SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1846.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 19.

THE CHRONICLE

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Weekly Almanack.

Jan.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H. W.
10 Saturday,	7 27	4 33	5 42	10 6
11 Sunday,	7 26	4 34	6 26	10 53
12 Monday,	7 26	4 34	Rises.	11 34
13 Tuesday,	7 25	4 35	6 18	ev 10
14 Wednesday,	7 24	4 36	7 15	0 45
15 Thursday,	7 23	4 37	8 14	1 16
16 Friday,	7 22	4 38	9 12	1 48

Full Moon, 12th day, 9h. 18m morn.

THE HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

"PROTECTION"
Insurance Company of Hartford
SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.
The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.
St. John, November 3, 1843.

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society.
Office 26, Cornhill, London.
CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.
EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT

THIS Company insures for sums from £100 to £3000 on a single Life. It has the mutual system, or distribution of profits—offers advantages while living, as well as to widows and orphans after the death of the insured—loans part of the premiums paid when needed—induces persons to insure the lives of others who may be indebted to them—insures a man and his wife jointly, payable to the survivor on the death of either—grants endowments to children on reaching the age of twenty-one years—and conducts its operations upon a most comprehensive and satisfactory system.

Medical Examiner at St. John, N. B.
WILLIAM BAYARD, Esq. M. D.
Agent for Saint John, N. B.
EDWARD L. JARVIS.
May 3, 1845. Nelson street

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late CYNTHIA SMILER, (Widow,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL C. SMILER.
St. John, Oct. 7, 1845. Administrator

MORE STOVES, &c.

Just received by the "Dolphin," from Boston:—
25 UNION Pattern Cooking STOVES;
12 Air tight, part with Ovens;
25 assorted, consisting of Franklin, Cylinder and Pyramid Stoves;
150 cane and Wood seat Chairs;
25 ditto. Rocking ditto.;
50 ditto assorted children's ditto;
50 bbls. Onions; 50 jars Snuff;
50 Bbls. Castor OIL; 40 sides sole LEATHER;—
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

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 Southwark, 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 some weeks more; which deponent left, being 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 can let 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, Stoney 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 moschettoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-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.*

Bradley's
Mail and Accommodation Stages,
BETWEEN
ST. JOHN & FREDERICTON.

THE subscriber's Mail Stage leaves St. John for Fredericton every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, or immediately after the arrival of the Halifax Mail, and Fredericton for St. John on Tuesday evening at four o'clock. His Accommodation Stage leaves Saint John every Friday morning, and returning, leaves Fredericton on Saturday morning. Books are kept at the saint John Hotel in this city, and at Segee's Hotel in Fredericton, where Passengers can leave their names.

The subscriber returns thanks to his numerous friends for the liberal patronage with which he has been favoured on the route for the last seventeen years, and assures them and the public generally that his usual attention and punctuality will be paid to every thing entrusted to his care.

Dec. 12. JAMES BRADLEY.

Spelter, Floor Cloth, &c. &c.

Received by the ship Schoodiac, from Liverpool—
115 SLABS of SPELTER;
500 yards painted Floor Cloth;
5 casks 26 & 30 covering NAILS;
10 do. assorted Horse ditto
10 do. do. Boat ditto
5 do. do. Sheathing ditto
Also, by the Prancer, and Eleanor Jane—
25 assorted cook and Coal STOVES;
18 do. new Franklin do.
150 common and Rocking CHAIRS;
17 boot top TRUNKS.
And for sale by
Oct. 3. JOHN KINNEAR.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has just received per late arrivals:
140 BALES and Cases of British manufactured GOODS; also, TEAS, LOAF SUGAR, INDIGO, RAISINS, Currants, &c. &c. The remainder of his Fall Goods daily expected. WM. HOWARD.
October 10.

Sperm OIL, &c.

200 GALS. Winter strained Sperm OIL;
400 Do Porpoise }
500 Do Pale Seal } OIL.
100 Do Lard }
200 Do Olive }
Nov. 28. W. O. SMITH.

New Fruit, &c. &c.

Just received and for sale by the subscriber:
600 QUARTER, Halves and Whole Boxes of beautiful Fresh RAISINS;
6 Hhds. Bright SUGAR; 50 Drums FIGS;
20 Boxes CAPERS; 3 000 bush ONIONS;
6 Barrels RICE.
Also,—200 Boxes best quality Digby HERRINGS.
JOHN KINNEAR.
Dec. 12. Prince Wm. street.

Stoves, Stoves.—ON HAND, AND FOR SALE.

