

light vessel at the entrance of Liverpool harbor. The weather was beautiful; a light breeze from the northeast, just sufficient to ruffle slightly the glass-like surface of the water. Onward she rushed with headlong speed, her ponderous engines revolving at the rate of nineteen revolutions a minute. So clean and beautiful was her shape, that she appeared to glide through the water, leaving hardly a ripple behind. Numerous steam vessels, likewise running up the Irish channel, were passed as if at anchor; and in twenty-two and a-half hours from making the land on the previous afternoon she had achieved the three hundred miles that separated her from her home.

Reader, this is a wonderful performance, and what I fear can not be rivaled by any English vessel at present. The whole thing is obvious to the meanest understanding, and may clearly be traced to the unequal beauty of the model. The English engines are allowed by the Americans to be superior. Why, therefore, should we allow brother Jonathan to beat us on our own element? The reason is plain enough, and patent to the whole world, and is summed up briefly in one sentence: *The British model is far inferior to the American.* I say this in sorrow, and earnestly entreat my countrymen to cast away unworthy prejudice and jealousy, and investigate calmly and dispassionately this momentous question. When once inquiry is thoroughly aroused in England, I do not fear the result. If, however, obstinacy and pride are allowed to blind our ship-builders, they will richly merit the fate that will inevitably befall them, namely, to be soundly beaten by American naval architects.

We arrived at Liverpool in ten days and a half from New York, during which time the engines were never stopped, and not the slightest accident happened.

THE BATTLES ON THE LAKES.*

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

DURING the summer of 1814 the English at the northern, and the Americans at the southern portion of the lake, had been busy in building ships to contest the supremacy of this sheet of water, whose head pierces so deep into the bosom of New York. The latter had at length assembled a flotilla consisting of four vessels—the largest carrying twenty-six guns—and ten galleys, the whole under the command of Macdonough. After some skirmishing, this little fleet, which early in the season lay in Otter Creek, was got into the lake and steered for Plattsburg Bay, to assist Macomb in his defense of the town. This bay opens to the southward, and instead of piercing the mainland at right angles, runs north, nearly parallel with the lake itself. A narrow tongue of land divides it from the main water, the extreme point of

which is called Cumberland Head. Just within its mouth, and nearly opposite where the turbulent Saranac empties into it, Macdonough anchored his vessels, on the 2d of September. Between him and the main-land was a large shoal and an island which effectually blocked the approach of vessels on that side.

The English fleet sent to attack him, consisted also of four vessels—the largest mounting 32 guns—and 13 galleys. The American force, all told, was 14 vessels, mounting 86 guns and carrying 850 men, while that of the English was 17 vessels, mounting 96 guns and carrying 1000 men. The largest, the *Confiance*, "had the gun deck of a frigate," and by her superior size and strength, and her 30 long twenty-fours, was considered a match for any two vessels in Macdonough's squadron. Captain Downie, who commanded the British fleet, joined his gun boats at the Isle au Motte on the 8th of September, where he lay at anchor till the 11th. In the mean time, Prevost, whose batteries were all erected, remained silent behind his works, waiting the arrival of the fleet before he should commence his fire.

During those sleepless nights and days of agitation, young Macdonough lay calmly watching the approach of his superior foe, while Macomb was straining every nerve to complete his defenses. Fearless, frank, and social, the young General moved among his soldiers with such animation and confidence, that they caught his spirit, and like the Green Mountain boys and yeomanry of New York at Saratoga, resolved to defend their homes to the last.

At length, on Sunday morning, September 11th, just as the sun rose over the eastern mountains, the American guard boat, on the watch, was seen rowing swiftly into the harbor. It reported the enemy in sight. The drums immediately beat to quarters, and every vessel was cleared for action. The preparations being completed, young Macdonough summoned his officers around him, and there, on the deck of the *Saratoga*, read the prayers of the ritual before entering into battle, and that voice, which soon after rung like a clarion amid the carnage, sent heavenward, in earnest tones, "Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us, for thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few." It was a solemn and thrilling spectacle, and one never before witnessed on a vessel of war cleared for action. A young commander who had the courage thus to brave the derision and sneers which such an act was sure to provoke, would fight his vessel while there was a plank left to stand on. Of the deeds of daring done on that day of great achievements, none evinced so bold and firm a heart as this act of religious worship.

