St. John Daily Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVII. Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, December 10, 1852. Number 14.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:

12s. 6d. in Advance:—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
J. W. LAWRENCE, ZEBEDEE RING, } *Directors.*
S. L. TILLEY, S. K. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel—Post Office Building,
State street, BOSTON,

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. STUCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co
Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

Auction and Commission Card.

THE Subscriber having extensive acquaintance through the Province, has concluded to devote his attention particularly to the business of COMMISSION MERCHANT & AUCTIONEER.

Being thoroughly acquainted with the several departments of trade in this City and Province, as regards imports and exports, and having by the experience of a number of years acquired a distinct knowledge of the value of all commodities, both real and personal, he trusts he can with confidence recommend his abilities to the community, as competent to do justice to the sale of any property which his friends may place in his hands.

JAMES ADAM,
Oct. 1 Office in Water-street.

1852.
Spring Style of HATS.
C. D. EVERETT & SON

HAVE just received, per *Cuba* from Boston, their *Spring Style* of HAT BLOCKS, and are prepared to furnish Gentlemen with *Fashionable HATS* of various qualities.

Our best Hats, which are equal to the best manufactured in the United States or elsewhere, are only 20s. each; other qualities proportionally low.

HATS and CAPS of all kinds constantly on hand. ☞ *Call and see the New Style.*

C. D. EVERETT & SON,
East side Market Square and North side King-Street.
March 12.

JOHN BARRY.
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King-Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate, viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c.&c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

☞ All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.
June 4.

GRANITE HALL,
No. 1, DOCK-STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CLEARING OUT FOR THE FALL TRADE.
"Clothing at a Discount!"

THE whole Summer Stock selling at 20 per cent. less than even the usual low prices of this far famed Cheap Clothing Establishment, to make room for an immense stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Now on the way, and shortly expected to arrive.

Purchasers will do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere.
Sept. 33. THOS. R. JONES.

HENRY P. SANCTON,
Soap and Candle Manufacturer,
ORANGE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

HAS constantly on hand, SOAP and CANDLES which he can recommend to his friends and the public in general—such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to the consumer and dealer—and trusts by attending to his business, to receive an amount of patronage which it will be his effort to deserve and extend.

☞ Those who are in want are invited to call and see for themselves. We confidently assert that there are no better manufactured in the City.—The smallest favor thankfully received.

☞ *MIND!! Orange-Street—near the Centenary Chapel.* July 2.—3m

WM. WESTLOTORN,

HAS Removed his place of business to Dock street opposite the Store of Mr. Emerson, where he will be ready at all times to execute orders in his line.

☞ Journeymen and an Apprentice wanted.

TURPENTINE & OLIVE OIL.—10 Casks of TURPENTINE, 5 Cases of OLIVE OIL,
August 6. S. L. TILLEY.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling,

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (from premiums) of £51,000

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS, ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson st.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN.
Edward Allison, Esq. W. [illegible] Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner.—Wm. Bayard, Esq., M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus in the Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

CALIFORNIA.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst: Theophilus Deblois, Esq.
Chatham: William Cutman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie: William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.
Moncton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.
St. Stephens: W. T. Rose, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager, St. John, N. B*

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
[*Established in* 1836]

Capital £2,000,000—in shares of Twenty Pounds.

THE Stockholders of this Company are responsible to the full extent of their property for the liabilities of the Company.

The undersigned hereby notifies the Public of New-Brunswick that the above-named Company have empowered him, by a full and ample Power of Attorney, to open an Office in the City of Saint John, for the Insurance of PROPERTY against loss or damage by FIRE, in any part of the Province, and to sign and issue Policies in the name of the Company; and that in virtue of the power vested in him by the said Power of Attorney, he has appointed Mr. ADAM JACK to act as Agent for the said Company, in the receiving of proposals for Insurance, and the inspection of premises proposed for Insurance, and all other the usual duties of an Agent; and to collect and receive the amount of premium on any policy issued by the undersigned in the name of the said Company, or for the renewal of the same.

