For the Cambridge Chronicle.

REDGAUNTLET,

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By the author of Waverly.

Since the time when Smollet and Fielding, delighted the reading public with Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, Pickle, Random, &c., no novels have appeared which are so much admired and so generally read, as those of the Waverly family. The novels of those two celebrated writers, however, differed entirely in their main constituents, from those so rapidly delivered by the *Mighty unknown*, and so eagerly devoured by the novel and romance readers of the present day. The interest they excited was raised by a series of fictitious incidents, ingeniously contrived and elegantly delineated. The spell of enchantment with which the magician of the North binds his readers, is from an almost unparalled power of description of heroic adventures, scenes of nature, and national manners, which are connected with historical events, places and manners, as they once existed, yet nt so remote a period as to enable the author to throw around them the magic illusion of romance, mixed indeed with the sober colouring of truth. In no instance, as far as can be recollected, did Smollet or Fielding copy from living individuals, or depart from pure fiction, if we except that after Smollet's death, two barbers and a cobler contended for the honour of being the real Strap, and that two clergymen in Fielding's neighbourhood were the originals from whom he drew the simple Parson Adams, and the worldly and hog-raising Parson Trulliber. The Waverly novels abound in characters drawn with a force, verisimilitude and truth of nature, which none possess which are the mere conceptions of the imagination. In confirmation of this opinion, may be mentioned the characters of Meg Merrilies, Dandie Dinmont and Baillie Mac Wheeble.

Since the days of Smollet and Fielding, hundreds, nay, thousands of novels have been spawned, enjoying an ephemeral existence of a few years, perhaps a six months popularity, and have gone not to the tomb of the Capulets, that is too hackneied, but to the shelves of circulating libraries, or the private collections of antiquated belles, for the use and edification of young lads and lasses, from fifteen to twenty, *to form their taste and establish their morals.* Who now reads Thaddeus of Warsaw, Scottish Chiefs, Wild Irish Girl, *et id omne genus?* The author of Waverly, like an Eagle, pouncing on a flock of buzzards wantoning in the air, has driven them all out of sight. It must be remarked, however, in justice to female genius, that two writers Madam de Genlis, and Madam de Stael, have produced works of such vigorous talent, that they rival any of the age, and from their inherent energy of thought will secure a lasting fame. The Corinne of the last mentioned lady, is the effort of a splendid imagination and fascinating eloquence of style; beside its attraction as a novel, it conveys to the reader a better idea of Italian scenery and manners, particularly of Rome, than many works written professedly for that purpose. Maturin, in his best novel "Woman, or Pour et Contre, borrows the heroine Madam Dalmatiani, from the Corinne of Madam de Stael.

In about ten years the author of Waverly, with a rapidity truly astonishing and unparallelled, has written more volumes of elegant literature than ordinary people read in their whole lives.—He has established a new school of fiction, and invented an entire different species of novel. Since the days of Shakespeare, no writer has published in so short a space of time, so voluminous a body of original composition, enriched by the gems of the most splendid fancy, the utmost force of colouring, the ever varying hues of the most enchanting description, the greatest variety, and animation of character, and the most profound feeling, so that he has chased from our remembrance the productions of all cotemporary writers, if we except the volumes of the Bonaparte of Modern Literature, the late Lord Byron. Every volume from Waverly to Redgauntlet, is more or less adorned with character, interest and eloquence, scenes, which the writer can vary, as if his pen were a magic wand, some enlivening us by delicate wit, and strokes of humour, and others, almost oppressing us by the deep tone of feeling with which they are conceived and conveyed to the heart of the reader. The force of description which eminently characterises these works, operates as a charm; we rush on animated by the enthusiasm of the writer, nor is the spell dissolved, the instant we lay down the volume. Such is the power of Genius. Few authors ancient or modern, possess it in the degree we have described. Goethe, a German writer of the greatest eminence, is said to possess this power of fascination, by critics who have read his works in his own language. It is stated, that at the request of a friend he exerted his powers, and chose the carnival at Rome for his subject—and so vivid was the description, so irresistible the power of the whole representation, that a gentleman who read it, and had never been at Rome, could scarcely be convinced that he had not actually witnessed the Romish Festival at some period of his life, and that what he read was only an accurate delineation of what had formerly passed before his eyes.

