

ions of his own age; and upon the other from the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honour, (falsely so called) was preserved in its full extravagance, the Marshal was never known either to fight a duel, or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity, with which he once released himself from an embarrassment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a sufficient answer to the favourite question of the defenders of duelling, how is a challenge to be refused?—How is it to be refused!—let this anecdote of the Marshal answer them.

A young officer of noble family, and in despite of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined himself to have received an insult from the Marshal, and demanded satisfaction in the usual forms. The Marshal made no reply to his challenge; the officer repeated it several times, but the Marshal still maintained the same silence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer resolved to compel him to the acceptance of this invitation: for this purpose he watched him upon his walks, and at length meeting him in the public street, accompanied by two other general officers, he hurried towards him, and to the astonishment and even terror of all who saw him, spit in the Marshal's face. Let us endeavour to form some conception of the grossness of this insult—the object of it was the Great Turenne—a Marshal of France, and one of the greatest Generals which Europe had produced. The companions of the Marshal started back in amazement, the Marshal, his countenance glowing from a sense of the indignity, seized the hilt of his sword, and had already half unsheathed it, when to the astonishment of the spec-

tators he suddenly returned it into the scabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, "Young man, said he, could I wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease as I can your spittle from my face, I would take your life on the spot. Go Sir.—

Saying this, the Marshal retired in all the majesty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was so much struck as well with his manner as with his virtue, that he did not cease till he obtained the pardon of the Marshal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and under such a predecessor he became almost the rival of his fame.—

NATIVE POETRY.

Jurat me Lacrymis hoc tribuisse mihi.

Lines on a young Lady who wept at the departure of the ——— Regt. from Montreal.

1.

Why are those eyes bedim'd with tears?
What envious sorrow bids them flow?
Say can a friend divine thy fears?
Say can his verse relieve thy woe?

2.

Ah me! I see thy cause of grief,
Vain, now I fear, the muse's aid,
Vain, are my hopes to bring relief,
Or heal, those wounds which love has made.

3.

Some Son of Mars, by Venus blest,
With every grace to win the fair,
With love, has touch'd thy tender breast,
And putting, leaves thee to despair.

4.

Phœbus himself, has felt the dart
From whence thy beautiful eyes o'erflow.
How can he then, his aid impart,
Against that power which rules him too?

5.

Times lenient hand, shall yet prevail
To charm the sorrows of thy breast,
And tho' an hour, a day, should fail,
A week shall teach thy cares to rest.