THE

Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Vol. VII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1843. No. 52.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

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.

Sept.	R. Sun. S.	Moon.	H. W.
2 Saturday,	5 25 6 34	11 55	6 8
3 Sunday,	5 26 6 32	morn	7 31
4 Monday,	5 27 6 30	1 0	8 37
5 Tuesday,	5 28 6 28	2 7	9 26
6 Wednesday,	5 29 6 27	3 14	10 5
7 Thursday,	5 30 6 25	4 19	10 99
8 Friday,	5 32 6 23	rises.	11 11

Full Moon 8th day, 2h. 18m. evening.

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 : Dr. Boyd.

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 : Wm. Parks, 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 : Hon. John Robertson.

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-Partnership.

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 authorised 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.
26th April. JAMES R. CRANE.

☞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.

GORDON'S General HARDWARE STORE.

SPRING SUPPLY—Per Portland, from Liverpool :—

265 BAGS NAILS, ass'd cut and wrought from 4d' to 10d'y

100 bags Spikes, ass'd from 4½ to 10 inch ;
6 casks OX and Horse Nails ;

Counter sunk, slate, Boat, Whale Boat, fine and extra Clout, scupper and composition sheathing Nails ; composition Spikes & Clinch Rings ;

Sheet & slab ZINK or spelter ; Block Tin, I C, D C, IX' DX Tin ; sheet Brass & Copper ; 3, 4 & 5 lbs sheet Lead ; Bar do. 1 Cask Shot & Balls : Glue, Lampblack, Bath BRICSK ;

Long and short handle steel'd Spades ; steel'd socket, ballast and broad mouth *SHOVELS* :

Griffin's and Moor's *SCYTHES, SICKLES* and Hooks—Long and short handle Frying Pans.

Iron, Brass and Copper Wire—Hair *SEIVES* ; Brass do. Iron *RIDDLES*, Curled HAIR—Hair *CLOTH*, ass'd to 26 inch.

Wire Cloth, ass'd—Shoe Thread—Bristles, &c. Brass, Iron & Copper *BILLS* ; Brass *KETTLES* ass'd to 30 gall. ; Tea Kettles, Patent enamelled *SAUCEPANS* ; *STEW PANS* ; Preserving Kettles, &c. ; Digesters, Iron Pots, ass'd to 35 gals. ; Bake Pans.

1 bale Vices, Anvils, Bellows ; Cast, German, Blister, and spring Steel ; Cart and pipe, Boxes ; Sad Irons ; 2 cases double and single barrel Guns and Pistols, Fittings, &c.

1 cask Hall-Lamps, Hemisphers and Chimnies ; 1 do. shop and table do. ; Plated Candlesticks ; Snuffers *FORKS* ; *SPOONS*, &c. ; Britannia Metal Tea and Coffee Pots ; *URNS*, &c.

An excellent assortment of Locks ; Hinges ; SCREWS ; Latches, and every description of Carpenters Tools, of the best make.

Japanned and Brass Harness Mounting ; *BELL MOUNTING* ; Coffin Furniture.

Gang and single cast Steel Mill Saws from 4 to 7 feet ; Circular, Hand, Whip, Web, Billet and other saws, an assortment of best Files, Rasps, &c. SWORDS, Belts and Sashes.

Work Boxes, Desks ; Dressing Cases ; Tea Caddies ; Ladies Companions ; Morocco and Tortoise shell card cases ; Portfolios ; Netting needles and mesh pins, Crimping Machines ; Papier Machee Tea Trays, &c., and a great variety of other Goods which with former stock will be sold low for cash or approved payment.

☞ A further supply of Cutlery ; Britannia Ware and Fancy Goods expected from Sheffield.

May 12. T. R. GORDON.

Coffee.

Landing this day ex Fame, from Halifax :

50 BAGS best cuba COFFEE—*In Store*—3½ Tons Manilla ROPE, assorted, from 9 thread to 3 1-4 inches.

June 23. J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

Rowland's Mill Saws.

