THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

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THE CHRONICLE,

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

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

August.		H. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
21	Saturday,	5 18	6 42	8 52 2 29
22	Sunday,	5 19	6 41	9 24 3 17
23	Monday,	5 20	6 40	10 0 4 15
24	Tuesday,	5 21	6 39	10 44 5 22
25	Wednesday,	5 22	6 37	11 36 6 38
26	Thursday,	5 23	6 36	Morn 7 57
27	Friday,	5 24	6 35	0 36 9 2

First Quarter, 23d. 4h. 12m. eve.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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

Commercial Bank.—Lewis Burns, 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: Charles Ward, Esq.

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

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

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

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

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

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

White Lead, Oil, &c.

FOR SALE by the subscribers at their Store in Ward-street—A quantity of No. 1 & 2 White Lead, Yellow, Red and Green PAINT; boiled & Raw Linseed OIL, in small packages; PUTTY in small casks and bladders; Barrels COAL TAR; Barrels Wilmington Tar and Pitch; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright Sugar; Hhds. of Molasses.

May 7, 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship-Chandlery, of every description.

May WM. ROBERTSON.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he still continues to purchase old Silver at 4s. per oz.; old Copper at 9d. per lb.; Brass at 4d. per lb.; old Lead at 1½d.; and old Iron at ¼d per lb.—He further states that he will not purchase from any person or persons under the age of maturity, and that they must identify that they are legally entitled to dispose of the same, and give in their names and places of abode.

☞ Constantly on hand,—Cloths, Ready-made new and second hand Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c.

JOHN G. LEESON.

Saint John, 7th May, 1841.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of Dewolf & Bent, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.

WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.

Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

ON CONSIGNMENT,

By late arrivals from London, Liverpool and Glasgow:

100 BUNDLES best London Oakum, 100 coils Cordage, 1¼ to 7¾ Shrouding,
50 coils Manilla, 1¼ to 4 inch,
50 coils 2, 3, and 4 yarn Spunyarn,
200 bolts Navy CANVAS,
450 cases Crown Window Glass,
100 casks Anti-corosive Paints,
240 kegs White Lead, &c.; 17 casks Blacking,
47 chests Howqua's Fine Congou Tea,
50 cases Pickles, Sauces, Jams, Jellies, Bottled Fruits, &c.; 100 barrels Roman Cement,
20 cases Patent Medicines and Windsor Soap,
4 cases Padlocks,—For sale by

June 11. W. P. RANNEY.

Loaf Sugar! Loaf Sugar!!

LANDING ex ship *Agnes Ann*, from Greenock, 15 Hhds. Refined SUGAR;

To Store,—12 Tierces do. do. Families who wish a supply for preserving fruit are invited to call, as it will be sold cheap for cash by

July 30. JAS. MALCOLM.

DEMERARA RUM.—15 Puns. on the above received in Store this day, for sale cheap by

July 23. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

The Undersigned

Has received by the *Diana*, & other recent arrivals,

OLD PORT, East India, London Particular and Direct Madeira and Sherry Wines;
Old Double Diamond and other PORT Wines;
5 butts, 12 hhds., 12 qr. casks low priced Sherry,
2 hogsheads Dry Lisbon: 4 do. Tarragona,
106 Puncheons and hhds. best French BRANDY, (pale and colored,)
12 hogsheads very old colored and pale ditto,
10 puncheons, 20 hogsheads GENEVA,
4 puncheons best old Cambleton Whiskey,
10 Ditto good malt Ditto,
10 Ditto Irish ditto, 25 per cent. O. P,
4 hogsheads Claret; 100 doz. Edinburgh Ale,
220 casks, 4 doz., London Brown Stout, Porter, and Hodson's Pale Ale, in quarts and pints;
21 hogsheads London Brown Stout,
13 hampers Cheddar Cheese,
20 barrels French White Wine Vinegar,
30 boxes London sperm Candles,
72 ditto London mould and dipt ditto,
700 gross best wine and beer Corks, Bungs & taps,
400 boxes Liverpool Yellow SOAP,
40 chests Fine Congo TEA; 20 hhds. Loaf sugar,
100 bundles London Oakum,
800 Kegs Painters' Colours,

AND IN STORE.

