St. John Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVIII. Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, September 9, 1853. Number 1.

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;

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Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

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

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

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

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.
ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:
LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, } Esquires.
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THOMAS BEER, R. N. }
I. WOODWARD, *Agent.*
Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

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,

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
may 1 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MURRIT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.
HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.
☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

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

Soap and Candles.
DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE
Union-street, St. John.
JOHN BROWN begs to inform his numerous and daily increasing customers, and the Trade generally, that he is now prepared to supply them with the above articles.
Inferior to none Manufactured.
☞ All orders left at the Stores of Mr. JAMES MCFARLANE, Messrs. FLEWELLING and READING, Prince William Street, or the Factory in Union Street, will be punctually attended to.
JOHN BROWN.

We have obtained the Victory.
KENNAY & SCHRIENER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.
HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:—

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octave to A above.
N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S., will be warranted for three years.
Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTURES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c., &c., all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.
The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.
Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.
April 22. North Market Wharf.

Bibles and Testaments.—9 Cases containing a general assortment, in prices varying from 6d. to 25s., received by the *Lisbon*, and for sale at the Bible Depository.
July 1. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of
MONUMENTS,
varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.
M. FITZGERALD.
St. John, April 29, 1853.
N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

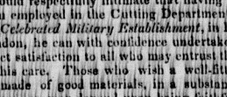
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.
CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—MORALS GUARDED! *Good Pupils only Retained!! The Incorrigible Expelled!!!*—This School contains three departments—the INFANT, the COMMERCIAL and the MATHEMATICAL. The Infant department, conducted by a female, accommodates pupils of both sexes, from 3 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 50s per quarter.
S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
May 16 tf *Manager.*

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.

JAMES LUPTON,
TAILOR AND DRAPER.
Begs to inform his friends that he has taken the shop in King street, well known as "*Vernon's Corner*," where they will find a choice and well selected stock of
BEST SAXONY BROAD CLOTHS,
DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, ALBERT CLOTHS,
SUMMER CLOTHS, FANCY TROUSERINGS,
SATIN, SILK, WOVE QUILTINGS,
WHITE MARSELLA, AND FANCY VESTINGS,
Of the finest quality, which he will be happy to make up for them in his usual superior style, on terms as reasonable as can be obtained at and other Establishment in the City.
TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE:
J. L. would respectfully intimate that having for years been employed in the Cutting Department of HARTT'S *Celebrated Military Establishment*, in Pall Mall, London, he can with confidence undertake to give perfect satisfaction to all who may entrust their orders to his care. Those who wish a well-fitting garment made of good materials, in a substantial English manner, may depend upon being faithfully served.
TO THE OFFICERS OF H. M. ARMY.
J. L. would beg to state, that having had much practice in the above Establishment, and having a thorough knowledge of the practical part of *UNIFORM CUTTING*, he is prepared to execute in a superior style, all orders with which he may be entrusted. Officers wishing *correct measurement* to transmit to their Military Tailors in London, can be accommodated at this place.
Nicholes' Paletots made in the best London style. May 16, 1851.

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER, &C.
Fourth Door North Trinity Church, Germain St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
KEEPS constantly on hand, **COFFINS** of all description which he will furnish at Prices that will defy competition.
A HEARSE always on hand—Palls, &c. furnished.
P. S.—CABINET FURNITURE, Mattrasses, Curtains, Carpets, &c., made to order, on as good terms as any other Establishment in this city.
October 3, 1851.

Freehold Property for Sale.
330 ACRES of well timbered LAND, fronting on New River, on the Saint Andrews Road, in the Parish of Pennfield, County of Charlotte.
ALSO—A Farm of 600 acres, lying on the New Canaan River, 15 miles from Washademock Lake. On this Property there is an excellent Saw Mill, House, Barns, &c. The farm produces from 30 to 40 tons of Hay yearly.
ALSO—A Farm of 300 acres on the same River, 2 miles above. This farm cuts 35 tons of Hay.
ALSO—A Farm of 300 acres on the Butternut Ridge, in King's County, with House, Barn, &c.
ALSO—15,000 acres of Land in different parts of King's, Queen's, Westmorland, and Albert Counties.
Any of the above Land will be sold in Lots to suit purchasers, on liberal terms, or exchanged for Freehold Property in the City of Saint John.
Apply to C. W. STOCKTON.
Jan. 7, 1853.