The Deed of settlement, and the supplemental Deed of settlement, lies with Mr. Jack, at the Office of the *New Brunswick Marine Assurance Company*, also the pamphlets issued by the office at Liverpool, affording ample details of the mode of transacting business by the Company.

The rates of premium will be as low as any other respectable Company, and the undersigned trusts a fair portion of public patronage will be accorded to the Company.

Losses not exceeding £500 will be settled without referring to the head Office at Liverpool.

EDWARD ALLISON.
Dated at St. John, N. B., 4th August, 1851.

RAILROAD HOUSE,
SOUTH SIDE KING STREET—ST. JOHN

THE Subscriber, in accordance with the fashion of the day, deems it necessary to acquaint his friends and the Travelling Public, that he has Fitted Furnished, and Repaired his House, in a manner that defies rivalry, for the accommodation of PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

His Fare consists of the choicest delicacies of the season. Clean Beds, good attendance, and (Better yet) moderate charges, are the prominent features of his establishment.

Truly grateful to his former patrons, he solicits a continuance of public favour.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT IS A
LIVERY STABLE,

With Fashionable "Turn-Outs." And excellent accommodations for the Horses of Travellers and Country customers.
May 21. JAMES E. McDONALD.

WINE, BRANDY, &c.—Now landing ex *Sir Harry Smith* from London, *Henry Pocher* from Grangemouth, and *Oceanic* from Clyde—Our Spring supply of Choice Old WINES, &c. consisting of Port, Pale Golden and BROWN SHERRY, Madeira, Pale and Brown Cognac BRANDY, Hollands' GENEVA, London Brown Stout and PORTER, Scotch and East India PALE ALE, which with a well assorted Stock of choice Old WINE, &c., are offered for Sale by,

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
May, 7. WINE MERCHANTS.

CLEARING OUT SALE!

Glasgow House, King Street.

THE Subscribers will, during the present month, sell off, at a great reduction from former prices the balance of the Summer Stock, and would call particular attention to the following articles, viz:—

PRINTED CASHMERES and DELAINES,
PRINTED COTTONS;
FANCY DRESS STUFFS;
PRINTED MUSLINS;
LIGHT SHAWLS;
SILK BONNETS;
RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.

The whole of which will be sold cheap in order to make room for the Fall Stock, shortly expected
Sept. 3. BALLENTINE & BOWMAN.

Turner's Sarsaparilla.

6 CASES, just received per *Melinda* from New York. The Sarsaparilla which is superior to all others, is put up in two Quart Bottles, and sold at the reduce rate of *One Dollar* per Bottle.

GEORGE P. EVERETT & CO., *Agents.*
No. 4 King-street, (adjoining Barlow's Corner.)

Third Division of Profits

MINERVA
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED, 1836.

AT the Third Quinquennial Meeting of this Company, held in London, 24th June, 1852, a Surplus of £242,400 Sterling, (being four-fifths of £53,000 Sterling) was declared distributable amongst the Policy holders entitled to participate. This sum allows of a reduction of Premium for the next five years, of £9,633 16s. 3d. Sterling, per annum, or an equivalent reversionary Bonus payable at Death, of £68,939 10s. 7d.

The reduction of Premium averages 35.22 per cent. on the Premiums payable during the next five years.

The reversionary Bonus averages 60 per cent. on the Premiums received during the last five years, or 9 per cent. on the sums Assured.

Upon the Policies which had been full five years in existence, the reversionary Bonus averages 2 1-2 per cent. Premium on the sum assured, a result which has been seldom equalled, and will bear comparison with that of any Office.

