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ENGLAND'S ONLY LIVING GENERAL.

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With the single exception of the ill-advised and worse-conducted war in the Crimea, England has for more than two generations wisely kept aloof from the great military conflicts which have been waged in Europe, but all the time she has been engaged in an ever-beginning and never-ending series of petty conflicts upon the borders of her possessions in every other quarter of the globe; petty wars, in which little honor was to be gained by victory,
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while deep disgrace would be incurred by anything less than entire success. Since 1854 she has, undoubtedly, greatly strengthened herself as a military power, but she has certainly not in this respect kept pace with her great continental rivals. And now when she is suddenly involved in an affair, the result of which no man can safely forecast, she finds herself in a strange position. Her armed intervention in the affairs of Egypt has flung a lighted match into a mass of combustibles and kindled a flame, without speedily stamped out, that may result in a general conflagration. To bring this Egyptian imbroglio to a speedy close seems to be the one thing to be done. England has looked over her army list, and finds only one man who has given proof that he possesses even the promise of capacity to perform the work in hand. She finds only one man whom his warmest admirers dare to pronounce, not to say a great general, but even to have in him the making of a great general, and his capacities have as yet been put to the test only upon the most limited scale. He has never commanded more than a handful of troops; has never, except as a subaltern in the Crimea, looked upon a great army, or seen anything more than a mere skirmish. The most which can now be said of him is that the unwavering success which has attended the small operations which he has conducted has been of such a character as to give large promise that he will be found competent for the most important tasks which events may devolve upon him. So, at least, judge the English Government and the English people. This man is Sir Garnet Wolseley. To-day he occupies a place not unlike that occupied by Bonaparte at the commencement of his first campaign in Italy.

Garnet Joseph Wolseley, the son of a major of a regiment of infantry, was born at the "Golden Bridge House," near Dublin, Ireland, June 16th, 1833. At the age of nineteen he entered the army as an ensign. England, or rather the East India Company, was then engaged in a petty war with Burmah. Wolseley served in this with so much credit as to gain a medal. He was then sent to the Crimea; was severely wounded at the siege of Sebastopol; was made a captain, presumably for merit, at twenty-three, and received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and of the fifth class of the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, whatever that may be worth. The Crimean war was scarcely over when the Sepoy mutiny broke out. Wolseley was sent back to India, and we catch faint glimpses of him at the sieges of Lucknow, and at the advance on Cawnpore, his name being honorably mentioned in the dispatches of the day; he being also made a lieutenant-colonel by brevet in 1859.

He must have manifested no little executive capacity, for in 1860, when the one-sided war with China broke out, he was placed on the staff of the Quartermaster-General; served through the brief campaign, and gained "a medal and two clasps." Of this Chinese war he wrote a rather interesting "narrative." We lose sight of him until 1867, when he was sent to Canada as Deputy-Quartermaster-General. Two years later he prepared a "Soldier's Pocket-book for Field Service," full of excellent rules and suggestions, in which he developed what seems to be his cardinal idea, that in warfare everything should be sacrificed to success, and that the thing to be aimed at is to make a campaign short and decisive. By this time he has come to be recognized as a man of resources and action, and has risen to the rank of colonel.

Things in the British Provinces of North America had begun to put on a rather questionable aspect. What is now known as the "Dominion of Canada" had been partially organized in 1867. More than 1,000 miles to the northwest of Toronto was the little Red River settlement, with a population of some 15,000 souls, mostly half-breeds, French blood being predominant among them. It was proposed to attach this region to the newly-established Dominion. In the early Autumn of 1860 Mr. McDougall was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of this region, with directions to proceed thither at once, assist in the formal transfer of the Northwest Territories from the Hudson Bay Company, and as soon as this was done to assume the government. The half-breeds of the Red River settlement knew little of that Canada into which they were to be absorbed. They organized a provisional government, of which Louis Riel was made president, having in view an ultimate union with the United States. McDougall, when within sixty miles of Fort Garry, was met by an order from Riel, forbidding him to enter the Northwest Territories without special permission from the Special Committee of the self-constituted authorities of the Red River settlement. The Lieutenant-Governor went on to the fort, but was not allowed to enter, and went back to the American town of Pembina. The half-breeds now had their own way; made prisoners of several bodies of loyalists, tried some of them by court-martial, and ordered one of them to be shot for having been "insolent" to his captors. "It was necessary," said Riel, "to make an example, in order that Canada should respect the people of Red River."

This execution took place early in March, 1870. The tidings of it aroused a deep sensation in the Dominion and England, and it was resolved to send an armed expedition to the Red River country, to restore the Queen's authority there. Colonel Wolseley was directed to draw up a plan of the expedition. It was highly approved, and the execution of it was committed to his hands. It was to number 1,200 fighting men, of whom one-third were British regulars, and the remainder Canadian militia. Besides these, there were from time to time added some 400 " ayerens," to manage the canoes, so that in all the expedition numbered not more than 1,900 men, and one woman, the wife of an officer, who was permitted to accompany her husband.

From Toronto, where the expedition was organized, to Fort Garry, its ultimate destination, the distance is about 1,200 miles. The first ninety-four miles was by railway, between Lake Ontario and Lake Huron; then came 531 miles by steamers through Lakes Huron and Superior; beyond this a road of fifty miles had been projected and partly constructed to the little Lake Sibbaldowun, near the summit of the low watershed of the continent; and thence the party were to go in boats through a wilderness of lakes and rivers never before traversed, except by Indians in their bark canoes. For this long voyage more than 200 boats were constructed at various places in Canada. They were generally from twenty-five to thirty feet long, six or seven feet wide, each calculated to carry fourteen men, and four tons of provisions and other supplies.

The expedition started from Toronto, May 14th, 1870. The voyage through Lakes Huron and Superior presented no difficulties. There was, however, one slight annoyance. The Lakes are connected by the St. Mary's River, which here forms the boundary between Canada and the United States. In it is the Sault St. Marie, a series of rapids a mile long, not to be ascended by steamers. Around these, on the American side, a canal has been constructed. The ill-feeling against England engendered by her attitude in the civil war had not wholly died out, and the American Government refused to permit the expedition to pass through this canal; and so everything had to be unloaded from the steamers on Lake
Huron, carried overland for three miles, and re-embarked on other steamers on Lake Superior. At a late period the prohibition was revoked, except for articles declared to be contraband of war.

On the 25th of May the advance of the expedition reached Thunder Bay, at the northern extremity of Lake Superior, where the real labor began. It had been expected that the forty or fifty miles of road to Lake Shebandowan would by this time have been made practicable, and over this it had been intended to haul the boats and supplies for nearly 2,000 men. Before long it was evident that it would not be possible to carry the boats over this road in any reasonable time, and Wolseley cast about for some other means of overcoming the distance between the two lakes.

