THE Weekly Chronicle.

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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Weekly Almanack.

November.	H.	Sun.	S.	Moon.	H.	W.
18 Saturday,	6	59	4	31	9	53
19 Sunday,	7	0	4	30	10	57
20 Monday,	7	1	4	29	Morn	4
21 Tuesday,	7	3	4	28	0	1
22 Wednesday,	7	4	4	27	1	5
23 Thursday,	7	6	4	27	2	9
24 Friday,	7	7	4	26	3	15

3	18	50	
3	55	1	6
4	50	7	13
5	46	8	12
6	40	9	0

Last Quarter, 20th, 1h. 57m. morn.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: James Keator, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Simonds, 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: B. Smith, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Wm. Wright, Esq.

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

Savings 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.)

Poetry.

WORLD-WEARINESS.

Come, death, and leave the couch of beauty
Spread horror through no region blest;
Here do thy seasonable duty:
A grave for this old man were best.

Compelled unwillingly to linger,
Unloved, a tree with branches sere,
Come, and with sweet oblivious finger,
Death! do thine office here.

For gone are all with whom he mated,
Nor wife nor child now o'er him bend,
Thou unto many long related,
Thou art his only friend.

Thick grows the film upon his vision:
Cold flows the blood his veins within:
Pale porter of the gates Elysian!
Thou art his next of kin.

Around him grows the scene more dreary,
Darker the clouds come o'er his west:
Hard is thy bed, and he is weary,
And sound will be his rest.

Richard Howitt.

INANIA MUNERA.

Ah! why should pity wet my bier,
And give my corpse her tardy tear?
And the same eye that coldly slew me,
With tears untimely warm bedew me?
Alas! for harm is fleet as wind,
And healing ever lags behind.

Perhaps, when life well nigh is spent,
She'll faintly smile a sad consent,—
And just before she sees me die,
Will leave a kind repentant sigh:
For sigh of ruth—oh, wayward fate!—
Will ever come—and come too late.

She cannot undue what is done;
For, if a smile were like the sun,
And sighs more sweet than gales that creep
O'er rosy beds where fairies sleep,
And every tear like summer rain
To thirsty fields—'twere all in vain.

For never sun so bright was seen
Could make a leaf that's sere be green;
Nor spicy gale, nor April shower,
Restore to bloom a faded flower;
Thus sun, and wind, and balmy rain,
And smiles, and sighs, and tears, are vain.

H. C.

Miscellany.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE DESTROYER.

[CONTINUED.]

While St. Helen and Gen. Ogilvie were waiting in the back room at Messrs ——, the army agents, where he wished to make some final pecuniary arrangements, his eye happened to fall upon a paragraph, which he read with almost a suspension of his breath, and a face suddenly flushed with excitement.

'Ogilvie!' said he, turning to his astonished brother-in-law a countenance that had quickly become white as death, and speaking in a totally different voice from any that had been heard from him since his illness. 'I have changed my mind. I shall not go to India. At all events, not at present.'

'I am delighted to hear it,' said the General, confounded with the suddenness of the information as much as at the manner in which it was conveyed; 'but, good God, what has happened? what has agitated you?'

'I am not agitated,' replied Colonel St. Helen, with a violent effort to speak calmly, at the same time rising from his chair, and folding up the newspaper he had been reading. 'Can you spare this?' said he to the clerk whom he had summoned into the room. He was answered in the affirmative. 'Then you may tell Mr. —— to give himself no further trouble about the business I called upon; be no good as to tell him that I have made some change in my arrangements. Shall we walk home, Ogilvie?' They quitted Messrs. ——'s immediately.

'St. Helen,' said General Ogilvie, as they left, 'I protest that I will not return home with you till you have told me frankly what has occasioned this most extraordinary change of manner and purpose'——

'My dear Ogilvie, you shall know all. Read this,' said the Colonel, taking out the newspaper, and unfolding it, he pointed out the following paragraph:—

'By the death of the Right Hon. Lord Seckington, Captain Alverley, formerly of the —— Guards, succeeds to the title and estates, which are great, as well as to the splendid accumulations of landed property said to have been made by the late Lord S., who has bequeathed every thing to the present Lord Seckington. He is now abroad, but is daily expected in —— street.'

