Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

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

Weekly Almanack.

August		R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
27	Saturday,	5 25	6 35 9 17	2 31
28	Sunday,	5 26	6 34 9 50	3 17
29	Monday,	5 28	6 32 10 50	3 47
30	Tuesday,	5 29	6 31 11 33	4 47
31	Wednesday,	5 30	6 30 Morn	6 5
1	Thursday,	5 32	6 28 1 3	7 43
2	Friday,	5 33	6 27 2 22	9 11

Last Quarter, 27th, 10h. 9m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: L. H. Deveber, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: D. J. M'Laughlin, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Saving's Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Marine Assurance Company.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

☞ NOTICE.

THE subscribers having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the business heretofore carried on by L. H. Deveber will in future be conducted under the Firm of

L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

L. H. DEVEBER.
RICHARD SANDS DEVEBER.

St. John, 7th May, 1842.

Removal.

DAVID PATERSON has removed his *Boot & Shoe* Establishment from Prince Wm. street, to the Brick Building lately erected by John Johnston, Esq., west side of Dock street, three doors from the Market square. *May 6.*

Removal.

THE subscribers have removed their place of business from *Water street*, to the new Fire proof store, lately erected by them at the foot of *Union street*, on the property belonging to R. W. Crookshank, Esq.

SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

April 29, 1842.

CROOKSHANK & WALKER have removed their Counting House to the same building.

April 29.

St. Andrews & Fredericton.

L. COPELAND begs to inform the Public that he is now under contract to convey H. M. Mail's between St. Andrews and Fredericton, and will convey passengers on said route with the utmost expedition. The Stage will leave the former place immediately after the arrival of the American mail on Wednesday's, and Fredericton on Friday's.—Fare 30s.

EXTRA conveyances furnished at all times, on application at the Hotel.

St. Andrews, April 29, 1842.

For Sale,

AT THE PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,

A POWERFUL Low Pressure STEAM ENGINE, nearly finished, applicable either for Land or Marine purposes, to be had on reasonable terms, on early application to

THOMAS BARLOW & CO.

On Hand—A variety of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Ploughs, and Ship Castings. Mill, Ship, and Engine Work, with every description of Machinery made to order.

☞ Warehouse on the Mill Bridge, corner of Pond street. *Jan. 21.*

Steamer Nova-Scotia.

Arrangement for 1842.

HAS now commenced plying in the Bay of Fundy, as follows:—*Monday*—Leaving Saint John for Eastport, Saint Andrews, and Saint Stephen, at 7 a. m., and returning on Tuesday.—*Wednesday*—For Digby and Annapolis at 7 a. m., and returning on Thursday.

Will leave Saint John every *Thursday* evening for WINDSOR, two hours before high water, until further notice.

For further information please apply to the master on board, or at the Counting Room of

E. BARLOW & SONS.

St. John, April 22. *Dock street.*

Post Office,

St. John, 9th July, 1842.

THE Mails for St. Andrews, St. George, St. Stephen and the United States, will in future be made up on *Mondays, Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—The return Mails will be received on *Tuesdays, Thursdays*, and *Saturdays*, at 4, P. M.

J. HOWE, Jr. P. M.

Miscellany.

From Lady Blessington's new work of "The Lottery of Life."

THE GAMESTERS.

A FRENCH STORY.

Madame de Tournaville was left a widow at an early age, with an only child, a daughter of ten years old, whose beauty and docility were as remarkable as a certain nervous temperament, that gave to her a shyness and timidity which checked the playful gayety of childhood, and rendered her susceptible of fear on the slightest occasions.

The long illness of her husband, and the anxiety it entailed, followed by her deep grief at his death had so impaired the naturally delicate health of Madame de Tournaville, that in a few months she followed him to the tomb; leaving her daughter, with a large fortune, to the guardianship of a relation, the Counte de Breteul, who had been for many years the intimate friend of Monsieur de Tournaville, and the adviser of his widow during the last few months that she survived him.

