THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum :) *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in ad

VOL. VIII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1843.

THE CHRONICLE

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

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; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Oct.		R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H.	W.
28	Saturday,	6 33	4 55	9 50	2 56
29	Sunday,	6 34	4 53	10 59	3 53
30	Monday,	6 35	4 52	morn	4 59
31	Tuesday,	6 37	4 50	0 4	6 6
1	Wednesday,	6 39	4 59	1 8	7 14
2	Thursday,	6 47	4 58	2 10	8 10
3	Friday,	6 46	4 56	3 11	8 56

First Quarter 28th day 2h. 29m. even.

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: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, 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: Stephen Gerow, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. (St. 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: Wm. H. Street, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq., President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

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

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Dissolution of Co-Parnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorized to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand.

Also, to Let for One or Three Years—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whittekir, junr., apply as above. April 28.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved:—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

☞ NOTICE.

THE differences between the undersigned John Kerr, Edmund Kaye, and James R. Crane, having been amicably arranged, and the dissolution of the Partnership between them, under the firm of JOHN KERR & CO., mutually resolved on.—Notice is hereby given, That all debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same, discharged by the said John Kerr and Edmund Kaye.

JOHN KERR,
EDMUND KAYE,
JAMES R. CRANE.

26th April.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of WILLIAM & JOSEPH SCAMMELL having expired on the 20th instant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm will be closed by JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

W. SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

Saint John Hotel, 20th May, 1843.

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his thanks for the liberal patronage given by the Public to the *St. John Hotel*, under the firm of WM. & J. SCAMMELL, and begs to inform the Public that he continues the House on his own account, and every thing will be done to continue to give the fullest satisfaction.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

May 20, 1843.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having retired from the firm of JOHN KERR & Co., and having taken that commodious Fire-proof BRICK BUILDING on the North Market Wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. JAMES LOCKWOOD & Co., where he intends carrying on the business of *Commission Merchant and General Agent*, offers his services to his friends and the Public in that capacity with the assurance that the facilities he proposes will enable him to give satisfaction to them who may entrust him with their business.

May 5 1843. JAMES R. CRANE.

NOTICE.

THE business of the Firm of John Kerr & Co will in future be continued by the subscribers under the same Firm.

JOHN KERR,
26th April. EDMUND KAYE

NEW ARRIVALS.

per ship Glasgow, from Liverpool, comprising as follows:

4 BALES Grey Shirting *COTTONS;*
3 " White do. do.
2 bales Twill'd Striped do.
1 " Printed *COTTONS;*
1 " FLANNELS.
1 " Moleskins, & Facny TROWSERING
1 " Cotton HANDKERCHIEFS,
1 " Lining COTTONS;
2 " Cheap Orleans & SAXONY.

Which together with a large stock of Gents. Hats, Ladies BOOTS & SHOES, &c. &c., are selling at very reduced Prices for Cash, by

July 28 W. G. LAWTON.

CHAIN CABLES,

Anchors, Oakum, Iron, &c. &c.

The subscriber has received per 'Woodstock' and 'Themis,' from Liverpool, and 'Argyle,' from Newry, and other recent arrivals:—

21 CHAIN CABELS, from ⅜ to 1¾ inch,
14 ANCHORS, from 2 to 20 cwt.,
500 fathoms ¾, ⅝, ⅝ coil CHAIN,
2½ tons OAKUM,
10 tons CORDAGE ass'd sizes,
600 Boxes Liverpool SOAP,
129 bundles SHEET IRON, Nos. 18 to 27,
300 tons British Bar IRON, assorted,
150 do. Refined ditto. do.
10 do. Swedish & Russia do. do.
200 bags Iron Spikes, from 4 to 10 inches,
180 do. Wrought Iron NAILS, 5d'y to 20d'y,
100 bolts COPPER, assorted sizes,
4 tons Blistered and Spun STEEL, ass'd
2 do. PLOUGH-PLATING,
18 do. Cast Iron POTS, BAKEPANS, and extra covers,
37 dozen FRYING PANS,
35 do. Long handled Irish SPADES,
28 do. Round and square pointed Shovels,

—IN STORE—

Blacksmiths' BELLOWS & ANVILS;
FRANKLIN & REGISTER GRATES,
PLOUGHSHARE MOULDS, &c.
15,000 White Oak HOGS HEAD STAVES,
100 bushels Yellow CORN,
1000 do. White do.
BEEF, PORK, and NAVY BREAD.
Superfine, Fine, and Middlings FLOUR and CORN, in barrels and bags,—all of which are offered at very moderate rates.