THE Subscribers have just received from Philadelphia, a few of Rowland's Mill Saws.

C. & W. H. ADAMS,
June 31. No 2. North Market Wharf.

New Perfumery, COSMETICS AND SOAPS.

THE subscriber has opened a splendid assortment of NEW PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c. among which are the following choice Perfumes : —Victoria Bouquet, Prince Albert's Bouquet, the Princess's Bouquet, Adelaide Pefume, Daws' Perfume for the Handkerchief, Hanney's Rondeletia, Essence of Rose, Rose Bloom, Milk of Roses, Smyth's Lavender Water, Arquebuzade Circassian Cream for the Hair, &c.—SOAPS : Prince Albert's Ambrosial Shaving Cream ; Riggs' Military Shaving Soap ; Graffie & Peirces' Ekemelik or Sultana Soap ; Floating Soap ; Rose Soap ; Sand Balls ; Brown and White Windsor Soap, &c. &c.

May 17. JOHN G. SHARP.

Bank Stock.

8 SHARES of the Capital Stock of the Bank of New Brunswick, for sale by the subscriber, JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

2nd June 1843

TIMBER.—120 Tons Red Pine Timber, for sale low by the subscriber.

2nd June. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

FOR SALE.

THE following valuable Lands, and Premises, viz :—The Lots of LAND, numbered in the Plan of the City, 1106, 1105, and the half of Lot 1104, with the Buildings and Improvements thereon, situate on the corner of St. James and Germain streets, and having a front on each of the said streets of one hundred feet.

Terms and further particulars made known on application to the subscriber.

June 23. [2i.] JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

EX REBECCA, FROM LONDON—

5 PUNS. finest Old BRANDY, (Martell's,) Which are now landing and for sale by

June 2. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

TO LET.

THE second & third stories of that Brick Building corner of Dock st. & Market Square, at present occupied by the subscriber, being well situated for a Wholesale or Commission Business. Possession given immediately, if required.

April 28. G. T. WILEY.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st. —Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb. 10. F. DURANT.

TO LET,

THE second flat of a house, with Wood house, frost proof cellar, &c. ; also, a Work shop if required, situate about four minutes walk from the Market square. Apply at the Chronicle Office. *Feb. 10.*

TO LET,

AND possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and Dwelling House in Prince William street, late in the occupation of Thompson & Wallace. For particulars apply to

1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

TO LET.

THE two Upper Flats of the subscriber's house in Church street. Apply on the premises to JOHN HOOPER.

Poetry.

CHINA EVANGELISED ;

AN ODE RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES OF BRITAIN.

"The Lord of Hosts mustereth the host of the battle."—Isaiah xii. 4.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass !
Ye bars of iron ! yield ;
And let the King of Glory pass,—
The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage—
Mysterious at strife,
The powers of Heaven and Hell engage
For more than death or life.

Earth's rankest soil they see outspread ;
So throng'd, it seems within
One city of the living dead,
Dead while alive to sin.

The forms of life are everywhere,
The spirit nowhere found :
Like vapours kindling in the air,
Then sinking in the ground.

No hope have those above the dust,
No being but a breath ;
In vanity and lies they trust ;
Their very life is death.

Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host !
Where hallow'd footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post :

Follow the Cross—the ark of peace
Accompany your path ;
To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

A barley cake o'erthrew the camp
Of Midian, tent by tent,
Ere morn the trumpet and the lamp
Through all in triumph went

Though China's sons, like Midian's fill
As grasshoppers the vale ;
The sword of God and Gideon still
To conquer cannot fail.

As Jericho before the blast
Of sounding rams' horns fell,
Sin's stronghold's here shall be down cast,
Down cast those gates of hell.

Truth Error's leigons must o'erwhelm,
And China's thickest wall,
The wall of darkness round her realm,
At your loud summons fall.

Though few, and small, and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands,
All must be his at length.