At eight o'clock the crews of the different vessels could see, over the tongue of land that divided the bay from the lake, the topsails of the enemy moving steadily down. They had also been seen from shore, and every eminence around was covered with anxious spectators.

* From Headley's "Second War with England;" now in the press of Charles Scribner, New York.

The house of God was deserted, and the light of that bright Sabbath morning, with its early stillness, flooded a scene at once picturesque and terrible. On one side was the hostile squadron, coming down to the sound of music—on the other, stood the armies on shore in order of battle, with their banners flying—between, lay Macdonough's silent little fleet at anchor, while the hills around were black with spectators, gazing on the strange and fearful panorama.

As the British approached, Macdonough showed his signal, "*Impressed seamen call on every man to do his duty.*" As vessel after vessel traced the letters, loud cheers rent the air.

The English vessels, under easy sail, swept one after another round Cumberland Head, and hauling up in the wind, waited the approach of the galleys.

As Macdonough lay anchored with his vessels in line north and south—his galleys on their sweeps forming a second line in rear—the English fleet, as it doubled the head, was compelled to approach with bows on. The Eagle was farthest up the bay, the Saratoga second, Ticonderoga third, and Preble fourth. The impressive silence which rested on the American fleet was at last broken by the Eagle, which opened her broadsides. Startled by the sound, a cock on board the Saratoga, which had escaped from the coop, flew up on to a gun slide and crowed. A loud laugh and three hearty cheers acknowledged the favorable omen, and spread confidence through the ship. Macdonough, seeing the enemy were at too great a distance to be reached by his guns reserved his fire, and watched the Confiance standing boldly on till she came within range. He then sighted a long twenty-four himself and fired her. The heavy shot passed the entire length of the deck of the Confiance, killing many of her men and shivering her wheel into fragments. This was the signal for every vessel to open its fire, and in a moment that quiet bay was in an uproar. The Confiance, however, though suffering severely, did not return a shot, but kept boldly on till she got within a quarter of a mile, when she let go her anchors and swung broadside to the Saratoga. Sixteen long twenty-fours then opened at once with a terrific crash. The Saratoga shook from keelson to cross-trees under the tremendous discharge. Nearly half of her crew were knocked down by it, while fifty men were either killed or wounded, and among them Lieutenant Gamble. He was in the act of sighting a gun, when a shot entered the port and struck him dead. The effect of this first broadside was awful, and the Saratoga was for a moment completely stunned. The next, however, she opened her fire with a precision and accuracy that told fatally on the English ship. But the latter soon commenced pouring in her broadsides so rapidly that she seemed enveloped in flame. The Eagle could not withstand it, and changed her position, falling in nearer shore, leaving the Saratoga to sustain almost alone the whole weight of the

unequal contest. She gave broadside for broadside, but the weight of metal was against her, and she was fast becoming a wreck. Her deck soon presented a scene of the most frightful carnage. The living could hardly tumble the wounded down the hatchway as fast as they fell. At length, as a full broadside burst on the staggering ship, a cry of despair rang from stem to stern, "the Commodore is killed!—the Commodore is killed!" and there he lay on the blood-stained deck amid the dead, senseless and apparently lifeless. A spar, cut in two by a cannon shot, had fallen on his back and stunned him. But after two or three minutes he recovered, and cheering on his men, took his place again beside his favorite gun that he had sighted from the commencement of the action. As the men saw him once more at his post they took new courage.

But a few minutes after, the cry of "the Commodore is killed," again passed through the ship. Every eye was instantly turned to a group of officers gathered around Macdonough, who lay in the scuppers, between two guns covered with blood. He had been knocked clean across the ship, with a force sufficient to have killed him. Again he revived, and limping to a gun, was soon coolly hulling his antagonist. Maimed and suffering, he fought on, showing an example that always makes heroes of subordinates.

