

[From the Boston Transcript, July 11.]

WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

In the "Recollections" by Samuel Rogers, just published in London, we find several very interesting statements concerning Bonaparte, in the chapters headed "Duke of Wellington." We make liberal extracts therefrom, and the reader will bear in mind that the words quoted are those of the Duke himself. In speaking to Mr. Rogers of his great antagonist at Waterloo, Wellington remarked: "Bonaparte I never saw; though during the battle of Waterloo we were once, I understood, within a quarter of a mile of each other. I regret it much; for he was a most extraordinary man. To me he seems to have been at his acme at the Peace of Tilsit, and gradually to have declined afterwards." The Duke thus continues his comments on Napoleon:

"At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever commanded; and everything up to the onset must have turned out as he wished. Indeed, he could not have expected to beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny, in four hours. But two such armies as those at Waterloo have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants! Many of my troops were new; but the new fight well, though they manoeuvre ill; better perhaps than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as at cricket.

In again speaking of Napoleon, the Duke said:

"Bonaparte, in my opinion, committed one of his greatest errors when he meddled with Spain; for the animosity of the people was unconquerable, and it was almost impossible to get us out of that corner. I have often said it would be his ruin; though I might not live to see it. A conqueror, like a cannon ball, must go on. If he rebounds, his career is over. [Bonaparte was certainly as clever a man as ever lived, but he appears to me to have wanted sense on many occasions.] At one time I expected him there [in Spain] in person, and him by himself I should have regarded at least as an accession of 40,000 men."

The following statement shows how the diplomatists were at fault on an important occasion.

"When Bonaparte left Elba for France, I was at Vienna, and received the news from Lord Burghersh, our Minister at Florence. The instant it came I communicated it to every member of the Congress, and all laughed; the Emperor of Russia most of all. 'What was in your letter to his majesty this morning?' said his physician; 'for when he broke the seal, he clapped his hands and burst out a laughing.' Various were the conjectures as to whether he was gone; but none would hear of France. All were sure that in France he would be massacred by the people when he appeared there. I remember Talleyrand's words so well: '*Pour la France—Non!*'"

The meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the field of Waterloo, when the shock of battle had ceased and the hack and carriage had begun, has been described and painted. Here is the Duke's account, which differs very much from the pictorial representations of the scene:

"When all was over, Blucher and I met at La Maison Rouge. It was midnight when he came; and riding up, he threw his arms round me, and kissed me on both cheeks as I sat in the saddle. I was then in pursuit; and, as his troops were fresh, I halted mine, and left the business to him. [In the day I was for some time encumbered with the *corps diplomatique*. They would not leave me say what I would.] We supped afterwards together between night and morning, in a spacious tent erected in the valley for that purpose. Pozzo di Borgo was there among others; and, at my request, he sent off a messenger with the news to Ghent, where Louis the Eighteenth breakfasted every morning in a bow-window to the street, and where every morning the citizens assembled under it to gaze on him. When the messenger, a Russian, entered the room with the news, the king embraced him; and all embraced him, and one another, all over the house. An emissary of Rothschild was in the street; and no sooner did he see these demonstrations than he took wing for London. Not a syllable escaped from his lips at Bruges, at Ostend, or at Margate; nor, till Rothschild had taken his measures on the Stock Exchange, was the intelligence communicated to Lord Liverpool."

From the lips of Lord Hardinge, Mr. Rogers set down a good story of the previous fight, in which the Prussians had been so terribly cut up:

"Before the battle of Ligny," said Lord Hardinge, "in which I lost my arm, about noon, Blucher, thinking that the French were gathering more and more against him, requested that I would go and solicit the Duke for some assistance. I set out; but I had not proceeded far for the purpose, when I saw a party of horse coming toward me; and, observing that they had short tails, I knew at once that they were English, and soon distinguished the Duke. He was on his way to the Prussian headquarters, thinking that they might want some assistance; and he instantly gave directions for a supply of cavalry. 'How are they forming?' he inquired. 'In column, not in line,' I replied. 'The Prussian soldier,' says Blucher, 'will not stand in line.' 'Then the artillery will play upon them and they will be beaten damnably.' So they were. At the last Waterloo dinner, when my health was drunk as usual, and as usual, I rose to return thanks, I stated briefly this occurrence, and the Duke, when I alluded to it, cried 'Hear, hear.'"