The closest seal'd betwen the poles
Is open'd to your toils,
When thrice a hundred million souls
Are offered you for spoils.

Those spoils, at his victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet,
In his great judgement day.

No carnal weapons those ye bear,
To lay the aliens low ;
Then strike again, and no do not spare,
There's life in every blow.

Life more than life on earth can be ;
All in this conflict slain
Die, but to sin—eternally
The crown of life to gain

O fear not, faint not, halt not now ;
Quit you like men, be strong ;
To Christ shall Budha's votaries bow,
And sing with you this song ;

"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of Glory pass ;
The Cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery.

The Mount Sheffield, 1843.

Miscellany.

THE EXILE OF LOUISIANA.

'Truth, 'we are told, is often stranger than fiction. Were the following story true, it would be a proof of it ; if it be not, it is almost equally interesting as a specimen of the *fantasias* which will sometimes pass current as truth. When it was proposed to Sir Robert Walpole to read history to him.—"Oh ! anything but that," he said, "for that cannot be true." The censure was too unqualified ; it will be nearer the mark so say, that in almost all historic truth there is some fiction,—in almost all historic fiction some truth. Rumours themselves, even the wildest, are but facts put out to interest, imagination finding the dividends. Pure truth is transparant and shadowless ; human truth is sufficiently opaque to cast a shadow, and it is this shadow, capriciously distorted by the objects on which it falls, that is often mistaken for the body of truth itself. Is this singular story, then, truth ?—or its shadow ?—or is it a mere bubble of fancy ? What we certainly know is—and Grimm's Correspondence is there to avouch it,—that in the middle of the last century it caused a great emotion—*sensations* had not yet come into fashion—in the most distinguished *saloons* of Paris,—that it becomes the subject of general criticism, and was deemed of sufficient importance to call up a royal commentator, in the person of Frederic, the Royal Philosopher of Sans Souci. The generous lover of the romantic will be also gratified to learn, that the person supposed to be the heroine, thought she must have been aware of the part assigned to her, never thought proper during her life to contradict it, and died, "and made no sign."

About the year 1748 a family arrived at Louisiana, consisting of a young widow, her father, and an old female attendant. They purchased a small house and plantation from a colonist, in the vicinity of New-Orleans, then beginning to rise into importance under the patronage of the French Regent, where they lived in the strictest possible seclusion. Their means, though fully adequate to the supply of their wants, were evidently confined ; though gossip, that most diligent of caterers, could furnish at least a dozen circumstances to prove that, at some time or other, they must have been familiar with all the luxuries of wealth. The appearance and address of the father were ordinary enough, presenting a remarkable contrast in this respect with his daughter, who, to unusual loveliness of person, added to more imposing, perhaps more attractive characteristic of manners strikingly elegant and refined, and that happy assemblage of personal qualities which constitutes an aristocratic and high-born air. Though still very young and beautiful, there were evidently traces of severe bodily suffering in her frame while the settled melancholy of her features, and an occasional look of deep abstractedness, proclaimed the dominion of those sharper ills of memory which were robbing her young days of their bloom and brightness, and darkning the present with the clouds and shadows of the past. Nor did it escape remark, that there was an appearance of respectful deference on the part of the father to the daughter, which seemed inconsistent with the demeanour of a parent to a child—to a child, moreover, of a nature so evidently gentle and kind, but who nevertheless, accepted as a thing of course a peculiarity of department, of which it was impossible she should not have been aware. That there was a mystery attached to them was manifest ; that it was the public duty of every man, woman, and child, to endeavour to penetrate it was equally clear ; and as in service of curiosity there is neither lukewarmness or fatigue, distinction of age or sex, whatever male moralists may pretend, we may be fully satisfied that the good inhabitants of New Orleans did every thing that the suggestions of this most universal and indefatigable of the passions could inspire. But in vain. Whether the objects of their wonder had really nothing to tell, or would tell nothing, the result to the praiseworthy inquirers was exactly the same ; and as inquisitiveness, having a great deal to do in this little planet of ours, and not liking to lose its time in ineffectual pursuit, finds it politic to discourage secrecy by discrediting its motives, so did it now ordain, that people so insensible as not to gratify a curiosity they had provoked, must have some very low common-place reason for doing as they did, totally uninteresting to others, and meanly dishonourable to themselves. Having issued this edict, it put on, accordingly to precedent, the robe of indifference, and ostentatiously affected to dispise knowledge which before it had been dying, and was, in fact, still dying, to obtain.

