

VICTORY.

By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Waft not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory;
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
Wave not so high the victor's plume;
They point me to the bosom gored,
They point me to the blood-stained tomb.

The boastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain,
What are they but the fickle crowd
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain?

And ah, through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays
Where unprotected orphans wail.

Where the said widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was done;
Where the wild-mother clasps her hand
And asks the victor for her son:

Where the lone maid in secret sighs
O'er the lost solace of her heart,
As prostrate in despair she lies,
And feels her tortured life depart:

Where, midst the desolated land,
The sire lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his pale and powerless hand,
And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe
Have rilled sweet domestic bliss;
And tell me if your laurels grow
And flourish in a soil like this?

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NOBODY.

The "pensive public" has of late years been overwhelmed with "Lives," "Memoirs," "Reminiscences," "Autobiographies," and "Biographical Sketches," "Diaries," "Note Books," "Conversations," and after-noon chit-chat have issued, as a torrent, from the press. In truth, we have been so nauseated with the "Life, death, last dying speech and confession" of anybody, and every body, that, by way of variety, we have determined to present our readers with a biographical sketch of Nobody.

Nobody is so exalted above other men, that no human being can be brought, however remotely, into comparison with him. Nobody is older than Methuselah was when he died. Indeed, when nature was emerging from chaos, and the Spirit of the Almighty breathed upon the shapeless mass, Nobody was by. Nobody plucked the olive leaf with which Noah's dove returned to the ark; and, when the waters had subsided and Noah left his floating habitation and placed his foot again on the slimy earth, Nobody was there to receive him. Nobody communicated to Joseph the purport of the dreams which he interpreted to Pharaoh's butler and baker, while in prison.

When Pharaoh attempted to pass through the Red Sea, in pursuit of the Israelites, to the destruction of himself and his host, Nobody escaped. Nobody recollects the building of the Pyramids; Nobody had the honour to trim the beard of Nebuchadnezzar during the entire period of his banishment; Nobody saw the she-wolf affectionately suckling the brothers, Romulus and Remus; and, when "the eternal city" was in flames, Nobody danced to the fiddling of Nero. During Napoleon's campaign in Russia, Nobody anticipated the early frost and the burning of Moscow. Nobody saw the devil sing an ink-stand at Luther, in his study, and Nobody interfered to prevent its taking effect. Nobody was present when Eugene Aram committed the murder for which he suffered.

Nobody has traversed every part of the globe, and encountered perils of every description. When the Royal

George went down with Kempenfeldt and his eight hundred men, Nobody was saved. Nobody enjoyed the squeeze and suffocation in the black-hole at Calcutta.

Nobody has a perfect knowledge of all the laws to which the several phenomena of nature may be referred. Nobody is acquainted with the kind of matter of which the earth's centre is composed. The nature and various phenomena of light, heat, electricity, galvanism, &c., are as familiar as the first three letters of the alphabet to Nobody. The principles of aerostation are fully understood by Nobody; and when poor Cocking fell a victim to his temerity, in descending in a parachute of his own construction, Nobody was astonished. The Newspapers, the other day, favoured us with a long and very circumstantial account of a balloon, which was seen descending in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, from which narrative it appears, that when the gaping and breathless multitude, who had been watching its progress, reached the car, they found Nobody in it. Nobody can steer a balloon in a direction exactly opposed to the current of the wind? it is, accordingly, Nobody's amusement, atmospherically, to circumnavigate the globe in order to acquire an appetite for dinner.

Nobody is credulous on all subjects and occasions, believing, for instance, the statements contained in the travels of Gulliver and Munchausen, American newspapers, hustings, declarations of parliamentary candidates, epitaphs, and love-letters. When Mr. Waterton published a book, and prefixed to it a frontispiece representing himself astride a large crocodile, which appeared to be trotting him obediently to the next village—the reptile's fore-legs serving for a bridle—and stated that the event actually occurred, Nobody believed him.

Nobody is universally generous. Burns experienced his bounty, for he says,

"I have a penny to spend,
There—thanks to Nobody
I have nothing to lend,
I'll borrow from Nobody."

When Otway, the gifted, the neglected Otway, was so reduced by misfortune that a penny tart was to him an almost unattainable luxury, Nobody relieved him! In fact, most of the sons of genius have risen to eminence in spite of the sleek dunces who fattened on their brains; and if some have escaped obscurity, misfortune, and indigence, they have been indebted for their comparative good fortune to Nobody.

