SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1849.

Weekly Chronicle.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,
Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.
[The time of high water here given is for A. M.]

Dec.		d.	Sun. s	Moon s	H	w
1 Saturday,		7	25 4	14 6	16	0 1
2 Sunday,		7	26 4	13 7	22	0 48
3 Monday,		7	27 4	13 8	31	1 34
4 Tuesday,		7	28 4	13 9	42	2 20
5 Wednesday,		7	29 4	13 10	51	3 7
6 Thursday,		7	30 4	13 11	59	3 59
7 Friday,		7	31 4	12 —	—	5 4

Last Quarter, 6th, 2h. 26m aft.

MINERVA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
84, King William street, Mansion house, London

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St. John, N. B. 1849. *Agents for New Brunswick*

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.
EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

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February, 1848.

Mutual Insurance Company.
THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. J. WOODWARD.
St. John. Nov. 11. 1846. *Secretary.*

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
King Street.
THE Subscriber having leased the Premises known as the *Commercial Hotel*, situate in King street, a few doors below the St. John Hotel, is prepared to receive permanent or transient Boarders. The House has undergone a thorough repair, and every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of parties patronising this establishment. OLIVER BYRAM.
St John Sept. 7, 1849.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.
SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, South Park, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for three weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases.* You get me see you again." This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chigo-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St John, N. B

Miscellaneous

BALLOON FROZEN—EXTRAORDINARY AERIAL VOYAGE.

Mr. Gypson, the celebrated aeronaut, being engaged by some gentlemen of Bedford to make an ascent with his magnificent silk balloon, the 'Royal Albert,' made his hundredth ascent at a quarter before five on the evening of Friday last.

Mr. Gypson was accompanied in his voyage by Mr. Henry Smith, the indefatigable engineer of the Bedford Gas-Works, by whose exertions the machine was supplied with an ascending power far superior to that generally obtained in provincial towns. Two residents of Bedford were candidates for aeronautic honours, but the terms they offered Mr. Gypson declined, and a large cargo of ballast was deposited in the car. The balloon rose in fine perpendicular style, and acted upon by a high wind, speedily out-tripped the railway trains in its progress to London. The aeronauts shortly after quitting the earth entered the clouds and became invisible to their friends on *terra firma*, piercing the dark massy clouds that hung suspended like Mahomet's coffin between earth and heaven. The *rapscearia* were saluted with a sharp shower of sleet, or fine snow, that drifted over them in all directions, and froze as fast as it fell till the aeronauts became encased in a spangled shroud of silvery ice. The balloon winged its way with the rapidity of lightning through the massive bodies of snow-charged vapour with which it was surrounded, still ascending. It was at this time the aeronauts witnessed the remarkable phenomenon of the sun, which had set before the y left the earth, assuming a retrograde action. The most gorgeous blending of red and purple stretched across the sky, as slowly and progressively the setting sun rose in the west, floating on thin air, and subjected to the rays of a glorious sunshine.—The gas that had been in a condensed state the whole of the day was now, two miles and-a-half above the clouds, assailed by a rapid and a powerful expansion, so that it became necessary to open the valve and relieve the balloon of the extreme pressure that was thus inflicted upon the whole surface of the silk. But here arose an extraordinary incident—the hose of the safety-valve, which had been tied up before leaving the earth to prevent the admission of atmospheric air, was found to be frozen quite hard, so that it became impossible to extend it to allow the superfluous gas to blow off. Under these circumstances Mr. Gypson endeavoured to open the valve at the crown of the balloon, but that, too, from the peculiar description of lating with which the valve was luted was found to be inseparably frozen. As such Mr. Gypson had but one alternative—he quickly passed himself through the hoop, and with his knife, made a large incision in the lower part of the balloon: the gas streamed forth in one continuous stream through a two-feet opening and, singular to relate, the gas that had been passed into the silken globe on invisible vapour rushed out as white as the steam from a steam-engine, such was the effect of the frosty air upon the gas. And thus the aeronauts were rescued from the jaws of destruction; for had not such an expedient as the knife been adopted, nothing could have prevented the silk giving way to the extreme force then acting upon it, at three and a half miles above the earth for such was then their altitude, as shown by the sinking of the mercury in the barometer. The mercury at starting was 28 2-10, and at the highest altitude 14 1-10. The escape of the gas in the aperture made by Mr. Gypson with his knife was the dismissal of danger, and the adventurous voyagers regaling themselves with a little real old cognac, congratulated themselves on their providential escape; true, they had an abundance of ballast in the car, but with the silk frozen as hard as a wet linen cloth in a winter's night, it would have availed them but little had the silk been beyond the reach of an incision. They had now a tendency downwards, and began to shake off the glittering ice or frozen snow that had rendered their garments a coat of mail. The mercury now rose to 19 3 10, which showed a mile lower than their highest elevation, still descending, but very little warmer. They again tried the valve but could not open it, and in their efforts to accomplish the object repeatedly brought down the crown of the balloon, the valve obstinately refusing to give way. The rays of the sun were now lost; Sol had taken his final departure for the night, and a rapid condensation of the gas was the consequence. Ballast was brought in requisition and the downward tendency checked, as it becomes highly necessary to have full command over the valve before the final descent was attempted. The travelers were now within a mile of the earth, the temperature of the air much warmer, so that the silk resumed its accustomed softness, the valve opened with a very slight effort, the grappling iron and cable were extended, and the shades of night displayed a solemn stillness reigning around; the wind carried the balloon across the country with great velocity, the grappling iron took hold of a quick-set hedge, tore it up by the roots, and rapidly approached the buildings of a farm house; bags, ballast, and all were thrown out to avoid it, and the balloon cleared all obstruction by ascending again. A second descent was made and accomplished with safety though not with some violent oscillation, near Turnmoor, in Oxfordshire, 59 miles from Bedford, and the time occupied in the journey was 44 minutes. Not a soul was to be seen, and if the travellers had nearly emptied their aerial vehicle, when a ploughman "homewards plodding his weary way," approaching the monster of the air, took a sly peep, and likewise took to his heels: entreaty and persuasion were useless, nothing would induce him to return. Mr. Gypson and his friend, after much delay, succeeded in getting a conveyance to take them to a railway station, and reached Bedford at 11 o'clock the next morning.—*Sun.*