Lake Shebandowan lies 800 feet above Superior, into which it discharges its waters by the rapid river Kaministiquia, which abounds in rapids, up which it had been supposed that no boats could be dragged. The commander came to the conclusion that this could be done, and set about the laborious task. What between poling and tracking, the boats were at length got up, and the first hard step in the long journey was taken. Fifty miles out of 600 had been accomplished, and on the 16th of July the boat expedition was fairly afloat. At the head of Lake Shebandowan is the Kashabowie portage, 1,500 yards long. Over this a broad road was speedily cut through the woods, and heavy rollers were laid down, over which to shoot the boats, while all the supplies were to be carried across on the backs of the men by means of "portage straps"—bands of leather twenty-six inches long and three and a quarter inches broad in the middle, tapering down to an inch at the ends, to which long leather bands are sewn.

"The long ends," writes the historian of the expedition, "are tied firmly around the barrel or package to be carried in such a manner as to leave at the broad part of the strap a loop large enough to allow the head to be passed through. The barrel is then hoisted upon the back, the broad part of the strap resting upon the forehead. In his way almost the whole strain bears on the backbone and the vertebræ of the neck. An Indian usually clasps his hands round the back of his head to help the "leverage," and in this way will carry an immense weight. Our men were at first rather awkward at it, but they got into the way of it very quickly, and before long would think nothing of a weight under which at first he would have been unable to stagger. Our barrels of pork were the heaviest packages we had, weighing 200 pounds; flour, barrels, 120 pounds; biscuit-barrels, 100 pounds. An experienced voyager thinks nothing of a barrel of pork. I was one fellow—a slight and by no means strong-looking alf-breed—carry two barrels of pork at the same time, and then he asked for something else to be placed on the p. It took us nearly the whole day to get our one oat and stuff across this portage. We were new to the work, and the great heat rendered the labor all the more wearisome."

They entered another small lake the next morning. An old row brought them to the height of land. Then another portage of two miles, when they entered a narrow reed, shallow and choked with reeds, whose waters ultimately fall into Hudson's Bay instead of the St. Lawrence. In all, before their goal was reached, forty-seven portages were passed between Lake Shebandowan and Fort Garry.

The remainder of the journey was made by almost incessant rowing and shooting successive rapids. From the time of the landing at Thunder Bay to the arrival at Fort Garry was ninety-four days, of which forty-five were raining, and every man was wet through for days in succession; but the annoyances inflicted by mosquitoes and the like were the most severe of all the things endured. We have the following sketch, which may serve as a general picture of the daily proceedings of the expedition:

"The scale of daily rations laid down, for the officers and men alike, was as follows: one pound of biscuit, one pound of salt pork, one ounce of tea, two ounces of sugar, one-third of a pint of beans, or one-fourth of a pound of preserved potatoes, and on these the men did as hard work as has been ever done by the men of any army. Tea was the only beverage. No spirit ration was served out on any occasion to officers or men, and to this may be attributed the almost total absence of crime, and the wonderful good health and spirits of the men.

"The way in which all ranks worked—officers and men alike—was beyond all praise. The officers wielded with their men in carrying heavy loads, and apart from the respect with which the officers were treated, a stranger could not have told an officer from a private. Their dress was much the same—sleeves rolled up to the elbows; arms, neck, and hands as brown as berries; loose flannel shirts open at the throat, a pair of very dirty duck trousers tucked into mocassins, and a straw hat on red woolen nightcap to crown all; little remnants of uniform were to be seen anywhere, except occasionally an old forgé-cap or two. The men had in most cases patched the seals of their trousers—so that soon got worn out by continual rowing—with pieces of canvas from empty biscuit-bags, and presented thereby a most comical appearance. Up early, hard at work all day, rowing or portaging from five A.M. to 8 P.M., with a short interval for breakfast and dinner, nothing to eat but salt pork and biscuit, nothing to drink but tea, they yet looked as healthy as possible, and when, on August 4th, they reached Fort Francis, on the Rainy River, half way between their starting-place and their goal, there was not a sick man among them—they had no time to be sick."

Rainy River—the outlet of Rainy Lake, and the main feeder of the great Lake of the Woods—is a fine stream, 300 or 400 yards broad, broken by rapids at several points, but having generally a deep, smooth current of about two miles an hour. The expedition, now concentrated into one solid body, plied its oars lustily, making five or six miles an hour, between beautiful wooded banks, until it reached the mouth of the river in the Lake of the Woods. Here came a canoe with a messenger from the loyalists of the Red River region, begging that the troops might be hurried as rapidly as possible to the settlement, where grave perils seemed imminent.

It was not easy to decide what should be done. They were at the southern end of the lake. From its northwestern corner to Fort Garry the distance was about 115 miles, over about eighty of which there was a road passable by carts. The remainder was a series of swamps, but Wolseley was told that these were not impassable, and he was urged to make the attempt. The temptation was great, for by taking the route, instead of traversing the whole length of the Lake of the Woods to its outlet, the Winnipeg River, and going down that to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of 150 miles would be saved. But the accounts of this shorter route were vague that the longer one was chosen.

This Lake of the Woods is by no means a delightful body of water. Its most noticeable feature is its peculiar green color, caused by a profuse growth of minute plants, in many places so abundant that the water has the consistence and color of pea-soup, and unless carefully filtered is wholly unfit for human use. The expedition sailed the
whole length of the lake, and, not without much discomfort and some peril of losing the way amid the labyrinth of islands, reached its outlet, the Winnipeg River, in places three miles broad, winding in every possible direction, and in its course of 163 miles descending 350 feet by a succession of magnificent cataracts, tumultuous cascades and foaming rapids. In all, there are about twenty-five portages where the boats had to be unloaded. On two days—August 19th and 20th—there were, within a distance of a few miles, sixteen of these portages, varying in length from 150 to 1,320 yards. But all these natural obstructions were got over or around without loss of life or stores, though not without many very narrow escapes.

