

thrown so fine a young woman in my way, with so strong a prepossession in my favor, and with tastes and feelings that would render her so charming a company for a poor invalid like myself, I should be greatly to blame to let the opportunity escape me. She is not rich, but that is no sort of consequence; I have money enough for both, and I am sure that you will think so too, and I am therefore glad of this opportunity of asking your advice.—"Which," said I, "will I suppose be valued and followed in the exact proportion in which it may happen to accord with your own opinion, for that, I believe, is the usual criterion in matrimonial consultations; but, pray tell me, have you made your proposals, and is the affair settled past retracting?"—"I have only yet," replied he, "spoken to herself in general terms: all the information that I have been giving you respecting her proceeded from the aunt, who is a most discreet and sensible woman.—"Let me entreat you," said I, "to do nothing rashly; your acquaintance is yet put a few days' standing: take time to see and hear a little more, and do not commit yourself by speaking decisively to her for at least a fortnight. Promise me this, I beg of you.—"Well," said he, "I can, I think, venture to promise you as much as that, but mind, you only stipulate for a fortnight, for you know I have not much time to lose, though you are mistaken in thinking me sixty; I am only fifty-nine, and perhaps, if I had a comfortable home and somebody to amuse me and to care for me, I might recover my health and spirits and be as well as ever.—"Perhaps so," said I, "but I see a party approaching who will put an end to our conference, so we will resume it at some future time, but remember your promise."

To be Concluded in our next.

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.—We were here still at some distance from the object of our trip but, at about a mile further, on looking down the side of the hill, we perceived a little green spot, and a house in the vale below, whither we were directed by a man whom we met; and, after passing a small gate, saw at a distance, the far famed willows, towards which we hastily directed our steps. At a little wicket leading into a flower garden we dismounted, and were met by a weather-beaten veteran, corporal of the 53d Regt. who was constituted guardian of the tomb. A pretty geranium hedge, in full bloom, bordered the path which led to the sacred spot; on each side rose steep hills, which, uniting behind the tomb, formed a deep dell only open to the southward, where it looked down a valley; a neat, green railing encircled a space of brilliant sward, about ten yards in diameter, and, in the middle of this, under the appropriate shade of some venerable weeping willows, stood the square iron railing which guarded the last home of Napoleon. The old corporal, who now acted as our Cicerone, having ascertained that we were provided with the proper order for admittance, proceeded, in a drawing tone, and unobtrusive countenance, to give us an account of the spot, in the same words, no doubt, that he had already used to the hundreds of visitors who had preceded us. "Here, sir," said he, "the Emperor, when he died, expressed a wish to be buried, if so be that they would not let his remains be carried to France; and there, sir, under that willow, he used often to sit talking with the Countess Bertrand, when he was sufficiently well to drive to her little cottage, which you may see on the brow of the hill. Out of this spring (pointing to a little rill of water which bubbled from the side of the hill) the water the Emperor drank was taken. If your honours would like some, here is a cup, (producing, at the same time, an old tin cup, rather the worse for wear, with which some of the party drew a little water from the stream); and there, sir, within these railings, under the three broad flags, is placed Napoleon's body crassways, the head being towards those little painted sticks. You see, gentlemen, this small space of earth, six inches wide, between the railings and the slabs. After the Emperor's death, Madame Bertrand planted it all round with heartsease—I believe they call them pencees in French—and used to take great care of them, but they are all withered now. Oh! she was a nice lady; God bless her! But, perhaps, gentlemen, you would like to enter the railing: here is one of the bars which takes out, and as none of you is very stout, you may slip through. I recollect, not long since, an old fat general from Bombay, who, rather not get inside, took off his coat, waistcoat, and almost every thing he wore. We followed the old man's

advice, and, entering the aperture of the railing, stood over the remains of L'EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS. I know not why it was, but we simultaneously took off our hats: we all felt that respect and reverence which we should have expressed had he been alive, and seemed to be hurt at the idea of a group of British officers thus unceremoniously invading the resting place of the "vanquished victor." It was not romance that occasioned this sensation, (one of my companions having served in the navy since Trafalgar, and been two years a prisoner in France, whilst another, from his earliest youth, had been fighting in the Peninsula against the armies of the man whose dust now lay below us,) but that deference which is always due to the memory of those whose superior talents and strength of mind have made them rise above the rest of their contemporaries. No inscription, not even the name Napoleon, had been engraved on the slabs: fame, such as his, requires no other or splendid memorial than that which it will ever retain, the regrets of the French, and their recollections of the glorious deeds performed by their armies when led on to glory and victory by "CALUI QUI N'EST PLUS." Whilst we were cutting a few slips of myrtle and willow, a mist gradually overspread the hill, and soon enveloped us in a fog, which terminated in a shower; but a gentleman whose house was near, having kindly offered a shelter, my companions took shelter there, whilst I, notwithstanding the rain, attempted to make a sketch; this done, we prepared to start for Longwood.

THE HURRICANE.