The mystery which envelops the Waverly novels, no doubt has imparted to them an additional and adventitious interest. Public ingenuity was for a long time exerted to discover the author, but he has still kept on the vizor, finding that it had charms which his own natural features would efface, and gave to his works a degree of fictitious admiration arising from that feeling which delights in what is uncommon and unknown.—In England, public opinion seems to have settled upon Sir Walter Scott, but some years ago the Quarterly Reviewers gave some hints, that the merit of authorship belonged to a brother of Walter Scott, living at Montreal, and the same idea has been suggested in some of our own newspapers. Mr. Thomas Scott, whose residence is Montreal, some time ago it is stated, avowed himself, at least in part, the author; if so, the question is settled at once. We are however, more inclined to the opinion which places the laurel on the brow of Sir Walter, as he has deserted the fountains of Helicon from the period the garden of romance and enchantment was thrown open to the public. Another circumstance which is strongly in favor of Walter Scott's claims to the authorship of these novels, is that Mr. Jeffrey, the celebrated Editor of the Edinburg Review, in an address delivered at some literary assembly, probably as Lord Rector of the University of Dublin, in the most animated and eloquent strain of enthusiasm and heartfelt friendship, describes him as possessing all those talents, imagination, feeling, research in Scottish history, antiquities, manners,&c. which are required to produce such works. This last circumstance we deem almost conclusive. That the same energy of genius pervades the Waverly volumes, and that the same equality of merit is due to each novel, cannot be admitted. They have declined from the force and fire of genius, which blazed so splendidly in Waverly, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Ivanhoe and others, until they sunk almost to mediocrity in St. Ronan's well. The writer seems, like the bird of Jove, sailing majestically in highest air, and gazing on the sun, to have gradually, from his towering height, descended to the horizon, when by the renewed vigour of his pinions, he again soars aloft, whether to pass off and be seen no more,time only can determine. The first novels were written under the inspiration of genius aspiring to the highest pinnacle of fame; that enviable height being attained, he descends to mix with vulgar mortals, and under the inspiration of the same genius, he grovels for the number of guineas he can grasp. Such is the pure influence of virtuous ambition, and such the withering effects of a mean and sordid desire to accumulate wealth.

Where can be found in the novels last published, since the Tales of My Landlord, such scenes so powerfully described as in Waverly,Bertram's visit to Donald Bien, or the delineation of Flora M'Ivor. The single description of the storm, the funeral in the Antiquary—of the Tournament and attack upon Front de Bœuf's castle, and the delineation of the fair Rebecca in Ivanhoe, and a score of others which could be taken at random, would alone establish the reputation of any writer.

Redgauntlet, of which we mean more particularly to speak, is much superior to the novel which preceded it, in plot, character, incident, interest and description. The narrative although defective is more animated, the characters more forcibly delineated, both as to distinctness and vividness of coloring, and the interest upon the whole does not flag, but is kept up throughout. It opens with a series of letters, which abruptly terminate in a journal kept by the hero whilst under duress, and concludes with a narrative, which destroys that unity and illusion which is the charm of romance and novel writing—still the epistolary correspondence is engaging, exhibiting and sustaining throughout the characters of the persons. There are no scenes which are as powerfully drawn as many in the earlier novels; there are not so many strokes of humour to enliven us, and no traits of feeling to make us melt—still from the beginning to the end a mild degree of interest is excited, which never subsides; we never feel dull, nor are we thrilled with rapture, or elevated with surprise—in short, as Dr. Johnson said, "there is nothing vastly grand or elegantly little." We take up Redgauntlet, as we would converse with an elegant & well informed woman, for whom we feel no other sentiment than respect, we feel pleasure whilst in her company, yet feel no regret to quit her. So we lay down Redgauntlet, amused, but not with that restless state of feeling which is produced by some of the earlier of the Waverly novels—the feelings are like the shrouds of a ship after a storm, from excessive excitement.