At length every gun on the side of his vessel toward the enemy was silenced, but one, and this, on firing it again, bounded from its fastenings, and tumbled down the hatchway. Not a gun was left with which to continue the contest, while the ship was on fire. A surrender, therefore, seemed inevitable. Macdonough, however, resolved to wind his ship, so as to get the other broadside to bear. Failing in the first attempt, the sailing-master, Brum, bethought him of an expedient, which proved successful—the crippled vessel slowly swung her stern around, until the uninjured guns bore. The Confiance, seeing the manœuvre, imitated it, but she could not succeed, and lay with her crippled side exposed to the fire of the Saratoga.

Captain Downie had fallen some time before—not a gun could be brought to bear—the ship had been hulled a *hundred and five times*—while half of her men were killed and wounded. Farther resistance was therefore useless; and she surrendered.

The Eagle, commanded by Capt. Henley, behaved gallantly in the engagement, while the Ticonderoga, under Lieutenant Cassin, was handled in a manner that astonished those who beheld her. This fearless officer walked backward and forward over his deck, encouraging his men and directing the fire, apparently unconscious of the balls that smote and crashed around him. His broadsides were so rapid and incessant, that several times the vessel was thought to be on fire.

The surrender of the Confiance virtually terminated the contest, which had lasted two hours

and a quarter; and as flag after flag struck, the galleys took to their sweeps and escaped.

In the midst of this tremendous cannonade, came, at intervals, the explosions on shore. The first gun in the bay was the signal for Prevost on land, and as the thunder of his heavy batteries mingled in with the incessant broadsides of the contending squadrons, the very shores trembled, and far over the lake, amidst the quiet farm-houses of Vermont, the echoes rolled away, carrying anxiety and fear into hundreds of families. Its shore was lined with men, gazing intently in the direction of Plattsburgh, as though from the smoke that rolled heavenward some tidings might be got of how the battle was going.

To the spectators on the commanding heights around Plattsburgh, the scene was indescribably fearful and thrilling. It was as if two volcanoes were raging below—turning that quiet Sabbath morning into a scene wild and awful as the strife of fiends. But when the firing in the bay ceased, and the American flag was still seen flying, and the Union Jack down, there went up a shout that shook the hills. From the water to the shore, and back again, the deafening huzzas echoed and re-echoed. The American army took up the shout, and sending it high and clear over the thunder of cannon, spread dismay and astonishment into the heart of the enemy's camp.

The American loss in killed and wounded, was one hundred and ten, of whom all but twenty fell on board the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*—that of the English was never fully known, though it was supposed to be nearly double.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

After the capture of Forts York and George, by which the river of Niagara was opened to American navigation, Captain Perry was able to take some vessels bought for the service from Black Rock into Lake Erie. The lake at the time was in the possession of the British fleet, commanded by Captain Barclay, and Perry ran great hazard in encountering it before he could reach Presque Isle, now Erie, where the other vessels to compose his squadron had been built. He, however, reached this spacious harbor just as the English hove in sight. Having now collected his whole force he made vigorous preparations to get to sea. By the first of August he was ready to set sail, but the enemy lay off the harbor, across the mouth of which extended a bar, that he was afraid to cross under a heavy fire. To his great delight, however, the British fleet suddenly disappeared—Captain Barclay, not dreaming that his adversary was ready to go to sea, having gone to the Canada shore.

