

name of his friend—"Edward St. Clair it is Crawford calls!" This time his cry was not unheeded, for a faint groan was heard, and a feeble voice exclaimed.—"If a friendly hand be near, give me a drop of water, for the love of Heaven, to quench my parched lips." Crawford turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and there beheld the countenance of one with whom he was well acquainted. "Poor Reynolds! is it you?" and approaching him, he knelt by his side, and gently raised his head. "Who is it speaks?" inquired the wounded man. "It cannot be Captain St. Clair?" "No, it is Crawford;" and he moistened the soldier's lips from the flask of brandy and water which he had the precaution to bring with him. "I thank you, Sir," said the wounded man: "but my own captain where is he? I saw the ball strike his side—I shot the rascally Frenchman; but I was wounded myself in another moment. I tried to crawl where my officer lay; but it was beyond my strength. I cannot tell why, but when I heard your voice, I thought it was his;—my head was confused, I suppose—it is better now." "You know then where St. Clair lies?" demanded Crawford eagerly. "It cannot be far from here," replied Reynolds; "he fell just by a single chesnut-tree—it is so dark, or my eyes are so dim, that I cannot make it out." "I see it well." "Then pray, Sir, take no thought of me; look after him, I beg." "In a moment; but first, my good fellow, I must do what I can for your welfare." "You can do nothing for me but put me into the earth. What use will life be to me, Sir, without my precious limb! I know it must go, even if your kindness saves my life." "We will hope for the best, Reynolds. In the mean time, be tranquil, whilst I go and seek for my poor friend." Having placed the wounded soldier in the position most easy to his shattered leg, Crawford hastened to the spot directed, where, beneath the solitary chesnut-tree, withered and dying, like all around from the combat of the morn, lay the object of his search, pale and motionless, but life still marked by a small, tremulous pulse. In opening his dress to give him air, the blood oozed slowly from the fatal wound in the chest. To fan the faint embers of returning life, Crawford had recourse to the slender means in his power; and the gentle pressure of his hand in recognition, and as proof of returning life, gave him a momentary satisfaction almost amounting to joy. St. Clair turned his heavy eyes towards his friend, who ventured to address him with an inquiry as to his hurt. "My hurt is to death," faintly said the dying man. "God forbid!" "Rather, God's will be done!" A pause ensued. St. Clair seemed gradually to revive; but Crawford's experience made him guess too well, from the nature of the wound, that it must be mortal. "Is there any thing I can do for you, St. Clair?—have you

any thing to say? I must also to obey your most minute wishes, and to do all in my power for you, living or dead." "You are very good." Then, after collecting breath, he continued, "I have two poor boys in England—orphans they soon will be—take them to my brother St. Clair, when you return home, and ask him to be kind to them for my sake; implore him to befriend them—to look after their morals and education, and to protect the little fortune they possess. I do not doubt his affection to myself; but my dying wishes must find a passage to his heart for my poor children, if they could not have reached it otherwise. There are others of the family to whom I could wish to recommend them; for, without parents, they cannot have too many friends: but I doubt not their love, for my sake—we were ever an attached family." Poor St. Clair ceased. Crawford promised to fulfil all his desires, and added—"Humble as I am compared to those you name, yet if they all desert them, so will not I; if others fail them, my means shall be their means, my home shall be their home." "They cannot fail," sighed St. Clair,—"they cannot desert their own blood: but if they do," he added with renewed energy, "may you befriend them, and may your reward be all the love, duty, and gratitude that generous natures are capable of, and of which others will be undeserving. You can tell them how I died. . . . and if their profession be that of arms, tell them. . . . here St. Clair's voice became thick. Crawford pressed his friend's hand to his breast as he murmured in his dying ear—"I will tell them to be all their father was before them; to unite, like him, the bravery of a soldier to the tenderness of a woman: that, living, they may be equally beloved, and, dying, as sincerely mourned." Crawford ceased. No answer was returned—the noble spirit had fled to him who gave it.

