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## A HOUSE TO LET.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

Reader, had you ever a house to let? Did you ever make known, through some first-rate house-agent, that such and such "a Desirable Residence," or "Genteel Cottage Residence," or "Comfortable Family Mansion," was to let; and then set forth in the most attractive and approved phrases its number and style of rooms, with all their peculiar advantages; the kitchens, pantries, cellars, and other family conveniences; the excellence of its garden and conservatory; the beauty of its shrubbery and lawn; its extensive prospects; the convenience and good condition of its stables and out-buildings; its excellent and abundant supply of water; its good neighbourhood; and, in short, such a long array of attractions, as to make it quite irresistible to house-hunting people? If you have not, then listen, for we have; and if you have, listen also, and say if what follows be not something like your own experience.

Such an announcement as I have mentioned having been entered on the books of Mr. Rawlinson, house-agent, — Street, London, we had a quiet questioning with ourselves when it would begin to take effect. In a week or ten days, perhaps, we thought; and, therefore, in the intermediate time, we resolved that we would do so and so; we must visit some particularly favourite places in the neighbourhood; invite a few of our choicest friends for a nice little evening party; and, above all things, finish sundry pieces of literary work, which had begun to hang like millstones on our consciences, and yet which, withal, would be interesting in the writing, so that every thing might be fairly cleared out of

the way, before the days were broken up with the interruption and distraction of house-wanting people coming to look at ours. This was on the Saturday night. Sunday passed as deliciously calm as Sundays in the country always pass. The very air seemed filled with a Sabbath stillness; all was wrapped, as it were, in a sense of holy rest, as if there was no agitating business upon earth to disturb either man or beast. Full of repose, however, as the Sunday is, it is the day of all others wherein the business of the week is laid out and concocted. People have time to think on a Sunday, and accordingly they determine to do so and so on the Monday. "We have talked of going to such a place," say they; "why not go to-morrow?" "I always like to begin with the beginning of the week," says some methodical person; "and as to-morrow is Monday, I'll begin so and so." Merchants, lawyers, tradesmen, mechanics, all lay out business on the Sunday, which the busy and capacious Monday is to begin. Idle or industrious, rich or poor, it matters not—every body does so. We laid out our business, however, on the Saturday night; talked it over a little, it is true, on the Sunday; and, according to the regular routine of things, set about it on Monday.

Very busy, indeed, had we been all the morning, and were in the marrow of our story, when a loud ring at the gate announced visitors. "Bless us! what is the time?" we exclaimed, starting up and looking at the watch that lay on the table. "And it is only twelve o'clock! Who can come thus early? And all this mess of papers—and this dishabille!" In the midst of these hasty ejaculations, a large card was handed in—"Mr. Rawlinson, house-agent, — Street, London;";

and on the other side, in a great black autograph, "No, 228—admit to view." It was evident the announcement had taken effect. Somebody had been laying out business for the Monday. People were come to see the house; and that moment the servant ushered in a lady and gentleman. "He believed," he said, "that the place was to let," and motioned towards the large card which lay on the table. "Yes, certainly;" and in a moment we were all seated. A glance, which occupies but a second of time, gives us a large idea of persons. It was so now. They had been introduced without a name, but they looked like a Mr. and Mrs. Latham. They were both young, and had an air of good breeding about them; they had kept good society, and he was some way connected with the East India Company. He had a half military air, without the slightest military costume; perhaps he had been abroad, for his complexion was slightly bronzed; he was altogether a prepossessing gentlemanly person—a sunny spirit—a cheerful fellow, and one who loved a good table. She was, in every sense of the word, *genteel*; slender, graceful, well dressed, and quiet; was a lady who affected *nonchalance*—never exhibited emotion; never laughed, but smiled in the prettiest aristocratic way in the world; had delicate health; did a deal of worsted work; was fond of music; read novels; and had one child. Even while the preliminary sentences were speaking, these observations were made; and we immediately proceeded to go the round of the place. Two discoveries were soon made: he looked on the light side of things, she on the dark; their countenances indicated it. The ceiling of the breakfast-room she thought indifferent, he thought it might be remedied directly; the dining-room she feared was too small, he thought with a little contrivance it would do charmingly. Her anxious scrutiny of the dining-room, the knowing way in which she spoke of it, the quickness with which she spied its weak points, convinced us that they were people who kept dinner company; they would exactly suit this neighbourhood, for all are diners-out. Giving dinners and dining out is the curse of its society. It would be a thousand pities that they

should not come here. The inspection of the cellars proved the same thing.\* In the beer cellar they examined the thralls for the ale barrels, and the binns for the bottled porter; and forty dozen of wine they discovered might be stocked with management in each binn of the wine cellar, and of these binns there were six;—it would do! Such a calculation laughed to scorn our humble stock! The cellars were pronounced unexceptionable. The same sentence was passed on the drawing-room. I could read by her quiet eyes and smile that in imagination she saw her instrument in it; her embroidery frame by the window; the tables, sofas, and ottomans, all arranged in an admired disorder, and company assembling. It was not to be objected to. The husband approved with a broad smile, and the wife with the most lady-like of assents. While she was making silent observation on chambers and their closets, he was inquiring after the out-buildings, the stables, and the land. The lady wished first to see the kitchens; she was thinking of the company and the cooking; he acquiesced. To be sure, he had forgotten the kitchens; it was evident, however much he might love a good dinner, he loved a good horse better. Accordingly, the stables succeeded to the kitchens. "Ha! they were excellent!—just what he wanted; and the coach-house!—all right and good!" And it was plain that he saw his fine horses tied up to the mangers, and his currie standing in the place of our pony-chaise. The satisfied expression of his countenance brought the objects before me. I could have told him the colour of his horses, the cut of their tails, and the style of his currie.

After the hen-house, too, he was inquisitive, and made profound observations on our poultry, which, however, happened to be a long way from the mark; but he was fond of poultry, that was clear, and fancied himself knowing on the subject.

The result of the whole inspection appeared highly satisfactory to him, and the lady threw in her objections every now and then with the sweetest grace imaginable. The return to the house convinced her that the dining-room would never do, and elicited again her husband's old answer of "with contrivance," &c. Upon the whole, he appeared to like the place

so well, that we inquired how we might know his decision. He would communicate, he said, with Mr. Rawlinson; he was the proper person for the business part of the negotiation. It was evident, that, according to his notion, this was the right way of doing the thing. After having satisfied themselves with such re-inspection as they desired, they drove off, having never inquired after smoky chimneys, state of the roof, supply of water, dampness of walls, nor amount of taxes, rates, and such payments. From these omissions our deductions were, that this was the first house they had looked at; that the one they had lived in since their marriage had been taken for them by somebody else; that they had lived in lodgings, or perhaps had travelled; and, moreover, that he was a man who troubled not himself about small expenses; the rent was the great thing, rates and taxes went for nothing. And whether they would in the end take the place, hinged thus: if *he* had most influence, they would; if *she*, they would not.

While we were thus cogitating and talking them over—another ring at the gate! How! had other people been planning business for the Monday—or had somebody called? And there was the dishabille still. Again was presented Mr. Rawlinson's card, and, on the very heels of it, walked in, arm in arm, Mr. and Mrs. Snubbs!—no name, but Snubbs to all intents and purposes. The house again! We were sick of the house! And these Snubbses—we were half sorry that we had put it into Mr. Rawlinson's hands. Oh, the broad, brown, coarse face—the stiff, white cravat—the yellow waistcoat, and the brown coat! Where in the world, could this Mr. Snubbs have come from! And Mrs. Snubbs!—the great, fashionable pink bonnet—the fat, little, vulgar face, ill-tempered and yet smirking—the frilled pelerine—the grand chaly gown—the blaze of rings seen through the green-laced gloves—the red shawl over the arm, and the pea-green parasol in the hand—altogether, it was the perfection of rich vulgarity!

But the house must be shown. Should they be turned over to a servant, was the first thought; but, no, said a sense of propriety; go with them, and go through

it as quickly as possible. "Ha! the dining-room," said Mr. Snubbs, "very convenient." "Too narrow by half," said the lady. She had got on Mrs. Latham's cue, and we began to fear that every body would find it out. "The breakfast-room," said Mr. Snubbs; "well, and a very pretty room, too." "Too near the kitchen," said the sententious lady. "We have a double door, covered with baize," said I, "to obviate that objection." "Double doors are of no use," replied she; "you can't shut out the clatter of servants' tongues." We were silenced; Mr. Snubbs darted an angry glance at his spouse, and grew very polite to us. Mrs. Snubbs found out the kitchen-grate was of a very bad construction. Mr. Snubbs maintained that it was the best in the world. We knew she was right, but we held our peace. The cellars Mr. Snubbs demurred about, and then came the lady's turn to approve: "they were the most convenient cellars she had ever seen." We wondered how in the world they had ever got on together; two dogs in a string were the very emblem of them. Throughout the whole place it was the same; they agreed upon nothing. He admired coved ceilings; she declared they were intolerably hot in summer. He approved the marble chimney-pieces; she pronounced them all of a bad pattern. She thought the drawing-room paper handsome; he thought it, on the contrary, the only bad paper in the house. He liked an eastern aspect for a bedroom; she said it burnt one alive before one was dressed. If we were provoked in the first few instances with these dissentient opinions, they became at length irresistibly ludicrous. You had but to hear the remarks of the one to pronounce with certainty on the retort of the other. Out of doors it was just the same; she was amazed at its being possible for one cow in full milk to supply cream and butter sufficient for a moderately sized family; he said it was a thing that was as common as the day. He wondered that a dozen hens should lay eggs enough for the same sized family; she told him that he knew nothing about hens—that one hen would lay two hundred eggs in a year. This was quite beyond our experience, but Mrs. Snubbs was left to the full glory of her argument,

her husband only remarking, that, if it were so, it was a shame eggs were so dear.

The Snubbsses had their wits about them. They went through every thing; water, drains, chimneys, damp, roof, rent, rates, tithe, and taxes; nothing was forgotten. They had more worldly wisdom than their predecessors the Lathams. All possible inquiries being made, they went away, the one admiring the gravel drive up to the door, and the other declaring that it cut up the garden sadly.

How poor Mr. and Mrs. Snubbss could ever choose a house together, appeared an unsolvable problem; and they left us with the satisfactory persuasion that they were not to be our successors.

The remainder of Monday went on quietly, and on Tuesday we again sat down to our manuscripts, forgot all about the Lathams and the Snubbsses, and were at the very winding-up of the story, when, as on the day before, at twelve o'clock precisely, another ring at the gate! With an instant determination that our dishabille should not shame us a third time, we ran up stairs, and in about five minutes returned to the room in a tolerably handsome morning-dress. A lady and gentleman were seated there; Mr. and Mrs. Timms, as plainly as if their names were painted on their forehead. A tallish, stoutish man, with a complacent, well-fed countenance, in a blue dress-coat unbuttoned, a smart flowered waistcoat, and opal studs with gilt eyes on the smart shirt-front. Oh, yes, it was Mr. Timms to the life, and he had a great hardware shop somewhere in the city. We could see "Timms" in great gold letters over the door, and all the iron pots and pans, and the tin and brass ware in the windows, and Mr. Timms himself standing in the middle of his shop, not behind his counter, receiving his customers with the very same bow, and back-waving of his open palms, with which he received us. But Mr. Timms was a very rich man for all that—had the cut of an alderman, if not of a lord mayor, and had his country house; and Mrs. Timms was a very well-dressed person, and had a good deal of the lady about her. They were altogether unlike either the Lathams or the Snubbsses.