'Well exclaimed the General, after having read the paragraph twice over, in perturbed silence, returning the paper, 'of course, it is easy to guess your intentions.'

'Intentions!' exclaimed Colonel St Helen, with great vivacity, 'this is the first time that I have breathed freely since my arrival in England!'

'Do you, then, really think of meeting this man?' enquired the General, gravely, after a pause.

'Meet him! *Do I intend to meet him?*—Ogilvie, you rex me!' replied Colonel St. Helen, briskly and bitterly, at the same time insensibly quickening his pace. He dragged his companion along in silence, at such a rapid rate, that they were half through the Park before either—deeply engaged with his thoughts—had again spoken.

'Let me see—how shall I know when he arrives in London?' said the Colonel, abruptly, as if he had thought aloud.

'Oh, there cannot be much difficulty about that,' replied the General, who had satisfied himself of the hopelessness of attempting to dissuade Colonel St. Helen from his evident purposes.—'I will do all that you can possibly desire, since'——

'Dear Ogilvie—my dear, good brother,' said the Colonel, with affectionate energy, 'do not think I shall permit *you* to be at all involved in this affair. Mischief may come of it—I cannot deprive my sister and my children of your presence, even for a moment.'

'You shall not meet him unless I am at your elbow,' interrupted the General, with a determined air; 'I can be firm St. Helen as well as you.'

'Ogilvie, Ogilvie, how perfectly useless this is! I do assure you that my mind is fixed unalterably. It cannot be; it shall not be. May I fall at the first fire if I permit you to be on the ground. I could not aim steadily if you were there. No—I have got my man. Darnley will'——

'I hate your *professed* duellists,' interrupted the General with irrepressible agitation.

'They are made for such an affair as mine!' exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, with a kind of cheerfulness that was sickening.

General Ogilvie had never seen such a remarkable change so quickly effected in any one.

'Have you thought of your poor boys?' said he, as they approached home.

'Thank God that my sister is your wife; that you are my brother-in-law!' exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, in a more subdued tone than that in which he had been hitherto speaking; "they cannot be better off!"

'This scoundrel has no such ties! You don't meet on equal terms."

'Perhaps not exactly, but—my bullet will spoil his pretty coronet too!" He paused over his features. "Poor devil,' he added, with a bitter air, 'I would give a trifle to be present when Major Darnley first calls upon him! It will try his mettle, rather, won't it?' almost laughing—but such a laugh.

'Really, St. Helen, this has turned you into a devil!' exclaimed General Ogilvie.

'The best thing that the old Lord Seckington ever did,' said Colonel St. Helen to himself, but aloud—as if he had not heard his companion's remark, 'was to die, exactly when he *did* die; the best thing that has happened to the new Lord Seckington was, to become Lord Seckington, exactly when he *did* become Lord Seckington; and the next best thing was, that I should come to know of it just when I *did* become to know of it.'

'You are certainly, my dear St. Helen, the most cruelly injured man breathing,' said General Ovilvie, after they had walked for some moments in silence, 'and nobody has a right to interfere with you!'

'I should think not,' replied Colonel St. Helen, in the same short bitter tones in which he had been all along speaking. Ogilvie,' he added, turning suddenly, and looking him full in the face, 'no treachery! By your honour as a soldier and a gentleman, no interference in any way!'

'I should have thought, that such an appeal was perfectly unnecessary,' replied the General, coldly.

'Oh, forgive me! forgive me, Ogilvie! Remember my sufferings; I was wrong. I know it.'

'I have nothing to forgive, St. Helen,' replied General Ogilvie, with a quivering lip. 'By my God, I will be true to you in every thing.'

'And I will be true to myself, Ogilvie. You shall see!' rejoined the Colonel, grasping his hand, and shaking it cordially. 'And now, what must we say to my sister to prevent suspicion?'

'Oh! we must say that your ship does not sail for a fortnight, or something of that kind—it will be no difficult thing to deceive *her* poor thing!' said the General with a deep sigh.

