



CHEAPEST SHOPS IN THE
COLONY FOR HATS,
CORNER OF BRIDGE-STREET,
AND OPPOSITE THE
MARKET, GEORGE-STREET,
SYDNEY.

THE undersigned begs leave to notify to his numerous Customers and the Public in general, that notwithstanding his extensive Stock, he has just received per *Vectis* and *Superb*, four hundred dozen of Hats of every description, making his present Stock upwards of one thousand dozen, (he begs to throw away the hackneyed phrase of the best ever imported,) he can state without fear of contradiction, that these are better than the best ever imported to this Colony, viz—

- Light Gossamers, suitable for summer wear, 4s. 6d
- Beaver Hats, 5s. and upwards
- Girls' Beaver Bonnets, in white, black, blue, brown, fawn, mowle, puce, and other colors, trimmed in the most splendid style, with real Ostrich feathers to match
- Boys' Beavers and Feathers, all colors

N. B.—Two Apprentices wanted, Youths from the Country would be preferred. Boas, Tippets, and Muffs, cleaned and prepared to any shape, finished by a native of Poland.

A. J. RUSSELL.

Royal Victoria Theatre,
PITT-STREET.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment most respectfully announces to the Public of Sydney, and the Patrons of the Drama, that the New Theatre will open on

Monday, 26th March, 1838.

No trouble nor expense has been spared to render the Theatre worthy of public patronage and support.

Clack, bonnet, and hat rooms have been erected for the accommodation of the Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of honouring the Theatre with their presence in full dress.

Private boxes have been reserved to let for the season, the terms varying according to the number of persons such box will contain.

Every precaution has been taken to insure good order, and the maintenance of proper regulations in all parts of the house, and the Proprietor pledges himself that the performance will conclude shortly after 11 o'clock.

The musical department, the Proprietor flatters himself will excel anything of the kind that has hitherto been presented to the theatrical world of New South Wales.

The Proprietor leaves the Ladies and Gentlemen of the *dramatic persons* to plead their own cause with the public, in justice to himself however, he has to state that every exertion has been made to collect an effective company.

To make any parade of promises as to what will be done in the New Theatre, or to offer a flourishing description of what has already been done, would be as vain as it would be useless; the Proprietor, therefore, respectfully solicits the honor of the public patronage. He again pledges himself that no possible exertion shall be wanting on his part to ensure their approbation.

J. WYATT, Proprietor.

DERWENT POTATOES.

FOR SALE by the Bag or Ton, DERWENT POTATOES, ex *Maria Wilson* and *Josiah Carroll*. Also a few cases of APPLIES, in beautiful condition. Private Families can have either of the above delivered at their homes upon the shortest notice.

At R. CUMMINS',
Curreney Lass,
Opposite the old Jail.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To Ship-Owners, Captains, and Private Families.

JOHN LLOYD SMITH most respectfully begs leave to inform the above and the Public in general, that he has opened those premises opposite the Bank of Australia as a BUTCHER'S, for the supply of every description of MEAT of the first rate quality, on the lowest terms.

N. B.—Any quantity of SALT BEEF can be supplied at a short notice.

Ex "Earl of Harewood."

RECEIVED by the above Vessel, and now on Sale, a new and fashionable assortment of the undermentioned Goods adapted for the approaching season.

- Children's British and French Merino Frocks with Caps
- Ditto ditto Pelisses, with Pelerines
- Ditto ditto very rich
- Children's Cloth Pelisses
- Ditto Cassimere, Cloth, and Merino Cloaks
- Girls' and women's Cloth and Merino ditto
- Boys' British and French Merino Surtouts and Trowsers
- Boys' Cloth ditto and Suits
- Mourning Collars, Habit-shirts, and Pelerines
- Rich filled Silk Shawls
- Persians, 4-4 and veil Crape
- Squirrel and Fitch Boas
- Swansdown and Squirrel Stocks
- Gentlemen's black Silk and Military ditto
- A variety of Hair Combs and Brushes
- Gentlemen's and Youths' Shirts, lawn fronts
- Grey Nap Coating and Petersham
- Super Grecian, Venetian, and 4-4 Kidderminster
- Carpets, with Hearth Rugs
- A few bales of superior Blankets
- An Invoice of Bonnets, &c.

JOSEPH THOMPSON,
18, King-street.

SALES BY AUCTION.

POLACK'S SALES.

PIMLICO ALE.

BY A. POLACK,
On MONDAY, the 28th Instant, at 11 o'clock precisely, at the Waterloo Warehouse, by order of Messrs. Cooper & Holt,
72 HOGSHEADS PIMLICO ALE
68 Barrels ditto
As just landed ex "SIAM."
Terms declared at the time of Sale.

30 Acre Farm on the Liverpool Road.

On TUESDAY, the 27th Instant, at 12 o'clock, precisely, at his Rooms, George-street,

BY A. POLACK,
VALUABLE FARM OF THIRTY ACRES, situate opposite the 13 Mile Stone ON THE LIVERPOOL ROAD,

In the parish of Liberty Plains, bounded on the East by a line North, thirty one degrees West, twenty-eight chains; fifty five, commencing at Donnelly's South West corner, on the north by a line West thirty one degrees, South ten chains, on the west by a line South thirty one degrees, West twenty-five chains; and on the South by the Liverpool Road, being the Land inserted as No. 12 in the Government Notice of 4th September, 1831.

Title a Grant from the Crown,

Subject to a Quit Rent of one shilling per annum. The greater part of this land is fenced in with a substantial Fence, the remainder temporary, the fencework of a House to contain ten rooms, with a frontage of forty three feet is now standing thereon, this building when commenced was intended for an Inn, for which purpose a better site could not possibly have been selected on the whole line of Road, it being well provided with fodder and water for the accommodation of Live Stock arriving from the Interior. There is a full of water upon this property sufficiently strong to work a mill of the greatest magnitude, upwards of fifteen acres are cleared and under cultivation, and in the rear brick earth, not to be excelled in the Colony, to be found in abundance.

AFTER WHICH,

AN ALLOTMENT OF LAND IN SYDNEY,

Situate in the parish of St. Laurence; bounded on the south by John-street nineteen feet; on the west by Land belonging to Nicholas Aspinall, Esq., fifty-three feet; on the north by a passage of the width of six feet reserved for public use, twenty feet ten inches; on the east by Land of the said Nicholas Aspinall, Esq., forty five feet seven inches, on which is erected a comfortable and respectable dwelling, containing three rooms.