The Comte de Breteul was a widower with a son and daughter, both senior to Matilde de Tournaville by six or seven years. The young De Breteul was in the army, where he had already distinguished himself, and Louise his sister, had already returned from the *pension* where she had been educated, to preside over the establishment in the paternal mansion. Louise de Breteul was beautiful, gentle, amiable, and accomplished, with a steadiness, and decorum remarkable for her years, and with manners whose suavity never failed to conciliate the good opinion of those who had opportunities of knowing her. She soon acquired the devoted affection of the youthful Matilde, and repaid it with sisterly attachment, and an unceasing care bestowed on her education. The Count de Breteul's exterior was more *distingue* than attractive; for although he possessed *Pair noble* in an eminent degree, his countenance was forbidding, and in spite of the polished elegance of his manners, repelled confidence and familiarity.

He occupied a fine hotel in the Rue de Varennes, Faubourg-Saint Germains, and lived in a style suitable to the large fortune he inherited from his ancestors. It was with pleasure that Louise superintended the studies of her interesting *protegee*, and with pride that she marked her progress in them. Matilde had a great facility in acquiring all that was taught her, and an affectionate and grateful manner of evincing her sense of the kindness and zeal of her instructors, that increased their exertions in the pleasing task. Her beauty which had been remarkable from her infancy, developed itself with increased charms as she advanced towards womanhood; but the timidity of her character, instead of diminishing, appeared unhappily to become more fixed. The gazelle was not more shy than Matilde, nor more graceful, for her timidity had nothing of *gaucherie* in it. Those who could have seen her chasing the butterfly in the garden among the flowers scarcely more blooming than herself, or standing on the point of her delicate feet trying to peep into a bird's nest, while she held back the branches of shrub that concealed it, would have allowed that she looked like some fabled wood-nymph, whose element was showers and sunshine. A strange voice or step never failed to alarm her, and send her flying like a startled dove, to the side of Louise, whose presence always re-assured her.

Louise de Breteul had refused several unexceptionable offers of marriage, being determined not to leave her father, and above all her young *eleve*, until tempted by some offer in which her heart was more interested than in those she had already received. As yet she had seen nothing of the world, and Louise who preferred the calm enjoyment of the domestic circle to the gayeties that courted her abroad, had partaken but rarely of them. The hours had cheerfully and happily by, occupied in reading, drawing, music, and embroidery. It was a pleasing sight to behold these two young and lovely girls engaged in their daily avocations: Matilde seated by the side of her friend, would read aloud to her; while Louise, at the end of each page, commented on the passages, or in turn read to Matilde, while she exercised her pencil, and the freshly plucked roses in the vase, which she loved to copy, wore not a brighter hue than graced her cheek, when Louise commended the fidelity with which she had transferred them to paper.

They would wander for hours through the umbrageous shades of the vast garden belonging to the hotel, watching the growth of the beautiful flowers and plants with which it abounded, and admiring the rare birds in the aviary, which they were accustomed to feed, and which sent forth joyful notes when they approached.

About this period, Gustave de Breteul arrived at Paris to visit his family, and was accompanied by a brother officer, the young Vicomte de Villeneuve, whose presence soon seemed as gratifying to Louise as it was disagreeable to her father. He would observe the movements of his son's friend with an anxious eye, and if he conversed with, or seemed to show any attention, towards Matilde, he became evidently discomposed, and almost stern towards the Vicomte de Villeneuve. The coldness of the reception given him by the Comte de Breteul, prevented not the frequent visits of that young gentleman to the Hotel de Breteul, and it soon became visible that he was more attracted there by the smiles of the fair sister of his friend, than even by the friend himself, warm and sincere as was his attachment to him. A mutual sentiment of the most tender nature had taken place between the Vicomte and Louise, which was soon revealed to the delighted Gustave, who loved his sister and his friend, better than aught else on earth, save a certain *demoiselle*, the only sister of that friend, to whom he had plighted his faith; having, during the last year, conceived for her a passion as sincere as it was reciprocal. In fact, his present visit was made expressly with the intention to solicit his father's consent to their union, and his friend had accompanied him to give all the necessary information relative to the fortune and prospects of his sister. The attachment which the Vicomte de Villeneuve had formed for Louise, seemed to complete the anticipations of happiness that Gustave nourished in his breast; and he looked forward with feelings of delight to the double alliance of the two families. Gustave was about to solicit an interview with his father, to lay open the state of his heart, when the Comte de Breteul required his presence in the library.