COOKING STOVES, of various patterns;
FRANKLIN do do ditto;
COAL do do ditto;
WOOD do do ditto;
AIR TIGHT do do ditto;
Nov. 21. JOHN KINNEAR.

Miscellany.

[*Continued from the Liverpool Mail.*]

STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

WELLINGTON, NO. 11.

The preceding sketch ended with the honours paid to Wellington when he "saved Portugal," which he did, entrenched behind the lines of Torres Vedras.

It is never beneath a really wise man's policy to feel the pulse of *public feeling*. Wellington, though at first verbally despised by Napoleon, was at heart an object of fear to him. The generals and marshals of France—his best—which he unslipped against him, attested his real apprehensions. The result of Torres Vedras irritated Buonaparte so far, that he was betrayed into the self-weakness of "bait-ing" and insulted his best officers—merely because they had been baffled by Wellington.

It is curious to see how our general was placed, and how he lived down pride, arrogance, hatred and snares. Spain with its absurd pride disliked the very assistance she needed, and which alone could save her from the yoke of the "Corsican adventurer." The juntas were secretly jealous of England who actually furnished provisions, artillery, clothing and arms, and another ingredient in the cauldron of the campaign far more essential to the triumph which awaited her intervention—HEAD—mental capacity: and Wellington proved himself the favored high-priest at the altar of military oblation. He knew the exact tone of the wretched feeling, which was undercurrent in Spain, and nobly did he open the eyes of the junta of Cadiz to the nature of the ally he had to deal with. Their coldness dictated by beggarly pride, ceased, when he plucked honours at Talavera. They offered him the rank and allowances of "Captain General of the Spanish Army." To their ignorant astonishment, however, the English general "*declined* that honour," but *consented* to accept a present of some half-dozen horses of the Andalusian blood (!) which the Spaniards in the name of their sovereign offered him for the stud. This refusal and acceptance were characteristic, both of the man and his diplomatic policy. It was a hint to the very grandees of old Arragon and Castile what next they should first of all make it worth while to be a compliment *accepted*.

However, not to anticipate. An English fleet, like a family of swans, floated on the Tagus; and the cabinet of London spread its influence, through Wellington's agency, all over the peninsula. The French had been centralizing stores and ammunition at Ciudad Rodrigo. Waiting his opportunity when success would be something worth while, Wellington secretly passed the Tagus, and on the 20th of January, 1812, stormed and took the city in ten days. One check after another was given to the deputies of Napoleon; and after the 7th of April when Wellington took Badajos, the Spanish regency, mindful of their former unavailing compliment, created him a grandee of Spain of the first class! duke of Ciudad Rodrigo!! and commander in chief of the Spanish army!!! Less, in all probability, he would not have accepted. He would have stood content upon the handsome and wisely liberal appreciation of England, which voted him at once and ungrudgingly, an "additional pension of two thousand a year," with more assets behind. He now took his time to shake a ripely laden tree. He entered Castile, and the battle of Salamanca (July 24, 1812,) decided the fate of Spain against the usurping plunder of Napoleon. By forced marches he moved direct upon Madrid, compelled Buonaparte's weak brother Joseph, with his military "tutor" Jourdan, to sup abruptly at Burgos. Again did parliament thank Lord Wellington. The prince regent made him a marquis—a fine name; and the House of Commons voted him a purse of one hundred thousand pounds—a splendid reality. Thus the source of the Duke's political fortune, his rank, his honours, and above all, his princely income are derived from the FIELD OF BATTLE.

In 1813 Wellington met the regency at Cadiz: he did so as the *deliverer of the Peninsula*.

