SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1851.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 15. "Opposition without faction, and Measures irrespective of Men." Number 41.

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. st.

☞ 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.

☞ BY THE YEAR.—The rate of advertizing by the year is six pounds per column, and *half, quarter, or eighth* part of a column in the same ratio.

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

June.		R.	Sun s.	Moon h.	w.
14	Saturday,	4 18	7 45	0 12	3 57
15	Sunday,	4 18	7 45	0 37	4 56
16	Monday,	4 18	7 46	1 1	6 2
17	Tuesday,	4 18	7 46	1 27	7 13
18	Wednesday,	4 19	7 46	1 54	8 15
19	Thursday,	4 19	7 46	3 26	9 8
20	Friday,	4 19	7 46	2 2	9 56

New Moon, 29th day, 1h. 45m. morn.

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. I. WOODWARD.

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 £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B
(Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner . Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

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

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

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

DOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel—Post Office Building,

State Street, BOSTON,

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has newly renovated his establishment, to the above House, 10 miles from the City, 1 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons

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

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

Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, careful hostlers always in attendance.

WASHINGTON ALDEN.
February 2, 1849.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.—The subscriber has received per "Canada," and "Lothian," from London, his Spring supply of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Spices, Bottles, &c., which he offers at lowest market prices.

May 16, 1851. S. L. TILLEY.

Iron, Steel, Anchors, Chains &c. &c. &c.

The Subscribers have in Stock, and offer for Sale at their Stores in Nelson Street, the following GOODS, viz:

900 TONS Common and Refined English and Scotch IRON;
40 tons small round Refined IRON, assorted, 3/16 to 1/2 inch;
10 tons Plough PLATING, ass'd 2 to 6 inch;
20 tons SHEET IRON, No. 12 to 26;
50 tons No. 1 Gartsherrie Pig IRON;
20 tons best BOILER PLATES;
5 tons Blistered STEEL, C C N D and L;
5 tons Cast STEEL, Sanderson & Naylor's;
120 boxes Tin Plates, ass'd IC, IX, DC & DX;
260 bags SPIKES, assorted 4 to 10 inch;
400 bolts Muntz' Patent METAL, 3/8 to 1 1/8 inch,
1200 fathoms best Proved Short Link CHAIN, assorted, 3/4 to 1 1/8 inch;
28 best Proved Stud CHAIN CABLES, ass'd, 5/8 to 1 1/8 inch;
39 Wood and Iron Stock Anchors, 3 to 36 cwt.
12 tons best Liverpool OAKUM;
150 bolts NAVY CANVASS, assorted, No. 1 to 6;
15 tons CORDAGE, well assorted;
90 dozen long handle Irish SPADES;
40 Smiths' ANVILS; 30 VICES;
21 pairs Forge BELLOWS, 24 to 36 inch;
5 M. English FIRE BRICK;
144 pieces Irish LINENS—very superior;
9 puns. Irish WHISKEY—a prime article.

In addition to the above Stock, will receive by first Spring arrivals—950 tons Common and Refined IRON, well assorted.

All of which will be Sold very low for Cash, or approved payments.

Jan. 10. WM. & GEO. CARVILL.

VULCAN FOUNDRY
MAIN STREET, LOWER COVE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE above Establishment has been greatly enlarged; it is in full and active operation, and the facilities for Work in every department of the Iron Foundry and Blacksmith Business have been greatly increased.

The attention of the public is particularly requested to the new and improved Patterns and Quality of the Castings, and other manufactured articles, consisting in part of

COOKING STOVES AND FRANKLINS, Register Grates, Ships' Camboosses, Cooking Ranges, Mill and Ships' Castings, &c. &c.

ALSO—An assortment of the most approved *PLOUGHS*, which will be furnished at the lowest Market rates.

Orders can be lodged at the Foundry, or at the Warehouse of John V. Thurgar, Esq., North Market Wharf, where specimens can be seen.

☞ All Stoves are warranted to perform, equal to their recommendation—If they do not, they may be returned

October 25. GEORGE CRAIG.

Phœnix Foundry,
POND STREET.

THE Proprietors of the above Establishment having erected a new *Moulding Shop* on the Premises occupied by the late firm of THOMAS BARLOW & CO., are now prepared to Manufacture STEAM and FIRE ENGINES, Steam Boilers, Force Pumps, MILL MACHINERY, Turning Lathes, Screw Presses, Bark Mills, Patent Purchases and other Ship Castings, Hoisting Wheel Gear &c. &c.

