn, Diaper, Duck and Hollands;
Osnaburgh, CANVAS and Huckaback;
Black, Colored and Fancy VELVETS;
A large lot of Fancy TROUSERING, *Vestings* and Buttons;
Sattinett, Tweeds and Gambroons;
Red, Yellow and White FLANNELS;
ORLEANS, SAXONY and Parisians;
Printed Druggett and PADDINGS;
Brown, White and Fancy Drills;
Printed JEANS and SATTEENS;
Handkerchiefs and SHAWLS,—of every kind;
Hemp, Venetian, Scotch and Kidderminster CARPETINGS;
Stair Carpeting, Rugs and Mats;
ALSO—A lot of FLOOR CLOTHS, in 5-8, 3-4, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4.

Which, together with a lot of Sundries, are offered at the lowest Market prices for CASH ONLY.

June 11, 1844.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has now received per "Princess Victoria," and "Mars," the remainder of his Spring Goods, viz:

180 COILS CORDAGE—assorted sizes; 1 Hawser each 4½, 5, 6 and 7 inch;
150 bolts Gourock CANVAS; 4 tons OAKUM;
5 bales SHEATHING PAPER;
80 bags SPIKES, assorted, from 4½ to 10 inch;
10 casks NAILS; 2 casks CUTLERY;
30 barrels COAL TAR;
200 boxes best Liverpool SOAP;
600 fathoms Short Link Chain, from ¾ to ⅞ inch.

A general assortment of Manchester Goods.

Ship Chandlery, viz.:

Deep Sea and hand Lead Lines, Cod Lines, Roping and Sail Twine, Bunting all colours, Pump Leather, Mops, Putty, Signal and Cook's Lanthorns, Osnaburghs, Duck, Log Slates and Paper, Ship's Scrapers, &c. &c.

All which will be sold at the lowest market rates. JAMES ROBERTSON,

June 11.—6i *Nelson Street.*

NEW GOODS.

JAMES HOWARD, Tailor,

Corner of King Street and Market Square,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received per ship Portland from London, a large supply of West of England Broad Cloths, Superfine Blacks, Browns, Olives, Mulberry, London Smoke, Rifle, Invisible Green, and other fancy colours; Single, Double and Treble Mill'd Docskins and Cassimeres, Fancy Tweeds, Military Drills, &c. in great variety; Silk, Satin, Velvet, Velvet Plush, White, Buff, and Salmon Coloured Cashmere, Ottoman, Barathea, Valentia, White & Printed Marseille, Bengal, Stripe, and Livery Vesting, Scarlet Cloth, Ornaments and Gold Lace for Military Uniform, Buttons & Collar Velvet to match the different [illegible] up to order on short notice and in the most fashionable manner.—Terms—three months; 5 per cent. discount for Cash. June 4.

Liverpool and New-Brunswick EMIGRATION OFFICE.

THE subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. G. RIPPARD & SON, of Liverpool, their AGENT for New Brunswick, hereby gives notice that he is prepared to Contract with parties who may be desirous of having any of their friends brought out, by engaging their passage here. He is likewise prepared to remit any sums of money to any part of the United Kingdom, by Drafts on Liverpool.—The terms upon which this Agency is conducted are liberal, and every care is taken to secure the comfort of parties emigrating; at the same time every information will be afforded, and every assistance rendered to strangers who may arrive here under engagement with this Office. For further particulars apply to

JAMES ROBERTSON,

May 14. Nelson Street.

Soap, Tobacco, Sugar.

Landing ex "Lesmahagow" from Liverpool:

1,000 Boxes *Steele's* best SOAP.

Ex "Albion," from New York:

70 Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO.

Ex "Addington," from St. Thomas:

Hhds. and Barrels of superior bright SUGAR.

July 9. JOHN KERR & CO.

CORDAGE.

Received per ship "George Gordon," from Grangemouth:

5 TONS CORDAGE, assorted—
2 1-4 to 4 1-4 inch WARPS;
1 1-4 to 3 1-2 inch CORDAGE;
SPUNYARN, assorted.

For sale very low while landing.