TOWN RESIDENCE,

On East side of Princes-street.

BY A. POLACK,
On WEDNESDAY next, the 28th instant, at twelve o'clock precisely, on the ground.

ALL that House and Premises situate on the east side of Princes-street, opposite the Military Hospital, having a frontage of thirty-six feet to that street, by a depth of 56 feet, containing six rooms, and now let to a highly respectable tenant (Mr. Francis) at one pound per week. An excellent well of pure water on the premises. For the residence of a respectable family, a finer or more healthy situation cannot be found in Sydney. It commands a full view of the cove and harbour, the splendid villas at Darlinghurst, and estates of Point Piper and Vaucluse, the whole of the North Shore, Light House Signal Staff, &c., &c. To the man of family desirous of investing his surplus capital or the capitalist anxious to increase his rent roll, a more favorable opportunity of meeting his wishes could scarcely be anticipated, much less expected to occur again.

Title, a Grant from the Crown.
Terms made known at time of Sale.

TO PUBLICANS, BAKERS, SHIPMASTERS AND OTHERS.

On THURSDAY next, the 29th Instant, at eleven o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,
At his Rooms, WITHOUT RESERVE,
THIRTY BARRELS ALE
40 Barrels Flour
10 Sacks ditto
15 Barrels Ship Bread
Terms made known at time of Sale.

FIFTY BALES WOOL.

On THURSDAY next, the 29th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,
At his Rooms, positively without reserve,
FIFTY BALES OF WOOL, in lots to suit purchasers.

Terms made known at the time of sale.
N. B.—The above were advertised for sale on Friday last, but not having arrived from the interior, it has been unavoidably postponed until Thursday.

Bullocks, Drays, and Harness.

On FRIDAY next, the 30th instant, at twelve o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,
At his Horse and Cattle Bazaar, without reserve
THREE Teams Working Bullocks
Three Drays, with Bows, Yokes, and Harness complete. The Bullocks have long been accustomed to work together, and will come off a journey on Wednesday evening, and may be seen the following day at the Bazaar.
Terms made known at time of Sale.

A. POLACK
Has received instructions to dispose of
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
ONE THOUSAND WETHERS
FIVE THOUSAND EWES, of ages from two to four years.

These Sheep are perfectly clean, and never have been diseased. Further particulars made known as soon as the ages, name of the Shepherds, &c. have been received.

AFTER WHICH,
420 Mixed Herd
187 Goats
42 Mares, Horses, Geldings, &c., &c.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Dairy Cows, Horses, Dray &c.

BY A. POLACK,
On FRIDAY next the 30th Instant, at 12 o'clock precisely, at his Cattle and Horse Bazaar.

TWELVE PRIME DAIRY COWS, lately selected by a competent judge from the finest of the Segenhoe Herds, and are acknowledged to be the finest Cows in Sydney.
3 Very Superior Saddle Horses.
Terms made known at time of sale.

On SATURDAY next the 31st Instant, at 11 o'clock precisely, at his Rooms, to close various consignments,

BY A. POLACK,
SEVENTEEN Cases of Superior PORT WINE
10 Ditto ditto Pale Sherry
10 Ditto ditto Gold Color ditto
3 Ditto ditto Sauterne
15 Ditto ditto Madeira

AFTER WHICH,
5 Tons Soap, 56 to 28 lb. boxes
2 Cases London Hats
18 Bars Cork
1 Collier's Patent 5 Barrel'd Rifle
1 Case Clocks
A few pieces Course Cloth
3 Cases Looking Glasses.
Terms made known at time of sale.

On SATURDAY next the 31st Instant, at 11 o'clock precisely at his Rooms, without any reserve, the following Household Furniture,

BY A. POLACK,
A FINE toned square PIANO-FORTE by Broadwood
Four-post and French Bedsteads
Sofas and Couches
Horse Hair and Cane Seated Chairs
Dining, Card and Pembroke Tables
Handsome Sideboard
Floor Matting
A few Volumes of Books
Turkey and Kidderminster Carpets
Ditto ditto Hearth Rugs
Dinner and Tea Services
Kitchen Utensils
And a variety of Goods too numerous to particularise.
Terms made known at time of sale.

FOX HOUNDS.

On MONDAY, the 2nd April, at Twelve o'Clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,
At his BAZAAR,
ABOUT Sixteen Couples of FOX HOUNDS attached to the Sydney Hunt.

A. P. in submitting the above to the notice of the Public, begs to state that to Sporting Gentlemen, particularly those residing in the Interior an opportunity is now offered of laying the foundation of a
Sporting Club, which, in a few years, may be confidently expected to rival the far-famed
"Melton Mowbray," of the Mother Country.

Up country Gentlemen will do well to bear in mind that the above is an opportunity of adding to their amusement that will rarely if ever again occur.
Terms made known at time of Sale.

On TUESDAY, the 3d of April, at 11 o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,
At his Rooms, to close various accounts.

FOUR bales Blankets
2 Bales Fustians
2 Bales Rugs
3 Cases Hosiery
2 Bales Calicoes
1 Bale superfine Cloth
50 Dozen Gird Whips
10 Dozen Kidling ditto
4 Bales Striped Shirts
1 Bale Regatta ditto
And a variety of goods too numerous to particularise.
Terms made known at time of sale.

"VAUCLUSE."

A. POLACK
HAS great pleasure in announcing to the Inhabitants of New South Wales, that he has been honored with Instructions from the proprietor

W. C. Wentworth, Esq.,
to submit to public competition at an early day so soon as the Surveyor's Plans are ready. A portion of that splendid and unequalled

MARINE ESTATE, KNOWN AS VAUCLUSE, situate in those fine "LAND LOCKED" portions of "PORT JACKSON" Harbour called
Watson and Rose Bays;

Its situation is beautifully grand, as it commands a perfect view of the Head Lands, and sinuosities of the various Bays and inlets of the truly romantic Harbour in which it is situated, both on the East and West sides thereof, from the North and South Heads to the Parramatta River, taking in the Town of Sydney, and having the Blue Mountain Range in the Western Horizon.