HATS AND CAPS.
FASHIONS FOR 1853.
THE Subscriber having received his Spring Style of HATS, is now prepared to furnish Gentlemen with HATS of a very superior quality and of the latest Fashion at a reasonable price. Parties in want of a good HAT would do well to call at Magee's Hat and Cap Store, a few doors below the St. John Hotel.
April 1. A. MAGEE.

Shawls! Shawls!!
Received per steamer Cambria:—
SILK, Checked, CACHMERE DE ECOSSE, Barege, Tissue and Damask Silk SHAWLS; Embroidered Circassin, Alpaca and Merino ROBES. JAMES SMELLIE.

SHARP'S Medicines.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
OF INTEREST TO ALL.
Sharp's Celebrated Family Medicines and Preparations.
SHARP'S COMPOUND ALKALINE INFUSION OF SARSAPARILLA—Sarsaparilla has of late years been much used, and with great success, in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, as an alternative in Scrofulous affections, Scurvy, Obstinate, Cutaneous Eruptions, Indolent Ulcers, Diseases of the Periosteum and Bone, attended with obscure pains, wasting the flesh, tenderness of the part, tumors and nodes unconnected with Syphilis, and in that state of the habit known among medical men under the term of Cachexia, but which is not easy to define. In such cases Sarsaparilla proves a most valuable remedy, and often effects a cure when all other remedies have long been administered in vain, and when the diseased state of the system has been of many years duration.
This article, prepared by John G. Sharp, has performed numerous and most astonishing cures of persons who have for years been festered with sores, from head to feet, and others who have been sent up with Mercurial Rheumatism, which they had been laid up with for 2 or 3 years. Prepared and sold by John G. Sharp, Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. N. B.—Dose, a Wine Glass full, three times daily.

SHARP'S BALSAM of HOARHOUND AND ANISEED, for Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, &c.
This excellent medicine has the extraordinary property of immediately relieving Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, and Huskiness of the Throat. It operates by dissolving the congealed phlegm, and causing free expectoration.
Persons who are troubled with that unpleasant tickling in the Throat which deprives them of rest night after night, by the incessant cough which it provokes, will by taking one dose find immediate relief, and one bottle in most cases will effect a cure. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. each.—Prepared by John G. Sharp, member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

Sharp's Tincture of Myrrh and Borax; prepared with Eau de Cologne.
This article is excellent for washing and refreshing the mouth, and alleviating Rheumatic Pains which are often mistaken for the Tooth-ache. It is composed of choice Turkey Myrrh, Camphor and Eau de Cologne. Prepared by John G. Sharpe Chemist, St. John, N. B. Sold in bottles at 2s. 6d

COCOA NUT OIL FOR THE HAIR.
This is one of the best articles ever offered to the public, for *cleaning, strengthening*, and *promoting* the growth of the Hair. Sold in pots at 1s, 3d. to 2s. 6d. each. Prepared only by J. G. SHARP, Chemist, &c., St. John, New Brunswick.

Sharp's Camphorated Tooth Powder is superior to, and more agreeable than any other Dentifrice, for beautifying the Teeth and Gums. It removes Tartar with injuring the enamel of the Teeth, giving them a beautiful Pearly appearance. Prepared by JOHN G. SHARP, at 1s 3d and 2s 6d per Box.

Sharp's Oriental Hair Wash, for restoring, beautifying, cleansing, and preserving the Hair.
This article is of unfailing efficacy for preserving Baldness, for aiding the Growth of the Hair to an extent surpassing belief. Prepared by JOHN G. SHAP, Chemist and Druggist. (Sold in bottles at 2s. 6d. each.)
Also, Sharp's Nutritive Cream, for the Hair.—This Cream possesses the properties of promoting and strengthening the growth of the Hair, giving it a glossy appearance, rendering the most inflexible Hair perfectly pliable, and keeping it in strong Curl during damp weather or violent exercise, and preventing an accumulation of Scurf upon the Head. Prepared only by JOHN G. SHARP. Sold it bottles at 1s 3d. each.