Perry was at this time a mere youth, of twenty-seven years of age, but ardent, chivalrous, and full of energy and resource. From the time he arrived on the frontier, the winter previous, he had been unceasing in his efforts to obtain and equip a fleet. Materials had to be brought from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, dragged hundreds

of miles over bad roads and across unbridged streams. But after his vessels were ready for sea, he was destitute of crews. To his repeated and urgent calls for men, only promises were returned, nor did they arrive till the English had been able to finish and equip a large vessel, the *Detroit*, which gave them a decided preponderance. Perry was exceedingly anxious to attack the hostile fleet before it received this accession of strength, but prevented from doing this through want of men, he was at last compelled to abandon all his efforts, or take his chance with his motley, untrained crew, in an action where the superiority was manifest. He boldly resolved on the latter course, and taking advantage of Barclay's sudden departure, gave orders for the men to repair immediately on board ship, and dropped with eight of his squadron down the harbor to the bar. It was Sabbath morning, and young Perry, impressed with the great issues to himself and his country from the step he was about to take, sent his boat ashore for a clergyman, requesting him to hold religious services on board his ship. All the officers of the squadron were assembled on the deck of the *Lawrence*, and listened to an impressive address on the duty they owed their country. Prayer was then offered for the success of their cause. Young Perry reverently listening to the voice of prayer, as he is going forth to battle, and young Macdonough lifting his own in supplication to God, after his decks are cleared for action, furnish striking and beautiful examples to naval men.

Next morning the water being smooth, the guns of the *Lawrence*, the largest vessel, were taken out, and two scows placed alongside and filled till they sunk to the water's edge. Pieces of timber were then run through the forward and after ports of the vessel, and made fast by blocks to the scows. All being ready, the water was pumped out of them, and the vessel slowly rose over the bar. She stuck fast, however, on the top, and the scows had to be sunk again before she finally floated clear and moved off into deep water. The men worked all night to get this one brig over. The schooners passed easily, and moored outside. The *Lawrence* was scarcely once more afloat before the returning fleet hove in sight. Perry immediately prepared for action. But Barclay, after reconnoitring for half an hour, crowded all sail and disappeared again up the lake. The next day Perry sailed in pursuit, but after cruising a whole day without finding the enemy, returned to take in supplies. On the 12th of August he was about to start again, when he received information of the expected approach of a party of seamen under the command of Captain Elliot. Waiting a day or two to receive this welcome aid, he set sail for Sandusky, to put himself in communication with Gen. Harrison and the northwestern army. He then, on the 25th, returned to Malden, where the British fleet lay, and going into Put-in Bay, a haven in its vicinity, waited for the enemy to come out.

Here many of his crew were taken sick with fever, which at last seized him, together with the three surgeons of the squadron. He was not able to leave his cabin till the early part of September, when he received an additional reinforcement of a hundred volunteers. These troops came from Harrison's army, and were mostly Kentucky militia and soldiers, from the 28th regiment of infantry, and all volunteers for the approaching battle. The Kentuckians, most of them, had never seen a square-rigged vessel before, and wandered up and down examining every room and part of the ship without scruple. Dressed in their fringed linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts, with their muskets in their hands, they made as novel a marine corps as ever trod the deck of a battle-ship.

On the morning of the 10th of September, it was announced that the British fleet was coming out of Malden, and Perry immediately set sail to meet it. His squadron consisted of three brigs, the *Lawrence*, *Niagara*, and *Caledonia*, the *Trippe*, a sloop, and five schooners, carrying in all fifty-four guns. That of the British was composed of six vessels, mounting sixty-three guns. It was a beautiful morning, and the light breeze scarcely ruffled the surface of the water as the two squadrons, with all sails set, slowly approached each other. The weather-gage, at first, was with the enemy, but Perry impatient to close, resolved to waive this advantage, and kept standing on, when the wind unexpectedly shifted in his favor. Captain Barclay observing this, immediately hove to, and lying with his topsails aback, waited the approach of his adversary. With all his canvas out, Perry bore slowly and steadily down before the wind. The breeze was so light that he could scarcely make two miles an hour. The shore was lined with spectators, gazing on the exciting spectacle, and watching with intense anxiety the movements of the American squadron. Not a cloud dimmed the clear blue sky overhead, and the lake lay like a mirror, reflecting its beauty and its purity. Perry, in the *Lawrence*, led the line.