June 4. WM. CARVILL.

Black Teas! Black Teas!

Tea Store, King street.

Received last week from LONDON, *by the "Perthshire"*—

100 CHESTS of Fine STRONG CONGO TEA, and
25 Chests of *East India Company's* CONGO.—

For sale wholesale at the lowest market prices.

On Retail.—Choice descriptions of *Congo, Hyson,* and *genuine Gunpowder TEAS.*

JOHN SEARS.

St. John, July 23, 1844.—3w.

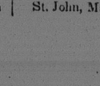
SUGAR.

25 HHDS. *very bright* Cienfuegos SUGAR, landing this day ex schr. *Martha Brae,* from Halifax, for sale by

J. R. CRANE,

July 23. *North Market Wharf.*

FARM for Sale.



THE subscriber offers for Sale a FARM containing 200 Acres of excellent LAND—more than 50 of which are cleared, and 20 under cultivation—and upwards of 20 tons of good upland HAY are cut upon it. The buildings are a Frame BARN and Log HOUSE.

It is situated in Sussex, King's County, on the main Road, near the Campbell Settlement—is remarkably exempt from untimely frost, and will be sold low for a Cash payment of one half or the whole. GEORGE CHADWICK.

St. John, May 28, 1844.

THE GARLAND.

A HAPPY HOME.

BY PROF. WM. G. HOWARD.

I love the quiet sacred calm,
That fills the pious breast;
It is an emblem of that peace,
Which reigns among the blest:
The stern conflicting cares of life,
Like a tempestuous sea,
May waste the fragile form to dust;
The spirit still is free!

How sweet, when night begins to drop
Its mantle o'er the earth;
And that lone hour again returns,
Which gives to dreams their birth;
To see the 'holy man of God,'
Bowed at the shrine of prayer;
His wife and smiling babes around,
To meet the Saviour there.

And when the morning's rosy light
Beams o'er the eastern hills;
And gratitude, for life and health,
Each generous bosom fills;
'Tis sweet to see this happy group
All reverently bent,
Seeking in humble prayer to give
Their wants and wishes vent.

O! if there be a paradise,
Beneath the stars above;
'Tis in this home, this blissful home,
Of pure domestic love.
The storms, that wreck this wintry world,
May rave and roar around;
They cannot blight a flower, that blooms
Within such hallowed ground.

THE LAST GATHERING.

Ocean and earth restore
All that your arms entomb!
From every distant shore,
Come to the gathering—come!

Sages of days gone by,
Long mouldering in the tomb,
Haste to the realms on high,
Come to the gathering—come!

Warrior with laurell'd brow,
Who fix'd a nation's doom,
Come to the judgment now,
Come to the gathering—come!

Maiden with lip of rose,
And brow of Parian stone,
Haste from thy long repose,
Come to the gathering—come!

Bright was thy dark eye's gleam,
Fair was thy cheek of bloom,
Again those charms shall beam;
Come to the gathering—come!

Mourner with tearful eye,
Haste to thy spirit's home,
A peaceful rest on high;
Come to the gathering—come!

Loved one of days gone by,
Haste from the grave's cold gloom;
Again we meet on high;
[illegible]

Ocean and earth, restore
All that your arms entomb,
Myriads from every shore,
Come to the gathering—come;

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DECOCTION OF ORANGE LEAVES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

There lately lived in a village near Paris, a Doctor V——; he is now dead, forgotten by his ungrateful patients, many of whom owed their lives to his skill. In the year 1810, the Doctor was in the apogeon of his glory, and had the best practice of any physician in Paris. He was tall, well made, had a keen eye, his conversation was fluent and persuasive, and he joined to all these advantages a profound knowledge and much natural tact. No pretty woman could have a headache but he was sent for; people thought they could not die decently until he had been consulted. The Doctor did not neglect to avail himself of his popularity, and became rich enough to be independent of the fashionable world when the fashionable world abandoned him. During the period of his greatest success he fell ill, and his recovery was greeted by the universal joy of his patients.

