At laat an advertisement in the Times attracted attention:—

"Found dead in his apartment in —— Court, near Northumberland Street, Strand, a gentleman of the name of Gray, apparently a military man. As the effects left by the deceased are not of sufficient value to defray the expenses of his funeral, it is requested that his friends will communicate with the landlady, at No. 2. —— Court. The deceased is supposed by the parish medical attendant to have died of a broken heart, as in his illness, when delirious from exhaustion, he betrayed great anguish and anxiety of mind."

* * * * * *

A spring day! bright and glorious. The Queen is going to the City. Shouts fill the air, brilliant banners wave from the crowded roofs; and windows and balconies are radiant with beautiful English faces. Hark, to the gay music! The eye is dazzled with the gorgeousness of the pageant. By a strange coincidence it is the anniversary of that brilliant victory when Gray led the "forlorn hope!"

And alone, on a curtainless bed, in the attic room of the dark unwholesome narrow street, alone, alone and dead, lies the worn out soldier: he whose sword had waved and whose cheers had led on a little band of brave men on that day, the memery of which would be drunk with spirit-stirring shouts and heart-thrilling melody at the banquet, amid an assembled multitude gathered round their proud and happy Sovereign.

He will not even be borne to his grave by soldiers. Over him no musketry shall peal! no tears of sorrow and affection shall be shed! no funeral notes shall pour their melancholy wail! but hired men, uncaring and unhonouring, shall bear him away to the crowded cemetry in the vast city; and afar, in poverty and sorrow, shall mourn the widow and the orphan, striving by hard toil to add to the mite which their country awards them, as pension and reward for the soldier's services of forty years.

JACK AND THE JEW.

It is said of the hardy sons of the ocean, that 'they earn their money like horses and spend it like asses.' The following narrative shows however, that Jack can *occasionally calculate*. Ben Buntline, captain of the fore-top in the *Active*, was paid off at Portsmouth in October 1814, and determined to take a cruise on shore as far as London. He 'brought up,' the first night, at Purbrook, piped to supper, ordered himself double allowance of grog, turned in, and after breakfast and a *caulker* next morning, prepared to 'weigh.' Summoning the landlord, Ben thus addressed him:—'I say, old blow-hard, what's to pay?' 'Six shillings, Jack.' 'There you are,' cried Ben, posting a guinea. 'I'll step down for the change, Jack; back in a minute.' 'Avast there,' says Ben, 'what's three times six shillings?' 'Eighteen Jack.' 'And there's twenty on 'em in the guinea, ain't there Matey?' 'All right Jack.' 'Well, then, look'ee here,' says Ben: 'just now I'm out on a cruise, with shot enough in my locker, but can't say what weather I may meet with afore I make this here harbour agin; and so here's make sure of a berth when I *do*—there's six shillings *for this* bout, and six more for the next, and mayhap, in my cruise, I may fall in with some other vessel in distress, and then, old Porpus, the rest will do for *him*.' 'All right Jack, but how shall I know you again?' 'No fear,' says Ben, '*there's my number*,' so saying, Ben placed his hat on his stick, and twirled it round with a smart jerk of his hand.—'There, my son, that's MY number.' 'All right,' said mine host, and Jack stood on for town. At Petersfield, Liphook, Guildford, Kingston, and Brompton, Ben paid his shot, and deposited the needful for himself and a friend on their way down. A short spell in London sufficed to show Ben the expediency of looking out for another ship: behold him, therefore, trudging on for Portsmouth.