Nobody has read every work that has proceeded from the press, of whatever country. Accordingly, the literary knowledge of Nobody is universal. Nobody knows who was the author of the series of letters published with the signature "Junius." Every body has read some of the works of the Laureate—Nobody has read them all. Many people made desperate attempts at his "Vision of Judgment," but Nobody liked—Nobody comprehended it; most people quizzed—Nobody failed to laugh at it. We are bound, in candour, to acknowledge that, as an author, Nobody surpasses Mrs. Trollope in falsehood, vulgarity, ignorance, and conceit: yet Nobody can, when he pleases, by the force of his eloquence, make a man believe himself to be another person. Nobody can, by dint of mere rhetorical flourish, convert a ditch into "a river," a swamp into "a lake," a dung heap into "a gentle declivity," an old tumble-down house into "an ancient mansion," better than George Robins. Nobody thinks Lord Londonderry wrote the "History of the Peninsular War," which bears his name, for Nobody doubts that Mr. Gleig wrote it for him. When the clever author of the Pickwick papers attempted to delineate what he had evidently never seen—a type of that class of ignorant hypocrites who hover on the skirts of all sects of Christians, the suttlers and fortune-tellers do on the track of an army, yet have as little in common with the former, as such vagabonds have with the latter, Nobody recognised the portrait, and no wonder—it represents Nobody.

The knowledge of Nobody is without limit. Every body has his or her opinion as to the justice and propriety

of entailing on us the national debt, but Nobody knows when or how it is to be liquidated. Nobody knows the meaning, purport, and use of the "Unknown tongues." Nobody has witnessed the performance of an Irvingite miracle. Nobody knows how the vast sums of money appropriated to the repair and alteration of Buckingham-palace can have been absorbed by that sponge-like piece of deformity. Nobody can tell what will be the result of any known suit in any existing court of law; for our legislators appear to have taken great pains so to frame the laws which they have made, as to render them intelligible to Nobody. There is an ecclesiastical law, too, which appears to have been enacted for the especial benefit of Nobody—Nobody may marry his grandmother!

Nobody is of so sympathetic a nature, that he mourns for all who die. An instance of Nobody's extreme sensibility is narrated in an old epitaph, which we quote from memory:

"Beneath lies John Tomkins. When he died
Nobody sorrowed, and Nobody cried;
And where he is gone to, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and Nobody cares."

This John Tomkins must have been a very particular friend of Nobody.

Nobody is wise at all times, yet Nobody likes to be considered a fool. Nobody is insensible to pain, therefore Nobody likes to have his corns trodden on. Nobody likes to be a principal in a duel with a good shot for his antagonist. Nobody perfectly understands wherein consists the justice and honour of shooting a man whom you have offended, or suffering him to shoot you; and, when two men quarrel, fire at each other, and, as is usually the case, both miss, yet immediately become reconciled, Nobody comprehends on what rational principle the reconciliation is effected. Nobody prefers cold boiled mutton to hot. Nobody is responsible for the neglect and omissions of the whole human race, for "what is every body's business is Nobody's." Nobody is exempt from liability to disease of any kind; yet Nobody, when in possession of his senses, takes Morrison's Pills.

We could furnish the reader with many more interesting anecdotes of Nobody, so as to make our narrative as long as the biography of Anybody. But we have no particular desire to be esteemed by Nobody, and if we extend our article we are sure Nobody will be pleased; suffice it then, that as Nobody has existed from the moment of creation, so Nobody will continue to exist till matter shall be no more; and when the elements shall be resolving into their original nothingness, the mighty flames which still embrace a universe in their destructive grasp, will possess power to effect the annihilation of Nobody.

N. (not Nobody.)

NAPOLEON'S WARDROBE.

The following document is in many respects very remarkable. It develops in a singular manner a variety of characteristics of the extraordinary being whom it concerned. Extravagance in some affairs, and a strict regard to economy in others; the decision and proper choice of the thrifty civilian, and the unsparing prodigality and lavishness of the ambitious conqueror, are features strangely mixed up in the arrangement of Napoleon's wardrobe.

In the selection of his costume, Napoleon frequently paid respect to the infantry and the cavalry of his army; in the first case by adopting the uniform of the grenadier, and in the next, that of the chasseurs a cheval. But it is a remarkable fact, and one that must surprise an attentive observer of the matter, that, having in any instance acted thus, he never once exhibited a like disposition towards the most distinguished corps of the French army, and that is which he began his career and founded his future fame—the artillery.

Napoleon attached great importance to orders and decorations. He occasionally wore them profusely himself, and he had their insignia at hand to bestow them on others. He thus made it a rule to have an extraordinary supply always near him, and hence the profusion mentioned in the list.