Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

October.	R. Sun. s.	Moon's H. w.
28 Saturday,	6 31 4 57	Sets. 10 48
29 Sunday,	6 33 4 55	4 58 11 22
30 Monday,	6 34 4 54	5 14 11 56
31 Tuesday,	6 36 4 52	5 52 0 15
1 Wednesday,	6 38 4 50	6 37 1 1
2 Thursday,	6 39 4 49	7 33 1 40
3 Friday.	6 40 4 48	8 42 2 31

New Moon, 29th, 6h. 49m. aft.

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Miscellany.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE DESTROYER.

[CONTINUED.]

St. Helen had not been in London half-a year, before Captain Alverley felt that he was triumphing—that his long-continued and deeply-laid schemes were conducting him to success. The first—the very first step, he had felt to be every thing: it had gained him an interest, however faint, in her feelings and he cherished it with the most exquisite skill, the most watchful assiduity. He kept *himself* even in the back-ground He would excite her feelings with his generous and eloquent eulogies of Colonel St. Helen's conduct abroad; in the middle of one of them he suddenly became confused, heaved a faint sigh, and resumed his conversation with ill-disguised embarrassments. He busied himself—he took infinite pains—at least he led her to think so—in procuring the return home of Colonel St. Helen; thus, in short, and in a thousand other ways he at length disarmed Mrs. St. Helen by lulling her suspicions, or rather preventing their being excited. Consummately skilled in the workings of the female heart, he guided his conduct according to the indications he discovered. In handing her one night to her carriage from the opera, he made a point of insulting a gentleman, who, with a lady in his arm, was hurrying on before Captain Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen. A hurried whisper between the two gentlemen satisfied Mrs. St. Helen that there was mischief in preparation. 'For heaven's sake!' she whispered, in excessive trepidation—but he gently forced her into the carriage, and permitted it to drive off without uttering a word. He gained his end. The evening papers of the ensuing day duly announced an "affair of honor" between the 'Marquis of *****,' attended by, &c., and Captain A. B. C., attended. &c. The meeting arose out of an alledged affront offered by the noble Marquis to a "young and beautiful lady,' &c. &c., whom the Captain was conducting to her carriage, &c. &c. Very strange to say, neither party did the other any harm!—Captain Alverley, on the next opera night, found his way to her box.

'Captain Alverley! how *could* you'—commenced Mrs. St. Helen, very earnestly.

'My dear Mrs. St Helen!' was the only reply, with a look that none could give but Captain Alverley. He knew the moment of his gain, and was in ecstasies.

In the progress of "the affair," Captain Alverley's next step was to accustom Mrs. St. Helen to hear herself called a flirt, and to have his name, on such occasions, always judiciously coupled with hers. The first time that ever she waltzed with him—which he justly regarded as an open triumph—was in consequence of a very heated altercation she had with Mrs. Ogilvie, who had freely charged her with culpable lightness of conduct with reference to Captain Alverley: the consequence of which was, that Mrs. St. Helen went, as she had angerly threatened, to the ball, where, casting a look of defiance at her sister-in-law, she instantly accepted Captain Alverley's invitation, infinitely to his astonishment. He saw his position, and behaved with prudence. After one or two rounds, he led her, with an air of the properest deference in the world, to a seat, and paid her no marked attentions whatever during the evening. He perceived that her lynx-eyed sister watched his every movement; and for upwards of a fortnight he suspended all but the most ordinary and casual civilities and attentions to Mrs. St. Helen. Why did not the infatuated woman at once break through all the meshes with which she was now conscious of being surrounded? Why did no sudden alarm of virtue—no Heaven inspired strength—enable her to "flee like a bird from the snare of the fowler?" Alas, that I should have to write it! *She did not now wish to do so.* Not that yet even she contemplated the idea of positive guilt—vastly far from it. She was so conscious of her own strength, as to prevent all apprehensions on *that* score. It is true she was occasionally sensible, with a heart flutter and cheek suffused, of an interest in Captain Alverley, that was inconsistent with the undivided affection due to her husband; she went no further consciously, but how far was this? —She consoled herself with the notion that it was certainly rather coquettish—and that was almost universal. The plain truth was, she began to indulge towards Captain Alverley, feelings which she no longer dared to scrutinize. Her vanity, again would not suffer her to part with so gay and dazzling a follower—"she was surely able to take care of herself!"