It was drawing towards evening, and Ben was about a mile from Brompton, when he overtook a Jew, who was also bound to Portsmouth. Ben invited him as his guest for the night, but Moses said, 'he vash going as far as Guildford that nayt, unless the van would take him all de vay for three shillings.' 'You and the van and the 'tree' shillings be——blessed,' said Ben; 'come along with me, and I'll clear all port dues for you.' 'You shailors are such shentlemens—vell, Shack, I vill.' Next morning, after breakfast, Ben called up the host, and asked what was to pay? 'Twill be twelve shillings the two.' 'How much?' cried Ben, (making his number at the same time.) 'Oh, nothing, sir, nothing—much obliged, sir—all right, sir—beg pardon.' 'Come along, Moses!' says Ben, and as *one* was in no hurry and the other was to be at no expense, they stopped the next night at Kingston. Following morning, the Brompton system of payment satisfied the Kingston host, very much to Moses's surprise, who said, as they moved on towards Guildford. 'I say, Shack, *vere* did you get that *hat*?' 'Port Mahon, Moses—come along!' The hat cleared them again at Guildford, on quitting which town Moses said, 'Shack! vill you shell that hat?' 'Not I, Moses; not under £20 howsumdever.' This led to an explanation, in the course of which Ben assured the Jew that the owner of that hat and stick might go where he would, eat what he could, smoke and drink what he liked, and one twirl paid for himself and friends. It did so at all events at Liphook and Petersfield, and Moses became importunate: 'Come, Shack, shay sheven pounds?—vell then, ten?' Ben was not to be tempted, and in the upshot Moses agreed to give the twenty. 'But,' says he, 'I mosh try him myshelf.' 'Certainly,' says Ben. The trial took place at Purbrook. The landlord the following morning produced his bill (12s) and Moses, rising up (Ben winking at the landlord behind him) said, twirling the hat just as he had seen Ben do it, 'Vat do you shay is de bill?' 'Oh, nothing, sir, nothing; it's all quite right; you're welcome, gentlemen, to what you've had, and I'm very much obliged to you—happy to see you again.' Ben touched his £20, got a new truck to his mast-head at a shop opposite the inn, and parting company with Moses at the Landport-gate, struck out for Point, and was rated the same afternoon as quarter-master in the *Glasgow*, fitting for the flag on the East India station.

Moses pursued his way to Gossy, and a few evenings afterwards, just as the *Glasgow* had weathered the Nab light, and was making sail down channel with a spanking breeze from the northward and eastward, *he* was presiding at a considerable spread he had given to some of his kindred, congregated before him in the long-room at the 'Fountain.' The table had been cleared, and the wine had gone cheerily round for some time, when Moses, rising from his chair, placed a stick and band-box on the mahogany, and requested the attention of the company. 'Do ye,' says he, 'O ye shons of Abraham! behold this leetle box?—it dosh contain in it all the treasures of Egypt! All the way from Portchmouch to London!—all the way from London to Portchmouth!—every vay I shall go—every vay I shall *com*—dis *hat* (producing it) vill pay all my expensh' Vill von of you ring de bell?' (Enter the waiter.) 'Are you de waiter?' 'Yes sir.' 'Vell, bring some more vine, and tell the landlord to come up vid de bill.' When this was done, and Moses saw the amount, he said, 'very vell! Sheventeen pound twelve and sixpence. Now, look at me!' Round went the hat—landlord bows and smiles. Moses twirls again—landlord intimates that the gentleman is pleased to be funny. 'Vell, but Sare, look! look at dis!—and at dis!—and at dis! Now, Sare, do you say that there is anything to pay?' 'That there is my covey,' said old D——, 'and some one, too, that will make you *pay* it.—Here, Joseph, run for a constable.' The name of that dreadful official cleared the room of Moses's friends in a crack. Moses had some conversation with old D——, which resulted more to the landlord's satisfaction than the Jew's, and the sentry at the gate of the Cambridge barracks remembered hearing that night a man groaning out, as he passed his beat, 'Twenty pound! and sheventeen pound twelve and shix!—*shirty sheven pounds twelve shillings and shixpence for an old greashy sailor's hat!!!*'

VARIETIES.

TIT FOR TAT.—The following novel story of a robbery is one of the richest things we have seen lately. It is copied from the Montreal Times:

About three weeks since, the son of a habitant living at St. Augustine, Riviere de Chene, having sold a pair of oxen in town, was returning home in the evening with his money, when, in a lonely part of the road he was passed by a gentleman, as he supposed, in a fine sleigh, with a good horse, who immediately drew up and induced the boy to fasten his horse behind the sleigh, and to get in with him, to enliven the road by conversation. Shortly afterwards the *gentleman* asked the boy if he had not sold a pair of oxen that day in town, to which the boy, becoming somewhat suspicious, answered, "No;" whereupon the *gentleman* said he had sold them about sunset, and had got the money, and that if he did not give it to him he would blow his brains out, at the same time pulling from his pocket a pistol. The boy became alarmed, drew from his pocket a purse containing the money, which fortunately dropped on the road. The robber immediately jumped out of his sleigh which was some yards in advance of the purse, and ran back for his longed for treasure, when the boy, with great presence of mind, took hold of the reins and drove off as fast as he could with both horses and sleigh. The robber then fired his pistol, the contents of which passed through the back of the sleigh and between the boy's legs. The boy reached home in safety, and after examining the sleigh, found in the box of it, which was locked, the sum of 3,000 francs—£125 currency. No one, as might be expected, has applied for the sleigh or horse.