To our great amazement neither Mr.

nor Mrs. Timms discovered that the dining-room was too narrow; perhaps that at their country house had some worse defect. But we took heart upon this. As we went the round of the place, we could obtain far less their opinion of the one they were looking at than of their own residence, and possessions, and way of life. Their country house was at Epping; had lofty rooms, two staircases, a shower-bath, and a laundry. There was a chandelier in the drawing-room, and three windows; they always made use of silk in preference to worsted damask. Mr. Timms had had his portrait painted twice; Mrs. Timms made use of a warm-bath. They had no opinion of railroads; they went to Ascott and Epsom races; they had two men-servants, a close carriage, and a pair of horses. They did not keep a cow, nor poultry; Mrs. Timms thought them more trouble than profit, and, in fact, knew nothing about them; it was evident that she was city-bred, and had no country tastes. Their children were grown up, but they had grandchildren; and Mr. Timms quite chuckled to think how his grandchildren could run up and down the drive. He was a good-natured man, that was certain.

Having gone the round of the place, and left not a single particular uninquied into—for, like the Snubbsses, they had their wits about them—they made their adieus, informing us that they were on a house-seeking expedition, and had several more in view before they left the neighbourhood. We mentioned Mr. Rawlinson, on the hint that Mr. Latham had given, as the person to whom they would communicate their decision. "Oh no," said the knowing Mr. Timms, "I always prefer the principal! Never go to an agent when you can go to the principal! You shall hear from me direct by letter." Mr. Timms was a man of business.

One incident of the Timms's visit we have omitted, which was very characteristic. "I think," said he, "I am familiar with your name—H——? H——? I seem to have heard it, but I cannot recollect where." "Most probably you have, sir," was our reply; "we flatter ourselves that it is a little known." "H——," said he, balancing the name on his tongue, as he would have balanced a guinea on his finger, "in

what part of the city is your place of business or office?" We could not forbear smiling; Mr. Timms had no idea of any person being at all known who had not a place of business in the city. We must have fallen ninety per cent in his estimation by our reply, "We have neither place of business nor office in town."

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, went on, and no other house-seeking people presented themselves. No; it was evident nothing more would be done till Sunday had intervened, and the world had had time to lay out new schemes for the Monday. On Saturday morning, however, a letter arrived from Mr. Rawlinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort, it said, had been so much pleased with our place, that they desired him to apprise us that they would be with us on Saturday, to enter into what further particulars would be necessary preparatory to drawing the lease. In a postscript was added, that he believed the party in question to be quite unexceptionable, and that the references they had given, he doubted not, would be satisfactory.

Very business-like and straight-forward. Well, but who were Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort? They could not be the Timmses, for this communication came through the agent; it was of course the Lathams. They said they would inform Mr. Rawlinson; there was no doubt but these were they. Cheerful-spirited Mr. Latham, it seems, had obviated all difficulties; the dining-room would do; and, after all, it really was not so narrow! And Mrs. Latham, or Fitz-Beaufort—the name suited her admirably—was a sweet looking woman; she would certainly grace the place; and he was a fine fellow—his face showed it. We were glad there was no haggling about rates and taxes; it proved they were well-to-do people; we should have excellent tenants! And, oh! what dinners there would be given! We exulted in the thought, as if we were at the eating of those dinners; and how popular they would be in the neighbourhood! We grew merry to think how the dinner-loving gentry ought to vote us a piece of plate for the service we had done them.

While we were amusing ourselves with these pleasantries, and admiring ourselves

for having thought from the first that the Lathams would take the place after all, we were roused, as we had been on all former occasions, by the ring at the gate. "Here they are!" we exclaimed; and half a minute after, cards were sent in—Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort. We ventured a glance through the window. Oh yes; we knew the very cut of the horses' heads as we saw them through the evergreens; we could swear to the firm yet buoyant step of Mr. Latham, otherwise Fitz-Beaufort, as we heard him enter the hall; we really felt quite an affection for these people, and, as if they had been old friends, advanced to the door, to meet them. Gentle reader, if thou hast bowels of mercy, have compassion upon us! Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort were Mr. and Mrs. Snubbs.

### ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

*Concluded from p. 106.*

It was in the month of September, 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a Major-Generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the King and Parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation—landed once more on the shores of England. Between this period and his departure on those memorable campaigns with which his name will be immortally connected there elapsed an interval in the Duke's life of nearly three years, which a seat in Parliament, an Irish Secretaryship, and a Privy Councillorship enabled him to turn actively to account. His proper talents, however, were not overlooked, and he bore his part in those notable "expeditions" which were then conceived to measure the military power of England. His arrival from India had exactly coincided with the renewal of the war against France by the third European coalition—a compact to which England was a party. Our specific duties in these alliances were usually limited to the supply of ships and money. We swept the ocean with our fleets, and we subsidized the great Powers whose forces were actually in the field. As to the British army itself, that had been hitherto reckoned among the contingents of second and third-rate States, which might be united perhaps for a convenient diversion, but which could make no pretension to service in the great European line of battle. At the beginning of the war these demonstrations had usually been made on the coasts of France, but they were now principally directed against the northern and southern extremities of the Continent, and for these reasons;—the dominion, actual or confessed, of Napoleon, against which the contest was undertaken,

embraced all the ports of Europe, from the Texel to Genoa, while his battle array extended along the length of the Rhine. The masses, therefore, of the Austrian and Russian hosts were moved directly against France from the east, and to the minor allies was left the charge of penetrating either upwards from Naples, or downwards from Swedish Pomerania, to the theatre of action. Sometimes detachments from Gibraltar and Malta disembarked in Italy in conjunction with Russians from Corfu and Neapolitans from Calabria, and sometimes we landed in Hanover to compose a joint stock force with Swedes, Norwegians and Finlanders. One of these latter expeditions fell to the lot of Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately after his return, but with results even fewer than usual. The brigades were put on shore at Bremen at the close of 1805; but Napoleon in the meantime had done his work so effectually on the Danube that our contingent returned to England after a few weeks' absence without striking a blow. Sir Arthur's next service was one of greater distinction. In 1807, when the British Ministry had boldly determined upon anticipating Napoleon at Copenhagen by one of his own strokes of policy, the feelings of the Danes were consulted by the despatch of a force so powerful as to justify a bloodless capitulation, and in this army Sir Arthur Wellesley received a command which brought under his charge the chief military operation of the expedition. While the main body was menacing Copenhagen a demonstration was observed on the part of the Danes against the English rear, and Sir Arthur was detached to disperse their gathering battalions. This service he effectually performed by engaging them in their position of Kioge, and putting them to the rout with the loss of 1,500 prisoners and 14 pieces of cannon. He was afterwards intrusted with the negotiations for the capitulation of the city—a duty which was skilfully discharged. This short episode in his military life has been thrown into shadow by his mightier achievements; but its merits were acknowledged by the special thanks of Parliament; and M. Thiers, in his history, introduces Sir Arthur Wellesley to French readers as an officer who had certainly seen service in India, but who was principally known by his able conduct at Copenhagen.

At length, at the very moment when England seemed to be excluded from all participation in the military contests of the age, and the services of the British soldier appeared likely to be measured by the demands of colonial duty, events brought an opportunity to pass which ultimately resulted in one of the most memorable wars on record, and enabled Britain to support a glorious part in what, without figure of rhetoric, we may term the liberation of Europe. The coalition effected against France at the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's return had been scattered to the winds under the blows of Napoleon. Russia had been partly driven and partly inveigled into a concert of politics with her redoubtable adversary; Austria had been put *hors de com-*

*bat*, and Prussia was helplessly prostrate. To complete the concern experienced at this prospect of universal dominion Napoleon had availed himself of the occasion to seize and appropriate the whole of the Spanish Peninsula. Under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal he had poured his troops into the former country, overrun the latter, and then repudiated the stipulations of his compact by retaining undivided possession of the prize. A few months later he established himself in a similar authority at Madrid, and made open avowal of his intentions by bestowing on his own brother the inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Scarcely, however, had his projects been disclosed when he encountered a tempest of popular opposition; the nations of the Peninsula rose almost as one man; a French army was compelled to capitulate, King Joseph decamped from Madrid, and Marshal Junot was with difficulty enabled to maintain himself in Lisbon. At the intelligence of this unexpected display of vigour England tendered her substantial sympathies to the Spanish patriots; the overtures of their juntas were favourably received, and at length it was decided by the Portland Ministry that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next "expedition" suggesting itself. Such was the origin of the Peninsular War—an enterprise at first considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of the nation than a diversion at Stralsund or Otranto, but which now, enshrined in the pages of a famous history and viewed by the light of experience, will take its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record. Beyond doubt, the enthusiasm of the British nation at this juncture was unusually great, and there were not wanting arguments to prove that the contemplated expedition differed greatly in its promise from those heretofore recommended to favour. It was urged that Napoleon was now for the first time encountered by strong popular opinion, and that the scene of action moreover, was a sea-girt territory, giving full scope for the exercise of our naval supremacy. These observations were sound, but it must needs have been expected by many that the "particular service" now announced to the nation would have the ordinary termination, and that the transports bound for Portugal would soon return, as others had returned before them from St. Domingo and the Helder, from Quiberon Bay and Ferrol. Nor was it owing, indeed, either to the wisdom of the nation or the strength of the cause that such predictions were belied by the triumphs and glories of an immortal war.

To comprehend the service now intrusted to Sir A. Wellesley it will be necessary to retain constantly in mind the circumstances and persuasions under which it was undertaken. The actual state of the countries which it was proposed to succour was only known from the exaggerated descriptions of the Spanish patriots

who represented themselves as irresistible in military strength, and as needing nothing but stores and money to expel the French from the Peninsula. Nothing was ascertained respecting Napoleon's actual force in these parts; and, although it might reasonably have been inferred, from the continental peace, that the whole hosts of the French Empire were disposable on the one side, and, from the contradictory reports of the Spanish envoys themselves, that neither unity nor intelligence existed on the other, these simple deductions were not drawn. The British Ministry had despatched the expedition without any purpose more definite than that of aiding in the resistance unexpectedly offered to France on the Peninsular territories. It had not been determined whether the landing should be effected in Portugal or Spain, and, with the latter country, indeed, we were nominally at war when the armament was decreed. Neither was the single appointment which compensated all these deficiencies the result of any general or deliberate convictions. The nomination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command was chiefly due to the individual sagacity of Lord Castlereagh, whose judgment on this point was considerably in advance of that of other and higher authorities. Even this appointment itself, too, was intended to be nugatory, for Sir Arthur was to surrender the command to Sir Harry Burrard, who was in turn to make way for Sir Hew Dalrymple, and in the form which the expedition shortly afterwards assumed no fewer than six general officers were placed above him, into whose hands the conduct of the war was ultimately to fall.