THE NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD passes through the Estate which makes its distance from the Capital about four miles, along a good and lively Road, it is also about the same distance by Water, so that Conveynances at all seasons are practicable a desideratum of great importance, as Gentlemen in Public Offices (particularly those with Families) might here live economically and conveniently.—The rising Village of Watson's Bay, the celebrated
Point Piper Estate,

the residence of Major Gibbs, &c. &c. are contiguous, and it is within "gun shot" of the "South Head Light House" and "Flag Staff," consequently has an unbounded view of
THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

It is also so situated that every Vessel entering in or going out of the Harbour, must pass almost within hail, so that in this particular it may be compared to the celebrated fashionable watering place "South end" at the mouth of the Thames.

For the site of an Establishment for the accommodation of Invalids and Officers on leave of absence for health, from India, another spot in the Colony could not be found, as "Sea Bathing," so requisite for such persons, may here be enjoyed in reality, amusement is also at hand in Boating, Fishing, Shooting &c. The Proprietor has decided that about

Four Hundred Acres of the magnificent Estate shall be divided into spacious allotments, varying in size—when the same is completed by the Surveyor a more perfect description will be notified prior to the day of Sale.

Terms highly liberal made known in future advertisements.

SALES BY AUCTION.

60 Acres at Kirkham.

On WEDNESDAY the 4th of April, at 12 o'clock precisely, at his Rooms,

BY A. POLACK,
SIXTY ACRES OF LAND immediately opposite the far famed KIRKHAM ESTATE, on which Captain McKellar formerly resided, the whole is cleared and fenced in, and forms one of the most valuable and compact homesteads in the Colony, and is deserving of particular attention from our wealthy Graziers and Stockmasters sending Cattle or Sheep from the Interior for the Sydney Market, as they can here find plenty of food and pure water for their accommodation, a great desideratum on a long journey.

This spot is surrounded by the most wealthy Colonists consequently to a respectable Farmer with a small Capital, so favorable an opportunity of purchasing, with a view of realizing a remunerating profit for his outlay should not be lost sight of, the more particularly as the land is acknowledged by those to whom it is best known, to be available for every Agricultural purpose
TITLE—GRANT FROM THE CROWN.
Terms made known at time of sale.

Twelve hundred to fifteen hundred Ewes.

BY A. POLACK,
At his Bazaar, opposite the Military Barracks.

A. POLACK has received instructions to dispose of by Private Contract, twelve hundred to fifteen hundred EWES of ages, in lots of not less than four hundred. The whole are perfectly clean, and warranted not to have been diseased. They are now depasturing at Wingello, by Berrima, and will be ready for the tup in all April.

Terms and further particulars on reference to the Auctioneer.

Forty Acres of Land, with an excellent Cottage recently built, suitable for the immediate reception of a respectable Family, situate opposite Lane Cove Church & School House, on the Parramatta-road.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
BY MR. BLACKMAN,

On MONDAY, the 26th day of March, 1838 at his Rooms, 100, George-street, opposite Bridge-street, at Twelve o'clock precisely.

MR. BLACKMAN most respectfully informs his Friends and the Public that he has received positive instructions from the Proprietors to submit this valuable farm for Public Competition, in consequence of several advantageous offers having been made to them for purchase by Private Contract.

FORTY ACRES OF LAND, situated on the main Parramatta-road, with the great advantage of an excellent newly built Cottage, finished in a first-rate style, and suitable in every respect for the immediate reception of a respectable Family. The land is of a superior quality for Orchard and Garden culture—the situation delightfully picturesque, and healthy in the extreme—need only be visited to be duly appreciated; in fact the proprietors earnestly request intending Purchasers will treat themselves with one of the most delightful aquatic excursions by sailing up the Lane Cove River, and landing at Pinder's Wharf, from which the Farm is only distant about three quarters of a mile, passing through a most beautiful rich country, abounding with excellent timber and water.

Terms—Twenty per cent. cash deposit upon the fall of the hammer; and the residue by approved bills at three, six, and nine months, the last bill to bear ten per cent. interest per annum. The Purchaser to pay his own conveyance, and security upon the property if required.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION

At the Commissariat Stores, on THURSDAY the 29th of March, at 10 o'clock,

By Mr. Blackman,
on account of the Accountant General of Her Majesty's Navy, viz—

PEAS, Oatmeal, Biscuit, Scotch Barley, Preserved Meats, Wine, Empty Casks, Staves, Heading, Iron Hoops, Lime Juice Cases, Hospital Furniture, Bedding, &c. &c.

ALSO,
The following articles from the Penal Settlement at Norfolk Island, on account of the Commissariat Department, about

430 bushels of Maize
250 bushels of Rye
2434 lbs. of Rye Meal
100 Casks

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
At the Risk of former Purchasers,

Five Building Allotments,
VILLAGE OF HINTON,

At the Junction of the Hunter & Paterson Rivers,
BY MR. BLACKMAN,

On MONDAY, the 26th March, at his Rooms, 100 George-street, at 12 o'clock precisely,

FIVE half acre Building Allotments, in the Junction of the Paterson and Hunter Rivers. To gentlemen acquainted with this locality, any comment will be superfluous; but to capitalists and others, who have not visited the spot, it is deemed requisite to state, that there is an extensive Store in full trade, and other buildings erected by Mr. George Salt Tucker, and a Wharf at which the Steamers discharge and take in cargo. The high road from Clarence Town and William's River, the Upper Paterson, Port Stephens, and other establishments, pass through this estate.

To Carpenters, Wheelwrights, Boat-builders, and others, such an opportunity cannot occur again.

Lot 2 has 100 feet frontage to deep water on the Paterson, by a depth of 344 feet up to main road.

Lot 4 has 100 ditto, ditto, ditto
Ditto, depth of 300 ditto

Lot 8 has 100 feet frontage to deep water on the Hunter's River, by a depth of 232 feet to reserved road.

Lot 9 has 100 feet frontage to deep water on the Hunter's River, bounded on one side by lot 8, and two other sides by reserved roads, 221 feet deep.

Lot 10 has 100 feet frontage to deep water on the Hunter's River, bounded on the west and south by reserved roads 221 feet deep.
TERMS—Fifteen per cent cash deposit upon the fall of the hammer, and the residue by approved bills at 3 & 6 months.

AFTER WHICH,
A valuable half acre Allotment, situate in the township of GOULBURN, with two cottages erected thereon.
Two valuable Allotments of the BURWOOD ESTATE, near the Parramatta Road.
Terms declared at time of Sale.