On Hand—CAMBOOSES; Cooking, Close and Franklin STOVES; Oven and Furnace Mouths; Side-Hill, Double Mould Board, Sod D, Improved D. E. and other pattern PLOUGHS; Panning Mill Wheels; Truck and Barrow Wheels; Waggon and Cart Boxes, &c. &c.

FLEMING & HUMBERT.

☞ *Brass and Iron Castings made to order. Brass and Iron Turning. All kinds of Machinery repaired.*

St John, October 16th, 1849.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,

West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

CONTINUES to manufacture Wick MOULD CANDLES, which for brilliancy of light, and length of time in burning, cannot be excelled—made expressly for the parlour table.

Constantly on hand, DIPT CANDLES, of all sizes, made out of the pure hard Tallow, and undertakes to sell cheaper than can be imported from any part of the world. April 27

NEW BOOKS.

Received per "Creole,"

HARPER'S Magazine for January;
Peterson's National do. do;
Godey's Ladies' Book, do. do.;
Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine and Engineers Journal for Jan., a New Periodical, 15s. per an.
Singleton Fontenoy, R. N., by James Hanny;
Cruise of the Crescent, by Sir A. Fisher;
Alzoro Locke, Tailor & Poet, &c., &c.

January 17. B. O'BRIEN.

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

Spring and Summer Clothing.

GENTLEMEN who like a neat Garment, will find the best Cutter, Finest Textures, and as *low prices* as any house in the trade, at PALL'S CLOTHING STORE, *Prince William Street*, near opposite Sands' Arcade.

May 9. JAMES T. HALL, *Proprietor.*

Agricultural Garden and Flower
SEEDS.

THE subscriber has received a fresh assortment of Agricultural, Garden and Flower SEEDS of superior quality. For sale at low prices.

April 25. JOHN G. SHARP.

Removal.

THE Subscriber would acquaint his friends and the Public generally that he has REMOVED his PAPER HANGINGS and SHOE STORE to the Premises in Prince William Street, recently in the occupation of Mr. J. Summers. (May 9.) JOHN LEITCH.

Cour. N. Br. Freeman, Telegraph.

Miscellany.

THE MASTER'S APRON.

A MASONIC TALE.

THE Count of Cerney and his wife emigrated from Paris in 1793. Notwithstanding their youth, they were more cautious than many young persons who quitted France at the same epoch. At the commencement of the troubles of '89, they sent a part of their fortunes to England, so that in their exile they were enabled to live with as much comfort as they would have enjoyed in Paris. The Count of Cerney took up his residence in London, and became very intimate with Sir John Melville, a young man a few years older than himself, and lieutenant in the English army. The friendship between them increased daily, and when, in 1814, Mr. de Cerney left London in order to return to France, and demand of Louis the XVII. the recompense due to his exile and fidelity, the only sorrow he left on his departure, was that he was to be seperated from so intimate a friend. Nevertheless, a slight disagreement arose between the two friends, at the moment of his departure.

The Frenchman rejoiced at the unfortunate state France, and the Englishman maintained, that notwithstanding the advantages of the French noblemen would derive from the restoration, they should stifle their individual interest and lament over the misfortunes that surrounded their country. The Count of Cerney returned to France, bringing with him a daughter fourteen years old; she appeared at the Court, and his fortune was already very large, was rapidly increased by the gifts which he received from Louis XVIII. Napoleon returned from Elba. The king was obliged to submit to a second exile, which, on account of the defeat at Waterloo, lasted but one hundred days; and, in 1817, the Royalists predicted a long and happy reign for the elder branch of the Bourbons. It was about this time that Sir John Melville, having attained the rank of Major in the English army, sent his son Edward, to Paris, and placed him under the care of his friend, the Count of Cerney, informing him at the same time, that the young man had come to Paris with the intention of marrying. Edward Melville was in his twentieth year; he was one of those beautiful young Englishmen, in whom we find the graces of the female figure combined with all that is beautiful in the male. He was the son of a man of wealth and distinction, and was on that account an excellent match for Miss Aldergone de Cerney. The Count of Countess were aware of this circumstance, and as Sir John had informed them that he wished to have his son married in France, they thought that the project, though singular as it might appear on the part of an Englishman, could not concern any one but their daughter.