Taking out the flag which had been previously prepared, and mounting a gun-slide, he called the crew about him, and said, "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response. Up went the flag with a will, and as it swayed to the breeze it was greeted with loud cheers from the deck. As the rest of the squadron beheld that flag floating from the mainmast of their commander's vessel, and saw "Don't give up the ship!" was to be the signal for action, a long, loud cheer rolled down the line. The excitement spread below, and all the sick that could move, tumbled up to aid in the approaching combat. Perry then visited every gun, having a word of encouragement for each captain. Seeing some of the gallant tars who had served on board the *Constitution*, many of whom now stood with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, all

cleared for action, he said, "Well, boys, are you ready?" "All ready, your honor," was the quick response. "I need not say any thing to you. You know how to beat those fellows," he added smilingly, as he passed on.

The wind was so light that it took an hour and a half, after all the preparations had been made, to reach the hostile squadron. This long interval of idleness and suspense was harder to bear than the battle itself. Every man stood silently watching the enemy's vessels, or in low and earnest tones conversed with each other, leaving requests and messages to friends in case they fell. Perry gave his last direction, in the event of his death, to Hambleton—tied weights to his public papers, in order to have them ready to cast overboard if he should be defeated—read over his wife's letters for the last time, and then tore them up, so that the enemy should not see those records of the heart, and turned away, remarking, "*This is the most important day of my life.*" The deep seriousness and silence that had fallen on the ship, was at last broken by the blast of a bugle that came ringing over the water from the Detroit, followed by cheers from the whole British squadron. A single gun, whose shot went skipping past the *Lawrence*, first uttered its stern challenge, and in a few minutes all the long guns of the enemy began to play on the American fleet. Being a mile and a half distant, Perry could not use his carronades, and he was exposed to this fire for half an hour before he could get within range. Steering straight for the Detroit, a vessel a fourth larger than his own, he gave orders to have the schooners that lagged behind close up within half cable's length. Those orders, the last he gave during the battle, were passed by trumpet from vessel to vessel. The light wind having nearly died away, the *Lawrence* suffered severely before she could get near enough to open with her carronades, and she had scarcely taken her position before the fire of three vessels was directed upon her. Enveloped in flame and smoke, Perry strove desperately to maintain his ground till the rest of the fleet could close, and for two hours sustained without flinching this unequal contest. The balls crashed incessantly through the sides of the ship, dismounting the guns and strewing the deck with the dead, until at length, with "every brace and bow-line shot away," she lay an unmanageable wreck on the water. But still through the smoke, as it went before the heavy broadsides, her colors were seen flying, and still gleamed forth in the sunlight that glorious motto—"Don't give up the ship!" Calm and unmoved at the slaughter around him and his own desperate position, Perry gave his orders tranquilly, as though executing a manœuvre. Although in his first battle, and unaccustomed to scenes of carnage, his face gave no token of the emotions that mastered him. Advancing to assist a sailor whose gun had got out of order, he saw the poor fellow struck from his side by a twenty-four pound shot, and expire without a groan. His second lieutenant fell at his feet.

Lieutenant Brooks, a gay, dashing officer, of extraordinary personal beauty, while speaking cheerfully to him, was dashed by a cannon-ball to the other side of the deck, and mangled in the most frightful manner. His shrieks and imploring cries to Perry to kill him and end his misery, were heard even above the roar of the guns in every part of the ship. The dying who strewed the deck would turn their eyes in mute inquiry upon their youthful commander, as if to be told they had done their duty. The living, as a sweeping shot rent huge gaps in the ranks of their companions, looked a moment into his face to read its expression, and then stepped quietly into the places left vacant.

Lieutenant Yarnall, with a red handkerchief tied round his head, and another round his neck, to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, his nose swelled to a monstrous size, from a splinter having passed through it, disfigured and covered with gore, moved amid this terrific scene the very genius of havoc and carnage. Approaching Perry, he told him every officer in his division was killed. Others were given him, but he soon returned with the same dismal tidings. Perry then told him he must get along by himself, as he had no more to furnish him, and the gallant man went back alone to his guns. Once only did the shadow of any emotion pass over the countenance of this intrepid commander. He had a brother on board, only twelve years old. The little fellow, who had had two balls pass through his hat, and been struck with splinters, was still standing by the side of his brother, stunned by the awful cannonading and carnage around him, when he suddenly fell. For a moment Perry thought he too was gone, but he had only been knocked down by a hammock, which a cannon-ball had hurled against him.