On the 20th they reached Fort Alexander, on Lake Winnipeg, 264 miles long, with an average breadth of thirty-five miles, having an area larger by half than that of Lake Ontario. Here the first definite tidings were received of what had been going on in the Red River region, nearly a hundred miles away. President Riel had called a meeting of the French half-breeds, and endeavored to set on foot an armed resistance to the entry of the English force; but they took counsel of their fears, and would have no more to do with him. Wolseley, with his 400 regulars, sailed to the southern end of the lake, to the mouth of the Red River, down which they proceeded to the neighborhood of Fort Garry. On the 23d a violent storm sprung up, which delayed the advance; but scouts were sent forward, who reported that the rebel flag, emblazoned with the French fleur-de-lys and the Irish shamrock, still waved over the fort. Early on the next morning the march was resumed through the...
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mud. Soon the fort came in sight. No flag was visible, but the gates were shut, and guns could be seen mounted on the bastions and over the gateway which commanded the road by which they were approaching. For a few minutes it seemed not unlikely that there might be a fight, after all. But no men were seen at the guns. An officer was sent around to the other side to see whether the gate there was shut. He came back with the report that the gate was wide open, and fugitives were hurrying northward over the bridge across

SURFBOATS LANDING SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S TROOPS ON THE AFRICAN COAST IN 1873.

LANDING STORES BY NATIVE BOATS.

dure more continuous labors, and no men on service have ever been more cheerful under the trials arising from exposure to inclement weather, excessive fatigue, and to the annoyance caused by flies. Although you have not had an opportunity of gaining glory, you can carry back with you the conviction that you have done good service to the state, and have proved that no extent of intervening wilderness can enable men with impunity to commit murder, or to rebel against Her Majesty's authority."

In less than a week the entire expedition was on its way back to Canada. Colonel Wolseley was soon recalled to England, where his high merits received ample recognition. He was made a

THE ADVANCE-GUARD MET BY ASHANTEE PRIESTS.

the Assiniboine River. The English marched in through the driving rain, and took unobstructed possession of the fort. It seems that Riel was unaware that the English were near until he saw them actually within reach of his guns, when he took horse and galloped off toward the American frontier.

Never was there a campaign so peaceful. From first to last not a shot had been fired, and not a drop of blood had been lost, except that drawn by the mosquitos and flies. Still it was by no means an unimportant enterprise. The commanding-officer, in his address to his men, thus modestly sums up what had been done: "No force has ever had to en-
Knight-Commander of the Order of Saints Michael and George; he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at headquarters, and soon grew to be looked upon as the coming man of the army—the one to be called upon in case of a sudden emergency. Such an emergency soon presented itself.

Early in the sixteenth century the Portuguese had established themselves upon the Gold Coast of Africa, where they were dispossessed by the Dutch. They were in time dispossessed by the English, who, as early as 1681, set up a “Protectorate” over the tribes inhabiting a long strip of coast, and extending for an indefinite number of leagues into the interior. The Dutch, however, still retained the strong castle of Elmina, with some adjacent territory. In 1872 this was sold to the English, and became a portion of their Protectorate. The native tribes had formerly acknowledged the sovereignty of the powerful King of Ashantee, whose capital, Coomassie, is about 150 miles from the coast. A rather brisk trade had all along been carried on between Elmina and Coomassie, which were connected by road quite passable by ivory-porters, and the like. Mr. Hennessy, the new English Governor at Elmina, wrote at once to his Majesty, King George, of Ashantee, announcing the change of dominion which had taken place, and desiring a continuance of trade. The sable potentate replied that he was as well pleased with the English as with the Dutch, and was also desirous that peace should be maintained and trade go on as before.

But it happened that, some time previously, an Ashantee chief had seized upon three or four German missionaries, and demanded 1,800 ounces of gold by way of ransom. King George thought that the new masters of Elmina should ransom these white men, suggesting that this might probably be effected by 1,000 ounces—say about $17,000. Much palaver ensued upon this and other matters. The manner of the English Governor was so deferential that King George construed it as an indication of weakness, and began to fancy that he was more than a match for the power of England. At last he sent word that Elmina and the adjacent region had of old belonged to his forefathers, and that he was coming to take possession of his ancient rights. He broke at once into the English Protectorate, ravaging the borders, and putting the colonies on the coast in some peril. The British Government forthwith fitted out an expedition against the Ashantees. The command of this was given to Colonel (now Sir Garnet) Wolseley, who was raised to the local rank of major-general, and was also invested with supreme civil authority in the region where his operations were to be carried on. He was thus clothed with absolute power. He could form his own plans and execute them without trammel; could wage war and make peace.

No time was lost in his departure for Africa, in order to study the situation on the spot. Accompanied only by his staff, he sailed from Liverpool, in September, 1873, bearing his troops to follow him as speedily as possible. Before they arrived his plan of operations had been thoroughly matured. It was, in brief, to march his own immediate forces directly northward upon Coomassie, toward which two other columns, made up mainly of native levies, who were already in the field, were to move from the east and the west, with the intent of concentrating near the capital, where it seemed likely that a stand would be made. As it happened, the concentration did not take place. The work had been done by Sir Garnet himself, before the other columns came up.

Whenever there is a prospect of fighting the great newspapers are prompt to dispatch special correspondents to the scene, to observe and describe events as they occur. Foremost among these correspondents on this occasion was Henry Stanley, of the New York Herald, who had four years before accompanied Napier’s Abyssinian expedition; had afterward led the Herald expedition for the discovery of the whereabouts of Livingstone; and was afterward to win a foremost place among African explorers. He was already on the spot when Sir Garnet arrived. His personal description of the man is the earliest which has come under our eyes. He writes:

“Sir Garnet Wolseley is the youngest general in Her Majesty’s service—not forty years old as yet—and as he has not risen to his present rank through interest, it may be assumed that he has shown himself an able and energetic officer. But this stately little gentleman, of proud military bearing, quick, bright eyes, broad, high forehead and ardent temperament, a sparkling intelligence animating every feature, is the very reverse of my preconceived conception of Sir Garnet Wolseley. If he had not been a soldier by appearance, I should judge him to have made a first-class ‘special correspondent’; just the man to have seized an item, and dared a general-in-chief to lay hands upon him; just the man to have been sent to any part of the world to collect news. His eager eyes betray the inquisitive soul and indomitable energy. The British Government could have found no worthier man to whom to intrust the castigation of the Ashantees.”

The troops did not arrive until late in December, 1873. They were not detained upon the pestiferous coast, for everything was ready for the march into the interior, and the movement began two days after Christmas. The entire force numbered just 2,507 officers and men—a small body to be sent into an almost unknown region and pitted against a monarch who, it was said, could bring 100,000 against them, a number which was afterward found to be greatly exaggerated. Of this little army Stanley writes:

“There is no doubt of the capacity of the British troops to force their way to Coomassie against all odds. They consist of picked regiments—the famous ‘Black Watch,’ the Forty-second Highlanders, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Rifle Brigade, and a naval battalion of picked men. We may confidently back these against any number of Ashantees. The combined tribes of the entire West Coast of Africa could not oppose them successfully—bush or no bush. Their numbers are, indeed, comparatively few, but their discipline is perfect, their pluck traditional, their heroic endurance undoubted. Their chief is a soldier of reputation and great promise; their officers are superb men, individually and collectively. Give them food, look after their health, and they will walk to Coomassie though every tree in the forest became transformed into an armed man.”