Several months had elapsed since the coming of the strangers, when a vessel arrived from France with a number of new colonists, and among them the least representative of an old but decayed family, who, unable to support his rank and position as a captain of grenadiers in the regiment of Conde, had resolved to scrape together the remains of his little patrimony, and to endeavour to better his fortune in the colonies. Alphonse d'Aubant, for such was the name of the officer, had scarcely domiciliated himself in New Orleans, when his curiosity was as much on the *qui vive* to see the parson of the mysterious stranger, as that of all around him was to penetrate her history,—a curiosity inflamed to the highest pitch by the ecstacies of an old friend and brother officer, Octave de Delcour, whom a similarity of fortunes had induced to seek a colonial military appointment and who after a two years' residence, was about to sail with a detachment of troops to Martinique.

"*Foi de gentilhomme !*" said Octave ; "I did not suppose it within the power of humanity to give me a regret at leaving this execrable country. And I wasn't far wrong, perhaps ; for I have no reason to know that the incomparable widow does belong to so low an order of being."

"Yet I should have imagined that Octave de Delcour was the last man to have left such a knotty question unsolved. Of course you have tried ?"

"Tried ? *mon cher*. My life, as the pious say, has been a continued trial in this respect since I saw her. Not a stratagem of gallantry, to obtain the favour of her notice, that I have not tried. I tried among other things, to ingratiate myself with her *soi disant* papa : for, beyond all doubt, if my goddess has a sire, this honest old German most certainly is not he. That would not do. I next tried to procure the honor of her acquaintance by soliciting it in a billet, which, if launced in Paris would have fired the heart of a recluse, and excited the envy of a mousquetaire."

* * * * * * * *

[They at length met the lady at mass.]

At this moment the kneeling figure arose, and proceeding to a chair in the body of the church seated herself, at the same time throwing back her veil.

"*Eh ! bien ! mon cher*," said Octave, in a whisper to his friend ; "how do you feel ?"

Scarcely had he spoken, when Alphonse started back pale as a ghost, his frame agitated, and visibly laboring under some deep emotion. "Let us leave the Church," he answered. "A most incredible adventure !"

"*Peste !*" muttered Octave, as he followed his friend ; "the woman is a sorceress, who turn some men into idiots, and others into madmen. And so you know her !" he continued, when they got into the street. "Well-a-day ! she is too young and pretty to be a deserted wife : but quite young and pretty enough to be a maid betrayed. M. Alphonse d'Aubant, I am positively ashamed of you."

"Nay, be serious one moment, if you can," rejoined Alphonse : "the person whom we have just seen, and whose appearance here, I confess, has so agitated me, is—"

"Well ?"

"Is—but first swear to the most solemnity that you will never divulge what I tell you to man, woman, or child,—will you swear ?"

"Nay, this is too absurd ; but, since you seem in earnest, I do swear. And now, she is—"

"The Princess ! the wife of Alexius ! of the Czarowitz !"

"Princess ! Alexius ! Czarowitz !" exclaimed Octave, utterly confused. "I have not the honour of knowing your friends."

"But you shall," said Alphonse, unable to repress a smile at his friend's astonishment. "Of course you know that the Russian Czar has a son, who, far from possessing the great qualities of his father, is of a nature so stupid, savage, and untractable, as to the morality on a level with the rudest and the wildest of his serfs."

Octave nodded assent.