True, however, to that spirit of his profession which forbade him to balance his own feelings against the good of the service or the decisions of the Government Sir Arthur departed on his mission, preceding the expeditionary armament in a fast frigate, for the purpose of obtaining more information than was already possessed respecting the destination to be given to it. With these views he landed on the coast, and conferred with the juntas directing the affairs of the insurrection. His inquiries soon proved conclusive if not satisfactory, and he decided with characteristic penetration, that "it was impossible to learn the truth." In point of fact, at the moment when the expedition was hovering irresolutely between the Douro and the Tagus—that is to say at the conclusion of July, 1808—the Spaniards had really experienced extraordinary success at Baylen; but this victory was unknown to those who vaunted to Sir Arthur the magnitude of their forces, and whose ignorant vain-gloriousness was instantly detected by his acute and impartial vision. Dupont had been circumvented in the south, but the other French Generals had been easily victorious in the north, and a force was at hand under Napoleon sufficient to sweep the country between the Pyrenees and Madrid. The patriot levies were miserably destitute of equipments and discipline, and below their reported strength even in mere numbers; their

rulers were mostly devoid of any better qualities for the contest than national obstinacy and thorough-going hate, while as to unity of purpose or organization of means there were no such features visible in any quarter of the Peninsula. Portugal offered somewhat better opportunities. Its geographical position favoured the designs of the English commander, and its internal conditions offered considerable inducements to a descent on these parts.—Junot, cut off from all communication with his colleagues in the Peninsula, was maintaining his ground with difficulty at Lisbon between the insurgents of Portugal and the menacing patriots of Spain. The troops under his command amounted to fully 25,000 men, but so many detachments were required for various services that his disposable force could only become formidable by virtue of greater military skill than he happened to possess. He himself lay with a large garrison at Lisbon, and on the first rumours of the British expedition he despatched General Loison with a moveable column of some 7,000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

After ascertaining and estimating these prospects to the best of his power, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on the disembarking his troops in Mondego Bay, about midway between Oporto and Lisbon—a resolution which he successfully executed at the beginning of August. The force actually landed from the transports amounted to about 9,000 men; but they were presently joined by that of another little expedition which had been operating in the south of Spain, and Sir Arthur thus found himself at the head of of some 14,000 excellent soldiers. Besides these, however, the British Government, as the design of liberating the Peninsula gradually assumed substance and dignity, determined on despatching two others of their corps-errant, one of which, nearly 12,000 strong, under Sir John Moore, was in a state of discipline not inferior to Napoleon's best brigades, 30,000 troops, therefore, were eventually to represent the arms of England in this memorable service; but wisdom had to be learnt before Wellesley was placed at their head, and it was with 13,000 only, and a provisional command, that the great captain of the age commenced on the 9th of August his first march in the Peninsula War.

The intention of Sir Arthur, who in the absence of his two seniors still retained the direction of affairs, was to march on Lisbon by the seacoast, in order to draw from the English store-ships in the offing those supplies which he had already discovered it was hopeless to expect from the resources of Portugal itself; one of the earliest propositions of the Portuguese commander having suggested that his own troops should be fed from the British commissariat instead of the British troops from his. Reinforced, if the term can be used, at this period with a small detachment of the native army, Sir Arthur now mustered nearly 15,000 sabres and bayonets. To oppose him, Loison had about 7,000 men, Laborde about 5,000,

and Junot, at headquarters, some 10,000 more. Of these commanders Loison was on the left of the British route, and Laborde in front; nor was Sir Arthur's information accurate enough to enable him to estimate the point or period of their probable junction. As events turned out, his military instinct had divined the course proper to be pursued, for by pressing forward on Laborde he interposed himself between this general and Loison, and encountered his enemies in detail. Laborde's outposts at Ovidos were promptly driven in on the 15th, and on the 17th Sir Arthur came up with his antagonist on the heights of Roliça and there gained the first action of the war. The engagement was sustained with great spirit; for Laborde, though outnumbered, availed himself to the utmost of his strength of position, nor was it without serious loss on both sides that he was at length compelled to retire. After this satisfactory essay of arms Sir Arthur prepared to meet Junot, who would, he was well aware, summon all his strength for the now inevitable encounter, and who had in fact concentrated 16,000 men with 21 guns at Torres Vedras, between Sir Arthur's position and Lisbon. Still moving by the coast, the British commander was fortunately reinforced on his march by one of the detachments despatched from home, as we before observed, to participate in the expedition, and his force was thus augmented to 18,000 effective men. With these means he proposed to turn Junot's position at Torres Vedras by passing between it and the sea with his advanced guard, while the main body occupied the enemy's attention in front, so that the French general would either be cut off from Lisbon or driven to a precipitate retreat. These able dispositions, however, were not brought to the test of trial; for at this moment Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the coast, and, without quitting his ship or troubling himself to confirm by his own observation the representations of Sir Arthur, counter-ordered the proposed march, and gave directions for halting on the ground then occupied—the hills of Vimiera—until the arrival of the other and larger reinforcement expected from England under Sir John Moore.

Among the facts which Sir Arthur had labored to impress on his intractable superior, was that of the certainty of immediately receiving the attack which he was declining to give—a conclusion which was promptly verified by the appearance of Junot in battle array the very next morning. The estimates, therefore, respectively formed by Sir Harry and Sir Arthur concerning the relative capacities of the two armies were presently to be certified by experience, and the decisive defeat of Junot at every point of his attack, with the loss of 3,000 men and nearly all his artillery, might have been thought decisive of the question in the eyes of impartial observers. Sir Harry, however, was still unconvinced, and, his firm persuasion of the superiority of the French, refused the permission now earnestly entreated by Sir Arthur to intercept the incumbered brigades of the enemy, and complete his discomfi-

ture by cutting off his retreat to Torres Vedras. It was on this occasion that Sir Arthur, seeing the sacrifice of an opportunity which might have been turned to the completion of the war, turned round and said to his staff—"Well, then, gentlemen, we may go now and shoot red-legged partridges."

No sooner had this supercession of Sir Arthur Wellesley occurred than a second change took place in the command of the English force, and the arrangements of the British Government were notably exemplified by the arrival on the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple, who immediately displaced Sir Henry Burrard, as Sir Henry Burrard had displaced Sir Arthur Wellesley. Unfortunately, the new general inclined to the opinions of his second in command, rather than to the more enterprising tactics of the future hero of the Peninsula, and he persisted in the belief that Sir John Moore's corps should be allowed to come up before operations were recommenced. The best commentary on Sir Arthur's advice is to be found in the fact that Junot himself presently proposed a suspension of arms, with a view to the complete evacuation of Portugal by the French. A convention, in fact, was concluded on these terms, at Cintra, within a fortnight after the battle; but so adroitly had Junot and his comrades availed themselves of the impressions existing at the British head-quarters that, though beaten in the field, they maintained in the negotiations the ascendancy of the stronger party, and eventually secured conditions far more favourable than they were entitled to demand. It happened that Sir Arthur Wellesley had been made, under Sir Hew Dalrymple's immediate orders, the negotiating officer at the first agreement between the belligerents, and it was his name which appeared at the foot of the instrument. When, therefore, the indignation of Englishmen was, with some justice, roused at this sacrifice of their triumphs, and the convention made the subject of official enquiry, General Wellesley incurred the first shock of public censure. Further investigation, however, not only exculpated him from all responsibility, but brought to light his earnest, though ineffectual endeavour, to procure a different result, and the country was soon satisfied that if the conqueror of Roliça and Vimiera had been undisturbed in his arrangements, the whole French army must have been made prisoners of war. Yet, even as things stood, the success achieved was of no ordinary character. The British soldiers had measured their swords against some of the best troops of the Empire, and with signal success. The "Sepoy General" had indisputably shown that his powers were not limited to Oriental campaigns. He had effected the disembarkation of his troops—always a most hazardous feat—without loss; had gained two well contested battles; and in less than a single month had actually cleared the kingdom of Portugal of its invaders. The army, with its intuitive judgment, had formed a correct appreciation of his services, and the field-officers engaged at Vimiera testified their opinions of their commander by a valuable gift; but it was



clear that no place remained for General Wellesley under his new superiors, and he accordingly returned to England, bringing with him conceptions of Spanish affairs which were but too speedily verified by events.

While Sir Arthur Wellesley, having resumed his Irish Secretaryship and his seat in Parliament, was occupying himself with the civil duties of his office, and endeavouring to promote a better comprehension of Peninsular politics, an abrupt change of fortune had wholly reversed the relative positions of the French and English in those parts. The successes of the summer and autumn had expelled Napoleon's forces from Portugal, and from nearly nine-tenths of the territory of Spain, the only ground still occupied by the invaders being a portion of the mountainous districts behind the Ebro. Thus, after sweeping the whole Peninsula before them by a single march, and establishing themselves at Madrid and Lisbon with less trouble than had been experienced at Brussels or Amsterdam, the French armies found themselves suddenly driven back, by a return tide of conquest, to the very foot of the Pyrenees; and now, in like manner, the English, after gaining possession of Portugal in a month's campaign, and closing round upon their enemies in Spain as if to complete the victory, were as suddenly hurled back again to the coast, while the Peninsula again passed apparently under the dominion of Napoleon, to be finally rescued by a struggle of tenfold severity. Sir Arthur Wellesley quitted Portugal towards the end of September, leaving behind him a British force of some 30,000 men, committed to an indefinite co-operation with the Spanish patriots. At this period the remains of the French armies of occupation were, as we have said, collected behind the Ebro, in number, perhaps, about 50,000 or 60,000, while the Spanish forces, in numerical strength at least double, were disposed around them in a wide semicircular cordon, from Bilbao to Barcelona; and it was conceived that an English army advancing from the west would at once give the finishing impulse to the campaign. But, in point of fact, these appearances were on both sides delusive. The Spanish armies were deficient in every point but that of individual enthusiasm. They were almost destitute of military provisions and were under no effective command. The administration of the country since the insurrection had been conducted by provincial juntas acting independently of each other, and, although an attempt had been made to centralize these powers by the organization of a supreme junta at Aranjuez, little success had as yet attended the experiment. The consequence was a total distraction of counsels, an utter confusion of government, and a general spirit of self-will and insubordination, which the recent successes only tended to increase. Such was the true condition of the patriot forces. On the other hand, the French, though repulsed for the moment, were close to the inexhaustible resources of their own country; and Napoleon, with a perfect appreciation of the scene before him, was pre-

paring one of those decisive blows which none better than he knew how to deal. The army behind the Ebro had been rapidly reinforced to the amount of 150,000 men, and at the beginning of November the Emperor arrived in person to assume the command. At this juncture Sir John Moore, who, it will be remembered, had brought the last and largest detachment to the army of Portugal, and who had remained in that country while the other generals had repaired to England pending the inquiry into the convention of Cintra, was directed to take the command of 21,000 men from the army of Portugal, to unite with a corps of 7,000 more despatched to Corunna under Sir David Baird, and to co-operate with the Spanish forces beleaguering the French, as we have described, in the south-eastern angle of the Peninsula. In pursuance of these instructions, Sir John Moore, by a series of movements which we are not called upon in this place to criticise, succeeded in collecting at Salamanca by the end of November the troops under his own command, while Sir David Baird's corps had penetrated as far as Astorga. But the opportunity of favourable action, if ever it had really existed, was now past. Suddenly advancing with an imposing force of the finest troops of the empire, Napoleon had burst through the weak lines of his opponents, had crushed their armies to the right and left by a succession of irresistible blows, was scouring with his cavalry the plains of Leon and Castile, forced the Somosierra pass on the 30th of November, and four days afterwards was in undisputed possession of Madrid. Meantime Sir John Moore, misled by false intelligence, disturbed by the importunities of our own Minister at Aranjuez, disheartened by his observation of Spanish politics, and despairing of any substantial success against an enemy of whose strength he was now aware, determined, after long hesitation, on advancing into the country, with the hope of some advantage against the corps of Soult, isolated, as he thought, at Saldanha. The result of this movement was to bring Napoleon from Madrid in such force as to compel the rapid retreat of the English to Corunna under circumstances which we need not recount; and thus by the commencement of the year 1809, Spain was again occupied by the French, while the English army, so recently victorious in Portugal, was saving itself by sea without having struck a blow, except in self-defence at its embarkation.