The transcendent merit of Sir Garnet in this expedition consists in the perfect preparation made for the supply of the troops, and for their comfort on the march. In no single case do we find mention of an hour’s unforeseen delay for want of full rations; and as there are in this part of Africa no beasts of burden, everything had to be borne on the backs of men—natives levied for the purpose. The single road by which the advance was made is only fifteen feet wide, cut through the “bush” for many a mile. Of this bush Mr. Stanley writes:

“We had heard a great deal of ‘the bush.’ Here it was on either side, covering hollows, hills, slopes and summits, overwhelming the earth with its luxuriance and density. Fancy an untrampled English hedge fifteen or twenty feet high, and scores of miles in depth, where you could see only an innumerable variety of brushwood and plants trying to overgrow each other, and you will form an
approximate idea of the thickness and character of the bush. Within the first few miles there are but few large trees to be seen; the whole is second growth. The native forest had been cut down, showing that in former times this part of the country was pretty extensively cultivated. The road, running through a country gently undulating, was one impervious glade of luxuriant leafage formed by commingling branches overhead, giving perfect shelter from the rays of the sun.

As the expedition approached the borders of Ashantee the enemy began occasionally to show themselves, firing at a distance too great for the short-range muskets, doing little or no harm, and being speedily driven back by a volley from the long-range "Snider" rifles, or a discharge from a "galling," whose horse running struck them with special terror.

The march was necessarily slow, frequent halts having to be so made to allow the supply-carriers to keep up with the troops. It was not until the last day of January, 1874, that the expedition reached Amsalu, twenty-five miles from Coomasie. Here the Ashantees were found strongly posted in the bush; their numbers could only be guessed at, but they were vaguely estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000. The English moved upon them, firing with perceptible effect at long range. The Ashantees replied briskly, burning powder enough, but their bullets fell short of the mark, or were so far spent as to inflict only trifling wounds. They fell back before the steady advance of their disciplined antagonists, stopping over and over again, long enough to receive another volley, to make an ineffective reply, and then again retreating. This running fight lasted for more than twenty hours—from eight in the morning till long after midnight. The Ashantee loss was vaguely estimated at from 800 to 1,200 killed. Sir Garnet Wolseley says: "Upon the main road alone we buried 150 of their dead, and as they manifested great resolution in carrying off their wounded, their entire loss must have been heavy." The details of the English loss are singular—only four men were killed outright, but there were 193 wounded, most of them very slightly, for only about half a dozen are reported as having subsequently died of their wounds. This burst of the fight fell upon the Highlanders, who had two killed and about 120 wounded.

On February 21 the army, leaving its baggage behind, pushed rapidly on for Coomasie. A kind of running fight was kept up during the morning, but with little loss on either side. Village after village was passed during the lay; all of them were deserted by their inhabitants; but at the entrance to each of them was presented a ghastly spectacle, characteristic of Ashantee superstition. In the middle of the road lay the headless body of a young man or woman. The head was placed erect; the face turned toward the direction from which the enemy were advancing. The naked body was carefully laid out; the feet pointing toward Coomasie. This was explained to be a powerful fetich, implying, "Look at this face, ye who are coming toward our capital, and learn the doom that surely waits you."

On the 4th a letter was received from King Coffee, begging the English to stay their march, and promising to comply with all the demands made upon him. He would once get together the 50,000 ounces of gold-dust which had been demanded as an indemnity, and as a security or the fulfillment of his promises he would deliver up the queen-mother and Prince Munsah, the heir to the crown, a hostages. The British commander replied that he would lay in his march until the gold and hostages were placed in his hands.

King Coffee had all along been busy with his fetiches and human sacrifices. He seems to have been persuaded that the unseen powers would at the last moment intervene and destroy the insolent invaders. The thing specially prayed for was a violent rainstorm, to dampen the ammunition of the English. It seemed now that the prayer had been answered. A violent storm had sprung up during the previous night, by which the march was somewhat delayed. It was scarcely begun on the 4th when the advance fell into an ambuscade, which cost them four killed and forty wounded. The column pressed on, amid slight skirmishings, until it reached the village of Ordass, eight miles from Coomasie, where King Coffee had resolved to give battle, he himself taking command in person, and threatening with instant death any chief who should give way without orders. Seated on a golden stool, under a shelter of broad plantain-leaves, he surveyed the field. He soon learned, to his cost, that the rain had not impaired the efficiency of the dreaded English rifles. The Ashantees fell back sullenly before the fire poured in upon them. It was not long before a stray bullet whistled close by the royal ear; and he bade his attendants to lift the golden stool upon their shoulders and bear him from the field. The whole army broke into rapid flight. The last battle in this Ashantee campaign had been fought. It had cost the English in all just seventy-one men, killed outright or after wounded from their wounds. Far more severe was the loss occasioned by the pestilential climate. The whole march to and from Coomasie had been performed in what is denominated the "healthy season"; but in spite of every precaution to secure the health of the troops, more than 500 died from diseases contracted on the march from the coast and back again.

The expedition pressed on its way. Before long a messenger with a white flag appeared, bearing a letter from Mr. Dawson, an English missionary detained at Coomasie, begging that, for the sake of his own life and that of his comrades, the advance upon Coomasie should be stayed. The King, he wrote, had not returned to his capital, and the whole army was in retreat, no one knew whither. The column kept on unobstructed, and as evening was falling crossed a broad swamp, entered a broad street lined with handsome houses, and stood within the Ashantee capital. Coomasie had been described as a great city, with 100,000 inhabitants. It does, indeed, cover a considerable area, but is rather a collection of villages, having an aggregate population of not more than 20,000. The weary soldiers laid themselves down to rest under the porticos or in the alcoves of the houses in the broad street. Darkness had fallen, when suddenly the light of a great blaze was seen in the direction of the royal palace. Another and another were soon seen in various quarters, but there seemed no danger of a general conflagration in that loosely-built town.

Sir Garnet, in his official dispatch, tells what followed the occupation of Coomasie. He had at once written a letter to King Coffee. "I am," he wrote, "in Coomasie; and my only wish is to make a lasting peace with you. I have shown you the power of England, and now I will be merciful. Send me hostages of rank and I will make peace with you to-morrow on the terms already agreed upon. If either your Royal Majesty, your Royal mother or Prince Mensah will come to see me early to-morrow morning, I will treat you with all the honor due to your royal dignity, and allow you to return in safety."