One of them who was something of a poet, wrote a madrigal, in which he represented that Pluto, seriously alarmed at the idea of the doctor's death, petitioned the Destinies to prolong his days, fearing that, should he visit the shades below, he would recall the dead to life. Pluto's wish being granted, the Doctor prescribed to himself a journey to Nice, that he might enjoy a little repose, and breathe for a few months the balsamic air of the South. He set out in his post chariot, and after a pleasant journey arrived at Lyons, where he proposed remaining a few days. It was the month of December; he did not know a soul in Lyons, and after dinner, not knowing how to pass the evening, he wrapped himself up in his cloak and went to the theatre.

"I shall at all events," thought he, "have seen a public building."

The doorkeeper put him into a box. Dr. V—— after having examined the theatre, ensconced himself in a corner and waited patiently for the rising of the curtain. The box door was shortly afterwards opened and two ladies entered; a gentleman who accompanied them said, "I hope you will be comfortable here ladies," and then disappeared. The doctor rose to bow to the ladies as they passed him, threw a scrutinizing glance on one of them, and certainly her countenance was well calculated to attract attention. She was a woman of about thirty-five years of age, tall as most of the ladies of Lyons are, and still remarkably beautiful, added to which, there was a paleness and an air of melancholy which gave an interest to her features. The Doctor, after making these observations, again sat down in his corner, still enveloped in his cloak. The theatre gradually filled and the performance began.

"Dear me," said the Doctor to himself, "I have a great mind to change my seat, these two ladies who do not now say a word to each other would talk freely if I were not here! I must be sadly in their way."

Just as he was about to obey this feeling of delicacy, a box, exactly opposite to the one he was sitting in, was opened, and a young and beautiful woman, whose appearance was rather bold, entered it, her bare shoulders being but partially covered by a cashmere shawl. At the time of which we are speaking, these delicate and magnificent shawls were much more rare, and more highly thought of than they now are; they then cost a much greater price, and in the provincial cities, a woman who possessed one was considered superlatively fortunate. On seeing the new comer, the lady sitting in the Doctor's box shuddered, and placing a trembling hand on the arm of her friend, exclaimed in an agitated voice, "Oh heavens! she has a cashmere! He has given her a cashmere!"

The lady wept bitterly, and then forgetting that a stranger was sitting close behind her, and could hear all she said, relieved the agony of her heart by relating all her miseries. The Doctor was thus, in spite of himself, made acquainted with the unhappy secrets of a Lyonnese couple, whom even opulence could not shelter from affliction. The aggrieved lady entered into all the minutiæ of her husband's infidelities; and the Doctor, who in the first instance, expected to hear only some provincial little tittle tattle, was initiated into the mysteries of a most serious and profound grievance. The lady every now and then paused, overcome by her feelings, and then again took up her recital from the very commencement of her husband's fatal infatuation, dwelt upon each particular circumstance, interlacing her story with observations on her husband's cruel behaviour to his daughter also, who having fallen in love with an excellent young man, the son of a rival merchant in the city, had refused his consent to their union from the hatred he bore the father. She every now and then cast a painful look towards the woman in the cashmere, who, disdainful and proud, appeared to brave her resentment.

"What do you say is the name of that creature?" inquired her companion.

"Juliette—Juliette," replied the lady. "Oh! I can no longer bear this," said she rising, "I cannot possibly remain here—I must quit the theatre—I am sorry to deprive you of your amusement, but you will not leave me, will you?

"Certainly not, my dear friend, let us begone—I readily conceive how painful this must be to your feelings."

The two ladies left the box, and the doctor remained alone. Overcome by the fatigue of two nights travelling in his carriage, and the comfortable warmth of his cloak, he fell asleep, and was only awakened by the noise made by the audience quitting the theatre. The doctor joined the throng and took, as he thought, the road to the Hotel at which he had put up. He had slept about two hours. Being in a strange town, and mistaking the streets, he soon lost his way. After having wandered about some time, he thought of asking some one to direct him to his Inn, when a door was opened before him, and he saw a woman cross the street and go into a shop where a light was still burning; he followed her. The woman pushed open the door, which was standing ajar, and addressed herself to the shopkeeper who was still behind his counter:

"Mr. Giroux," said she, "in the name of heaven, tell me the address of the nearest doctor; Madame is very ill; Mademoiselle is not much better; our family physician lives at the farther end of the town, and we do not know what to do."