80 Puns. Jamaica, St. Croix, and Demerara Rum,
20 hogsheads Raw sugar.

With his usual extensive stock of choice old bottled Wines, comprising Hock, Champagne, Claret, Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, Marsalla, Madeira, Vidonia, &c. &c. are offered for sale at his Warehouses in St. John and Fredericton.

4th June. W. H. STREET.

PORK.

Just received and for sale by the subscribers—

40 BARRELS prime PORK, an excellent article for ships' use, and will be sold low by CRANE & M'GRATH.

25th June.

Port, Madeira, Geneva,

SHERRY BRANDY, &c.

By late arrivals from London, Liverpool, and Glasgow:—

PIPES, hhds. and qr. casks Choice Old Port, Genuine Vintage of 1834,
Butts, hhds. and qr. casks golden & brown Sherry,
Pipes, hhds. and qr. casks London Particular, and East India Madeira,
Hhds. and qr. casks Brandy, (best brands,)
Hhds. and cases fine Pale Geneva,
Hhds. and cases Lisbon and Barsac,
Puncheons Old Jamaica Rum,
Puncheons Islay and Cambleton Whisky,
Puncheons Irish Malt Whisky,
Hhds. Brown Stout & Porter, & Hodson pale Ale,
Casks, 4 doz. London Brown Stout and pale Ale,
Cases Cheddar Cheese; and a few qr. casks of South Side Madeira, a very choice Wine,

IN STORE.—

90 hhds. and qr. casks best Brandy; 48 hhds. Pale Geneva; 50 puns. Jamaica, Demerara, and St. Croix Rum.

WINES in Wood of all descriptions,

With an extensive Stock of Choice Bottled Wines, comprising Sparkling Burgundy, Hock, Moselle, Sauperay, Rivesalles & Champagne; Still Hock, Hermitage, Burgundy, Barsac, Moselle & Chablis; Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, Calcavellos, Vidonia, Marsalla, Claret, Malvasay, Madeira, East & West India Madeira, South Side & London Particular Madeira, Brown, Golden & Pale Sherry, Old Port, &c. &c.—which the subscriber offers for sale at his Vault in Prince William street.

June 11. W. P. RANNEY.

FLOUR.—75 barrels and 50 half barrels Genessee superfine FLOUR, put up expressly for family use. For sale by

June 25. W. H. STREET.

LONDON GOODS.

The subscriber has received by the ship "Mozambique;"

50 PACKAGES of London GOODS—consisting of Silks, Satins, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Cottons, Carpetings, Slops Woollens, &c., which are opening at their Establishment on the North Wharf.

☞ The remainder of their Manchester and Leeds Goods daily expected by the barque *Andover* from Liverpool.

☞ *Also—daily expected by the Andover:*
150 Tons Liverpool SALT; 200 do. best Orrel COAL; 200 Barrels Roman Cement; 100 do. Coal TAR; 200 Coils Jackson's CORDAGE; 200 Kegs PAINTS.

JAMES LOCKWOOD & CO.

May 21.—8w.

Aerated Waters.

J. G. SHARP, Chemist &c. begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Saint John and its vicinity, that he has lately erected a New Patent Engine, for manufacturing Aerated Soda and Seidlitz Water, Lemonade, Ginger Beer, Sarsaparilla, &c., which from the great power and superior action of the Machinery, will be produced in the highest state of perfection; and may be had from the Fountain, which is well supplied with Ice, or put up in strong glass bottles and sent to any part of the city free of expense. July 2.

For Sale,

20,000 Shipping SHINGLES, Pine and Cedar, 20,000 LATHS, 50 Cords LATHWOOD.

A few thousand Boards; a lot of Scantling, on the premises in Nelson street.

April 30. JAMES LOCKWOOD & Co.

BRICKS.—50,000 large English Bricks, for sale if removed immediately.

June 4. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

PORK and BEEF.

Landing this day from on board the schooner *Perseverance*, at the North Market Wharf:

50 BRLS. Prime PORK; 70 do. BEEF; for sale by

May 21. CRANE & M'GRATH.

Pictorial Illustrations of the BIBLE.