July 14. WM. CARVILL.

Mechanics' Institute.

THE GESNER MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY having been purchased of the late Proprietor, Dr. Gesner, by a number of gentlemen, and by them placed in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, it will henceforth be open to the public under direction of the Institute, on the following terms:—

Admission for one year, to Members of the Institute, with or without family, - - 5s.
Ditto to non-members, do. - - 7s. 6d.
not transferable;
Single Admission, - - - - 7½d

The Museum will be open on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, commencing on Monday next, 31st July, from 2 to 4 p. m.

☞ Tickets and Catalogues (if required), may be obtained of the Clerk of the Institute, at the Hall, on the days above named.

By order of the President,
July 29. H. J. CHUBB, *R. Sec'y*

Horse Hair Flesh Brushes.

A NEW and very superior article, which for CHEAPNESS, EFFICACY, CONVENIENCE OF APPLICATION, and NEATNESS, possesses many advantages over the Hair Mittens. The friction being caused by the ENDS instead of the SIDES of the Hair, is more effectual, and at the same time does not RETAIN (like the Mitten,) any particles from the surface of the skin.

—ALSO—

A fresh supply of Tooth, Hair, and Clothes BRUSHES, all made to order.

May 19. JOHN G. SHARP.

PORK.

60 BRLS. Clear, Mess, and Prime PORK, just received, and for sale by

August 11. J. DEWOLFE SPURR.

Printed Books.

The subscriber has just received per *Marnham*, on consignment—

1 CASE Printed Books, containing 1000 Volumes of the latest publications, and for sale by JAMES R. CRANE.

1st september.

General Agency and Commission Office,

No. 18, CORNHILL, LONDON, opposite the New Exchange.

To Merchants, Commercial News Rooms, Public Libraries, Agricultural Societies, Officers of the United Services, Printers, Publishers of Newspapers, & Colonists generally.

P. L. SIMONDS, General Agent and Commission Merchant, in offering his services to his friends and the Colonial Public in general, begs to acquaint them that he is ready to receive orders for supplies of any kind and quantity, and goods of every description of first rate quality, at the very lowest market prices of the day, and to transact business upon the most liberal terms, provided he is previously furnished with funds or drafts, at either long or short dates, or a reference to some London or Liverpool house for payment.

P. L. Simonds will receive consignments of any description of Merchandize to be sold on commission, and accept bills for two-thirds of the amount, on receipt of the bills of lading. Consignments entrusted to his care will meet with every possible dispatch in their disposal, and sales be conducted with the greatest attention to the interests of the disposer. An extensive knowledge of general business, acquired during a long residence in the West Indies, and subsequent extensive courses of business with all the British Colonies, the experience of several years in London as a Colonial Agent, coupled with promptitude, attention, and judgment, will, he trusts, enable him to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their commands.

N. B.—Parents sending home their children for education, may with confidence entrust them to the care of Mr. Simonds, who will undertake to see them placed in first rate and respectable establishments, where every attention shall be paid to their health, morals, improvement, and general comfort.

Window Glass.

Per the ship 'Rothschild,' from Liverpool—on Consignment:

3,700 FEET 8x10 Crown and Sheet WINDOW GLASS;
2 200 Feet 10x12 Do.

For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

August 25, 1843.

Poetry.

THE PRINTER.

Who is it, gentle reader, who,
That labours hard in pleasing you,
By telling all that's strange and new?
The Printer.

Who is it brings you from afar,
Intelligence of bloody war,
Or feats of some immortal tar?
The Printer.

Who tells you of the affairs of State,
When Legislators legislate,
And are engaged in warm debate?
The Printer.

Who is it that with *stick and rule*,
Chastises well the knave and fool,
And keeps in awe the party tool?
The Printer.