'I have sent for you, my son,' said he, 'to talk over future plans, in which you are deeply interested, and I flatter myself, that in fulfilling them, you will find that I have not been unmindful of your happiness. For a long period I have decided on bestowing on you the hand of my fair and amiable ward, Matilde de Tournaville. Her person, all must admit to be lovely: her accomplishments, gentleness and good sense, no one can doubt: and her fortune leaves nothing to be desired by the most prudent father. But how is this? You seem far from feeling the delight I had anticipated; you have not, you cannot have, a single objection against Matilde.'

'Far from it, my father,' replied Gustave; 'no one can be more ready to acknowledge the charms and good qualities of Mademoiselle de Tournaville than myself; but my affections are bestowed on another, and when you summoned me to your presence, I was on the point of demanding an audience to declare to you the state of my heart—I love, and am beloved by the sister of my friend; and only wait for your sanction to ratify the vows we have interchanged.'

'Do I hear right?' asked the angry father, while disappointment and rage strove for mastery in his agitated breast. 'Is it thus that you would dash to the ground the hopes which I have so long indulged? But no! you cannot be so ungrateful, so selfish—you will, now that you know my wishes, abandon this silly project, and give your hand to Matilde.'

'Never! my father,' said Gustave, firmly but respectfully: 'my vows are pledged to Elise de Villeneuve; her fortune—though to it I have not given a thought—is equal to that of Matilde: her family is more noble, and therefore no reason can exist for declining a marriage on which all my hopes of happiness depend.'

'Are my feelings, then,' said the father, 'to be counted for nothing? And how long is it since French fathers have ceased to exercise the right of disposing of the hands of their children? In England, where sons are so negligently educated that the heir of every noble house thinks he has a right to select a wife for himself, such infractions of duty may possibly occur; but in France, we are not yet arrived at this degree of licence; and I declare to you, that I never will consent to your marriage with any one but Matilde.'

So saying, he quitted the room, leaving Gustave perfectly confounded by this first display of harsh parental authority, but fully resolved to resist it. He determined on writing a letter of remonstrance to his father; and unwilling to acquaint his friend with the unfavourable result of the interview, lest he should feel offended at the unaccountable objection of the Comte to the proposed union, he decided on leaving Paris for a couple of days, both to afford time to his father to reflect coolly on his letter, and give it a definitive answer, and to avoid meeting De Villeneuve, until he had received it. Writing, therefore, a brief note to his friend, to apologize for his absence, he departed from Paris, a prey to gloomy thoughts, which formed a painful contrast with the joyful anticipations in which he had indulged only a few hours before.

Ignorant of the state of irritation into which his son's declaration had plunged the Comte de Breteul, De Villeneuve, with the permission of Louise, had sought him, and demanded her hand. An angry refusal, and an angry intimation that his future visits would be dispensed with in the Rue de Varennes, was the answer that awaited the disappointed and astonished lover, who left the library, the scene of his audience, with nearly equal sentiments of dislike towards the father, as of passionate tenderness for the daughter. Previously to quitting the house, he sought his beloved Louise, and in a few words related to her the cruel disappointment he had encountered. He urged her to be firm, and should her father speak to her on the subject, he implored her to avow with candor their attachment, and the conviction of its stability.