Once or twice I called upon Mrs. St. Helen, in pursuance of the promise I made, but without seeing her, as she had just gone out. This might, or might not be true. If she was denying herself to me, it must have been on account of what had taken place on the occasion alluded to; and was it that she was ashamed of her frankness—of the extent of her admissions, or that she regretted having made them from other considerations? I was driving, one afternoon, through the Park, on my way to a patient near Cumberland Gate, when I happened to overtake the open carriage of Mrs. St. Helen driving very slowly, she being in conversation with an equestrain who walked his horse alongside.—and I soon detected in him Captain Alverley. I perceived with a hurried look in passing, that she was listening intently to what he was saying—looking down, and slightly colouring. I felt sick at heart for her! The next time that I saw her at home, she seemed very calm, and sensibly colder in her manner towards me then I had ever seen her before She made not—nor of course did I—the slightest allusion to our late deeply interesting conversation. In answer to my inquiries, she said that she was in very good health, except that she did not now sleep so soundly as heretofore, and her appetite had also declined—the usual consequences, I told her, of a life of London dissipation—of irregular hours, excitement, and fatigue.

'As I feel rather solitary in this large house,' said she, 'I have invited a Miss Churchill, a distant relation of the Colonel's to pay me a visit. She's a very sweet good girl, and I have no doubt we shall be inseparable!' While she said this a slight colour mounted into her cheek, which set me speculating upon what she had just told me. Was then her summons to Miss Churchill a *signal of distress!* Was it that she began to feel her danger—that she wished a protector—some one who should be indeed, as she said, inseparable from her—ever by her side—whose presence might check, if not prevent the increasing ardour and attentions of Captain Alverley? Faint effort of endangered virtue!—But it *was* an effort, and I rejoiced to see it made.

'When do you propose leaving town?' I enquired.

'Leaving town!' she exclaimed quickly—'why, dear Doctor, *should* I leave town? The season not yet at its height even? Besides, I hate the country—I never heartily liked it.'

'I thought, Mrs. St. Helen'——

'Oh yes,' she interrupted hastily, 'I know what you mean. Densleigh was certainly a pleasant place enough, but we've lost it.' She paused for a moment and added—'but I suppose that about August we must go down somewhere or other'——

'The sea-air will do wonders for you, and for the children.'

'Yes—I dare say it would,' she replied, with rather an indifferent air—'but at present they are very well: I always have them taken to the Park—and where can there be a finer air?' Here some visitors were announced, the servant at the same time laying down six or seven notes and cards of invitation upon one of the tables.

About a month afterwards, I received the following note from Mrs. St. Helen:—

'Dear Doctor,—Will you call in here, in the course of the morning, to see one of the children, who I fear, is poorly? Jones tells me she thinks it is the measles? I hope it is not any thing worse—the scarlet fever, for instance, or small pox. But you can soon tell. I shall wait at home for you till two. 'Ever yours,

'E. ST. HELEN.

P. S.—I have never had either of these horrid complaints myself, and feel rather nervous

—— Street, 10 o'clock.'

'What a dismal contrast this note afforded, I thought, laying it down with a sigh, to the eager, alarmed summons she had sent on a former occasion from Densleigh! A little after two o'clock I was at —— street, and was shown up immediately into the nursery. Mrs. St. Helen's pony phaeton was at the door, and she was sitting, ready dressed for a drive, on the corner of the bed in which lay her younger child. Her handkerchief, saturated with Eau de Cologne, was every now and then lifted to her face, as though she dreaded infection. She looked very beautiful—her dress infinitely became her—and not particularly agitated.

I was beginning to get fidgety, Doctor; I was afraid I should not see you,' said she, rising to meet me. I assured her that I had been unexpectedly detained. 'And what do you think of the little love? I was afraid he was ailing a little yesterday—his eyes looked very heavy yesterday evening, did'nt they Jones?' turning to the maid.

'Yes, ma'am,' she replied eagerly, directing an affectionate and anxious look to the child. 'You may recollect ma'am, I asked you yesterday afternoon if we hadn't better send for'——

'Oh yes—I dare say—I think you did, Jones,' interrupted Mrs. St. Helen, quickly, and with rather a displeased air, 'Jones is always terrified with every change in the child's face! But do you think there is any thing really the matter, Doctor?'