By whom is it that learning's got,
And genius to perfection brought—
O! reader, say—say is it not
The Printer?

Say, ye who always wish to know
How the concerns of nations go—
Why do you for that knowledge owe
The Printer?

Ye politicians, too, can tell
Who makes you understand so well
Th' affairs on which you love to dwell?
The Printer.

Then in no case should you delay,
(Though many do from day to day,)
With punctuality to PAY
The Printer.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. The confession caused her to be carried before the Governor, who told her that nothing but confessing where she had hidden him could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety on that condition."—"Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

Stern faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake and fire;
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,
With eyes undimmed and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She were no sign of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said—
A half-frown'd smile of scorn,
That curl'd upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne;
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red.

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—
But in a crimson flood,
O'er lip, and brow, and cheek,
Rush'd up the burning blood!
She spoke, but proudly rose the tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood,
Had meekly owned her power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat;"
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet;
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—
He cannot 'scape our wrath;
For many a warrier's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.

"But thou may'st win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honor for thyself,
So thou his haunts declare!"
She laid her hand upon her heart—
Her eyes flashed proud and clear,
And firmer grew her happy tread—
"My lord is hidden here."

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From around his secret dwelling place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quailed beneath her lofty glance—
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unharmed, amidst
Her loveliness and pride!

Miscellany.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

[*Concluded.*]

To take them to India with him where a war was threatened, was impossible, and his heart revolted from the thought of leaving them in this country with strangers At times he was seen, with an infant son on each arm, sitting over the stone upon the grave of their mother which he had reared to her memory, kissing their cheeks and weeping over them, while they smiled in his face unconsciously, and offered to him, in these smiles, affection's first innocent tribute. On such occasions, their nurse stood gazing on the scene, wondering at her master's grief.

Morris of Morris House, reluctantly consented to take one of his grandchildren under his care; but at the same time refused to see his son previous to his departure.

The widowed father wept over his twin sons, and invoking a blessing on them, saw their little arms sundered, and each conveyed to the houses of those who had undertaken to be their protectors, while he again proceeded towards India. The names of the twins were George and Charles; the former was committed to the care of Mr. Morris, the other to Mr. Sim. Yet it seemed as if these innocent pledges of a family union, instead of destroying, strengthened the deep-rooted animosity that existed between them. Not a month passed that they did not, in some way, manifest their hatred of, and their persecution towards each other.

The Squire exhibited a proof of his vindictiveness, in not permitting the child of his son to remain beneath his roof. He had a small property in Devonshire, which was rented by an individual who, with his wife, had been servants under his father. To them George Morris, one of the infant sons of poor Maria, before he was yet twelve months old, was sent with an injunction that he should be brought up as their own son, that he should be taught to consider himself as such, and bear their name.

The boy Charles, whose lot it was to be placed under the protection of his mother's parents, was more fortunate. The love they had borne towards their Maria, they now, lavished upon him. They called him by their own name—they spoke of him as their heir, as their *sole* heir, and they inquired not after his brother. That brother became included in the hatred which Mrs. Sim, at least, bore to his father's family. As he grew up, his father's name was not mentioned in his presence. He was taught to call his grandfather—father; and his grandmother—mother; and, withal, his mother, so called, instilled into his earliest thoughts an abhorrence of the inmates of Morris House. At times, his grandfather whispered to her on such occasions— Do not do the like of that, dear—we know not how it may end.' But she regarded not his admonitions, and she strove that her grandchild should hold the very name of Morris in hatred.

The peasants to whose keeping George was confided, occupied, as has been stated, a small farm under his grandfather, which lay on the banks of the Dart, a few miles from Totness. Their name was Prescot; they were cold-hearted and ignorant people; they had no children of their own, nor affection for those of *others*; neither had they received instructions to shew any to him whom they were to adopt as a son, and, if they had been arraigned for not doing so, they were of a character to have said, with Shylock—"It is not in the bond." When he grew up, there was then no school in that part of Devonshire to which they could have sent him, had they been inclined—but they were not inclined; though, if they had had the power to educate him, they could have referred again to their bond, and said that no injunction to educate him was mentioned there. His first ideas were a consciousness of cruelty and oppression. At seven years of age he was sent to herd a few sheep upon Dartmoor: before he was nine, he was placed as a parish apprentice to the owner of a tin mine, and buried from the light of heaven.

