

duke's line; while Picton, perceiving columns of infantry approaching from La Belle Alliance, placed two batteries in position, and began a brisk cannonade upon the French columns. Here, inclosed between high banks, and unable to retreat, from the great pressure in their rear, the loss was considerable.

It was now twilight. A dark and lowering sky threatened a night of rain, and the heavy ground, cut up with the passage of waggons and cavalry, afforded but a dreary bivouac. Picquets were hastily thrown out on either side; and to such a pitch had the spirit of mutual defiance risen, that several skirmishes occurred during the night between cavalry patrols—productive, it is true, of no useful result to either side, but distinguished on both, by bravery and heroism.

The masterly manner in which the retreat from Quatra-Bras to Waterloo was effected, will ever remain a model for operations of this nature, while the regularity and precision with which each brigade assumed the position assigned to it on the field, has never been surpassed, and well justifies the observation of our author, that the manoeuvres more resembled the movements of a field day, upon a grand scale, than the operations of an army in the actual presence of an enemy.

Scarcely had the line of vedettes and picquets been established, and the last gun boomed from the heights, when the thunder pealed forth, accompanied by flashes of vivid lightning, and a rain that descended in torrents. In a moment all was dark as midnight over that great plain, destined to become celebrated in history to the remotest ages.

THE INFANTICIDE MOTHER.

From the German of Schiller,

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

HARK!—'tis the clanging bells' drear sound! Come, Sisters, to the grave with me— Look there!—the hand hath moved its found, Come on—in God's name let it be. Receive, fond world, this last, last tear, This sigh for raptures that are o'er; Thy poison'd spells, alas! were dear— Enchantress, they shall charm no more.

And must I for cold burial earth, Leave all the happy sun makes bright?— Sweet season of the rose's birth! Farewell!—Love's spring-time of delight! Farewell, ye golden tissued dreams! Ye fancies that in Eden play! Ye flowers of Heaven, on which the beams Shall never smile of earthly day!

How gay it was—with rose-knots red— My swan-like dress! How heavenly fair Shone the young living roses, spread In my long locks of yellow hair! Victim!—whose blood malignant powers Of evil claim—no rose-knots now On thy white dress!—for joyous flowers, A coarse black death band binds the brow!

Weep ye, who see the lillies wave In stainless bloom—your emblems still,— Ye, to whom guardian Nature gave Soft hearts, and angels' strength of will! I felt too fondly,—Feeling is Victim's execution sword: He yow'd and wept—and I was his,— And I was his,—for I ador'd!

Perhaps, e'en now, with jest and smile, He flutters round some happier maid; Nor at her toilet thinks the while, What fate in hers, before betray'd: E'en now his lip may court the kiss, His hand the vagrant tresses twine; His blood may bound alive to bliss, While the sharp death stroke scatters mine.

Oh, Ludolph! Ludolph! far or near, Louisa's death-palm follow thee! A dull, damp tolling fret thine ear,— The last low knell that tolls for me! If, to his breast—another prey, With murmuring words of love decoy, Pierce through his brain,—drear bell, and stain With blood the visionary joy!

Traitor, was—woman flung to shame? My tears?—my pangs?—my wrongs—unfelt? And—the young unborn life—a claim That makes the wild-wood tiger melt?— Proud flies his bark,—while I remain The sails with wistful eyes pursuing, Beware his sighs, ye maids of Seine— And the false smiles that were my ruin!

Here—on his mother's heart—the child, At rest, in sweet and golden sleep, Like the young morning rose-bud smiled— A smile so soft it made me weep. Oh! in his looks I loved to trace Features, how fatal, and how fair! Looks—my delight and my disgrace— That spoke of love and of despair!

“Where is my sire?”—his mute eye cries,— Less dreadful than the thunder's peal. “Where is thy spouse?”—my heart replies,— And who can tell what pangs I feel? In vain wouldst thou thy father seek, In vain, poor orphan'd bastard boy! Another's child will press his cheek, While mine must mourn our guilty joy.

Thy mother!—the heart agony To be alone upon the earth— To find the very fount of joy All bitterness, and pine in death! Grief stares me from thy countenance— Sad echoes of sweet days gone by Chime in thy voice—and in thy glance Are pangs more bitter than to die.