After a little examination, I told her that I thought the child was sickening for the measles.

'Is he indeed, sweet little lamb'—she exclaimed, looking really kindly at the child. 'You don't think it's scarlet fever now?' after a moment's pause, turning anxiously towards me, and greatly agitating her fragrant handkerchief.

'No,' I replied—'at present I think it is decidedly the measles.'

'Measles are not dangerous, are they?'

'La, ma'am!' interrupted Jones, who was kneeling at the side of the bed, near the child—her eyes filling with tears—'excuse me, ma'am, but my poor sister's child died of them only a twelve month ago.'

'Oh, nonsense, Jones—why do you try to alarm me in this way?—There's no such *very* great danger, Doctor, is there?' turning towards me with more interest in her manner, than she had hitherto manifested.

'I sincerely hope not! At present I can assure you there is every appearance of its being a mild attack.'

'Only feel how hot his little hands is, ma'am!' said Jones.

'Mrs. St. Helen did not remove her gloves, but said to me—'Of course he is rather feverish just now?'

After giving a few directions concerning the temperature of the room, his food and one or two other little matters, I left and descended to the drawing room, to write a prescription.

'I shall return home by four, Jones,' said Mrs. St. Helen, also quitting the room, and following me—'be sure you pay him every attention—don't remove your eyes from him for a moment!'

I'm quite delighted to find that there is no danger, Doctor,' said she, seating herself beside me, as I began to write.

'Indeed, my dear madam,' determined not to let matters pass so very easily, 'we must not be too sanguine. There are two forms of measles,—the one a mild, and the other very malignant. At present I cannot undertake to say with certainty which of the two it is.' She continued silent for a few moments. —'I think I told you, in my note, that I believed I had never had the measles!—Are they really catching from a child to a grown-up person?

'Undoubtedly.'

'Heavens!—I'll have pastiles burnt all over the house all day? Dear me! it would be dreadful if I were to catch it.—because' (she added hastily) 'or dear little Arthur?'

'Well, we must hope for the best,' said I, quietly folding up my prescription, and requesting that it might be sent to the druggist's without delay: and hastily taking my leave, with a countenance that, had she been as sensitive as in former times, she might perceive somewhat clouded with disapprobation. Was the mother's heart, then, already so dulled towards her suffering offspring? Could I doubt the selfish nature of her anxieties? What infernal change had come over her? Why did she not instantly order back her carriage, undress, and betake herself to the only place that then became her—the bedside of her child? But it was otherwise. A few minutes after I had quitted, she stepped into her carriage and drove into the Park. At my suggestion the elder child, Arthur, was sent off immediately to Mrs. Ogilvie's, who resided some where in the neighbourhood of Chelsea; and I continued in daily attendance upon little George for about a week, during which time the symptoms were of the milder description, and I anticipated the speedy recovery of my little patient. Mrs. St. Helen, whenever I was present, evidently—at least I was uncharitable enough to admit the idea—*acted* the fond mother, *appearing* deeply interested in the progress of her child through his little perils. I had reason to believe, from one or two little circumstances that fell under my observation, that she did not withdraw from the world of pleasure. The constant attendants upon little George were—not his mother—but Miss Churchill and his nursery-maid Jones, both of them most anxious and affectionate nurses,—as, indeed, I heard Mrs. St. Helen herself, in the blandest way acknowledge—Well, indeed, she might, having thus devolved the chiefest of her maternal duties upon the companion she had invited to partake of her pleasures only.

I think it was about ten days after I had been first called in to attend upon little St. Helen, that I was suddenly summoned, about eight o'clock in the evening, to —— street, with the intelligence that he has become very suddenly worse, and that Miss Churchill was much alarmed. Thither I repaired as quickly as possible, and found that appearances justified her apprehensions. There was every symptom of the accession of the malignant form of measles. He had just had a fit of spasms, and was now breathing hard and quickly, and scorched up with fever. The symptoms were certainly serious.

'You must not, however be too much alarmed, Mrs. St. Helen,' said I hastily turning round—forgetting, at the moment, that she, the most interested was not present. The child had been going on as well as usual,—rapidly recovering in fact, till six o'clock that evening; about which time Mrs. St. Helen, after making particular enquiries about the child, went off to dinner at Lady ——'s, where she had ordered the carriage to call for her about nine, and convey her to the opera. In their fright Miss Churchill and the servants forgot all this, and instinctively sent off for me. After giving such directions as appeared proper, I quitted the room, beckoning out for a moment Miss Churchill.

