

A look of blank astonishment from the faces of the party, as we saw too late our fatal blunder, was his only answer. But I cannot, nor need I describe the scene that followed.

As with a slow and funeral-like procession, we drove homewards, the melancholy silence of all present was broken only once, when I observed to Henderson's second, as he sat near me, *This is my greatest objection to duelling, that in at least half the instances, the innocent are punished, and the—I will not say guilty, but those most deserving punishment, escape.*

P. S. R.

St. Louis Pennant.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S RETREAT IN SPAIN.

[The following graphic sketch is taken from the marquis of Londonderry's narrative of the war in Spain and Portugal; it relates to Sir John Moore's most disastrous and unfortunate retreat. Sir John hearing that Napoleon in person, with three distinct corps d'armée, was advancing against him, abandoned his meditated movement against Soult, and commenced a retreat in the depth of winter, in the direction of the mountains of Galicia: the triumph at Corunna was but poor compensation for the loss of the brave men sacrificed by that false movement. The horrors attendant upon war were never more vividly portrayed than in the closing part of the following extract:—*N. F. Mirror.*]

The road from Astorga to Villa Franca leads through the villages of Torre, Bonevreda, Penferrade, and over a country as much diversified, and as striking, as will be seen, perhaps, in any part of Europe. The first four or five leagues carry the traveller up one continual ascent, and along the face of the hill, steep, bare, and open; on gaining the summit of which, he arrives at the entrance of some tremendous passes, such as a thousand resolute men might easily maintain against ten times their number. These extend as far as the village of Torre, a distance of nearly three leagues; after which, the landscape becomes as magnificent as the intermingling of hill and valley, rock and mountain, wood and pasture, can render it. We, of course, beheld it under all the disadvantages of a season remarkably inclement, when the ridges were covered with deep snow, and the fields and woods little better than mere heaps of mud; yet even thus it was impossible to pass it by without feelings of the liveliest admiration, and a strong regret that it had not been our fortune to wander here when the forests were in full leaf, and the green hills in their glory. But it was not from its temporary bleakness alone that a scene like that around us stirred such a strange commingling of pleasurable and painful sensations. The condition of the army was at this time a most melancholy one; the rain came down upon us in torrents; men and horses were foundering at every step; the former fairly worn out through fatigue and want of nutriment, the latter sinking under their loads, and dying upon the spot. Nor was it only among the baggage animals that an absolute inability to proceed farther began to show itself; the shoes of the cavalry horses dropped off, and the horses themselves soon became useless. It was a sad spectacle to see these fine creatures urged and goaded on till their strength failed them, and then shot to death by their riders, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Then again the few ammunition waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell one by one to the rear; the ammunition was immediately destroyed, and the wagons abandoned. Thus were misfortunes accumulating upon us as we proceeded; and it appeared extremely improbable, should our present system of forced marches be persisted in, that one half of the army would ever reach the coast.

The country became from this point (Villa Franca) such as to render cavalry of no avail. It was universally steep, rocky, precipitous, and covered with wood; and in the few spots where it was otherwise, too much enclosed with vineyards and mulberry plantations, to allow even a squadron of horse to form up or act. The cavalry were accordingly sent on at once to Lugo, whither the infantry and artillery followed, as fast as extreme exhaustion, and the nature of the road by which they travelled, would allow. But they followed both painfully and slowly; for though as many as forty miles were performed in one march, that march comprehended not the day only, but the night also. This was more than men, reduced to the low ebb to which our soldiers had fallen, could endure. They dropped down by whole sections on the way-side, and died, some with curses, others with the voice of prayer, in their mouths. It was dreadful likewise to know that not men only, but women and children, were subjected to this miserable fate. By some strange neglect, or by the indulgence of a mistaken humanity, Sir John Moore's army had carried along with it more than the too large proportion of women allotted, by the rules of our service, to armies in the field; and these poor wretches were now heightening the horrors of passing events, by a display of suffering even more acute than that endured by their husbands. They carrying, perhaps, each of them, two children on their back, would toil on, and when they came to look to the condition of their precious burdens, they would find one or both frozen to death. Then the depth of moral degradation to which they sink; their oaths and cries uttered under the influence of intoxication, were hardly less appalling than the groans which burst from them, as all hope of aid abandoned them, and they sat down to die. I am well aware that the horrors of this retreat have been again and again described in terms calculated to freeze the blood of such who read them; but I have no hesitation in saying that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public, fall short of the reality."