As a diplomatic step this move was decisive: he wished, but was "offered" and took the immediate command of the Spanish forces. He was now the great "WE,"—the head, the generalissimo of the combined and splendid armies of England, Spain, and Portugal, and of the rest "who made up the cry" among the dogs of war then packed off by every nation to the great "meet"—the hunting ground of the continent, of which our hero quickly imposed upon himself many of the most laborious duties as "whipper-in" while not only "Lord of the Manor" but General in chief in supreme command! At Cadiz he sat with the vainly proud regency of Spain. Nevertheless with the secretiveness upon which so much of his real success has trembled and triumphed, he could not be prevailed upon to *explain* his "views" beyond Vittoria. Far enough, for many of the jealous and the frightened the incompetant and the betraying, who neither could nor would comprehend as much! What was the issue? This: Wellington took his own way up to Vittoria, and there a battle, point to point took place, which made Napoleon a cripple in Spain, and where the English appropriated everything with one amusing exception—an ingredient in the circumstances, so rich and ludicrous, that it deserves commemoration. It is a fact that those about Joseph Buonaparte, when Wellington's troops came upon them like a thief in the night, never seemed to think of *him*. But they thought of his treasure, though they forgot his trousers. The avaricious and miserly among his "courtiers," by trying to save the treasure—for themselves,—nearly occasioned the destruction of a whole army, of which *they* were merely cyphers. The British, as usual, took the treasure; but ever magnanimous to the "poor and distressed," they acted differently than Potiphar's wife, when the virtuoso's garment was in her hands. They appropriated his treasure, but spared Joseph his trousers to run away in. Small and great events followed; Joseph and Jourdain, the companion of his flight, had a cold supper at Burgos: Wellington was made a FIELD MARSHAL by England, an honour she rarely confers: the way was now forced open across the Pyrenees, not only to the coalition, but to the army of occupation in Paris! In a word—the heart of France was reached; and eventually the British were preferred, before the other grandees of the earth, as the trustees of the peace of Europe.

Napoleon now saw his danger; it was beginning to appear what Wellington, as long as he considered it prudent had wisely concealed, namely carrying the war into France. Soult showed great generalship; but it was unavailing. Nivelle was carried, and the British lines were extended to Bayonne!—It was here that Marshal Soult tried to imitate the lines at Torres Vedras: but the imitation was bad. The positions were widely different and still more the circumstances. Formidable as the entrenchments were, without attacking them in front, Wellington turned them by the right, and pushing on his force compelled the French to abandon them.—It was now too late for Buonaparte: in spite of what his ablest lieutenants could do, the Pyrenees were already passed. The battle of Orthes next lost Napoleon all power to stop the road to Bordeaux. The continental allies, out of a chivalrous respect to the name of France hesitated precipitately to enter her territories: but the influence of that feeling in behalf of Napoleon was also too late.—Wellington saw the gathering reaction of the public in favour of the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth; he let it take its full force; and after a brief but decided consultation with Marsell Beresford, the temporary scruples of the latter gave way and up went the white flag in avowed favour of the Bourbons.

At this crisis Paris was the scene of the most anxious and subtle diplomacy. Buonaparte's mind, inventive and daring as it was, and ever full of resources, was kept stretched as on a rack. Lord Castlereagh carefully apprized Wellington of the diplomatic proceedings both overt and covert. In desperation and with the unscrupulous recklessness of human life which unhappily characterized Napoleon, he risked the battle of Toulouse! Of this regardless butchery a Frenchman thus delivers judgment. Battle it was not, but—"a melancholy and useless sacrifice of human life; for it was incapable of arresting the progress of the coalesced armies; in fact all was now over; the restoration was complete and Louis XVIII. in the act of re-entering his capital. The English kept possession of Toulouse, and the peace of 1814 was concluded by the allied powers." That is an opinion and all true in point of facts and things as they were. But "all" was not over with Napoleon, although such a treaty of peace was signed by the allied powers against him! He was a runaway for the time, but only because he could not help it. His restless spirit was like darkness brooding o'er the deep. After a rapid explanation of how parties stood, we shall see how the genius and rapid daring of one man, (whom some affected to pronounce a fugitive who might now be forgotten,) suddenly aroused the whole congress at Vienna from their fancied security. His eye had fallen on the Gulf of Juan, where the bare possibility of his landing, had not occurred to any of the united heads who had been deeply engaged in taking precautionary measures, imagined as definitive.

In a memoir such as this, it is of interest to note that Wellington hitherto had been restrained from stepping in a marked or ministerial capacity, beyond his being the representative of generalship in the field. This was not owing to jealousy: it formed a pervading trait in the character of the then Prime Minister of England: Lord Castlereagh was a man who would not yield his "*ministerial* influence" to any one. Hence it was, although many suppose the contrary, Wellington took no ostensible part in the treaty of 1814.