'Dear, sweet little love!' I'm afraid he's *very* ill,' she exclaimed, much agitated, and bursting into tears, as she stepped with me for a moment into another room. I acknowledged to her that I considered the child to be in dangerous circumstances: 'Have you sent after Mrs. St. Helen? she *ought* to be here.'

'Dear! we have been all so flurried—but we'll enquire,' she replied, running down stairs before me 'I really don't think she's been sent for—but I will immediately. Let me see—nine o'clock. She'll be at the opera by this time.'

'Then I will drive thither immediately, as my carriage is here, and bring her back with me. It will not do to alarm her too suddenly, and in such a place. Let me see: on which side of the house is her box?'

'Number ——, on the left hand side of the stage. I think, at least, that you will find her in that box, which is the Duchess of ——'s, and she called here to-day to offer it to Mrs. St. Helen.' I drove off immediately, and had a twofold object in doing so—to acquaint her as soon as possible with an event of such serious importance as the dangerous illness of her child, and to endeavour, in doing so, to startle her out of the infatuation in which I feared she had fallen—to remind her again of the high and holy duties she was beginning to disregard. The sight of her dying child would rouse, I thought, the smothered feeling of the mother, and those would soon excite an agonising recollection of her distant husband. On arriving at the opera-house, I made my way, in my hurry, to the wrong side. I went into one or two empty boxes before I discovered my mistake; and when at length I perceived it, I determined to stay for a few moments where I was; and endeavour to see what was going on in the Duchess of ——'s box. There sat, sure enough, in one corner of the box, her face directed towards the stage, Mrs. St. Helen, dressed with her usual elegance, and looking extremely beautiful. Her left hand slowly moved about her fan, and she was evidently occasionally conversing with some one standing far back in the box. I contemplated her with real anguish, when I thought of her husband—*if, indeed, she were not now a widow*—and of, perhaps, her dying child. My heart almost failed me, and I began to regret having undertaken the painful duty which had brought me were I was. I stretched myself as far forward as I could, to discover, if possible, who was in the box with her, but in vain. Whoever it was that she was talking to—her fan now and then fluttering hurriedly—he, or she, kept as far out of sight as possible. Just as I was quitting my post of observation, however, a sudden motion of a red arm, displaying the feather of an officer's cap, satisfied me that her companion was the execrable Alverley. I now felt an additional repugnance to go through with what I had undertaken; but I hurried round to the other side of the house, and soon stood knocking at the door of the Duchess's box. I knocked and it was immediately opened by—Captain Alverly.

'Is Mrs. St. Helen here?' I whispered. He bowed stifly and admitted me. Mrs. St. Helen, on seeing me, reddened violently. Rising from her seat, and approaching me, she suddenly grew pale, for she could not but perceive that my features were somewhat discomposed.

'Good God! Doctor, what brings you here?' she enquired, with increased trepidation.

'Permit me to ask, sir,' said Captain Alverley, interposing with an air of haughty curiosity, 'whether anything has happened to justify the alarm which Mrs. St. Helen'——

'I don't wish you to be frightened, said I addressing her, without noticing her companion, or what he had said—I could not overcome my repugnance to him—'but I think you had better return home with me; my carriage is waiting for you.'

'O my child, my child!' she exclaimed faintly sinking into her seat again; *what* has happened, for God's sake?'

'He is rather worse—suddenly worse—but I think he was better again before I left.' She looked eagerly at me, while her countenance seemed blanched to the hue of the white dress she wore. She began to breathe shortly and hurriedly; and I was glad that the loud and merry music which was playing, would, in some measure, drown the shriek I every moment expected her to utter. I succeeded however, with Captain Alverley's assistance, in conveying her to my carriage, which I ordered on to —— street as fast as possible, for Mrs. St. Helen's excitement threatened to become violent. She sobbed hysterically. 'What a cruel, cruel wretch, I have been,' she murmured, in broken accents, 'to be at the—the opera—when my darling is—dying!'

'Come, come, Mrs. St. Helen, it is useless to afflict yourself with vain reproaches. You thought, as we all thought, that he was recovering fast, when you set off.'