Anguish it is to look on thee— Anguish—to miss thee from my sight. His kisses—once so dear to me— In thine like scourging Furies smite. And evermore, the oaths he swore, As from the grave, in thunders dread, Again are breath'd,—and round me wreath'd— A hydra twines—my child is dead!

Oh Ludolph! Ludolph! far and fast Flee from that angry spectre—flee! His icy hands are round thee cast— He howls in thunder after thee. Think on his death-glance, when the light Of soft stars pants in silent skies! The blood upon his garment bright Will lash thee back from Paradise.

All lifeless at my feet he lay;— With icy stare aghast I stood; And felt my own blood flow away With every drop of that young blood. Hark!—'tis the jailor's tread—Again— Hush!—'tis my beating bosom's breath— Oh, that these pangs of fiery pain Were over in the chill of death!

Ludolph!—in Heaven God may forgive! The sinner dies, forgiving thee In thy dark bosom, Earth, receive My wrongs! let all forgotten be. Wake, slumbering embers! See, the blaze Starts up in triumph—feasts upon His written vows—in triumph preys On kisses—tears—'till all is gone!

Frail rose of Youth—how fugitive Thy tints!—and Love,—how false a dream! Here, on the scaffold—here I give My curse to beauty's treacherous gleam! And weeps the headman for my sake? Haste—bind my eyes,—and have no thought Of grief for me!—The lily break!— Pale headman, tremble not!

[From an article in the same periodical, being sketches of “Continental Countries,” we take the following extract.]

EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.

In no country of the world of similar magnitude, has national education been carried to the same extent as in Prussia. But so much has been written of late years of the school system pursued there, that it is unnecessary here to enter into its details. We shall confine ourselves to a few facts of more peculiar interest when considered in relation to the system recently established in Ireland.

Where there is a mixed population of Protestants and Romanists, the maintenance of distinct schools for each is enjoined in Prussia, whenever their means are sufficient for keeping up such a system of separation, as this is there considered to be much more favourable to the chances of living in harmony in after life than is this practice of joint education, which has found so many advocates of late amongst ourselves. When this separation cannot be effected, the religious education of the minority is left to their own parents to provide for.

Attendance on the schools is not left to individual caprice; on the contrary it is strictly obligatory on all parents, guardians, and masters, to send all children, subject to their authority, between the ages of seven and fourteen, regularly to school—unless it be proved satisfactorily that their education will be regularly provided for at home, or in a private school: and this is no new regulation, but dates so far back—at least amongst the Protestant portion of the kingdom—as the time of the Reformation. The obstinate neglect of it subjects the offending parent to fine, imprisonment, and the removal of his children from under his authority—so determined does this enlightened government show itself that every one of his subjects, of whatever grade shall enjoy in ample opportunities for receiving that first blessing, a good elementary education.

In every primary school, even of the lowest class, the very minimum of education comprises, besides religious instruction, reading and writing, also the rudiments of arithmetic and singing—the music taught being chiefly that of solemn and religious cast; whilst in those which have more ample funds there is, in addition to the above, instruction given in the structure of the German language, in the elements of geometry and drawing, in geography, in natural philosophy, and in history, especially of their native land; whilst, at the same time, in order to maintain the bodily health and develop the physical powers, gymnastic exercises are taught. And finally, a certain measure of practical knowledge is imparted in respect to gardening and some of the most necessary forms of manual labour. The establishment of adequate agricultural schools over the face of the country is, however, still a desideratum, and there is much room for improvement in that most important of all arts, the cultivation of the land. But we believe this want is likely soon to be supplied, as the attention of the government has recently been very strongly directed to it by the writings of able native writers; and a sufficient precedent exists in the schools long since established in the towns for imparting useful initiatory knowledge in the mechanical arts.

The extremely poor are supplied gratuitously with the requisite books, and when necessary, even with clothes. The hours of attendance are so managed as to allow the parents the benefit of their children's assistance in their labour for a few hours daily—a circumstance of much importance to the health of the rising generation, and which serves to inure them gradually to their destined course of life. The ill consequence of neglecting this point in our own country schools, has recently been forcibly

alluded to in certain statistical reports, wherein it is stated that the rising generation of farm labourers have, in many instances suffered materially in their bodily health and efficiency, from a long continuance of uninterupted sedentary habits, during their period of growth.

