

Yet there was nothing of timidity or natural want of enterprise to be discerned in the English General's campaigns. Neither was he of the Fabian school. He recommended that Commander's system to the Spaniards, but he did not follow it himself. His military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus. Fabius, dreading Hannibal's veterans, red with the blood of four consular armies, hovered on the mountains, refused battle, and to the unmatched skill and valour of the great Carthaginian opposed the almost inexhaustible resources of Rome. Lord Wellington was never loath to fight when there was any equality of numbers. He landed in Portugal with only nine thousand men, with intent to attack Junot, who had twenty-four thousand. At Roliça he was the assailant, at Vimiera he was assailed, but he would have changed to the offensive during the battle if others had not interfered. At Oporto he was again the daring and successful assailant. In the Talavera campaign he took the instigatory movements, although in the battle itself he sustained the shock. His campaign of 1810 in Portugal was entirely defensive, because the Portuguese army was young and untried, but his pursuit of Massena in 1811 was entirely aggressive, although cautiously so, well knowing that in mountain warfare those who attack labour at a disadvantage. The operations of the following campaign, including the battles of Fuentes Onoro and Albuera, the first siege of Badajoz, and the combat of Guinaldo, were of a mixed character; so was the campaign of Salamanca; but the campaign of Vittoria, and that in the South of France, were entirely and eminently offensive.

Slight therefore is the resemblance to the Fabian warfare. And for the Englishman's hardness and enterprise bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts at Mirabete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthes, the crowning battle of Toulouse! To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities of a great Commander is to rail against the clear mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed! How many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious minute investigation and arrangement; all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies.

Fortune, however, always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow that in every age and every nation the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial. Napoleon's march upon Madrid in 1808, before he knew the exact situation of the British army, is an example. By that march he lent his flank to his enemy. Sir John Moore seized the advantage, and though the French Emperor repaired the error for the moment by his astonishing march from Madrid to Astorga, the fate of the Peninsula was then decided. If he had not been forced to turn against Moore, Lisbon would have fallen, Portugal could not have been organised for resistance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards would never have suffered Wellington to establish a solid basis at Cadiz; that General's after success would then have been with the things that are unborn. It was not so ordained. Wellington was victorious—the great conqueror was overthrown. England stood the most triumphant nation of the world. But with an enormous debt, a dissatisfied people, gaining peace without tranquillity, greatness without intrinsic strength, the present time uneasy, the future dark and threatening. Yet she rejoices in the glory of her arms! It is yet no security for power. Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman,—lost by arms, Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of men are as bubbles on a troubled ocean.—From the concluding volume of Napier's "History of the War in the Peninsula."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

THE FAIRY LAKE.

On the second day of our journey over that spur of the mountains which encircles the valley of Toas and stretches away to Santa Fe, after ascending a dry water course so precipitous as to render our progress extremely slow and dangerous, we reached at last the summit of the gigantic hill we were climbing.—Here we rested an hour by the side of a spring, the water of which was so intensely cold, that to decide a wager previously made with one of the Spanish smugglers, we attempted in vain to swallow three draughts of it successively. Tall, white, cotton wood trees grew here, straight and arrow like, piercing into the sky; the aspen with its delicate leaves fluttering eternally, when not even a zephyr sighed around the mountain top; and low thickets of pine and scrubby oak formed a singularly pleasing contrast to the lofty and majestic trees which soared above them. From this place we pursued our way, now winding around the side of some towering peak, now descending, and again ascending, now in the full light of glorious day upon the summit and again plunged in the deep shadow of the ravine, until in the very heart of the mountain a scene opened before us as beautiful as the brightest dream of fancy ever framed.

The rough Spaniards who were our companions had eyes for beauty; and though they could not understand our exclamations of surprise and pleasure, yet they had looked in our faces for tokens of admiration, and they now told us that we were actually treading *la tierra de los duendes*, or fairy land. Well did it deserve the name and had we been asked to christen it, we would never have thought of giving it any other. A circular hollow of some three or four miles in circumference, lay like a shallow cup in the breast of the mountain, and in the centre slept a lake without a solitary ripple on its glassy surface. Swans, white as the snow flakes on the distant crags, were floating on the silent water, and a dreamy repose hung over the scene, which, like the influence of a spell, subdued our voices into whispers, as in rapt admiration we gazed upon the fairy lake.