To this letter no answer was returned. It does not appear certain that it ever reached King Coffee. Sir Garnet proceeds:

"We occupied the town. Mr. Dawson was met at full
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SIR GARNET WOLSELEY RECEIVING NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF COOMASIE, KING COFFEE'S CAPITAL.

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liberty, walking through the street. I immediately issued stringent orders for the protection of the inhabitants and the safety of the town. But night fell almost immediately after our entrance, and in the darkness it was impossible to prevent some of the numerous camp-followers from pillaging. The Fantee prisoners had been released, and they probably took part. The result was the outbreak of many fires. Captain Baker, the Inspector-General of the Police, and several officers, were engaged nearly all the night in putting out the fires. One native policeman, taken in the act, was hung.

"The whole scheme of Ashantee politics is so based upon treachery that the King does not either understand any other form of negotiations or believe it possible that others can have honest intentions. It became clear to me that a treaty would be as valueless to us as it was difficult to obtain. Nothing remained but to leave such a mark of our power to punish as should deter from future aggression a nation whom treaties do not bind. I had done all in my power to avoid the necessity, but it was forced upon me. I gave orders for the destruction of the palace and the burning of the city. I had at one time also contemplated the destruction of the Bantams, a mile and a half from the capital, where the sacred ashes of former kings are entombed. But this would have involved a delay of some hours. Very heavy rains had fallen, and I feared that the streams might have risen in my rear sufficiently to seriously delay my march. I therefore considered it better not further to risk the health of my troops, the wet weather having already threatened seriously to affect it.

"The destruction of the palace was complete. I believe that the result will be such a diminution of the prestige and military power of the Ashantee monarch as may result in the breaking up of the kingdom altogether. In any case, I believe that the main object of my expedition has been secured. The territories of the Gold Coast will not again be troubled by the warlike ambition of this restless power. The flag of England.
from this moment, will be received throughout Western Africa with respectful awe."

The burning of Coomassie took place within less than forty-eight hours after its first occupation, and the Eng-
lish set out on their return to the coast. If King Coffee
had been versed in European history he might perhaps
have likened this hasty evacuation to the enforced aban-
donment of Moscow by Napoleon. As the French could
not endure the snows of Russia, so the English dared not
face the rains of Ashantee. Some such idea seems to have
occurred to King Coffee; but if it were so his hopes were
to naught within a day or two by the arrival at Coo-
massie of a still stronger column from the east, who
marched straight through the smoldering ashes of his
capital. He therefore opened fresh negotiations for sub-
mission.

When well advanced upon his return march, Sir Garnet
forwarded another dispatch to the Government at home.
A few days previously he had been overtaken by a mes-
senger from King Coffee, bearing assurances that his
master was now anxious for peace upon any terms. Sir
Garnet returned for reply that the Ashantee kingdom
had been so severely punished that he could now afford to be
lenient. The indemnity should still be fixed at 50,000
ounces of gold, but if the King would pay down 5,000
ounces, as a first installment, and as an earnest of his
sincerity, the rendition of hostages would be waived, and
he would be ready to arrange for a treaty; meanwhile, he
would halt for three days to await His Majesty's reply.
Before the time was up, Ashantee commissioners arrived.
They averred that King Coffee could not, on the spur of
the moment, collect more than 1,000 ounces. Somehow, Sir
Garnet has within less than a week come to have quite
new views as to the value of a treaty. "I thought," he
says, "that it was exceedingly probable that a little addi-
tional pressure might have induced them to produce the
larger sum. But I considered that the main point was to
obtain the treaty of peace, and that, the money being im-
portant chiefly as a proof of complete submission, the sum
now actually paid down was a matter of comparatively
small consequence."

The form of a treaty was drawn up, and after some nag-
gling on the part of the Ashantee commissioners, it was
mutually agreed to. The main difficulty was as to the amount
of the promised indemnity. Upon this point Sir Garnet was
immoveable. It should be 50,000 ounces, and no less, but
the first 1,000 ounces having been paid, the remaining
49,000 should lie over, to be paid from time to time in such
installments as the Queen should demand. "I fancy," adds
Sir Garnet, naively, "that it is very doubtful whether the
whole of the money will ever be obtained by Her Majesty's
Government. But the payment of a few thousands pounds
cannot be relatively of so great importance as the main-
tenance of peace. I incline to believe that the danger of the
breaking up, to which his kingdom is exposed, unless
he is on friendly terms with us, will induce him to fulfil,
with as much punctuality as he is able, the conditions of the
treaty."

We do not learn that King Coffee has made default in the payment "on demand" of the remaining installments, and for the very good reason that such demand appears ever to have been made. The 1,000
ounces actually paid did not go very far toward defray-
ing the expenses of the Ashantee expedition. More than
ten times as much was voted by Parliament to Sir Garnet
alone as a reward for his services.

Still the treaty gives some not wholly insignificant ad-
vantages to England, all of which resolve themselves into
an increase of her prestige among the tribes in this part
of Africa, with the prospect of some additional trade in that
quarter. The main stipulations are to the effect that-
"There shall be perpetual peace between his Majesty King
Coffee Calcutt of Ashantee, and her Majesty Queen Vic-
toria of England, and their respective subjects. The
King of Ashantee shall pay an indemnity of 50,000 ounces
of gold, in such manner as the Queen of England shall
direct. The King renounces all authority over several
specified tribes, formerly his subjects, but now the allies
of the Queen of England; and also renounces all claim to
Elmina, and to tribute from the tribes formerly connected
with the Dutch Government. There shall be free trade
between Ashantee and Her Majesty's forts on the coast;
and the King shall, moreover, maintain a good road,
fifteen feet wide, through the bush between Coomassie
and the river which forms the boundary of his kingdom."

And finally, "King Coffee, in order to prove the sincerity
of his friendship for Queen Victoria, promises to use his
best endeavors to check the practice of human sacrifices,
with a view of hereafter putting an end to it altogether,
as this practice is repugnant to the feelings of all the
Christian nations."

The remainder of the march back to the coast was rapid
and unobstructed. The troops were re-embarked for
England before the unhealthy season had fairly com-
enced. For his conduct in command of the expedition,
Sir Garnet received from Parliament a grant of £25,000,
"for his courage, energy and perseverance." He was
made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and was placed
in command of all the "auxiliary forces." The City of
London presented him with a splendid sword, valued at
a hundred guineas, together with the freedom of the city.