Napoleon, before Moore's corps had actually left Corunna, conceived the war at an end, and, in issuing instructions to his marshals, anticipated, with no unreasonable confidence, the complete subjugation of the Peninsula. Excepting, indeed, some isolated districts in the south-east, the only parts now in possession of the Spaniards or their allies were Andalusia, which had been saved by the precipitate recall of Napoleon to the north, and Portugal, which, still in arms against the French, was nominally occupied by a British corps of 10,000 men, left there under Sir John Craddock at the time of General Moore's departure with the bulk of the

army for Spain. The proceedings of the French marshals for the recovery of the entire Peninsula were speedily arranged. Lannes took the direction of the siege of Saragossa, where the Spaniards, fighting as usual with admirable constancy from behind stone walls, were holding two French corps at bay. Lefebvre drove one Spanish army into the recesses of the Sierra Morena, and Victor chased another into the fastnesses of Murcia. Meantime Soult, after recoiling awhile from the dying blows of Moore, had promptly occupied Galicia after the departure of the English, and was preparing to cross the Portuguese frontier on his work of conquest. In aid of this design, it was concerted that while the last-named marshal advanced from the north, Victor, by way of Elvas, and Lapisse, by way of Almeida, should converge together upon Portugal, and that when the English at Lisbon had been driven to their ships, the several corps should unite for the final subjugation of the Peninsula, by the occupation of Andalusia. Accordingly, leaving Ney to maintain the ground already won, Soult descended with 80,000 men upon the Douro, and by the end of March was in secure possession of Oporto. Had he continued his advance, it is not impossible that the campaign might have had the termination he desired; but at this point, he waited for intelligence of the English in his front and of Victor and Lapisse on his flank. His caution saved Portugal, for, while he still hesitated on the brink of the Douro, there again arrived in the Tagus that renowned commander, before whose genius the fortunes not only of the marshals, but of their imperial master, were finally to fail.

England was now at the commencement of her greatest war. The system of small expeditions and insignificant diversions, though not yet conclusively abandoned, was soon superseded by the glories of a visible contest; and in a short time it was known and felt by a great majority of the nation, that on the field of the Peninsula England was fairly pitted against France, and playing her own chosen part in the European struggle.

It was calculated at the time that 60,000 British soldiers *might* have been made disposable for the Peninsular service, but at no period of the war was such a force ever actually collected under the standards of Wellington, while Napoleon could maintain his 300,000 warriors in Spain, without disabling the arms of the Empire on the Danube or the Rhine. We had allies, it is true, in the troops of the country; but these at first were little better than refractory recruits, requiring all the accessories of discipline, equipment and organization; jealous of all foreigners even as friends, and not unreasonably suspicious of supporters who could always find in their ships a refuge which was denied to themselves. But above all these difficulties was that arising from the inexperience of the Government in continental warfare. Habituated to expeditions reducible to the compass of a few transports, unaccustomed to the contingencies of regular war, and harassed by a vigilant and not always conscien-

tious Opposition, the Ministry had to consume half its strength at home; and the commander of the army, in justifying his most skilful dispositions, or procuring needful supplies for the troops under his charge, was driven to the very extremities of expostulation and remonstrance.

When, however, with these ambiguous prospects, the Government did at length resolve on the systematic prosecution of the Peninsular war, the eyes of the nation were at once instinctively turned on Sir Arthur Wellesley as the general to conduct it. Independently of the proofs he had already given of his quality at Rolica and Vimiera, this enterprising and sagacious soldier stood almost alone in his confidence respecting the undertaking on hand. Arguing from the military position of Portugal, as flanking the long territory of Spain, from the natural features of the country (which he had already studied), and from the means of reinforcement and retreat securely provided by the sea, he stoutly declared his opinion that Portugal was tenable against the French, even if actual possessors of Spain, and that it offered ample opportunities of influencing the great result of the war. With these views he recommended that the Portuguese army should be organized at its full strength; that it should be in part taken into British pay and under the direction of British officers, and that a force of not less than 30,000 English troops should be despatched to keep this army together. So provided, he undertook the management of the war, and such were his resources, his tenacity, and his skill, that though 280,000 French soldiers were closing round Portugal as he landed at Lisbon, and though difficulties of the most arduous kind awaited him in his task, he neither flinched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England after witnessing the downfall of the French capital.

Yet, so perilous was the conjuncture when the weight of affairs was thus thrown upon his shoulders, that a few weeks' more delay must have destroyed every prospect of success. Not only was Soult, as we stated, collecting himself for a swoop on the towers of Lisbon, but the Portuguese themselves were distrustful of our support, and the English troops, while daily preparing for embarkation, were compelled to assume a defensive attitude against those whose cause they were maintaining. But such was the prestige already attached to Wellesley's name that his arrival in the Tagus changed every feature of the scene. No longer suspicious of our intentions, the Portuguese Government gave prompt effect to the suggestions of the English commander; levies were decreed and organized, provisions collected, depots established, and a spirit of confidence again pervaded the country, which was unqualified on this occasion by that jealous distrust which had formerly neutralized its effects. The command in chief of the native army was intrusted to an English officer of great distinction, Gene-

ral Beresford, and no time was lost in once more testing the efficacy of the British arms.

Our description of the positions relatively occupied by the contending parties at this juncture will, perhaps, be remembered. Soult, having left Ney to control the north, was at Oporto, with 24,000 men, preparing to cross the Douro and descend upon Lisbon, while Victor and Lapisse, with 30,000 more, were to co-operate in the attack from the contiguous provinces of Estremadura and Leon. Of the Spanish armies we need only say that they had been repeatedly routed with more or less disgrace, though Cuesta still held a certain force together in the valley of the Tagus. There were therefore two courses open to the British commander—either to repel the menaced advance of Soult by marching on Oporto or to effect a junction with Cuesta, and try the result of a demonstration upon Madrid. The latter of these plans was wisely postponed for the moment, and, preference having been decisively given to the former, the troops at once commenced their march upon the Douro. The British force under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command amounted at this time to about 20,000 men, to which about 15,000 Portuguese in a respectable state of organization were added by the exertions of Beresford. Of these about 24,000 were now led against Soult, who, though not inferior in strength, no sooner ascertained the advance of the English commander than he arranged for a retreat, by detaching Loison with 6,000 men to dislodge a Portuguese post in his left rear. Sir Arthur's intention was to envelope, if possible, the French corps by pushing forward a strong force upon its left, and then intercepting its retreat towards Ney's position, while the main body assaulted Soult in his quarters at Oporto. The former of these operations he intrusted to Beresford, the latter he directed in person. On the 12th of May the troops reached the southern bank of the Douro; the waters of which, 300 yards in width, rolled between them and their adversaries. In anticipation of the attack Soult had destroyed the floating-bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side, and there, with his forces well in hand for action or retreat, was looking from the window of his lodging, enjoying the presumed discomfiture of his opponent. To attempt such a passage as this in face of one of the ablest marshals of France was, indeed, an audacious stroke, but it was not beyond the daring of that genius which M. Thiers describes as calculated only for the stolid operations of defensive war. Availing himself of a point where the river by a bend in its course was not easily visible from the town, Sir Arthur determined on transporting, if possible, a few troops to the northern bank, and occupying an unfinished stone building, which he perceived was capable of affording temporary cover. The means were soon supplied by the activity of Colonel Waters—an officer whose habitual audacity rendered him one of the heroes of this memorable war. Crossing in a skiff to the opposite bank, he returned with two or three boats, and

in a few minutes a company of the Buffs was established in the building. Reinforcements quickly followed, but not without discovery. The alarm was given, and presently the edifice was enveloped by the eager battalions of the French. The British, however, held their ground; a passage was effected at other points during the struggle; the French, after an ineffectual resistance, were fain to abandon the city in precipitation, and Sir Arthur, after his unexampled feat of arms, sat down that evening to the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. Nor did the disasters of the French marshal terminate here, for, though the designs of the British commander had been partially frustrated by the intelligence gained by the enemy, yet the French communications were so far intercepted, that Soult only joined Ney after losses and privations little short of those which had been experienced by Sir John Moore.

This brilliant operation being effected, Sir Arthur was now at liberty to turn to the main project of the campaign, that to which, in fact, the attack upon Soult had been subsidiary—the defeat of Victor in Estremadura; and, as the force under this marshal's command was not greater than that which had been so decisively defeated at Oporto, some confidence might naturally be entertained in calculating upon the result. But, at this time, the various difficulties of the English commander began to disclose themselves. Though his losses had been extremely small in the recent actions, considering the importance of their results, the troops were suffering severely from sickness, at least 4,000 being in hospital, while supplies of all kinds were miserably deficient, through the imperfections of the commissariat. The soldiers were nearly barefooted, their pay was largely in arrear, and the military chest was empty. In addition to this, although the real weakness of the Spanish armies was not yet fully known, it was clearly discernible that the character of their commanders would preclude any effective concert in the joint operations of the allied force. Cuesta would take no advice, and insisted on the adoption of his own schemes, with such obstinacy, that Sir Arthur was compelled to frame his plans accordingly. Instead, therefore, of circumventing Victor, as he had intended, he advanced into Spain at the beginning of July, to effect a junction with Cuesta, and feel his way towards Madrid. The armies, when united, formed a mass of 78,000 combatants; but, of these, 56,000 were Spanish, and for the brunt of war Sir Arthur could only reckon on his 22,000 British troops—Beresford's Portuguese having been despatched to the north of Portugal. On the other side, Victor's force had been strengthened by the succours which Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed for the safety of Madrid, had hastily concentrated at Toledo; and when the two armies at length confronted each other at Talavera, it was found that 55,000 excellent French troops were arrayed against Sir Arthur and his ally, while nearly as many more were descending from the north on the line of the British communications along the valley of the Tagus. On the 28th of

July, the British commander, after making the best dispositions in his power, received the attack of the French, directed by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Victor and Jourdan at his side, and after an engagement of great severity, in which the Spaniards were virtually inactive, he remained master of the field against double his numbers, having repulsed the enemy at all points, with heavy loss, and having captured several hundred prisoners and seventeen pieces of cannon, in this, the first great pitched battle between the French and English in the Peninsula.

In this well fought field of Talavera, the French had thrown, for the first time, their whole disposable force upon the British army, without success; and Sir Arthur Wellesley inferred, with a justifiable confidence, that the relative superiority of his troops to those of the Emperor, was practically decided. Jomini, the French military historian, confesses almost as much, and the opinions of Napoleon himself, as visible in his correspondence, underwent from that moment a serious change. Yet at home, the people, wholly unaccustomed to the contingencies of a real war, and the Opposition, unscrupulously employing the delusions of the people, combined in decrying the victory, denouncing the successful general, and despairing of the whole enterprise. The city of London, even, recorded on a petition its discontent with the "*rashness, ostentation and useless valour,*" of that commander whom M. Thiers depicts as endowed solely with the sluggish and phlegmatic tenacity of his countrymen; and though Ministers succeeded in procuring an acknowledgment of the services performed, and a warrant for persisting in the effort, both they and the British General were sadly cramped in the means of action. Sir Arthur Wellesley became, indeed, "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset;" but the Government was afraid to maintain his effective means even at the moderate amount for which he had stipulated, and they gave him plainly to understand that the responsibility of the war must rest upon his own shoulders. He accepted it, and, in full reliance on his own resources and the tried valour of his troops, awaited the shock which was at hand.