SALES BY AUCTION.



THE FINE FAST SAILING BRIG "WILLIAM,"

of 218 50-94 tons, as per Register, together with the whole of her Stores, Provisions, and a new suit of Sails, and otherwise amply furnished for Sea, with every thing complete for a

SIX MONTHS VOYAGE,
TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

By Isaac Simmons & Co.,
On SATURDAY, the 31st day of March, at the Auction Mart, George-street, at 12 o'Clock precisely.

THE above Vessel, as she now lies ready for Sea, at 24 hours notice.

The *William* has undergone a thorough repair, the expenses of which have cost the Proprietor a considerable sum, and she is furnished also with a very excellent CHRONOMETER.

Further particulars ascertained by applying at the Auction and Commission Mart of ISAAC SIMMONS & CO.
Terms made known at time of Sale.

IMPORTANT SALE.

To Coach Proprietors, Livery Stable Keepers, and Gentlemen in want of Good Carriage Horses.

MR. BLACKMAN

HAS the honor to announce, that he is instructed to bring to the hammer, on SATURDAY, 31st of March, at 12 o'clock precisely, at TITTERTON'S, George and Dragon Inn, George-street, all the splendid

COACHING ESTABLISHMENT of Messrs. Titterton & Watsford, on account of their dissolving partnership. Consisting of

One new English four horse patent safety Coach just imported.
Three four horse Coaches, partially worn
Three light four wheeled Mail, nearly new
Twenty-six excellent Coach or Carriage Horses ALSO.
Several sets of Harness, nearly new
AFTER WHICH,
Several Gigs and Carriages

TERMS—Purchasers under £30, cash; above £30, approved endorsed bills at 3 months.

BLACK ENTIRE HORSE SUFFOLK.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
BY MR. LABAN WHITE,

AT WINDSOR,
On an early day, of which due notice will be given, (if not previously sold by private bargain.)

THE BLACK ENTIRE HORSE SUFFOLK, eight years old. He was bred by the Proprietor out of his imported "Suffolk Punch," "Britannia," by "Old Clydesdale," and is so well known in the districts of Nepean, Richmond, Windsor, and other parts of the colony as to require little to be said respecting him in an advertisement. The Proprietor warrants the Horse sound in all respects and free from blemish or vice of any kind; and would match him for docility and steadiness draught with any Horse in the colony for any sum, as well as for sureness of procreation. The accounts of his services for the last and previous seasons may be seen by any one, by which it will be shown that the Horse earned in the districts he travelled last season £289 clear of all expenses.

Terms made known at the time of sale, or by private contract; no objection will be made to an approved endorsed bill at 6 months.

Just Landed, ex "Earl of Harewood,"
AT A. O'REILLY'S
LEATHER AND GRIINDRY WAREHOUSE,
No. 1, Colonnade, Bridge-street.

A LARGE assortment of Shoemaker's A Grindery
A quantity of Men's, Women's, and Children's Leather's
Shoemaker's Tools, Hob Nails, and Clinkers
Shoe Brushes, Boot Hooks, Chamouis and white Lamb Skins, Roan ditto
Jockey Boot-tops
Very fine blue black lasting Boot-webb
Best stout Bristles
Clearing and Rag Stones
Glass and steel Slickers
Currier's Steels
Binding Needles
Glass Paper
Closing and Fishing Twist and Fish Hooks, with a variety of other Articles, too numerous for an advertisement.
Best London Glue, and Day and Martin's Paste and Liquid Blacking.

Commercial Remarks.

GRAINS.—There have been some extensive supplies of wheat from the country, but none imported. The price is without alteration. Colonial 6s. best samples; Hobart Town 7s. 6d. to 8s.; and Launceston 7s. Maize is likely to fall, the harvest being very abundant, but at present the price for old is still maintained. Oats and barley scarce. Flour and bread have undergone no change for some weeks.

SPIRITS.—Of rum the demand throughout the week has not been extensive. Low proof & runs proof to 7 o. p. are most in demand. Brandy is brisker, and some good samples have exchanged hands. Pale gin, of fair quality is saleable.

TOBACCO.—There is a brisk demand for small fine negrohead; the late rise is maintained, and likely to continue so, unless importations take place and that speedily. Manila segars are plentiful and the price moderate.

SUGAR.—Hangs rather heavy. The market is well supplied.

TEA.—This article is rather flat at the present time, the stock being heavy.

COFFEE.—A more brisk enquiry is made after this article.

WINE.—The market is stocked with choice qualities, and the price in accordance.

PORTER.—This article is still on the advance the late arrivals being nearly exhausted.

ALDS.—Are stationary, the supply good, and demand dull.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Has obtained a more healthy tone, causing business to be more brisk.

THE CLOSE OF A FINE DAY.
(FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. L. DE MIRBEL.)

THE morning dawned with such splendour that it seemed to announce a fête in heaven. Josephine, the beautiful Josephine, the empress of France (who was then residing at Petit-Trianon), was awakened by the bright rays of the sun beaming upon her face through the folds of the embroidered curtains. Half rising from her bed, she drew them aside, and gazed long and ardently upon the morning sun: it was one of those looks which she bestowed only on her son, her adored Eugene, or the emperor, her husband. She summoned none of her attendants; but wrapping herself in a white gown, she left her couch, and opened one of the windows of her bed-chamber. All nature seemed languid. The tops of the trees gently bowing to the morning gale, appeared to the fancy, as they touched each other, to breathe kindness and love. The unfortunate Josephine involuntarily sighed forth, "Oh! what a glorious day!—surely some happiness is this day in store for me!" These words had hardly escaped her lips, when she heard music under the window of the chateau. The empress thought that she had been observed. She slowly retired from the casement, and again reclined upon her bed.