Darsie Latimer, the hero, is a youth of heroic character, of great ardour of feeling, generous, disinterested, of the most chivalrous and romantic courage. He is the only son of the elder branch of the house of Redgauntlet, who fell fighting in the cause of the Pretender.—His mother, who was an English lady, oppressed with grief at the sad catastrophe which befel her much loved lord, retired to England with her son and daughter. The brother of her deceased husband, whilst in this lonely and defenceless situation, seized clandestinely upon her children whilst at play, by right of guardianship bestowed by their father, but the son, Darsie Latimer, was rescued from the grasp of his uncle. His mother,apprehensive the uncle of Darsie, would renew his attempts upon his person, sent him by a confidential agent, when but four or five years old to Edinburg, to be entrusted to the care of a Mr. Fairford, an old Scotch lawyer, where he was brought up as a young man of fortune, in entire ignorance of his noble birth and splendid fortune. After attaining the age of manhood, he travels from Edinburg to the South of Scotland, with orders not to cross the Scottish border. He spends his time trouting in the Solway Frith and streams which flow into it, until in one of his piscatory excursions, he is saved from being drowned in the flood of Solway by his own uncle, (both being unknown to each other;) he passes the night with his uncle, Herries of Birrenswork or Redgauntlet, whose form, countenance and demeanor,are delineated with great force, and that tact so characteristic of the author. He starts next day to the inn, he had made his abode, but on his way becomes acquainted with Mr. Geddes, a quaker, the simplicity, honesty, sobriety, and all the tranquil virtues of his sect, as exemplified in him, are fairly and impartially set forth. In the mean time, Alan Fairford, the son of the old lawyer, with whom Darsie had formed a most enthusiastic attachment, which would have done honor to Pylades and Orestes, is prosecuting his studies at Edinburg, receives a visit from a mysterious lady under the name of Green Mantle, whom he receives as his first, and certainly fairest client. The interview between Alan and his supposed client, is amusing enough, but the only business of the mysterious Green Mantle, was to let Mr. Fairford know, as friend of Darsie Latimer, that Darsie was in very great danger, unless he instantly relinquished his trouting sport, and travelled farther North. Darsie still in thoughtless frivolity, and in the hey day, and with the courage of youth, despised the warnings sent him by his a friend Alan,but continues trouting and visiting his quaker friend, who was on bad terms with his haughty neighbour, who saved Darsie from drowning, till one night he went to a Scotch merry making of the lowest order, disguised as a fiddler.—Here, who should he meet but Green Mantle, who lived with the mysterious neighbour of his friend the Quaker, and who to tell the truth, was no other than his own sister, who had been carried off as already related. She appeared not as one of the company, but as a being of a superior order. Darsie Latimer, was one of those youths who fall in love with almost any pretty girl, whom his warm imagination and sensibility of feeling instantly invest with all the attributes of an angel. His sister or Green Mantle, to whom he was known, in consequence of having left his papers accidentally at their uncle's, the night he staid there, manifested unusual and solemn interest in his destiny, and earnestly advised him to leave the neighbourhood—such kind and friendly admonitions completed the conquest of Darsie. In a few days after, he accompanies his Quaker friend to the Solway, late at night, to protect his fishing nets, threatened with destruction by a party of fishermen, who hated the Quaker, as they considered all nets as unlawful.—Here he was struck down, tied and remained senseless for some days, when he awoke, he was in the custody of Cristal Nixon, who is a domestic of his uncle, and described as a villan, bereft of every thing human but the form, and capable of undertaking and executing the most sanguinary enterprizes. He was at last lodged in a castle in the custody of his uncle, who claimed to exert such authority over his person as his ward.

Herries of Birrenswork, or Redgauntlet, who thus treated Darsie Latimer, his nephew, with such seeming severity, had entered into a conspiracy with a few nobles, as fearless and reckless of consequences as himself. He possessed the same undaunted courage, heroic spirit of daring adventure and hatred of the house of Hanover, which marked his race, and distinguished the adherents of the house of Stuart. His nephew was the head of the house of Redgauntlet, and to possess his person and bring him to co-operate in his plans, he thought a necessary step towards the success of the enterprize he had undertaken.

In the mean time, Alan Fairford,hearing the misfortunes and captivity of his friend, in the very middle of a cause he was pleading, (and it was his *debut,*) with the most splendid success, threw down his brief, rushed out of court, to the astonishment of court, bar, audience, and utter discomfiture of old Fairford, and in an hour was on his way to the South of Scotland. This scene is admirably sketched, and exhibits the disinterested and heroic friendship of the young lawyer in the highest relief and most brilliant colouring. After a variety of adventures, in which danger and disease almost defeat the object of his friendly journey—he arrives at a place which was considered almost sacred from intrusion, being the residence of two or three antiquated nuns. Here he finds Father Buonaventure, who by the dignity of his demeanor and the majesty of his countenance, commanded involuntary respect, and was no other than the Pretender in disguise, for whom the conspiracy then on foot had been formed. Father Buonaventure, after long deliberation, agrees to write to Redgauntlet, over whom and his party he had the most unlimited control, to release Darsie Latimer, and was about to ratify the compact with Alan, that he should never discover the place of his retreat or the ladies of the place, when they were interrupted by the intrusion of a lady, who is not mentioned afterwards, but from the sequel, we are led to suspect she was the mistress of the Pretender. We cannot forbear presenting her to our readers.