The battle of Talavera acted on the Emperor Napoleon exactly like the battle of Vimiera. His best soldiers had failed against those led by the "Sepoy General," and he became seriously alarmed for his conquest of Spain. After Vimiera he rushed, at the head of his guards, through Somosierra to Madrid; and now, after Talavera, he prepared a still more redoubtable invasion. Relieved from his continental liabilities by the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, and from nearer apprehensions by the discomfiture of our expedition to Walcheren, he poured his now disposable legions in extraordinary numbers through the passes of the Pyrenees. Nine powerful corps, mustering fully 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier and Massena,

with a crowd of aspiring generals besides, represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talavera augmented, besides other reinforcements, by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies. In addition, he had Beresford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments. All hopes of effectual co-operation from Spain had now vanished. Disregarding the sage advice of Wellington, the Spanish generals had consigned themselves and their armies to inevitable destruction, and of the whole kingdom Gibraltar and Cadiz alone had escaped the swoop of the victorious French. The Provisional Administration displayed neither resolution nor sincerity, the British forces were suffered absolutely to starve, and Wellington was unable to extort from the leaders around him the smallest assistance for that army which was the last support of Spanish freedom. It was under such circumstances, with forces full of spirit, but numerically weak, without any assurance of sympathy at home, without money or supplies on the spot, and in the face of Napoleon's best marshal, with 80,000 troops in line, and 40,000 in reserve, that Wellington entered on the campaign of 1810—a campaign pronounced by military critics to be inferior to none in his whole career.

[Of this and the following campaigns our limits will not allow us to give particulars, nor is it necessary, as the brilliant achievements of the British army are matters of history, and are generally known over most portions of the civilized world.—Ed. B. C. M.]

At the commencement of the famous campaign of 1813, the material superiority still lay apparently with the French, for King Joseph disposed of a force little short of 200,000 men—a strength exceeding that of the army under Wellington's command—even if all denominations of troops are included in the calculation. But the British general reasonably concluded that he had by this time experienced the worst of what the enemy could do. He knew that the difficulties of subsistence, no less than the jealousies of the several commanders, would render any large or permanent concentration impossible, and he had satisfactorily measured the power of his own army against any likely to be brought into the field against him. He confidently calculated, therefore, on making an end of the war; his troops were in the highest spirits, and the lessons of the retreat from Burgos had been turned to seasonable advantage. In comparison with his previous restrictions all might now be said to be in his own hands, and the result of the change was soon made conclusively manifest.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the offensive movements of Wellington from his Portuguese stronghold had been usually directed against Madrid, by one of the two great roads of Sala-

manca or Talavera, and the French had been studiously led to anticipate similar dispositions on the present occasion. Under such impressions they collected their main strength on the north bank of the Douro, to defend that river to the last, intending, as Wellington moved upon Salamanca, to fall on his left flank by the bridges of Toro and Zamora. The British general, however, had conceived a very different plan of operations. Availing himself of preparations carefully made, and information anxiously collected, he moved the left wing of his army through a province hitherto untraversed to the north bank of the Douro, and then, after demonstrations at Salamanca, suddenly joining it with the remainder of the army, he took the French defences in reverse, and showed himself in irresistible force on the line of their communications. The effect was decisive. Constantly menaced by the British left, which was kept steadily in advance, Joseph evacuated one position after another without hazarding an engagement, blew up the castle of Burgos in the precipitancy of his retreat, and only took post at VITTORIA to experience the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. His entire army was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. Jourdan's *baton* and Joseph's travelling carriage became the trophies of the British general, and the walls of Apsley-house display to this hour in their most precious ornaments the spoils of this memorable battle. The occasion was improved as skilfully as it had been created. Pressing on his retiring foe, Wellington drove him into the recesses of the Pyrenees, and surrounding the frontier fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, prepared to maintain the mountain passes against a renewed invasion. His anticipations of the future proved correct. Detaching what force he could spare from his own emergencies, Napoleon sent Soult again with plenary powers to retrieve the credit and fortunes of the army. Impressed with the peril of the crisis, and not disguising the abilities of the commander opposed to him, this able "Lieutenant of the Emperor" collected his whole strength, and suddenly poured with impetuous valor through the passes of the PYRENEES, on the isolated posts of his antagonist. But at MAYA and SORAUVEN the French were once more repulsed by the vigorous determination of the British; ST. SEBASTIAN, after a sanguinary siege, was carried by storm, and on the 9th of November, four months after the battle of Vittoria, Wellington slept, for the last time during the war, on the territory of the Peninsula. The BIDAS-ROA and the NIVELLE were successfully crossed in despite of all the resistance which Soult could oppose, and the British army, which five years before, amid the menacing hosts of the enemy, and the ill-boding omens of its friends, had maintained a precarious footing on the crags of Portugal, now bivouacked in uncontested triumph on the soil of France. With these strokes the mighty game had at length

been won, for though Soult clung with convulsive tenacity to every defensible point of ground, and though at TOULOUSE he drew such vigour from despair as suggested an equivocal claim to the honours of the combat, yet the result of the struggle was now beyond the reach of fortune. Not only was Wellington advancing in irresistible strength, but Napoleon himself had succumbed to his more immediate antagonists; and the French marshals, discovering themselves without authority or support, desisted from hostilities which had become both gratuitous and hopeless.

Thus terminated, with unexampled glory to England and its army, the great Peninsular War—a struggle commenced with ambiguous views and prosecuted with doubtful expectations, but carried to a triumphant conclusion by the extraordinary genius of a single man. We are not imputing any prodigies of heroism to the conquerors or their chief. None knew better than he who is now gone that war was no matter of romance, but a process obeying in its course the self-same rules which humanly determine the success of all national undertakings. It is undoubtedly true, as we have been describing, that Wellington, with a heterogeneous force rarely exceeding 50,000 effective troops, and frequently far below even this disproportionate amount, did first repel, then attack, and ultimately vanquish, a host of foes comprising from 200,000 to 350,000 of the finest soldiers of the French Empire, led by its most renowned commanders; and such a feat of arms does, indeed, appear to savour of the heroic or supernatural.

Sir Arthur Wellesley originally sailed with a handful of troops on an "expedition" to Portugal. He returned the commander of such a British army as had never before been seen, and the conqueror in such a war as had never before been maintained. Single-handed, England had encountered and defeated those redoubtable legions of France before which Continental Europe had hitherto succumbed. She had become a principal in the great European struggle, and, by the talents and fortune of her great commander, had entitled herself to no second place in the councils of the world. It is as well, perhaps, that our subject demands no special notice of that invincible army by which these feats were wrought. When the war was summarily concluded by the ruin of one of the belligerents, it had penetrated the French territory as far as Bordeaux.—There it was broken up. Of its famous regiments, some were carried across the Atlantic to be launched heedlessly against the redoubts of New Orleans, some shipped off to perish in the rice swamps of Antigua, and some retained to participate in one more battle for victory. But from this point its renown lives in history alone; its merits never met the recognition which was their due, and our own generation has witnessed the tardy acknowledgment, by a piece of riband and a medal, of deeds which forty years before proved the salvation of Europe and the immortal glory of Britain.

During the memorable events which we have

been describing, the character and position of Wellington had risen to a signal pitch of reputation and esteem. A successful soldier and a popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now recognized as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle: and it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the General enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. Nor were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the visible adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen, and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruption, and detected at once the path of wisdom and policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days all politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world—European freedom or European servitude—the “French Empire” on one side and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. Wellington’s eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His sagacity estimated every combination at its true import, and measured the effects of every expedition, while his victories served to check despondency, or animate resistance in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their pursuers, and the triumph of Vittoria determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon. These circumstances lent a weight to the words of Wellington such as had rarely been before experienced either by statesman or soldier. On all points relating to the one great problem of the day, his opinion was anxiously asked and respectfully received—and not by his own Government alone, but by all Cabinets concerned in the prosecution of the pending struggle. When, therefore, the dissolution of Napoleon’s empire compelled a new organization of France, the Duke of Wellington was promptly despatched to Paris, as the person most competent to advise and instruct the new Administration—four days only elapsing between his departure from the head of the army and his appearance as British Ambassador at the Tuilleries. Within a week, again, of this time he was precipitately recalled to Madrid, as the only individual who, by his experience, knowledge and influence, could compose the differences between the Spanish people and their malicious Sovereign; and before six months had passed, he was on his way to Vienna as the representative of his country in the great congress of nations which was to determine the settlement of the world. These practical testimonies to his renown throw wholly

into the shade those incidental honours and decorations by which national acknowledgments are conveyed, and it is almost superfluous to add, that all the titles and distinctions at the command of Crowns and Cabinets were showered upon the liberator of the Peninsula and the conqueror of Napoleon. Talavera had made him a baron and a viscount; Ciudad Rodrigo, an earl, Salamanca a marquis, and Vittoria a duke; and, as these honors had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the peers of England.

But his military services were not yet quite concluded—they were to terminate in a more brilliant though not more substantial triumph than had been won on the fields of Spain. While the allied Sovereigns were wrangling over the trophies of their success, their terrible antagonist re-appeared once more. Napoleon was again in Paris, and, aided by the devotion of his adherents, the military capacities of the nation, and the numbers of veteran soldiers who at the peace had been released from imprisonment, he speedily advanced at the head of an army as formidable as that of Austerlitz or Friedland. At the first rumours of war the contingent of England had been intrusted to Wellington, who occupied in Belgium the post of honour and peril. Of all the mighty reinforcements announced none but a Prussian corps was at hand, when, without warning given, the French Emperor fell headlong on his enemies at Ligny and Quatre Bras. The Duke had sketched out a scheme of hostilities with his usual decision, and was prepared to take the field with his usual confidence, but the loss of that army which “could go any where and do anything” was now grievously felt. The troops of Napoleon were the very finest of the Empire—the true representatives of the Grand Army; but Wellington’s motley force comprised only 33,000 British, and of these only a portion was contributed by the redoubtable old regiments of the Peninsula. Nevertheless, with these in the front line, and with Brunswickers, Belgians, Dutch and Germans in support, the British general awaited at Waterloo the impetuous onset of Napoleon, and at length won that crowning victory which is even yet familiar to the minds of Englishmen. That this final conquest added much more than brilliancy to the honours of Wellington is what cannot be said. The campaign was not long enough for strategy, nor was the battle fought by manœuvres; but whatever could be done by a general was done by England’s Duke, and this distinct, and, as it were, personal conflict between the two great commanders of the age, naturally invested the conqueror with a peculiar lustre of renown.

It must not be imagined that England, during these proceedings, was forgetful of her hero. Honors, offices and rewards were showered on him from every quarter. As the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape.