'Oh, but I should never—never have left his bedside! Oh, if I should lose him! I shall never be able to look my'—— Thus she proceeded, till overcome with exhaustion, she leaned back, sobbing heavily. As we entered the street in which she lived, she whispered, with evidently a great effort to overcome her agitation, 'Dearest Doctor—I see—I know what you must think—but I assure you—!—I—Captain Alverley had but that moment come into the box, quite unexpectedly to me, and I was extremely vexed and annoyed.'

I was glad that the carriage stopping spared me the pain of replying to her. Miss Churchill came running to the carriage, as soon as the hall door had been opened—and almost received Mrs. St Helen into her arms—for she could hardly stand her agitation became so suddenly increased.

'Emma—Emma! I do assure you he is better—much—a great deal better!' said Miss Churchill, hurrying her along the hall.

'O Jane—I shall die!—I am very ill! I cannot bear it—can you forgive me?'

'Hush! hush! what nonsense you are talking—you rave!' exclaimed Miss Churchill, as we forced Mrs. St. Helen into the dining room, where it was some time before she was restored to anything like a calmness. Mr. ——, the well known apothecary, coming at length into the room, to take his departure, strenuously assured us that the child was very greatly relieved, and that he did not now apprehend danger. This I was happy in being able to corroborate, after having stepped up stairs to satisfy my own anxiety: and I left her for the night, hoping, but faintly, that a great effort had been made to snap asunder the infernal bonds in which Satan, in the shape of Alverley, had bound her. It seemed, however, as though my hopes were justified; for morning, noon, and night beheld Mrs. St. Helen at her child's bedside—his zealous, watchful, and loving attendant—for upwards of a week. She gave him all his medicine; with her own hands rendered him all the little services his situation required; ordered a peremptory "not at home" to be answered to all comers, except Mrs. Ogilvie; and doubtless banished from her busted bosom all thoughts of Captain Alverley.

[*To be continued.*]

ROME IN THE CHOLERA TIME.

ROME, Aug. 31.—The present appearance of this city is not without interest, and though the stranger travelling in search of pleasure is scarcely likely to find his account just now in coming here, yet the daily occurrences, and the unharmonious composition of the whole fabric of society, will be sure to command his most lively attention. Nor indeed has nature failed to contribute her share to the stock of enjoyments; for a long series of years Rome has not known so beautiful and mild a summer. Our gardens and the Compagna are still adorned with all the verdant beauty of Spring, and the heat, which in June and July generally rises to 30 deg. of Reaumur (99 deg. of Fahrenheit) was scarcely ever above 24 deg. of Fahrenheit) during the first half of August and has only once reached 28 deg.

The nights are, as usually, refreshing, and the thunder-storms have in general fallen in the vicinity of the city, so that they cooled the air without raising the detestable earthy vapours from the Roman streets. Of strangers there have been scarcely any, and the few that have been here have resided chiefly in Albano, Frascati, and other places in the neighbourhood: but severely as this must have been felt by individuals, upon the whole Rome appeared to live unconcerned, undisturbed even by what was going on in Naples and Palermo, and fully convinced that what with their cordon and the especial protection of the Madonna, they were perfectly safe from those evils by which less favoured nations were so unhappily visited.

Suddenly the cholera broke out in a small frontier town, and even in Rome some suspicious cases occurred. To have any idea of the commotion that ensued you must have seen a stick thrust into an ant's nest. The sick and all that had been in communication with them were placed under quarantine and the simultaneous appearance of the disorder in the most opposite quarters was a circumstance to which no attention was paid. The belief was still entertained that Rome would be spared. The Pope invited all the faithful to repair to the churches, under the promise of dispensations and indulgences for a hundred years to upwards, and in his invention he expressed his confidence that the Angel of the Lord, armed with the sword of destruction, would, as once before Jerusalem, now pause before the city which was recognised as the centre of the Christian church, and for whose welfare there were so many mediators in heaven.

The churches were thronged, and the population full of confidence. The cases of sickness and death were meanwhile increasing. Ignorance, or some other motive, however, induced the police, formally and officially, to deny the presence of the cholera. The public joy was great, and found vent in thanksofferings to the Madonna, her images, so numerous in the streets of Rome, being splendidly lighted at night. In many quarters of the city you might have fancied you saw a general illumination in honour of some great national event. The conduct of the people reminded one of some of their most solemn festivals.