How had a few hours changed the happy prospects of the lovers! They were confounded by the unexpected turn affairs had taken: for so unexceptible was the fortune and position of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, that a doubt of his proposals being listened to with pleasure by the Comte de Breteul, had never occurred to them. Louise felt this disappointment of the heart, with perhaps more severity, that it was the first she had known. Her feelings had not been deprived of their virgin purity by a succession of youthful fancies, each chasing away the recollection of the former; an evil which too often effects youthful minds, whose facility to receive impressions is in general greater than their power to retain them. Her attachment to De Villeneuve was her first lesson of love, she felt it to be indelible, and was overpowered with anguish at finding the obstacles that impeded her happiness. She waited with impatience the return of her brother,—he who alone could sympathize with her, could counsel, or intercede for her. The feelings of this gentle and high minded girl, which had hitherto preserved their even tenor, like some gliding stream flowing smoothly along, and reflecting only the fairest images on its glassy surface, were now like the mountain torrent, swollen by rains, and rocked by the tempest.

When Matilde, unconscious of passing events, approached her loved guide and protectress to pursue the appointed studies of the day, it was only by a violent effort that Louise could assume an appearance of calmness. The force of her emotions struck her with alarm; and as Matilde displayed her drawings, or played some favorite air, to which she had endeavored to give more than usual expression, in order to win the commendation of her friend, Louise shrank abashed from the innocent and happy girl, self reproved by the thought, that while she thus abandoned herself to the engrossing emotions that filled her heart, she was unhallowed for the part of monitress to one whose purity had never been sullied by passion.

Two gloomy days had tediously drawn to a conclusion, when Gustave returned, and the unhappy Louise poured into his sympathizing ear the disappointment with which her hopes had been crushed. He found a long letter from De Villeneuve, written under all the excitement of feelings which the interview with the Comte de Breteul was calculated to produce; and urging Gustave not only to give him a speedy meeting, but immediately to arrange for him an interview with Louise in his presence; declaring that to endure existence any longer without seeing her he felt to be impossible. He implored Gustave by the love he bore to Elise, by their long friendship, and by his affection for Louise, to grant this request. He proposed that they should meet in the garden of the Hotel de Breteul, which could be arranged by their admitting him by the private door that opened into the Rue de Babylon. Gustave consented to this plan, and while they are concerting measures to carry it into effect, we must take a retrospective view of the circumstances that had led the Comte de Breteul to offer such an unaccountable opposition to the happiness of his children.

In early youth he had made a love-match, and during his wedded life had possessed a happiness that rarely accompanies marriages in the formation of which passion has had more influence than reason. The Countess de Breteul, on her death bed, to which in a few fleeting hours a violent malady had conducted her, with the short-sighted selfishness of an ill-regulated affection, had extorted from her agonized husband a solemn promise that he would never give her a successor in his heart, or place over his children an alien mother. This request, framed by love, led to the most fatal results, and drove from the pale of domestic bliss, a man who might have dispensed and partaken that blessing. The first violent grief of the bereaved husband having subsided into the stagnant calm of morbid melancholy he sought in vain to find relief in his former avocations. Books failed to give him their wonted solace, because every page of his favorite authors teemed with passages marked by the pencil of her he sought to forget; and the sympathy of their tastes, brought thus before him, renewed the overwhelming grief her loss had occasioned. His home and now become unbearable to him, for it was fraught with images of the past. Her vacant chair opposite to his own; the vacant chair on which her delicate feet used to repose; the vase, now empty, in which the flowers she loved were wont to adorn her table; the unfinished sketches from her pencil, still resting on the easel; and her harp standing where she had last awakened its tones, all—all spoke to him of the happy past, and rendered the present insupportable. It was to fly from this state of gloomy grief that he sought forgetfulness in play; that fearful remedy which, like the poisons introduced in medicine, is so much more destructive than the malady it may banish. The excitement at first produced was such a relief to his harassed feelings, that he had recourse to it as the victim of acute pain flies to opiates, when suffering his conquered fortitude, and forgetfulness for a few brief hours to all he hopes to obtain. The fatal habit of play grew on him,—nay soon became the engrossing passion of his life, until fortune, fame and peace, all were sacrificed to its destructive indulgence. His large funded property, touched by the burning finger of the reckless gamester, had melted like snow before the sun; and when Madame de Tournaville placed in his power the ample fortune of her orphan daughter, he stood on the verge of ruin, into which, without this timely aid, in a few months he must have inevitably been plunged. The gradations of vice are only imperceptible in the wretched dupe who passes through them. A few months before, and the Comte de Breteul would have spurned the idea, that he could be even suspected of risking the property of his own children, a property which he considered as a sacred deposit confided to his care; but now he blushed not to risk that of his youthful ward, and saw thousands after thousands of it disappear in the same fatal gulf which had swallowed up his own.