"But what you may not remember is, that he not long since espoused the sister of the empress, wife of Charles VI., a princess of the house of Brunswick, and one of the most lovely and accomplished woman of Germany. But neither her beauty nor gentleness had the slightest effect on the barbarous disposition of the Czarowitz, who, entangled by a low intrigue, conceived a horrible antipathy for a being in every way fitted to have been the light and fragrance of his life. During my short stay at St. Petersburg, where as you know, I went with the intention of taking service under the Czar, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the princess and more than once have I felt my bosom bursting with indignation as I looked upon her sweet but melancholy face, and thought of the mysterious stories that were everywhere in circulation respecting Czarowitz's behaviour to her, and brutal treatment to which it was said she was exposed. At length these rumours acquired such a character of gravity as to be constant subject of conversation among the foreigners of the capital, who one and all, but more especially the Germans, who were numerous, were giving way to an excitement on the subject which the most prudent of us found it necessary and very difficult to restrain. One day, while this fever was at height, I was called upon by a German officer, with whom I was intimate ; who thanked me, with tears in his eyes for the warm sympathy I had always shown in the misfortunes of his illustrious country woman, and at the same time complimenting me on the discretion and firmness with which I had aided him and others in repressing a foolish outburst of it, said he felt quite assured I would willingly enter into any reasonable project for rescuing the princess from the murderous gripe, as he expressed it, of the Rusian bear.

"I assured him he was perfectly right in his conjecture, but at the same time declared my utter inability to see how it could be effected, and frankly expressed my surprise at his being a sudden convert to a possibility which he had hitherto so strenuously denied.

"'What prudence refused yesterday,' he replied, 'necessity exhorts to day. But you shall judge for yourself. Your blood has boiled at the rumours you have heard. What will it do when I tell you that these rumours are but a faint shadow to the truth ? that not only has the unhappy princess been daily and hourly exposed to the most horrible insults which words can convey, but that seven times has her life been attempted by poison, and seven times has she escaped only by prompt succour, the force of a vigorous constitution, and her youth.'

"My first emotion of surprise and horror gave way to one of incredulity, and I exclaimed, 'Impossible !'

"'But too possible, as you will presently see. It is now scarce eight-and-forty hours,' he continued, 'since the Czarowitz entered the princess's chamber in one of those unaccountable transports of fury of which we have so often heard—but which there can be no doubt were often assumed with a very deadly design,—and began to load her, with the most horrible imprecations that such a savage, and only such a savage could conceive.—The princess arose to withdraw, merely observing, with as much temperance as dignity of manner, that if she had not been lucky enough to find a husband in the Czarowitz, she was fully persuaded she should find a father in the Czar. Stung, or pretending to be stung to madness by the rebuke, the monster threw himself upon his wife, spurned her to the earth with his foot, and leaving her bathed in blood, and senseless on the floor, rushed from the room ; after which he immediately left the capital for one of his country seats, hourly expecting, doubtless, to be apprised of her death.'

"I felt my teeth grind against each other as I fiercely restrained the expression of my rage, in my deep anxiety to know the sequel of the tale.

To be concluded next week.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE BAGMAN.

On the 18th of June, 1815, the battle of Waterloo was raging fiercely. Napoleon and Wellington were in the midst of their "great game," and each intently regarding the "moves" upon the complicated and chequered field. Squadron after squadron bore down upon our gallant infantry, as the big waves rise and break upon our level shore, and then retire in unavailing fury and dispersing foam.—Then followed the devastating fire of artillery, rending our brave and living masses in gory fissures, which were closed as soon as made, or avoided by a change of attitude, and then again came the fierce rush of the horse-borne and enthusiastic foe, with cuirass and uplifted sabre, to be as often repulsed by a steady fire of musketry, or checked or routed by our own resolute and strong armed cavalry.