It was a happy event. It would strengthen the bonds of friendship existing between the two families, and would not be at all displeasing to Miss Aldegonde, for she had retained a sweet souvenir of young Edward, with whom she had passed her youth. The Count and Countess called her into the parlor. "Aldegonde," said the Countess to her, "I am going to announce to you some joyful news; Little Edward is going to pay us a visit. "Yes, mamma," answered Aldegonde, who having been educated in England, had retained some of the nursery customs of the young English ladies.

Our young heroine remained calm and did not even raise his eyes, so that the Countess was unable to say whether the arrival of the young Englishman would, or would not, be gratifying to her daughter. "You must remember," continued the mother, "that the little Edward is at present a handsome young man, and you cannot play with him as you were wont to do when he was a little boy. He is coming to Paris, Aldegone, to get married."

"Ah! ah!! ah!!" said the young girl, blushing. The Countess did not tell her daughter that there was a young man coming from the other side of the straits to marry her; but she asked her if her piano was in tune?—if she had procured of her instructor the latest musical romances? and she informed her at the same time, that her wardrobe was to be renewed. This, we think, was speaking plain enough, without exposing one's self. The Count added, that as Sir John Melville was his intimate friend, his son would stop there; he wished also to have the pleasure of presenting him at the castle.—Aldegonde retired, fully persuaded, that, before long, she would be the wife of the beautiful and accomplished young Edward.

It was not long before Edward arrived in Paris, and took up his residence at the Count's. He appeared tall and handsome, and although he was a true Englishman, and his manners were somewhat harsh, he appeared in the eyes of Miss Aldegonde more amiable and polite than the young Frenchmen of his age, spoiled by the education of the empire and by a few voluntary ideas, of which they had conserved the germ. The Count and Countess Cernay looked at Edward in a different light. The young man appeared to them to be charmed with the love of liberty—which was both hazardous and pernicious. When they proposed presenting him at the castle, he did not show all the enthusiasm they expected; he also made use of some expressions which were at the same time disrespectful towards the august family of the Bourbons, and displeasing to the Countess of Cerney. On the other hand, he did not conceal his admiration for the captive St. Helena; for the man whom they still upheld in the saloons of the suburbs of Saint Germain, as the invincible of Corsica. Edward used all the poetical expressions of Byron, in speaking of Cæsar vanquished; but he merely commended the king in prose. He was, however, according to the family of Cernay, a perfect gentleman; his political opinions, which would have been insupportable in a Frenchman, were nothing but a little English, eccentricity; and without doubt Sir John Melville, his father, had no other intention in uniting his son to a family so monarchial, than of opposing, by a *good marriage* a bulwark to the ridiculous inclinations of his son. Miss Aldegonde de Cernay would (they thought,) be the guardian angel who would reclaim Edward and make of him a true loyalist. "These young folks seem to agree very well," said the Count to his lady; adding, at the same time, that he thought the dreams of Sir John were about to be accomplished.

Mr. de Cernay understood all the reserve of Englishmen; but, as he thought he was aware of the projects of his friend, he inquired of Edward if his father would come to Paris to assist at a marriage, which, according to all appearances, would be consummated without difficulty. "Oh yes, oh yes," answered the young man; "my father will be here in fifteen days."

There was at this time at Paris, in the suburb of St. Antoine, and nearer to the gate which conducted to the throne than to the bastile, a small haberdasher's shop. The name of the indigent proprietor was Mrs. Mathiew. She was a widow hardly forty years of age, and passed for a handsome woman. She had been the wife of a soldier. Seated beside her in the work shop, was a young girl of sixteen, glittering with all the eclat of youth, and of astonishing beauty. The neighbors were aware that Mrs. Mathiew had refused to accept a number of advantageous proposals of marriage which had been made to her, and she watched over so much assiduity that Miss Julia, (which was the name of the young girl,) was unable to perform a single action, or utter a word, without her knowledge. The young gentlemen who were in the habit of resorting there, seeing that there was no hope of gaing the affections of the mother and of the daughter, abandoned the shop, and the young ladies, influenced by that sort of jealousy, which beauty is very apt to cause, followed the example of the young men; so that the mother and daughter were at last left by themselves. False reports were circulated in every direction, and the virtue of the mother was frequently brought into question. Some went so far as to say, that the mother had been the mistress of a rich and influential married gentleman, who resided at the castle, and that Miss Julia was the result of an adulterous union which had been broken by the religious susceptibilities of the Duchesse of Angouleme. Others thought that Mrs. Mathiew had been placed there by the police to inform them of the opinions and actions of those residing in the suburbs. During this time of restraint, in which the French were governed by Princes for whom they had no affection, every one seemed to the people to be connected with the police. On the other hand, the police being aware of the opinions of Mrs. Mathiew, and not putting too much confidence in her submission, kept a constant watch near the house.