In addition to former grants, the sum of £200,000 was voted, in 1815, for the purchase of a mansion and estate to be settled on the dukedom. With these funds, a commission appointed for the purpose concluded a bargain with Lord Rivers for the noble domain of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, to be held in perpetuity of the Crown by the Dukes of Wellington, on condition of presenting yearly a tricolour flag to the British sovereign, on the 18th of June. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Dukes of Marlborough, is always suspended in the Armory at Windsor Castle, where the little silken trophies may be seen hanging together in perpetual memory of Blenheim and Waterloo. The estate of Strathfieldsaye has since been largely increased by the investments of the Duke's private economy; it is now, we believe, many miles in circumference, and, though the mansion is not proportioned to the dignity either of the domain or the title, the avenue by which it is approached is almost unequalled. During the first year of his residence in Paris, the state of his health induced him to repair to Cheltenham, and gave occasion for an infinite number of grateful or festive acknowledgments. Among these was the opening of Waterloo Bridge, at which ceremony the hero of the title appeared, with the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, under a salute of 202 guns, and it was at the same period that the erection of the present Apsley House, a residence privately purchased by the Duke, was undertaken and completed by Mr. Wyatt. We are now so familiarized with monumental effigies of our hero in every possible guise, that it may surprise the reader to hear, that the trophy in the Park was for twenty years the only statue of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast. It was subscribed for by the ladies of England, between 1819 and 1821, and was erected on the Waterloo anniversary, in 1822, in which year also the merchants of London presented their elaborate shield. The crown, meantime, had lost no opportunity of signaling its mindfulness of services rendered. The Duke, in 1818, was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, in 1819 Governor of Plymouth, and in 1820 Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, into which, at the disbandment of certain regiments, the famous old 95th had been transmuted. As to foreign Courts, they had already said and done their utmost; but in 1818, the Sovereigns of Austria, Russia and Prussia simultaneously promoted the Duke to that rank in their respective forces which he had already reached in his own; so that of the soldier who has just expired we may assert the incredible fact, that though he gained every honour by service and none by birth, he died a Field Marshal of near forty years standing in four of the greatest armies in the world.

The private life of the Duke was simple, methodical and familiar in most of its features to all inhabitants and visitors of the metropolis. His attendance at the early service at the Chapel Royal and at the Whitehall sermons, his walk in the park in former years, and of

late times his ride through the Horse Guards, with his servant behind him, are incidents which every newspaper has long chronicled for the information of the country. His personal habits were those of military punctuality, his daily duties were discharged systematically as they recurred, and his establishment was as thriftily regulated as the smallest household in the land. This economy enabled him to effect considerable savings, and it is believed that the property of the title must have been very largely increased. He married in 1806 the Hon. Catharine Pakenham, third daughter of the second Baron Longford—a lady for whose hand, as Arthur Wellesley, with nothing but the sword of an infantry captain to second his pretensions, he had previously, we are informed, been an unsuccessful suitor. The Duchess died in 1831, and the Duke's name was recently coupled with that of numerous ladies who were successively selected by report as the objects of his second choice. He expired, however, a widower, leaving two sons to inherit his name. Full of years beyond the term of mortality, and of honours almost beyond human parallel, he has descended into his grave amid the regrets of a generation, who could only learn his deeds from their forefathers, but who know that the national glory which they witness and the national security which they enjoy were due, under God's providence, to the hero whom they have just now lost.

#### PROCESS OF EARTHENWARE MANUFACTURE.

Curious and attractive as are many of our manual arts, there is none that has delighted us more than this. Without stopping to consider the various steps and discoveries by which the potting has arrived at its present degree of excellence, let us take a hasty view of the manner in which a lump of clay becomes an elegant and valuable piece of porcelain. Chemistry has done much: unwearied activity, untiring ambition, unsleeping desire of gain, unquenchable thirst of discovery, and love of art, have done more: lucky accident has had its share of co-operation; experience, enterprise, accumulating capital, have added their force; and skilful divisions of employment has crowned all, and made the creation of a new tea-saucer a process of beauty and a work of social pleasure. The walk through a china-factory is like a walk through a well-organised school. In every room is going on the peculiar task of that room; and all, and under the surveillance of one presiding mind, are co-operating harmoniously to one end. There is nothing which pleases us so much in this manufactory as its cleanliness, and apparent health-

ness. Deleterious articles, unquestionably, are extensively employed; but, judging from the appearance of the workmen, they do not seem, in the mode in which they are applied, to produce much harmful consequence. The very men who work in the clay in its most early stages seem merely smeared with a little flour, and all the stages thenceforward are comparatively clean. There is an air of ease and comfort in the whole process, and a freshness of atmosphere so different from that of a cotton factory, that make it very agreeable to notice. It is cheering, too, to see so many boys and young women employed, especially the latter, for whom suitable occupation is, in general, so great a need. But from these general advantages let us pass to one particular object.

To witness the very beginning of the process of potting, we should go to the flint-mills and rooms for preparing the clays. Here the principal materials for the body or paste of which the earthenware is made, are calcined and broken down as may be required, and ground in water into the finest creamy smoothness; the whole is made to pass through the finest wire, lawn, and silk sieves, and the required ingredients and proportions are then mixed by the potter according to his taste or skill. In the knowledge and manipulation of these prime ingredients, of course, exists the relative success of the potter. We need not particularise these ingredients; the principal of them are flint and a fine kind of clay, as well as cawk (sulphate of barytes), a heavy stone found in the Derbyshire hills, bones, gritstones, felspar, &c. These are more or less used according to the particular kind of wares required; and it is a singular fact, that with the exception of grit and some clays, scarcely one of the principal substances is found in this district. The chief clays come from Dorsetshire, Cornwall, and Devon, flints from the southern counties, &c. The grand requisites which appear to have fixed the manufacture to this district, are the abundance of coal, and the marl of which the saggars, or cases are made. The marl is a dirty-looking substance, which you see dug up and lying about, to expose it to the weather, from which it derives great advantage; and without these saggars or safeguards, there could be no good potting, for their office is so far to resist the fire, and the action of the chemical agents which they have to contain, as to prevent the fracture and the fusion of the pottery.

The composition for the paste or body of earthenware being then prepared in a liquid state, it is put in the slip-kiln, and boiled down to the proper consistency. Formerly this was done in the open air, in what were called sun-kilns, a sort of open reservoir lined with flags, in which the clay was well agitated, or *blunged*, as the potters call it, with water put through a sieve, and suffered to run into a kind of vat, where it was gradually evaporated by the sun to the proper consistency, some of these sun-kilns may yet be seen in potteries of coarse earthenware; but the slip-kilns now in general use are a sort of oblong troughs with fire-tile bottoms, under which a flue passes, and its flames rapidly evaporate the mixture, which, being carefully stirred, is soon reduced to the consistency of dough. This dough, like the dough for bread, is then made to pass through a certain fermentation. This is effected by laying it for some months in a damp cellar, when it is taken out and kneaded, pulled or passed through a machine to reduce it to the closest and most perfect consistency. It is trodden down by naked feet, and finally sloped, slabbed and slapped. It is sloped, because it is cut with a wire into slopes or wedges, which are banged one on another; it is slabbed because it is banged down upon a slab; and it is slapped, because a great part of the operation consists in slapping with the open hand.

Here, then, you see men and boys, each with a great lump of clay, which he lifts up and bangs down with great force on a slab, generally made of plaster. He then, with a wire, cuts it in two, and lifting up one part, throws it down fiercely on the ground; he then slaps it all over with his hands, takes up the whole again; cuts it, slaps, and so torments it for a long time, ever and anon scooping a little out of it with his finger-end to see if it will do. This sloping, slapping, or slabbing, is to render the dough thoroughly compact; for if any little bubbles of air remained in it, the ware would in the furnace blister and be ruined.

When these lumps are thoroughly slabbed, they are ready for the *thrower*, and are cut into pieces proportioned to the size of the article he is about to make. He takes one of these pieces, and dabs it down upon what is called the wheel-block, being a block of wood fastened to the top of a perpendicular spindle, which being turned by means of a band and



a large wheel, much in the way, no doubt, of the potter's wheel mentioned in the Bible, the lump of clay spins round. The man seats himself astride of a bench close beside it, and moulding the ductile clay with his hands, it resolves itself, as if by magic, into the shape required—a plate, a cup, a saucer or a jug. It is evident that the articles thus produced can only be round and plain. If it is to be of an oval or varied shape, it cannot be made on the wheel; it must be made in a mould. The *thrower* cuts off the vessel from the block with a fine hop wire, and it is carried away to the drying stove. Here it is dried till it acquires what the potters term "the *green state*, a state of particular toughness; and then it is taken to the *turner*. Enter the next room. There are the *turners* working away in a row at their lathes. The lathe resembles the thrower's machine to the general eye; it has the vertical block on which to fix the vessel, and the wheel. Boys or women, turn the wheels, and turners, fixing the vessels to the blocks by means of a little of the liquid called *slip*, turn them with iron tools, just as turners turn articles of wood or iron. But these vessels have got neither spouts, handles nor knobs, on their lids. To get these, they are sent into another room to the *stonkers* or *furnishers*, persons who furnish handles by forcing the clay paste by a sort of a press through a hole, from which it descends in a long soft stick. This stick is cut into lengths, and bent into handles, or pressed into moulds to the required shape. Spouts, knobs, raised ornaments, &c., are similarly made, and stuck upon the vessel with slip, smoothing the joints with a wet sponge. These *stonkers* or *furnishers*, having dismissed the article in a completed state, they are carried to the store-room, where they are dried to the degree necessary before going into the kiln.

But before we proceed to the kiln, we must have a look at the *pressers* and *casters*, and the *still-makers*. We have seen that all articles of oblong and varied forms, such as dishes, jugs of particular patterns, cups of fancy shape, ornaments, &c. &c., cannot be *thrown* and *turned*; they must be made in moulds. These moulds are made of plaster of Paris. These moulds are in two parts. To make a dish, a piece of paste is rolled out as a cook would roll out her paste for a pie-crust. It is laid upon one half of the mould, which is to form the concave side or face of the dish, and the other

half, which forms the back of the dish, is pressed upon it. The upper half of the mould being then removed, the work is smoothed with a wet sponge, and the other half of the mould removed also; and the face being likewise smoothed with the sponge, the dish is carried to the drying stove. Some dishes, however, are formed by taking the rolled-out paste on the half of the mould for the front, and working down the back of the dish with a piece of wood, cut to the proper shape, and called a *profile*. Handles, spouts, knobs, and ornaments, are also formed by moulds; though the latter are more commonly, as well as many vessels, altogether, formed by *casting*—that is, by pouring the slip into plaster moulds, which absorb the moisture from a certain quantity of the slip, thereby converting it into a paste of sufficient thickness for the vessel required; the mould is then opened, and the articles removed, to be put together by the finishers.

When all these articles are ready for the furnace, they are carefully placed in the *saggers*. But here it is necessary to have certain little pieces of baked sticks of pottery, called *cockspurs*, *stilts* and *triangles*, to place between the articles, to prevent them all adhering together in the furnace or kiln. These are all prepared ready. As you have gone through the rooms, you have seen women and boys, at a sort of tables, rolling out the clay paste, cutting it with knives into long strips of less than half an inch square, and cutting them again transversely into lengths of a few inches. Some of these they mould in their fingers into triangular sticks with a cocked-up point; others into figures pretty much of the shape of the letter Y; others in cubes; others, again, into triangular lumps, with three downward points, and one upward central one. These are called *stilts*, *triangles*, and the last description *cockspurs*. All these are used to place in the *saggers* between the different kinds of articles as they are burnt in the kiln. The marks of the *cockspurs* may be readily seen by any one on the margin of plates and dishes.