At length every gun was dismantled but one, still Perry fought with that till at last it also was knocked from the carriage. Out of the one hundred men with whom a few hours before he had gone into battle, only eighteen stood up unwounded. Looking through the smoke he saw the Niagara, apparently uncrippled, drifting out of the battle. Leaping into a boat with his young brother, he said to his remaining officer, "If a victory is to be gained, I will gain it," and standing erect, told the sailors to give way with a will. The enemy observed the movement, and immediately directed their fire upon the boat. Oars were splintered in the rowers' hands by musket balls, and the men themselves covered with spray from the round shot and grape that smote the water on every side. Passing swiftly through the iron storm he reached the Niagara in safety, and as the survivors of the Lawrence saw him go up the vessel's side, they gave a hearty cheer. Finding her sound and whole, Perry backed his maintop sail, and flung out his signal for close action. From vessel to vessel the answering signals went up in the sunlight, and three cheers rang over the water. He then gave his sails to the wind, and bore steadily down on the centre of the enemy's line. Re-

serving his fire as he advanced, he passed alone through the hostile fleet, within close pistol range, wrapt in flame as he swept on. Delivering his broadsides right and left, he spread horror and death through the decks of the Detroit and Lady Prevost. Rounding to as he passed the line, he laid his vessel close to two of the enemy's ships, and poured in his rapid fire. The shrieks that rung out from the Detroit were heard even above the deafening cannonade, while the crew of the Lady Prevost, unable to stand the fire, ran below, leaving their wounded, stunned, and bewildered commander alone on deck, leaning his face on his hand, and gazing vacantly on the passing ship. The other American vessels having come up, the action at once became general. To the spectators from the shore, the scene at this moment was indescribably thrilling. Far out on the calm water lay a white cloud, from out whose tortured bosom broke incessant flashes and thunder claps—the loud echoes rolling heavily away over the deep, and dying amid the silence and solitude of the forest.

An action so close and murderous could not last long, and it was soon apparent that victory inclined to the Americans, for while the enemy's fire sensibly slackened, the signal for close action was still flying from the Niagara, and from every American vessel the answering signal floated proudly in the wind. In fifteen minutes from the time the first signal was made the battle was over. A white handkerchief waved from the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte announced the surrender. The firing ceased; the smoke slowly cleared away, revealing the two fleets commingled, shattered, and torn, and strewed with dead. The loss on each side was a hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded.

Perry having secured the prisoners, returned to the Lawrence, lying a wreck in the distance, whither she had helplessly drifted. She had struck her flag before he closed with the Niagara, but it was now flying again. Not a word was spoken as he went over the vessel's side; a silent grasp of the hand was the only sign of recognition, for the deck around was covered with dismembered limbs, and brains; while the bodies of twenty officers and men lay in ghastly groups before him.

As the sun went down over the still lake his last beams looked on a mournful spectacle. Those ships, stripped of their spars and canvas, looked as if they had been swept by a hurricane, while desolation covered their decks. At twilight the seamen who had fallen on board the American fleet were committed to the deep, and the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church read over them.

The uproar of the day had ceased, and deep silence rested on the two squadrons, riding quietly at anchor, broken only by the stifled groans of the wounded, that were echoed from ship to ship. As Perry sat that night on the quarter-deck of the Lawrence, conversing with his few remaining officers, while ever and anon the moans of his brave comrades below were

borne to his ear, he was solemn and subdued. The exciting scene through which he had safely passed—the heavy load taken from his heart—the reflection that his own life had been spared, and the consciousness that his little brother was slumbering sweetly and unhurt in his hammock beside him, awakened emotions of gratitude to God; and he gravely remarked, “I believe that my wife’s prayers have saved me.”