It was before this shop that Edward Melville, a few days after his arrival in Paris, ordered his coachman to stop. On entering, he saluted, politely, both the mother and the daughter, and called for a skein of pack-thread, or whip cord. He told them he wanted it to made a *snapper* for his superb gold whip, which in reality wanted no such thing. Mrs. Mathiew could not be deceived by our young hero; she supposed that he had seen her daughter Julia, at a distance, and he now wished to have a closer view of her; for, allowing that the whip wanted a *snapper*, the groom, who at that moment stood holding the reins, would naturally have come for it, instead of his master. The mother cast a look of distress at the young Englishman and rose in order to give him what he wanted. "Can you tell me, Miss," said Edward, addressing the daughter, "if I am far from Vincennes?"—The young girl, struck by the genteel appearance of this handsome young man, who spoke French as fluently as herself, became as red as the rose, and was leaving her seat to point out to him the road to Vincennes, adding, at the same time, that the distance would appear short, with the beautiful carriage that stood before the house, when her mother stopped her: "Go up stairs, Julia," said she, "you have some work to do there." And with a look of sadness that never abandoned her, she said to Edward: "You will leave Paris by the gate which is but a few steps from here; the road to Vincennes is strait on; your horse can carry you there in ten minutes."

"What a pretty girl!" said Edward, watching Julia, who was leaving the room, (being so struck with admiration he made use of his natural idiom in giving vent to his exclamation:) "Is your daughter's name Julia?" said he to her mother.

"There is the pack thread you asked me for," said Mrs. Mathiew, without answering Edward's question. The young man made a bow and inquired the price of the purchase he had made. "Two groats, sir," said Mrs. Mathiew. And as our young Englishman appeared not to understand this small coin, she added: "The half of a sou, sir, a half a sou."

Edward payed it, and seeing that it was impossible to keep up a conversation, he saluted her left the shop and entered his Baggy, saying to himself, "The daughter is very handsome! but the mother has no great love for Englishmen." In leaving, he for got two things: the first was, to use the snapper he had just procured, and the second was, that he did not take the road to Vincennes. "I was not mistaken," thought Mrs. Mathiew.

An instant after, Julia stole softly into the shop, and opening little by little the door of the backroom, she cried out, "Is he gone, mother?" The answer was, "yes my child." "Oh, is he not a beauty, mother?" said Julia. "Never mind," said the mother, abruptly; he is an Englishman!" The last word uttered by the mother, put an end to the conversation, and the young girl, perplexed, went up her mother's room to put the things in order.—There existed in France, at this time, a perfect hatred for the English nation, which had united with all Europe to contend against and to vanquish Napoleon, as the French seemed to hate all Europe; but they still kept alive their hatred for Englishmen; for England was in reality the cause of the defeat. The unhappy event at Waterloo had greatly increased the antipathy of the two nations.

After this fatal battle, we supported with patience our misfortune and our lot; at the same time the arrogance of the English, who had acquired all the honor of the memorable day, increased, although it was in reality the Prussians who had conquered us. Mrs. Mathiew took part in the general feeling, and went even further than others; her feelings were wounded at the exclamation of her daughter, some. They said no more of Edward's mysterious visit. However, eight days had hardly passed before an Englishman entered the shop. He was an elderly gentleman, who, although of a grave masculine appearance, had in very less a remarkable expression of mildness; he came on foot, and having cast a glance at Miss Julia, he addressed himself to Mrs. Mathiew:

"Is it to Mrs. Mathiew," said he, "that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, sir."