It became necessary, however, to assign some cause for the numerous sudden deaths that occurred and the fatal infatuation that they were the result of poison spread rapidly among the lower classes; the keepers of eating-houses no longer placed salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, &c." indifferently upon their tables as formerly, and the mere vociferations of an old beldame were sufficient to cause the mob to murder an Englishman who had given a biscuit to a beggar's child in the streets; at all events, the severe injuries he received were such as to occasion his death within a few days afterwards.

Prudent people, whom no imperative necessity retained in Rome, hastened to leave the city. A second clerical ordinance, commanding eight days' prayers before a miraculous image of the Virgin, which was carried in procession from Mary's church to Jesus Church, the Pope and Cardinals themselves joining in the solemnity; the conversion of the whole city into a church, by the general and solemn illuminations; separate processions, chiefly composed of women and young girls who wore crucifixes and Madonnas at their heads, went barefooted through the streets at night, praying and lamenting—all these were unceasing proofs of the increasing violence of the disorder.

With tenfold force the cholera now broke forth in every quarter, aggravated no doubt by the crowded state of the churches and the numerous colds that must have been caught by the women while wandering barefooted through the streets at night. It became impossible either to deny or conceal the presence of the dreaded winter. A sudden and complete change ensued. Dread and consternation took the place of the confidence so lately felt in the Madonna, who, but a few days before, was said to have given proofs of her interest in the fate of the city, by the winking of the eyes of several of her statues. The churchgoings, the illuminations, the processions, and the orations seemed completely to have exhausted the whole stock of Roman piety. The Vatican and the Capitol were closed as well as all public colleges, galleries, tribunals, &c. Cardinals, nobles, and whoever believed it to be in his power to do so, cut off all communication between his house and the city. The police, meanwhile, continued to issue clean bills of health, and even to demand them from strangers arriving from the country. No public notice was taken of the presence of the cholera. The people in the neighbouring towns now took the law into their own hands, with the exception of Frascati, the inhabitants of which are unbounded in their reliance on St. Roach. In other places they armed themselves, and drove back all diligences, couriers, and private travellers arriving from Rome, so that we suddenly found ourselves in a singular state of blockade, which the government has till now wanted either the power or the will to raise. Nobody dreams of abstaining from unripe fruit, water melons, salads, the lying on the bare ground, and other habits that in ordinary times may be perfectly harmless. *Negative* precautions are not thought of, but they seem determined on a *positive* attack on the disorder, and the lights having proved ineffectual, they are now trying fire. For some days past innumerable piles of fuel are blazing away even in the narrowest streets; but nobody seems to inquire whether the experiments of burning the cholera out have been attended with any result; it is a precaution that for many years people have very innocently been taking against the *aria cattiva*, regardless of the intolerable heat which it occasions, driving smoke and stink into our windows, instead of the delightful refreshment of the evening breeze. Camphor and chlorine of lime are the defensive arms in general use, and the Roman ladies, usually so sensitive to every odour, even that of flowers, are content now to inhale the most disgusting and injurious stinks.

With all these precautions, the disorder continues to increase in virulence, surpassing in intensity even that of Naples. In addition to the hospitals originally prepared, further means of obtaining succour have been provided. Ten houses (not many, by-the-by, for Rome) have been named where medical and spiritual assistance may at all times be had at a moment's notice. Among the clergy, the Capuchins and Jesuits distinguish themselves by the indefatigable zeal with which they afford every succour in their power. The carabineers are likewise resolute and regardless of fatigue. The physicians are divided in opinion, and in general have too little experience to be of much use. Dr. Dietz, attached to the Austrian embassy, has been indefatigable and most successful in his method of treatment. Strange to say women and young people are more frequently attacked than others. The higher classes are by no means exempted. How long our state of blockade will last it is difficult to say; as yet it has had no very extensive effect on the prices of provisions. A completely free communication is not to be thought of, as long as the absurd infatuation continues to prevail, that the cholera is to be kept away by quarantine. Not one physician, clergyman, or other persons in regular attendance on the sick, has been attacked and yet the dread of contact continues undiminished but if one of these people were to be involved in the fate of so many hundreds of their fellow-citizens, the contagious nature of the malady would at once be looked on as a settled point.—*Allgemeine Zeitung.*

