

Thus we see the star in Centaur as it was three years ago, Vega as it was twelve years and one month ago, and so on to the star of the twelfth magnitude, which we look upon as it shone four thousand years ago. Hence follows the conclusion which has frequently been made by astronomers, and which in its result has become popular, viz., that a star of the twelfth magnitude may have been extinguished, or set four thousand years ago, whilst we, nevertheless, continue to see its light shining.

This conclusion, when applied to each of the former positions, gives the following results :

We do not see the moon as it is, but as it was a second and a quarter before ; i. e., the moon may already have been dispersed into atoms for more than a second, and we should still see it entire and perfect.

We do not see the sun as it now is, but as it was eight minutes before ; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes ; Uranus as it was more than two hours before ; the star in Centaur as it was three years before ; Vega as it was nine and a quarter years ; and a star of the twelfth magnitude as it was four thousand years ago.

These propositions are well known, and have already been published in popular works upon astronomy.

It is really marvellous that nobody has thought of reversing them, and of drawing the very remarkable and astonishing conclusions which pour upon us in a full stream from the converse ; and it is our intention there to examine the converse and the inferences which may thence be drawn.

The following is the relative view of the matter ; as we have before remarked, we see the disc of the moon not in the form in which it now is, but as it was five quarters of a second before the time of observation.

In exactly the same way an imaginary observer in the moon would not see the earth, as it was at the moment of observation but as it was five quarters of a second before. An observer from the sun sees the earth as it was eight minutes before.—From Uranus the time between the reality and the perception by the eye being two hours and a half apart ; if for example, the summit of the Alps on a certain morning, was illuminated by the first ray of the sun at six o'clock, an observer in this planet, who was provided either with the requisite power of vision, or a sufficiently good telescope would see this indication of the rising of the sun at half-past eight of our time.

An observer in Centaur can of course never see the Northern hemisphere of the earth, because this constellation never rises above our horizon. But supposing it possible, and that an observer were standing in this star with such powerful vision as to be able to distinguish all particulars on our little earth, shining but feebly luminous in its borrowed light, he would see in the year 1843, the public illuminations which in the year 1840, made the cities of our native country shine with the brightness of day during the darkness of night. An observer in Vega would see what happened with us twelve years ago, and so on, until an inhabitant of a star of the twelfth magnitude, if we imagine him with unlimited power of vision contemplating the earth, sees it as it was four thousand years ago, when Memphis was founded, and the Patriarch Abraham wandered upon its surface.

In the immeasurably great number of fixed stars which are scattered about in the universe, floating either at a distance of between fifteen and twenty billions of miles from us, reckoning backwards any given number of years, doubtless a star could be found which sees the past epochs of our earth as if existing now, or so nearly corresponding to the time, that the observer need wait no long time to see its condition at the required moment.

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The Eloquence of the Camp.

THE sayings of soldiers, and those related to them, have been memorable in all ages.

A Lacedæmonian mother, addressing her son going to battle, said—"Return living with your shield, or dead upon it."

Xerxes, menacing Leonidas with the overwhelming numbers of his army, said—"Our arrows will obscure the sun." "Well," replied the Spartan, "we shall fight all the better in the shade."

Commanders have been remarkable for the ready tact of their improvisations. Cæsar stumbled and fell on landing in Africa. He instantly affected to kiss the soil, and exclaimed—"Africa ! I embrace thee."

When Dessaix received his death-wound at Marengo, his last words were—"Go and assure the first Consul that my only regret in leaving life is, that I have not done enough to be remembered by posterity."

A drummer, one of whose arms was carried away by a cannon-ball at the moment he received the order to beat the "charge," exclaimed—"I have still one hand left," and beat with the remaining hand.

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried—"Soldiers ! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said—"This flag that you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars covered with crape—your corps is disbanded."

On hearing the first gun of the enemy at Friedland, he exclaimed—"Soldiers ! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

The fourth regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle—"What have you done with your eagle ?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes, but I see two standards that you have taken. 'Tis well," concluded he, with a smile—"you shall have another eagle."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved on them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel who allowed General Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password was brought before him—"Go," said he—"the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

A general officer, not eminently distinguished, once solicited a marshal's baton—"It is not I that make marshals," said he—"it is victories."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him—"Sire," said the young man, "let me be shot ! I have suffered my guns to be taken."—"Young man," said he, "be consoled ! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory."

When the Duke of Montebello, to whom he was tenderly attached, received a mortal wound from a cannon-ball, Napoleon, then in the meridian of his imperial glory, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with his tears, uttered these untranslatable words—"Lannes ! me reconnais-tu ?—c'est Bonaparte ! c'est ton ami !"

In the Russian campaign he spirited on his troops by the assurance—"Soldiers ! Russia is impelled by Fate ! Let its destiny be accomplished !"

On the morning of the battle of Moscow, the sun rose with uncommon splendor in an unclouded firmament—"Behold !" exclaimed Napoleon to his soldiers, "it is the sun of Austerlitz."

It will be recollected that the battle of Austerlitz was commenced at sunrise, and that on that occasion the sun rose with extraordinary splendor.

At Montebello the guns of a battery near his staff were ineffective, owing to having been ill-pointed. Napoleon dismounted from his charger, and pointed them with his own hands, never losing the skill he acquired as an artillery officer. The grenadiers of his guard did not conceal their terror at seeing the cannon-balls of the enemy falling around him—"Have no fears for me," he observed, "the ball destined to kill me has not yet been cast."

In his celebrated march from Frejus to Paris, on his return from Elba, one of the regiments of Grenoble hesitated before declaring for him. He, with a remarkable instinct, leaped from horse, and unbuttoning the breast of the grey surtout he usually wore, laid bare his breast—"If there be an individual among you," said he, "who would wish to kill his general—his emperor—let him fire."