

species, and delightful to our feelings, to find that the highest excellencies of private station are not irreconcilable with the stern career of the victorious warrior, and that the household virtues, and the peace-loving humanities of life may be found among the demoralization of camps, and the carnage-covered fields of battle.

A property peculiar to the Duke has, perhaps, more than any thing else, prevented the world from recognizing the full worth of his character, and appreciating the beauty of its tenderness and simplicity. A constant command over his passions has enabled him to pursue his career, as if he were raised above the ordinary emotions of his kind; and thus, while mastering his impulses, and compelling them into subordination to his duty, he has appeared devoid of gentleness and compassion. This however, though it may have obscured the full effulgence of his character for a time, has now invested it with a brighter and a milder lustre. We see from the Despatches that he always felt as a man,—that in the most important and trivial affairs he was careful never to wound the feelings or even the weakness of others,—that as a general and a negotiator he was swayed by the most inflexible equity,—and that, in the very flash of triumph, moderation and magnanimity shone the brightest jewels in his ducal coronet.

We are too apt to represent the Duke, after the battle of Waterloo, as clad with a natural and patriotic exultation, and thinking little of the blood that so plentifully watered his laurels. But in the earliest moments of victory, when a partial relaxation of his heavy responsibilities allowed him a brief indulgence in his feelings as a man, how touching and how simple are the expressions of his sorrow for the wounded and the slain of his companions in arms! In communicating to the Duke of Beaufort the loss of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm, he remarks, "You are aware how useful he has always been to me; and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I rased feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. "Indeed, the losses I have sustained, have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired." "I cannot express to you," he writes to the Earl of Aberdeen, "the regret and sorrow with which I look round me and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me," and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss." In a postscript to the same letter he adds; "Your brother had a black horse given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it." This kindly and thoughtful, minute attention from such a man and at such a time, is an unobtrusive testimony to the goodness of his moral nature, and proves how intimate he is with all the minor springs of human feeling,—the sympathies, the joys, and the fears of, that by which the Poet says we live, "the human heart."

His conduct towards an enemy was no less stamped with consideration and nobility of soul. When it was proposed by some eminent foreigner, as it would appear, to rid the world of Napoleon by summary and violent means, he reprobated with the projector of this scheme, against "so foul a transaction," and declared that they had both "acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners," and added, "I was determined if the sovereign wished to put him to death they should appoint an executioner which should not be me." When Blecher, thirsting to revenge the wrongs of Prussia, was desirous of destroying the bridge of Jena at Paris, and of levying exactions on that city, the Duke interposed, and would not permit the victory of Waterloo to be sullied by a traitless and barbaric revenge!

A striking parallel may be instituted between Marlborough and Wellington;—the former, in some points

of character is entitled to a superiority over the Hero of Waterloo, yet the balance of merit is greatly in favour of the latter. The same versatility of military skill, the same statesman-like sagacity, the same extraordinary equanimity of temper, the same humanity, are conspicuous in both; but in political integrity, in spotless disinterestedness, and in all freedom from the taint of preclusion, Wellington surpasses his illustrious predecessor in arms.

It is not without an object that I have endeavoured, for a moment, to direct public attention to the character of the Duke of Wellington. We are surrounded on every side with preparations of war, and amidst much to depress us, we require to be warned against the hour of trial by topics of encouragement, and reminiscences of national glory: and there cannot be a greater reason for confidence than the knowledge that the rumours so lately prevalent of the Duke's ill health were fabrications circulated, in all probability, by those whose "wishes were father" to the reports. While we are frequently hearing about us hearse and obscene birds croaking their ill omened forebodings, and mourning over the death of great men, great warriors and great statesmen, capable of sustaining the honour of the British Empire,—it is well to bear in mind that the times will make the men; and that, judging by the past, whatever may be the emergency of our country, there will ever be a Chatham, or a Pitt, a Nelson or a Wellington, who

if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

The Hero of Waterloo is still heard in the Senate with silent attention, and faction passes him by as an object that public veneration has placed beyond its reach. In the course of events, he cannot be much longer spared to a grateful and admiring country; but the lessons of wisdom which he has dropped from his lips, especially with reference to this happy portion of the Empire, will be an invaluable inheritance, and, if duly prized by those who hold the reins of State, will be found to contain those vital principles by which alone being carried out to a consummation, England can hope to remain the Queen of the Ocean, and the arbitress of the World. Moreover a great man, like the Duke of Wellington, never dies. His existence is perpetuated in the warriors trained under his eye; in the statesmen educated in his school. His deeds descend as a possession common to his countrymen, and the recital of them moulds many a youthful mind into the forms of heroism and public virtue. His name belongs to our fire-side converse, and becomes "familiar in our mouths as a household word;" it is a talisman against national disaster; and it is impossible that Britons should think of it, and disgrace their country.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 21st March, 1839.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1839.