Seeing little boys very nimbly mending these *cockspurs*, I had the curiosity to inquire what they were paid for making them, and was answered, a halfpenny a gross! that is, twelve dozen for a halfpenny; at which they would earn sixpence a day, or three shillings a week; or, in other words, 1728 for sixpence, 10,368 in the week for three shillings! I remarked that these boys would not build fine houses

and factories out of their profits, when a wealthy manufacturer assured me that he was once such a boy, and made cockspurs for still less wages.

The ware being placed in the saggars, the saggars are then piled in the furnace, one on the other, in tall columns, and the joints between the top and bottom of each sagger are daubed with clay, to keep out any smoke.

These furnaces are built under the tall conical shades called howells, or more commonly hovels; the use of which is to keep off winds and irregular draughts, which would occasion the heat of the furnace to differ on different sides, and so spoil the ware. It is the business of the *firemen* to attend to the baking. The ware when it comes out is as white as snow, and in that state is called *biscuit ware*. This has next to be sorted, the perfect from the imperfect, and another class of operatives, generally young women, with a sort of a chisel, knock off all roughness, bits of adhering stilts, and the marks of the points of the cockspurs. It is then handed over to the printers. The process of printing the earthenware is a very neat and interesting one. The designs are engraven on copper plates. On one of these plates, made hot, the printer spreads his colors, mixed with a strong oil varnish; removes all but what fills the engraved lines with his pallet-knife; cleans his plate as in other copper-plate printing; and lays upon it a kind of a tissue-paper, dipped in soap-water. He passes it through his press, takes off the paper, and hands it to a woman. She cuts the paper with scissors, and applies it on the biscuit ware, as the pattern requires, and rubs it down firmly with the end of a roll of flannel. The plate, or other article printed, is, after a certain interval, dipped in water; the paper is removed with a sponge, and the impression wanted remains on the ware. The oily matter from the paint being evaporated, the article is handed over to the dipper, who dips it into a liquid glaze; and it is finally returned to the furnace once more, and comes out with the glaze liquified, and bright and hard as glass.

This, as regards earthenware, and a great deal of porcelain, is the main process; but the fine specimens of porcelain, after receiving one glaze, pass to the enamelers. These are chiefly young women, whom you find in numbers sitting in their rooms, painting and gilding in all the patterns we see on china. Their colors are metallic oxides mixed with

fusible materials, and rendered sufficiently dilute with spirits of turpentine and spirits of tar; and, after passing through the furnace, come out fixed into the body of the glaze, but their substance is easily to be felt in passing the finger over them. They have yet to pass through the hands of the *burnishers*, another set of young women, who, with pieces of hematite, or as more commonly termed, bloodstone, rub over all the gold till it is perfectly bright.

Such are the great and leading processes in the production of our earthenware and china. There are other minute proceedings which tend to its perfection, but which cannot be detailed in a paper of this kind, such as colouring stoneware by the blowing-pot and worming-pot; the tracing of prints upon the glaze instead of under it, and the mode of applying the lustres. It may also be stated that machinery is applied to the preparation of flints and clays; in some factories to the working of the lathes, and in a few instances to the transferring of the prints; but it will be seen that the greater portion of the processes are entirely manual, much to the advantage of this numerous body of operatives. Indeed, for extent of space and population, and for the immense quantity of goods made, there is nothing like the Staffordshire Potteries in Europe; nor, except it may be in China, in the world.

#### PLEASURES OF BEING A "WITNESS."

I was engaged in a cause at the assizes about fifty miles from London. It stood first in the paper for the day following my arrival. I had travelled from town in a post-chaise with two of my witnesses, one of whom was a surveyor of eminence, who had been subpoenaed to produce his report of certain dilapidations. This gentleman was one of the convivial corps, remarkably corpulent, jolly, and good-humoured. On arriving at the assize town about seven o'clock in the evening, I placed him at the post that he had been anxiously coveting for some three or four hours previously,—at a table ensconced in a snug box in the coffee-room, with his favourite dish before him, a bottle of the best port, and such a fire by his side as one views with pleasure in a raw, cold evening in March. He had been up with me all the preceding night, discussing evidence. I now told him to discuss his steak, make himself comfortable, and

go to bed, while I attended the consultation. Mr. Baron Gurney was my counsel—a man that no flaw in evidence could escape.

“Has Mr. Gubble been served with a duces tecum, Mr. Sharpe?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Where is his report?”

“Here, Sir.” (*producing it.*)

“This!” said Gurney. “This can never be the original: it is too neat and methodical. Where are the memorandums from which he prepared it?”

It had quite escaped me to ask for them; yet it was obvious that the non-production of them would seem suspicious, and insure the rejection of the copy as evidence. I hastily returned to Gubble, and found him wrapt in full enjoyment: the cloth removed; the bottle but half exhausted; the feet relieved from the encumbrance of tight damp boots, and relaxing their swelled tendons in comfortable slippers; the legs extended on a second chair, and the eyes heedlessly closing over the leading article of a daily paper; while a night-cap already over-shadowed his bald temples.

“Mr. Gubble! Mr. Gubble!” I exclaimed, “rouse yourself, Mr. Gubble, and come to the consultation!”

“Rouse myself! consultation! what do you mean? is the house on fire?”

“You must explain your report. Gurney doesn’t understand it.”

“Report! consultation! I had just settled into a dose. Confound your ways of business! I don’t half like them.”

“Come, man; off with your cap, and on with your boots, and come along with me.”

He slowly raised one leg from the chair, and then the other, gasping between each operation; pushed the cap back on his forehead; groped along the table for his snuff box; and with the finger and thumb on the lid not yet raised, growled out, “Con-sul-ta-tion! what d’ye mean?” I repeated my summons, but he was in no hurry; and deliberately exhausting the pinch with one hand, while he supplied his glass with the other, desired me to ring the bell.

“Waiter, send chamb’maid. Con-sul-tation! what has a weary man like me to do with consultations? Chamb’maid!”

She entered.

“Lit the fire, Betty!”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Bed uppermost, Betty?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Three blankets?”

“All right, Sir.”

“Pan of coals?”

“Aired it well, Sir.”

“Live coals at nine, Betty; stir the fire a little before, Betty; draw the curtains; mind a rush-light; send waiter.”

The waiter again appeared.

“What can I have for supper, waiter?”

“What you please, Sir.”

“Something light: devilled gizzard?”

“No, Sir.”

“Sausages?”

“Can’t recommend ’em, Sir.”

“Oysters?”

“Very fine, Sir, and fresh: how would you like ’em?”

“Scalloped—Welsh rabbit to follow—egg-flip.”

“When, Sir?”

“Immediately—in ten minutes: and now for your con-sul-ta-tion, Mr. Sharpe.”

The night-cap was easily superseded by the hat, but all the bootmakers in London could not have replaced the calf-skin on his expanded limbs. He toddled along in his slippers as well as he could, over the slippery, half-frozen stones. I would not suffer him to wait to resume his coat, which he had exchanged for his dressing gown before he began his dinner. Groaning, yawning, and cursing all law and lawyers, Gubble entered the chambers, staring round in perplexity, and rubbing his eyes, as if doubtful whether it was not a dream.

“Mr. Gubble—your memorandums.”

“Memorandums!”

“Yes: those from which your report is prepared.”

“Report!”

“Yes; your report. Are you awake, man?”

“Zounds! I scarcely know. I was just going to bed.”

“Go when you like; but we must have the memorandums.”

“Memorandums! I’ve got no memorandums. Sharpe has the report.”

“Tut! man; I have the report here, in my hand, but where is your note-book?”

“Note-book?”

"Yes; note-book: have you no papers but this?"

"Why, I don't know what more you want. I have a sort of pocket-book, but it's of no use."

"Where is it!"

"At home."

"Where?"

"At Hackney."

"You must go for it!"

"Go for it!!!"

"Certainly."

"What! to Hackney?"

"To Hackney."

"Well, this is a queer business! go back to Hackney, and subpoenaed here!"

"Not at all; you must fetch it."

"I fetch it! that's a good one! Boots must call me early in the morning, I fancy!"

"Morning, man! you must be back by the morning!"

"Back by morning! Hackney, to-night!!! a hundred miles to-night!!! sure you are mad!"

"Very likely!" coolly observed Gurney, "but it must be done."

"You'll not catch me doing it, I can tell you, done or undone; I've not half finished my dinner; and ten minutes more would have found me in bed, which I never leave at night unless burnt out."

But Mr. Gurney had given me my cue. A chaise and four was already at the door; poor Gubble's great coat and boots safely deposited within it, with an extra blanket, and a second bottle to keep him warm. We bundled and heaved him into the chaise, half by persuasion and half by force, and cautioned the boys not to let him out for the first two stages; trusting to his fears and his good sense to do the rest, when he was sufficiently awake to reflect on it. We reckoned rightly. He was back by ten the next morning; entered the court as we were called on, unshaven, undressed, but elated with the thought of his activity: produced his pocket-book, and saved the cause, though at an accidental cost of some five-and-twenty pounds. The fault, however, was not mine; for I had cautioned him by letter, as I always do on such occasions, to bring with him every scrap of paper that he possessed, and he told me that he had done so.

STATISTICS OF SNUFFING.—In an Essay on Noses, in the New Monthly Magazine, the following remarks occur on the habit of taking snuff:—"As a friend to noses, of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse to which they are too often subjected, by converting them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff, an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some 'Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,' after gently tapping its top, with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom, as a harmless and not ungraceful foppery; but when a filthy clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders, as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain; and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head becomes deranged. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognisable by his total loss of the sense of smelling, by his snuffling and snorting, by his pale sodden complexion, and by that defective modulation of the voice called talking through the nose; though it is, in fact, an inability so to talk, from the partial or total stoppage of that passage. Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I will not suffer my imagination to wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick; but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance:—"Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker," says Lord Stanhope, "at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a-half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it."

Satiety and disgust are the inevitable consequences of a continual chase after pleasure.

Activity animates a wilderness, transforms a cell into a world, bestows immortal fame on the calm philosopher in his chamber, and on the industrious artist in his workshop.

He who confines himself to his real necessities is wiser, richer, and more contented than all of us.

Silence is a mark of either wisdom or stupidity.

## A TRUE LOVE SONG.

Tell me, charmer, tell me, pray,  
Have you sisters many, say?  
One sweet word, aye, yet another,  
Have you got a single brother?  
Have you got an aunt or two,  
Very much attached to you?  
Or some uncles very old,  
Willing you their lands and gold?

Have you money in your right,  
That in case we take to flight,  
And your ma and pa be cross,  
We should never feel the loss?  
Gold indeed 's a fleeting thing,  
But when in a wedding-ring,  
There 'tis endless round and round—  
Settlements should thus be found.

Are your parents young or not;  
Have they independence got?  
Believe me, as your lover true,  
'Tis alone my care for you  
Makes me thus particular,  
As regards your pa and ma,  
Sisters, love, are very well,  
But the truth I'll frankly tell.

When a man intends to fix,  
He doesn't like to marry six!  
Brothers, too, are very well  
To escort a sister belle;  
But they stand much in the way  
When the dowry is to pay:  
Then, sweet, I freely own,  
You I love, and you alone.