Suddenly, without any announcement, without even tapping at the door of the chamber, some one entered, and hurried towards the couch of Josephine. "Ah!" exclaimed she, folding her gown around her, and stretching forth her arms, "I was certain this would be a happy day for me. My son! my Eugene!" She wept with delight; and the first transports of meeting over; they gazed at each other in silence, so expressive! There was something almost divine in the affection of Eugene towards his mother. "My good, my kind mother!" said the viceroxy of Italy, when he recovered the power of utterance, "I wished to surprise you, to visit you without announcing my arrival by your attendants. I only took care to awaken you by the music of the military band." "You have done wrong perhaps, dear Eugene, in not previously sending to prepare me for the meeting," replied Josephine, with a heavenly smile, not in the least tinged with reproach; "for sudden joy, joy like mine, might occasion death. I have always loved you.—The half of the love I bear the emperor is occasioned by the kindness with which he regards you. The other half, and he not jealous of it, belongs to him alone; I love him because he is Napoleon." "And I, love you with all my heart, because you are my mother, and because you adore him," continued Eugene. "You have doubtless seen him since you have returned, my son?" asked Josephine. "My first visit, as well as my first thought, was for you, my mother." "You owe it to another, my son," immediately replied the empress, gravely yet affectionately; "I can only claim the second. But the emperor, who loves his mother so dearly, well knows what it is to be a son," continued she; "and he will forgive your neglect my dear Eugene." But perceiving that her reproach had hurt him, she dried up his tears with a maternal embrace.

The mother and son breakfasted together in private, that their intercourse might not be trammelled by the rules of etiquette. They talked of Italy, of the campaigns, and victories of the emperor; but Josephine felt inclined to believe that it was a god she had for a husband and an angel for a son. When their meal was ended, they descended into the garden, and, the prince supporting his mother on his arm, they wandered through the winding walks, traversed the subterranean grottoes, or rowed gently on the bosom of the lake.

On the same morning a magnificent carriage dashed up the avenue to Versailles, and paused at the grand entrance. Another, drawn by eight horses, and still more magnificent immediately followed this with the rapidity of lightning. This last was hailed, as it passed, with shouts of joy; but the man to whom this welcome was addressed paid little attention to it. His arms were folded, and his head inclined upon his breast in an attitude of profound reflection; as he did not respond, even by the slightest gestures, to the acclamations of the crowd, Napoleon, for it was he, seemed moody and morose, as if he was on the eve of engaging in a battle which was to decide the fate of Europe. In vain did the multitude look for one of those gracious smiles, which he so well knew how to bestow. He saw it not; he heard it not. He could only listen to the thoughts that weighed on his mind; and the restless demeanor which he found it impossible to command, plainly showed that his reflections were of the most harassing description. He was accompanied in the carriage by the chamberlain of the palace, who, observing the agitation of his master, took care not to increase his ill-temper by any attempts at conversation.

The emperor alighted, and said to Duroc, "I shall go to Trianon on foot, and attended by none but Roustan. Observe, I shall soon return.—I only wish to surprise the empress," added he. His brow appeared to darken more and more. Accompanied by Roustan, he hastened through one of the cross-paths in the park. During the walk, but few words escaped his lips. He still remained deeply buried thought.

Although Napoleon had not intended to give the empress any previous notice of his visit to Versailles, yet the report of his arrival reached Trianon before him. M. Frere, Josephine's valet-de-chambre, hurried to acquaint his mistress with the news, who was still wandering in the shady walks in the garden with her dearly loved son. The information cast a sudden gloom over her spirits, which was the more unaccountable, as she had usually been transported with joy on the arrival of her husband. Eugene likewise, who endeavoured to preserve the gayness and joy he had hitherto displayed, found it impossible to conceal his

uneasiness, though he could not account for it. As the empress was passing the threshold of the chateau, she slipped and almost fell. "So fine a day!" said she, sighing; "should it end in sorrow!"... Josephine, however still thought of her son Eugene, though she felt so uneasy for herself; and fearing lest the emperor would testify surprise and displeasure at not receiving the first visit, she prevailed upon him to retire to a room, adjoining that in which she intended to receive her husband. Eugene had hardly retired, and the emperor entered hurriedly, and tossed his hat upon a sofa, without uttering a word. When the empress arose to receive the accustomed kiss, she shuddered, and shrank back as if under the influence of some supernatural power. His feverish lips but slightly touched her forehead, and that seemingly with constraint. The emperor, with his hands convulsively clasped, walked rapidly up and down the apartment in silence, while Josephine stood terrified, leaning against the wall, and anxiously watching every motion of her husband. Suddenly the emperor paused, and stood before his wife for some time, with his eyes anxiously fixed upon her. "Napoleon, tell me, what has your poor Josephine done, that you should frighten her so?" "Let us not talk of that now," said he, in a tone of constrained harshness; "business, madame, business demands our attention to-day." "Madame!... You used to call me Josephine!" "Well, well, don't talk of that." "But what then?" asked Josephine, frightened at his manner. "Business, I tell you, business!" exclaimed Napoleon, hastily. "There was a time," replied Josephine, "when you spoke to me of your affairs, that you might gather some friendly counsels from a feeble woman; your voice was not then so harsh, and your smiles, which were not then so bitter as they now are, encouraged me to speak my thoughts." "In truth, madame, I would sooner be compelled to re-conquer the whole of Italy, than to utter my present thoughts. The emperor of the French, who must attend to the welfare of his people, has no time to make a parade of sentiment."

Josephine drew forth a casket, in which were preserved the letters of Napoleon, and opening it, placed it before him. "Sire," said she, with dignity, "these were written by the first consul, the victor of Marengo." "Ah! love letters!" replied the emperor, glancing at them carelessly; love-letters! true!—but does it become you, madame, to display them thus?... This, for instance, would you that I should read it to you—this, which I wrote to you on the field of battle, worn-out with fatigue, thinking only of you, telling all my glory to you alone, who would not return a single answer, indulging, as you did, in all the pleasures of Milan, and perhaps encouraging the attentions of some cavalier!" "Sire!" exclaimed the empress, "have some respect for me, for yourself!" "Or shall I read this?" continued Napoleon, becoming more heated, as he remembered the jealousy to which he had formerly been a victim; "would you wish me to do so? Hold, I will." And he read the following letter:—

"I came to Milan; I hastened to your apartment; I quitted every thing to see you, to embrace you. You were not there.—You were at a fête, you were away when I arrived, you thought not of Napoleon. Caprice made you love him, and inconsistency renders you now indifferent to him. The pain I feel is as severe as it was unexpected. Continue in your career of pleasure; happiness was made for you; the whole world is too happy if it can but please you, and your husband is very, very miserable."