Often and anxiously Lieutenant Morris wrote from India, inquiring after his sons. He sent presents—love gifts to each; but his letters were unheeded his presents disregarded. His children grew up in ignorance of his existence, or of the existence of each other.

It was about eighteen years after the death of Maria, and what is called an annual *Reed* was held at Ashburton. Prizes were to be awarded to the best wrestlers, and hundreds were assembled from all parts of Devonshire to witness the sports of the day. Two companies of soldiers were stationed in the town at the time, and the officers, at the suggestion of a young ensign, called Charles Sim, agreed to subscribe a purse of ten guineas towards the encouragement of the games. The young ensign was from Cumberland, where the science of wrestling is still a passion, and he, as the reader will have anticipated from the name he bore, was none other than one of the twin brothers. The games were skilfully and keenly contested; and a stripling from the the neighbourhood of Totness, amidst the shouts of the multitude, was declared the victor. The last he had overcome was a gigantic soldier, a native of Cumberland. When the young ensign beheld his champion overcome, his blood rose for the honour of his native country, and he regretted that he had not sustained it in his own person.

The purse subscribed by the officers was still to be wrestled for, and the stripling victor re-entered the ring to compete for it. On his design being perceived, others who wished to have contended for it drew back, and he stood in the ring alone, no one daring to come forward to compete with him. The umpire of the games proclaiming that, if no one stood against him, the purse would be awarded to him who had already been pronounced the victor of the day, when Ensign Sim, who, with his brother officers had witnessed the sports from the windows of an adjacent inn, said—

'Well, the lad shall have the purse, though I don't expect he will win it; for if no one else will, I shall give him a throw, to redeem the credit of old Cumberland.'

'Brave, Sim!' cried his brother officers, and they accompanied him to the ring.

The people again shouted when they perceived that there was to be another game, and the more so when they discovered that the stranger competitor was a gentleman. The ensign, having cast off his regimentals, and equipped himself in the strait canvas jacket worn by wrestlers, entered the ring.—But now arose a new subject of wonderment which in a moment was perceived by the whole multitude; and the loud buzzas that had welcomed his approach were hushed in a confused murmur of astonishment.

'Zwinge!' exclaimed a hundred voices, as they approached each other, 'they be lolk one anoother as two beans!'

'Whoy, which be which?' inquired others.

The likeness between the two wrestlers was, indeed, remarkable; their age, their stature, the colour of their hair, their features, were alike. Spectators could not trace a difference between the one and other. The ensign had a small and peculiar mark below his chin—he perceived that his antagonist had the same. They approached each other, extending their arms for the contest. They stood still, they gazed upon each other; as they gazed they started—their arms dropped by their sides—they stood anxiously scrutinizing the countenance of each other, in which each saw himself as in a glass. Astonishment deprived them of strength—they forgot the purpose for which they met—they stretched forth their hands, they grasped them together, and stood eagerly looking at each other.

'Friend,' said the ensign, 'this is indeed singular—our extraordinary resemblance to each other fills me with amazement. What is your name?—from whence do you come?'

'Whoy, master,' rejoined the other, "thou art so wonndy like myself, that had I met thee anywhere but in the middle o' these folks, I should have been afeared that I was agoing to die, and had zeen mysel. My name is George Prescot, at your service. I coom from three miles down the river there—and what may the call thee?'

'My name,' replied the soldier, 'is Charles Sim. I am an orphan: My parents I never saw. And tell me—for this strange resemblance between us almost overpowers me—do yours live?'

'Whoy,' was the reply, 'old Tom Prescot and his woif be alive; and they zay as how they be my vather and moother, and I zuppose they be; but zoom cast up to them that they bean't.'

No wrestling match took place between them; but hand in hand they walked round the ring together, while the spectators gazed upon them in silent wonder.