Doctor V. thought that the nearest doctor was himself; he therefore accosted the woman.

"My good woman," said he, "I am a physician."

"You, Sir?"

"Yes, certainly, why not?"

"Well then, Sir, will you have the goodness to visit my mistress?"

"Most willingly."

The invalid was at no great distance; the doctor, however, obtained what information he could as to the nature of her malady, as he ascended the stairs which led to her apartment. Madame Deslandes was suffering from a violent nervous attack. In those days nervous attacks were quite fashionable; the disease was imported from Germany; and one physician, a man of much penetration, cured it radically by administering pills made of bread [illegible] there were some [illegible] who denied, not merely the efficacy of the remedy, but the very existence of the disease. [illegible] question dogmatically, and followed the servant without knowing precisely the nature of the infirmity he had to contend with. He was shown into a drawing room, rather in disorder, where he was shortly afterwards joined by a man of about forty years of age, whose countenance bore evident traces of agitation.

"You are a physician, Sir," said he, addressing the doctor.

"I have that honor, Sir."

"May I know the name of —"

"Doctor V——?"

"Doctor V., of Paris! he whose journey to Nice has been announced in the *Journal de l'Empire?*"

"I was not aware that the newspapers had mentioned my journey, but I am the person in question. I have been in Lyons only a few hours, and was passing through this street to go to my hotel, the way to which I had most probably mistaken, when one of your servants enquired, in my hearing, for a physician; I was the nearest, and thought that both my duty and humanity compelled me to assist persons suffering under illness, provided always that my services proved acceptable; you may, therefore, Sir, command them."

"Ah! my dear Sir, Heaven has surely sent you to our aid."

"Accident, Sir," replied the Doctor.

"My wife! my daughter! you cannot imagine the sad state they are in."

"Will you allow me to see the ladies?"

Mr. Deslandes himself conducted the Doctor into his wife's room. It was infected with the penetrating effluvia of Hoffman's drops. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the Doctor immediately threw open the window and undrew the curtains which concealed his patient; it was the very lady who two hours before had sate in the same box with him at the theatre. Madame Deslandes was lying on the bed, her eyes half closed, her chest heaving violently, and suffering from nervous spasms. The Doctor took her convulsively closed hand, attempted to raise her stiffened arm, spoke to her first in a loud tone of voice, then more gently placing his mouth close to her ear, but all uselessly; she was in a complete swoon. The Doctor seated himself on the foot of the bed and remained some time in a pensive attitude, leaning his head upon his hand; he then rose and addressing the servant maid, who was watching her mistress, said:

"You will give your mistress from time to time, a spoonful of a decoction of *orange leaves.* Sir" added he, turning to Mr. Deslandes "if you please, we will now proceed to see Mdlle. Deslandes."

The young lady was in that agitated sort of sleep so common with invalids, and it appeared that the delirium with which she had been afflicted all the day pursued her even in her dreams: *agri somnia.* The Doctor laid his fingers gently on the pulse of his patient, who shuddered and pronounced a few incoherent words. The Doctor then said to her father.

"A decoction of orange leaves."

"A decoction of orange leaves!" cried Mr. Deslandes, "what, the same remedy you have ordered for her mother?"

"Precisely," said the Doctor.

They returned to the drawing room, where Mr. Deslandes interrogated him very anxiously.

"What think you of the state they are in? Your composure, Sir, only half satisfies me. For a month past I have observed my daughter become thinner, and thinner, losing one by one all the signs of youth; the beauty of her eyes has fled, the brilliancy of her complexion has faded; she is dying, Sir, dying consumed by a devouring fever."

"It is indeed a *slow* fever," said the Doctor.

