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,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & Co. at their Office in Water Street, over the store of Messrs. Milby & Thomas.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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.	Sun R.	Sun S.	Moon.	H. W.
7 Saturday,	5 1	6 59	9 4	2 40
8 Sunday,	5 2	6 58	9 29	3 14
9 Monday,	5 4	6 56	10 0	4 16
10 Tuesday,	5 5	6 55	10 37	5 27
11 Wednesday,	5 6	6 54	11 23	7 4
12 Thursday,	5 7	6 53	morn	8 36
13 Friday,	5 8	6 52	0 28	9 42

Last Quarter 10th, 1h. 17m. morn.

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: L. H. DeVeber.

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: G. T. Ray.

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: E. DeW. Ratchford, 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 Tuesday's. 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,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.
May 1, 1841.

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 7. WM. ROBERTSON.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale, that large and well built House in Queen-street, with the freehold estate, being 40 feet on the south side of said street, and running back, the same width 100 feet: lately the property of Mr. Joseph Scammell. Half the purchase money may remain for a term of years, secured by bond and mortgage, and the remaining half in payments of 3, 6, 9, 12, and 15 months, by good endorsed notes, with interest.

May 21.—6w. T. L. NICHOLSON.

Paints, oil, and Sheet Lead.

Per "Sophia," from London:

180 Kegs best London WHITE LEAD,
5 Casks Double Boiled Linseed OIL,
5 „ Raw do.
2 Rolls Sheet Lead.—Which with their previous stock of Paints, in all colours, will be sold cheap by

May 28. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

TWO or three Young Men (Mechanics) can be accommodated with Board and Lodging from the First May next, in a pleasantly situated house in Charlotte street, by making early application to Mrs. DEAN, at her present residence in St. James' street. April 23.

☞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 6d. per lb.; Brass at 4d. per lb.; old Lead at 1½d.; and old Iron at ½d 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.

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;
24 hogsheads London Brown Stout,
13 hampers Chedder 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 Chedder 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, Sanperay, Rivasalles & Champagne; Still Hock, Hermitage, Burgundy, Barsac, Moselle & Chablis; Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, Calcavellos, Vidonia, Marsalla, Claret, Malmsay, 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 Gennessee 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 *COALS*; 200 Barrels Roman Sement; 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; 10 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 WHITING; 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 IRONMONGERY; 100 cases Fine Pale Rotterdam GENEVA. And for sale by

28th May. W. P. RANNEY.

FOSTER'S SHOE STORE

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

New Boots and Shoes,

Per ship *Emerald*, from Liverpool—Just Arrived:

LADIES' Fashionable Paramelta, Orleans and Prunella **Boots**, with kid, patent and seal Fronts; Ladies' Prunella Boots, of every quality, from 4s. 9d. a pair;
Do. Best prunella double sol'd Boots, Goloshes, &c
Do. Victoria, Queen Adelaide, Brighton and other fashionable Slippers:
Do. Best French and English Kid Slippers,
Do. Prunella Slippers and Ties of all qualities,
Do. Russia Kid, Seal and Morocco, do.
Do. Seal and Russia Kid Walking Shoes,
Do. Carpet and every other description of House Slippers;
Girls' Slippers, Ties and Walking Shoes, of every sort; do. Prunella, and Valencia BOOTS of all qualities;
Gentlemen's Clarence, Albert and Coburg Boots,
Do. Dress Pumps of various patterns,
Do. Dress, Half do. and stout Walking Shoes
Do. Toilet Slippers, of all qualities,
Children's Boots and Shoes of every description size and quality that may be called for.

Also, per steamer North America, from Boston:

Ladie's, Gentlemen's, Girl's and Children's India Rubber Shoes, of all sizes and qualities.

For sale Wholesale and Retail.

May 14, 1841. S. K. FOSTER.

☞ English made **TRUNKS** of all sizes—for sale cheap.

London Warehouse,

In SANDS' Brick Building, Prince William Street.

The Subscriber has just received per ships *British Queen* from London, *Emerald* from Liverpool, and *Perthshire* from Glasgow, his Spring supply of British and French Goods, consisting of:

BROAD CLOTHS, Kerseymeres, Buckskins, Doeskins, Vestings; Tuscan, Dunstable and straw Bonnets, the latest fashion; Parisian Shawls, Scarfs and Mantillas of the most elegant patterns; silks, satins, Challies, Muslin de Laines; Saxonys, plain and figured; Orleans Cloth, Tartans; Printed Cottons, the newest patterns; Grey and White shirtings and sheetings, Trimmings of every kind; best blue & white Warp, Manchester brand; Worsted, silk and cotton Table Covers; Hosiery, silk Mitts, Gloves, Suspenders, Laces, Ribbons, Muslins, &c. &c. &c.