DIVERSITIES OF SAVAGE RACES.—The Northern Desert of Africa divides two races of men who belong originally to the same part of the globe, and whose unreconciled discord appears as ancient as the mythus of Osiris and Typhon.—North of the Atlas there dwell nations with long and straight hair, of sallow complexion and Caucasian features. On the south of the Senegal, towards Soudan, live hordes of negroes in many different stages of civilization. In Central Asia, the Mongolian Steppe divides Siberian barbarism from the ancient civilization of the peninsula of India.

The South American Steppes form the boundary of a partial European cultivation. To the north, between the mountains of Venezuela and the Caribbean sea, we find commercial cities, neat villages, and carefully cultivated fields. Even the love of art and scientific culture, together with the noble desire of civil freedom, have long been awakened there. Towards the south the Steppe terminates in a savage wilderness. Forests, the growth of thousands of years, fill with their impenetrable fastness the humid regions between the Orinoco and the Amazons. Massive leaden-coloured granite rocks narrow the bed of the foaming rivers. Mountains and forests resound with the thunder of the falling waters, with the roar of the tiger-like jaguar, and with the melancholy rain-announcing howlings of the bearded apes.

Where a sand-bank is left dry by the shallow current, the unwieldy crocodiles lie, with open jaws, as motionless as pieces of rock, and often covered with birds. The boa serpent, his body marked like a chess-board, coiled up, his tail wound round the branch of a tree, lies lurking on the bank secure of his prey; he marks the young bull or some feebler inhabitant of the forest as it fords the stream, and swiftly uncoiling seizes the victim, and covering it with mucus forces it laboriously down his swelling throat.

In the midst of this grand and savage nature live many tribes of men, isolated from each other by the extraordinary diversity of their languages: some are nomadic, wholly unacquainted with agriculture, and using ants, gums, and earth as food; these, as the Otomacs and Jaruros, seem a kind of ex casts from humanity: others, like the Maquiritares and Macos, are settled, more intelligent and of milder manners, and live on fruits which they have themselves reared.

Large spaces between the Cassiquare and the Atabapo are only inhabited by the tapir and the social apes, and are wholly destitute of human beings. Figures graven on the rocks show that even these deserts were once the seat of some degree of intellectual cultivation. They bear witness to the changeful destinies of man, as do the unequally developed flexible languages; which latter belong to the oldest and most imperishable class of historic memorials.

But as in the Steppe tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others apparently weaponless and yet prepared for murder kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margin of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow-men increased toil and danger. The traveller wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man.