To the Ladies.
Sharp's Celebrated Kalydor, for the Complexion
By applying the KALYDOR, copiously, several times a day, and by letting it remain on, it will radically cure all Eruptions, Tetters, Ring Worms, Inflamed Eyes, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.
Ladies suckling will find it an excellent remedy for allaying inflammation—cooling and refreshing the infant's mouth. It being perfectly innocent, the most delicate lady or child may use it with safety.
GENTLEMEN after shaving by applying the Kalydor and letting it remain on the face, will find it allay the irritation and smarting pain, and render the skin soft and pleasant. Prepared and sold by JOHN G. SHAP, Chemist, Saint John, N. B.
Sold in Bottles at 2s. 6d. each.

Bug Poison.
"The Dead Shot" Bug Poison—To those who are afflicted with these crawling, biting, and bothering tormentors of our nightly rest, the subscriber would humbly recommend this article one through application of which will exterminate them forever from your premises. Prepared by John G. Sharp, Chemist. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. each.

Sharp's celebrated vermin and insect EXTERMINATOR! for the destruction of Rats and Mice, Cockroaches, Beetles, Crickets, Bugs, &c., &c.
The "EXTERMINATOR" is designed to supersede the use of Common Poisons, by furnishing a preparation convenient and safe to sell, at the same time attractive to the Vermin.
Directions for using the "Exterminator."—Roll it up in pieces the size of a small marble, and throw it into their holes; or spread it on fresh baked bread, with a thin piece of wood, and cut it into small pieces and distribute it about the places they frequent.
Put up and Sold by the Proprietor, in boxes at 1s. 3d. to 2 6d. each.
☞ None genuine unless signed
JOHN G. SHARP,
Pharmaceutical Chemist.

SAINT JOHN HOUSE,
No. 72 KING STREET, 30th OCTOBER, 1852
THE Subscriber informs his numerous friends and customers, that he has received per ship *Decan* and late steamers, part of his Fall Supply of
Winter and Staple Goods,
comprising the usual Retail Stock, and making the assortment of this Establishment nearly equal to any in the trade—The following are some of the leading articles, viz:—
Heavy Canada, Beaver, and Broad CLOTHS,
Heavy SATINETTS—newest styles;
Doeskins and Cassimeres, BLANKETS;
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS;
Plenty COTTON, BED TICKS, DRILLS;
TOWELLINGS, SHAWLS, Hosiery, Gloves
Cotton BATTINGS, &c. &c. &c.
ALSO—*on Consignment, for Wholesale*—
3 cases GERMAN GOODS, consisting of FLUTINOS, ACCORDEONS, Work Boxes, Playing Cards, Razor Strops, Portmonies, Wallets, &c. very cheap.
Nov. 5. JOSEPH LORDLY.

Miscellany.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY

BY FRANCIS A. DUMVAGE.

It was a fine night in the autumn of the year 1805, and the stars shone as brilliantly over the gay city of Paris as if they had burned in an Italian heaven. The cumbrous mass of the palace of the Tuileries, instead of lying like a dark leviathan in the shadows of the night, blazed with light in all its many-windowed length; for the soldier emperor, the idol of his subjects, that night gave a grand ball and reception to the world. Troops in full uniform were under arms, and the great lamps of the court yard gazed brightly on the channelled bayonots and polished musket-barrels of the sentinels. Carriage after carriage drew up at the great portal, and emitted beautiful ladies, brilliantly attired, and Marshals and staff officers blazing with embroidery; for Napoleon, simple and unostentatious in his own person, well knew the importance of surrounding himself with a brilliant court; and the people, even the rude and ragged denizens of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, as they hung upon the iron railing and scanned the splendid dresses of the guests as they alighted from their carriages, were well pleased to see that a throne created by themselves could vie in splendor with the old hereditary seats of loyalty that existed in spite of the execrations of the million. They marked with pleasure the arms of some of the ancient Bourbon nobility on the pannels of some of the glittering equipages, for all the aristocracy of France had not joined the banners of her adversaries.