'Hardy,' said Colonel St. Helen, addressing his groom, whom he had sent for as soon as he reached his own room at General Ogilvie's, and putting two guineas into his hand, 'go directly and station yourself at the corner of —— street, and watch Number ——, which is Lord Seckington's. Say not a word to any body, but be on the look-out night and day; and the moment that you see a travelling carriage or any thing of the sort—go up to the door, presently enquire who it is that has come; and if you hear that it is Lord Seckington, come off to me at the top of your speed—it shall be the best half-hour's work you ever did in your life—ask quietly—quietly, mind, to see me and tell me your news. To nobody but *me*, sir.'

Hardy was a keen and faithful fellow; and in about an hour's time he was to be seen lurking about —— street, in strict obedience to his master's orders.

What I subsequently learn from several quarters I may state here, in order to keep the course of the narrative, and the better to explain the events which remain to be described.

I was right in supposing that Captain Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen went direct to the Continent; but of their movements when there I scarce know any thing. Her wild and frantic agonies of remorse at the step she had taken were scarcely calculated to increase the attachment of her heartless companion, whose satiated eye beheld the beauty which had so long fevered soul his daily disappearing. Even had it been otherwise—had she retained all the fascination and loveliness of her manners, the novelty of the affair had worn off; he had gained his object—and she perceived his altering feelings. To her guilty affrighted soul, indeed,—

"The hollow tongue of time——
——was a perpetual knell.—Each stroke
Pealed for a hope the less: the funeral note
Of love deep buried without resurrection,
In the grave of possession."

When he discovered the incurable nature of her mental sufferings,—but whirled her about from one scene of amusement to another failed of its object—he began to complain that his funds were running low. He had, in truth, long been greatly embarrassed and involved,—yet had he contrived to appear possessed of all the wealth and to enjoy all the luxuries and elegancies that penniless young men of fashion so mysteriously secure for themselves. Now, however, the money he had obtained from Mrs. St. Helen, as well as a few hundreds that had been supplied to him by a brother reprobate in order to carry on the intrigue, had almost disappeared. He began to feel himself placed in very awkward circumstances. What is a penniless man of fashion in Paris? Captain Alverley besides was burdened with the perpetual presence of a woman who was weeping bitterly from morning to night—frequently in very violent hysterics—and who vehemently reproached him with being the author of all her misery. He soon began to sicken of all this. Was it for this that he had quitted all the pleasures of London, and lost all his hopes of advancement in the army? Paris was a very pleasant place, and he could have enjoyed himself there but for this unfortunate and—as he soon felt and expressed it—most disgusting affair. He therefore began to loathe the very sight of his miserable companion. It was unquestionably with a feeling of keen regret that he found her brought home one night dripping from the Seine, after an abortive attempt at self-destruction to which his cold sarcastic repartees had compelled his half-maddened victim. The poor Captain was to be pitied—his bold and dashing adventure had turned out most unfortunately! Instead of the brilliant beauty he had reckoned on having secured for at least a year or two in Mrs. St Helen, he beheld it suddenly withered and gone, and there was ever with him a haggard woman, tearing her hair, wringing her hands, and frantically taxing him with being her destroyer. In vain he sought to escape from it—she would never leave him! He had returned to London to endeavour to raise funds; his unlucky encounter with the Commander-in-Chief sent him back in fury to Paris. He had never felt himself in such an extremity; and he determined, after much bitter reflection, that could he but once get extricated from this unfortunate adventure, he would never again undertake one on so extensive a scale.

Of a sudden, however, an express from London brought him news that electrified him with delight,—a delight which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he attempted to communicate to his gloomy companion. By the death of his aged uncle he had become Lord Seckington: the proprietor of Seckington Castle, in ——shire; one or two other houses in different parts of the country: and a splendid mansion in —— Street: with a rent-roll of upwards of £25,000 a-year, and not less than £200,000 in the funds. At the first impulse of his generous feelings he determined to settle upon Mrs. St. Helen the sum of £500 a-year, which he permitted her to spend wherever she chose—offering to give her a thousand pounds in addition if she would not return to England. She began, however, now to be unreasonable; and affected to receive his liberal proposal with consternation!

And was it really then possible that, after all he had said, and done, she was not to become Lady Seckington!. Even if Colonel St. Helen should take successful proceedings for a divorce? Horror—horror unutterable!