The Comte de Breteul had not lost the vast sums that had led to his ruin without having made acquaintances as disreputable to his fame, as the pursuit by which he formed them was destructive to his fortune. Men of all countries, as ruined in reputation as in purse, had now become his associates; sums of money lost to them, which he had not always the means instantly to pay, had placed him in their disgraceful dependence, and they no longer felt under their former restraint in his presence. The Comte de Breteul, a naturally proud man, had not reached this humiliating state of degradation without frequent self reproach, and sickening feelings of disgust; but the hope, the deceptive hope of regaining his losses, that hope which lures the gamester to destruction, still led him on. He had been living on credit for some months, and retained but a few thousand francs of the once large fortune of Matilde de Tournaville in his possession, when by the death of a relation, a large sum of money was bequeathed to her, which was to descend to him and his children in case of her dying childless. This had occurred only a few days before the arrival of Gustave de Breteul at Paris, and the guilty and ruined father determined on forming a marriage between Matilda and his son, which would give him the power of appropriating at least a portion of this money to his own pressing exigencies, and prevent the discovery of his dishonest waste of his paternal fortune, as he knew that both Matilda and Gustave would leave the whole of their pecuniary affairs to his management.

With this plan in view, the only one which offered a chance of concealing his dishonourable conduct and its ruinous results, it may be easily imagined with what dread he watched the looks of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, trembling lest any attachment should be formed between him and Matilda, and with what anger he discovered his son's engagement a Mademoiselle de Villeneuve, which offered a bar to the completion of his plan. The marriages of his children in the family of De Villeneuve could not take place without the state of his fortune being made known; and once known would they, could they be permitted by any prudent parents? Who would consent to receive the portionless son and daughter of a ruined, dishonest gamester? No, his his gene and high minded Louise, and his honorable an impetuous Gustave, would be spurned by the parents of De Villeneuve, and *he*—*he* would be the cause of all this. There was agony, there was bitterness in the thought, and the reproaches which his too-lely awakened conscience whispered almost avenged the crime that excited them. The unhappy man still loved his children fondly, truly loved them; and perhaps the cruel injustice he had committed in reducing them to poverty, added poignancy to this affection; for remorse and pity were added this paternal feelings.

This affection for his offspring, which, had he been unstained with the vice that had caused his ruin, and have been a source of the purest happiness to him, was now the instrument of heaviest punishment; for the pangs of disappointed hope which I had inflicted on them, in opposing their love, rebled on his own heart, making him feel that he had brought misery on those whose felicity he might yet insure.

He was writhing under repentance for the past, and fear for the future, when le Chevalier Roussel was announced, and his presence added poignancy to the bitter feelings to which the Compte de Breteul was prey.

Roussel was a *chevalier d'industrie*, who, though far freshing *sans reproche*, was *sans peur*, and who had attained a proficiency in the science he professed never acquired but at the price of infamy. Luckily for society that it is so, the exposure which ultimely awaits such characters, limits the power of plundering that their knowledge of the art might otherwise afford them. Gamesters, like alchymists, pass their lives in endeavouring to acquire gold, but never arrive at the end to which all else is sacrificed; and exiled by alluring and magnificent dreams of never ending riches, both close their days in equal disappointment and poverty.