Within the walls of the palace, in the reception-room, the scene was yet more dazzling. The draperies of the throne, at the foot of which stood Josephine, more impressive from her native and winning loveliness than the splendot of priceless diamonds that decked her brow and neck, and the emperor in the simple attire of a gentleman, with no distinctive ornament save the grand cross of the Legion of Honor,—the draperies of the throne, we say, no longer presented the golden lilies of the Bourbon, but the golden bees of Napoleon,—symbols of the industry and perseverance which had raised him to his rank. The eye, as it roamed around the brilliant circle, encountered few of those rapid faces which make the staple of the surroundings of an hereditary throne. Every epaulette that sparkled there, graced the shoulder of a man who had won his grade by exposure, gallantry and intellect. There was the scarred veteran of the Sambre and the Meuse, heroes who had crossed "that terrible bridge of Lodi" in the path of the French tri-color, and the face [illegible] lightering fire of Austrian batteries,—dim eyes that had been blighted by the burning sands of Egypt, warriors who had braved the perils of the Alps, and the dangers of the plains of Lombardy.

Somewhat apart from the brilliant circle, in the embrasure of one of the deep and lofty windows, stood a young officer, in conversation with a beautiful young woman. The latter was attired in white satin, and the rich lace veil that half hid the orange flower in her hair, and descended gracefully over her faultless shoulders, proclaimed her to be a bride. And the young solder, her companion? The radiant pride and joy that beamed from his fine dark eye, the animation of his manner, and the tenderness of his tone, as he addressed the lady, emphatically proclaimed the bridegroom. Such, indeed, were the relations of Colonel Lioncourt and Leonide Lassale, who had that day only lost her maiden appellation at the altar of Notre Dame.

So absorbed was the colonel in the conversation, that it was only after he had been twice addressed that he turned round and noticed the proximity of a third person.

"Sorry to interrupt you, colonel," said the new comer, a young man with dark lowering brows, deep set eyes, and a sinister expression, heightened by a sabre cut that traversed his left cheek diagonally, "but his majesty desires to speak to you."

"*Au revoir*, Leonide," said the young colonel, to his bride; "I will join you again in a few moments. The emperor is laconic enough in his communications. Meanwhile, I leave you to the care of my friend."

The emperor was already impatient, and the moment the colonel appeared he grasped his arm familiarly, and led him aside, while the immediate group of courtiers fell back respectfully, and out of ear-shot.

"Colonel," said Napoleon, "I have news—great news. The enemies of France will not give us a moment's repose. It is no longer England alone that threatens us. I could have crushed England, had she met me single-handed. In a month my eagles would have lighted on the tower of London. Russia, Austria and Sweden have joined her. Our frontier is threatened by half a million men. Lioncourt, you are brave and trusty, and I will tell what I dare communicate to few. My movements must be as secret as the grave. Paris must not suspect them. What do you think I propose doing?"

"To strengthen the frontier by concentrating your troops on different points, sire."

Napoleon smiled.

"No, Lioncourt; we will beard the lion in his den. I have broken up the camp at Boulogne. I will rush at once into the heart of Germany. I will separate the enemy's columns from each other. The first division that marches against me shall be outflanked, attacked in the rear and cut to pieces. One after another they shall fall before me. In three months I shall triumph over the coalition. I shall dictate terms of peace from the field of battle. Lioncourt, they are short sighted. They know nothing of me yet. They fancy that my heart is engaged in these frivolous pomps and gaieties with which I amuse the people,—that I have become enervated by 'Capuan delights.' But you know that my throne is the back of my war-horse,—that the sword is my sceptre, cannon my diplomatists. I wish for peace—they have elected war; on their heads be the guilt and the bloodshed."