The Fairy Lake! Strange how vividly that beautiful sheet of water rises before the writer's vision at this moment! From the summit, as we descended, it was a sheet of burnished gold; nearer, it was an unruffled surface reflecting back the heavens. All around the lake, and down to the water's edge, and beneath the water, grew a carpet of grass, silken, soft, close, and green as the sea. It was about a foot and a half high when lifted to its length, but as it fell gracefully over, its height from the ground did not exceed ten or twelve inches. Here our path was completely lost, but the Spaniards knew well how to regain it at another point. Two parallel horse tracks, worn by hunters from the valley who were in the habit of crossing to the plains beyond in pursuit of buffalo, formed the guide by which our steps were directed, and here in fairy land, as if forbidding the approach of mortal foot, the tracks were hidden by the gorgeous green carpet of the fairies' dancing ground, and indeed it seemed to us as savouring of sacrilege to disturb the beautiful grass with the rude hoofs of our horses and mules.

We rode in silence to the edge of the lake, and there paused in mute admiration of the sun-lit sky we saw beneath us. The white swans sat motionless upon the water with their graceful forms shadowed in the glassy mirror below, until a bird screamed from a blasted pine whose twisted root clung to an overhanging rock upon the opposite side of the lake, when they hastily moved away, yet so gently that scarcely a ripple was seen upon the water as they swam. When the bird screamed, a deer, that would otherwise have remained unobserved by us, sprang from the water's brink with hasty bounds across the velvet grass and up the cliff behind us. Two rifles were instantly discharged at the poor "native burgher of this desert city," and instantly like the shifting of a kaleidoscope, the scene changed. From behind every rock and cliff an echo sprang, and hundreds of creatures that were before unseen, now started from the emerald couch where they had been basking in the noon-tide; and sped with startled haste up the surrounding ascents. The scene which a moment before seemed void of life and spell-bound in silence, now for a moment exhibited the reverse, and again in the next moment sound and life were absent, and lonely silence had again usurped her reign.

Like a plate of gold upon a circumference of emerald, lay the Fairy Lake—a lake formed from the melting snow of the mountain peaks, and existing thousands of feet above the level of the sea.

This lake, which the coarse smugglers designated as the "fairy waters," lies high among the summits of the mountains, between the great plains and the Toas valley, and doubtless when swelled by the melting of snow in the spring time, it helps to form those mountain torrents which leap the rocky cliffs and traverse the wilderness to mingle with the Missouri and the Mississippi.—N. O. Picayune.

From a Narrative of a Journey in Guatemala.—By Mr. Montgomery.

THE IZABAL RIVER AND LAKE—S. AMERICA.

It was late in the evening before our vessel gained the mouth of the Izabal. This river takes its rise in a great fresh water lake called the Golfo Dulce, and pursues a meandering course for some fifty miles before falling into the sea. At the head of that lake is situated the town of Izabal, the port of our destination. The entrance to this river is scarcely discernible, even in the day-time, to an unpractised eye, till within about a hundred yards of it, when an opening is perceived in the mountains like the mouth of an immense cavern. The effect, as we approached it in the night, is still more striking; a starry light affording just light enough to guide us on our path, but not sufficient to make objects distinctly visible. On entering the opening just mentioned, we seemed penetrating into the bowels of the earth. On each side of us towered the lofty and precipitous mountains that form the banks of the river; and immediately in front rose a high land, dark and frowning, as if to debar completely our further progress. Towards this land, which appeared to recede as we advanced, the boat kept her way steadily and at a good rate for a full half hour, with her bows apparently not more than half a cable's length distant from it. There were moments when I trembled lest she should run against it and be dashed to pieces. But this interposition of land was only an illusion, caused by the windings of the river, and heightened by the confused appearance of objects in the night.