The funds by which these schools are maintained, arise in some instances in part from private endowments, but mainly from a special rate made on all the fathers of families in their respective towns or parishes, proportioned to their individual means; and the sum thus raised is further augmented by payments from such of the scholars as can afford them; and when all these sources prove insufficient, the deficit is made up out of the public purse of the province.

For the purpose of training up masters, and always maintaining a supply proportioned to the demand, each province is obliged to support seminaries for teachers, called “normal schools.”

Over the whole system of education, the government exercises a general superintendence, whilst the working out of its details is left to local committees, selected on popular principles.

In every parish the principal inhabitants, together with all fathers of children, constitute what is called the “Schul-verein,” or school-union, the object of which is to diffuse the interest and responsibility felt in the business of education over as large a surface of society as possible.

In respect to the very complete state-machinery by which this great national system of education is kept in motion, we have only space to remind our reader that it consists chiefly of a great central board at Berlin, with a minister of state at its head; of provincial boards, each with its “school advocates” attached, whose business it is to investigate the condition and advocate the wants of all the schools—an inspector in every circle or barony, and a local one besides, who is generally an ecclesiastic, attached to each individual school.

The total expense of this very comprehensive system for conferring one of the greatest of blessings on a population of considerably upwards of fifteen millions, does not much exceed one third of a million sterling—a sum which makes but a very small figure beside some of those apportioned to infinitely less important items in our own national expenditure; and much the larger portion of this is raised locally, not only about one eighth of the whole falling on the government purse.

From an article entitled “Some Jottings in my Note Book,” in the same periodical, we select the following thoughts on—

THE FIRST DEATH IN A FAMILY.

The first death in a family is a kind of social epoch, unforgettably remembered by the survivors. It may be that, during many years, no chasm has been made in the old appearances about the fire-side; and the father and mother, who married young, have grown grey in one another's society, and yet the children of their hopes have been all spared to them. No doubt, in the homes they quitted to form a new one, desolation and change have come long ago, and the Forms they loved so well in their childish days have been laid to rest in the peaceful church-yard. But here, by their own hearthstone, death has never been; and though sickness came at intervals, it duly departed, and left their dear ones all unscathed. They hear of friends and acquaintances dropping out of life continually, and each year does not more surely sweep away the light covering of the trees, than carry off some among whom their place once was; still the sense of mortality is only faintly impressed upon them, and it seems as though they should yet escape. Suddenly, all is changed! The magic circle which ere while kept out the Fearful Shape, is o'erleaped; and at once all the thoughts of the survivors are altered. Either a young babe, whose eyes had hardly opened on the world, is snatched away; or the youth who gladdened them with every delightful promise, or sometimes the father himself, in the midst of his anxious care and labour, is removed; or the dear mother summoned away from their presence, for whose good she seemed only to live.

That family is thenceforth changed. Its character is solemnized to a degree, which those best feel who know that one of themselves belongs no more to earth, but to the eternal world. After a while, one more follows, passing from darkness into perfect light. Then, perhaps, there will be a cessation; and in five or six years another departs, and another; and thus the family is divided, with part on earth, and part in heaven; while the latter gradually enlarges itself at the expense of the former, until in a few years the whole are lost to men's sight in this world, and their old places know them no more.

Yet I am sure that these family changes, whether at their commencement or in their progress, are too many the veriest blessings they could receive. After the first death, we learn to look upon the grave in a different light from our former wont. We feel a kind of partnership in it. We are strangers no more to its effect and power. The moral nature is improved by that which so anguished the mental. Wishes and hopes become ours, which the world could not give us; and even when we are leaving the earth forever, we dwell on the probability of those departed Angels watching over the struggles of the Spirit, and being its guides in its flight through distant worlds to the throne of God.

It is well to reckon your dead as still yours; for why should we, even in words, disown their continued relation to us? It is generally done so when those members of the family are

counted as though they no more belong to it. The feeling, on which Woodsworth has founded one of his most touching ballads (“We are Seven”), is not only fitted for childhood, but a blessed one for all ages—the little girl could not understand why her dead brothers were no longer her brothers, and she continued calling them so.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN EXILE.