ROBBERY BY A BIRD.—A respectable sheep-farmer near Fort Augustus, has sent to us a communication, of which the following is the substance. After a walk over his farm, at the beginning of this year's lambing season, and on a very warm morning, he had fallen asleep on a high hill. On awaking he found that his broad blue bonnet, and a yellow silk handkerchief which he had placed beside him, were both amissing. At first he suspected that they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but, on inquiry, every individual on the farm and neighbourhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks thereafter, our correspondent and a party ascended a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm, to destroy the nest of a *glede*. Great was his amazement when the first article taken out of the nest was the mfssing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably ensconced in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac for 1839 in the other (the almanac having the words, barely legible, "J. Fraser" written upon it;) then came the flannel nightcap, marked with red worsted, "D. C. J."; a pair of old white mittens; a piece of a letter with green wax, and the Invernessy post-mark; an old red and white cravet; and a miscellaneous assortment of remnants of cotton, paper, rope, &c. This bird must have been carrying on its larcenies on a large and miscellaneous scale. The affair rivals the maid and magpie of dramatic celebrity, and may be taken by some Sir Malachi Malugrowther as a link in the chain of evidence to prove the increase of crime in the Highlands, "consequent on the passing of the Reform Act." We may guard against depredators on foot; but how are we to protect ourselves against those on wing?—*Inverness Courier.*

DUELLING.—Two musquitoes one morning met on a leaf in the garden. Both were filled with the blood drawn from their last nocturnal depredations. They were silent and dumpy, cross and savage.—One of them ran out his sting, and pointed towards the first musquito. This was considered an insult, and so the offended musquito steps up to the other and says:

"Did you turn your sting at me?"

"I ran out my sting, you can apply it as you choose," was the answer.

"Sir your ramark savors of rascality," said the first.

"Hah!" exclaimed the other, "a downright insult!" No gentlemanly musquito will submit to such treatment without satisfaction. Draw villain and defend yourself.

They rushed together, and running one another through the body died honourable deaths.

"DESCRIPTION" OF A SHAREHOLDER.—An applicant for shares in a certain railway, perceiving that he was to attach his address, *description*, &c. wrote as follows: ——, Batley, Darkish in complexion, low in stature, decent in appearance, about sixty seven years of age; and late one of His Majesty's officers in the 3rd West Yorkshire Regiment of Militia."

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED BROADSIDES.—It is contemplated to let the four sides of the boarding round the Nelson column to celebrated bill stickers. Thus, one side will be leased to Mr. Webster, another to Mr. Bunn, a third to Jullien, and the fourth will be shared by Moses, the Adelaide Gallery, Parr's Life Pills, and the minor theatres. By these means it is calculated a sufficient sum of money will be collected in less than ten years to give the melancholy column a decent pedestal.—*Punch.*

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.—"God bless your honour! you sav'd my life! said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Sav'd your life!" replied the officer, "Do you think I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man, "but I served under you at the battle of Corunna; and when you ran away I followed, or else I should have been killed."

TAKING IT AISY.—A few days ago, a genuine son of the "Gim of the Sae" was informed by his landlady that in consequence of the wet harvest, and the potatoe 'disease,' the loaf would be up a penny in a day or two. "Arrah! by St. Patrick," says he, "and what's that to me—what care I if it were half-a-crown—sure ye knows I buy all my loafs in pen'orths."

RECIPE FOR REFRESHING RASPBERRY AND OTHER JAMS LONG MADE.—Boil Blackberry juice till greatly reduced; add white sugar in the proportion of one pound to a pint of juice; mix the old jam with the syrup, and boil until sufficiently done. By this means the colour as well as the flavour is restored.

GARRICK'S REQUISITES FOR A COMEDIAN.—Garrick used to say to himself, "A comedian is not master of his art who cannot model his throat to all sorts of sounds, from the cat-like shriek of a peacock to the whirring of a knife-grinder's wheel."