* * * * * * * *

The next communications that reached Lord Seckington consisted chiefly of pressing entreaties from his solicitor, and that of his lamented uncle, the late Lord Seckington, that he would lose no time in coming to London, as there were many matters requiring his immediate attention. He was glad to see their letters accompanied with one that bore the handwriting of his intimate friend Captain Leicester. He opened it, and read thus,—

'Dear Seckington—

—Pshaw, how odd it looks! Of course I congratulate you, as every body does. Don't cut your old friends, that's all. But I wish chiefly to say—wait abroad a little, only till the excitement of the story has a little gone down. That d——d unhappy devil St. H——, is in town; but I hear he's going back to India in double-quick time. Would it not be as well to wait till he's off, and the coast is clear?

'Eternally yours,

'F. Leicester,'

'*The Right Hon. Lord Seckington.*'

On perusing this well-timed and friendly letter, it suddenly occured to Lord Seckinton that he had certain various matters of importance to settle in different parts of the Continent; and so he wrote to his solicitors—infinitely to their astonishment and vexation. He was preparing to set off for Brussels two or three days afterwards, when another letter reached him from the same friendly and vigilant pen.

(Private.)

'*London, 8th August*, 18—.

'Dear Seckington,

'What the dence is in the wind, perhaps you can better guess than I can tell; but I lose no time in writing, to say that Colonel St. Helen, who had appointed to sail to India (as I told you in my letter of the other day), and taken leave of every body in a gloomy way, to seek an honourable grave, &c. &c. &c., has suddenly changed his mind, countermanded all his arrangements, and stops in London!! Every one is amazed at this queer move. I have reason to know that he had actually engaged his passage by a ship that started two or three days ago, and has forfeited all the passage-money. This certainly looks cursedly unpleasant—are we to look out for a squall? Do you think he has seen that offensive, impertinent paragraph about you in the papers, and is *waiting for you?* If so, you are in a d——d awkward predicament, and I really scarce know how to advise you. It will hardly do to keep out of the way a little longer, will it? Ask ——, and ——, and above all, Court ——, Ever yours, more and more, F. L.

As Lord Seckington read this letter his face gradually became as white as the paper he looked upon. Several letters lay on the table before him unopened and unattended to. With Captain Leicester's in his hand, he remained motionless for nearly half-an-hour; at the expiration of which period he was on the point of going into his bedroom and putting the muzzle of the pistol into his ear. Probably what he endured in that brief interval counterbalanced all the pleasure of his whole life. Lord Seckington was a frightful reprobate, but he was no coward; on the contrary, he was as cool and brave a man as ever wore epaulets. Eat consider his situation.

Here he was, scarcely thirty years old, suddenly become a peer of the realm, having succeeded to a very ancient title; and with all appliances and means to boot—all that could secure him

"Honour, wealth, obedience—troops of friends."—

in short, occupying as brilliant a position as man could well be placed in; yet amidst all the dazzling prospects that was opened before him, his eye fixed and settled upon one fell figure only—that of Colonel St. Helen, standing at ten or twelve paces distance from him, his outstretched arm steadily pointing a pistol at his head. It was perfectly frightful.

What would he have cared for it in the heyday of his career as Captain Alverley; or rather as he was only a few short days before, desperately in debt, driven from the army, disgusted with the presence and stunned with the shrieks of a woman he had long loathed; but now—Perdition! The cold sweat stood upon his brow, and he felt sick to death. *What was to be done!* He could not keep out of the way—the spirit of a man could not endure the idea of such cowardice; no, his coronet should never be defiled by the head of a *coward*. So there was no alternative. To London he must go, and that without delay, with the all but certainty that within a few hours of his arrival, Colonel St. Helen would have avenged all the wrongs he had suffered by sending a bullet through the head of him who had inflicted them. These were the dreadful thoughts that were passing through his mind, when the sceptre stood suddenly before him. Mrs. St. Helen, who then happened to enter his room—all her beauty gone, a truly lamentable object.'