THE RUSSIAN ARMED STEAM SHIP.—Yesterday the new Russian steam vessel the Colchis was cleared out of the City Canal at Blackwall, preparatory to her taking leave to-day of the country in which she was built. This fine ship was built in the yard of Messrs. Fearnall and Fletcher for the Russian government, and is intended as an armed steamer to sail on the Black Sea, and she will be fitted up with three guns of large calibre, besides swivels and small arms. The Colchis is a very handsome craft, with a round stern, in length one hundred and fifty-six feet over all, one hundred and fifty-six from the fore part of the stem to the sternpost. The breadth between the paddles 24 feet; breadth of paddles 20. She is 455 tons builders' admeasurement, and is to be fitted up with two engines of sixty horse power each, with machinery made by the Butterly Company at Blackwall, being the same power that is applied to the Gravesend packets the Star and Mercury.—*London Paper.*

ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.—Lieut. F. Hughes, of the 7th Light Cavalry, had a narrow escape from a tiger on the 23d of March, between the stations of Jubblepore and Kamptee. He was in the act of stooping to get a flower from the jungle, about two hundred yards from the roadside, when he heard a rustling noise behind him. He immediately turned his head to see what it was, when he beheld a huge tiger within a few yards of him. In the fright and hurry of the moment, when endeavouring to rise, he trod on the skirts of his dressing gown and fell backwards. He was at the moment seized by the brute, which caught over the waistband of his trousers in its mouth. In this position the beast was dragging him, when he got his hand into his pocket and drew a small double-barrelled pistol, which he placed as direct for the animal's mouth as the position in which he lay would admit, fired, and in an instant was free; for the tiger made a tremendous spring forward, carrying with it the clothes which it grasped.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE.—A half-starved lad, in the dress of a chimney-sweeper, was brought before Mr. Chambers, charged with having been found sleeping about in the streets. The boy for some time had been seen by the police wandering about the streets by day and lying in doorways by night, and out of humanity he was taken to the station-house, in hopes of mending his condition by getting him sent to the workhouse or the prison.

Mr. Chambers—well, my poor lad, what can I do for you?

Boy—Nobody can't do nuffin. I aint got no friends, nor no-body wot cares a cus for me.

Mr. Chambers—Why don't you try to get work?

Boy—Cause it isn't of no use. I couldn't varn a farden if I worked till I busted, because I'm grown out on it.

Mr. Chambers—What do you mean?

Boy—Vy I'm too big for chimbly climbing, and I aint big enough for journeywork, so ven I hoffers my services to a master sweep he tells me I'm not worth a bunch of cat's meat in the line.

Mr. Chambers—I suspect there is something more against you than your size. You've low your character, and that's the reason why the trade won't employ you. Come now, hasn't you been detected in plundering the contractor, by stealing ashes out of dustholes?

Boy—Ve never considers a gemman has been guilty of "stealing" the stuff out of dustholes until he's been regular convicted, vich nobody can't prove as I never vos. I won't go for to say as I havn't done a summut in the dusting line, vich ve ony calls "slanging," but it vas a werry little.

Mr. Chambers.—I thought so. You can't get work because you've acted dishonestly. I do not know what to do for you, but certainly I cannot leave you to perish in the streets.

Boy—Chimbly vork werry different now to vot it vos at van time. Afore I vos 'bound there vorn't a better business in the whole vorld A'prentice in five years could save enough to buy his kit, sitch as a scraper, brush, and soot-bag, and so he could begin business for hisself, or may be if he was werry lucky he'd save tin enough to buy a donkey and cart to go in the garden-stuff perfession, and make his fortine at vonce; but now if ve sweeps frow top to bottom of a house nobody don't give no browns, and werry seldom even a drink of svipes.

Mr. Chambers asked the boy if he would like to go into the Refuge for the Destitute at Huxton, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative immediately wrote a letter to the governor of the establishment, and dispatched a policeman, accompanied by the boy, with the recommendation.

From the United Service Journal.

PETER PIVOT'S LETTERS FROM NEW BRUNSWICK TO HIS FRIENDS AT THE DEPOT.

No. V.

I have said that this letter should conclude my statistical details; and, in order to keep my promise, I must touch on the remaining branches of the subject very briefly.