CURE FOR ASTHMA.—The following relief is recommended as a relief for the Asthmatic:—Two ounces of the best honey, and one ounce of castor oil mixed. A teaspoonful to be taken night and morning.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The promoter of the Great Hanseatic, intending to drink half-a-pint of beer, poured into his stomach the contents of an inkstand. He found out his mistake when he discovered his body breaking out all over with a new prospectus.—*Railway Telegraph.*

"O ma! do you know I'm top but two in my class at school now?" Dear girl! your papa will be so delighted. Do you hear my dear R.? Bell is at the top but two of her class?"—"Indeed, my love? I'm very glad of it; pray, Bell, how many are there in your class?"—"Three papa."

NEW PROVERB.—Promises, like railway companies, are only made to be broken.

THE CONFESSION.—A Cloud was seen to pass suddenly over the features of Maria.—The lustre forsook her dark eyes. Her spirit seemed troubled.

"Triumphs the lily now on that young cheek,
Where bloomed once the rose."

Ten times that evening did Harvey importune her to acquaint him with the cause of her sadness—but not a word escaped her lips! Sadly and silently she sat.

"And now and then a sigh she stole,
And tears began to flow."

"Breathes there a wretch so base as to injure you—my dearest—by word or action?—Tell me—and by thine heart, as pure as Heaven! I will not rest till I've redressed thy wrongs! Is any lawful mystery locked up in thy bosom—that I must not know? Tell me the secret—and by the ringlets of thy hair! I'll never reveal it, though the blackest torments rack me!—Pour out thy soul!—tell thine own Harvey *what lies heavy in thy breast.*"

She blushed—she placed her fair hands across her bosom—looked languidly into her lover's face—and softly—"like the last low breathings of an expiring saint,"—she thus confessed herself—"*'Tis them are darn'd green apples, Harv!*"

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—A widower, at Camden, who was not very young, became smitten with a young and beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of the man by a former wife, became also in love, not with a younger person, but with the mother of the father's new wife, a widow lady, still in the bloom of life. He offered himself, and soon the young man and the widow were united in the bonds of matrimony, so that in consequence of these two connections, a father became the son-in-law of his own son, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own mother; while the husband of the latter is father-in-law of his own mother-in-law, and father-in-law of his own father. Confusion may arise, if children should spring from these peculiar marriages.

ECONOMY.—A gentleman who had remarked how magnificently a friend of his lived upon a small incomc, observed that with such slender means, to make so respectable a figure was much to his credit.

"Yes," responded a gentleman, "and to the credit of his tradesmen."

MEMOIR OF SIR HENRY HARDINGE, G. C. B.

GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA, &c.

THE accompanying memoir of the military services of Sir H. Hardinge in the late French war, was written by his friend and companion in arms, Lieutenant General Sir Benjamin D'Urban:—

Sir Henry Hardinge (the near and intimate friend of the gallant Lord Stewart*) is the second hero whom the present generation of this house have devoted to the service of their country. His brother, Captain Hardinge, of the Royal Navy, after a Brilliant professional career, in which deeds of skillful intrepidity won his successive promotions, at length commanded the San Fiorenzo in the Indian Seas, and fell in the moment of victory, at the close of a three days' action, (renewed by him each day,) with La Piedmontaise, an enemy's ship of far superior force, which was then captured.

He died in his 27th year, but full of glory; and by a vote of Parliament, a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral records his achievements, and the approbation of his country.

Sir Henry Hardinge entered the army young, and joined his regiment in Canada before he had attained the age of 15. He returned to England at the peace of Amiens, obtained the rank of captain in the 57th Regiment in 1804, and having become a student at the Royal Military College, under the late General Jarry, prosecuted his studies with all possible dilligence and success; and having accordingly made great proficiency in the more scientific branches of his profession, was selected to fill an appointment upon the quartermaster-general's staff of the expedition which proceeded to the coast of spain in 1807, under Sir Brent Spencer. In 1808, when Portugal rose to throw off the French yoke, Sir Brent Spencer's corps was united to that which had sailed from Ireland under Sir Arthur Wellessly (now Duke of Wellington), and Sir Henry Hardinge was actively employed in in the successful campaign which expelled the army of General Junot, and was present in the Battles of Roleia and Vimeira; in the latter of these he was severily wounded. Notwithstanding which, in the close of the same year, having been pitched upon to carry important despatches from Government to General Moore, he performed his journey with singular rapidity, through many difficulties, and delivered his charge to the general in the neighbourhood of Benevente.