'Well, madam,' commenced Lord Seckington, bitterly and fiercely, 'I am going to London, to be shot by your d——d husband. He will certainly kill me; that is, if I do not first'——The latter part of this fiendish speech was lost upon Mrs. St. Helen, who had fallen down in a swoon. He immediately summoned assistance into the room, and then quitted it, hastily gathering up his letters; but, by some fatality, leaving behind him the one which had occasioned him his horrible agonies—Captain Leicester's. It fell into the hands of Mrs. St Helen's maid, who communicated its direful contents to Mrs. St. Helen, but not till after Lord Seckington had quitted Paris. He hurried to his bedroom, and after drinking off a large glass of Cogniac, he dressed, and set off to consult with one or two "experienced" friends upon the only matter that now occupied his mind—whether the laws of duelling would admit, under the circumstance of his expected meeting with Colonel St. Helen, of his shooting at his antagonist, in the first instance, which would afford him, he considered, the only chance he had of saving a life he was just then particularly anxious to preserve.

'You must give him, 'said Colonel ——, a considerable authority in such matters, 'two shots in my opinion, and even a third, if the first two have had no effect: and then you may do as you will."

'Well,' replied the Colonel quietly, 'you may say pho! if you like, but you asked my opinion, and you have it. I have known it acted upon several times, and never objected to.'

'Is your friend a good shot?' enquired Count ——, a little fire-eater as ever breathed.

'I should say, in all probability, as good as myself.' The Count shrugged his shoulders. 'Ah, that is very bad! I think you may shoot at your friend at the very first, *by accident.*'

'That's not exactly the way matters are settled in England, Count,' interrupted Colonel ——, sharply; the vivacious Frenchman retorted; one word led on another, and that evening they went through a little duel-scene of their own: Lord Seckington being actually compelled to stand second to his countryman! On returning to his hotel, he found the cards of almost every one of his distinguished countrymen then resident at Paris lying on his table. He turned sick at heart as he looked upon them. It's force, that Mrs. St. Helen was still in a state of insensibility; and he embraced the opportunity it afforded him of preparing for his immediate departure; but not before he had left sufficient funds to provide for her comforts till he could send her further assistance from London, if, indeed, she did not first receive the intelligence of his death. Early in the ensuing morning he set out, with much the same thoughts and feelings as those with which a man might pass through beautiful scenery on his way to the guillotine.

Perhaps it might not be exaggeration to say that he endured the tortures of the damned; and when his postchase and four drew up opposite the frowning portals of his house in —— street, he stepped out of it pale as death, and scarcely able to conceal his agitation from the obsequious menials who lined the hall to receive their new lord. 'How long shall they be *mine*.'

As soon as the bustle of his arrival was over, and while the emptied chase was being led away from the door, a groom, who might have been observed loitering about the street, stepped up, gently pulled the area-bell, and enquired if that was Lord Seckington who had arrived? He was rather tartly answered in the affirmative by a bustling servant. The groom sauntered carelessly down the street; but as soon as he had turned the corner, he ran as if a pack of beagles had been at his heels, and scarce ever stopped till he reached General Ogilvie's. He succeeded in communicating his pregnant intelligence to Colonel St. Helen without having excited the suspicion of any one in the house: which Colonel St. Helen quitted a few minutes afterwards.

About seven o'clock the same evening a gentleman knocked at the door of Lord Seckington's house. Having been informed that his lordship was very particularly engaged, the stranger desired to be shown into the library, where he would wait his Lordship's leisure, as he had a very pressing engagement with him. The servant accordingly ushered him into the library, and took up to Lord Seckington the card of "Major Darnley," he had not long to wait; for in less than five minutes the door was opened, and Lord Seckington entered in his dressing gown.

'Major Darnley, I presume?' he enquired bowing politely advancing towards his visitor, who rose and bowed. Lord Seckington, who looked pale and fatigued with travelling, apologized for his delay in attending the Major, and also for his dress on the score of his having not yet had time to change it.

'I need only mention the name of Colonel St. Helen, my Lord,' said Major Darnley, in a low tone, 'to apprise your lordship of the painful nature of my errand.'

'Certainly—I perfectly understand,' replied Lord Seckington, rather hastily.

'Of course, my Lord, the sooner this affair is settled the better.'

'By all means,' replied Lord Seckington, calmly. 'I have no doubt that my friend Captain Leicester, whom I know to be in town, will act with you immediately on my behalf. Probably he is at this moment at ——'s, where you could hardly fail of meeting him,' looking at his watch.