The following Table illustrates the Bonuses declared:

		Average Reduction of Premium.	Average Reversionary Bonus
1st Division—	1842	16.838 per cent.	21 per cent
2d. "	1847	31.333 "	53½ "
3d. "	1852	35.22 "	60 "

On the 31st December last, the

Existing Assurances were	£1,099,813	10	2
The Capital Funds of the Company were	230,262	15	6
The Annual Income was	17,721	2	6
The Divisible Surplus was	53,000	0	6

The Directors consider, and I trust the Policy holders will agree with them, that the position of the Company is highly satisfactory, and hope that, taking into account the continually increasing competition they have to encounter, the progress of the Company has equalled their expectations, as the benefits actually realized equal, and in most cases surpass, those afforded by the largest established Offices.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and every information may be obtained from

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
July 29 *Agents for New-Brunswick.*

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, his Farm, situated in the Parish of Springfield, (King's County.) The said Farm contains Two Hundred Acres, Eighty of which is cleared and under good cultivation, with a comfortable Dwelling House, and good BARN: cuts Twenty Five Tons English HAY, annually. The Farm is situated near a Grist and Saw Mill, and likewise a Carding Machine, and within 4 miles of Belcisle Church, and 1 1-2 of the Baptist Meeting House. It is known as the Case Settlement, and branches off from the Finger Board to Sussex and Mill Stream, and is within thirty-three miles of the City of Saint John.

Terms of Sale will be half down, and the remaining half in yearly instalments.

For further particular apply to the Subscriber on the premises. JOHN O'NEIL.
Springfield, (K. C.) June 18, 1852.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—O MORALS GRANDED! *Good Pupils only Retained!! The Incorrigible Expelled!!!*—This School contains three departments—the INFANT, the COMMERCIAL and the MATHEMATICAL. The Infant department, conducted by a female, accommodates pupils of both sexes, from 3 to 6 years of age, in Spelling, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and Natural History, at 7s. 6d per quarter. The Commercial Department, conducted by two teachers, receives pupils leaving the Infant Department, and furnishes to them a through instruction from Spelling up to Common and Mental ARITHMETIC—the elements of Mathematics, Geography with the use of the Globes, English Grammer, &c., together with Reading and Writing, at fees from 10s to 20s per quarter.—The Mathematical Department, conducted by two teachers, comprises Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Book Keeping, use of the Globes, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c., the Reading Writing and Speaking of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, and Classics, at fees from 25s to 30s per quarter.

S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
May 10 tf *Manager.*

New-Brunswick STEAM, SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND FACTORY.—*Harding Street, St. John.*

HAVING put up the best Machinery that can be procured for the manufacture of Doors, Sashes, inside and outside Blinds, Window Frames, Mouldings, and other kinds of Wood Work. I am prepared to furnish to any extent the best and cheapest article ever offered to the people of this Province.
May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

For Sale or Lease,
And immediate Possession given:—

A SAW MILL, with 300 acres of Land attached, in upper Sussex, formerly owned by John C. Vail, Esq., and now in possession of H. C. Snider—Terms moderate. Enquire of
Feb. 27. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has lately removed his establishment to the above House, 14 miles from this City, 1 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons.

DINNERS, &c. &c., go up at shortest notice.

Constantly on hand, a choice supply of WINES, &c. &c.

Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, careful hostlers always in attendance. WASHINGTON ALDEN.
February 2, 1849.

Particular Attention

IS requested at the FANCY ARCADE, corner of King and Cross Streets, where wholesale as well as retail customers may select from *decidedly* the largest, richest, and most varied assortment of FANCY GOODS, Jewelry, Perfumery, Cutlery, and in fact every other article that the mind can think of. J. CROUCH.

N. B. Wholesale Buyers, the Wholesale Department of this Establishment will richly repay a visit. [Nov. 12. 1852.] J. C.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies' Fashionable Shoe Store,
German Street, Foster's Corner.

NEW CLOTH BOOTS.

Just received per Steamer from Liverpool:

LADIES, Girls and Children's Black Cloth BOOTS, of every quality;

Ladies Cashmere and Prunnella Boots, in great variety; *Carpet Shoes* of all qualities.