The ensign presented the youth, who might have been styled his *fac-simile*, with the purse subscribed by his brother officers and himself; and, in so doing, he offered to double its contents. But the youth, with a spirit above his condition, peremptorily refused the offer, and said—

'No, master—thank yon the zame—I will take nothing but what I have won.'

Charles was anxious to visit 'old Tom Prescot and wife,' of whom the stranger had spoken; but the company to which he belonged was to march forward to Plymouth on the following day, and there to embark. His brother officers also dissuaded him from the thought.

'Why, Sim,' said they, 'the likeness between you and the conqueror of the ring was certainly a very pretty coincidence, and your meeting each other quite a drama. But, my good fellow,' added they laughing 'take the advice of older heads than your own—don't examine too closely into your father's faults.'

Three years passed, and Charles, now promoted to the rank of a lieutenant, accompanied the Duke of York in his more memorable than brilliant campaign in Holland. A soldier was accused of having been found sleeping on guard; he was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. A corporal's guard was accompanying the doomed soldier from the place where sentence had been pronounced against him to the prison-house, from whence he was to be brought forth for execution on the following day. Lieutenant Sim passed near them. A voice exclaimed—

'Master! master!—save me! save me!'

It was the voice of the condemned soldier. The lieutenant turned round; and in the captive who called to him for assistance, he recognised the Devonshire wrestler—the strange potrait of himself.—And even now, if it were possible, the resemblance between them was more striking than before; for, in the stranger, the awkwardness of the peasant had given place to the smartness of the soldier. Charles had felt an interest in him from the first moment he beheld him; he had wished to meet him again, and had resolved to seek for him should he return to England; and now the interest that he had before felt for him was increased tenfold. The offence and the fate of the doomed one were soon told.—The lieutenant pledged himself that he would leave no effort untried to save him; and he redeemed his pledge. He discovered, he obtained proof, that the condemned prisoner, George Prescot, had been employed on severe and dangerous duties, against which it was impossible for nature longer to stand up, but in all of which he had conducted himself as a good, a brave, and a faithful soldier; and, more, that it could not be proved that he was actually found asleep at his post, but that he was stupified through excess of fatigue.

He hastened to lay the evidence he had obtained respecting the conduct and innocence of the prisoner before his Royal Highness, who, whatever were his faults, was at least the soldier's friend. The Duke glanced over the documents which the lieutenant had before him; he listened to the evidence of the comrades of the prisoner. He took a pen—he wrote a few lines—he placed them in the hands of Lieutenant Sim. They contained the free pardon of Private Prescot. Charles rushed with the pardon in his hand to the prisoner—he exclaimed—

'Take this—you are pardoned—you are free!'

The soldier would have embraced his knees to thank him; but the lieutenant said—

'No! kneel not to me—consider me as a brother. I have merely saved the life of an innocent and deserving man. But the strange resemblance between us seems to me more than a strange coincidence.—You have doubts regarding your parentage; I know but little of mine. Nature has written a mystery on our faces which we need to have explained. When this campaign is over, we shall inquire concerning it. Farewell for the present; but we must meet again.'

The feelings of the reprieved and unlettered soldier were too strong for his words to utter; he shook the hand of his deliverer and wept.

A few days after this, some sharp fighting took place. The loss of the British was considerable, and they were compelled to continue their retreat, leaving their dead, and many of their wounded, exposed, as they fell behind them. When they again arrived at a halting-place, Lieutenant Sim sought the regiment to which the soldier who might be termed his second self belonged. But he was not to be found; and all that he could learn respecting him was, that, three days before, George Prescot had been seen fighting bravely; but that he fell covered with wounds, and in their retreat was left upon the field.

Tears gushed into the eyes of the lieutenant when he heard the tidings. His singular meeting with the stranger in Devonshire—their mysterious resemblance to each other—his meeting him again in Holland, under circumstances yet more singular—his saving his life—and the dubious knowledge which each had respecting their birth and parentage—all had sunk deep into his heart, and thoughts of these things chased sleep from his pillow.

It was but a short time after this, that the regiment of Lieutenant Sim was ordered to India, and he accompanied it; and it was only a few months after his arrival, when the Governor General gave an entertainment at his palace, at which all the military officers around were present. At table, opposite to Lieutenant Sim, sat a man of middle age, and throughout the evening, his eyes remained fixed upon him, and occasionally seemed filled with tears.