SECOND VOLUME—Published and received at St. John.—For sale at the principal Book Stores, and at the store of G. & E. Sears, King st. Price only *two dollars* per volume. *June 25.*

Per Sophia, from London:

24 HHDS. Pale HOLLANDS; 10 Tons best London OAKUM; 12 casks WRITING; Casks of London Boiled OIL; casks of Raw ditto; London LEAD in kegs of 28 & 56 lbs. each.

May 28. JOHN ROBERTSON.

On Consignment, *ex Sophia, from London*—

400 DOZEN London Brown Stout and Porter; 240 Kegs London White Lead: 4 cases Isopysorrey; 400 cases Fine Pale Rotterdam GENEVA. And for sale by

28th May. W. P. RANNEY.

Miscellany.

MARQUINEZ AND LA COLLEGIALA.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

[*Concluded.*]

About dusk, on a stormy evening, Marquinez, attended by an aide-de-camp, was returning to his quarters, after having visited several of the cantonments. On arriving at the part of the road described above, he found his further progress impeded by a tree which had fallen across the narrow way in such a manner that its branches, covered with dead leaves, and matted with ivy, formed a sort of hedge too high for the horses to leap, and too strong for them to break through. The two horsemen dismounted, and began to open themselves a passage by lopping the boughs with their sabres, when their arms were suddenly seized from behind, and before they could turn their heads they were surrounded by a dozen dismounted dragoons, whose numbers quickly overcoming all resistance, the Spaniards were thrown down and pinioned. A troop of French cavalry emerged from the wood, the man who had effected the capture remounted, and Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, being bound to their saddles and placed between four dragoons, with their carbines unslung and ready for action, the whole party started off at a sharp trot in the direction of Valladolid. The only witness of the affair was a peasant belonging to the village in which Marquinez had his quarters, and who was about a hundred yards behind that chief when he dismounted. His first movement, when he saw the French was to throw himself on the ground behind some bushes, and as soon as the last of the troopers had disappeared, he left his place of concealment, and hastened to give the alarm.

To support the troop of dragoons that had been sent on this hazardous expedition, two battalions and a squadron of French had advanced seven or eight leagues from their own lines, and had taken up a position in a hamlet about the same distance from Marquinez's cantonments. It was an hour before midnight when the party which had formed the ambuscade joined the main body, after a rapid march over detestable roads and a heavy country. The horses were knocked up, and unable to proceed without a few hours' repose. Their captain having reported this to his commanding-officer, at the same time that he announced to him the successful issue of the enterprise, received orders to refresh his men and horses, and to hold himself in readiness to march an hour before daybreak. Meantime the prisoners were placed in a room on the ground floor of the house in which the French colonel was lodged. The door of their temporary prison opened on a large corridor, then used as a guard-room, and the small unglazed aperture which gave light and air to the apartment, was traversed by three massive iron bars, placed parallel to each other, and firmly rivetted into the stone wall. For additional security, and to preclude all possibility of escape a sentry was placed in a sort of garden on which the window looked out.

The young officer who had been taken at the same time as Marquinez, weary with the day's exertions, soon fell asleep in one of the three or four rickety chairs which composed nearly the whole furniture of the room. His chief did not seem inclined to follow his example but paced up and down apparently wrapt in thought. His monotonous promenade had lasted nearly an hour, when he thought he heard his name pronounced. He started and listened, but no sound reached his ears save the measured step of the sentinel under his window, and the burden of an old French *chanson a boire*, which one of the men on guard was trolling out, with a voice more remarkable for power than melody. Marquinez threw himself into a chair, and attributing to an excited imagination the words which he had fancied he heard, appeared disposed to imitate his aide-de-camp, who was forgetting in sleep the dangers of his position, and the probable death that awaited him. The eyes of the captive guerilla were beginning to close, and his head to sink upon his breast, when the same voice as before broke the silence. "Marquinez!" was repeated in a loud whisper. The word was accompanied by a noise such as is produced by a slight blow of iron against iron. This time it was no delusion of a heated brain. Marquinez rushed to the window, and looked out as well as the grating would permit. All was still. The night was raw and wintry, and it was only at rare intervals that the watery rays of the moon obtained a passage through some break in the heavy mantle of clouds which covered the sky. The infantry soldier on sentry had reached the limit of his walk, and was turning to retrace his steps. When he arrived under the window, he allowed the bayonet on the end of his musket to fall lightly against the bars through which Marquinez was looking, and in a voice which seemed familiar to the ears of the latter, he asked in Spanish,

"*Estas solo?* Are you alone?"