The equinoctial storm has been, and always must remain an event of greatest import in the life of a seafaring man. Crossing the line, bringing two Sundays together; fast sailing, and hard fighting on old ocean, are circumstances continually occurring in the course of things; but as repeatedly effaced by others of later and more astonishing natures. But a hurricane, if felt in its full force remains a source of continued astonishment to all who have endured it. To the sailor it gives an importance of character that is truly enviable; among his less experienced comrades he is made on all occasions the oracle, without whose decision in matters alluding to severities by sea in storms, it were unavailing to contend. A few months have only elapsed, and the circumstances are consequently fresh to my mind since I encountered one of those violent tempests. Our ship mounted 30 guns, and was, although a single decked ship, of a size comparable to a first class frigate; she was well found, and proved herself a good sea boat, in movement and speed. With what pleasure did I survey her long graceful proportions of hull and spars; the former displaying a line of brilliant brass temples in the muzzels of a saucy battery. Readers to your imaginations of what constitutes the acme of naval architectural taste and beauty, I leave all subsequent descriptions of what our ship was, to describe what, in the opinion of our oldest sailor, seemed the worst gale he had ever encountered. I must beg your pardon for the egotism practised in this narration, and inform you that I filled only the humble station of midshipman, and had the watch on deck, as masters' mate of the fore-castle, when the wind freshened so as to cause our shortening sail from a royal to single reefed topsails, foresail, and for top mast staysail, with the spanker in the brails; when eight bells being reported to the Captain, and struck, the last dog-watch expired, the relief took the deck. The weather overhead looked bad, but I supposed in the morning it would be again fine, as we should be on the eastern edge of the Gulf stream, and in warm weather; and that, more or less, squalls were always attendant on crossing the Gulf, particularly in the fall of the year, but little dreamt of any thing dangerous. The sea combed, and emitted flashes of phosphoric light, whilst the heavens appeared wrapped in folds of black and broken storm clouds, sending forth vivid lightning, which the gloom of night rendered terrific, whilst the distant howling of blasts in passing squalls, accompanied by claps of thunder, seemed to a romantic mind as if the spirits of storm held council. Midshipman like, delighted with the pleasing thoughts of escaping a wet jacket, I descended below to my hammock, to dream of comforts and friends ashore, from which I was too soon awake by our boatswain and his mates calling all hands to reef topsails,

a sound not the most pleasing to sleepy midshipmen and immediately a quartermaster and reefer made their unwelcome appearance to demand our attendance on deck, leaving us a light to turn out by, secured to the table by forks to prevent its being extinguished by a fall on deck.

The motion of our ship was violent; she rolled and pitched as if her spars were in immediate danger of going over the side or bows, and the rush of water as she cleared her way through the seas came gurgling on our drowsy sense of hearing like desolation. What confusion in the steerage! give me my hat cries one, who's got my pea jacket, shouted another, "my clothes are wet, cries our midshipman who slept in the wake of the hatch; gentlemen hurry on deck, says one of our luffs who descended to see if all hands were on deck; we are going to have a blow my hearties, says a half drowned reefer who came below for a fresh hat, his former one having taken its sudden departure in going aloft; lean me a watch bill, cries several (who never possessed any) ours are lost,—stand by the topsail halyards, cries the first lieutenant; ease off the haul yards, clew down, round in the weather braces; hard up quarter master, hard up; and down heeled the ship, ever went tables, campstools, and out went steerage lights, and on deck scrambled your servant, with his messmates—rig out your conductors carpenters, fore too there, is Mr. Skylark aloft? Yes, sir, yes, see the men lay out, and light up the sail to windward, tie your points men, clear off topgallant sheets, haul out to leeward, exclaimed the captain of the top on the weather yard arm; tie and lay in, shouted the midshipman, lay down men to the haul yards, haul well taught, walk away; and the fore and maintopsail yards with the sails close reefed, resumed their stations on the masts.

Hurry and furl that sail mizen topmen. After guard lay up and pass a gasket over the heel of the spanker and haul taught the vang, and sheet and lay up, your rigging ready for running. Get top Gall Yards ready for coming down top men—aye—aye, mind your helm, hard up, and down heeled the ship to the gale. Main fore clew garnets and buntlines, up foresail—let go the fore bowline, cried Fid the boswain. Let go the fore topsail halyards, round in the head braces, ease off the fore sheet in the wairs, over haul it and be damned to you; wasters lay forward men, furl that topsail sir, cried the 1st Luff and brace up the main yard, bring her by the wind Quarter master—this done we were more felt snug. Our deck presented a laughable scene of confusion, the shot had rolled out of racks to windward wads, and shot boxes were shying about the deck in glee to the great amusement of a half drowned gang of afterguard, boys, mizen topmen and mariners stationed by the mizen top gall yard rope. The poor boys were racing round receiving kicks and curses in every direction, whilst the poultry stow'd in coops amidst ships, express'd by screams and quacks their dislike to the jars received from occasional slips of feet and bodily intrusions of passers by, accompanied by a profuse sauce of salt water as the seas broke alongside and distributed their sprays over the bulwarks on deck.

Hurry those men aloft, exclaimed our Captain to the first Lieutenant. Bear a hand top men; already was the reply: send down your tripping lines, tie up the jack blocks—sway? When on came the hurricane down reeled the ship, away went head spars and royal masts, top gallant masts, yards, head of the foremast, half the foretop, along with one stout fellow, who was standing holding on to the main ropes of the bowsprit; his cries were faintly heard in the lee waist as he passed the ship, for succour—but in vain, we never saw him more. Our ship lay with her lee rail under water, when the mainmast and foretopmast staysails, with one accord, fell their respective bolt ropes, and betook themselves to flight over the expanse of stormy waters. The foresail blew loose in spite of all the extra gaskets, and flapped itself in pieces, in such a noisy manner as resembled the firing of battalions of musketeers. Come down from aloft, was frequently cried out—but such was the violence of the storm, one person, though six feet distant from another, could not comprehend an order. Call the carpenter, says the first Lieutenant to me, and he was forced to put his speaking trumpet almost against my ear before I heard him, and to pass a set of sharp axes from the foremast to the mainmast.