He, therefore, who, amidst the unreconciled discord of nations, seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activities of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of nature; or, obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upwards in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs, which are ever pursuing in undisturbed harmony their ancient and unchanging course.—*Humboldt's Aspects of Nature.*

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.—Judge Charlton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association at Augusta, Ga., thus sketches the marriage scene:—"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me now sketch for a bride, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar; a lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just given up herself for ever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion, which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly; for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector beats a manly and a noble heart. Oh, we to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

"Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false hearted,
His liftblood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonour sit
On his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it;
Never! Oh, never!"

We have all read the story of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her, who but a few months before had united her fate to his—"if you are not satisfied with my conduct, go return to your friends and to your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you—I covet it not." "Alas!" she answered, "I don't not of my wealth—I spoke of my maiden affections of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?" "No! I cannot restore these; but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and unstained. I will cherish them through my life and in my death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and to cheer her who gave up to me all she held most dear." Did I not tell you that there was poetry in woman's look—in woman's word. See it here, the mild and gentle reproof of love winning, from its hastiness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their stronger weapons, how many of wedlock's fierce battles would be unfought—how much of happiness and coldness would be avoided."

EFFECTS OF CORSETS ON THE SPINE.—The straightness of the spinal column depends on the strength of the muscles that support it. But those muscles are enfeebled by the pressure of corsets. Hence the spine bends and becomes distorted.—Instances of crooked spines have been fearfully multiplied in the fashionable female circles, of Europe and America, since the beginning of the present century; while in Greece, Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and other parts of Asia, as well as in Africa, where no tight forms of dress are thought of, it is almost unknown. Nor does it appear among our own country women whose persons are suffered to retain the shape which God intended for them. This breach of his law, therefore, inflicts the penalty incurred by the fault.

It appears, from actual computation, that of the females who have been accustomed from early life to tight corsetting, nearly *one-fourth* have some unnatural and disfiguring flexure of the spine! By not a few observers and calculators the proportion is maintained to be much greater. A Scottish gentleman of distinction assures us, that he has examined about *two hundred* young females, in fashionable boarding-schools, and that scarcely one of them was free from some sort of corset injury. Those whose spines were not distorted, had unsightly effects produce on their shoulder blades collar-bones, or some other part of the chest which stuffing and wadding would be requisite to conceal. Some where hunch-backed, and in not a few one shoulder was higher than the other; effects which, in our own country, are much more frequent than is generally suspected. In no individual case was personal symetry amended by the practice; while in almost every one it was impaired, and in many destroyed. In fact, such pressure cannot fail to injure the symmetry of the trunk, that being its direct tendency. The custom, therefore, is as foreign from correct taste as from sound philosophy; and I was near saying, from humanity and moral rectitude.—*Caldwell on Physical Education.*

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.—The daily press complains of the loquacity of parliament as a serious impediment to business. The steady remedy is, 'cease to report the nonsense that is spoken, and the members will talk less.' The Spectator, remarking on the threat of the Times, says, 'Honorable members often speak to be heard than to be reported, and by subserving to those talkers against printed space, the daily journals encourage idle loquacity, until their own columns are surcharged with a burthen of tediousness that disgusts all readers. A concentrated style of reporting, apportioned to ideas rather than words, would cause the speeches of members to be in truth more read, and would tend to chasten the flow of eloquence.' The hint is equally applicable to the provincial press in its treatment of local orators. The practice of reporting everything that is said, by fools as well as Solons, may be described as 'reporting run mad.' The highest style of reporting is that which gives in the briefest possible space the substance of all things spoken and done. Column after column of 'full reports' form literally a mass of rubbish, gratifying to nobody but him whose vanity it flatters. The exceptions to this rule are but few.—*Sheffield Times.*

A LOVE AND COWHIDING CASE.