When, however, the CONGRESS met at Vienna, his condition was altered *per force*: a condensed review in little, will show much, and why. He was there at first a guest—a distinguished guest—still merely a guest amid the CROWNED HEADS, which called together, though they did not entirely *constitute* that remarkable assembly. Wellington was there as a noble and marked guest. He was returned by England as the representative to that congress of its reflected enthusiasm. He had the tact, too, to perceive that his presence amid the host, would recall to mind, in a way likely to adhere, the services he had rendered to the common cause. Curiosity, and in an especial degree the curiosity of women was excited to a perfect furor about him. Had he been as black as the Venetian general Othello (it was at Vienna, then, as with Miss Pakenham whom he had married, and as it yet is—were the soft impeachment owned) many ladies like Desdemona, would marry him now, and see not his wrinkles, but his visage in his mind! Miss Pakenham was not the only lady who fell in love with Wellington, before setting eyes upon his person—an angular and arid one, one every way far from that Adonis. The beauties, and in particular, all the fashionable women who repaired with the gay and dissipated throng of crowns, nobles, diplomatists and retinue to meet at Venice, singled him out for admiration, and set their caps at him. He was the cynosure of many a fair and old one's eye; he was the observed of all observers. But let the following be taken, as it comes from a Frenchman's pen. Capefigue observes—"He was at this time, 45 years of age; cold and reserved in his manners, but *attached some value* to the attention shown to him by some of the ladies of Vienna. An immense number of entertainments were given to him, and it is well known that *no city in Europe* offers so many resources for those *inclined* to pleasure and dissipation."

Such is a quoted estimate of the duke's then position; and it is a fair one of at least one of his characteristics. He was flattered, but he never was deceived by the blandishments of women.—Perhaps no man situated amid intrigues, in a diplomatic as well as sensual relation, was ever less self-deceived; he knew what monsters women make of us, unless their attachments are slowly and domestically formed. The cat-like fawnings of court throngs deceive no *man*, and they never betrayed Wellington. They are understood and appraised—valued to a fraction—through the corrective force of gossip and small talk, on the own peculiar Exchange! But much as we admire M. Capifigue's somewhat abstract estimate of Wellington, at the not unwelcome age of 45, we must take exception to the numerous misleading and absurd pictures, paintings, daubs, and "drawings," of the misrepresented subject of this sketch.

The writer of this has seen him and heard him more than once; in the house of Lords, where he is respected, with his hat on and off; and his way is his own too, when he touches his beaver! Nearly all of the supposed painters of the duke, have succeeded in a sense they did not intend—namely, in having *executed* his likeness. What a mistake to imagine that representing Wellington's figure as tall or elegant, can aid an artist of the true breed any more than exalt the great little man—the hero of pitched battles, and of wily debates. Perish the miserable thought! Of his visage, much might be said, even old as he is, *for* it is eagle-like and intellectually handsome; but of his stature, it should be set down, that his real greatness consists in the *height of his* MIND.

Meanwhile, the round of dissipation to beaux and belles was unwelcomely ended. Congress was thunderstruck by the fact that Napolean had landed in the Gulf of Juan! Consternation and perplexity were greater than the dignity befitting crowned heads, and expected of diplomatists, could admit.—Nevertheless, the hurry and hubbub were immense. Wellington, by the universal voice, was the only one comprehensively fit to cope with the subtleties of Buonaparte. He was entrusted with the organising of everything; and the secret manner in which he matured his well-weighed measures, was remarkably characteristic of the man and the general. It was known to few for some time whither he had suddenly disappeared. He saw two requisite preliminaries. There was no time for delay to answers; he, therefore, secretly journeyed in person to London. There, confirmed in his scheme, and prepared with what he wanted, with equal despatch and quietness he was back to the Low Countries, to concert the plan of a decisive and perilous campaign with the pride of the Prussian soldiers—the venerable and idolized Field Marshal Blucher, with whom he sat—knee to knee.

The system settled upon, was to be as analogous as possible to that which he pursued against Napoleon's picked generals at Spain. A check was to be given—a defensive attitude taken up—in a well chosen position. His military reputation, which showed itself conspicuously by his lines at Torres Vedras, reached it zenith at Waterloo.

Military details need not be gone into. M. Capefigue contents himself with observing:—"The battle of Waterloo was a perfect type of the system pursued by two men whose military capacities were entirely dissimilar. Napolean was impetuous—actually sublime when advancing to attack his enemy, but disordered and devoid of reflection in a retreat. The duke, on the contrary was timid, watchful, and secretive during an active campaign, and at times so undecided as to endanger the safety of his troops, whenever he attempted a bold movement; but he was at the same time cool and collected, and accustomed to avail himself of every advantage when acting on the defensive. The attack made by Buonaparte at Waterloo, recalled the battle of Wagram and Austerlitz, while the Duke of Wellington again saw the lines of Torres Vedras in the intrenched position at Mont St. Jean."