CLERICAL MEETING.—Four years have elapsed since the Clergy scattered along this western coast from Margaret's Bay to Shelburne inclusive, met together in this Parish and formed a Clerical Society, to meet once every year in each parish for mutual comfort and edification, and for the advancement of the interests of the Church in general. The experience of those years has fully realized the expectations of comfort and usefulness which were formed at the outset.

Isolated as the Clergy in this Province generally are from each other, they know how to appreciate the few opportunities of personal intercourse that are afforded them, and the members of this little Society especially ever look forward with pleasing anticipations to the periods at which they assemble and meet together, to hold sweet counsel with each other, and join in prayer and reading of the word, and in the Holy Supper of their Master, which is always administered on these occasions. And in particular is our first meeting after the severity and dangers of the

winter have passed, hailed with these pleasurable feelings. Remembering the many exposures to which we have been subject,—the perils by land and by sea, the perils in the wilderness, the cold and weariness we have encountered—we know how to be grateful to that Lord whose hand has been over us and preserved us to meet once more in health and comfort.—"Praise the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness"! Our little band was gathered at the Parsonage in Lunenburg on Wednesday the 8th instant, with the exception of the Rev. J. Stannage, of St. Margaret's Bay, who it is feared was prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his expressed intention of being with us.

Divine service was performed at St. James' Chapel, Mahone Bay, at 2 P. M. on Wednesday. The prayers were read by Rev. J. W. Weeks; lessons by Rev. Dr. Shreve, and the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. White of Shelburne, from Job, 42 ch. 5 & 6 vs.—"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." At 7 P. M. there was Divine service in the church in town, when the Rev. Mr. Moody read prayers, Mr. Weeks the lessons, and Mr. White again preached from 3 Phil. 13 & 14 vs.—"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

On Thursday, (Ascension Day) at 10 A. M. we were again "waiting for the loving kindness of the Lord in the midst of his temple." Mr. White and Mr. Moody divided between them the services of the desk and of the ante-communion; and Dr. Shreve delivered a discourse from 6 ch. Rom. 4 v.—"Like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The Holy Communion was then administered,—each of the brethren bearing a part in the delightful service, and nearly forty of the laity availing themselves of the opportunity of partaking with them of that most comfortable Sacrament of the body and blood of their common Lord.—In the evening at 7 P. M. the concluding services were held, when Dr. Shreve and Mr. Moody filled the desk, and the latter preached from 1 Peter 3 ch. 15 v.—"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." At the close, Bishop Heber's beautiful missionary hymn was pleasingly sung.—The congregations in the parish church were larger than on any former like occasion, thus evincing an undiminished, or rather an increasing interest on the part of the people in these meetings of the neighbouring clergy. It is hoped and believed that their attendance has not been in vain, but rather blessed to the edifying of their souls, and the increase of their attachment to the Church, which is "the pillar and ground of the truth."—The time not spent in public services was devoted by the brethren to their usual social exercises of prayer, reading of the Word in the original tongue, and mutual communications on those subjects which are ever full of interest to the minister of Christ. We were much favoured by a week of dry weather, so that the most distant of the members was able to reach his home in comfort before the Sabbath.

CHURCH SOCIETY.—The general meeting of this Society will take place (D. V.) at Halifax as notified, on Wednesday next the 22d instant. We are authorised to state, that Divine service will be performed, and that an Address may be expected from the venerable the Archdeacon.—We repeat our hopes that there will be a full attendance of clerical and lay members.

THE BISHOP.—Letters have been received at Halifax from his Lordship to the beginning of April, at which time he was about going into the Diocese of Gloucester, to