For sale Wholesale and Retail.
October 20—2w S. K. FOSTER.

SHOULDER BRACES.—A fresh supply just received and for sale by
August 27. FELLOWS & CO.

FREEZING PAINT.—Per Acteon from London—1 cask Pure White Zinc PAINT.—This article is highly recommended for indoor use, and will be sold at the same price as the best description of White Lead.
Oct. 15. S. L. TILLEY.

A Tale of the Conscription.

Among the thousands of French subjects who had to deplore the misery brought by the conscription, to none did that relentless system cause deeper anguish or severer trials than to Louise Dubois.

On a calm and sunny evening in August in the year 18—, the inhabitants of the secluded village of Berney might be seen collected in groups, reviling and lamenting the arbitrary measure which on the morrow was a wrench asunder all the sweet ties of domestic life. Fathers looked on their sons just ripening into manhood, revelling in the fresh joys of their young existence, and fancy presented the vigorous form stretched mangled and powerless on the gory battle-field! To the young men themselves, about to be torn from all they had been taught to love and value, glory was an unmeaning word, and fame held out no decoy sufficiently alluring to reconcile them to the destiny decreed by tyranny. Mothers, as they strained their first born to the bosom which had nourished him cursed the cruelty which deprived them of the pride and support of their declining years. The maiden, late so buoyant with hope and joy, gazed on her betrothed with tearful eye and blanched cheek, while affection sadly stamped upon her heart every look of him she dreaded to think she might never behold again. But though sorrow had possession of nearly every abode in the village, none presented a scene of deeper anguish than the hitherto happy cottage of Paul Dubois.

Paul and his young wife were cousins and orphans. They had no recollection of when they first began to love each other. In infancy he had watched over Louise with the care and affection of a brother, but as they grew up, his manner became a tenderness which does not belong to that character. How hard he toiled to lay up money enough to pay the first year's rent of a piece of land which was afterwards to support them! for, without knowing how or when, they came to a mutual understanding that they were to be man and wife. His industrious efforts were successful; they were married, and their little crops made them an ample return. A beautiful child completed their happiness; all seemed to prosper with them, and he was on the eve of concluding an arrangement with his landlord respecting an additional portion of land, which he calculated would more than double his present resources—and then came the Conscription, which like a frightful tornado, annihilated his plans and destroyed his hopes, and the sturdy peasant looked on the home and blessings he had so hardly earned, and wept. His unconscious infant slept peacefully in his arms—his wife sat at his feet; she shed no tear, neither uttered she a syllable, but her quivering lip and large dark eye told a tale of agony which needed not words to make it intelligible. Occassionally her gaze wandered for a moment from her husband's face to her little dwelling, and then a sigh, like one from a broken heart, escaped her, as each familiar object recalled scenes and hours never to be renewed!

Paul again commenced his oft-repeated attempts at consolation—"Do not look so mournfully, dearest Louise; your sad face will haunt me, and unite me for everything; let us endeavour to keep up our spirits by remembering how swiftly time flies: why, the two years we have been married, *chere amie*, do they seem more than as many months!"

But here poor Paul was forced to cease; something seemed to choke him. Alas! in his eagerness to comfort her, he had unwittingly struck a chord which yielded only sounds of sorrow, for how strongly did those bright bygone hours to which he had alluded contrast with the dreary ones in store for them! He took her in his arms, and, as if acknowledging the futility of any attempt to reconcile her or himself to their cruel lot, he kissed and wept over her, giving unrestrained vent to the feelings of bitterness he had so long attempted to suppress.

* * * * * * * *

Thirty conscripts went forth from the village of Berney to the shrill sound of the fife and wooden noise of the French drum. O what mockery did that merry music seem to the hearts of the mourners who remained! For many days after their departure poor Louise passed the hours in the restless indolence produced by absorbing sorrow, unheeding the consolations of the neighbors who, in the midst of their own grief, were anxious to comfort, if possible, the desolate young mother, regardless of all that concerned her own future prospects. It was not long, however, before tidings arrived that the division of the army to which the men of young Berney were attached was to cross the Rhine. This intelligence roused Louise from her stupor. She conceived a plan which she lost no time in putting in execution.