SCRAPS FROM LATE PAPERS.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.

Silence broods o'er the mighty Babylon,
And Darkness, his twin brother, with him keeps
His solemn watch; the wearied city sleeps,
And Solitude, strange contrast! muses on
The fate of man, there, whence the crowd anon
Will scare her with life's tumult! the great deeps
Of human thought are stirless, yet there creeps,
As 'twere, a far-off hum, scarce heard, then gone,
On the still air; it is the beating of
The mighty heart, which, shortly, from its sleep
Shall start refreshed. Oh, Thou who rul'st above,
Be with it in its dreams, and let it keep
Awake, the spirit of pure peace and love,
Which thou breath'st thro' it now, so still and deep!

LEGNOR.—I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder showers with which the moon is often overshadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies are fading away fast; but there is the planet Jupiter who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things, that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may find a home.—*Shelley.*

VENICE.—Venice is a wonderfully fine city. The approach to it over the Laguna, with its domes and turrets glittering in a long line over the blue waves, is one of the finest architectural delusions in the world. It seems to have—and literally it has—its foundations in the sea. The silent streets are paved with water, and you hear nothing but the dashing of oars and the occasional cries of the gondolieri. I heard nothing of Tasso. The gondolas themselves are things of a most romantic and picturesque appearance. They are hung with black, and painted black, and carpeted with gray; they curl at the prow and stern, and at the former there is a nondescript beak of shining steel, which glitters at the end of its long black mass.—*Ibid.*

THE TOMBS OF POMPEII.—On each side of the road beyond the gate are built the tombs. How unlike ours! They seem not so much hiding-places for that which must decay, as voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits! They are of marble, radiantly white; and two, especially, are loaded with exquisite bas-reliefs. These tombs were the most impressive things of all. The wild woods surround them on each side; and along the broad stones of the paved road which divides them, you hear the late leaves of autumn shiver and rustle in the stream of the inconstant wind, as it were, like the step of ghosts. The radiance and magnificence of these dwellings of the dead, the white freshness of the scarcely finished marble, the impassioned or imaginative life of the figures which adorn them, contrast strangely with the simplicity of the homes of those who were living when Vesuvius overwhelmed them.—*Ibid.*

LIFE ON MOUNTAINS.—Upon the tops of mountains, the air being subtle and pure, we respire with greater freedom, our bodies are more active, our minds more serene, our pleasures less ardent, and our passions much more moderate. Our meditations acquire a degree of sublimity from the grandeur of the objects around us. It seems as if, being lifted above all human society, we had left every low terrestrial sentiment behind; and that, as we approach the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes something of their eternal purity. One is grave without being melancholy, peaceful but not indolent, pensive yet contented; our desires lose their violence, and leave only a gentle emotion in our hearts. Thus, the passions which in the lower world are man's greatest torment, in happier climates contribute to his felicity. I doubt much whether any violent agitation, or vapours of the mind, could hold out against such a situation, and I am surprised that a bath of the reviving and wholesome air of the mountains is not frequently prescribed, both by physic and morality.

DR. ARNE'S DEATH.—The manner of Dr. Arne's death was very singular. The day after his decease his intimate friend, Vernon, the favourite singing actor of Drury-Lane Theatre, came into the music room, and in my presence described it as follows: "I was talking on the subject of music with the doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he in a very feeble and tremulous voice sung part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, until he breathed his last! making, as our immortal Shakspeare expresses it, 'a swan-like end, fading in music.'"

A BENEVOLENT SINGER.—We find the following anecdote in the last number of the "Gazette Musicale":—The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons, one day lately observed a poor woman, with her four children, begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Bellour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favourite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round; the

idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the by-standers, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house, proved (says the French journalist) that a good action is never thrown away.