Confident in the strength of numbers and the success of other days, Napoleon departed not from his favourite and furious system ; and firm in purpose as conscious of the unfailing means which he possessed for supporting it, Wellington saw the devastating havoc made upon his advanced battalions, while he coolly dispatched aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp from point to point—from position to position—preparing for various consequences—remedying unfavourable aspects—availing himself of casual results or fresh intelligence—until his whole staff had left him. The directing spirit of the British lines sat, apparently as upon a review day, directing his eagle glance over the field as though penetrating the dense smoke which arose from hard fought encounters, and distinguishing individuals among the countless figures mingling in the bloody conflict. The hand-glass was constantly at his eye, and his favorite charger "Copenhagen," seemed conscious of the importance of good behaviour upon *that* momentous day.

A few paces in the rear of his Grace, and mounted upon a Flemish nag, sat an unpretending looking young man, with a ruddy countenance, and in *mufti*, deliberately contemplating the scene of human strife, in which he took no part, nor in which, from his demeanour, one might imagine he was very deeply interested. He wore a dark green surtout, with drab trousers, and buff gaiters ; a hat of less dimensions than was the fashion of the day, inclined a little over the left ear, from under which, for it was firmly fixed upon his head, some wiry, sandy coloured hair just shewed its edges. In his hand he held a stout cotton umbrella, with which he ever and anon evinced his dislike to the slightest curvetting on the part of his horse by a thump on his flank.

Here was an odd figure of 'Peace and Quietness,' in strange contrast to the surrounding din of war and conflict. Occasionally he would rise in his stirrups, as fresh shouts of onslaught reached his ear, or sudden peals of cannon from a fresh quarter attracted his attention. Then settling down into the saddle, he would wait complacently the result, or watch with undisturbed countenance and amazing *sang froid* the course of a stray shot, furrowing the earth a few yards left or right of his person.

Suddenly his Grace turned quickly round as tho' seeking somebody to whom he would deliver an order, when his eye rested on the unmilitary personage whom we have described ; it then glanced in other directions, and again returned to the daring but passive spectator.

"Who and what are you, sir ?" inquired the commander, in quick authorative accent.

"Me sir," replied his companion out of arms, bestowing a blow upon the flank of his animal ; "my name is Jones. I am travelling agent to Smith and Jenkins, of Holborn in the hardware line."

Here was a pause, during which the Duke seemed for a second, *but* a second, to withdraw his mind from the immense responsibility of his situation ; when the last speaker continued :—

"I was at Brussels for orders, and understood there was to be a fight, so I came to see it. I am rather thinking, if I don't mind, I shall have to pay for this horse, which I have only borrowed for the occasion. There," pointing to some scattered earth "that shot would have spoilt my days pleasure ; but I shall see it out."

"Mr. Jones," said his Grace I want an order conveyed to a certain position, would you serve your country and oblige me by delivering it ?"

"Oh dear, yes !" instantly replied the bag-man, with another whack upon the beast, "I don't mind going a bit what is it ?"

Hereupon the Duke pointed out the quarter, bidding him inquire for General ——, and communicate to him a certain command.

"But it is a question whether he'll believe *me*," observed the wary bag-man, half doubtingly.

"Take this ring," added the Duke, giving him a signet, and a minute after the traveller was on his way amidst the battle, with an order in which the firm of Smith and Jenkins had no participation.

The General's eye followed him as he escaped the bullets, and took his course over more than one field, and many hundreds dead and dying. In due time the effects of the order were manifest, and the "service" was done. Nothing more was seen of the adventurous bag-man. The Duke made many inquiries for "Mr. Jones," but in vain, and he at length came to the conclusion of his having fallen with other "good men and true."

Many years had elapsed when a servant at Apsley house announced the name of a visitor, one Mr. Jones. The Duke happened to be disengaged, and gave permission for him to enter his presence, when who should present himself but the "civil" hero of Waterloo, who with scarcely any change of costume from that which he wore on the memorable day, advanced, saying—"I am Mr. Jones, if your Grace remembers a trifling service." "I remember, a great and a personal one, my dear Sir," said his Grace, interrupting him, and shaking his hand, "How can I serve you ?"