From the Prince de Talleyrand, Mr. Rogers

learned a fact or two about the Emperor, which we may as well throw in here:

"That despatch which Bonaparte published on his retreat from Moscow, was it written by himself? By himself certainly. Which is the best portrait of him? That which represents him at Malmaison. It is done by Isabey. The bust I gave Alexander Baring, done by Canova, is excellent. It stands too low at present. Did he shave himself? Always; though he was long about it, shaving a little and then conversing, if anybody was with him. A king by birth, said he, smiling, is shaved by another. He who makes himself *Roi* shaves himself."

Many stories are related of the privations of a soldier's life. The Duke stated that for many years in the Peninsula he undressed very seldom, never for the first four years.—The following passage from the experience of the veteran soldier is very suggestive:

"I speared seven or eight wild boars in a forest in Picardy—an Eastern practice. The largest struck the sole of my foot with his tusk, when I thrust my lance into his spine, and was turning my horse off at the instant, as I always did. The rest of the party set up a shout, and I believe it gave me more pleasure, this achievement, than anything I ever did in my life. Lord Hill killed one on foot, but the difficult thing was to kill one on horseback. Whoever threw the first lance into a boar claimed it as his."

It appears from these conversations that the Duke occasionally contemplated writing commentaries on his campaigns, in the manner of Cæsar and Sir Francis Vere. Of Cæsar he was a careful student. "Had Cæsar's Commentaries with me in India," he says, "and learnt much from them—fortifying my camp every night as he did. I passed over the rivers as he did, by means of baskets and boats of basket-work; only I think I improved upon him, constructing them into bridges, and always fortifying them, and leaving them guarded, to return by them if necessary." In another place, referring to this longing to become his own historian, the Duke says: "I should like much to tell the truth; but if I did I should be torn to pieces, here or abroad. I have, indeed, no time to write, much as I might wish to do so; and I am still (December, 1827) too much in the world to do it."

The Duke had no very high opinion of those who wrote on his warlike operations, and of this he made no secret. The severe verdict on Scott would have been very annoying to the romancer had he heard it:

"Scott's 'Life of Napoleon' is of no value.—The tolerable part of it is what relates to his retreat from Moscow. I have thought much on that subject and have made many inquiries concerning it. I gave him my papers. He has used some, not all."

Of Southey, the Great Duke also thought meanly:

"Napier has great materials, and means well; but he is too much influenced by anything that makes for him, even by an assertion in a newspaper. I do not think much of Southey. The Subaltern is excellent, particularly in the American Expedition to New Orleans. He describes all he sees."

Constipation.

The following pertinent and truthful article we copy from *Life Illustrated*. It contains sound sense and doctrine which will bear close criticism from the "faculty" of old fogy doctors and people who adhere to the old fashioned notions that physic is the panacea of all our ills. Regard the laws of health and you may be assured that disease will not relentlessly prey upon you:

"There is no single word in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, from aam to zythum inclusive, which to our mind is so expressive of human misery and physiological depravity as this. It is mainly because our bowels are constipated that the people of the United States support twenty-five thousand drug-shops and forty-five thousand doctors at an annual expense of more than a hundred millions of dollars. And it is because of this that our people pay the quacks of the irregular trade several millions a year.

But the loss of the money expended in attempting to make the bowels of the community move, and in endeavors to obviate the consequences of their obstruction, is an insignificant evil compared with the loss of health and happiness and life. The mischiefs which spring from constipation, as the parent source, are as numerous in the vital domain as are the sins which, in the moral world, originate from the evil one himself. If Satan is the father of lies, constipation is the mother of infirmities.

Where, in all this broad land, is there a man, woman or child whose bowels move naturally, who never require artificial aids? There are a few such. And they are those who know almost nothing of sickness. They are strangers to dyspepsia, rheumatism, toothache, bronchitis, consumption. They never have the cholera. They are proofs against yellow fever. They are secure from paralysis. They never die of apoplexy. Organic affections of the heart never trouble them.

