

with the colonists in the principles they avowed, or perfectly understand the nature of that mighty impulse by which they were moved. Still he endeavoured to arrest the progress of war, and to bring the disputants to an amicable arrangement. His efforts indeed were unsuccessful, but they do honour to the spirit of the man who made them. The following account of his overtures to Congress, displays alike the difficulties of his position, and the clear-sightedness and determination of the men with whom he had to deal. We are not answerable for some of the terms used by the narrator.

'Before, however, he put his forces into motion to intimidate, rather than at once commit any direct act of hostility against, the rebellious colonists, his first act was to send ashore, by a flag, circulars to as many of the late governors of provinces as were in the neighbourhood, acquainting them with his powers, both civil and military, and inclosing a declaration, granting general or particular pardons to all such as, in the confusion of the times, might have deviated from their just allegiance; and who were willing, by a speedy return to their duty, to reap the benefits of the royal favour. These papers were immediately forwarded by General Washington to the Congress, and the Congress as speedily published them in all their gazettes, for the purpose, as was stated, 'that the good people of these United States might know of what nature were the concessions, and what the terms, with the expectation of which the insidious Court of Great Britain has endeavoured to amuse and disarm them.' In fact, the declaration of himself, and his brother Sir William, came too late; not that a few months, sooner or later, would have made much difference, for the Congress, had, on the 4th July, issued a declaration, 'that the United Colonies of America, are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown.'

'Lord Howe, however, unwilling to resort to extremities, so long as the least hope remained of conciliating the colonists, next attempted to open a communication with General Washington, and sent some of his officers with a flag and a letter addressed to 'George Washington, Esq.,' which he refused to receive, as not being addressed with the title, and the form, due the public rank and capacity which he held under the United States. On the 20th of the same month, Adjutant-General Paterson was sent to New York by General Sir William Howe, with a letter also addressed to George Washington, Esq., etc. etc.' Washington, received him with great courtesy, and dispensed with the usual ceremony of blindfolding in passing through the fortifications, but he declined to receive the letter. The adjutant, on his part, trusted there might be no difficulty owing to any informality in the address, assuring him there was no intention of derogating from his rank. The General replied, 'that a letter directed to any person in a public character should have some description or designation of it, otherwise it would appear to be a mere private letter; that it was true the *et ceteras* implied everything; but they also implied anything; and that he should absolutely decline any letter directed to him, as a private person, when it related to his public station. Some conference took place about the treatment of prisoners, but nothing satisfactory could be obtained from General Washington.'—pp. 91—93.

Howe's conduct does not appear to have been fully approved by the Admiralty, and we should have been glad if his biographer had been more explicit on this point. He consequently relinquished his command as soon as was consistent with the public service, and being informed on the eve of doing so, that he had been appointed Vice-Admiral of the red squadron, he expressed his feelings by saying, 'though impressed with a just sense of the king's most gracious patronage, I cannot cease to lament the public testimonies of their lordships' disesteem, which I have experienced by a repeated separation from the class of flag-officers, with whom I was first advanced to that rank.' These were strong words for Howe to employ, who was one of the most patient and enduring of men, and it would have been well for the purposes of history if the secret springs of such treatment had been minutely traced. It is well known that the most absurd and unstatesmanlike views of the resources and energy of the Colonists were entertained by the British government at the commencement of the struggle. The language employed was that of proud ascendancy and contempt. All that was thought to be necessary to awe the Colonists into submission, was an adequate demonstration of British strength. With this view, Howe was sent out, and when he failed to realize the utopian expectations of his employers, their chagrin knew no bounds.

The year 1782 was distinguished by the gallant defence of Gibraltar, then assailed by the combined forces of France and Spain. The garrison was happily commanded by General Elliot, an officer of determined and resolute bravery, who was assisted by a marine-brigade of gun-boats, under the orders of Capt. Curtis. The preparations made for the assault exceeded anything which Europe had witnessed. They are thus briefly described by our author:—

'The account of the tremendous preparations, on the part of Spain, for the siege of Gibraltar, had reached England, but the

government was not aware of their extent, or that they were such as, from their nature and magnitude, had never before been attempted by any power in Europe;—the huge floating batteries, so constructed as to be deemed impervious to shot, and so contrived with tubes supplied with streams of water, by means of pumps, as to render them incombustible by red-hot shot, which had previously and successfully been used by the garrison in setting fire to some of the blockading ships and boats—all these preparations had satisfied the Spanish government that these novel machines, the invention and construction of an ingenious Frenchman, could neither be set on fire nor sunk, and that the destruction and capture of the fortress were now inevitable.'—pp. 130, 131.

Though many of our readers are probably acquainted with the detailed narrative of the siege, published by Colonel Drinkwater, we cannot abstain from quoting the following extract from the manuscript of an Italian officer in the service of Spain.