"Oh, the thought of this draws the blood to my cheek," continued the emperor; "remove these scrawls; away with them, or I tear them to pieces. Do not remind me again, that I, the foremost man in all the world, could have a rival in the affections of a woman whom I have raised to the dignity of my wife." At this moment, the sound of a footstep was heard in an adjoining apartment, accompanied with a long-drawn and ill-suppressed sigh. "Who overhears us?" asked the emperor, angrily; "Who is there?"—and he advanced to the door of the chamber whence the noise proceeded. "It is my son who is there," replied Josephine, in a tone which manifested her indignation at his reproaches. She herself opened the door for Prince Eugene, who threw himself into the arms of the empress, weeping, and only able to say, "My mother! my poor mother!"

The emperor who had greatly exaggerated the suspicions which the apparent levity of Josephine had formerly occasioned, was so surprised at the sudden appearance of Eugene, and at the picture of grief displayed before him, that he did not even think of questioning the viceroxy as to his arrival. Josephine, the insulted Josephine, now appeared to have dominion over the emperor, but by other means than before. "My son has heard my accusation," said she, addressing Napoleon, "let him, sire, also hear my defence. It shall be brief. I have been young, and too desirous, perhaps, to receive homage, that might seem, as it were, the reflection of your glory. But the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte has not, in her wedded state, had a thought, or wish, which she would not avow to her husband as freely as to her God. Heaven grant that Napoleon may have as little reason to reproach himself as the Empress Josephine."

I was in the wrong to give credence to suspicious totally unworthy of you; you are right, and may you always be my best friend. But let Eugene leave us alone for a few moments, that I may propose to you a sacrifice which will cost him as many tears as it will you, Josephine." "You can proceed before me, sire," said Eugene, who too truly conjectured the impending blow; "the empress will perhaps require her son to aid her to support her misfortunes." Josephine remained silent. She had never listened to the reports that had been spread abroad, since the accession of her husband to the throne. Eugene gazed at her with tears in his eyes. "Well, then! my friend," replied Bonaparte, let your son, who will always be mine also, hear me, and comfort even me; for it is a frightful sacrifice." So saying, with an air of kindness, he placed one hand on the shoulder of Eugene, and with the other he clasped the hand of Josephine. "My friend," proceeded he, after a moment's recollection, "do you think that an attachment of the heart is able to withstand every trial, and that, through the force of circumstances, two beings that adore each other, can live separated by distance, though not by sentiment?" Josephine at first did not understand him. It was evident that Napoleon was really attached to her, for he spoke much and indefinitely, before he ventured to pronounce the word divorce, which he had at length summoned up courage to do, with pale and trembling lips. He joined to it some expressions concerning the interest and the glory of France.

Napoleon doubtless expected a scene of tears, shrieks, and fainting. His surprise was great, when, at this avowal, the empress summoned up all her strength, and answered him apparently unmoved. "Sire! if I had faith in oracles, and if I believed that, as has been told to me, I should carry to my place of exile your fortune and your happiness, I would not consent to what you have proposed. But, if it will advantage either yourself or France, I will consent to it." She spoke in a firm and sustained tone; as she concluded, she reclined her head on the breast of her son, murmuring so low that it could not be heard by the emperor, "I will consent, but it will kill me." "Why do you speak of exile?" replied Napoleon, affected even to tears. "My Josephine shall always be so near me, that I can see her sometimes; and often will I leave the palace of another wife, who the interests of the state, not my heart, have compelled me to take, to clasp you again in my arms." "I give, without regret, all else to my successor," answered Josephine, "since I possess your heart: for mine is still young enough for friendship, though my face be too old for love."

When Napoleon was ready to depart, Josephine approached the window, and perceiving that the weather had suddenly changed, and that the rain was descending in torrents, she sighed deeply, and then ordered one of her carriages to be prepared to conduct the emperor to his suite.

This incident took place at the end of the month of September, 1809. Three years after, when the empress Maria-Louisa, indulging in the amusements of Vienna, thought but little of the exile of her husband to Elba, the unfortunate Josephine died of grief. The last words that she uttered were, "Elba!—Napoleon!"

During the hundred days the emperor questioned her medical attendants concerning the cause of her death. "Grief for your misfortunes," was the reply; and Napoleon added, with a sigh, "She at least loved me."

JEAN-FRANCOIS LES BAS BLEUS, OR BLUE STOCKING JOHN.

(From the French of M. CHARLES NODDER.)

There lived at Bensuncion, in the year 1793, an idiot—a mono-maniac—called "Jean Francois T.," but more commonly "Jean Francois les Bas Bleus," or Blue Stocking John, from the circumstance of his invariably wearing blue stockings. He was a young man of four or five and twenty years of age, tall, and well formed, and of the noblest physiognomy. His thick black hair, which he wore without powder, brushed away from the forehead—his bushy eyebrows remarkably low for their mobility—his large eyes, full of a mild and tender but serious expression—the harmony of his fine features, and the almost unearthly sweetness of his smile, formed a combination capable of inspiring affection and respect, even in that coarse part of the population which pursues with its mockeries, throughout the streets of our towns, the most touching of all the infirmities of man. "It is Jean-Francois les Bas Bleus," would they whisper to one another, as he passed along, "the child of an honest house, who never spoke evil of his neighbour, or worked him wrong; and whom too much learning has driven mad. Let him pass."

And so, indeed, would Jean-Francois pass by, unmolested by all, and heeding none;—for his eye, whose expression no language of mine can paint—was never fixed upon the horizon; but up-turned towards heaven—with which the dreamer (for Jean-Francois was a visionary)—seemed to hold a secret intercourse, expressed only by the secret movement of his lips.

The dress of the poor creature was, nevertheless, of a kind to amuse the passers by, especially strangers. Jean Francois was the son of a worthy tailor, who had spared no expense upon his education, encouraged by the dawning talent of the boy, and in the design of making him a priest. He had, in fact, carried off the prizes of all his classes; and the learned Abbe Barbenet, the Quintilian of our fathers, often, during the young man's after-wanderings, inquired into the fortunes of his favourite pupil; but no cheering answer was ever destined again to repay his benevolent anxiety. The old tailor, who had several other children, felt himself called upon to retrench the expenses which he had hitherto

incurred for Jean Francois; and he latterly clothed him in those chance garments which the opportunities of his trade offered, or in the cast-off clothes of his younger brothers, elaborately repaired for the purpose. This sort of habiliment, ill adapted to his tall and fine form, which stuffed it, as it were, into a skin, from which it seemed ready to burst, and left his arms sticking far out from the narrow sleeves of his green frock, had something about it pitifully burlesque.