He paused, out of breath with the rapidity of his utterance. Colonel Lioncourt waited respectfully till he should recommence.

"Colonel," he said, at last, in a tone of sadness, a melancholy shade passing over his fine features, "they have described me as a sanguinary monster. History will do me justice. History will attest that I never drew the sword without just cause,—returned it to its scabbard on the earliest opportunity. Not on my soul the guilt of slaughtered thousands, of villages burned, of peasants driven from their homes, of fields ravaged, of women widowed, and children orphaned. My whole soul yearns for peace. I would build my true greatness on the promulgation of just laws, the culture of religion and intellect, the triumphs of agriculture, and the arts of peace. But I must obey my destiny. Europe must be ploughed by the sword. The struggle is between civilization and barbarism, free love and despotism, the Frank and the Cossack. But I prate too long. Colonel, I sent for you to pronounce a hard sentence. Your regiment of hussars is already under arms. You must march to-night—instantly."

"Sire," said Lioncourt, with a sigh "This news will kill my poor wife."

"Josephine shall console her," said the emperor. "I would have informed you earlier, but St. Eustache, your lieutenant-colonel, whom I now see talking with madame, advised me not to do so."

"I thank him," muttered Lioncourt, bitterly.

"You have no time to lose. I counsel you to leave the presence quietly. Let your wife learn that you marched, by a letter. Better that than the agony of parting. I know something of human, and particular feminine nature. Adieu, colonel. Courage and good fortune."

And so saying, the emperor glided easily back to the circle he had left. Lioncourt's brain reeled under the blow he had received. He gazed upon his wife as she stood radiant, beautiful and unsuspicious, under a glittering chandelier, with the same feelings with which a man takes a last look of the shore as he sinks forever in the treacherous wave. In another moment he was gone. The sentries presented arms as he passed out of the palace. His orderly was in the court-yard holding his charger by the bridle. The colonel threw himself into the saddle, and rode to the head of the regiment. The trumpets and kettle drums were mute—for such were the general orders,—and the regiment rode out of the city in silence, broken only by the heavy tramping of the horses' hoofs, and the clanking of the scabbards rebounding from their flanks. As they passed out of one of the gates, the lieutenant-colonel, St. Eustache, joined the column at a gallop, and reported to his commander.

St. Eustache had been a lover of Leonide Lassalle, had proposed for her hand and been rejected. Still, he had not utterly ceased to love her, but his desire of possession was now mingled with a desire of vengeance. He both hated and loved the beautiful Leonide, while he regarded his fortunate rival and commanding officer which feelings of unmitigated hatred. Yet he had art enough to conceal his guilty projects. While he rode beside the colonel, his thoughts ran somewhat in this vein:

"Well, at least I have succeed in marring their joy. Lioncourt's triumph over me was short lived. He may never see his bride again. He is venturesome and rash. We have sharp work before us, or I'm very much mistaken, and Colonel Eugene Lioncourt may figure in the list of killed in the first general engagement. Then I renew my suit, and if Leonide again rejects me, there's no virtue in determination."

While the colonel's regiment was slowly pursuing its way, the festivities at the Tuileries were drawing to a close. Madame Lioncourt wondered very much at the absence of her husband, and still more so, when the guests began to depart, and he did not re-appear to escort her to her carriage. It was then that the empress honored her with an interview, and with tears in her beautiful eyes informed her of her husband's march in obedience to orders. The poor lady bore bravely up against the effect of this intelligence so long as she was in the presence of the emperor and empress; but when alone in her carriage, on her way to her now solitary home, she burst into a flood of tears, and it seemed as if her very heart were breaking. The next morning brought a short but kind note from her husband. It was overflowing with affection and full of hope. The campaign, conducted by Napoleon's genius, he thought, could not fail to be brief, and he should return with new laurels, to lay them at the feet of his lovely bride. This little note was treasured up by Leonide as if it had been the relic of a saint, and its words of love and promise cheered her day after day in the absence of her husband.