Who is ignorant of the sequel? Blucher filled in point of fact, no subordinate situation, yet the 'prestige'—the magical influence attendant on this great fight—covered Wellington with glory. When they approached Paris, he was looked upon as the supreme arbiter. Fouche succeeded in making a favourable impression on the duke, who, however if not duped, was certainly mistaken in recommending, as he did, the ministry of Fouche and Talleyrand to Louis XVIII. That tricky coalition was a skilful finesse, and the powerful ascendency of Castlereagh and the English, was speedily supplanted by the personal influence of the Emperor Alexander.

By the enduring peace of 1815, Wellington remained in command of the army of occupation.—While in Paris, he saw much of Louis XVIII.,—and the following French tribute is amply due to the Duke:—

'He possessed an honest and upright heart, and a habit of judging with ease and simplicity of the state of events; and we must do him the justice to say, that when on various occasions he was constituted the arbiter of the claims of the Allies, he almost invariably gave his opinion 'in favour of our unfortunate country.' At this period while engaged in rendering us the most essential service, a shot was fired actually into his carriage. The duke escaped unhurt, and I deeply regret that Napolean, in his will written at St. Helena, should have degraded himself to such a degree as to award a recompense to the miscreant, who had thus attacked his former military adversary. Conduct like this, communicates a stain which cannot be effaced, even from the most renowned characters in history.'

With the withdrawal of the allies, his military life virtually ended, and his political interposition began. He is not a good speaker; clearness and sense above all, secretiveness, caution, and moderation, are his features: in short, as a statesman, he is less distinguished for the *great* than for the *good* things he has done. His manner in talking and writing quiet and serious—at times abrupt and somewhat too curt and peremptory; but this is overlooked in the Duke! Latterly this failing, has settled into an eccentricity; some of his notes and snappish answers to his esteemed correspondents, instead of causing pain or umbrage, excite wonder and mirth. Like all successfulists, he has felt bitterly the fickle breath of "popularity." Surrounded by pictures of his battles—from India to Waterloo, he has more than once called attention to the windows of his palace, now defended by iron gratings against the violence of a London mob even into his private apartments. In 1834 he said to Count di Borgo with bitterness: "recollect my popularity after the battle of Waterloo, and now see how completely I am out of favour with these people!" When he said this, he pointed to the iron gratings he had caused to be put up, to the living disgrace of those who mobbed him. He refuses all comparison with Napolean: the men were essentially dissimilar;—but he likes to be compared with Marlborough and Nelson. Ye this is somewhat inconsistent, for Nelson carried into naval warfare the very spirit exhibited by Napolean in the continental war—Though now nearly 80 years of age, he likes to be busy; and he himself *corrected* the proof sheets of his DISPATCHES which place him in the first rank as a *strategic* writer, and showed him to be gifted with the principles of method, government, and administration. Napolean in the field, was magnificent in attack—his plans in council like inspiration; but the slightest reverse cast him down, and his "retreat" was always a *flight*. Wellington, on the contrary, though the style of his attacks at Assaye, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos and Vittoria—were first-rate, was greatest in *resistance*. He received battle but rarely gave it. His eminent superiority in defence, was proved by his out-generalling all the combined talent that came against him. He baffled Buonaparte's best generals, even the flower of them; and finally put Napolean himself to utter flight, despite his reckless charges of desperation, in his last convulsive effort, at Waterloo.

Such is a rapid outline of the career of the Duke of Wellington, as the type of England under Arms. What a FUNERAL, above all, what a MEMORY—await this favourite of studied chance!

MARY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met, to mould the form
And gift the mind of Mary.
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth, sweet girl,
And rich in pearls and coral!

She's like the keystone to an arch,
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty!
All happy thoughts and feelings rise
Seem evermore to guide her,
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection;
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection!
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No bird's could 'ere surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene;
Her step makes winter vernal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

A facetious traveller describes the difference of society in the metropolis, when compared to a provincal town, in the following language:—"In the country, if you have a leg of mutton for dinner, every body wishes to know if you have caper sauce with it; whereas, in London, you have an elephant for lunch, and no one cares a pin about it."