Constipation of the bowels causes foul blood and morbid secretions. These occasion corrupt humors, which induce torpid livers, congested kidneys, oppressed lungs, and congested brains. Then follow rheumatic pains, headache, palpitation of the heart, vertigo, sinking spells, nervous debility, lumbago, sciatica, spiral irritation, piles, spasm, colics, and as more remote consequences still, putrid fevers, pestilential epidemics, malignant erysip-

elas, carbuncles and cancers. And the medicines which are given to cure these consequences are worse than the diseases which they cure.

Learned physicians look for the causes of these prevalent maladies in the vicissitudes of the weather; in thermometrical variations; in barometrical states; in prevailing winds; in fogs; in storms from the east, in currents from the south; in tornados from the west; in blasts from the north; in commotions in the heavens above, in convulsions in the earth beneath; in ozone; in electricity; in animalcules; in excess of nitrogen; in deficiency of nitrogen; in some fault of hydrogen; in carbonaceous miasm; in want of carbon; in catching cold; in getting hot; in exposure; in confinement; in everything except—constipation.

And why is the whole human race, with few exceptions, sick and dying of consumption?—The complaint is scarcely known in the animal kingdom below man. Why should the most intelligent creature in existence be the only one who cannot have a healthful action of the bowels? Surely there must be a cause. We charge the whole of it to the prevalent system of cookery—worse in some families, and hotels, and nations than in others, but bad, ruinous, killing, all over the area of civilization. The remedy is not in the direction of drug-shops and doctors, but in that of food and cooks.

Present Condition of the Great Eastern Steamship.

The London Times describes the condition of the Great Eastern at the recent public exhibition of that vessel at Deptford, as follows:

When at last safely landed on the lofty deck, one soon sees that busy hands have recently been at work in producing order out of chaos, and carrying out the innumerable details which were necessary to make the Great Eastern a perfect ship. The deck, which on our previous visit presented but a rude succession of huge iron grinders, over which people stumbled at every step, is now completely planked from end to end, and a glance along its immense expanse gives the first and best idea of the enormous size of the ship. The different skylights are also in their places and give a look of finish where all before was incompleteness and confusion. Three masts have been set up, and two funnels, which also go far to "furnish" the deck, and the complete bulwarks all round take away the sense of dizziness and insecurity with which the people used formerly to approach the side of the ship. One can now look over the vast side, judge of the vast height of the vessel out of the water, make comparisons between her and anything else that floats upon the Thames, and then enjoy the prospect of the country, both Kent and Essex, now clad in the brightest green of mid-summer. The lower decks have been planked and great progress has been made in partitioning them off into thin permanent compartments. The grand saloon is in a very forward state and would be a noble apartment—more like a drawing-room in a princely mansion on shore than the cabin of a ship—were it not for the two immense funnels which run up the center, and inconveniently interrupt the longitudinal sweep of the apartment. On each side elegant cabins are being fitted up and the same may be said of the other saloons, of which there are, we believe, six in the ship. One of the cabins has been finished in order that the visitor may judge of what the rest are intended to be, and a very pleasant notion it gives of what a voyage across the Atlantic will be in such a noble ship as the Great Eastern. This completed department is what is called a family cabin, containing bed-room, sitting room and dressing room, all of them lofty and well ventilated, and possessing a greater number of conveniences than could be found in a similar suite on shore. The other cabins are also in an exceedingly forward state and, as an immense number of men are kept incessantly at work, there is every prospect of the ship being ready for her trial trip on the appointed 4th of August.

There is free circulation now through all the ship, there being elegant staircases with carved oak balustrades leading to the various saloons and cabins, and iron ladders for the scientific or inveterately curious, who cannot believe they have "done" the ship until they have explored the gloomy mysteries of the vast engine-room. Here those who have read *Vathek* will be forcibly reminded of the Hall of Eblis, and those who have not will wonder at the ponderous beams and shaft and cylinders, will be struck with the bright polish of the steel work, and think of the time when all this vast mass of mechanism shall be in motion, plowing up the ocean with a giant's strength and carrying the Great Eastern along as if she was a feather, at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Let us hope that she may go on prosperously to completion, and justify the scientific but daring scheme upon which she has been constructed. If she should realize the hopes of her projectors and the designs of her architects, she will fill a brighter page of England's history than any of her most famous victories by land or water, for she will inaugurate a revolution in ocean transit, which will bring the farthest ends of the earth together and make traveling on the ocean as pleasant and little fatiguing as it is now on the best ordered of our great railroads.