He was a Colonel in the Company's service, and a man who, by the force of merit, had acquired wealth and reputation.

'I crave your pardon, sir,' said he, addressing the the lieutenant; 'but if I be not too bold, a few words with you in private would confer a favour upon me, and, if my conjectures be right, will give us both cause to rejoice.'

'You may command me, sir,' said the youth.

The colonel rose from the table and left the room, and the lieutenant rose also and accompanied him. They entered an adjoining apartment. The elder soldier gazed anxiously on the face of the younger, and again addressing him, said—

"Sir, do not attribute this strange behaviour on my part to rudeness. It has been prompted by feelings painfully, deeply, I may add, tenderly interesting to me. It may be accident, but your features bring memories before my eyes that have become a part of my existence. Nor is it features only, but I have observed that there is the mark of a rose-bud beneath your chin. I remember twins on whom that mark was manifest, and the likeness of a countenance is graven upon my heart, the lineaments of which were as yours are. Forgive me, then, sir, in thus abruptly requesting your name.'

The lieutenant looked surprised at the anxiety and looks of the stranger, and he answered—

'My name is Charles Sim.'

'Yes! yes!' replied the colonel, gasping as he spoke—'I saw it—I felt it! Your name is Charles, but not Sim—that was your mother's name—your sainted mother's. You bear it from your grandfather. You come from Cumberland?'

'I do!' was the reply, in accents of astonishment.

'My son! my son!—child of my Maria!' were the accents that broke from the colonel, as he fell upon the neck of the other.

'My father!' exclaimed Charles, 'have I then found a father?' And the tears streamed down his cheeks.

Many questions were asked, many answered; and amongst others, the father inquired—

'Where is your brother—my little George?—does he live? You were the miniatures of your mother, and so strikingly did you resemble each other, that, while you were infants, it was necessary to tie a blue ribbon round his arm and a green one round yours, to distinguish you from each other.'

Charles became pale—his knees shook—his hands trembled.

'Then I *had* a brother?' he cried.

'You had,' replied his father; 'but wherefore do you say you *had* a brother? Is it possible that you do not know him? Is it possible that you do not know him? He has been brought up with my father—Mr. Morris of Morris House.

'No, he has not,' replied Charles; 'the man you speak of, and whom you say is my grandfather, has brought up no one—none of my age. I have hated him from childhood, for he has hated me; and that you have told me he is my grandfather, hate him still. But he has brought up one who could be a brother of mine.'

'Then my child has died in infancy colonel.

'No, no,' added Charles—'I knew he had a brother, not even that I had a father; my brother resembled me—that I had the mark beneath my chin which I have, and that he had the same:—then I have seen my brother!'

'Where—where—where—when—when?' inquired the anxious parent; speak, speak!'

'Shortly after, I had joined my regiment,' continued Charles, 'I was present in Devonshire at what is called a revel. Our mess gave towards the games. We put forward a Cumberland man belonging to the regiment, in the full confidence that he would be the victor of the day; but a youth, a mere youth, threw not only our champion but all who dared to oppose him. I was stung for the honour of Cumberland—I was loath to see the hero carry his laurels so easily from the field. I accoutred myself in the wrestler's garb—I entered the ring. The shouting of the multitude ceased instantaneously. I gazed upon my antagonist, he gazed upon me. Our hands fell—we both shook—we were the image of each other. Three years afterwards I was in Holland. A soldier was unjustly condemned to die—I saved him—I obtained his pardon—he was my strange counterpart whom I met in Devonshire. He had the mark of the rose-bud beneath his chin that I have, and which you say my brother has.'

'And where is he now?' eagerly inquired the colonel.

'Alas! I know not answered Charles; 'nor do I think he lives. Three days after I had rescued him from unmerited death, I learned that he had fallen bravely on the field; and whether he be now a prisoner or with the dead I cannot tell.'

'Surely it was thy brother,' said the colonel; 'yet how he should be in Devonshire, or a soldier in the ranks, puzzles me to think. No, no, Charles; it cannot be—it is a coincidence heightened by imagination. Your grandfather has not been kind to me, but he is not capable of the cruelty which the tale you have told would imply he had exercised towards the child I intrusted to his care. He hates me; but surely he could not be cruel to my offspring. You know Morris House?' he added.

