

raised the pole. The ship would pass within twenty yards of us, I knew; but it was almost dark already, and as she came dashing down, the breeze seemed to freshen as if by magic; and as the old *Star* swept by, my arm sank to my side, and I fell on my knees in the boat, muttering: "Saved, saved!" for the ship was far astern, and I knew that before she could bring to under their clumsy management, it would be night, for even now it was dark.

The change from despair to hope was so sudden that for a few minutes I could scarcely believe in the truth of our position, but a hand laid upon my arm roused me, and I explained how it all was, and that there was yet a chance of life. Then I set to and considered a little, and tried to think what was best to do; but for a bit my brain was all in a whirl, and I could do nothing.

It was now dark, but not like the night before, for the stars shone out brightly overhead, and there was a brisk breeze blowing. I could just make the ship out, and could see that they had brought up; but felt sure that we could not be seen. Once I thought I heard a shout; then there was the flash of a gun; and then the fools began to burn bluelights, thinking, I suppose, that we were flies ready to go and burn our wings. But I saw my way clear now; and set to work, and shipped the rudder as well as I could in the dark; cleared and stepped the little mast; and before long had the sail set, with a reef in it, for the breeze blew fresh: and then knowing pretty well where the ship lay, shaped to give her the go-by in the dark; when I felt sure they would wait about all night, and with the breeze then on, and the long dark hours before me, I hoped yet to get clear off.

Just then, they burned another blue-light; and I have several points off, and kept on till we were far enough, when I put the boat's head before the wind, and she seemed to leap through the water, and dashed away like a live thing. Another blue-light far astern, and then another when we were a mile off, and again another faint glow far astern, and then I fancied I saw another but it must have been but fancy, for the bright stars overhead shed the only light that we could see.

"Only pray for this wind to keep up, miss, and if we see her masts in the morning, I shall be surprised."

"Then are we saved, indeed?" whispered a voice; but it was not hers; and on speaking again, I found that Miss Mary had given up at last, and was now sobbing in her sister's lap, when she, the poor weak one, roused up directly, and was soothing and comforting her sister, who had held up so long and so bravely.

Just then, my attention was taken off, for it seemed to me that the wind sank, and I felt my heart sink too, for it was like losing sight of life again; but directly after, the little boat careened over, and away we went before the wind, at a rate that seemed to lend fresh vigour to me every moment. Soon after, Miss Mary was sitting calm and quiet beside me as I steered, so as to get all the speed out of the boat I could; and after a bit, in the stillness of that bright and beautiful night, she offered up a simple prayer, and so sweet and touching that it brought the tears from my eyes, unused enough to such weakness; but then I had been wounded, and had had a hard time of it.—I'd heard prayers read often enough by the captains I'd sailed with, and been to church times enough, but never heard words like those that seemed to move the heart, as they offered thanks for our preservation from so great a peril, and prayed forgiveness for our desperate resolve. And then there was a deep silence among us for some time, and the brisk breeze bore us along gallantly, so that one's heart seemed to bound with the boat, and it was all I could do to keep from shaking out more sail.

After a while, Miss Mary crept forward, and saw to poor Tom, who still lay in a heavy sleep; and then forced some biscuit, wine, and water upon me; when I made that an excuse for getting them both to take some, and I wanted them to try and get some rest. But no; they both said they would sit with me, and they did, too,

all through that long night, when that breeze, which was truly for us the breath of heaven, never once failed, but bore us bravely on, and on, and on, with hope rising in our breasts, till we saw the stars pale, the glow in the east, and the sun once more leap up, and shed the golden path across the waters, now dancing with life!

Although we were going so free, before the sun rose I downed the sail, and when there was the full daylight, I looked long and anxiously for the ship, and again and again sweeping the horizon well; but there was not a mast in sight, and so I told those anxious ones, whose lips were quivering, and who dared not ask the question. "Not a sail in sight," I said; and I up with our own once more;—and away we went over the bright and dancing waters, while so great was the change which had now come over me, that, in spite of calling myself a fool for fancying it, I could not help looking at a pale face at my side, and thinking how sweet it would be to go on sailing like this for ever. But directly after, there came another change over me, and I felt bitter, and sorrowful, and dull, and I couldn't tell myself why it was, unless it was because I was such a poor common man, though it had never seemed to matter before.

### A GERMAN JUBILEE.

**D**OUBTLESS many of our readers may not be aware of the fact that there is anything of importance connected with the 18th more particularly than with any other day of October; but when the date of the year, 1813, is affixed to that of the month, most will remember that day to be the anniversary of the great triumph gained by Germany over the common enemy, the great Napoleon, at Leipzig.

The city of Leipzig, the chief town of Saxony, lies in an enormous plain named after itself, varied towards the west by marsh lands. A promenade leads to the town. It was, therefore, easy for the allied Saxons and Prussians to prevent Napoleon from making his entry into the town itself, as the narrow *alleé* is soon barricaded by a handful of brave men, but it is much more difficult, and demands a far greater knowledge of tactics, to pursue, with safety, an army over such a large tract of land as the plain of Leipzig.