Le Chevalier Roussel was a man so hardened in crime that he had become almost reckless of its consequences. Never did temptation to commit any enormity, however heinous, present itself to him, but moral turpitude and desperate fortunes prompted him to yield a ready assent; invariably consoling himself with the sophistical reasoning which had already led him into so much guilt, that a crime more or less in the long catalogue of his, was of no importance. He had passed the Rubicon of sin, and felt there is no returning; and this desperate consciousness of his irremediable ignominy prompted him to tai i fiend like pleasure in luring others to pursue similar course. He now came as an important visitor to the Comte de Breteul, determined to exact payment *comte qui coute*. The haughtiness it ill-disguised contempt for Roussel and his associa, which that unhappy man could not always conceal, had engendered a feeling of hatred in the breast of the chevalier, which induced him to vow o the would humble the proud spirit of his aropredebtor, by plunging him into *crimes* that would place him to a level with himself. Hitherto De Breul was unstained by any other delinquency than appropriation of the fortune of his ward, and twice which led to it. He was ignorant of the step which he had been plundered, and had only pinced the *first* step in the career of a gamester, had being the dupe, but had not yet arrived at the being the defrauder, which, according to sometters, is the second and unevitable stage.

In yielding to the crime of robbing his ward, he had disguised the enormity of the action to his paralyzed feelings of rectitude, by the sophistry of a vitiated parental tenderness, which whispered that the course he had adopted was the *only means* of rescuing his children from poverty and shame. The conversion of all the affections intended as sources of of happiness, into the acutest torments the guilty can experience, is but one of the fatal and certain consequences of crime. The love which the unfortunate man bore his offspring, now became the avenger of his vices; he shrank reproved before their untarnished integrity of mind, and received the proofs of attachment and respect they showered on him, with shuddering consciousness, that if they knew his guilt they would turn from him with shame and loathing.

Roussel found him almost maddened by the various and conflicting emotions which assailed him, and his presence and its cause served but to increase his excitement.

'Why, why have you come to my house?' demanded the comte. 'Have I not forbidden you to appear here? You might have written to me, or trusted to our meeting at the usual place: but *here* where my children and my ward reside, this is no fit place for *you*—that is, for us to meet:' added the alarmed man, correcting the first observation, as the recollection of the power which his creditor possessed, flashed on his mind.

'I must say that your reception is not very gracious,' replied Roussel; 'but I forgive it because I see you are agitated—I come for the money you owe me; I have forborne to press you for some days: but my wants are so urgent, that I can wait no longer.'

It was in vain that the Comte de Breteul pleaded for time, even for a few days, to enable him to comply with this arrogant and hostile demand: Roussel was inflexible.

'I know all the intricacies of your situation,' said the wily gamester, 'you are ruined, irrecoverably ruined; you have not only spent your own fortune and that of your children but you have robbed your ward, nay, start not,' seeing that De Breteul was angered,' for he who hesitated not to commit the action has no right to take offence at the name. In a short time, the course you have pursued *must* be notorious, and what will then be your position? Branded by a crime that adds disgrace to the poverty you have drawn on your children, how could you again meet them? But one way remains to save them from penury, and you from infamy.'

'Name it, name it!' cried the agonized father (forgetting in his anxiety for his children, the indignation which the insolent familiarity of Roussel's observations had excited) 'and if my heart's blood be the price, willingly, oh! most willingly shall it be paid.'

'You speak idly,' said the unfeeling Roussel; 'of what advantage could your death be to your children? You can leave them no inheritance, but—shame! for, were you by suicide to evade the exposure that awaits you, your children must still bear the disgrace of your crime, which cannot be concealed. No, your death of—another, would save you and *them*.'

'What! would you make me an assassin, base and wicked as you are?' asked De Breteul, while his cheek became blanched, and his lips trembled with emotion.

'You suffer your imagination to get the better of your reason, and of your good manners too,' said Roussel, with a malignant scowl: 'I am neither so base nor so wicked as yourself: for I have plundered no orphan confided to me by a doting parent. Yes, yes, you may look as fierce as you please, yet you dare not deny the degrading accusation. You have violated the most sacred trust that man can repose in man; you have committed an act of dishonor that admits neither of extenuation nor atonement; and as a traitor to the dead, and a despoiler to the living, I denounce you! But come, it is useless for us to quarrel, our disunion will do more mischief than good perhaps to both of us; so let us remain friends,' he added with an ironical smile, 'for you's is not a position in which you can make an enemy with impunity.