BALTIMORE Nov. 1, 1849.—Quite a novel suit will come off before our next county court, in which the lady of a distinguished member of Congress, from the native American district of Pennsylvania, is the defendant. The member in question has been residing since his election, with his father-in-law, at his country seat, a few miles from the city and the daughter of his wife by a previous marriage, being a most beautiful young lady, has attracted the admiration of the young sparks of that vicinity, one of whom, it is said, has met with great favour in the eyes of the young lady, but with the most violent opposition from her mother. A few days since, the young man alluded to, was riding to town in his buggy, when he discovered ahead of him the carriage in which his lady-love usually rode, and driving up at a brisk pace, he looked in as he passed, but could not discover who was inside. After passing some distance a head, he again slackened his pace until the carriage came up, and taking a second look, discovered that it was the mother instead of the daughter, when he gave the whip to his horse, and moved off in a hurry. The mother immediately ordered her servant man, who was riding on horseback, to overtake the buggy, and hold it until she came up. The man succeeded, and held the reins until the lady arrived, when she ordered the coachman to drag the offender from his seat, and taking the coachman's whip, she gave him a severe cowhiding. After escaping from their clutches, the young man followed them to the city and had all three arrested for an assault and battery. Thus the matter stands at present, but it is thought that an elopement will put an end to the suit.

WATERLOO—AN INCIDENT.

"Adieu, dear, *dear*, Walter. God will protect those who trust in him; to his care I commit you!" were the parting words of Mrs. Leslie to her husband, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, ere he joined his brave companions on that field on which so many were destined to fall.

Though Mrs. Leslie attempted to speak calmly, her voice faltered. She felt that it was perhaps the last time that he would ever fold her in his arms, and invoke heaven's choicest blessing upon her. Captain Leslie dashed the gathering tear from his eye—a tear for which no one need have felt shame, proceeding, as it did, from the purest and holiest emotions.

"A last kiss, my Helen, and I must leave you! I did not think I had been so weak," he said, attempting to smile, then continued, "if I return in safety I shall be but more dear to you; if I fall God will protect you, and mine will be a fate of which a soldier might be proud." His fine features lighted up as he spoke; he pressed his wife to his heart, imprinted one long kiss on her pale quivering lips; and without daring to trust another glance, he moved from the room, and Helen was alone among strangers. For some minutes she wept bitterly; then, sinking on her knees, she prayed long and fervently for the safety of her husband.

But a few weeks had Helen been a bride; she was scarcely more than a child; and until that hour had never known grief, though an orphan.—Her parents had both died ere she could know the loss she had sustained; and their place was well supplied by her paternal grandmother. Beautiful, lovely, and sweet-tempered, Helen was from infancy a favourite with all. It was the surprise of acquaintance that she should escape any baneful effects from the flattering attentions she received from all, at a time, when, by the generality of girls, adulation is eagerly received, and too often corrupts the heart. Helen preserved the same true simplicity of character. Mrs. Seymour was endowed with strong good sense, she knew that her darling Helen would not forget in a few hours, the principles which had been instilled from her earliest childhood, and did not fear her joining occasionally in the gaieties of life.

Helen proved herself worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Beautiful, talented, and above all unaffected, she fully justified Mrs. Seymour's proud affection. When sixteen, the arrival of a distant relation gave a new tenor to her existence. Captain Leslie had returned from India, his constitution shattered by the climate; and was recommended by the physician he consulted, to spend some time in Devonshire. He remembered the kind welcome he always received from Mrs. Seymour; and he wrote to offer to pay a visit at the Abbey, if Mrs. Seymour would be disposed to submit to the inconvenience of nursing an invalid.—The immediate and kind answer he received, convinced Captain Leslie that Mrs. Seymour was unchanged in heart.

He reached the Abbey late one evening, and was met by Helen, who welcomed him, apologising for the temporary absence of her grandmother.—Captain Leslie paused, "Can I have understood you rightly?" he said at length. "Can I be addressing little Helen; Miss Seymour, I should say?" he continued with a smile.

Helen answered in the affirmative. "Ten years have made some slight difference in your appearance," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I have no doubt of it!" said Helen. She might have added, it has done so in yours. For in the pale sallow Captain Leslie, she could not have recognised the handsome, merry-looking boy from whom she had parted.

"Grandmama will explain that I really am your little play-fellow," she continued, on the entrance of Mrs. Seymour.

Week after week passed, and still Capt. Leslie lingered at the Abbey. Helen was charmed with their guest, he was so far superior to any she had before seen. There was a gentle courtesy in his manner, and his remarks showed a highly cultivated mind.