I remember to have met in Switzerland, at the pretty villa of a lady, formed to grace, adorn, and elevate the circle of her family and friends, of which she was the centre, an ingenious, able, and delightful old Swiss gentleman, M. de Bonstetten. Endowed with an admirable memory, enriched by great acquirements, and by classical and historical knowledge, this most agreeable, and well-informed man was received with delight into the best circles of Europe, and never failed to enliven and enchant all who listened to him. I connect his name with this portion of the life of Louis Philippe, because he related to me two anecdotes of the subject of this sketch, which may be relied on, and which are worth preserving. Whilst at Hamburg on one occasion, an old refugee, a bad specimen of a good race, openly insulted him, and, accosting him in the public streets, demanded “What right the son of a regicide had to meet the victims of his father's atrocious conduct, and why he did not hide his head in obscurity or the dust?” The young Duke, who was unprepared for this unprincipled and ungentlemanly attack, fell back a few paces, regarded him adversary with a look of stern dignity, and then said, “Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction; but if I have done neither, what will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land, a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and an independent young man?” The wretched creature who had so insulted him, stole off to his hiding-place, whilst some standers-by, who had understood the colloquy, applauded the young and courageous exile. On another occasion at Hamburg, the young duke was appealed to for relief by a former dependent on the bounty of his father, “Egalite,” but who had rushed from Paris to save his life, and had arrived at the city in question. The Duke explained to him that his means were so limited, and his expectations of assistance so scanty, that he really had not the power of doing all he could desire for one whom his father and mother had regarded with respect and pity. “But,” added the duke, “I have four louis left, take one of them; when I shall replace it. I know not: make the best use you can of this, we live in times when we must all economize.” The poor, exiled disconsolate old man was so struck with this proof of generosity, and of filial respect for the object of his father's and mother's bounty, that he declined receiving so much as one out of four louis from the prince's hands; but the duke took a flight, and left the grateful and unhappy exile weeping with gratitude and joy.

[From Marston; or, the Memoirs of a Statesman, in Blackwood's Magazine.]

A NATION GOING TO WAR.

THERE is no sight on earth more singular, or more awful, than a great nation going to war. I saw the scene in the highest point of view, by seeing it in England. Its perfect freedom, its infinite, and often conflicting, variety of opinion—its passionate excitement, and its stupendous power, gave the summons to hostilities a character of interest, of grandeur, and of indefinite but vast purposes, unexampled in any other time, or in any other country. When one of the old monarchies commenced war, the operation, however large and formidable, was simple. A monarch resolved, a council sat, less to guide than to echo his resolution; an army marched, invaded the enemy's territory, fought a battle—perhaps a dubious one—rested on its arms; and while *Te Deum* was sung in both capitals alike for the “victory” of neither, the ministers of both were constructing an armistice, a negotiation, and a peace—each and all to be null and void on the first opportunity.

But the war of England was a war of a nation—a war of wrath and indignation—a war of indignation—a war of the dangers of civilized society entrusted to a single championship—a great effort of human nature to discharge, in the shape of blood, a disease which was sapping the vitals of Europe; or in a still higher, and therefore a more faithful view, the gathering of a tempest, which, after sweeping France in its fury, was to restore the exhausted soil and blasted vegetation of monarchy throughout the Continent; and in whose highest, England, serene and undismayed, was to

“Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.”

PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION.

The postillions cracked their whips, the little Norman horses tore their way over the rough pavement; the sovereign people scattered off on every side, to save their lives and limbs; and the plain of St Denis, rich with golden corn, and tracked by lines of stately trees, opened far and wide before me. From the first ascent I gave a parting glance at Paris, it was mingled with rejoicing and regret. What hours of interest, of novelty, and of terror, had I not passed within the circuit of those walls! Yet, how the eye cheats reality!—that city of imprisonment and frantic liberty, of royal sorrow and of popular exultation, now looked a vast circle of calm and stately beauty. How delusive is distance in every thing! Across that plain, luxuriant with harvest, surrounded those soft hills, and glittering in the purple of