On the Sunday following the day in which she had learned her husband's destination, as soon as the sun had risen, Louise ascended the hill which commands the village of Berney, her baby on one arm, a small bundle hanging from the other, and turned her back on the homes and friends of her infancy, determined to walk to Strasburg, a distance of two hundred miles, prepared to encounter fatigue, privation, perhaps insult, for the sole purpose—not of being *with* the object of her love—O no! that was happiness too great to dream of—but to be on a spot where a letter could reach her some hours earlier, and where, perhaps she might meet an occasional straggler from the army—some one who had seen him, and could tell her how he looked and spoke, whether he was well or ill, sad or cheerful, and, in short, answer the endless questions she would have to ask.

At the period to which I refer, a very considerable augmentation of the military force had been required, and consequently the levy had not been confined to any particular province or district. During her long journey Louise scarcely entered a town, large or small, where she did not hear the voice of wailing and lamentation. But if the sights she daily beheld kept alive her own horror in all its freshness, the grief so many felt in common with herself, procured for her and her child sympathy accompanied by kindness and hospitality, and as night approached, she was always certain of finding a seat at the board, and shelter beneath the roof of the habitation she should enter.

At length her weary pilgrimage drew to a close. Before her rose the towers of Strasburg, and as she pressed her infant closer to her bosom, a feeling almost of joy arose in her heart as she felt was so much nearer to him who was her life of life. Traversing the city, and looking about on every side for accommodation to suit her scanty means, she stopped before a small house in one of the suburbs. The door was opened by a clean, kind-looking old woman; an arrangement was speedily concluded, and Louise installed in her strange home. Her first object was to obtain employment, by which she could support herself and child, and applying to old Jeanneton, her landlady, asked her if she could recommend her as a workwoman to any ladies in the town. There was something in the appearance and manner of Louise singularly winning, and they must have had a harder heart than Janneton, who could have listened to her simple though affecting recital without feeling a desire to serve her.

"Are you a good embroiderress?" asked the old woman, when she had heard her request.

"I have always been reckoned so," replied Louise; "I was brought up by the Ursulines, and they are noted for their skill in fancy work."

"Well, that's very fortunate," said Janneton, really happy at being able to forward her wishes. "My grand-daughter is femme de chambre to Madame de la Riviere, and she came to me only the other day to know if I could recommend any young person to her mistress to work a dress. I think I will give you a line to Julie, and if they have not already found some one else, no doubt, you will get it, but remember, my dear child, I hope you are skilful, for, if madame's dress should be spoiled, what should I do!"

Louise assured her kind friend she need be under no apprehension, as she was quite confident of giving satisfaction; and leaving her little child, with many a tender injunction, to her care, set forth in quest of the hoped-for employment. Perhaps it was that she began to feel the effects of her toilsome journey, or it might be, that parting with her infant for the first time, though but for so short a period, subdued and depressed her; but as she went on her unknown way, a feeling of sadness and apprehension came over her, making the distance, which in reality was trifling, appear interminable; yet, when arrived at the house, she felt an unaccountable reluctance to enter, and when, having conquered what she reproached herself for as folly, she asked for Julie, and gave her grand-mother's note, it was sometime before she sufficiently subdued the emotions which had so strangely overcome her, to confirm the assertions it contained respecting her abilities. Julie was all kindness and attention, as all young Frenchwomen are to any one they see in distress, and made her rest and partake of refreshment before she conducted her to her lady; and when she did so, declared her volubly on the beauty of her work, as if she had seen it with her own bright eyes. The dress was brought and delivered to Louise, with a promise that if her work was approved of, she would have more to do when that was finished. While she was receiving her instructions, the Marques de la Riviere entered his mother's room. He was a man apparently about five-and-thirty, eminently handsome; but the expression of his countenance struck one more forcible than his beauty. It was singular—scarcely desirable, but decidedly unpleasant. He gave you the idea of one who would scoff at virtue; and for any act of greatness, the result of its dictates, assign unworthy motives. On first coming into the apartment, he fixed his eyes on Louise, and as he saw that his earnest look disturbed and annoyed her, he neither withdrew it, nor sought by speaking to lessen her confusion, but contrived to gaze on her for two or three minutes, then turned away, and during the remainder of her stay took no notice of her whatever.