A DIVORCED WIFE A SERVANT IN HER HUSBAND'S FAMILY.—A gentleman living in this city, and well to do—married about ten years ago and, after living with his wife some five years, he concluded to get a divorce on account of the unhappiness of their domestic re-

lations. The wife assented, and he applied to the court and was successful. A year passed and he concluded once more to venture in the matrimonial market, and see if he could not find one who would make his home happier than the first. In this he was successful and, a short time after, his divorced wife applied to him for work in her family in the capacity of a servant girl. The situation was given her, and she now does the work in the house of which she was once mistress, and beholds the endearments lavished upon another which were once bestowed upon her.

The husband daily takes his evening rides with his second wife, while the first takes care of the children during their absence.—How the husband can endure to see his former wife thus humiliated, and the wife bear up under it, is to us an enigma.—[Cin. Times.]

A FRENCH WOMAN THE BEST WIFE.—So far as nationality goes, I should prefer the French woman to all others in the world. The German woman is all love and gentleness, full of child-like purity, which transports one to Paradise. The English woman—chaste, exclusive, thoughtful, and absorbed in her home affections, so loyal, so firm, and so gentle—is the ideal of a wife. The passion of the Spaniard bites deep into the heart; and the Italian, in her beauty and softness, her warm imagination, often with her touching frankness, renders resistance impossible, and you are enraptured, conquered. However, if you desire a wife, whose soul shall respond to your own, by the sympathy of intellect as well as love—who shall renew your heart by a charming vivacity and gaiety, a helping wit, womanly words or bird-like songs—you must choose a Frenchwoman. You risk very little in marrying a plain woman in France. She is most frequently so simply for want of love. When she is loved, she becomes quite another person; you would scarcely recognize her.

NO DIVORCE.—In South Carolina there is no divorce after marriage; wed for life must be the fact in law when an instance of divorce had never been known there! It has been authoritatively settled that no judicial tribunal in the State has authority to declare a decree for any cause whatever. If the power exists at all, it is in the Legislature, which has hitherto never thought proper to exercise the power. Farther, it has been determined by the courts of South Carolina, that a marriage solemnized in that State is indissoluble by the sentence of any court in a sister State, so as to affect the right or condition of the parties in South Carolina. It will be seen, then, that it is much easier to tie the knot than to undo it. With rare exceptions, the ceremony of marriage is, in fact, performed by a clergyman; but the indissolubility of the marriage contract is not only part of the law, but it is the fixed and habitual sentiment of the community on the subject of divorce.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LAWYERS.—When your opponent undertakes to bring forth a witness whose testimony is likely to prove fatal, always get him angry as soon after he gets upon the stand as possible. If he be a respectable unmarried gentleman, let your first question be something like the following: "How long is it, sir, since you were indicted for passing counterfeit money?" and your second one, an inquiry as to whether he lives with his wife, or keeps a mistress? By doing this skillfully, and with a look of virtuous indignation, you will soon get him so irritated that he can't tell the truth from a hole in the ground. Having done this, to render the whole testimony 'unworthy of belief,' is but the work of a moment.

Persons who wish to take lessons, may apply at the next sitting of the court.

A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.—[Scott.]

FOR THE GIRLS.—It is folly to expect girls to be happy without marriage. Every woman was made for a mother, and, consequently, babies are as necessary to their peace of mind as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid; if you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.

THE NEXT ELECTORAL COLLEGE, to be chosen in November, 1860, and to meet in February, 1861, will, if Kansas should be admitted at the next session of Congress, consist of 306 votes, 154 of which will be necessary for a choice of President. The slaveholding States will have 120, and the non-slaveholding 186 of these.

A FRENCHMAN, exhibiting some sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword which he assured his visitors was 'de sword that Balaam had when he would kill de ass.' A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. 'Ver well! dis is de one he wish for.'

AN EDITOR says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says that a rather perverted use of the same instrument caused him to apply for a divorce.