'On the morning of September 13th, 1782, the floating batteries got under way with a fair wind to proceed to Gibraltar, and at seven o'clock they had arranged themselves for the attack; whilst thus employed, our batteries from the land side redoubled their fire upon the garrison. At nine o'clock the floating batteries had got within gun-shot of the walls, when a tremendous fire was opened upon them by the British garrison, by which however the commanders were not disconcerted, but in a short time placed them in a line so as to be able to open their fire together.' They were completely moored, says Drinkwater, in little more than ten minutes.

'The brunt of their fire was directed against the fortifications on the Old Mole and the south bastion, and we conceived great hopes, from the cool and intrepid manner of beginning the attack, that our success was certain. The floating batteries were so constructed, that the shot, which pierced their sides or roofs, would at the same time pass through a tube which should discharge a quantity of water to extinguish the fire which it might create; this hope however proved fallacious. From nine till two they kept up a well-directed fire with very little damage on their part; but our hopes of ultimate success became less sanguine when, at about two o'clock, the floating battery commanded by the Prince of Nassau (on board of which was also the engineer who had invented the machinery) began to smoke on the side exposed to the garrison, and it was apprehended she had taken fire. The firing however continued till we could perceive the fortifications had sustained some damage; but at seven o'clock all our hopes vanished. The fire from our floating batteries entirely ceased, and rockets were thrown up as signals of distress, in short, the red hot balls from the garrison had by this time taken such good effect, that nothing now was thought of but saving the crews, and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that service.

'A little after midnight the floating battery, which had been the first to show symptoms of conflagration, burst into flames, upon which the fire from the rock was increased with terrific vengeance; the light produced from the flames was equal to noon-day, and greatly exposed the boats of the fleet in removing the crews. The light thrown out on all sides by the flames, Drinkwater says, enabled the artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision, whilst the rock and neighbouring objects were highly illuminated, forming, with the constant flashes of our cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and terror. 'During the night one or other of these batteries were discovered to be on fire; they were so close to the walls that the balls pierced into them full three feet, but being made of solid beds of green timber, the holes closed up after the shot, and for want of air they did not immediately produce the effect. At five A. M., one of them blew up with a very great explosion, and soon after the whole of them, having been abandoned by their crews, were on fire fore and aft, and many of their gallant fellows were indebted to the exertions of the English for their lives. As the English boats were towing one of these batteries into the Mole, not supposing her to be on fire, she also blew up.'

'It was at this tremendous moment,' adds Sir John Barrow, 'that the national spirit and character of Englishmen for rescuing fellow creatures in distress shone in their true light, and were never displayed with greater lustre. Brigadier Curtis with his little gallant crew in his pinnace were close to this floating battery when she blew up, and were by the explosion involved in one vast cloud of fire and smoke, and masses of burning wood, by which thecoxswain was killed, and several of the crew wounded; one of these timbers went through the pinnace's bottom, and she was only saved from sinking by the sailors stuffing their jackets into the hole. All the other gun-boats were equally exposed, in dragging from the wrecks that had already exploded, and from amidst mutilated carcasses of the dead, the wounded victims that were still alive, and in picking up from logs of wood steaming in the sea, the miserable wretches not yet deprived of life. 'Notwithstanding the efforts of the Marine brigade,' says Colonel Drinkwater, 'in relieving the terrified victims from the burning ships, several unfortunate men could not be removed. The scene

at this time exhibited was as affecting as that which, in the act of hostility, had been terrible and tremendous. Men crying from amidst the flames for pity and assistance; others on board those ships where the fire had made little progress, imploring relief with the most expressive gestures and signs of despair; whilst several equally exposed to the dangers of the opposite element, trusted themselves on various parts of the wreck to the chance of paddling to the shore.'—pp. 133—136.

Howe was employed to relieve the garrison, and the manner in which he discharged the service, won the applause of enemies as well as of friends. 'It was not in England only,' said Mr. Fox, when speaking on the address of thanks on the peace of this year, 'that the character of Lord Howe was admired; a foreigner of distinction had written from Paris in the following terms: 'Every one here is full of admiration at the conduct of Lord Howe, All praise his bravery and humanity. All wish to take his conduct for their example. This makes us think that in your country, a court-martial will be appointed to try him whenever he arrives in England.'

Concluded next week.

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.

In the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the queen's intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called king by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say *thy* majesty, or *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostess nor domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with "What's thy will, friend?" This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady, but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*; walk in." The queen and princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsey, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter; I wish thee well! Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds." What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there; the Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like to thee, friend Charlotte; moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers"—(she alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guest through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in her hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease." Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the princess, with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favour."

[We copy the above from a manuscript Scrap-Book, lately put into our hands. We believe the story to be true in every particular, and it affords us one of the finest instances of a placid disposition, unmoved by external circumstances, ever given to the world.—Chambers's Journal.]

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—La Fontaine.