* * * * * * * *

"You are not the first," said Julia laughingly, "that Monsieur le Marquis has stared out of countenance. You must keep out of the way, for it is said he has worked woe to many as fair as yourself."

Louise only replied, "He can have nothing to say to me, for I am married."

The simplicity of this answer provoked a loud laugh from the town-bred abigail, with the exclamation, Quelle innocence! mais c'est quelque chose de marvelleux."

"What a pity that he does not marry," said Louise. "He would be happy then; he does not look so now."

"Madame would give the world that he was, for she has suffered a great deal on his account; but his only answer, when she urges him to be so, is that he knows woman too well ever to think of it."

Louise opened her large dark eyes in astonishment, and went home with her work. How her heart beat, as her child, who could now go alone, came toddling from the door to meet her! Her bosom felt tightened of half its load at the prospect of being able to earn enough by her needle to keep her baby and herself from want. Could she but get a letter from Paul—could she only obtain the longed for intelligence that he was well, she would be content. In a space of time so short, that Julia declared her fingers must be fairies, the dress was completed and taken home. As she was leaving the house, she met Monseiur de la Riviere, who stopped and, paying her some trifling compliment, put a Napoleon in her hand.

Louise, confused and abashed, tendered him the money, saying, "Thank you, sir, madame has already settled with me."

"Well, child, but if I choose to make you a trifling present, you do not mean to say you will refuse it?"

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the poor girl, blushing painfully "but I would rather not."

He looked at her incredulously for a moment, but there was a simple earnestness in her manner that could not be effected; and as she still held out the coin to him, took it with a half sneer, and muttering to himself "Attendez," passed on.

Louise went home, but she felt ill at ease; a presentiment of coming evil hung heavily upon her. It might be, and she tried to think it was, only the effect of the fatigue and anxiety she had lately undergone; but she could not shake it off. Her health, too, began to cause her uneasiness. Instead of allowing herself the repose necessary to recover from the fatigues of her painful journey, she had, from the moment in which she obtained work, stolen many hours from each night's rest to complete the daily task she had allotted herself. Her landlady was kind and friendly, but very poor, earning a scanty subsistence by going out to do such trifling work as her strength permitted; and Louise began to be nervously afraid that the time was not far distant in which she should be unable to procure necessaries for her child. She felt she was over-taxing her strength, but would not give up.

One morning, having completed some embroidered caps, she took them home, and learned, to her dismay, that Madame de la Rivere set out for Paris the following week for the remainder of the winter. Her heart sank within her at this intelligence, and something seemed to whisper that trials severer than any she had yet encountered were now about to commence. She walked slowly from the house, and tears she was unable to restrain, fell from her eyes, and turning she perceived a carriage which was coming rapidly in the opposite direction, suddenly stop, and Monsieur de la Riverie, jumped out, took her hand, and asked her in a tone of real interest what was the matter. When she had told him, he said, "I am not going to Paris, and you must let me be your friend Louise." He looked at her as if expecting a reply, but Louise did not even guess his meaning. There was something in his manner which always made her feel uncomfortable, but she was too pure even to comprehend a dishonest insinuation. She sought employment from other quarters, but could find none.