The whole of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or approved payment.

Retailers supplied as usual.

Also landing per *Sophia*, from London—13 cases London HATS, all prices;

4 Cases Ladies Boots and Shoes, do. ditto.

28th May. N. W. BUSTEED.

☞ Expected daily by the first arrival from Dublin—2 bales of Irish manufactured Cloth, various colours. 3m.

Paints, Anchors, Chains, &c.

Just Received and for sale by the Subscriber, at his store Robertson's Wharf, (formerly called Donaldson's Wharf:)

12 CASKS Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL; 50 Cans do. do. from 2 to 5 gal. each;
3 Tons No. 1. London WHITE LEAD;
1 „ do. Hull do.
1 „ Black Paint
½ „ Yellow
1¼ „ Putty in 7, 14, 21 and 28 lb. bladders,
8,000 faths. short linked proved Chain, for cutting, from ¼ to 1¼ inch;
16 Kedge ANCHORS, from 3-4 to 5 cwt.
28 Rolls sheet Lead, from 2½ to 10 lb. pr. foot;
12 Doz. Ships Scrapers; 10 do. do. Mops;
12 „ Log Glasses, 14 and 28 seconds;
1 „ 1-2 Hour do.; 1 doz. 1 hour do.;
6 „ Log Slates; 3 do. Patent Binnacle Lamps;
20 „ Ground Paint Brushes, ass'd sizes,
10 „ Long Handle Tar Brushes; 6 do. short do.
8 „ White Wash Brushes;
12 „ Deck and Paint Scrubbers;
5 „ Chamber, do.; 5 Bannister, do.;
200 Coils Marline, Housline, Amberline, and Spun Yarn;
3 Dozen Water Laid Deepsea Lines;
10 „ „ Hand Lines;
15 „ Log Lines; 5 do. 15 and 18 thr. st. Peter Cod Lines: 60 do. Seaming & Roping Twine;
25 „ Bed Cords; 20 do. Whity Brown Linen Thread, No. 16 and 18;
3 Cases ships Compasses, from 8 to 11 inch;
2 „ superfine Ensigns and Union Jacks, from 2 to 9 yards; 30 pieces superfine Bunting, assorted colors; 1 Bale Osnaburgs.

—ON HAND—

20 Bbls. Pale Seal OIL; 40 do. Coal TAR; 50 do. American Tar; 55 Kegs fine Rose Nails from 6dy. to 24dy.; 24 Gin Wheels, ass'd sizes; 15 dozen round and square Mo. Ballast Shovels; 20 doz. Deck Lights, 7, 8, 9 and 10 inch; 1 Bale Thrumbs; 1 Bale Lamp Wick; 20 Bags Round Pease; 30 doz. Thomson's Screw Augers, assorted sizes; 8,000 feet Ash Oars, 5,000 feet Spruce—finished. WM. ROBERTSON.

St. John, June 18, 1841.

FOR SALE.

The subscribers have received by the late Arrivals:

100 BOXES Mould CANDLES; Cases and Bales DRY GOODS, consisting of Mousline de Laine DRESSES, Regatta Stripes, Prints, &c. &c.

50 half kegs Richmond TOBACCO, 16 hands to the lb. Which they offer for sale at their store in Water street.

ALSO—in Bond—

72 Tierces and 152 Bbls. Hamburgh BEEF.

May 28. SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

NEW BRIG FOR SALE.

THE subscribers offer for sale the Hull & Spars of a new Iron Fastened BRIG, of about 180 Tons old measurement, building at Advocate Harbour, Parrsboro. She will be ready for launching about the 15th sept. next, or sooner if required.—Any further information can be had of Mr. Randolph Morris, the builder, or on application to

July 9. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Freeman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co.'s celebrated LONDON STOUT.

THE subscriber has received from the above eminent house, a shipment of Bottled DOUBLE STOUT, in fine condition, which he offers for sale at an unusual low price.

July 2. W. P. RANNEY.

Miscellany.