"I wonder if I had a brother whether I should love him better than I do Walter," she said one day to Mrs. Seymour. This was said in perfect unconsciousness of the state of her own heart; for neither Miss Seymour nor her grandmother seemed to be aware of what had afforded speculation for the lovers of gossip. Helen knew that every day rendered Walter but more dear to her; yet she never thought of questioning the nature of these feelings. Captain Leslie felt almost equal doubts upon the subject. He had been accustomed to be sought, and the kind yet calm manner of Helen towards him were so new, that he sometimes fancied such indifference, as he termed it, must proceed from an unknown engagement existing between her and another. This suspicion at first told him the state of his own feelings. He had at first admired the extreme loveliness of Helen, but since then he had learnt to respect her character. From evil examples he had become habituated, not openly to scoff at religion, for there was still sufficient of better feelings to prevent this, but to disregard what he once considered sacred. Now he felt a reverence for the pure and holy feelings of Helen; and sighed that he should ever have considered religion of little or no importance. He could not bear to think of Helen as the bride of another; and perhaps after all, his supposition might be incorrect, and Helen might be free.

Actuated by these feelings, he informed Mrs. Seymour of his intention of leaving the Abbey in a few days. He watched Helen narrowly as he spoke; she seemed to be reading: and as he purposely dwelt upon the probability of his never returning from India, her head bent over the book, to which she seemed to give undivided attention. Yet he fancied that it was some emotion foreign to the subject by which she seemed so engrossed, which caused her cheek to become so deadly pale; and his fancied a tear rested one moment on her long eye-lashes, and then fell on her book. What a contradiction is human nature! Though at another time Captain Leslie would have died sooner than inflict a moment's pain upon Helen; yet so flattering was this emotion to him, that he enlarged upon the subject, and spoke of the effect the climate had upon his health.

During this harangue Helen made her escape, a minute after and they saw her pass the window.

"Where can Helen be going?" was the exclamation of Mrs. Seymour, "She must have forgotten that the carriage is ordered at two."

"Very likely," was the reply, "I will remind her of it;" and without waiting for any remark, Captain Leslie left the room.

He knew so well the favorite rambles of Helen, that he had no difficulty in finding her. She was sitting in an attitude of deep thought in the summer house, where he had so often read to her.—She was not weeping, though a large tear still rested on her cheek. On the entrance of Captain Leslie she started.

"Helen, dearest! you are ill, or unhappy," he said, tenderly. "What can make my Helen unhappy?"

Poor Helen was silent. In that minute she seemed to live years. She felt how deeply she loved. She strove to speak calmly; but the words died on her lips. Her hand was pressed by his; and, almost involuntarily, she slightly returned the pressure.

"Can you be sorry that I leave you, Helen?" and the musical voice of Captain Leslie slightly quivered with emotion. "Tell me my own Helen! is it so?"

Helen burst into tears. "Can you ask me?" she said, reproachfully.

How often has a similar scene been described. It is needless to repeat the oft-told tale, those who *later* never felt, *can* never feel—will laugh at a description of what they cannot understand; while those who *here* felt the almost overpowering bliss of hearing sincere vows of faith and affection from the being they love best on earth will own, that emotions such as these are too deep and holy for the antimadversion of the less sensible portion of the community.

Before they returned to the Abbey, Helen had promised to become the wife of Leslie. It was with some little surprise that Mrs. Seymour received the intelligence. She spoke of the hardships to which a soldier's wife must be exposed.

Helen had no answer to offer, but that many would be similarly situated. No opposition was offered; and in three months Helen became the wife of Walter Leslie.

Some weeks passed in perfect happiness. Then the regiment, into which Captain Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory; and Helen was sensible to pain him by unavailing regrets—even on their partings he had striven not to unman him; and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window of the inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action.

Could an uninterested observer have gazed upon the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many, ere sunset, would have gone to their final account; and shuddered at the thought, that perhaps her Walter might be among the number.

The distant cannonading told that already the work of death had commenced. Several random shots had struck the inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the barn.

With them did Helen sit during that long day, sad and silent, yet with the same confidence in God's protection that had always marked her character another time. She could have smiled at the volubility of her companions, who never ceased speaking, in a mixture of bad French and Flemish. But it made her only more sad, she felt that she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the agony of suspense, the fear of hearing that Walter was among the fallen.

Her beauty and gidish appearance, added to the knowledge that her husband was on the field of battle, gave her an interest in the eyes of her companions, and many were the hopes they expressed, in French, that Captain Leslie might return in safety. The day passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the almost immediate darkness which characterises a continental summer; and still Helen sat in all the agony of suspense. The action had ceased; random firings succeeded the constant and fearful din of war; yet, still Captain Leslie returned not. She was roused from the state of