At last, news came from the seat of war. The battle of Austerlitz had been fought and won. The cannon thundered from the invalides, Paris blazed with illuminations, and the steeples reeled with the crashing peals of the joy-bells. No particulars came at first; many had been killed and wounded; but the French eagles were victorious and this was all the people at first cared for. Lioncourt's regiment had covered itself with glory but no special mention was made of him in the first despatches.

At last, one morning a visitor was announced to Madame Lioncourt, and she hastily descended to her salon to receive him. St. Eustache advanced to meet her. She eagerly scanned his countenance as he held out his hand. It was grave and sombre. A second glance showed her a black crape sword-knot on the hilt of his sabre. She fainted and sank back upon the floor before St. Eustache could catch her in his arms. He summoned her maid, and the latter, with the assistance of another servant, bore her mistress from the apartment.

St. Eustache paced the room to and fro, occasionally raising his eyes to contemplate the rich gilded ceiling, the paintings and statuetts which adorned the saloon.

"Some style here!" he muttered. "And they say she has this in her own right. Lioncourt left her some funds, I fancy. Young beautiful, rich; by Jove, she *is* a prize!"

His meditations were interrupted by the return of Madame Lioncourt, who motioned her visitor to be seated, and sank into a *fauteuil* herself. She was pale as marble, and her eyes were red with recent tears, but her voice was calm and firm as she said:

"I need hardly ask you, sir, if my poor husband has fallen. I could read ill news in your countenance as soon as you appeared. Were you near him when he fell?"

"I was beside him, madame. We were charging the flying Russians. Our horses, maddened with excitement, had carried us far in advance of our column, when suddenly we were surrounded by a group of horsemen, who took courage and rallied for a moment. Lioncourt was carrying death in every blow he dealt, when a Russian cavalry officer, discharging his pistol at point-blank distance, shot him dead from the saddle. I saw no more, for I was myself wounded and swept away in the torrent of the fight. But he is dead. Even if that pistol shot had not slain him, the hoofs of his own troopers, as they rushed madly forward in pursuit of the enemy, would have trampled every spark of life out of his bosom."

Leonide rung her hands.

"But you, at least, recovered his—his remains?"

"Pardon, madame. I instituted a search for our colonel's body where he fell. But the spot had already been visited by marauders. All the insignia of rank had disappeared; and in the mangled heap of stripped and mutilated corpses, it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe."

The widowed bride groaned deeply, as she covered her face with her handkerchief and rocked to and fro on her seat.

"Madame," said St. Eustache, "I will no longer intrude upon your grief. When time has somewhat assuaged the poignancy of your affliction, I will again call on you to tender my respectful sympathies."

Time wore on, and with it brought those alleviations it affords to even the keenest sorrow. The assiduity of friends compelled Madame Lioncourt to lay aside her widow's weeds, and reappear in the great world of fashion. There, whatever may have been her secret sorrow, she learned to wear the mask of a smiling exterior, and even to appear gayest among the gay, as if she sought forgetfulness in the wildest excitement and most frivolous amusement.

During all this time, St. Eustache, who had got a military appointment at Paris, was ever at her side. It was impossible for her to avoid him. He escorted her to her carriage when she left a ball-room; he was the first to claim her hand when she entered. He was so respectful, so sad, so humble, that it was impossible to take offence at his assiduities, and she even began to like him in spite of former prejudices. Though it was evident that the freedom of her hand had renewed his former hopes, still no words of his ever betrayed their revival, only sometimes a suppressed sigh, the trembling of his hand as it touched hers, gave evidence that could not be mistaken.

Affairs were in this condition, when a brother of Leonide, Alfred Lasalle, a young advocate from the provinces, came to establish himself in Paris. He at once became the protector and guardian of his sister, and as such, conceived the same violent dislike to St. Eustache that Leonide had formerly entertained towards him. St. Eustache, after many fruitless attempts to conciliate the brother, gave it up in despair. Still, whenever Alfred's affairs called him away, he supplied his place with the young widow.