[To be Continued.]

CONSUMPTION.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was given at the Portico on Wednesday last, by Mr. Cronin, surgeon to the Dispensary for Diseases of the Lungs, in this town. The room was crowded by a respectable and attentive audience, who frequently indulged their approval of the lecturer's remarks. In the course of his introduction Mr. Cronin observed that 55,000 perish annually in Great Britain alone from this disease, and that it was on the increase among the middle and higher classes of society. Differing from the profession generally as to the cause of consumption, he would first notice the situation, structure, and use of the pulmonary apparatus, and the bony structure which surrounds it. He would then notice the general opinion entertained by the members of the profession as to its cause; and after noticing many of the remedies recommended, would lastly state his views. In the two first branches of his subject Mr. Cronin showed considerable talent and research, explaining the first part by diagrams which were exhibited on the stage, and in the second, mentioned various writers on the disease; after which he gave a brief review of the remedies recommended at different times, and lastly, stated his own views. He considered consumption arose from debility, which instead of being an attendant on, was, in fact, the sole cause of consumption; that this debility may be caused by the sudden changes of atmosphere, insufficient clothing, want of diet, want of cleanliness, and irritation of the nervous system; that consumption was a disease of the general system, and not confined to the lungs, in the first instance; that the cause of the diseases of the lungs did not arise from the deposit of certain matter that produced tubercle, but from unnatural pressure of the surrounding parts, brought on by general and extensive debility; that debility produced disorganization of the muscular system, in consequence of which the bony case which surrounds the lungs press on them; that this pressure produced congestion, inflammation followed, and ulceration of the glandular structure of the lungs was the consequence. Mr. Cronin noticed that consumption was a frequent attendant on tight lacing, which he strongly deprecated, and remarked, it was immaterial what part of the body was pressed on, the effect would be similar, and added the following case confirmatory of his views:—

"A fireman in Paris was struck down, and the front part of his chest driven in by a heavy machine which fell on him; he lay apparently dead, and was on the point of being removed as such, when Dupuytren, (the celebrated French surgeon,) who was passing by, ascertained that the cause of his condition was the pressure exerted by the depressed bones on the contents of the chest. He raised them by pressing on either side, when the man sighed deeply and soon evinced marked signs of life. He finally recovered."

Mr. Cronin proceeded to notice his treatment. Acting on the principle that pressure alone produced the disease, he placed in a glass a small quantity of spirit mixed with essential oil of camphor. Having ignited the spirit, he placed the glass to the patient's stomach, the effect of which was, that the flesh occupied the place of the exhausted air and drew the abdominal muscles forwards, then the glass was drawn gently downwards, in consequence of which the breast bone being elevated, the air rushed freely into the lungs, affording immediate relief. The applause which followed this announcement was frequently renewed, as several persons cured by Mr. Cronin presented themselves on the platform, and expressed in warm terms, their thanks for the benefit they experienced from the treatment adopted.—*Liverpool Courier.*

'THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm twenty-eight,
And still a spinster doomed to languish;
How long, ye gentles, must I wait,
A prey to mockery and anguish?
Susan has captured Mr. Warde,
The county man with many an acre;
And Anne, *more* lucky, caught a lord,
While I, alas! am still "Miss Dacre."

Sophia, with her downcast eyes
And cottage-bonnet, won the rector;
And Charlotte's jams, and cakes and pies,
Bewitched that epicure Sir Hector.
The surgeon, too, with heart of flint,
Resisted all my soft advances;
And though I scraped him heaps of lint,
He fixed upon my sister Frances.

The rich old Nabob, General Brown,
For whom I read the Indian papers,
And brought the latest news from town,
And knitted comforters and gaiters;
For whom I got the best cayenne,
The newest sauces, hottest curries,
Ungrateful, like all other men,
Married his housemaid, Mary Murray.