"The widow of the Imperial Mr. Mathiew, who died at Waterloo?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Major Melville," said he, salating her: "I came from London on purpose to see you and to conclude with you an affair which interests us both?" "Is that the daughter of captain Mathiew," said he, presenting his ungloved hand to Miss Julia?—Julia, whom the appearance of the stranger had inspired with confidence, and who heard her father praised, placed her delicate little hand in that of the Major, who added softly:—

"Well then, my child, you must leave me alone with your mother; I have to relate to her something which concerns you, but which you cannot hear till after her."

Mrs. Mathiew shewed the Major a pair of steps which led to another room; he went in first; Mrs. Mathiew soon followed, leaving Julia in the shop. The Major having taken a seat, he found the room decorated with neatness, which is the luxury of poor.—On the mantle piece there was neither clock nor mirror. He saw but one military portrait, which he immediately recognized for captain Mathiew, and as the bottom of it was across of honor, of which one of the brandies was wanting. Mrs Mathiew looked at the Major without speaking, expecting every moment that he would explain himself. The Major remained some time silent; at last, putting his hand on his heart, he said:

"Madam, God save the Emperor!"

"Ah! yes," said the poor widow with her eyes full of tears, "Yes, God will save him!"

"Without doubt," said the Major, "for there is no one but God that can save him. That is all well," added he; "now we understand one another. Listen to me. I told you that I was Major Melville; I have a very comfortable house in London, a pleasant country seat in the county of Sussex, with fifty thousand pounds sterling invested in the India Company stock, and I came to Paris to marry you!" Mrs. Mathiew was seated along side of the Major; an instant she was at the other side of the room. This man had cried out God save the Emperor, but he was an Englishman. The widow answered not, but her beautiful eyes, which were still filled with tears, were turned towards the portrait of her husband. "That is not all," continued the Major calmly; "I have a son, a handsome boy. You know him, Mrs. Mathiew; he came here to you house eight or ten days ago, and purchased a snapper for his whip; I sent him to Paris to marry Miss Julia, your daughter, and the child of the brave captain."

Mrs. Mathiew, believing that she could not have been chosen as an object of pleasantry, thought at least that she was exposed to the persecutions of a fool. Notwithstanding, as the Major appeared to be in earnest, she said with mildness and downcast eyes, that it was impossible for her to accept the double honor with which he wished to load her.

"You refuse to comply with my request" exclaimed the Major, "you refuse! expected it. Rest assured, Madam, that I will not leave this house without your promise to accept my offer!"

"But, sir."

"I asked you to listen to me," said the Major, grasping the widow's hand; "listen to me. I am going to speak to you about your husband. I had the honour of being at Waterloo. You need not suppose that I am going to give you a full history of the battle. I must however speak of the episode,—which is the most painful for you. The French were beaten. Those that were not dead or wounded took to flight, except at the field of battle. I could perceive from an elevation on which I was stationed with my regiment, about twenty grandiers of the young French guards, who still maintained their ground, and who, in expiring, dealt death and destruction on the five hundred Prussians that surrounded them. I went immediately to disengage them; for if war, Madam, has any attractions for courageous men, it is when the chances are almost equal, and not when the conqueror abuses his victory by slaughtering his equals, when they are unable to defend themselves. I came up to the Frenchmen, put a stop to the firing, and was about protecting the retreat of those brave men, when a ball, fired but a short distance from me, struck their chief, who fell into my arms. It had pierced his chest. That chief was Capt. Mathiew,—it was your husband. I had him brought into my tent, and delivered him into the hands of my friend, and experienced Surgeon; I had for a moment the hope of saving him. He, however, had no hope of recovery."

"Major," said he; "Major, your name?"

"I told him my name. We were alone; the surgeon left us to see the others that were wounded, and in leaving us, he made a sign by which I entertained no hope for his patient; your husband said to me:—"I die unhappy, because I do not die altogether—my wife, my child." "Captain," answered I, "I will take care of them, I am rich." He looked at me for a moment "You are not an Englishman!" said he. "I am, my friend, one of the truest sons of old England. Die in peace. I say to you again, I will take care of your wife and child." "Well then!" said he, "you are a Mason!"

"And you!" He gave me the sacred sign by which the Masons of the two hemispheres recognize one another. I seized his hand and kissed it. Then the vanquished of Waterloo, the son of France, the faithful servant of the great Napoleon, unbuttoned his shirt, which was covered with blood, and drew from a small wallet placed on his breast, an object equally covered with gore, through the ball that killed him had passed, carrying away at the same time one of the branches of his cross of the legion of honor, which is under the portrait, and which I sent to you as soon as possible."