At this time, play sometimes ran very high in the salons of the capital; and Leonide rose from the *scarte* table, one night, indebted to St. Eustache in the sum of a thousand crowns.

"Call on me to-morrow," said Leonide, with a flushed face, "and I will repay you."

St. Eustache was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the young widow. He knew that she had been living on her capital for some time, and that she had reached the limit of her resources. He knew that it was utterly impossible for her to raise a thousand francs in twenty-four hours. She must, therefore, think, cancel her debt by her hand. The alternative to which he had been [illegible] bring her; therefore, he entered her [illegible] next day with the air of a victor. He was [illegible] covetous of wealth; he had prospered in his own speculations, and was immensely rich; the hand of Leonide, even without her heart, was now all he sought.

Madame Lioncourt received him with the easy assurance of a woman of the world. He on his part advanced with the grace of a French courtier.

"You came to remind me, sir," said the lady, "that I was unfortunate at play last night."

"No, madame," said St. Eustache, it is yourself who reminds me of it. Pardon me, I am somewhat acquainted with your circumstances. I know that you are no longer as rich as you are beautiful—"

"Sir!"

"Pardon the allusion, madame; I did not intend to insult you, but only to suggest that the payment of money was not the only method of cancelling a debt;"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Leonide, it is time that you did understand me!" cried St. Eustache, impetuously. "It is time that I should throw off the mask and assert my claim to your hand. I loved you once—I love you still. You are new in my power. You have now no alternative. You cannot pay me the money you owe me; but you can make me happy. Your hand—"

"Colonel St. Eustache," said the lady coldly, as she rose and handed him a pocket-book. "Be good enough to count those notes."

St. Eustache ran over them hastily.

"A thousand crowns, madame," said he.

"Then the debt is cancelled. Never renew the proposal of this morning. Good day, sir."

With a haughty inclination of the head, she swept out of the room.

"Never renew the proposal of this morning!" said St. Eustache, to himself. "A thousand furies! It shall be renewed to-night. She will be at the masquerade at the opera-house. I have bribed her chamber-maid, and know her dress. She shall hear me plead my suit. I have risked too much—perilled too much, to give her up so easily."

Amidst the gay crowd at the opera house was a light figure in a pink domino, attended by one in black. Not to make a mystery of these characters, they were Madame Lioncourt and her brother.

"Dear Alfred," said the lady, "I am afraid you impoverished yourself to aid me in extricating myself from the toils of my persevering suitor."

"Say nothing of it, Leonide," replied Alfred. "Your liberty is cheaply purchased by the sacrifice."

"Lady, one word with you," said a low voice at her side.

She turned and beheld a pilgrim with scrip, staff and cross, and closely masked.

"I venture, if you will, reverend sir, she replied gaily. "But methinks this is a strange scene for one of your solemn vocation."

"The true man," replied the mask, "finds something to interest him in every scene of life. Wherever men and women assemble in crowds, there is always an opportunity for counsel and consolation. The pious pilgrim should console the sad; and are not the saddest hearts found in the gayest throngs?"

"True, true," replied Leonide with a deep sigh.

"But you, at least, are happy, lady," said the pilgrim.

"Happy! Could you see my face, you would see a mask more impenetrable than this velvet one I wear. It is all smiles," she whispered. "But," she added, laying her hand on her bosom,

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It heaves no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart."

"Can it be possible!" cried the pilgrim. "You have the reputation of being one of the gayest of the Parisian ladies."

"Then you know me not."

"I know you by name, Madame Lioncourt."

"Then you should know that name represents a noble and gallant heart—the life of my own widowed bosom. You should know that Lioncourt, the bravest of the brave, the truest of the true, lies in a nameless grave at Austerlitz, the very spot unknown."

"I too was at Austerlitz," said the pilgrim, in a deep voice.

"You were at Austerlitz?"

"Yes, madame, in the ranks."

"It was my husband's regiment."

"Yes, madame. I was in a body that supposed to be dead. My comrades saw me fall, and I was reported for dead. Faith! I came near dying.