"Villaverde is with me, and asleep," was the reply.

"My bayonet is unfixed. Take it, and force the grating."

Marquinez seized the proffered weapon, which was only stuck on the end of the barrel, and using the greatest possible care to avoid noise, he began to pick out the cement and the small iron wedges by which the bars were fastened into the wall. It was necessary to take out all the three bars, for otherwise the opening would be too small to allow the body of a man to pass; and with no better tool than a bayonet, the task was not an easy one. At the end of half an hour, however, two of the bars had given way, and the prisoner had begun to work at the third, when the sentry, who, during this time had continued his walk without appearing to pay any attention to what was going on in the prison, rapidly approached the window, and in the low hurried tone in which he had before spoken exclaimed—

"The relief is at hand; haven, or all is lost!" At the same moment Marquinez heard in the distance the *qui vive* of a French soldier challenging the guard which was relieving the various sentries placed round the temporary quarters of the troops.

It is no disparagement to the often proved courage of Marquinez, to say that in this agitating moment his heart beat with unusual quickness, while big drops of perspiration covered his forehead. His hand, however, lost none of its steadiness, and he plied his bayonet with redoubled vigour, but with less effect than before. Fragments of stone flew from the wall as he struck and delved with desperate violence. He fixed the sharp end of the weapon under the bar, and prizing as with a lever, endeavoured to force it out, when the bayonet, already bent by the unusual purpose to which it was applied, broke off short, and the point, remained in the wall. At the same instant Villaverde, awakened by the noise, which had fortunately not reached the ears of the soldiers in the guard-room, stood by the side of his chief, and in an instant comprehended their position. Our two guerillas seized the iron bar, which was all that intervened between them and liberty—between an untimely death and a life of freedom and enjoyment. They tugged and wrenched at the fatal obstacle, which shook but would not give way; the heavy tread of the Frenchmen had become audible, when, by an almost superhuman effort, the iron was torn from its place, and with the violence of the shock the two men reeled back into the centre of the room. Instantly recovering themselves, they darted through the window, and stood before their deliverer, who threw down his musket, and tossing off his shako, a profusion of dark ringlets fell upon his shoulders, and Marquinez recognized with astonishment the handsome features of La Collegiala. She was pale as death, but had lost none of her presence of mind. "*Por aqui!*" cried she, and as the relief turned the angle of the house, and entered the garden, the three fugitives bounded over a low fence, and disappeared in the obscurity. A moment afterwards, the guard, surprised at not being challenged by the man whom they were approaching to relieve, halted under the window, expecting to find that sleep had overtaken the negligent sentry. No sentry was there, but at a few paces distant, a dead soldier, stripped of his great-coat and shako, was lying with his face against the ground. The long rank grass on which he was extended was wet with blood. He had received a stab in the back which had pierced through to his heart.

In less than an hour after Marquinez was carried off by the French, La Collegiala had set out with a squadron in order to rescue him. This force, which included every man in the cantonment, was deemed sufficient, the peasant having reported the captors as not exceeding fifty in number. La Collegiala made sure of overtaking them before they reached Valladolid, to which city, from the road they had taken, she had no doubt they would proceed. After four or five hours' hard riding, the Spaniards had gained considerably on those they were in pursuit of, when they met with some muleteers, who informed them that they were not above ten minutes in rear of the French, but that the latter must have already joined the main body, whose advanced posts were about a mile off. This was a crushing blow to the hopes of La Collegiala. A moment's reflection, however, was sufficient for her to take a resolution. She struck off the road, and after a few minutes march across the country, halted, and formed up the squadron in a ploughed field. Then, stripping off her richly-furred pelisse and embroidered forage-cap, she replaced them by a course woollen jacket and felt hat, which she had procured from one of the muleteers. Favoured by the darkness of the night, she passed unobserved through the French pickets, and, attracted by the lights in the windows of the guard-room and of the colonel's quarters, she directed her steps to the very garden on which Marquinez's prison looked out. Concealed amongst some shrubs, she heard the orders given the sentry; and convinced that the prisoner whom he was directed to guard could be no other than Marquinez himself, she immediately formed a plan for his rescue, the partial success of which we have already seen.