"And my wife too," rejoined Mr. Deslandes, "I thought just now that she would have expired in my arms!"

"They are both, Sir, very serious cases."

"And does not medicine," said the husband, "afford any other remedy than"—

"Than a decoction of orange leaves," gravely replied the Doctor.

"Ah! Sir, I have not the honor of being known to you, but do every thing I entreat you for the two beings whom chance has placed under your care, that you would do for your dearest patient, and we will bless God, who directed you to this house."

"A decoction of orange leaves," reiterated the Doctor.

"Oh! Sir, supposing that the wife of Marshal —— or of Senator N. were in the same state in which my wife and daughter now are, would you prescribe such medicine as this?"

"Absolutely nothing more; I should make them take a decoction of orange leaves; were I at Paris, however, and my assistance were required in a family who confided implicitly in me, and would follow my prescriptions with unhesitating submission, I might perhaps add something more——but, continued the Doctor, after a pause, "I am in the country, and therefore must pursue the country practice."

"Sir," said the Lyonese Merchant, "pray change your tone with me; the life of my wife, that of my child is at stake; command, prescribe! I swear to you that"—

"What you require of me is of a most delicate nature," rejoined the Doctor, "reflect Sir, that I am about to pry into the secrets of your family—to place you in a position to decide between your passions and your duty, and in which, should you not implicitly follow my prescriptions you will become guilty of homicide."

"Speak, Sir, speak."

"Do you love your wife, Sir?" said the Doctor abruptly.

"You see that I do love her! The agony in which I am must prove it to you; it is very true, that having been married now eighteen years, I have no longer that ardent love which is the attribute of youth; but with us, as with all married couples, a lively friendship has succeeded to——

"You have a Mistress, Sir?"

"Sir," replied Mr. Deslandes casting down his eyes.

"You have a Mistress, and for that creature you leave your wife, your daughter, your home—for her you compromise your fortune—Madame Deslandes, who is still young, beautiful, and affectionate, and who dearly loves you, sees herself abandoned by you, for an unworthy girl—for Mdlle. Juliette ——"

"How can you know, Sir—"

"This Juliette," continued the Doctor, without paying any attention to Mr. Deslandes' question, "impudently sets at defiance your legitimate wife, makes a display, even before her eyes, of luxurious extravagance, wears your gifts as trophies, appears in the public walks and at the theatres covered with diamonds, lace and cashmeres; triumphs over a virtuous woman, whom she has the insolence to look upon as a rival; and you the author of all this evil, who perhaps have just had an altercation with your wife, which has reduced her to this pitiable state, you look to medical art for a remedy. You wish the physician this evening to close the wound which you will open afresh to-morrow! No, Sir, no, your wife will die, and you will have killed her. Doubtless a decoction of orange leaves is a sovereign remedy, but this remedy is not sufficient in this case; you must have nothing more to say to this creature, this Juliette, excepting to make her leave Lyons, and that instantly, even at this hour, before daybreak. This is no difficult matter, for it is easy enough to pay her to go out of it. Should you hesitate I again tell you your wife will die.—Decide Sir, that is my mode of prescribing."

Mr. Deslandes was at heart an excellent man; he loved his wife more dearly than he imagined, and he would have recoiled at the idea of hesitating, even for a moment, between Juliette and the existence of his wife. He decided the matter at once.

"Sir," said he to the Doctor, "you shall be obeyed, I will never see Juliette again, and I solemnly promise that she shall leave Lyons to-morrow."

"This is as it should be," replied the Doctor, pressing the hand of his new client, not a word about it to Madame Deslandes, she must not be disturbed; there must be no noise in her room: only take care that she has the decoction of orange leaves, and I will be responsible for her recovery."

He rose and was about to leave the room.

"And my daughter," said Mr. Deslandes.

"We found her asleep, and I thought it better not to awaken her—I will be here again to-morrow."