SCENES IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

THE YOUNG CORPORAL.

"Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood—
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion—
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:
But *these* were horrors!—*this* was woe."

"The brows of men by the despairing light,
Wore an earthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd:
* * *
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again."

The romantic and highly-tinted accounts furnished from time to time by those who reported for the English journals, of the landing in Portugal, reception by the people, and early achievements of the Pedroite expedition, produced its intended sensation, and caused many a young heart to beat high with hopes of renown and honours, were a path but opened to reach the handed few by whom such deeds of chivalry and *derring do* were said to be accomplished. Nor is this to be wondered at; for the young and inexperienced seldom allow themselves time for reflection, and should there chance to be a dash of the headstrong in their character, they on the instant follow the bent of their own vivid imagination. Military glory is very dazzling to their eyes, and they too frequently give up the substantial comforts of home, and seize upon any chance that presents itself of achieving martial fame, without looking upon their probable ultimate destination, or pausing for the opportunity of rightly understanding the desperate or disgraceful nature of the service into which they have blindly plunged. This has been wofully exemplified in these two expeditions; first in that to Portugal, and next in that to the Basque Provinces. Many a young man of name and social worth was seduced by the fantastic calls of factitious glory to join the rabble-routs called armies at Oporto and San Sebastian; and of these, alas! how many are there who have now to mourn over the loss of precious years of the most precious portion of their existence, now irretrievably lost; and how many too, have fallen victims to hardships and neglect, or perished ingloriously on a foreign strand in a mercenary contest and marauding warfare, and in which, terminate as it might, they could in no case whatever hope to reap either reward or honours! Yet despite of all this, almost every thing hitherto written upon the subject, has, as we have already stated, been painted *en beau*, and it is therefore high time that some truth-telling sketches should be given to the world, and the *reverse* of the picture be exhibited, if only as a warning beacon to the would-be heroes of inglorious expeditions.

The military mania, at the epoch we allude to, seized firm hold of many youths of respectability, and not a few at the period were the runaways from home, and less alluring professions, who were to be found "bearing a halberd" in the ranks of the British battalions, in the fallacious hope of winning a name "even at the cannon's mouth."

Of this class appeared a soldier named Kavanagh, of the —— Regiment, the most attractive of the English corps. His appearance and manners were singularly prepossessing: a finely-formed, and elegantly-featured boy: rigidly attentive to his duty; keeping aloof from the soldiery, and never joining them in the hours of leisure. Taciturn in the extreme, he seldom spoke save when addressed; but yet, from a kindliness of disposition, he became an universal favourite. The coarse jacket of his rank could not disguise the gentleman; and even the common men of the regiment treated him with forbearance, and something like respect. He had early attracted the attention of one or two officers of the corps, and been gratified by slight promotion. Serving in the same company with him, as a junior officer, I was more frequently brought in contact with the "Young Corporal" than others of the regiment. I was a youth, too, myself, but little his senior, and feeling that circumstances (I cared not what they were) had removed him from his proper sphere, the sympathy I entertained, too apparent for disguise, and the eager fellowship with which it was met, threw us oftener together than our relative positions, in reference to military etiquette, would have rendered consistent, and it became my pleasure to lighten, where it lay in my power, the heavier, or to relieve him altogether from the more irksome, of his regimental duties. In brief, before a very long period elapsed, we became intimate friends: and my most strenuous endeavours were now exerted to procure him a commission in the same corps, or in some other regiment, where there might be less hostility to the reception of "a man from the ranks." In this wish, however, I was, for the moment, disappointed; for the majority of "officers!"—shoplads, whom counter-defalcations or robbery of the till had elevated to the factitious dignity of gentlemen—stoutly stood by *their* order, and clamorously protested against the admission of one, really a gentleman, amongst them.

Circumstances shortly afterwards threw me into another regiment, and to a different part of the extensive lines, where, from the harassing nature and continued duties of out-lying piquet, we seldom encountered each other. Occasionally, however, we met—he, foraging in my vicinity; or I, upon a day's leave and ride into the city—but not one word during our intercourse did he ever breathe as to his private circumstances, or the nature of the disappointments that had forced him to Portugal as a private soldier. I knew from himself that he served in a name not his own—but that was all, nor did I seek to learn. Youth is generally confiding: and it was enough for me to find he had been unfortunate to feel a strong interest in his welfare.