The fugitives were not fifty yards from the village, when they heard the French drums beat to arms. The troops turned out in an instant; a body of cavalry was sent to patrol the road, whilst parties of infantry hastened in all directions to endeavour to intercept the flight of the prisoners. Amidst the din and confusion, the voice of the French colonel might be heard, exciting men by the promise of large rewards for the recapture of the notable partizan who had thus eluded his vigilance. Meantime, Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, guided by La Collegiala, laboured through the heavy ground; now falling into ditches, now stumbling over stumps of trees and other objects which their haste and the darkness prevented them from seeing. They fortunately passed the pickets before the intelligence of their escape had reached those advanced posts, the officers in command of which, hearing the drums beat to arms, and not knowing the nature of the alarm, kept their men together, instead of extending them right and left, which would probably have ensured the taking of the three Spaniards. At length, covered with mud and panting for breath, Marquinez and his companion reached the squadron, which was still formed up in the field where La Collegiala had left it. Two men dismounted; Marquinez and Villaverde sprang into their saddles, and the little party of hussars moved off across the country in good order, and as fast as the heavy ground would permit. At the same instant they heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs of the French dragoons as they galloped along the road, which ran about half musket-shot to the left of their own line of march. This, however, caused no uneasiness to Marquinez, who knew that the enemy's cavalry, unacquainted with the country, would not venture to leave the road, and he was sure of being able to keep well ahead of the infantry, who, in their return, could not prudently advance too far from the main body. He reckoned, therefore, of being soon out of reach of the enemy, when the march of the Spaniards was suddenly arrested by a broad and deep water course, with high and perpendicular banks. In vain did they ride up and down, and lose some minutes in endeavouring to find a place at which to pass this new obstacle to their progress. The French infantry were approaching; the torches which they carried showing like so many crimson spots through the thick mist arising from the wet and marshy ground. Already the officers might be heard directing the search, and giving orders to their men. The only remaining chance was to return to the high-road before they were perceived by the infantry, and trust to a bold charge to break through the dragoons, which were in their front. The road was soon gained, and the hussars crossed the wooden bridge which was there thrown over the water-course, and which gave out a hollow sound under their horses feet. The infantry heard the noise, but paid no attention to it, taking the Spaniards for another patrol sent out from the village. The same mistake was made by the dragoons, whom Marquinez overtook a few hundred yards farther, in a wide part of the road. The officer in command had slackened his pace when he heard other cavalry approaching thinking it might probably bring some order; but not for a moment supposing that an enemy had got between him and the headquarters he had so recently left. He was awakened from his security by the voice of Marquinez. "*A ellos!*" shouted the guerilla, and his men rushed sabre in hand upon the French, who, taken by surprise, were thrown one upon the other, and a dozen of them cut off their horses before they had made the slightest resistance. A panic seized the remainder, who being prevented by the darkness from distinguishing the number of their opponents, imagined themselves betrayed, and surrounded by a very superior force. The greater part leaped their horses over the low hedges and low stone walls on either side of the road, and fled in every direction. Some few threw down their arms, and begged for quarter; but the guerillas was not in a merciful mood, and prisoners would have been an incumbrance on the long march they had before them. The pursued became in their turn the pursuers, and Marquinez had to exert his authority to prevent his soldiers from dispersing in chase of the runaways, a chase that would probably have led some of them into the middle of the French infantry.

Marquinez reached his cantonments at daybreak, and at the same hour the French commenced their march back to Valladolid, not a little crest-fallen at the events of the night.

A few days after the incident we have related, the approach of spring enabled Marquinez to take the field. After one of the first skirmishes shared in by his troops, two or three men deserted to him from the French, and by their own desire were incorporated into a squadron of hussars. One of these men, a German, made himself particularly remarked by his smart and soldierly bearing, and by his hatred of the French, whom he constantly execrated, declaring that his sincerest wish was to revenge on them some part of the ill treatment he had received at their hands. Effectively, in one or two affairs, he displayed so much courage and bloodthirstiness that he attracted the notice of Marquinez, who attached him to his person as an orderly. The zeal of the deserter redoubled, and he exhibited that boundless devotion to his general so naturally felt by every brave soldier for an indulgent master and gallant chief.