The Doctor kept his word; the next morning, at nine o'clock, he was at the bedside of Madame Deslandes. His *panacea* had done wonders; the violence of the attack had passed, the nerves were no longer in a state of irritation, the patient had passed a good night, and all that remained of her recent illness was a sensation of languor attended with great melancholy. Mr. Deslandes was not in his wife's room. The Doctor, after having announced himself as Mr. V., the Paris physician, who had, the evening before, been fortunate enough to be called in to attend her, availed himself of her husband's absence, and added:—

"Your city of Lyons, Madam, is a very noisy one, if I may judge from the hotel where I am staying.

"Did you not sleep well then," said Madame Deslandes, faintly.

"I have not closed my eyes; only imagine, Madame, a young man from Marseilles lodges in the hotel, who, it appears from what I have been told, fell desperately in love at the theatre last night. Were you at the theatre last night, Madame?"

"Yes, Sir, with a friend of mine; but I was obliged to leave early because I was taken ill."

"Well, this young man, as I said before, fell in love with one of those creatures who ought not to be permitted to turn people's heads, but whom however"—

Madame Deslandes sighed, the Doctor continued—

"These Southern gentlemen are so very inflammable; the Marseilles spark insisted upon carrying off the lady: she had come to the Hotel to see him; there never was heard such shrieking: Charles here, Juliette there."

"Juliette! Juliette!" exclaimed Madame Deslandes.

"Yes, Juliette; I got out of bed, they were making such a tremendous noise in the Hotel; I went to my window and saw them both get into a post chaise and drive off."

"Yes, my dear wife," said Mr. Deslandes, who entered the room at the instant, "Mdlle. Juliette is no longer in Lyons."

Mr. and Madame Deslandes embraced each other very tenderly.

"She is cured, she is cured," exultingly exclaimed the Doctor, "did I not tell you that a decoction of orange leaves was the only specific necessary in this case?"

"And our daughter?" said Mr. and Madame Deslandes.

"Oh! she has a very dangerous slow fever. An ordinary physician would stuff her with bark; but I have another mode of proceeding. Tell me now, confidentially, is there not a little secret love affair there?"

"Alas, Sir, it is but too true."

"You must let her marry, or I will not answer for the consequences. As to you, Madame, young, beautiful and beloved by your husband, your being made a grandmother can make but little difference to you—you will always be a charming woman; and you, Sir, to whom could you more advantageously marry your daughter than to the son of a merchant, who although a rival in business, is not an enemy. A young man too who is amiable and rich. To speak frankly, Mdlle. Deslandes could not have made a more sensible choice. You know it; in your own mind you must be fully pursuaded of it; and if, as I believe, your daughter has perceived that you are sacrificing her happiness to your self love, this powerful conviction, doubtless, increases the malady, which may become incurable.

While the Doctor was speaking, Mons. Deslandes paced up and down the room, and at last went to the window.

"See there," said he, "there he is passing and repassing before the door."

"Who?" enquired Madame Deslandes.

"Who should it be," replied the Doctor, "but the young man who loves your daughter? He knows that she is dangerously ill, and you will not allow him to enter the house! Is it not natural that he should wish to be near her?"

The Doctor ran to the window and threw it open; he made a sign to the young man to come in; he appeared to make but one bound from the foot of the stairs to the landing place. The Doctor took him by the arm and dragged him into the young lady's room.

"Mademoiselle," said he to the invalid, "here is a young man who has a great desire to marry you; he has obtained the consent of your father and mother, but it is upon one express condition, that you immediately get well. Ho! ho!" continued he, laughingly taking hold of her hand, "this is something like—here is a pulse which begins to beat reasonably. I predict that in twenty-four hours all fever will have disappeared."

The doctor's prediction was verified and the marriage speedily took place.

Before he left Lyons, Madame Deslandes had an opportunity of speaking to the doctor in private.

"Tell me," she said, "you to whom I owe so much, how was it that you managed to cure both the mother and the daughter, by so adroitly devining their precise position?"