We had not met for nearly two months, when, upon a rumour of attack, a part of the regiment I belonged to received sudden orders for a night-march into the town to reinforce a week point, and the expected one of assault. I accompanied the division; but the night passed off without any appearance of the enemy assembling in our front; and the next morning, in the regular routine of service, my name was called for duty at one of the hospitals (for there were several,) and shortly after we marched to the relief of the old guard, and formed in their places. The troops, who had been greatly harassed, and were under arms all night, were right happy when the order to barracks was given out, and they were scrambling for their rations, when, amidst the din of clinking campkettles, scolding commissaries, screeching women, and all the confusion concomitant upon provision-stores, in state of siege, the bugles were observed hurrying in, and, to the general dismay, "Turn out the whole" sounded on all sides. The aspect of affairs was instantly changed, the wine, and agua-ardente of those who had been so fortunate to get any, was hastily gulped down, amidst imprecations at the untimely onset of the enemy, biscuits, beef, and backalho crammed into haversacks, belts tightened, muskets snatched up, and in less than ten minutes not a man remained in the barrack-square. They had fallen in, been marched off, and were away to the time of double-quick, for the Miguelites had made a sudden assault when least expected, driven in the piquets and advanced posts, mastered an outwork, reached the trenches, and were forcing the lines. The firing soon became tremendous, and so admirably had the attack of the assailants been planned, and with such vigor maintained, that fears for the instant were awakened that they would enter the town.

The wounded now began to pour in, and occasioned a scene of misery which passes imagination. Women and children were crowding around the doors of the hospital, imploring admission, in accents that would break a man's heart when he thinks upon it; they were calling for their husbands, sons, brothers, who had been borne in from the field. The enemy's artillery had been very destructive; some of the poor fellows had been torn almost to pieces by cannister or grape shot: limbs were carried away or frightfully smashed: and what with the deep and agonised moaning of some, the loud and continued shrieks of others, the tears and supplications of the women, the scene was horrible.—The hospital accommodation was scanty in the extreme; every bench found a tenant; and as others continued arriving, they were obliged to be flung down in the halls and corridors. Things were in this state, when a Portuguese staff-officer dashed up to the door of the hospital; without dismounting he called aloud for the officer of the guard. "Mr. Leslie," he said, "you are to despatch every man you can spare to the barriers; lose not an instant, sir." Spurring his horse, he galloped down the town; the municipal force was called out; in one moment I had my little guard together. I left a steady non-commissioned officer at the hospital with a moiety of the soldiery, and placing myself at the head of the remainder, gave the order to march.—As I pronounced the word, some fresh casualties were being brought in; and even amidst the excitement of the moment, I trembled with emotion on beholding my early friend Kavanagh dragged along, almost insensible, from the pain of a severe wound, the joint of one of his limbs being almost shattered to pieces. I ordered the men to proceed, but halted a moment myself to charge my own sergeant to pay particular attention to the wounded man. Poor Kavanagh recognized me directly, and stretched out his hand, which I took, and with an assurance of being soon back with him, was compelled to hurry forward. Overtaking my party in a few moments, we were soon mingled with the defenders; but it was some time ere I could give much attention to duty, in consequence of the impression left on my mind by the mangled and bloody form of poor neglected Kavanagh.

* * * *

About daybreak I received orders to proceed with my company to the Foz, the extreme point of the lines from the city gates; at eight o'clock we marched into the village, and there we were once more dismissed to barracks. After attending to my men, I rode over to the Commandant, and begged permission to go to Oporto upon pressing private business; he hesitated to grant it, but I so urged the matter that he wrote me out a pass, and by mid-day I reached the hospital. Inquiring directly for Kavanagh, I went up the staircase, and found, that owing to my bustling good-natured serjeant, he had been so far fortunate as to get placed upon an hospital mattress: he suffered intense pain; the surgeons had not, up to that time, been enabled to attend to him, beyond applying a temporary bandage round the shattered limb: his leg was greatly swollen, for the ball had entered a little below the knee, broken the cap to pieces, and passed out a few inches above. The wound, to an inexperienced eye, would have appeared slight, but I had seen enough of hospital treatment to know that instant amputation could alone save life. Under this impression I hurried to one of the surgeons with whom I had some slight acquaintance, and he promised me that the case in which I expressed an interest should be one of his earliest duties.