Bernadotte, Napoleon's old comrade in arms, said, with truth, in an "Essay on the Art of War,"—"One can hardly understand how a man who has commanded in thirty battles could have placed his army in such a bad position as Napoleon did on that day." By nine o'clock on that eventful morning the contending armies had begun the day's work. Amongst Bonaparte's bravest warriors may be numbered St. Cyr, Bertrand, Reynier, Victor, and Poniatowski; but with theirs and their leader's combined valour they proved no match that day for Blucher, familiarly called "Marshal Forward," on account of his bravery; in fact, the great defeat which Napoleon sustained that day was only a foretaste of the greater one which befell him two years later, in which Wellington and Blucher, the latter of whom was then seventy-three years of age, shone conspicuously.

By the evening all hope of the French proving victorious was over, and Napoleon had to make the best of his way back to France, through a hostile country, with the remnant of his once fine army. It suffices to say that 20,000 men, 200 pieces of cannon, and innumerable weapons, fell into the enemy's hands. Thousands were drowned in crossing the Elster, in which was found subsequently the corpse of Prince Poniatowski, who, as he had nearly reached the opposite bank, was struck by a cannon-ball. The loss of the French army was estimated at 80,000, while that of the allied army only amounted to 50,000. Napoleon did not dare to set foot east of the Rhine again, and at the beginning of the new year the allied flags waved west of the Rhine, on French ground.

All Germany unites in a mutual celebration of this, for itself, most glorious and happy victory; not only Leipzig, but all the principal

towns of Germany—Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Frankfort, Mayence, and many of the lesser ones—for instance, Heidelberg and Darmstadt, in which latter town I was staying during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary, now three years ago. But as what happened on that day is repeated every autumn, I will describe the leading features of the festival.

Early on the morning of the 18th of October, even the soundest sleepers are awoken by peals of bells, in every direction, ringing out joyously. At intervals, guns may be heard booming in the distance, to make the day more imposing. I arose and dressed as quickly as I could, not to lose anything of what might be going on; and after a cheerful breakfast, during which frequent allusions were made, by my hostess, and a pleasant party of fellow guests, to the great day of which we were reminded by a return of the anniversary, I hurried out with some of my kind friends, who were anxious to show me the beauties of their pretty town of Darmstadt in its festive garb. We walked through the principal streets,—the Rhein and Necker Strassen,—admiring the tastily-decorated houses, belonging mostly to wealthy burghers, and here and there we stopped, attracted by an unusual display of festoons and flowers, to say nothing of flags and banners.

The Grand Ducal Castle was not behind-hand, neither were the churches, in celebrating the joyous day. Gay flags were streaming everywhere in the morning breeze. The streets and market-place were full of life. Instead of the eager business-like bustle of every-day life, a quiet, joyous, pleasant expression was visible on every face; the Darmstadters all, like ourselves, were sauntering about for the purpose of seeing and admiring all the wonders of the town. At about twelve o'clock a procession took place in honour of the day. It consisted of a large number of young girls and youths. The former led the way, and were dressed in white, with garlands of flowers in their hair. They carried baskets of roses and leaves, which they strewed on the ground. Their waists were encircled by blue sashes. The youths followed next: they each had a laurel-wreath, symbolic of what their grandfathers had done, and a white ribbon on the left shoulder. A band followed, playing some inspiring airs from the popular songs of "Fatherland," "The Rhine," &c. The procession wended its way round the town, and then filed into the *Stadt Kirche*, where a short and impressive service was held, the burden of the sermon being gratitude for their freedom from the yoke of France; after which the members of the procession dispersed, with peals of merry laughter, to their several homes. All the afternoon there were amusements for the poorer classes; the theatre was thrown open at the expense of the Grand Duke, and representations of comedies and farces were going on all day. Occasionally pieces of paper, which at first seemed to a stranger very mysterious, were wafted hither and thither in the air; if you had been lucky enough to catch one, you would have found that it contained some doggerel verses anything but flattering to the memory of the great vanquished hero.

In the evening bonfires might be seen blazing on all the hill-tops of the Taunus, the Melibocus, and the Frankenstein, fed till a late hour by the eager hands of peasants and burghers, both young and old. Illuminations and fireworks ascended on high, and seemed to vie with the very stars in brightness. Thus the whole of *Vaterland*, from the shores of the Baltic to the mountainous valleys of Switzerland, and from the Rhine to the frontiers of Poland, presents one universal scene of light and joy, in memory of the battle that rid the patriotic German people of their Corsican oppressor. It is now impossible to say whether or not this custom will be continued, since the Prussian campaign of 1866, and the successful aggrandisement of Count Bismarck at the expense of the German people; but I may say with certainty that if it be dropped, the lovers of the ideal will have reason to grieve, as well as that people to whom such an annual celebration has hitherto proved, at least a great bond of union. W. L. M.