"In the first place, Madame, I had worthy people to deal with, which is a favorable circumstance for a physician, when the origin of a malady proceeds from mental affection; I go sometimes to the theatre, and as a play is, or ought to be, the mirror of society, it sometimes shows us"—

"How? yes, it must be so! the man who sat behind me enveloped in his cloak, was, —"

"Hush! hush! Do not attempt to guess any thing, you will only weaken the efficacy of the *decoction of orange leaves.*"

A few days after this conversation, Dr. V—— left Lyons and set out for Nice.

Striking Moment.—And that was a striking moment, too, in the life of our gracious and graceful Sovereign, when, casting her eyes on the placid waters, on which were to be seen the St. Vincent, the Caledonia, the Camperdown, the Formidable, the Warspite, the Grecian, the Cyclops, the Tartarus, and the Prometheus, she could point the King of the French to the "wooden walls of Old England," but at the same time throw herself, her consort, and her retinue, into the arms of the French monarch, of his admirable family, and of his courteous and admirable people; and with the lightness and freshness of youth and of hope, tread with delight the shores of Old Normandy. Sweet recollections! God save the Queen! were the first notes which [illegible] as she landed in France. These notes she knew right well. Often had they called forth in her presence expressions of the most devoted loyalty. But it was a happy thought—it was a joyous mode of welcome—to greet her in a strange land with the first song of her childhood, the old national anthem of her native shores. Oh, how her young heart must have beat with joy when, calling to recollection the history of past days, and remembering the long and sanguinary wars of other times between the French and the British empires, she now beheld the rival flags no longer rivals, floating in peace and friendship in the same breeze, and herself the bearer of a magician's wand, for she carried with her the emblems of respect, confidence, and amity. These, these are the fairy scenes in the world's wide history! They are few, brief, and far between; but their results extend to ages, and stand forth to successive generations like mighty mountains of civilization; shewing where restless ambition ceased to agitate, where rival nations ceased to suspect and to hate, where wise and enlightened statesmen took their stand for truth and for civilization, help on the history of man, and rescue human nature from the too oft material charge of freshness, pride, and want of sympathy with his fellow-man.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

An Autumn Morning.—Morning—the sun's broad disk peeping over the eastern hill—the ecstatic voices of a multitudinous throng of larks, rushing heavenward, and pouring out the while a flood of tremulous and yet triumphant song—the jocund voices of laborers in the farm yard, of reapers in the harvest field, and early gleaners in the bowery lanes—the clinking of harness and the cracking of ponderous vans already astir and tending towards the harvest fields;—what pleasanter sights and sounds than these to usher in the glorious day? And as the blue mists roll away—veil after veil withdrawn, and distant hills shine clearly out, and winding waters leap and sparkle in the sunshine, and hill side cottages send up their slender wreaths of white and vapoury smoke into the pure, bright, morning air, and the awakening breeze runs riot amidst the huge gnarled arms and waving boughs of every tree it meets with in its course—what seemeth it but a renewal of the primeval beauty of the earth—order and light revolving out of chaos—life, teeming, vigorous, and lusty life—upspringing from the heavy death-like sleep of night? So morning, life, and sunshine dawn upon the world; morning climbing the firmament's blue arch—life in that vocal air, in the dancing waters, life in the twinkling grass, life in the solemn woods, life in the thrilling song of the exalted birds, life in the red-veined vine leaves clustering round the cottage porch, life in the haunts and homes of men—and sunshine brooding over, embracing, and informing all.

Wives.—Oh, what a happy day would that be for Britain, whose morning should smile upon the making of a law for allowing no woman to marry until she had become an economist, thoroughly acquainted with the necessary expenses of a respectable mode of living, and able to calculate the requisites of comfort, in connection with all the probable contingencies of actual life. If such a law should be so cruel as to suspend for a year or more every approach to the hymeneal alter, it would, at least, be equally effective in averting that bitter repentance with which so many look back to the hurried manner in which they rushed blindfold upon untried fate, and only opened their eyes to behold their madness and folly when it was too late to avert the fatal consequences.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

Sports of Childhood.—I plead that she may not be punished as a romp if she keenly enjoys those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that in the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to the piano till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed—nor bow her over her book, till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*