Early in 1875 a project was broached for a confederation
of Cape Colony and all the other British possessions in
South Africa, somewhat after the model of that of the
confederate Dominion of Canada. Sir Garnet was sent
to Natal, as Governor of that growing colony, and also to
advise upon important points connected with the man-
agement of native affairs, and the best form of defensive
operations; for, what with one thing and another, affairs
in that quarter had come to wear an ominous aspect. His
views do not appear to have met the approbation of the
colonists at the Cape nor those of the Administration at
home. At all events, he was soon recalled, only about six
months elapsing between the time of his departure from
England and his return in October, 1875. He, however,
remained in the command of the auxiliary force, with an
apparently little or nothing to do, until November, 1876,
when he was appointed to the merely nominal position of
a member of the Council of India. At this period he
turned his attention somewhat to literature. We find
mention of a novel by him entitled "Marley Castle," which
attracted little notice. He also published two clever
magazine articles upon military topics: "France as a
Military Power," and "England as a Military Power in
1854 and in 1874." The latter article contains some sharp
criticism, and many sound suggestions as to the de-fects in
the military administration and the means of remedying
them. Thus:

"England has had many warnings and several hair-
breadth escapes from calamity, but we have learned ex-
perience from none. We can only be saved from the fire of
war by our national fire-engines, the army and navy.
When danger approaches we realize this, but during a
spell of profound peace we laugh at the dangers we have
escaped, and we scoff at those which foreseeing men tell
us may be in store for us. . . . When danger is
upon us, when an angry country insists upon our Ministry
violating its insulted honor by force of arms, the soldier
is sent for and his opinion requested; but until then his
The importance of guarding the sea routes to
Turkey, growing out of her war with Turkey. But a like
crime might again be incurred at any moment. *A propos of
his, Sir Garnet says:

"To illustrate our present unfortunate position, I have
only to tell the following story: When the Czar's army
crossed the Pruth last year, his ironclad squadron, which
was dispatched to America, evidently, in the first instance, to get it away
from our fleet in the event of England's having declared
war. Let us consider what that insignificant squadron
might have done against us. Being ready, coaled and
prepared for sea as soon as the telegraph announced the
declaration of war, it would most probably have started
or St. Helena, picking up some of our finest steamers
a route. Upon arrival at St. Helena it would most
likely have found there one of the small English wooden
war-vessels belonging to our Western Coast of Africa
squadron. Such a vessel would have fallen an easy prey
to the Russians, who, filling up with coal, burning all they
could not carry away, and having taken from Jamestown as
much money as it could pay to save it from destruction,
would steam for Simon's Bay, where the same performance
would be gone through. There we have a small dockyard
establishment, and almost always one or two wooden war-
vessels. All would be destroyed, as well as every coal-
tore in Cape Town. Every merchantman in Table Bay
and there is always a large quantity of shipping there—
could be captured, and most probably burned. The
same would then be repeated at the Mauritius, Aden,
Lobomby, Point de Galle, Singapore, and Hong Kong,
whereas the Russian squadron would make its way to
'tropolovski, where it would be comparatively safe from
our fleet. This is a practicable and feasible scheme, and I
have no doubt that had we declared war it would have
been attempted. Not only should we have then lost mil-
ions of property and several small ships flying Her
majesty's pennant, but the destruction of the coal-stores
at these several ports would have completely paralyzed
the action of our war-vessels in those seas, and would
therefore have secured the Russians against all danger of
surprise. It would have brought our trade almost to a
standstill, for merchants now depend nearly as much
upon coal as our navy does."

Even after peace had been patched up between Russia
and Turkey there was still a war-cloud in the sky. It
seemed now improbable that England would yet, for
our own safety, be forced to take up arms for Turkey
against Russia. In June, 1878, a treaty was made in
Itokain of which, should Russia undertake further con-
quests in Asia, Turkey, England was to join the Sultan
or the defense of the menaced districts, and Lord Napier
of Magdala was selected to command the forces which
might have to be employed. In return for the service thus
reasonably promised, in case of need, the Sultan made
over to England the actual sovereignty of Cyprus, thus
giving her what she had long coveted—a foothold in the
Mediterranean, a sort of stepping-stone between Gibraltar
and Egypt, which the Suez Canal had rendered an essen-
tial portion of the ocean highway to India. Nominally,
indeed, Cyprus was to remain a portion of the Ottoman
Empire, and any excess of revenue over expenditure was
to be turned over into the treasury of the Porte, but no
one dreamed that Turkey would receive a para from that
source.

In July, 1878, Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent to Cyprus
with the sounding title of "Her Majesty's High Commiss-
ioner and Commander-in-Chief" in the island. To
thinking men it looked as though this was a sort of hono-
orable banishment, intended to keep him from meddling
with military affairs. His stay in Cyprus was brief, and
we soon found him back in England, where he seemed to have
been in no good odor with the military authorities, or,
perhaps, rather with an influential clique who controlled
the "red-tape" department. But events had begun to so
shape themselves that the Ministry were compelled by the
universal howl of the public to call upon him to set
things to rights which had been for four years going on
from bad to worse in South Africa. The Zulu war broke
out in 1879, and was accompanied by disasters the like of
which England had never known in that quarter of her
wide empire.

It would require a volume to elucidate the long-existing
and deeply-rooted causes which led to that war. Accord-
ing to the hitherto accepted English version of the matter—it
grew out of the sanguinary ambition of Cetywayo, who in
1872 had succeeded his father as King of Zululand,
mainly through the influence of the neighboring British
authorities of Natal, who had recognized him out of all
the other numerous claimants. He, it is said, burst into the
Transvaal territory, over which the British claimed juris-
diction, perpetrating innumerable atrocities. Redress was
demanded in vain, and in January, 1879, Lord Chelms-
ford, who commanded the British army in that region,
crossed the border and invaded Zululand. The entire
British force amounted to 16,000 men, European and
native, against whom Cetywayo could bring at least
40,000 men, most of them fairly armed, not a few having
a good breech-loading rifle.

The British moved in three columns, by different roads,
into an almost unknown region. The columns were not
within supporting distance of each other, and each was,
moreover, broken up into detachments, one of which,
having in charge a valuable convoy of arms, ammunition,
and stores, reached a position known as Isandlana, where
it lay waiting for another portion. On the 21st of January
this detachment was suddenly set upon—taken by surprise—by a Zulu force estimated at 20,000, and
absolutely annihilated, the British loss being fully 600.
They also lost the whole of the train and a stand of regi-
mental colors.