On going back to Kavanagh I found him much exhausted; the extreme heat of the room oppressed him, for it was crowded with dead and dying: time had not been found to remove the bodies. It then occurred to me that one or two rooms in the hospital had been set apart for the officers, which were in better order than the others, being ventilated, clean, and quiet. I placed in the hands of the hospital-serjeant a *convincing argument*, the only one to which he was not inaccessible, and contrived, with his assistance, to remove my patient to one of these. There were three vacant tressels in the room, but no further accommodation; and, placing him upon one of these, I despatched a soldier to my quarters with a note, desiring my serveant to strip my cot of its appurtenances, and come with all haste to the hospital. I had soon the pleasure of seeing poor Kavanagh in comparative comfort, in a good bed, and somewhat at ease.

The Doctor came in shortly afterwards, seemingly surprised at my having ventured so far to disturb (without permission) the economy of the hospital arrangements. I at once told him my apology for not having previously consulted him upon the point was the urgency of the case, and the extreme interest I took in the melancholy position of my poor friend. He undid the bandage, and narrowly inspected the wound. I turned away for the instant, but I could not be deceived; the expression of his countenance told me the injury was mortal: he, however, spoke soothingly to the patient, applied some mixture to the limb, ordered him a little tea, and proceeded with his duties and attendance upon the other sufferers.

On quitting the ward he beckoned me to follow. I found him in the corridor. He, being fully aware of the interest I felt upon the subject, said—"Mr. Leslie, that poor lad will die." I exclaimed—"Oh! Doctor, can nothing be done?" He continued.—"One only chance remains; if the inflammation subsides, if it can be reduced, it is possible amputation may not be too late. In his present dejected state, Mr. Leslie, telling him this would act fatally; you must be cautious of this: I'll see you by and by."

I returned to the room. Kavanagh had remarked my absence, and on re-entry he fixed a searching glance on me: I could with difficulty support it. Catching my arm, he drew me towards him. "Leslie, dear Leslie," he said, "you've been the only friend I have ever known: now (and he fixed his full gaze upon me) tell me what *did* Dr. Thorpe say to you about me."

I tried to calm him, and evade the subject, but he held me firm, and, begging me to sit beside him, questioned me closely. I could not support it: all manly firmness seemed to quit me; for as he lay there almost alone, with but one being caring for him by his side, and that one but a friend of yesterday; with none other to sooth, to speak with him of early days, of early hopes; away from all that was dear to him, in a stranger land, and in this his sad hour of tribulation—I felt all his loneliness, I thought of my own boyish dreams, my own village home, and its cheering welcome, and * * *

I continued at the hospital until the evening, and during the intervals of his suffering he spoke to me of himself, and of his family; all the barriers of conventional reserve were broken down, and the sad story of his young life lay unbosomed before me.—The recital evidently pained him, yet he seemed relieved at thus unburthening himself of a weight of woe,—of the melancholy tale of early disappointment. He had now some one to whom he could talk over old times. We had grown grey-headed in our friendship in a few hours—I was no longer a stranger, and he spoke as though I were some old familiar playmate with whom he was holding converse. 'Twas e'en like

——"Sweet Una's face,
Making a sunshine in a shady place."

* * * *

By an arrangement with a brother officer, and as an especial favour, I obtained an extension of leave, and at an early hour the morning following, I again wended my way on my melancholy office. Poor Kavanagh, although so young, cherished a strong religious feeling, and had urged me to secure for him the offices of the church. He was a Roman Catholic. I had accordingly called upon an amiable gentleman, attached to one of the convents in the town, and in his company, and with one of his brethren, I now proceeded to the hospital. The coadjutor priest was Irish; this was a comfort to Kavanagh: for even the accents of home, appeal in our hour of trouble most forcibly to the heart.

A great change had come over the wounded young man. I felt shocked to behold it. He was certainly worse, and much more depressed, though his countenance lighted up when I entered; and on my presenting to him the kind visitors who accompanied me, he received them with an eagerness of welcome.

Quitting them for a time, I retired, but in less than half an hour he sent to recal me; the offices of his church had been concluded.

"Dom Diego" said the elder priest, addressing me, "should your friend wish to see me again, let me know; I shall be at your disposal at all seasons, whenever you command." I thanked him for his benevolence, and we parted.

During the morning I remained with Kavanagh; he seemed materially tranquillized by the visit of the clergy. The surgeons twice came to see him, and about mid-day I received a summons to the ante-room. I found Dr. Thorpe awaiting me.