About midnight the moon rose, and the effect of her pale silvery light on the trees and the water was beautiful beyond description. I could now see objects more distinctly; and felt satisfied that if there is any thing picturesque, beautiful, and sublime in nature, it

must be the entrance to this river. The banks rise to a height of from two to three hundred feet, and are clothed with a rich and impenetrable foliage. The branches of the trees spreading several yards over the water, in some places this foliage suddenly disappears, and a vast naked rock, smooth and flat and perfectly perpendicular, rises like a stupendous wall, at the foot of which the depth of water admits of a vessel brushing the very surface of the precipice without danger. Here and there may be seen a rill of water, as clear as crystal, coursing from top to bottom of this natural wall, or gushing out from a fissure in its side. At other places, a group of rocks assumes the appearance of an old castle or ruinous fortification. The stream varies in width from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet, and is in many places thirty fathoms deep. It is dotted at intervals with little islands covered with reeds; and the sharp turnings it makes gives continual interest and variety to the scenery.

As we proceeded, the noise of the water thrown up by the paddles started the tenants of this beautiful wilderness; and every now and then we heard a plunge, like that of an alligator or an otter seeking the deepest recesses of the river, or the scream of an aquatic bird flying across the stream—the only sounds that disturbed the silence of this solitary scene.

At the fort of San Felipe, which is a ruinous and almost useless fortification, a soldier was put on board our vessel. This was done agreeably to the regulations of the Customs, in order to prevent smuggling. After leaving this place and proceeding about twelve miles, we reached the point where the river spreads and forms a lake of some twenty miles in circumference, called *lagunilla*; or little lake, to distinguish it from the *laguna*, or great lake of Izabal. Here we saw a number of little islands of from five to ten acres in extent, covered with a species of cane or reed peculiar to the country, the resemblance of which to Indian corn gave them the appearance of being cultivated. But, in reality, there were no signs of cultivation around us; nor could any human habitation be seen, either on the banks of the river or on the islands just mentioned. Birds and fish and reptiles seem to be sole lords of this wild domain.

After crossing the little lake we came to the lake proper, where an immense sheet of water, extending to a circumference of not less than ninety miles, assumes the appearance of a little sea; the distant mountains being only dimly visible in some places, while in others a perfect horizon is formed.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD CHILDREN.

I am not intending to write a book just at this time, Messrs. Editors, which I should have to do, if I said all that might be said under the head I have chosen. I will only ask a few moments' attention to one particular point, that of *keeping children at home*.

But why keep them at home? Because home is the best place for them; the best place to instruct them, to form their manners, mould their morals, cultivate tenderness and domestic affections. Because if they are much abroad, they will hear and see a thousand things they ought not; they will fall into bad company, their morals will be corrupted, and they will contract idle and vicious habits. They will gradually escape from parental influence and control; and from bad company abroad they will learn to practice insubordination at home.

But would you prison up a child always at home? Not exactly so; for instead of making a home a prison, I would make it as nearly as possible a paradise. I would make the word home the sweetest in the ear of the child of any in the language. At home he should see smiling countenances, hear sweet sounds, and find instruction mingled with delight. He should have his black board and chalk, his slate and pencil, his little waggon, his nursery balls, his little books; and if somebody would only make them a set or a number of sets of alphabetical letters, neatly cut of ivory or bone, with which he could learn to make monosyllables and words.

This, of course, refers to the small child: when he grew larger, he should have books adapted to his age and capacity; he should draw maps, he should if possible have a little garden to cultivate—at all events some boxes filled with pretty flowers. He should have tools, and be taught to exercise himself in carpentry.

I would converse with my child, walk with him, spell, read, write, recite, and parse with him. I would enter into a correspondence with him; I would sing with him, and pray with him. Thus I would endeavour to make him feel that there was no place like home. You may indulge children and spoil them; you may be unduly severe and spoil them; you may be sour and spoil them; or you may neglect them, and others will spoil them. But you will yourself be what a parent should be, and study to gain and retain the ascendancy which properly belongs to a parent, if you will be fruitful in expedients, and persevering in effort, you may succeed in training up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

Sorrow.—A time will come when we shall see everything with clear eyes; but, at present, we think a few clouds are greater than the sun, only because that they are nearer to us.

The contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients.