

County of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons styling themselves methodist preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of His Majesty's liege subjects, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King :

"These are in His Majesty's name, to command you and every one of you, within you respective districts to make diligent search after the said methodist preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us, His said Justices of the Peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, Oct., 1743.

"J. JANE,

"W. W. PERSEHOUSE."

### NAPOLEON AND MRS. JUDSON.

THEIR GRAVES AT ST. HELENA.

On our voyage from China, our ship was to stop at St. Helena.— There were spots of unusual interest which I expected to visit.

One was the grave of Napoleon the other was the grave of Mrs. Judson. The one had acquired a world-wide renown for his surpassing ability and skill as a general, and for his equally remarkable sagacity as a statesman. The other was less extensively known, it is true, though by no means obscure, as having manifested a degree of self-sacrificing devotion, of patient, enduring fortitude; of high moral courage, and of intrepid bearing on the field of Christian conquest, well worthy the palmiest days of Christian heroism.

Napoleon in prosecuting his ambitious schemes for his own aggrandizement and the glory of France, had been the means of killing I know not how many thousand of his fellow men, and of sending the immortal souls of these unknown thousands, unprepared, to the dread tribunal of final audit with their righteous judge; of spreading devastation and woe among I know not how many thousand firesides, of breaking the hearts and crushing the hopes I know not how many thousand fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and wives and children, making parents childless, wives widows, and children orphans; of scattering with remorseless hand, the blight and mildew and pestilence of death and desolation over I know not how many thousand fields and landscapes, before all bright and blooming with peace and loveliness, with happiness and plenty.

Mrs. Judson had exiled herself from the home of her youth, and all its endearing associations; had torn her heart loose from its tenderest ties; had toiled most arduously for long, long years, among a barbarous people, under a torrid sun, with many discouragements, and through great privations and hardships, with all the calm, yet earnest energy of a noble holy enthusiasm, in breaking to the famishing Pagan the bread of life. I can no more compute the number of souls she may have been instrumental in saving, than I can the number Napoleon may have in destroying.

Then I turned my thoughts to the day of judgment. Napoleon