FRIENDSHIP.

In this world of sorrow and disappointment the consolations afforded by friendship seem granted to us expressly for our happiness. Man being a social and rational being, is capable of taking great enjoyment in the society of his fellow men. But the society of all his acquaintance does not please him equally well; and he naturally chooses the company of those whose views and feelings are most congenial to his own. Indeed it would be very unnatural in choosing a friend to set aside one whose views and feelings were like our own, and choose one with whom he had no feelings in common. I do not mean that friends should always think alike, upon every subject—that would be impossible; but their views, so far as possible, should be in accordance.—Where true friendship exists, little differences of opinion will never cause a separation. Each one will be willing to weigh candidly the arguments adduced by his friends; and if they cannot agree will at least indulge in no hardness.

In the choice of our friends we should not be hasty. Many, there are, who carry about with them the semblance of honesty, that are the most perfidious wretches upon earth. It behoves every one, therefore, to be cautious in whom he confides. He that would not be betrayed should know well whom he trusts.

A true friend is the greatest earthly possession a man can be possessed of. In the society of a bosom friend we can find consolation and support in the hour of trouble. When Slander, with its serpent tongue, is defaming our character, we need one who knows us well, to defend it before the world. If we have a true friend he will ever consider it incumbent upon him to defend our character before the world, so far as is consistent with truth and justice.—No further than this should it be defended. If we use unfair means in the defence of a friend, we do him an injury.

What is all the wealth of the Indies, if there is no one on earth whom we can call a friend? If we are friendless this world must be but a dreary abode—a solitary home. Let the miser hoard his wealth—let the ambitious man possess renown, I ask not for wealth or fame, if I must be deprived of my friends. More enjoyment has the poor man in the society of his friends, than he who possesses thousands, and has not a friend upon earth.

EDUCATION.

Education bears its impress in every word, look, and gesture. It elevates the mind above selfishness—so that in silence it will be active in the development of exalted thoughts, full of inexhaustible propensities. It not only softens the manners, but it also quickens the heart; it quickens the social feelings, ripens the judgment, generates candor, diffuses philanthropy, renders men forbearing and forgiving, charitable and grateful, sincere and just; considerate, merciful, disinterested, wise. It introduces a man before he has time to introduce himself. It makes him at home anywhere, under any circumstances; contents him amidst want, sustains him under discouragement, cheers him in the very darkness of despair; makes the stranger his friend, the community his followers. Blest with the means of mental activity, he is ever tranquil; with a vast field for labor, he is always at work. The fruits of the field are gathering by those around him, and thus he becomes the common property of mankind. He is a sort of schoolmaster; for wherever he goes, a salutary impression either of honor or sentiment is caught, which is quickly and deeply rooted into other minds; so that when he has gone hence, far hence, his influence will hover over the earth, and his mind will live in the veins of even those who never heard of his name. A refined education expands the intellect, tends to unite the common views of men, strengthens attachment, purifies friendship, and sheds light and lustre around the domestic altar. This accomplishment opens at once the channels of conversation, and cleanses the streams to the minutest pebble. It is the sure herald of integrity, for it despises falsehood, and loves truth; and would blush, that impurity or profanity should drop from its tongue. In fine, it makes the man. By all the demands of knowledge! by all the cries of humanity! by all the injunctions of religion! we beseech you, we conjure you, (in the words of Webster) "Educate all the children in the land."

ARMY.—Sir JAMES LYON, we understand, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in North America. The Rifle Brigade, now in the garrison, are to be relieved by the 85th Light Infantry, which Regiment may be expected here about the end of next month. The 1st Royals are under orders for Canada. The 52d and 81st Regiments are to proceed to Gibraltar.—GAZETTE.

MARRIED.

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Richard Knight, Mr. William M. Harrington, to Miss Anna Maria Thompson.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Martin Shofles, late a Sergeant in the Rifle Brigade.

On Monday evening last, Mary Henrietta Forsyth, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Pyke, aged 2 years.