'I know it well' replied Charles; but I never knew in it one who could be my brother, nor one of my age; neither did I know Mr. Morris to be my grandfather; nor yet have I heard of him, but as one who had injured my mother while she lived, and who had been the enemy of her parents.'

'Enough, enough, my son,' said the colonel—'my soul is filled with words which I cannot utter. I weep for your angel-mother—I weep for my son, your brother—and I mourn for the unceasing hatred that exists between your grandsires. But, Charles, we must return to England; we must do so instantly. I have now fortune enough for you, and for your brother also, if he yet live, and if we can find him. But we must inquire after and go in quest of him.'

Within three months, Charles Morris, or Lieutenant Sim, as he has hitherto been called, and his father, returned to England together. But, instead of following them, I shall return to George Prescot, the prize-wrestler and the condemned and pardoned soldier. It has been mentioned that he was wounded and left upon the field by a retreating army. I have to add, that he was made prisoner; and, when his wounds were healed, he was, though not perceptibly, disabled for active service. Amongst his brethern in captivity was a Captain Paling, who, when an exchange of prisoners took place, hastened to join his regiment, and gave George, who was deemed unfit for service, a letter to his mother and sisters, who resided in Dartmouth. The letter was all that the captain could give him; for he was penniless as George was himself.

George Prescot, feeling himself once more at liberty, took his passage from Rotterdam in a sloop bound for Dartmouth, and with only the letter of Captain Paling in his pocket to pay for his conveyance. He perceived that the skipper frequently cast suspicious glances towards him, as though he were about to ask—'Where is your money, sir?' But George saw this, and he bore it down with a high hand. He knew that the certain way of being treated with the contempt and neglect which poverty always introduces in its train, was to plead being poor. He was by no means learned, but he understood something of human nature, and he knew a good deal of the ways of men—of the shallowness of society, and the depths of civility. He therefore carried his head high. He called for the best that the ship could afford, and he fared as the skipper did though he partook but sparingly.

But the vessel arrived in Dartmouth harbour—it entered the mouth of the romantic river, on the one side of which was the fort, still bearing the name of Cromwell, and on the other Kingsbridge, which Peter Pindar hath celebrated; while on both sides, as precipitous banks, rose towards hills, their summits covered by a stunted furze, and the blooming orchard meeting it midway.

Some rather unpleasant sensations visited the disabled soldier as the vessel sailed upon the river towards the town. The beauty of its situation made no impression upon him, for he had seen it a thousand times; and it was perhaps as well that it did not; for to look on it from the river or from a distant height—like a long line of houses hung on the breast of romance—and afterwards to enter it, and find yourself in the midst of a narrow, dingy street, where scarce two wheelbarrows could pass, produceth only disappointment, and that, too, of the bitterest kind. It seems, indeed, that the Devonians have conceded so much of their beautiful country to the barrenness of Dartmoor, that they grudge every inch that is occupied as a street or highway. Ere this time, George Prescot had, in a great measure, dropped his Devonshire dialect; and now, taking the letter of Captain Paling from his pocket, he placed it in the hands of the commander of the packet, saying—'Send your boy ashore with this to a widow lady's of the name of Paling—you will know her family, I suppose.—You may tell the boy to say that the letter is from her son, Captain Paling, and that I shall wait here until I receive her answer, before proceeding up the river.

The skipper stated that he knew Mrs Paling well who was a most respectable lady, and that he remembered also her son, who was an officer in the army, and who for some time had been a prisoner of war.

The boy went on shore with the letter, and within a quarter of an hour returned, having with him a young gentleman, accompanied by a couple of pointer dogs. The stranger was the brother of Capt. Paling. He inquired for George Prescot, and on seeing him, invited him to his mother's house. The skipper, on seeing his passenger in such respectable company, let fall no hint that the passage money was not paid; and the soldier and the brother of Captain Paling went on shore together.

In his letter, the captain dwelt on many kindnesses which he had received from its bearer, and

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