My uncle's crony, Admiral Twiet,
With wooden leg and "yarns" eternal,
A sort of patent Navy List,
Or "new self-acting Service Journal;"
With prints of Howe upon the walls,
And bust of Nelson on the tables,
Frigates and cutters in the halls,
And Union Jacks on all the gables—

For him I used to sing and play
The "Hearts of Oak" and "British Tar,"
And often sat day after day,
To hear him talk of Trafalgar.
But ah! with glory covered o'er,
He perished at the siege of Acre,
His wooden leg to me they bore
"My *legacy* to Mary Dacre."

I wore my dark hair hanging down
In wavy rings—a coarse straw bonnet,
A wreath of flowers: white morning gown,
And wandered forth with Petrarch's sonnets.
But though for many and many a day
I roved by forest and by fountain,
Somehow I never found the way
That leads to Hymen's rose-crowned mountain

I sketch, and fish, and boat, and skate,
And go to country balls and races,
I gather bits of lime and slate,
And range them in their proper places;
I fire at targets till I'm sick,
But all my trouble never answers,
They've no more feeling than a stick,
Those horrid, dashing, cruel Lancers.

I rave of "Old Imperial Rome,"
"The Adriatic's moonlit waters,"
"The Capitol," "St. Peter's dome,"
Of "Venice and her dark-eyed daughters;"
Read Virgil with my cousin Phil,
Try chess and Euclid with the tutor:
But all in vain, do what I will,
Love never sends a single suitor.

I botanise or field and hill
When cousin Henslow comes from college,
And though it often makes me ill,
What's that, when in pursuit of knowledge?
I go out riding with the squire,
And gallop over many an acre,
Leap five-barred gates and never tire,
And yet—and yet—I'm MARY DACRE.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—The Austrian government has recently published the following notification upon the employment of a remedy in cases of hydrophobia:—Whenever a person has been bitten by a dog, the under surface of the tongue is examined, and the sublingual veins are generally found to be considerably swollen. They are opened and the blood is allowed to flow until it stops itself. The patient is then ordered to take twenty-five grains of gentiana crociata. This is the strongest dose, but it should be varied according to the age and constitution of the patient and the intensity of the disease. It should be cut up in small pieces and pounded in a mortar with water until a clear solution is obtained. It should be taken during nine days consecutively, before breakfast in the morning. At the same time the bite should be treated in the following manner:—If the patient has only been recently bitten, the wound should be washed with spirits of rosemary, and then dressed with a plaster composed of two portions of flour of rye, and one portion of the wood of the Juniper tree, finely pulverised with a sufficient quantity of brandy to bring it to the consistence of a thick paste. If the wounds be deep and dangerous, then equal portions of the two first substances may be taken. If the hydrophobia has assumed a violent aspect, the patient must be encased in a straight waistcoat in order to prevent him from doing mischief either to himself or others. The above remedies must be applied, taking 30 grains of the root of gentiana crociata, instead twenty five grains. It will occasionally be found necessary to resort to force to induce the patient to swallow the medicine. At the expiration of three hours the dose must be repeated. Should the patient not come to his senses after the second dose, an entire root must be placed in his mouth with the utmost precaution. The patient will chew it with avidity, and if he swallows the remainder of it, it may be looked on as a favourable symptom. The veins should not be opened unless the patients are tranquil, or have partially or entirely recovered their senses. As soon as the blood has ceased to flow, some broth should be given to the patient, who will then fall into a deep sleep, in which state he will remain for eight or ten hours. During this sleep a glutinous mucus will collect in the mouth, which it is very essential should be removed.

Reasonable Enough.—An American editor says:—"We don't mind recording the deaths of people without being paid for our trouble, though that is not fair; but panegyrics on the dead must be paid for—we positively cannot send people to Heaven for nothing."

Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone ensure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion.

Virtue is both a title and an estate; a title the most exalted because it is God who confers it; an estate the most rich, because it endures forever.—Envy may not derogate the title, because it is written in the book of Heaven; and fraud cannot diminish the estate because no sin can reach it.