"Why, I am of the firm of Smith and Jenkins, in the hardware line, and the honour of your patronage, and Government patronage"——

"I shall not fail to exert myself in your behalf," said his Grace ; "but what became of you immediately after you delivered your order to General ——?"

"Why I can scarcely tell," replied Mr. Jones, looking up to the ceiling. "At first I got into the corn field among one regiment—then over a hedge among another—then into the wrong reserve among the French—then my horse was killed—then back again among a square, while the fight lasted between your horse-soldiers and Bonaparte's horse-soldiers, (and yours beat 'em fairly,) and then I got out of a charge, and 'hid up' a bit ! and after that I was sometimes in one place and sometimes in another ; but I had nothing to do with *the fight*, and so I didn't much join one side nor the other."

The Duke kept his word. If some of the government clerks of the present day, when they stir for the hundredth time their winter office fire, can find leisure to examine their pokers they will find stamped thereon, "Smith Jenkins and Jones, makers."

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MISS M. A. FAIRMAN.

I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care.
And spend the hours of parting day
In humble grateful prayer.

How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on.—The sun's last golden ray which lingered so long upon the eastern mountains, as "if parting were sweet sorrow," has disappeared. The last rosy tint is faded from the evening cloud. A deeper shadow settled over the valley. One by one "night's unwearied watcher's" shine out in the "far off depths." The bird folds its wearied wing within its little nest. The murmer of the bee is still. "The busy hum of man" is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation—the Sabbath of the day.

"All is so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there ;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit and disposes him in deep and earnest communing with himself, and with his Father. The world loses its hold upon his heart—wealth, plesures, honors, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which, perhaps, so much occupied his mind and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance. He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above him, and feels he is but a speck, an atom in vast creation ; he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

Then serious, but pleasant thoughts possess his mind ; the rapid flight of time—how soon its last hour shall have struck him ; and his ransomed spirit breathing its last prayer, and dropping its frail tabernacles, shall rise to its blissful home in heaven. Oh, what light breaks upon the tomb !—what an effulgence of glory beams beyond it. His is indeed the common lot, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the clods of the valley are piled upon his once living breathing form. But what then ? It is only the senseless clay which moulders there ; death cannot touch the immortal spirit ; that is not shrouded in the grave.

But the twilight fades, darkness gathers, a deeper silence pervades all nature. It is to him the "still small voice" of his Father and wraps in his mantle, and bows down in prayer.

There is a power in the voiceless eloquence of the hour even for the worldling. Its gentle influence like a messenger from Heaven, breathes on his unquiet spirit, and the warring elements within are hushed. Unwonted thoughts press upon the mind. The bubbles he has just been so eagerly pursuing seem now but bubbles. He throws back a hasty glance to wasted weeks, months, years, that are gone like a vision of the night never to be recalled.

Life, life, oh what a vapor 'tis ; a quickly passing dream ; toil and care, jealousy and strife, hopes and fears, a weary struggle for substantial good, have made up almost its sum. Ah how seldom are its early promises fulfilled ; even if the world spread its gifts before men, yet they are transient as the morning dew. Yes, the Christian has chosen the "better part ;" his hope shall not fade away—Well, well, when I reach that envious elevation, when I have brought a few more worldly schemes to a susceptible termination, then my affections shall lose their hold upon the world ; I will be a Christian.

Ah, how many have such promises and such reasonings beguiled of Heaven.

Industry.—Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for want of exercise—the mistaken being who pursues amusement as a relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look up with scorn on the smutty laborer engaged in his toil. But his scorn is praise. Contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty and self respect which is above all price. Toil on then, young men. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls, and secure the confidence and respect of all these whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

It is stated that as soon as the Trinity Church, N. York, is completed, religious services will be performed in it daily, the same as in the Cathedral Churches in England.

A thing once found out as "not what its cracked up to be," will "go down."

POOR COPY