At your feet I humbly kneel,  
I have nothing—to reveal;  
Fortune 's been unkind to me  
'Till she kindly proffered thee.  
Speak! and let me know my fate;  
Speak! and alter your estate;  
If you are, what I suppose,  
I'll take a cab, love, and propose.

*Alfred Crowquill.*

## THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited;  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half quenched appears,  
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,  
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,  
Lips that thrill at your caressing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,  
Soon you'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing,  
Not with age, but woe!

*Campbell*

## MY OWN GREEN LAND FOR EVER.

Land of the forest and the rock,  
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—  
Of mountains reared aloft, to mock  
The storm's career, and lightning's shock,  
My own green land for ever!

Oh, never may a son of thine,  
Where'er his wandering steps incline,  
Forget the sky which bent above  
His childhood, like a dream of love!—  
Land of my fathers—if my name,  
Now humble and unweeded to fame,  
Hereafter burn upon the lip,

As one of those which may not die,  
Linked in eternal fellowship

With visions pure, and strong, and high;  
If the wild dreams, which quicken now  
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,  
Hereafter take a real form,  
Like spectres changed to beings warm:  
And over temples wan and gray

The star-like crown of glory shine!  
Thine be the bard's undying lay,  
The murmur of his praise be thine!

*Whittier.*

## THE BLUE HARE-BELL.

Have ye ever heard in the twilight dim,  
A low, soft strain,

That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,  
Borne o'er the plain

By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,  
When the sun's last glances are glimmering?

Have ye heard that music, with cadence sweet,  
And merry peal,

Ring out, like the echoes of fairy feet,  
O'er flowers that steal:

And did ye deem that each trembling tone  
Was the distant vesper-chime alone?

The source of that whispering strain I'll tell,  
For I've listened oft

To the music faint of the Blue Hare-Bell,  
In the gloaming soft;

'Tis the gay fairy-folk the peal who ring,  
At even-time for their banqueting.

And gaily the trembling bells peal out,  
With trembling tongue,

While elves and fairies career about,  
'Mid dance and song.

Oh, roses and lilies are fair to see,  
But the wild Blue Bell is the flower for me.

*Louisa Anne Twamley.*

He that within his bounds will keep,  
May baffle all disasters:

To fortune and fate commands he may give,  
Which worldlings call their masters;

He may dance, he may laugh, he may sing, he may  
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly; [quaff,  
He may walk without fear, he may sleep without care,  
And a fig for the world and its folly.

Would you hope to gain my heart,  
Bid your teasing doubts depart;  
He who blindly trusts will find  
Faith from every generous mind:  
He who still expects deceit,  
Only teaches how to cheat.

## COW-DEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

Once upon a time a farmer, residing at Epping Forest, having rather an elderly cow which began to be very slack of milk, he determined to get rid of her, and to purchase another. He accordingly took her to Romford fair, and sold her to a cow-dealer for about 4*l.* 10*s.*, but he did not see any cow in the market promising enough in appearance, and returned home without a cow, but satisfied with the price he had got for the "old one." The cow-dealer calculated upon Smithfield market as a better *emporium* for disposing of his bargain, and accordingly drove her there, in order to sell her to the polony-pudding merchants; but there was a glut in that description of dainty in consequence of the late floods, which have proved fatal to many poor beasts. The cow would not sell even for the money which had been just given for her, and the owner was about to dispose of her for less—when a doctor, who had been regarding the beast for some time, offered, for a fee of five shillings, to make her as young as she had been ten years before. The fee was immediately paid, the doctor took his patient to a stable, carded her all over—prescribed some strange diet for her—sawed down her horns from the rough and irregular condition to which years had swelled them, into the tapering and smoothness of youth, and delivered her to her owner, more like a calf, than the venerable ancestress of calves. The cow-dealer was struck with the extraordinary transformation, and it immediately occurred to him (a proof that a cow-dealer can be dishonest as well as a horse-dealer) to sell her for the highest price he could get for her, without saying a word about her defects or infirmities. Having heard that the Epping farmer was in want of a cow, he thought he could not send his bargain to better quarters than those she was accustomed to, and he forthwith dispatched her to Romford market, where her old master was on the lookout for a beast. She immediately caught his eye. He asked her age. The driver did not know, but she was a "fine young un." "I've seen a cow very like her somewhere," said the farmer. "Ay," said the driver, "then you must have seen her a long way off, for I believe she is an Alderney." "An Alderney! What do you ask for her?" The price was soon fixed. The driver got the sum of 15*l.* 7*s.* for the cow, and the farmer sent her home. The ingenuity exercised might be guessed at from the fact, that the person who drove the beast home had been at her tail for the last seven years at least twice a-day and yet he did not make the discovery, although she played some of her old tricks on the journey, and turned into the old cow-house, and lay down in her old bed with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. At length the discovery was to be made. The cow was milked, and milked, but the most that could be got from her for breakfast was a pint, and that was little better than sky-blue. The farmer in grief and astonishment, sent her to a cow-doctor who had been in the habit of advising in her case, and

complained that she gave him no milk. "Milk," said he, "how should she, poor old creature? Sure it isn't by cutting her horns, and giving her linseed oil-cakes, and scrubbing her old limbs, that you can expect her to give milk." The farmer was soon convinced of the imposture, and would have forgiven it if the laugh against him could have been endured. This not being the case, he applied to the Lord Mayor of London, for redress; but was told that his lordship could do nothing in the matter.—*Old Scrap Book.*

## A HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.

About the time of Bonaparte's departure for St Helena, a respectably dressed man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth and would certainly proceed with the British regiment appointed to accompany the ex-emperor to St. Helena: he added farther, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of those obnoxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase as many cats and thriving kittens as could be possibly procured for money in a short space of time; and therefore he publicly offered in his handbills 16*s.* for every athletic full-grown tom-cat, 10*s.* for every adult female puss, and half a crown for every thriving vigorous kitten that could swallow milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs on a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished by the irruption of a multitude of old women, boys and girls, into their streets, all of whom carried on their shoulders either a bag or a basket, which appeared to contain some restless animal. Every road, every lane, was thronged with this comical procession; and the wondering spectators were compelled to remember the old riddle about St Ives:

As I was going to St Ives.  
I met a man with seven wives;  
Every wife had seven sacks,  
Every sack had seven cats,  
Every cat had seven kitts;  
Kitts, cats, sacks and wives,  
How many were going to St Ives?

Before night a congregation of nearly three thousand cats was collected. The happy bearers of these sweet-voiced creatures proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed: the cats squalled; the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the streets howled bass. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by their neighbours, soon cast down their burden, and began to fight. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were employed in opening the mouths of the

sacks, and liberating the cats from their situation. The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders of the combatants, and ran squalling towards the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens attracted by the noise, had opened the windows to gaze at the uproar. The cats, running with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and then across the balustrades and galleries, for which the town is so famous, leaped slap-dash through the open windows into the apartments. Now were heard the crashes of broken china—the howling of affrighted dogs—the cries of distressed damsels, and the groans of well fed citizens. All Chester was soon in arms; and dire were the deeds of vengeance executed on the feline race. Next morning above five hundred dead bodies were floating on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading force, the victims of this cruel joke, having evacuated the town, dispersed in the utmost confusion to their respective homes.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

HEAT AND MOSQUITOES.—Mr. Tyrone Power in his excursion to America, a few years ago, returned to New York from Canada by the Utica canal. The heat he endured in the course of his passage is described by him (impressions of America, vol. i.) as having been truly dreadful, the thermometer at Lockport being as high as 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. His account of the heat and mosquitoes is most graphic. "Towards the second night (says he) our progress became tediously slow, for it appeared to grow hot in proportion as the evening advanced—every consideration became absorbed in our sufferings. This night I found it impossible to look in upon the cabin; I therefore made a request to the captain that I might be permitted to have a mattress on deck; but this, he told me, could not be; there was an existing regulation which positively forbade sleeping on the deck of a canal packet; indeed, he assured me that this could only be done at the peril of life, with the certainty of catching fever and ague. I appeared to submit to his well-meant arguments, but inwardly resolved not to sleep within the den below, which exhibited a scene of suffocation and its consequences that defies description.

I got my cloak up, filled my hat with cigars, and, planting myself about the centre of the deck, here resolved, in spite of dews and mosquitoes, to weather it through the night.

"What is the name of the country we are now passing?" I inquired of one of the boatmen who joined me about the first hour of morning.

"Why, sir, this is called the Cedar Swamp," answered the man, to whom I handed a cigar, in order to retain his society and create more smoke, weak as was the defence against the hungry swarms surrounding us on all sides.

"We have not much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through, I hope?" inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more, I guess," was the

reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or on his cheek, or forehead.

"Thank heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, although the heat was killing; 'we shall after that escape in some sort, I hope, from these legions of mosquitoes?'

'I guess not quite,' replied the man; 'they are as thick, if not thicker, in the Long Swamp.'

'The Long Swamp!' I repeated; 'what a horrible name for a country? Does the canal run far through it?'

'No, not so very far; only about eighty miles.'

'We've then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?' I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

'Why, yes, there's not a heap more swamp, that is to say, not close to the line, till we come to within about forty miles of Utica.'

'And is that one as much infested with these infernal insects as are the Cedar and Long Swamps?'

'I guess that is the place above all for mosquitoes,' replied the man grinning. 'Thim's the real gallinippers, emigrating north for the summer all the way from the Balize and Red River. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among thim chaps, and if their bills don't make a watering-pot of it before morning, I'm blowed. They're strong enough to lift the boat out of the canal, if they could only get underneath her.'

I found these swamps endless as Banquo's line; would they had been shadows only; but alas! they were yet to be encountered, horrible realities not to be evaded. I closed my eyes in absolute fear, and forbore further inquiry."

#### BATTLE OF A BEAR WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

—On a scorching day in the middle of June 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak on the evergreen banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roaring of some animal in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet breaking down the cane and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season.

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a large black bear reared upon his hind legs, with his fore paws raised aloft as if to make a plunge! His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth, and growling at the enemy. A few paces in his rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood

bruin's foe, in shape of an alligator, fifteen feet long! He was standing on tip toe, his back curved upwards, and his mouth, thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force; his big eyes starting from his head, glaring upon bruin, while sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitude described for about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motion with attention and caution, as if each felt confident that he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvres in silence. I could scarcely believe my eyesight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull-fight no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for. The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober, for no purpose than to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man. Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause I cannot say, as I was not present when the affray began. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back-ground, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which shewed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the task had once deceived him he was preparing to resume it. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all-fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met bruin half way with a blow of his tail, which rolled him on the shells. Old bruin was not to be put off with one hint—three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders; but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close quarters with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him that the blow came with half its usual effect: the alligator was upset by the charge, and, before he could recover his feet, bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and, holding him down on

his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back: from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies." As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting up fast." Here, if I had dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now, gallant knight, now hold thine own,  
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff that he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next to the bank; aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river. The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards to know him; no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, had he remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water, to save his own life; I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory: besides, by implied consent, the parties were bound to finish their fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it.

*Sandwich Island Gazette.*

WHERE A ROAD GOES TO.—A gentleman, a stranger, asked a countryman whom he saw mending a road near Ross, "Where does this road go to?" The countryman replied, "I don't know, zur; I finds it here when I comes to work in the morning, and I leaves it here at night; but where it goes in the meantime I don't know."—*Worcester Journal.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.

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