It was some months later that the hussars of Marquinez, being in the neighbourhood of Palencia, their leader had occasion to visit that town, and he set out, attended only by his German orderly. At a certain distance from the above named place, and when the road, running between two hills, is shaded by a row of large beech trees, the travellers came to one of those ancient fountains, not uncommon in Spain, and which seem to have been erected with the double object of administering to the thirst of the wayfarer, and of inviting him to solicit, by prayer, a blessing on his journey. On the upper part of a mossy and time-worn slab of grey stone, placed perpendicularly against the rocky bank which bordered the road, was rudely sculptured in *relievo* a representation of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms. From a broken wooden spout, which protruded from the same stone at about the height of a man from the ground, gushed forth a stream of water of crystal clearness, which fell bubbling and sparkling into a granite trough below, while the vicinity of the fountain had encouraged the growth of a profusion of hedge flowers, which decked the banks and sides of the road, and perfumed the air with their wild and delicious fragrance.

At this cool and pleasant spot—a sort of oasis on the hot sandy road along which he had been riding—Marquinez drew rein, and loosening his horse's breastplate, allowed the animal to plunge his mouth and nostrils in the trough. Whilst his charger was drinking—an operation rendered somewhat difficult by his large and severe bit—the orderly continued to move forward, until he had greatly diminished the distance usually kept between an officer and his attendant. When he arrived within a couple of paces of the fountain, he silently drew a pistol from his holster, took a deliberate aim at the head of Marquinez, and pulled the trigger. The bullet split the skull of the unfortunate Spaniard, who first fell forward on his horse's neck, and then rolled to the ground, striking in his fall against the stone basin. The assassin sprang from his saddle, and stood over his victim with a sharp short dagger in his hand. He had no occasion to use it. The teeth of the guerilla chieftain were set firmly against each other, and a slight froth stood upon his lips. The independence of Spain had lost one of its most gallant defenders.

When the news of this cowardly deed reached Marquinez's comrades, the latter did not hesitate to attribute it to the French general Boyer, from whose column the German had deserted. It would be unjust, however, to lay the instigation of so foul a murder at the door of a brave officer without some better proof than mere suspicions. One thing is certain—that when the murderer, after some hair-breadth escapes, succeeded in rejoining the French, he received an officer's commission, as a reward for having rid them of so troublesome and active an enemy.

Shortly after Marquinez's death, La Collegiala, with thirty or fourty men, deserted to Valladolid, then held by the French. Those who knew her best, were unable to discover or imagine any possible reason for so extraordinary an act. Some few, indeed, supposed that she had taken this step as the only means by which she could hope to find an opportunity of revenging the death of her lover; and they predicted that many days would not elapse ere La Collegiala would return to the Spanish lines with the blood of Marquinez's assassin on her knife blade. If this supposition was the correct one, if such was the motive which induced her to abandon the cause of her country, she was unable to accomplish her design: for, a few days after her desertion, the order came from Napoleon to send back to France all the foreign troops in the French service, for the purpose of their being disbanded. Italians, Poles, and Germans, were all sent across the frontier, and with them marched the murderer of Marquinez.

La Collegiala continued with the French, and commanded with the rank of Captain, a band of about a hundred irregular cavalry, composed of the men who had deserted with her, and of others who subsequently came over. On the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, which occurred soon afterwards, she accompanied them, and remained in France till an amnesty was published, of which she took advantage, and returned to her own country. Bidding adieu to her masculine dress and habits, she became exceedingly devout, and gave up the whole of her time to religious exercises and the education of her children—a more praiseworthy than poetical termination to the career of the adventurous amazon who had shared the hardships and perils of Marquinez the guerilla.

THE WEDDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SANFORE.

The first year of a young woman's wedded life, is generally the most unhappy, and the most trying one she experiences. However intensely we may have studied the character of our affianced, however well we may have imagined we know it in all its narrow windings, still shall we find, when we become wives, that we have something else to learn. By actions are the affections on either side shown, and although it is in the power and nature of a woman to manifest her devotedness by a thousand little attentions, she must not repine if she receives not the like.