'Perhaps your Lordship will favour me with a line addressed to Captain Leicester, intimating the nature of my application?'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Lord Seckington; and sitting down, he wrote a few lines to the desired effect, and folding up the note, directed it, and gave it to Major Darnley.

'Probably Captain Leicester will be with your Lordship shortly—shall I tell him that your Lordship waits here for him?'

'I beg you will do me that favour. Pray Major Darnley, let no time whatever be lost,' added Lord Seckington, with a smile which it would have been a luxury for a fiend to witness. He rang the bell, and Major Darnley took his leave. The instant that the door was closed, Lord Seckington, after a sickening glance round at the spacious and splendid apartment, threw himself upon the sofa in a state of mind that it would be in vain attempt describing.

Having agreed to dine that evening with one of his old friends who had succeeded to a dukedom since they had met, and who had quitted Lord Seckington only half an hour before Major Darnley's arrival, it became necessary to write off immediately, and announce his inability to be present. He did so, and stated it to be owing to very pressing engagements, and the thought which had since occurred to him that he ought not to dine out till after his uncle's funeral—well knowing that his own funeral might probably take place at the same time. It may be easily understood that he was in a humour to renew the business-details which Major Darnley's arrival had interrupted. He sent a message to that effect upstairs to his solicitor, to whom he had promised to return, begging him to be in attendance in the morning; and ordering dinner to be prepared and served at a moment's notice, he again threw himself upon the sofa. He was roused from his dreadful reverie about a quarter before 8 o'clock by Captain Leicester. He was in full dinner dress, having been met by Major Darnley, just as he was preparing to go to the Duke of ——'s where he was to have been surprised by the appearance of Lord Seckington. After his hurried interview with Major Darnley, he had come off direct to —— street.

'Well, Alverley,—Seckington, I mean—you see it's just as I suspected,' said he, hastily stepping up to Lord Seckington.

'Yes,' he replied, shaking him cordially by the hand, and unconsciously sighing. 'May I reckon on your services?'

'Oh, of course—I am here on the business now.'

'Where were you going when Major Darnley found you?' enquired Lord Seckington, alluding to Captain Leicester's dress.

'The Duke of ——'s.'

'Ah, I was to have been there to,' said Lord Seckington. 'They'll suspect that something's wrong by our both so suddenly sending refusals.'

'And let them—they're not likely to send us peace-officers, if they *do* suspect. They'll only be devilish sorry to loose the company of two deuced good knives and forks—that's all!'

'I have ordered dinner here to be ready at a moment's notice, said Lord Seckington, as the servant brought in candles. He must have observed the troubled and pallid countenance of his Lord as he placed them upon the table near which Lord Seckington and Captain Leicester were standing. 'You *can* stay to dinner?'

'I think, perhaps, I have half-an-hour to spare,' replied Captain Leicester,—for duellists, like lovers, *must* eat, it would seem;—but I can't spare one second more, for I've engaged to meet Darnley at —— is by a quarter to nine o'clock.' Lord Seckington rang, and ordered dinner to be served immediately.

'This blood-thirsty devil, St. Helen,' said Lord Seckington, as the servant closed the door, 'must have been watching for my arrival—Major Darnley was with me in less than an hour after I had got into the house.'

'Very probably. No doubt he had hired some fellow to lurk about and bring him word of your arrival. You know, my dear fellow,' added Captain Leicester, 'there's no disguising the thing; we are likely to have d —— d sharp work on our hands in the morning.'

'The morning? I shall go mad if I have to wait all through the night!' exclaimed Lord Seckington, vehemently—'D——n me if I could not infinitely prefer fighting to night—why could it not be at ——'s? You could easily manage it, Leicester. You really must arrange it so! I shan't have a chance, if we wait till the morning!

'You know, it can't be done,' replied Captain Leicester, quietly, as soon as Lord Seckington had ceased—'it's not *selon la regle*—there's a method in every thing, and duelling is nothing without it. Darnley would laugh at me if I proposed it.'

'Well I am of course in your hands. You must do as you think proper,' said Lord Seckington, with a sigh.

'I'll parade you —— let me see—Five, or six o'clock—either will do,' said Captain Leicester, thoughtfully. 'However, we shall discuss every thing fully to night at ——'s.'