It had been a proud day for him; and as he lay that night and thought what a change a few hours had wrought in his fortunes, feelings of exultation might well swell his bosom. Such unshaken composure—such gallant bearing—stern resolution, and steadiness and tenacity of purpose in a young man of twenty-seven, in his first battle, exhibit a marvelous strength of character, and one wonders more at him than his success.

It was a great victory; and, as the news spread, bonfires, illuminations, the firing of cannon, and shouts of excited multitudes announced the joy and exultation of the nation. The gallant bearing of Perry—his daring passage in an open boat through the enemy’s fire to the Niagara—the motto on his flag—the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy’s line, and then closed in half pistol shot—his laconic account of the victory in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, “WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE OURS”—furnished endless themes for discussion and eulogy, and he suddenly found himself in the front rank of heroes.

The day after the battle the funeral of the officers of the two fleets took place. A little opening on the margin of the bay, a wild and solitary spot, was selected as the place of interment. It was a beautiful autumn day, not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the lake, or moved the still forest that fringed that lonely clearing. The sun shone brightly down on the new-made graves, and not a sound disturbed the Sabbath stillness that rested on forest and lake. The fallen officers, each in his appropriate uniform, were laid on platforms made to receive them, and placed, with their hands across their breasts, in the barges. As these were rowed gently away, the boats fell in behind in long procession, and the whole swept slowly and sadly toward the place of burial. The flags drooped mournfully in the still air, the dirge to which the oars kept time rose and fell in solemn strains over the water, while minute-guns from the various vessels blended their impressive harmony with the scene. The day before had been one of strife and carnage, but those who had closed in mortal hate, now mourned like a band of brothers for their fallen leaders, and, gathering together around the place of burial, gazed a last farewell, and firing one volley over the nameless graves, turned sadly away. There, in that wild spot, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual dirge, they slept the sleep of the brave. They had fought

gallantly, and it mattered not to them the victory or defeat, for they had gone to that still land where human strifes are forgotten, and the clangor of battle never comes.

LOVE SNUFFED OUT.

I DON’T know that I have any Puritan blood in my veins; but the moment I found myself really engaged to help my friend marry an heiress, I felt some compunction.

“Doesn’t your conscience prick you in this matter?” inquired I.

“What does my young friend mean by conscience?” replied Don Bobtail.

“Why, are you not afraid that you may really make the woman you marry for money unhappy?”

“I am not yet conscious of that fear, and in any case, I should be more likely to consider the happiness of the gentleman in question.”

“But, my dear Don Bobtail, is that not rather a selfish view?”

“Certainly it is selfish, my young friend. But with whom have I the most vivid sympathy? whose pains pain me? whose pleasures please me? with whom and for whom do I suffer, think, act? To whose misfortune am I not resigned?”

“Decidedly to those of Don Bobtail Fandang,” replied I.

“Precisely. Yet I am the only person who is not at last resigned to them. I endure your sorrows with perfect equanimity. Why? Because I know that if there is any way to mitigate them, there is an individual who will not fail to discover it.”

“Meaning me?”

“Infallibly. My first and deepest interest is in myself. It is so in the nature of things: and if (in my case a rather vague supposition) if I have a very delicate conscience which leads me to prefer your well-being, for instance, to my own, it is only a refined selfishness; inasmuch as, in that case, self-sacrifice secures my own happiness.”

The Ambassador took snuff with a satisfied air. I could say nothing, for I am not a metaphysician. But what an invaluable friend, as I wrote my maiden aunt, then in the country, is a man who is not only perfect in knowledge of the world, but who enjoys so clear a perception of principles.

“Hence you see,” continued the Don, as he returned his snuff-box to his waistcoat pocket, “that in a marriage for money there are two parties and two interests. If I, for the sake of illustration, am one of those parties, you will see whose happiness I shall naturally consider. I give the lady credit for being able to take care of herself. If we both look to one interest, who takes care of the other? Nothing should be so cautiously managed as a little affair of this kind.”

“True,” said I, “but where is the glow of feeling?”

“To what glow of feeling do you now refer?” inquired the Don, with a puzzled air.