PRINCE SAUNDERS.—The Attorney General of the republic of Hayti, and the author of the "Criminal Code" of that country, was one of the most remarkable persons of the time. He was a coloured man, of excellent education, correct life, and extraordinary capacities. He was born in Thetford, Vt. and emigrated to Hayti in 1807, where, immediately after his arrival, he was employed by Christophe, to improve the state of education in his dominions, and to visit England to procure means of instruction. In the British capital he was introduced into the society of the nobility, and made his home with Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. The result of his mission not being satisfactory to the king, he left Hayti and returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, and was settled over a religious society in Philadelphia. Returning, after a few years, to Hayti, he was received with favour, and actively engaged in the public service until his death, on the twelfth of February.

ZERAH COLBURN.—This "sometimes wonder of the world" died at Norwich, Vt. on the third day of May, aged thirty-five. His father was an uneducated man in indigent circumstances, in the eastern part of that state. When young Colburn was about six years old he began to exhibit those powers of arithmetical computation which brought him into general notoriety, and excited the interest of the learned throughout this country and Europe. After having been examined by several distinguished persons in Vermont, to whom his extraordinary capacities were as incomprehensible as they were to himself, he was taken to Boston, where several gentlemen proposed to raise a fund to be expended in his education. They were unable, however, to satisfy the cupidity of his father, who, after having exhibited him in most of the large towns of the United States, embarked with him for England, where he arrived in May, 1812. His talent for mental arithmetic was so extraordinary, that it would be wholly incredible were it not supported by the most unquestionable testimony. He travelled through England, Scotland and France, and returned to London in 1824, at which time his father died, leaving him extremely poor, but independent of control. Aided by the generosity of the Earl of Bristol, he returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, was ordained a minister of the methodist episcopal church, and in 1835 received the appointment of professor in Norwich University. He lost, some time before he left England, his mathematical capacity, and was subsequently no way distinguished for scholarship or eloquence. He is said to be a man of exemplary character and unassuming manners.

PRINCESS MARIE OF WURTEMBERG.—Marie, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, king of France, and wife of the duke of Wurtemberg, died at Pisa, in Tuscany, on the second day of January. On hearing of her demise, her mother is said to have exclaimed, "My God! I have a daughter less and thou an angel more!" She was remarkable for all the virtues that adorn her sex, and wrote her name in history, by the production of many works of art, which are worthy to be placed beside those of the best masters of modern times. As a sculptor her reputation was equal to that of Baily, Greenough, or Gibson. She executed statues of her parents, and of other eminent persons in France, and left in the royal gallery at Versailles, among other works, "The Chivalier Bayard, dying," and "Jeanne d'Arc." Her paintings adorn several churches in Paris.

THE GRIEF OF THE RICH AND THE GRIEF OF THE POOR.—Among the affluent there is sometimes a luxury of grief which is altogether unknown to the poor. There is such a thing as a pampered sorrow which the heart cherishes without being aware of its own selfish enjoyment. Indolent, perhaps, and called to the discharge of no duties, the mourners give themselves up to the indulgence of feelings which are known to be natural, and which they conceive of as amiable, till the remembrance of the loss sustained becomes evidently fainter and fainter in a mind still surrounded with the comforts and blessings of life; and at last the afflicted return to their usual avocations without having undergone much real or soul-searching and heart-humbling distress. But in the abodes of poverty there is no room, no leisure, for such indulgence. On the very day that death smites a dear object the living are called by necessity, not to lie down and weep, but to rise up and work. The daily meal must be set out by their own hands, although there is in the house one cold mouth to be fed no more; and, in the midst of occupations needful for them who survive, must preparations be made for returning, decently, dust to dust. This is real sorrow and suffering; but, although sharp, the soul is framed to sustain it;—and sighing and sobbing, weeping and wailing, groans heaved in wilful impiety, outcries to a cruel Heaven, and the delirious tearing of hair—these are not the shows of grief which nature exhibits on the earthen floors and beneath the smoky rafters of the