'Did you ever know of such an unhappy devil as I am, Leicester?' exclaimed Lord Seckington, abruptly, walking to and fro—'*just now* to be shot.'

'Ay, and for such a cause, that's the ugly part of the story—but what does that signify? 'Twas an adventure carried on with the utmost spirit; you could not *command* success, you know; eh? isn't that the word?'

'It's d——d hard to part with all this!'—exclaimed Lord Seckington, sadly, pointing to the fine library.

'Hell must be a joke to what I've suffered since I got your last letter.'

'I thought it would have that effect, when I was writing it.—But,'—shrugging his shoulders, 'the thing's done now, and you must try not to think of it. 'Tis worse than useless. Make your will, and snap your fingers at every thing and every body in the world. That's the way a man of sense and spirit should meet death, and then he conquers it. By the way, if you *were* to make your will it might be as well. There's an infernal heap of money in the funds, you know'——

'O Leicester, don't torment me!—I shall do what is proper you may depend upon it.'

'Well, my dear fellow, don't take it ill. 'Tis no more than every second should do for his principal when he expects warm work! Of course, St. Helen, you know, will try d——d hard to hit you; but after all there's no certainty, even with the deadliest shot in the world.'

'Oh, curse the ——!' groaned Lord Seckington, coupling Mrs. St. Helen's name with the vilest epithet that could be applied to a woman.

'No, no, Seckington—you forget yourself. I call that very unhandsome—nay, it's ungrateful—its d——d bad taste!'—said Captain Leicester, seriously.

'You should only know the kind of life she's led me since we went abroad!' exclaimed Lord Seckington, vehemently.

'Poor devil, you ought not to speak of her in that way,' said Captain Leicester, with a grave air of displeasure. 'Pray remember, Seckington, that whatever she is, you have made her. It is not handsome to speak so of the woman that has denied you nothing, and lost every thing for your sake.

'Well,' exclaimed Lord Seckington, after walking violently to and fro—'I suppose that I may say that I wish I had been in —— before I had even seen her.'

'Ah, yes—quite another matter; but we mustn't have any thing unkind said of poor pretty Mrs. St. Helen.'

'Pretty! By ——, you should see her now! Pretty!'

'Well I hope you have settled something handsome on her.'

'Five hundred a year.'

'Devilish liberal, certainly. Would she speak to me, if we met at Paris?'

Lord Seckington made no reply, but, with his arms folded, kept walking to and fro, heaving heavy sighs.

'Take my advice, Seckington—make a brave effort, and throw it all off your mind. It can do you no good—it will do you infinite harm. Fancy yourself plain Charles Alverley—the dodged of duns—drop 'my Lord,'—think nothing of your rent-roll or your funded property; they'll be all the more delighted if you escape to morrow! Why do you provoke your fate? Hope for the best. Depend upon it you're too good a fellow to be ordered off just to the nick of time—oh, it's impossible!'

Lord Seckington grasped his hands and looked unutterable things.

'You know, Leicester, it is not *death* that I care for, come how or when it may,' said he, 'I'm a little above *that*, I should hope.'

'Don't fear Boggy, then, eh?' interrupted Capt. Leicester, with a smile.

'Pshaw!—But, by the way, what am I to do? How often am I to receive his fire?'

'Ah, *I've* been considering that point, a little. Why, I think—twice.'

'And I'——

'Fire, wide the first time, of course'——

'But I don't think it *is* quite such a matter *of course*, Leicester.'

'Oh, nonsense, it's as clear as daylight—trust me.'

'Really it's devilish hard—he'll try to take my life.—It's throwing away my only chance. It's going out to be clean murdered!'

'Seckington, put yourself in my place. You know that what I say is the correct thing.—It must be so, or *I* am not responsible. If nothing happens, of course he'll demand another shot; and then, you may perhaps—hem:—I don't say what *you* ought to do, but I think I know what *I* should do.—And the same if a third is asked for.'

'Why the devil don't the fellow announce dinner? exclaimed Lord Seckington, violently pulling the bell.

'Hush—don't be so feverish. He announced it five minutes ago—I've been on the move ever since. I've now only a quarter of an hour.' He, the servant made his appearance, and Lord Seckington in silence followed his companion to the dining room. Both of them cast one significant glance at the splendour of the sideboard display—and, indeed of every thing about them.