Sir John Moore, it is well known, remained himself with the rear guard of his army through the whole of the arduous retreat to Carunna which ensued; and having attached Sir Henry Hardinge to his person, he accompanied him in all those severe affairs which every day took place with the enemy's advanced guards; and, finally, was the only officer near that great and lamented general, when at the battle of Corunna, in January, 1809, he received his death wound, and fell in the arms of victory.

Sir Henry had just returned from ordering a movement of the troops which the general had dispatched him to effect and was in the act of reporting its execution to him, when he was struck by the fatal ball. He supported the dying hero at his trying moment; and by the desire of his afflicted family wrote, for their information, the clear and pathetic account of that solemn and impressive scene, which is annexed to Mr. Moore's narrative of the general's last campaign and death.

Returning to England with the army, he received the rank of major; and in month of March, in the same year, went to Portugal with Marshal Beresford, who had been entrusted with the organization of the Portugnese army, to aid in the momentous struggle then about to ensue, and from which may be dated the delivery of Europe from the despotism of Bonaparte.

The marshal appointed him lieutenant colonel in, and deputy quartermaster-general of, the army; and he immediately became, and was through the whole war, one of the main instruments of the discipline and good order which were so effectually established in it, and of the brilliant and continued triumphs with which that discipline was crowned.

In this capacity he served with the right of the allied army under the marshal at the passage of the Upper Douro, in face of and driving back the corps of General Loison, and in the subsequent operations against the enemy during the pursuit of him into the borders of Galicia. For his conduct upon that occasion he was mentioned in the marshal's dispatches and thanked in his general orders issued at Giuzo, 20th May, 1809.

He then accompanied the Marshal in his command of the army of observation in Castile, during the Duke of Wellington's advance into Spain and the battle of Talavera, and was employed in many important duties of that period.

The next campaign was the famous defensive one of 1810 in which the Duke of Wellington foiled the infinitely superior forces of Marshal Massena. In this, the zeal, intelligence, and activity of Sir Henry Hardinge were very conspicuous upon many occasions, as well in the arrangements belonging to his official duties, as in the various affairs of the advanced posts, and other operations before and after the retreat to the lines of Lisbon; and especially in the battle of Busaco, after which victory he was mentioned by Lord Beresford in his dispatches to the Portuguese regency, and recommended by the Duke of Wellington for the medal of distinction granted upon that occasion, which he received accordingly.

In the campaign of 1811, Lord Beresford having the command of the seperate corps of the allied army in the Alemtejo and Spanish Estramadura, Sir Henry Hardinge was everywhere distinguished, as well in the many affairs which the active operations of that period produced, as in the seige of Badajoz, which formed a part of them, and at which he served; but especially at his conduct in the memorable and glorious battle of Albuera, where, amongst many other instances of judgment and presence of mind, he anticipated an order (which had been dispatched by Lord Beresford, but had not yet reached the general to whom it was sent) for an important movement at a very pressing period of the battle. He was mentioned in high terms of praise, both in the dispatches and general orders; and after the battle received the medal of distinction granted upon that occasion, and was promoted to the British rank of lieutenant colonel.

The eventful campaign of 1812 commenced with the siege and capture of the fortress of Cindad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Sir Henry Hardinge served at them both, and at the latter was particularly distinguished in the storm of the strong out work La Picarina, where, it is not too much to say, the success of that important enterprise was mainly owing to his judgment and intrepid example.

He was mentioned in very strong terms in the report of General Sir James Kempt, who commanded the assault of the fort, and by the Duke of Wellington in his dispatches, and he received the medal of distinction granted on that occasion.

After the capture of Badajoz, the army advanced into Castile, besieged and destroyed the enemy's fortified establishments upon the Tormes, and then proceeded to those operations against Marshal Marmont, which brought on the memorable battle of Salamanca, and all its important results.

In these operations, the quartermaster general of the Portoguese army being absent in the command of a corps of cavalry, Sir Henry Hardinge performed the duties of that post with his accustomed ability and distinction, especially at the affair of Castrejou on the 18th, and in the battle of Salamanca on the 22nd of July, for which he received the medal of distinction.

During the winter of this year, he received the military order of the Tower and Sword for his distinguished conduct and the services he had rendered throughout the war.

In the brilliant and decisive campaign of 1813, in which the Duke of Wellington may be said to have cleared Spain of the French, Sir Henry Hardinge, still duing the duties of quartermaster general of the Portuguese army, accompanied Marshal Lord Beresford in the advance to Vittoria; and in that battle, on the 21st of June, in the midst of his usual exemplary exertions, was severely wounded in the body. He received the medal of distinction granted upon that occasion.

