

"BRAVE ACTIONS NEVER NEED BE PRECEDED BY A TRUMPETER."

eight-pounder, yet Latour D'Auvergne, feigning that he had a whole park of artillery, threatened to batter down the fortress! The commandant, intimidated by the recent victories of the French, and by the tone of intrepidity adopted by D'Auvergne, began to parley—"But, captain," said he, "you have not fired a single gun at my citadel; do me at least the honour to salute me, for without it you must be convinced that I cannot surrender." D'Auvergne was too well acquainted with the laws of honour and of war, not to accede to such a demand; he therefore returned to his camp, and ordered the eight-pounder to play upon the fort, which replied by a shower of grape-shot; he then returned to the fortress, and the keys were delivered to him, and thus the commandant's honour was satisfied.

Shortly after this event, D'Auvergne was taken prisoner, and sent to England; but after the Peace of Basle he devoted himself entirely to study and literary pursuits. A pension was allowed him; but this he generously gave to a family who was in great distress. This peaceful interval he did not enjoy long, for, in 1790, he resumed his career as a soldier, having, with characteristic magnanimity, become a substitute for the son of an old friend who had been drawn as a conscript. There is no incident in D'Auvergne's life better calculated to show his noble and large-hearted spirit than this—in which he, a soldier of fame and renown, willingly left the repose he had so hardly earned once more to seek the field of danger, so as to prevent the separation of

on the occasion—"consecrated to virtue and courage, was put under the protection of the brave of every age and country." This appeal was not made in vain to German honour, for the Archduke Charles, when peace was restored, took it under his especial protection; and it survived all the disasters which overtook Bonaparte, and it still remains in the midst of a foreign land, a monument honourable alike to the French who erected, and the Germans who protected it.

Whilst a model of every warlike virtue, many anecdotes are told illustrative of the simplicity of D'Auvergne's character. One, in which a member of the Government addressing him, who was very shabbily attired, inquired—"What do you wish to have—the command of a battalion, or a regiment? You have only to speak." "Neither," replied D'Auvergne, with a downward glance at his feet; "I only want a pair of shoes!"

Additional Notes to June.

OVERPOWERED BY HONOUR!

(1.)—DEAN PELLEW, (in his *Life of Lord Sidmouth*), relates that Vice-Admiral SIR ALAN (afterwards Lord GARDINER), being at the time member for Plymouth, was to receive the thanks of the House of Commons, in his place in Parliament, for his share in the naval victory obtained over the French, June 1st, 1794,—on which occasion he had most ably supported Lord Howe:—

"On the day appointed, before the commencement of business, Sir Alan entered the Speaker's private room in great agitation, and expressed his apprehensions that he should fail in properly acknowledging the honour which he was about to receive. 'I have often been at the cannon's mouth,' he said, 'but hang me if ever I felt as I do now! I have not slept these three nights. Look at my tongue!' The Speaker rang for a bottle of Maderia, and Sir Alan took a glass. After a short time he took a second, and then said he felt somewhat better; but when the moment of trial arrived, and one of the bravest of a gallant profession, whom no personal danger could appal, rose to reply to the Speaker, he could scarcely articulate. He was encouraged by enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the House; but, after stammering out with far more than the usual amount of truth that 'he was overpowered by the honour that had been conferred upon him,' and vainly attempting to add a few more words, he relinquished the idea as hopeless, and abruptly resumed his seat amidst a renewed burst of cheers."

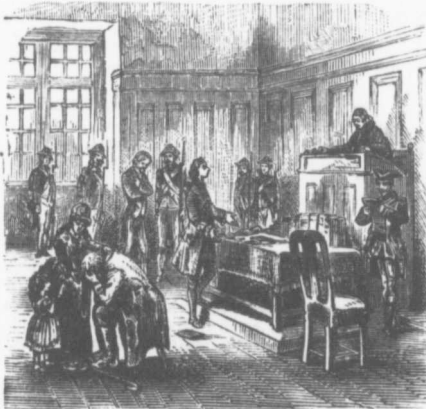
During the mutiny of the fleet at Portsmouth, in 1797, it was with great difficulty that Sir Alan escaped with his life, in consequence of his endeavours to quell it by severe measures. He died in 1809.

AN INCIDENT AT THE SIEGE OF BARCELONA.

(30.)—In all ages the ancient city of Barcelona, in the north-east of Spain, has suffered much by war. The siege by the French, in 1694, was relieved by the approach of the English fleet, commanded by Admiral Russell. In the war of the Spanish Succession the city was taken by the Earl of Peterborough in 1706. During the siege Captain Carleton witnessed the following affecting fact, which he thus relates in his memoirs:—

"I saw an old officer, having his only son with him, a fine man of about twenty years of age, going into their tent to dine. Whilst they were at dinner, a shot took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, and first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, only said, 'Thy will be done!'"

In 1714, after a most heroic defence, Barcelona was bombarded by the Duke of Berwick and the French, and given over to fire and sword. In 1808, Bonaparte perfidiously obtained possession of it, and in the face of great difficulties it was held by the French until the treaty of peace in 1814. In 1841, Barcelona revolted against the Queen of Spain, and was again bombarded and taken by Espartero in 1842.



an aged parent from his only child. Whilst fulfilling this self-imposed duty, the great Napoleon, ever ready to recognise merit, offered him rank and dignities, which the stern, practical soldier declined—accepting only a sword of honour, presented to him, as a reward for his bravery, by Bonaparte, who accompanied the gift by pronouncing him to be the "First Grenadier of France!" But, unhappily, D'Auvergne was not destined to bear this proud and honourable title long, for, whilst fighting at the head of his grenadiers, he was killed at the battle of Neuburg, on the 27th of June, in the year 1800. He met his death in the following manner:—In a charge of the enemy's cavalry, perceiving a hulan who carried a standard, D'Auvergne rushed forward to take it from him, but at that instant he was attacked by another hulan, who coming upon him at a disadvantage, pierced him through the heart with a lance. "I die contented! I desired so to end my life," were his last words. And with him died one whose name, *sans peur et sans reproche*, will for ever be associated with French patriotism and chivalry.

Such was the esteem in which D'Auvergne was held, that the whole army wore mourning for him for three days; and for many years the 46th demi-brigade carried the heart of the hero enclosed in a small leaden case, suspended to their colours; and at every appeal to the company of grenadiers, his memory was recalled to them by these words—"Latour D'Auvergne died on the field of honour!" A monument was erected on the spot where he fell, which, according to the noble expression of General Dessolles, in his order of the day