"We have decided upon amputation; it's the poor fellow's only chance."

Although prepared for this, indeed desiring it, yet the communication deeply pained me. He continued—"Would you wish to break it to him?" I rejoined it would be impossible for me to do so, and requested him to undertake the office. He did so at once—I remained away. Returning to me in a few minutes, he said,—"Poor lad! he was terribly shaken at first, but now bears it pretty well." "When do you operate Doctor?" I asked him. "I am only waiting for —— and ——, they will be here in half an hour."

I returned to Kavanagh's side: it was a painful scene; his face had a livid appearance, white as ashes: he had before been much flushed, but the interview with the Surgeon had produced a most extraordinary effect. A cold damp had overspread his features, round drops of perspiration had started to his forehead. The expression of his countenance had altered, and the suffering from inward agony seemed terrible. I quietly passed a handkerchief across his face, when he pressed my hand against his brow. I beckoned to a servant whom I had placed to attend him, and got a cup of weak lemonade which I offered him. He drank a little, and then moved it away. "Leslie," he said; he repeated the name several times; "Leslie, you'll stay by me, won't you?" His voice was broken; it was of a frightful depth and hollowness, and he seemed unlike the same person. "Leslie," said he, at length, with extreme effort, "you must stay with me." I promised:—he grasped my hand tightly, and closed his eyes for a few seconds. "I've been thinking of home, Leslie," he said; "you—you—you won't forget, Leslie."

I returned the pressure of his hand; it was all I could do. . . . . In a few minutes the surgeons entered the ward: Kavanagh gave way entirely; he was fearfully shaken, the heavings of his frame seemed to lift the very bed-clothes from his body, and he kept his eye fixed upon me, but said not a word. I was not new to scenes of the kind, but I had never before had my nerves tested where friendship had a part to support. Dr. Thorpe came towards me and said, "Mr. Leslie, will you have the kindness to step this way for a moment?" When away from the room, he begged me to command myself, or otherwise I should do harm. "Upon you, Mr. Leslie, much depends," he said; "it is evident to us, my dear Sir, that upon you much—very much—depends." I could not speak. "Be a man, Mr. Leslie—be a man." I felt grateful for his well-meant efforts, and on the point of reply was checked for the instant, by one of the surgeons and an hospital assistant issuing from the room, and coming towards us; their manner I thought somewhat strange, but I had little time to scrutinize it. "Your friend is dead, Mr. Leslie," said the chief surgeon. I felt stunned. Dr. Thorpe started as well as myself. I entered the room instantly; he had never moved after I quitted him; his face turned towards the door, but his eyes were closed; the struggle had been too much for him; he was dead.

* * * *

It was some time ere I could quit the spot. I looked upon the cold remains with a feeling of awe,—vague, mysterious, undefined. There is a dignity about death with which even the humblest of his victims is invested,—regal pomp, the victor of a hundred fights, the enthroned despot—all fade into insignificance, when we ponder by the side of even beggary in a shroud. The death-pale features, rigid limbs, faded eye, and powerless hand, seem to mock us with scorn. What, after all, are our dearest hopes, sweetest affections, or fiercest hate?—"all is vanity,"—ay, vain are those dreams of our youth, over which we have all mourned.

The surgeons said it was the wound, but I knew it was a broken heart.

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United Service Journal.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.—The spirit of the age is steam: its philosophy is material; it pretends to the moral, but the one is only the end, the other the means, though end and means go together. Mind, then, is a machine; the principle of machinery is that of packing up and pushing out. We must do the same. We must enter on new routes; we must proportion time and space by curtailing them of their old proportions, for a new race and a new rivalry are before us. Society has its state, its stages, its station, like our rail roads; so has knowledge, so has civilisation; because, what is society but the expression of those forms which such knowledge and civilisation have impressed on it? These forms now speak for themselves; the signs of the times are no hieroglyphics; those who read may run, those who run may read. We must do both; we must keep packing up our new faculties. We must push on in a new direction,—no useless luggage or lumber in the way, none of those old ties that once impeded us,—no looking behind, or even around, but on on we must go, for we cannot go back.—*Fraser's Magazine for July.*

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.—The power of the journalist is immense. Experience enables us to assert confidently that twenty thousand addresses, printed separately, and circulated with the most energetic diligence, would not produce the effect of