When tidings of this slaughter reached England, it was
regarded as a great national disaster, not so much from
the actual loss as from the character of the enemy by
whom it had been inflicted. A gallant British force had
been utterly wiped out by a horde of barbarous Africans.
We cannot even touch upon the various features of the
war now fully inaugurated. Suffice it to say, that within
less than three months the whole British force was sup-
posed to be on the very verge of annihilation; and for all
this the blame was laid upon the incompetency of its
commander, and upon the Ministry who had placed him
in command. Men began to ask, in no whispered tones,
"Where is the one man in all the army who has proved
himself equal to such an emergency? Where is Sir Garnet Wolseley?" We find the answer thus set down:

"Jealousy of Sir Garnet's reputation had enabled a cabal in the War Office to keep him at home. But, although he was not heard from, he was busy in studying the minutest movements of the campaign, and knew more of it in Loudon than did the actual commander in the field. Suddenly the Ministry called upon him to take the field. He reported himself ready for duty in a day, explained to a Cabinet Council his proposed plan of operations, and named the time and place at which he expected to win the decisive action of the campaign. To his friends, who bade him good-by at the steamer, he foretold the date of his return, and, as if in bravado, accepted an invitation to a dinner on a day six months later."

Invested with the rank of Lieutenant-General, he was made Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in South Africa, and also chief of the civil administration of Natal and the Transvaal. He reached Cape Town on June 23d, 1879, and proceeded at once to Natal. A forward movement of the troops under Lord Chelmsford had been begun early in June, but the movement was so slow that the force did not reach its objective point for a month. Meanwhile, Cetywayo had made overtures for peace, but nothing came of them. He could not, or would not, comply with the terms demanded of him. He also kept his forces in fighting trim. As late as June 30th, Cetywayo caused a letter to be written to Lord Chelmsford by a Dutch trader, whom he held as prisoner, asking for peace. But the trader, at the risk of his life, had added: "If you come, be strong; Cetywayo has 20,000 men." On the morning of July 4th the English finally moved toward the Zulu kraal of Ulundi, where Cetywayo was posted and formed themselves into a hollow square on the adjacent
ENGLAND'S ONLY LIVING GENERAL
plain. Here they were fiercely attacked by the Zulus, who charged gallantly upon them four times, but were repelled by a steady fire, from which they as often fell back, the last time in disorder. The cavalry then charged, and a rout ensued. The Zulu loss was heavy—some say 800 or 1,000; that of the English only ten killed and 58 wounded.

Cetewayo fled northward, while Chelmsford, as incapable of profiting by a victory as of repairing a defeat, fell back. Sir Garnet saw that he must take the whole affair into his own hands. The result was that Cetewayo, now deserted by his followers, was chased from one hiding-place to another, and finally, worn out by fatigue, was captured on the 28th of August. He was sent to Cape Town, there to remain a state prisoner until the Queen's pleasure should be known.

Zululand was now thoroughly conquered. The dominions of Cetewayo were portioned out into thirteen districts, over each of which was nominally placed a native chief, but he was under the control of a British "Resident," and over all of these was placed an English Governor-Resident.

In England the result of this Zulu war was looked upon as a great triumph, all the credit of which was ascribed to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who became the popular hero. Of the wisdom of his subsequent measures we are not in possession of sufficient data to warrant a decisive judgment. One thing in their favor is, that they met with no approval from the colonial authorities at Cape Town and Natal.

It is certain that there are two sides to the story of this Zulu war. Of the one side, we have heard enough from English sources; of the Zulu side, not a word directly. Yet here and there a voice has been lifted up in behalf of these poor Africans. Thus Lady Florence Dixie, who has a wide personal knowledge of the Zulus, writes in the London magazine, the Nineteenth Century for the month of August, 1882:

"Barely three years have passed away since the British army returned from its victorious campaign in Zululand. Its errand had been to destroy large numbers of a brave and gallant people, to level to the ground their dwellings, to waste their country, to hunt down and capture their King. Few who fought in that terrible struggle on the side of Mght know why or wherefore they were called upon to sacrifice their lives; while those on the side of Right saw only their country attacked, their liberties threatened, and the King of their choice menaced by the invading army of the white man. In its tomb among the Blue Books slept the secret of the Zulu war. Immured from the public gaze lay securely hidden the story of ambition; for who amid that populace who applauded as they heard of British success would be found to unearth the story of British injustice and cruelty? Over the water wondrous tales came speeding to British ears. They proclaimed aloud the savagery and despotic sway of the Zulu King. Men listened, and accepted as truth the inventions of that policy which scrupled not by such means to clothe its actions in the garb of Necessity and Truth. England invaded Zululand, and the old story of Mght over Right was repeated—the old drama rehearsed with painful precision. But it was the struggle of the arena where the wild beast had been brought forth to conquer or die. Fierce and desperat was the struggle. The valor of the beast had been under-estimated; terrible were the wounds he inflicted in his gallant efforts for existence, and dearly did Mght pay for her ultimate victory over Right."

It seems now indeed that the British Government has in mind to undo all that Sir Garnet Wolseley did in Zulu-
edilly put down, the wheels will most likely be set running a while in their old ruts. Should he hold his own for time, and, moreover, be upheld by the Sublime Porte, which is casting about for means of resuming in reality its moral rule over Egypt, stranger things have happened our own days than to find Russia taking upon herself a position of protector of Turkey against England, and skiing toward the Indies rather than the Bosphorus for conquests.

Most likely before what we now write shall meet the eye the reader, the question will have been virtually de
ted whether there is at present to be any real war. If there shall be, England seems to be shut up to the choice Sir Garnet Wolseley as her commander. In that case an issue only can decide whether "England's only living hero" is, indeed, any great general at all.

GONE HOME. *
BY HANNAH MUELLER.

go and call my darling, wherever she doth hide,
For I am weary waiting, watching for her every day;
I'll find her gathering wild flowers upon the mountain side,
Or wandering, singing to herself in valleys far away.

Go and call my darling, for the days are dark and sad,
And all the world seems lonely—to me so long alone—
I long for you, I long for the voice that made me glad;
My heart keeps beating, out of tune, for all its music's gone.

Stand down in the meadow, amidst the flowering boughs—
You see the day grow brighter, then my darling's coming home;
I am forgetting, an evening; calm and still,
I watched in a quiet room, and all I loved was there;
My sun was setting far away behind the western hill,
When suddenly the light was gone, which made my life so dear.

I need not go to seek her, she never more will come;
I heard the angels singing for my darling going home.

THE GREAT EN DESHABILLE.