'The first time you have ever done the honours here, I presume?' said Captain Leicester, as he took his seat

'It is probably the *last*,' thought Lord Seckington. Alas! what would he have given to undo what he had done—to have begun nothing of which he had not well considered the end—never to have blasted the happy home of his brave-brother-soldier—to escape from the mortal thraldom he was now enduring! Perhaps had he been calm enough, a lesson of his earlier days might have recurred to him before the fearful lesson of the ensuing morning!

"Audire est operæ, pretium, procedere recte,
Qui mœchis non vultis—ut omni party laboret!
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter scepe pericla?"*

* Hor. Sat. Lib. I. ii.

(To be concluded next week.)

EXETER, October 5.

Medical Skill.—On Saturday last, an operation was successfully performed in this city, of the utmost importance to the medical profession, and of still greater interest to persons labouring under pulmonary complaints. A young man of the name of Tucket, about 25 years of age, a resident in the West Indies, and now lodging in North-street, had been afflicted for nearly two years with an abscess in the lungs, which had increased to such a height that his case was deemed utterly hopeless, and he came over to England for change of air, or rather, as he said, with the expectation of laying his bones in his native county of Devon. Mr. John Tucker, surgeon of this city, having about 17 years ago performed a successful operation on the mother of this young man, and as she is now alive and well, he naturally made an application to him, and under the advice of Dr. Macgowan, he consented after several weeks deliberation to submit to have an incision made in his side; and Mr. Tucker having, by means of the *steth escope*, ascertained the seat of the disease, most skilfully performed it in less than three minutes when a quantity of matter amounting to upwards of a quart, or 33 ounces imperial measure, issued from the orifice and to the delight of Dr. Macgowan and the other professional gentlemen present, the patient was instantly relieved. His cough had been most harassing and incessant—not being able to place himself in a reclining position for fear of suffocation, being in constant pain; and he had no rest for more than nine months. He bore the operation with great fortitude,—is in a fair way of doing well, and says he would freely undergo the operation a hundred times over, to obtain the ease and comfort he now enjoys.

Suicide.—A melancholy instance of self-murder occurred on the 19th ult. in the parish of Atherington. Henry Baker, a servant of Mr. Thomas Hunt, of that place yeoman, had been sent by his master in the morning to Barnstaple Fair to sell a horse. Soon after he got to the fair, two fellows came up, and one of them asked the price of his horse: he told them his master had instructed him not to part with it for less than £22, the fellow said he had a very good horse which he would exchange with him; deceased replied he could not barter, he wanted to sell: his companion, who was standing by, called him aside, and whispered into his ear that if he would exchange, he would give him £22 for "the gentleman's horse:" unfortunately the bait took, and deceased parted with his master's horse, with which his customer rode off: of course the swindler who remained declined to fulfil his promise, and the deceased was therefore left to return home with a wretched animal scarcely worth £4. He could not endure the mortification which his folly occasioned him, and soon after his return, he went into an out house and hanged himself.

Married Ladies.—A married lady alluding in conversation to the 48th Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of *rapps* and *storms*!

The following bill was lately presented to a Rail Road Company, the name of which is not given, and immediately paid:—

The —— and —— Railroad Company,

To John Smith, *Dr.*

July 19th, 1837—To running your Locomotive *into my wife*, as per Doctor's bill for curing her,	$10 87
To smashing bandbox and spoing her hat,	3 00
To upsetting my dear born and breaking it,	35 00
To hurting *me*,	5 00
	$53 87

At a late celebration of the old bachelors at Bloomington, Indiana, the following, villainous toast was drank:—

"The fair!—Saints in the churches—angels in the ball-room—and devils in the kitchen."

Novelty in Nightcaps.—A hatter residing in Leicester square, London, has invented a night-cap, which he modestly calls a "caputgeveredorunitor."

Honor.—Shooting your friend through the heart for calling you a puppy, and perhaps therein speaking the truth, when "in cups."

Similes.—"I hope I don't intrude"—as the knife said to the oyster. "Come in"—as the spider said to the fly. "Come on"—as the man said to the tight boot. "You make me blush"—as the lobster cried out in the saucepan.