The weather, which had been unusually mild for the season, suddenly changed—a severe frost set in. Poor old Jeanneton got a severe attack of rheumatism, which confined her to her bed; and Louise found herself in a strange place without friends or work, with no other resource to keep herself, her child, and the friend who saved her from starving, but the few francs remaining of what she had earned; and to add to her misery, the object for which she had encouraged it, had not been realised. She had not seen a creature from the army—not a line had reached her from her husband. The poor girl would sit and count her little hoard, as if by doing so she could double its value; but, alas! notwithstanding her care and economy, it rapidly diminished. It soon got so low that she had recourse to curtailing her own allowance of food, to prevent her child and her friend finding any diminution in theirs. She grew thinner and paler every day, but that she heeded not. "How much longer shall I be able to give bread to my child?" was the thought that haunted her unceasingly, and well might it do so now, for she had but one franc remaining—her last! and when that was gone!——

She had looked on it in agony not to be described, and in the stillness of the night her fevered imagination conjured up scenes of horror; she saw her child, pale and emaciated, asking for food—and she had none to give it. Then her husband, wounded and bleeding, stood before her, reproaching her with having left their native village, where at least she and her child would not have been allowed to starve. Exhausted and unrefreshed, she arose and went to purchase provisions, as she felt, for the last or nearly the last time. Once or twice the idea had occurred to her of asking Monsieur de la Riviere to recommend her to some of his friends: but a feeling powerful, though to her incomprehensible and undefined, had always, even in her extreme destitution, prevented her from doing so. As she returned slowly from the market-place, all she had in the world being only a few sous, she met him. He looked earnestly at her, and asked her if she still lived in the same place. She replied in the affirmative. "You look very ill," he said; "I will come and see you, and talk over your affairs." The poor girl hoping he might serve her, and rescue her from her present misery, could scarcely thank him, but tears of gratitude chased each other down her pale cheeks; she turned abruptly away, merely saying, "I will call this morning;" and Louise, with a feeling of hope which had been long unknown to her, hastened home, and seating herself beside her child, awaited his arrival.

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He held up again the glittering treasure, and in a voice as calm and unmoval as if he had been speaking on the most indifferent subject he continued: "I repeat, here are two thousand francs; a fortune to persons in your station of life—you can procure a substitute for your husband, and live in comfort all the rest of your life; I will take care he does not quarrel with the means by which you will have procured him ease and happiness. On the other hand, consider well the consequence of a refusal—you acknowledge that you have but a few sous remaining. You have already nearly starved yourself to give food to your child; in a few days at farthest your sacrifice will be of no avail, your last sous will be gone, your infant will pine and die before your eyes, and you will remember that it was in your power to save her, and you refuse to do so."

Louise did not interrupt him. In the first bitterness of her disappointment she burst into tears, and wept as those only weep, who, exhausted by suffering, behold their last earthly hope snatched from them. After a little time her tears ceased, and she sat as if unconscious of all around her. But though motionless, save an occasional sobbing sigh, and to outward seeming calm, who shall tell the agonising thoughts that made her brain throb and burn, while her heart felt cold and heavy as death itself? She fancied all that had befallen her was in token of disapprobation at the course she had adopted. Disappointment had attended her every hope. It was now eight months since she had written to her husband, and not one line from him had she yet received. Perhaps her letter had never reached him. That was a better thought—but bitterer still was the idea that, ignorant of her removal, he might have written to her at Berney, where even now a letter might be laying for her. The possibility of such a circumstance almost drove her mad, and she cursed the impatience that made her come to Strasburg. She would instantly retrace her steps and obtain the longed-for treasure. She rose and took up her child, as though she was about to put the plan into immediate execution; but alas! she was speedily convinced of its utter impracticability. Her little girl was nearly a year older than when she had performed the journey before, while she herself, who was at that time in perfect health, was now exhausted with misery and starvation. Just as this unwelcome conviction forced itself upon her, the measured, calculating words of him she began to believe a passenger direct from the Evil One, smote upon her ear—"You will see your child pine and die before your eyes, and remember you had in your own power to save it, and would not." Another passion of tears burst from that breaking heart, as kneeling at the infant's feet, and clasping her arms around its sweet head, she strained it wildly to her bosom. "O God!" she cried, "be thou my friend, give food to my infant, but save her mother from infamy." She arose calmer and less despairing, for her prayer was pure and sincere. She addressed the tempter, "I have still a trifle left, and before that is gone, He, who forsakes not those who trust in him, will afford me honorable means of existence."