The most striking peculiarity of the mental weakness of this young man was, that it appeared only in conversation upon subjects of no importance, or in which the mind was intent on familiar objects. If addressed with remarks on the theatre, the papers, the gossip of the town, or even the affairs of the nation, he listened with attention and replied with courtesy; but his words burst so tumultuously forth, that they fell, before the end of the first sentence, into irretrievable confusion; and expressed an indescribable balderdash, from the mist of which he could by no effort extricate his thoughts. On he went, however, increasing in unintelligibility, and exchanging, more and more, the simple and logical diction of the plain and reasonable man for the prattle of a child, or the babble of old age.

Then would the hearer laugh; and Jean Francois stop, without anger, perhaps without consciousness, and lift his large blue eyes to heaven, as if he sought for inspirations more worthy of him, in that region where he had treasured up all his sentiments.

But not so when the discourse took a serious and positive turn to some interesting question of morality or science: then the scattered rays of that damped intellect converged together, like those of the sun in the burning glass of Archimedes, and flung such brilliance upon his conversation, as rendered it doubtful whether Jean Francois had ever been more learned, more clear, or more persuasive, even in the best days of his strong and unimpaired reason. The most abstruse problems of the exact sciences, (which he had made his especial study) were mere playthings in the grasp of his concentrated intellect; and their solution passed so rapidly from his mind to his mouth, that it seemed less the result of calculation, than of some mechanical operation, produced by the impulse of a touch, or the action of a spring.

It was mid-day, and I was returning from my college with two of my companions, whose road home lay in the same direction, when, on arriving at an open space, at which our routes separated, we were simultaneously struck with the appearance and contemplative attitude of Jean-Francois les Bas Bleus, who had planted himself, like a guide-post, in the very centre of the space, motionless, with crossed arms, abstracted air, and eyes intently fixed upon an elevated point of the western horizon. A few passers-by had, by degrees, gathered round him, and vainly followed with their looks, the direction of his, in search of the object which appeared to absorb his attention.

"What is he looking at?" said one to the other.

"I will find out," said I, shouldering my way through the crowd, and approaching the visionary. "Tell us Jean-Francois," I continued, carefully avoiding such language as might recall him from his lofty speculations, "what novelty has struck you this morning, in that subtle matter of space wherein revolve so many worlds?"

"Know you not, as well as I?" he solemnly replied, slowly describing with the point of his finger a long segment of a circle, from the horizon to the zenith. "Follow with your eyes that track of blood, and you will see Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, on her way to heaven!"

At this explanation, the curious bystanders dispersed, shrugging their shoulders, and I went on my way, marvelling only how Jean-Francois should have stumbled correctly upon the name of the last of our Queens; it belonging properly to the list of those matters of notorious fact, of which he had since lost all recollection.

My father this very day entertained two or three friends; and one of his guests, a stranger, kept the company waiting a considerable time.

"Excuse me," he said, when he at last took his place at table, "there was rumour abroad, on the faith of private letters, that the Queen Marie-Antoinette was about to be brought to trial, and I awaited the arrival of the courier of 13th. The papers say nothing of it."

"Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France," said I confidently, "died on the scaffold this morning a few minutes before twelve, as I was on my return from college!"

"Great God!" cried my father, "who could have told you that?"

I blushed with confusion; but I had gone too far to pause.

"Jean-Francois les Bas Bleus," replied I, with a faltering voice.

I dared not lift my eyes towards my father's face. His extreme indulgence towards me could not re-assure me as to the displeasure which I felt conscious my heedlessness must cause him.

"Jean-Francois les Bas Bleus," said he, smiling. "Happily, we need not be disquieted about news coming from such a quarter."

an honourable but indigent family of artisans, he became its hope and pride, and promised to justify both. The first year of a trifling magisterial office, which I discharged in this place, was the last of his studies. My arm was weary of crowning him; and the varied nature of his triumphs added to their value; for it appeared scarcely a labour to him to open all the gates of human knowledge. The hall of exhibition literally shook with the applauses which greeted him when, finally, he advanced, to receive the prize for good conduct, and the virtues of an exemplary youth, without which all others are nothing. There was no father there, that day, who would not have been proud to have reckoned Jean Francois amongst his sons.

"You have heard of the beautiful Madame de Sainte A—; she was at that time seeking a tutor for her son, and the glory which had gathered round the humble name of Jean-Francois, directed her choice to him. Unhappily the beautiful mother who had thus rewarded the youthful talent of Jean-Francois, had besides her son, a daughter equally beautiful. Poor Jean Francois could not look upon her with out love; and conscious that he could never raise himself to her level, he would seem to have sought relief from the anguish of a hopeless and unconquerable attachment, by giving himself up to studies endangering the reason, to the dreams of the occult sciences, and the visions of an exalted spiritualism. In the end, his mind became a wreck, and sent home from Corbel (the abode of his protectors), with all the care which his situation demanded, no ray of light has broken the darkness of his spirit, since his return into the bosom of his family. Thus, you see, we have little to fear from any of his reports; and may dine without alarming ourselves about the present one."

The next day, however, it was known at Besancon that the Queen had been brought to trial; and in two days more arrived the intelligence of her death.

My father greatly feared the impression which the extraordinary agreement between this prediction and its event might produce on me. He spared no pains to convince me that chance was fruitful in such coincidences; and he quoted twenty examples of it, which he said, were arguments only in the mouth of ignorant credulity—since philosophy and religion alike forbade their use as such.

A few weeks after this, I was sent to pursue my studies at the university of Strasbourg. The period was unfavorable to the doctrines of the spiritualists, and I soon forgot Jean Francois, amidst the crowd of emotions which sprung up each new day to agitate the heart of society.

Circumstances, however, brought me back to Besancon in the spring. One morning (I think it was the 3rd Messidor), I had entered my father's study, to embrace him, as was my custom, before setting out on my daily excursion in search of plants and butterflies: "Poor Jean-Francois," said he, pointing to the paper which he held in his hand, "need no longer be pitted for the loss of his reason. Better, far better, for him to be the idiot he is, than to be sensible of the tragical fate of his benefactress, his pupil, and the beautiful girl whom rumour names as the cause of the overthrow of his mind; these innocent beings have swelled the list of those who fall daily beneath the executioner's axe."