BATHING SCENES AT SAN JOAO DA FOZ.—It is an amusing sight, and enlivening withal, to look at the rows of white tents, their beautiful girls and their elegant dresses, the crowds of spectators, each sheltered by a bright coloured umbrella, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, in the water together, dipping and spluttering, shouting and shrieking, as the white-crested wave rolls towards them—some attempting to swim, others fearful of being carried out to sea, clinging to their attendants' arms, and endeavouring to make their escape to terra firma. Here an old woman bearing aloft a little cherub, independent of any costume, to dip it a due number of times—there a bathing girl encouraging a stout old gentleman to venture into the water, after he has received the first sous on the head from the contents of a basin, to prevent his feeling the effect of the shock to his feet. Sometimes three or four young ladies will go in together, or a gentleman may be seen leading gallantly some fair one of his acquaintance; but everything is conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum; so that however extraordinary the style may appear at first to a stranger, he soon becomes accustomed to it. The most amusing scenes have passed, never to recur, when the friars came down to bathe.—Some years ago there was an enormously fat friar, who was ordered to take a certain number of baths at a certain hour in the morning, and it was the general amusement to go down and see him perform the ceremony. He had ten persons to attend him, six men who stood on the shore holding ropes attached to his waist (for he had, conscious of his own floating qualities, a most pious horror of being washed away,) and four women who accompanied him into the water. When they got him there, with a proper solicitude for his health, they took good care to make him perform his ablutions abundantly. While the men slackened the rope, they used to dip him and duck him most unmercifully, pressing his head down with their hands, like the merry wives of Windsor packing Sir John Falstaff into a clothes-basket. He dared not resist, for fear they should leave him to his fate, and they would not let him out till he had taken the prescribed number of dips—he spluttering, and crying, and praying, and swearing all the time. Now and then, though seldom, the same scene is enacted with a stout artisan, or a country farmer.—*Lusitanian Sketches.*

CURE OF VOLUNTARY STARVATION.—A correspondent at Brompton lays before us the following anecdote of a cure singularly effected in an insane patient who had obstinately refused to eat, related, he says, by one of the most talented and popular preachers in Naples, from the pulpit, to a congregation of nearly fifteen hundred persons, in his presence, in 1842, while illustrating the effects of mental hallucination, *apropos* of the mystery of Nebuchadnezzar's transformation, which the preacher referred to mental delirium quoting in support of his view the opinions of several learned theological doctors:—

'Whilst residing at Rome,' said the preacher, 'I paid a visit to the lunatic asylum there, and among the most remarkable patients, one was pointed out to me who had been saved with much difficulty from death upon himself by voluntary starvation in bed, under an impression that he was defunct, declaring that dead people never ate. It was soon obvious to all that the issue must be fatal, when the humane doctor bethought him of the following stratagem. Half a dozen of the attendants, dressed in white shrouds, and their faces and hands, covered with chalk, were marched in single file, with dead silence into a room adjoining that of the patient, where he observed them, thro' a door, purposely left often, sit down to a hearty meal. 'Halloa!' said he that was *deceased*, presently, to an attendant, 'who be they?' 'Dead men,' was the reply. 'What,' rejoined the corpse, 'do dead people eat?' 'To be sure they do, as you see,' answered the attendant. 'If that's the case,' exclaimed the defunct, 'I'll join them, for I'm famished;' and thus instantly was broken the spell.—*London Lancet.*

FOUND WANTING.—Too much gin and sugar has been many a man's ruin, but in the present case too little of those articles may cause some trouble to an individual who played off a rare practical joke a few days ago on Messrs. Lavillabeauve, commission merchants in Common street. On Friday the person above alluded to went into the store and arranged to have a hogshead of "sugar" and several puncheons of "gin" warehoused for a few days.—The hogshead and puncheons arrived shortly, and were stored; drayage, porterage, &c., was defrayed by the Messrs. L., and the owner, with samples came up, sold the articles, and received $100 in advance *on account*. The owner not having returned, according to promise, to "pay charges" and receive the balance of the purchase for his goods, a trick suspected, the hogshead and puncheons were opened, the former was found to contain a light sprinkling of sugar laid with sand, the latter predominating in quantity of 999 to one over the former, and the puncheons contained two tin vessels, holding about a pint each, inserted in the bungholes—the balance was pure Mississippi water. The gent. who made the rise has sloped, but has been tracked to Mobile.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SIMPLE METHOD OF FILTERING.—The waters of the Wangho and Yang-tse kiang in China are highly surcharged with mud, the former containing one seventeenth part, and the latter one-ninety-sixth of earth. This renders them of course both unpleasant and unwholesome to drink. Cunningham, the writer, informs that the Chinese have adopted a very simple remedy for this evil which it behoves any one who may chance to visit muddy streams to remember. Into about a quart of water they throw a small pinch of alum, leaving it to stand a few minutes; it becomes as clear as crystal, a considerable sediment being found at the bottom. Not even the poorest fisherman but is always provided with a small portion for this necessary purpose.