He now received the rank of colonel in the Portuguese service; and, after a short stay at Vittoria, he followed the army, and resumed his duties; and again performed them in the battles of the Pyrenees on the 27th, 28th, and 30th July, and in the subsequent operations, although his wound was still open, causing him great pain, and subjecting him to a severe surgical operation during the course of these exertions.

For these battles he was again mentioned by Lord Beresford in orders, and received the medal of distinction granted upon that occasion. He subsequently served at the siege of St. Sebastian, and the operations of passing the Bidassea.

He was present in the battle of the Nivelle on the 10th of November, and those of the Nive on the 9th, 10th, 11th 12th, and 13th December. His conduct was, as usual, conspicuously able and gallant, and called forth the most pointed praise and eulogium in the marshal's general order of thanks of the 25th December of the same year.

Sir Henry Hardinge was now appointed to the command of a Portuguese brigade of infantry, with which he proceeded to distinguish himself, during the operations of the campaign of 1814. In the affairs upon the Adour, and in crossing the Gaves, and especially near Pallas, on Feb. 15, where in conjunction with General Byng's brigade, he won some strongly occupied heights with the bayonet, and in the most gallant style, from very superior numbers of the enemy, and for which he received the particular thanks of Lord Beresford in his general orders upon that occasion.

He was then engaged in the battle of Orthes, on the 27th of February, for which he received the medal of distinction (being the *ninth* conferred upon him in the course of this war), and in the subsequent affairs and operations, concluding with the battle of Toulouse, on the 10th of April, which was followed by the armistice and peace of 1814. He was again pointedly thanked for his eminent services in Lord Beresford's general orders, at the close of this campaign.

During the whole Peninsular war Sir Henry Hardinge never suffered himself to be absent from his duty by sickness leave of absence, or any other cause, excepting the very short periods (in neither case sufficient for that purpose) which he was compelled to devote to the cure of his wounds received at Vimeiro and Vittoria. After this campaign his Sovereign was graciously pleased to mark his sense of the signal services he had performed, by conferring upon him a company in the Grenadier Regiment of Guards, and creating him a knight commander of the Order of the Bath

In this year Sir Henry Hardinge accompanied his noble friend, Lord Stewart, to the Congress of Vienna; and in 1815, when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and the war broke out anew, the Duke of Wellington immediately placed him at the head-quarters of the Prussian Army under Marshal Blucher, with the rank of Brigadier-general, as a military ambassador and a confidential officer.

This was an employment requiring not only firmness and military talent, but great discretion, judgment and conciliation. His grace had very rightly estimated his officer when he thought him fit for this important mission, and the result fully justified his choice.

Continuing with the Prussian army, he was in the obstinate and sanguinary battle of Ligny, on the 16th June (which was followed by that of Waterloo on the 18th,) and after having given proofs of great military talent throughout the day, in the suggestion of several movements which tended much to retard the success of the enemy, his left hand was shattered by a cannon ball at Blucher's side, whose unaffected grief for the misfortune was the best proof of the high opinion in which he held this gallant Englishman.

Sir Henry tied his handkerchief round the stump, and remained on horseback till the battle was over. His conduct upon this occasion had been so meritorious, and Marshal Blucher's report of the great service he had individually rendered so satisfactory, that the Duke of Wellington devoted a seperate *Gazette* (of the 30th June, 1815,) to record his approbation of his behaviour, and his regret for his wound.

He suffered this wound to detain him from his duty as little as he had done his previous one, although it occasioned the amputation of his hand, and from some attendant circumstances became one of peculiar torture and distress, for in one month from the time he received it, he rejoined Marshal Blucher at Paris. He continued his duties at the Prussian head-quarters during the whole time of the occupation of France by the allies, and the two following facts will suffice to show how high his conduct had placed him in the opinion both of the Monarch, at the head-quarters of whose army he had been serving at such a difficult and delicate crisis, and of that consumate captain who commanded the allied armies. At the Prussian review he was decorated by the King himself with the orders of Merit and of the Red Eagle, and the Duke of Wellington personally presented him with the sword which he wore, as a mark of his regard.

The long and brilliant series of circumstances, hastily recorded in the foregoing memoir, will speak for themselves, and can require no comment.

B. D. URBAN, Major-General.

Hythe, Feb. 9, 1820.

* Who since the publication of this memoir has succeeded to the marquisate of Londonderry.