The Major ceased speaking for a moment, and then placed before the widow an APRON, of Lamb skin, surrounded by a blue ribbond, in the middle of which might be seen three roses, made of ribbone of the same color. This small APRON, folded without doubt in four folds in the pocket of Captain Mathiew at the moment he was wounded, had four round holes, which marked the passage of the ball; and although originally white, it was now spotted with blood. The Major continued:

"Brother Melville," said the dying man, "there it is. I place it in your hands. Although we are of two different Orients, and although our two countries are at war, we nevertheless are friends,—we are BROTHERS.—What will you do for my widow? What will you do for my daughter?"

"The half of my fortune," cried I, "belongs to them from this moment."

"No, no,—that is too much."

"My Brother, my entire fortune."

"No, no."

"Well then! more than that; I will do all that is humanly possible."

"He gave me his hand and expired."

During this narration, the widow was melting with tears. She wanted to grasp the bloody relic that was before her eyes; and wished to press it to her lips. The Major stopped her.

"Pardon me," said he "it is the gage of my promise. My regiment, instead of coming to France was sent to England. I could not come to see you, but I ascertained how you was and how you lived. While I was contemplating in what way I should fulfill the promise made a Brother, that died in my arms, I lost my wife. My various projects were laid aside, for I knew what I had to do. I know that I should offer something besides charity; I owed you a entire protection.—I owed your daughter all the happiness and protection that the youth of my son could afford. Notwithstanding, madam," said the Major, while the widow held his hand within her own, mutually clasped, "perhaps my son Edward may not love your daughter, or Julia may have no affection for him; but they have seen one another, and the proof is enough!"—for us.

"We also have seen one another," said the widow, with a voice broken by sobbing.

"Miss Julia, Miss Julia!" cried the good Major, in opening the door that led to the shop, "come here, it is your stepfather that calls you." The young girl hesitated for a moment, but at last obeyed; she went into the back room, but not alone; a handsome young man, Edward Melville, followed her; and they both implored the blessing of Mrs. Mathiew.—That same day, Sir John Melville said to his friend the Count of Cernay.

"I announced to you my friend, a marriage; we are going to have two: I am to marry the widow of captain Mathiew, who died on the field of honor at Waterloo; and my son is to marry their daughter; I wish to invite you and the Countess and the lovely Aldegonde to the wedding." But the Count was deprived of the pleasure: he had an engagement for that day at the castle, the Countess had the headache, and Miss Aldegonde was unfortunate enough to sprain her foot the night before in dancing at the Marsan Pavilion. The double marriage was not the less cheerful. The MASTER'S APRON, which bears the bloody marks of the courage of the captain, was deposited with the Royal Alpha Lodge, in London, of which the Major, Sir John Melville, is one of the most distinguished members; and this relic is looked upon by the Brothers, as the most valuable in their collection.

KING'S COUNTY BYE-ROADS.

The undermentioned Commissioners are to expend the sums appropriated for the Bye-Roads of County of Kings:—

Robert B. Vail.—For the road from Albert County Line to the main Post road, by way of Ketchum's £8; from the main road, near Daniel Godard's, to William Hayward's, 8; from Timothy Purdell's corner to Lemuel Cleveland's, 5; from Bunnell's corner to the old Shepody road, 5; from Martin's road, across the outlet of Pollet River Lake, to Joseph Yeamen's, 5; from Mechanics' Settlement to Jessie Hayward's, via Ben. Bells, 5; from Buskene to William Bastards, 5; from John Cochians to the main road, 5.

John M'Lean.—For the road from the College Hill to the main road, near Hugh M'Adams, 5; from M'Grigors Mill to John Gillans, 5.

Nelson Morton.—Road from the main road, near Jeffres, to William Lindens, 8; road between the main road and Jacob Sniders, 7; road leading from Francis Armstrongs to David Godards, a new line of road, 6.

Patrick Walsh.—Road from James Chambers to the Shepody road, 8; road from Garret Ross' road to William Maddens, by way of Buchanans, 5; road from Timothy Leareys to the Shepody road, 6; road from Meirs to Kyles, 5; road from Kyles to Baskins, 5; road from D. Maddens to the Shepody road, by way of D. M'Alisters, 6.