The feelings of the other sex are not so soft and exquisite as those of our own; if they were we might possibly be happier, and we may for a moment wish they were so, but we shall restrain so selfish a desire, if we reflect how much more unfit they would be by such a constitution to bear the crosses and buffets of the world.

It is said that lovers are but the renewal of love, but it it not so in truth. Continued differences and bickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trivial subject; indeed it is the every day occurrences which try the love and temper of the married life; great occasions for quarrels seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice must meet with attention, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing of her husband. It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents which may annoy married men, or the little unobtrusive pleasure which it is in the power of a wife to give; but throughout her life in employments, she must bear his pleasures in her mind. She must act for him in preference to herself, and she will be amply rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task; and to make him happy, she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery a woman can experience is the changed heart, and the alienated affections of her husband, but even in that painful case she must not upbraid; she must bear with patience and fortitude her great disappointment; she must return good for evil to the utmost, and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any decline of affections or duty on her part.

Some women, in order to win back the husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempts to arouse his jealousy: but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a course. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth; there are moments when feeling of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart; to reap the benefit of such moments, the injured, forgiving wife, must still be enshrined in purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself, and in some measure, stand exonerated in the world, if the wife relax in the propriety of her conduct, while on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and the obtrusive recitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike to his heart, and do much to win him back to his former love, and to the observance of the vows he breathed at the altar where his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side, and she must, with smiles of tenderness encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult for virtuous women to perform. Our love, which before marriage, is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency and depth afterwards; it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn; all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches, and the more the world recedes from him, the more firmly will she stand by him, she will be his friend when no other come near him; she will be his comforter when all earthly comforts have slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other support—she will smile at the frowns of the world—she will not heed its censures—he is her all, and in love are all other feelings to be forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great, the faintest smile will not be rewarded too little—quick at feeling unkindness, we are also quick at feeling tenderness, and a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our heart, and bring us misery or happiness.

Politeness.—In our intercourse with the world this species of civility is imperative. We possess no right to give offence, by language or actions, to others; and we are bound to conduct ourselves agreeably to the reasonable and set rules of society. Some severe writers on morals have confounded politeness and insincerity. They seem to imagine that the act of speaking gracefully to another, is necessarily mere grimace, or an empty flourish signifying nothing. In many instances with insincere people, this may be the case, but it is not so with those of well regulated minds. It is always better to speak politely, that is, with propriety and delicacy, than bluntly, coarsely, or impertinently. Civilized society has, in the course of time, instituted certain rules in the code of politeness, which, though of little actual value, it is every one's duty to learn, because by knowing and acting upon them, we can make life glide on much more smoothly and pleasantly than if we remained in ignorance of them.

It is incumbent on every one to be courteous or respectful in his intercourse with neighbours, acquaintances or with the public generally. To inferiors, speak kindly and considerately, so as to relieve them from any feeling of being beneath you in circumstances; to equals, be plain and unaffected in manner; and to superiors, show becoming respect, without, however, descending to subserviency or meanness. In short, act a manly, courteous and inoffensive part in all the situations in life in which you may be placed. Society has ordained certain modes of address, and certain exterior signs of respectfulness, which it behooves us to support and personally attend to. By attention to the rules such as we have alluded to, the poorest man will be entitled to the character of a gentleman, and by inattention to them the most wealthy individual will be essentially vulgar. Vulgarity signifies coarseness or indelicacy of manner, and is not necessarily associated with poverty or lowliness of condition. Thus an operative artizan may be a gentleman, and worthy of our particular esteem; while an opolent merchant may be only a vulgar clown, with whom it is impossible to be on terms of friendly intercourse.—We say, cultivate politeness of manner by all means, for it is refined civility, and will spare both ourselves and others much unnecessary pain.

There is an air of awful uncertainty always surrounding the sad event of death. We look forward and cannot assign to it any particular period. Every instance of mortality which occurs, tends to enhance the uncertainty. One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; another cometh to the grave mature in years and virtues, or with infirmities and vice drops rotten into the tomb. Yet, tho' the exact moment, when we shall be summoned hence, can never be ascertained, the certainty of the event itself amounts to a degree of assurance, which no other subject can possibly acquire. But can death be sudden to him who knows there is nothing more uncertain than the time?