De la Riviere looked at her as he would have gazed on the performance of a magician, watching with a jealous eye to detect any sleight of hand, fearing to give credit to what he beheld, lest he should discover that what had excited his admiration and wonder was only a common cheat. We have said but little respecting the beauty of Louise; but beautiful she was, and now, as she stood in all the lustre of beauty and holiness, a sculptor who had wished to embody virtue might have taken her for his model.

"Well," he said at length, "take your own way; I am still willing to assist you in certain conditions. I shall leave the money here; if your present hopes fail you, and you choose to comply with them, it is yours—use it freely; but should I hear nothing from you, I shall consume it to be untouched, and return for it in fortnight."

"Oh, for the love of heaven, as you hope for mercy yourself, show it to me—leave not the money here." Her tone she wed the agony she endured. "O tempt me not so sorely," she continued. "On my knees I implore you to take it away, and leave me to my poverty and God's care. Who shall answer for themselves when one dearer than life asks for bread, and the price of guilt lies before them? Take it away—if you know what mercy is, O take it away." She raised her eyes imploringly. He was gone; and on the table lay the bag of money; and there lay her child, pale and terrified at a scene so unusual; and she was alone with misery and temptation.

Ten days had elapsed since that trying visit. The last saleable article had been disposed of, and the provisions it supplied were consumed. For twenty-four hours the child had not tasted food. The wretched mother sat on the side of the bed in which it lay sleeping from exhaustion—a sleep how unlike the slumber of health. A low moan broke repeatedly from its lips, and every time that sound met the mother's ear, it seemed to send a pang through her heart, which she pressed with her hand as if to still its beating. She was pale as marble, but not even the trace of a tear was visible on her cheek. After a time the child's sleep seemed easier, and soon its breathing became inaudible. Suddenly Louise, who had never taken her eyes from her face, rose from her seat and bent over the bed for a moment, then sobbing hysterically, she said, "God of goodness, take me likewise," and threw herself beside it.

Even this her sad hope cheated her. The child was not dead, as she imagined; it opened its languid eyes, stretched out its little hand, murmured feebly, "Dis pain, maman." The wretched girl shrieked with agony, and springing from what she had hoped would have been her resting place from woe, she pressed her hands to her burning brow, and remained for some moments a prey to torture which convulsed her whole frame. Slowly she uncovered her face, and spite of its beauty, it was fearful to look upon. The big drops stood upon her pale forehead, her lips were colorless, while her eyes seemed dilated beyond their natural size. She took her child in her arms, and kissed it with a vehemence that seemed to partake almost of insanity. She rose—but her steps were unsteady, and she was obliged to cling to the wall for support—but she reached the cupboard where she had hid the money, that she might not look upon it; she opened the bag and took out some silver, and quitted the house.

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Again was Louise beside her child, but this time the infant did not ask in vain for bread—food of the best quality, and in abundance, was there. O how eagerly she watched it as it ate heartily, assuring that as yet it had suffered no serious injury from its fast. The poor old woman, who from suffering and age was incapable of any exertion, was not forgotten, and while the two women were satisfying their wants, unconscious of the terrible price at which they did so, Louise sat down and penned the following note:

"I know not what you are, but your dreadful words have come to pass. I have seen my child pining and dying. She asked me for bread—I had none to give her—I thought some with your money! I prayed for death, but it would not come—so I sold myself to save her from."

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