The Provincial Government is modelled upon the British Constitution. The executive functions are vested in a Lieutenant-Governor, aided by a council of six members, appointed by the King. The Legislative Council is at present composed of fifteen members, nominated by the King, and chosen, as far as possible, so as to represent the different sections of the province. Of this body the Chief Justice is, *ex officio*, President.

The House of Assembly consists of thirty-two members, who pay themselves from the public funds at the rate of £1 currency a-day (exclusive of travelling expenses) during the period of the legislative session, which usually meets in January and closes in March. The income thus attached to popular representation operates very injuriously upon the composition of the third branch of the legislature, by bringing forward needy and unscrupulous candidates, who are prepared to go any length to gain a seat in it;—men who recommend themselves to their constituents by getting up grievances, and railing at abuses which do not exist, and by advocating measures, under the specious title of reform, which are slowly sapping the foundations of British rule in North America. From a small majority of this body have emanated the usual train of remonstrances, resolutions, and delegations, by which agitation works on this side of the Atlantic. They claim the disposal of all the crown-lands in the province—lands purchased by British treasure and by British blood.—and they promise in return to dole out salaries to the officers of government upon a scale corresponding with their republican ideas of cheap government.

But it would be both tedious and unprofitable to enlarge upon the measures, pretentions, and views of this party. In many respects it may be feared that they have already been but too successful in prosecuting their objects: but nothing short of an absolute control over the whole machinery of provincial administration, incompatible with the principles of our mixed constitution, will satisfy them. The assembly look far beyond the mere appropriation of his Majesty's casual and territorial revenues; settlement, emigration, and the staple trade of the country, must all be regulated by this omnipotent branch of the legislature; and there is no loyal or intelligent man in these provinces who does not with regret foresee that the preponderating weight which the Houses of Assembly are rapidly attaining in the local legislatures, must speedily lead to a total change in that form of government, which has always been considered as the best and firmest bond of union between Great Britain and her Transatlantic colonies.

The provincial revenue is raised almost exclusively by duties on imported goods: direct taxation —with the exception of moderate poor-rates and statute-labour on the roads—is unknown; and it may with truth be affirmed, that no people in the world are subjected to fewer public burdens than those of British North America. In addition to the ordinary revenues of the province, there are his Majesty's casual and territorial revenues arising from timber licences, the sale of lands, the commutation of first rents, and other minor sources: these revenues which, under the management and controul of the Crown, were so usefully employed in the payment of the civil list, and in promoting the settlement of the country, have lately been ceded to the House of Assembly, and it remains to be seen how far this last great concession to the demands of that body will silence their complaints, and advance the prosperity and happiness of their constituents. The gross amount of revenue at present collected from all sources does not fall far short of £100,000 currency per annum.

The Supreme Court of Judicature, composed of a Chief Justice and three Puisne Judges, meets at Fredericton four times a year: but, to the honour of the people, crimes of an aggravated character are of so extremely rare occurrence, that in no other court, perhaps, are the Judges so seldom called upon to perform the more painful duties of their office. In a country thinly settled, where labour is in great demand, wages high, land cheap, and provisions plentiful and moderate in price, there is little temptation to the commission of those offences against property which occur so frequently in larger cities and more densely peopled countries, even if the people were not—as they undoubtedly are—restrained from crime by the higher and nobler principles of religion and morality. But here my praise on this head must end; for in no region of the earth does litigation form a more prominent concern of life: no where are lawyers more numerous, or the peaceful man less secure from the toils and meshes of the law. For this, various reasons may be assigned,—such as the conflicting claims and questions arising out of imperfectly defined boundaries; encroachments of the lumbering parties on private property, or on the Crown reserves; with the seizures and confiscations consequent upon a ruinous and artificial system of trade and credit, under which the unwary and imprudent settler is often tempted to embark largely in the lumber business, and to involve himself in difficulties, which, sooner or later must bring his goods and chattels to the hammer; add to these the law of escheats, faulty and disputed title-deeds, and the course of litigation is complete.

The commercial prosperity of New Brunswick is wholly dependent on the timber trade, and on the continuance of those protective duties under which it has attained its present flourishing condition: the capital invested in saw-mills and other branches of the trade is very large, and the transit of this staple product of the country gives employment to 300,000 tons of British shipping, of which about 80,000 tons belong to the merchants and shipowners of the province. Ship building is also carried on extensively, and at St. John alone nine or ten large vessels, u-