"Can this be true!" I exclaimed. "I have forborne speaking to you latterly of Jean Francois, because I know you fear the influence of certain mysterious notions which you think I have imbibed from him, but he is dead!"

"Dead!"—cried my father, earnestly—"when did he die?"

"Three days ago,—the 29th Prairial. He had remained motionless, since the morning, in the centre of the same open space where I met him on the day of the Queen's death. There was a crowd about him as usual, though he preserved the most profound silence; and so deep was his abstraction that no question could raise him from it. About four o'clock, his attention appeared to redouble; and in a few minutes after, he raised his hands towards heaven with a remarkable expression of enthusiasm or of anguish, staggered a few steps forward, as he uttered the names of the three victims whom you have just mentioned, shrieked wildly, and fell. The by-standers crowded round to lift him up. He was dead!"

"The 29th Prairial, at a few minutes past four," said my father, slowly reading from the paper, "they are indeed the day and the hour! Mark!" continued he, after a moment's reflection, and fixing his eyes earnestly on mine—"do not refuse me one thing I am about to ask of you. If ever, in after-life, you shall tell this tale, promise me that you will not relate it as a fact. You would but be laughed at."

"Is there any reason," I answered respectfully, "which should deter a man from publicly declaring that which he knows to be a truth?"

"There is one," replied my father, which is worth all the rest. It is when the truth is of no value!"

Love and Pride.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

The Melancholy Gentleman.—In the coach with Saville were three other passengers—the full allowance: two were friends; the third, like Saville himself, was independent, isolated traveller. What he was, or what the object of his journey, of course remained within his own bosom. Of the other two, one was a partner in a mercantile house at the Cape of Good Hope, where he had recently been, and the other, one who had never arrived from that fine colony, and had succeeded in persuading his companion to go out, as Southey says the Devil did, when he visited his "snug little farm, the earth," in order—

—"to see how his stock went on."

The experienced voyager, the active speculator, was all alive and in excellent spirits,—full of jest, and glee, and gaiety; to him the trees looked green and the sun shone bright, and not a word could be spoken, nor an incident occur that he did not turn to jest or merriment. Not so his companion: he was grave and pale, and July as it was, wore tight blue worsted pantaloons and Hessian boots. He spoke little, but sighed much, complained of the heat in murmured accents, and, for want of other conversation, argued rain and thunder;—he dozed a little, and then needlessly apologised to his companions for what he thought unseemly conduct, by telling them that he had been married eleven years; that he had never been apart from his wife and children one whole day since his marriage; and that he had, at the persuasion of his excellent friend, resolved to undertake a voyage to Africa, upon business, although he had never before been at sea, or even beheld it, except from the Steyne at Brighton, or the Pier at Margate. "Slept little last night," said he, "I am not used to partings, and it has been a sad morning for me, gentlemen." The appeal was uncalled for; but having been made, it was received by the stranger travellers, with courtesy and sympathy; it was met with a horse laugh from his friend, who being a bachelor, on his return to what he had established as his home in Cape Town, wondered how any man could be so silly as to waste a thought or a sigh upon an affectionate spouse and seven children, and a country like England, when he was travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour towards Africa, and the detection of a pilfering partner. * * *

After a transient refreshment the party seemed more familiarised to each other, and even Saville himself condescended from his stilts, and joined in the conversation; the melancholy man in the left-hand corner unbent his brow, and added his might to the verbal contribution of his companions, till at length the subject of lotteries was started by the winkle-keeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize. This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast reinforcement of animation from the subject. He enumerated names, members of parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attorneys, and Pall-Mall pastry-cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums. "Indeed, sir," added he, "even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this moment, by the same means, if it had not been for an accidental circumstance, over which I had no control." "What might that have been?" said the winkleman, choosing the wrong number, perhaps?" "Not so Sir," said the melancholy gentleman, his countenance at the same moment assuming an expression rather of "anger than of sorrow"; "I did choose the right number; bought it; brought it home, and had it in my library table drawer, but—" "It was stolen, perhaps, sir?" said the winkleman's friend, in a piteous tone. "No sir, not that. I had it—it was mine; it was in the days when lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business; a friend, who knew of my ticket, called in my absence—offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it; she knew that it had cost me but five and twenty—sold it him—all for my good, poor soul—she's in heaven now, sir—it's no use scolding about it—it won't bring it back; and the very same afternoon—d—n me! I'm sure you'll excuse my swearing at the recollection—it came up a thirty thousand pound prize!" A general exclamation of horror followed the announcement. "And now, sir," continued the gentleman, "as I walk along the streets in wet weather, because I cannot afford a hackney-coach, my friend Dodman, the lucky purchaser, dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in the house which I had all my life an anxiety to possess; and has refused his consent to his son's marrying my daughter on the plea of her poverty." It was evident that the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstances keenly. "Well," said Saville, "I don't think I could have survived such a thing." "Only conceive, sir," said the gentleman, seeming to delight in aggravating all the miseries of his loss, "only conceive my coming home out of the city—having seen my number plucked at Corn-hill as a prize—having compared it with the memorandum in my pocket-book—having bought a necklace and a pair of ear-rings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding, upon my arrival, that she had sold my thirty thousand pounds, which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated, for one hundred and twenty guineas, which she exultingly exhibited; and which with thirty-five more, went to pay for the baubles I had brought her home." "I could not have stood that," said the winkleman. "Nor," said the weeping husband, "I," said Saville, "should have cut my throat." "So I did, sir!" said the melancholy gentleman, and here are the marks where it was sewn up!" exhibiting, at the same moment a huge scar right across his windpipe.

Burying the Dead at Waterloo.—A private letter from Mons, dated 14th July, 1815 (27 days after the battle), mentions the following horrible circumstances which attended burying the dead on the field of Waterloo.—It is only four days since the burying of the dead bodies with which the field of the battle of Mont St. Jean (Waterloo) was strewed.—Several thousand carts had been put in requisition for this operation in the department of Jemappes. After a lapse of 10, 12, and even 15 days, there were found among the dead carcasses great numbers of wounded, who, impelled by madness or hunger, had eaten of the bodies of the men and horses that surrounded them; I say madness, because there were some who even then cried, in their dying agonies "Vive l'Empereur."

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