Swift relieved his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants with cords—on one occasion he insisted harnessing his learned and respectable friend, Dr. Eridan—and driving them up and down the stairs and roughing the rooms of his deanery. Peter the Great sought to unbend himself by being wheeled over the verbenas and neat parterres of his host's garden in a sedanchair, as poor Sir William Temple found to his taste. That accomplished diplomatist appears to have felt chagrined at the failure of his Triple Alliance mere lid's play to his feelings at beholding the Russian moon riding roughshod over the priceless tulips of Moorpark.

Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs, argued in positions varying according to the degrees of faculty in clearing them. Of this weakness on the part of his eminence, an amusing anecdote is told. On one occasion, while engaged in these athletics, he forgot to shut the door. A young courtier inadvertently entering room, surprised the great man in his undignified posture. It was an embarrassing position, for Mazarin was, known, as haughty as he was eccentric. But the young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the intensest interest in the proceedings, he exclaimed, with well-feigned earnestness, "I will bet your eminence two gold pieces I beat that jump." He had struck the right cord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the prime minister, whom he took care not to beat. He lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a mitre.

Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits in the same way, and on one occasion, seeing a pedantic fellow-approaching, said to the pupil who was sharing his amusements: "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming in." Old Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to Folly Bridge, at Oxford, and listening to the ribaldry of the barges; "which did clear away his vapors, and make him laugh as he would die." Innocent III., probably the greatest pontiff who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his gravest amusements of playing at nine-pins with the potentates of Europe by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had traveled a great deal, regaled him.

The lighter hours of Bishop Corbet have been very graphically described by one who knew him well. His lordship's favorite companion was his chaplain, Dr. Lushington. When the business of the day was over the bishop delighted to descend with this faithful henchman into the cellar of the episcopal palace. Corbet would then doff his hood, saying, "There lies the doctor," he would then divest himself of his gown, adding, "There lies the bishop." The glasses were filled and the toast was drunk, "Here's to thee, Lushington." "Here's to thee, Corbet." The celebrated Dean Aldrich was the slave of his pipe. There is a story in the biography of John Phillips, the poet, which not only amusingly illustrates this weakness on the part of the dean, but gives us a curious glimpse of the free and easy way in which the dons and undergraduates of those days used to live. A senior student laid a wager with one of his college chums that the dean was at that instant smoking his pipe, that instant being about ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, he went to the deanery, where, having made his way into the dean's study, he explained the reason of his appearance at so early an hour. "Ah," replied the dean, with the utmost coolness, "you have lost your wager; for I am not smoking but filling my pipe."

Of the amusements of Domitian, Suetonius tells a curious anecdote.

"At the beginning of his reign," writes this delightful gossip, "the Emperor used to spend daily an hour by himself in private, during which time he was wholly taken up in catching flies, and sticking them through the body with a bodkin."

Goldsmith, Shelley and Macaulay would idle away whole days in romping with children. Of all the pastimes in which philosophers have unbecnved themselves, perhaps the most extraordinary was that of Spinoza. He devoted much of his leisure to catching and training spiders. These creatures he would pit against each other in single combat, laughing immoderately at their manoeuvres and carefully seeing that they fought fairly.

Godolphin spent all the time he could spare from public business at the cockpit. Nero unburdened himself by constructing hydraulic clocks, and Charles II. by conducting chemical experiments. Prince Rupert almost lived in his laboratory, and to his recreations we are indebted for the invention of mezzotinto.

It is curious to notice how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists in
their leisure moments found a strange pleasure in associating with their inferiors. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, the companion of princes and diplomats, constantly passed whole evenings in chatting with a common soldier and his slattern wife in a low public-house in Long Acre. Thomas Wharton, the historian of English poetry, and a singularly refined scholar, was often to be found in sordid taverns joking and being joked. Porson and Elmsley had similar propensities; so also had Turner, the painter. Machiavelli and Burke delighted to forget politics by sharing the labors of their farm-servants; and even the stately Bolingbroke, as we learn from one of Pope's most delightful letters, was not above shouldering a prong. Byron's principal amusement during his residence at Venice was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that pursuit he practiced more methodically than any other thing in his unmethodical life.

HAWK FEIGNING DEATH.

During the first week of this year, whilst a little boy, about four years old, was playing close to the window in the hall of a large shooting lodge near Sheffield, England, a kestrel-hawk dashed right through the glass in to the room. It is difficult to decide whether it intended to strike him or flew at the reflection, on the glass, of a bird passing the window; the latter is the gamekeeper's supposition. The hawk was caught in the room and put into a wire meat-safe, where it refused to eat. The next day, whilst two or three people were watching, it suddenly flew up to the top of the safe and seized the front wires with its claws; after perching there for a short time it gradually allowed itself to slide round until it hung head downward, to all appearance dead. Unfortunately for itself, it did not close its eyes, the brightness of which caused the lookers-on to suspect deceit. They cautiously opened the door and immediately Mr. Hawk "resurrected" and made a dash at the door, but failed to make his escape. Although only a last year's bird it had to be killed, as it continued to refuse food.

FRANKLIN PIERCE'S FIRST CASE.

The first step made by President Franklin Pierce toward distinction is thus related: One man had stabbed another in an affray, the knife entered the left side, below the eleventh rib, and in consequence the injured man had died. The murderer was to be tried, and some tyro could avail himself of the opportunity to defend the doomed man. The task fell to young Pierce, just then entering the profession of law. The case was so clear that most lawyers of even more experience would have been content with a moving appeal to the jury. Not so the embryo executive, who set about in good earnest, despite all evidence, to prove the man innocent. First, he adroitly managed to have the trial postponed three months. He then went to the office of a physician, and asked him if he would take a student, intimating his desire to pursue a course of study in physiology. The practitioner started at the proposition, but responded in the affirmative, and Pierce began to study, and he persevered for the intervening three months, taking care to make himself thoroughly conversant with the human frame, and charging his memory with all technicalities, so that he had every term at his tongue's end. The trial commenced in the usual form. Three surgeons were sworn, who testified that the man thus wounded must have died of the wounds inflicted. At length Pierce was permitted to cross-examine the surgeons. He demanded what tissues and membranes the knife must have passed. The surgeons, who had not supposed it incumbent upon them to "study up," could not explain; they were, of course, positive that the victim was murdered and that the prisoner ought to be punished; but under the close questioning of Pierce they halted and blundered. This prepared a way for the defense to make an effective plea. He cautioned the jury against being swayed by men so ignorant that they could not even tell the names of certain tissues, and then cunningly argued that the victim did not die of the wound, and that the prisoner was not, therefore, guilty of murder. Thus he won upon the jury, and to the amazement of all the guilty man was acquitted.