Patrick Ryan.—Road from Ratter's to Peter Deans, 7; road from near John Durrys to John Ryans, 6.

Duncan M. Campbell.—Road from Campbeltown to Walker's, 8; to build a bridge between J. Ratter's and J. Walkers, 5; from Campbeltown to John Sherwoods Mill, 10; road and bridge from Campbeltown to Patecake, via Ross' Mill, 8; road from Widow Deans to Philip Cassidys, (Campbell road,) 5.

Benjamin Sproul.—Road from Roger M'Mannamans to the main road, near Secords, by way of Edward Kirks, 5; road from Robert Ellisons lower line to John M'Monagids, 7; road from George Whittakers land to the River, 10.

George Snider.—To the road from the main road, near John Parlees, to M'Ewings, by Levi Parlees, 6; to assist in building a bridge over Trout Creek, near Henry Leaks, 7; to repair the bridge over Cedar Camp Brook, near Frederick Mires', 6.

William Tierney.—Road from Thos. Herritts to the old Cumberland road, near Robert Doyale, 8 0 0.

James Flewelling.—Road from Shannons to to David Laws, 5; road from Robert Shannons to William Lindens, 6.

William Hayward.—Road from the main road, near Hen. Haywards, to the Settlement of Patterson and others, 9.

William Cossady.—Road from the Campbeltown road, on the north side of Deforests Lake, to road leading from Sussex Vale to Loch Lomand, 8.

William Fenwick.—Road from the main road, near Darlings, to the forks of the road on the road leading to Johnstons Mill, 5; road leading from W. Sharps to the Millstream road, near Goods, 8; to repair the road and bridge leading from the Millstream road to Thomas Keirsteads, 7.

Jonathan Fenwick.—Road from Alexander Kennedys corner to Queens County Line, 7.

David Kierstead.—Road from the English Settlement road to the road through the Irish Settlement, near Kingstons, 5; road leading from Chapman's Mill to Long Creek, by way of Jos. Camlin's, 5; road from Seth Fosters to John Darlings, 5; road from M'Farlanes to Ryan's Mill, 5.

John B. Kierstead.—Road from Snifers road to Longs Creek, 7.

William Keith.—Road leading through Corn Hill to the Butternut Ridge road, by way of Gibbons, 5; road from Jo. Mackins to Josiah Kenns, on Spring Hill, 7.

William Coates.—Road from the Widow Mannings to the Rouse road near Witham Stocktons, 5; road from William D. Coates to Westmorland County Line, via Corn Hill, 8.

Edwin Geshine.—Road from near Maces Mill to the Chapel on White Mountain, 5; road from Averys to Butternut Ridge, 8; road from the Lumber Settlement to Smith Creek, 7; road from the School House, in Rouse Settlement, to the Harper Settlement, 5.

James Knollin.—Road from Coates' Mill to Jordan Mountain, by Knollin's, 5; Road from Coates' Mill to Jordan Mountain, via James Knollin's, 5.

David Johnston.—Road from David Johnston's to the road leading to Bellevie, by way of Nathaniel Johnston's, and improving a bad hill on said road, 27;

John Jordan.—Road from Charles Galeys to James Marrys, 6; from the Post road, near Terrence Fergusons, to the old Cumberland road, 7.

James Cassemen.—Road from Bedford Lodges to James O'Brians, 5; road from James Caspemans to Butternut Ridge, 10.

James Price.—Road from Butternut Ridge to New Canaan, 8; road from Connel O'Boyles to John Perrys, 7.

Robert Sharp.—To assist in repairing the bridge near Silas Harveys, 10;

Henry Snider.—Road from Nathaniel Johnsons to George Morris, 3; road from Henry Sniders to Morris Frasers, by Thomas B. Kierstends, 5; road from Morris Frasers to T. B. Kierstends, via J. Seefields, 5.

David Cook.—Road from Alexander M'Lands to John Jordans, 5; road from John Spicers to the main road, near Jacob Wrights, 5.

John Little.—Road from Christopher Shoals to the County Line, on the New Canaan road, 8.

William Pearson.—Road from Kinkades corner towards the County Line, in the English Settlement, 8.

James E. Towler.—Road from the South Stream to James Uphams, 10; from the South Stream bridge to William Barnes', 5; from Hammond River to the County Line, by M'Afees, 5; from