"He extended his hand towards Alan, who was about to pledge his faith in the usual form by grasping it with his own, when the Father drew back hastily—Ere Alan had time to comment upon this repulse, a small side door covered with tapestry was opened; the hangings were drawn aside, and a lady, as if by sudden apparition, glided into the apartment. It was neither of the Misses Arthuret, (nuns,) but a woman in the prime of life and full blown expansion of female beauty, tall, fair, and commanding in her aspect—her locks of paly gold, were taught to fall over a brow which, with the stately glance of the large,open, blue eyes, might have become Juno herself; her neck and bosom were admirably formed, and of a dazzling whiteness. She was rather inclined to *en bon* point, but not more than became her age, of apparently thirty years. Her step was that of a queen, but it was of Queen Vashti, not Queen Esther, the bold and commanding, not the retiring beauty."

Redgauntlet, had ere this, left the castle, carrying with him "Green Mantle and Darsie Latimer, disguised in the habiliments of a female After several manœuveres,the conspirators meet with the Pretender, where all is discord and confusion. The king's troops surprize them. The conspirators are pardoned and depart for the continent. Cristal Nixon, Darsie's jailor, is killed by the captain of a smuggling vessel—Darsie Latimer obtains his liberty, is restored to his fortune, family and hereditary honours, and what is best of all, the generous Alan Fairford is rewarded for the constancy and heroic fidelity of his friendship for Darsie, now Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, with the hand of his sister, Green Mantle, or Miss Lilias Redgauntlet.

And exclaims the fair reader, is not Darsie married or to be married to some high born dame, brilliant with beauty, wit, and every feminine grace & accomplishment? No ladies, and we are disappointed too, a hero in novel or romance, not to be married, is like a tragedy without stabbing or killing of some kind or other.

It has been stated before, that Darsie Latimer, had become violently enamoured of his sister, in the character of Green Mantle; before the denouncement of the plot, Darsie Latimer is introduced to her by his uncle, which produced the following amusing scene, which for our fair readers, we shall transcribe, as to them alone we dedicate our lucubrations. Redgauntlet presented her to Darsie, with these words: "It is time you two should know each other better. I promised you my confidence Darsie, and the time is come for reposing it. But first, we will have our breakfast, and then when once more on our journey, I will tell you that which is necessary, that you should know. Salute Lilias Darsie." The command was sudden and surprised Latimer, whose confusion was increased by the perfect ease and frankness, with which Lilias offered at once her cheek and her hand, and pressing his, and rather took it than gave her own, said very frankly, "Dearest Darsie, how rejoiced that uncle has at last permitted us to become acquainted!" Darsie's head turned round! and it was perhaps well that Redgauntlet called on him to set down, as even that movement served to hide his confusion. There is an old song which says—

——— "When ladies are willing,
A man can but look like a fool."

A good representation, and Darsie Latimer's looks at this unexpected frankness of reception, would have formed an admirable vignette for illustrating the passage "Dearest Darsie, and such a ready, nay, eager salute of lip and hand! It was all very gracious no doubt—and ought to have been received with much gratitude; but constituted as our friend's temper was, nothing could be more inconsistent with his tone of feeling. If a hermit had proposed to him to club for a pot of beer, the illusion of his reverend sanctity could not have been dispelled more effectually than the divine qualities of Green Mantle, faded upon the ill-imagined, frank heartedness of poor Lilias. Vexed with her forwardness, and affronted at having once more cheated himself, Darsie could hardly help muttering to himself, two lines of the song we have already quoted?

"The fruit that must fall without shaking
Is rather too mellow for me."

And yet it was pity of her too—she was a very pretty young woman—his fancy had scarce overrated her in that respect—and the slight derangement of the beautiful brown locks which escaped in natural ringlets from under her riding habit, with the bloom which exercise had brought into her cheek, made her even more than usually fascinating.

Having breakfasted, Redgauntlet dashed on before, and ordered that Darsie, and Lilias, should follow at a slow pace, under the conduct of Cristal Nixon.—Darsie has not yet discovered his mistake, and the scene proceeds.

"The commands of Cristal Nixon, in the mean while, put all the remainder of the party in motion, but the Laird himself was long out of sight ere they were in readiness to reassume their journey. When at length they set out, Darsie was accommodated with a horse and side saddle, instead of being obliged to resume his place behind the detestable Nixon. He was obliged however, to retain his riding skirt, and to re-assume his masque. Yet, notwithstanding this disagreeable circumstance and although he observed, they gave him the heaviest and slowest horse of the party, and that as a farther precaution against escape, he was closely watched on every side, yet riding in company with the pretty Lilias, was an advantage overbalancing these inconveniences.—It is true that this society, to which that very morning he would have looked forward as a glimpse of heaven, had, now that it was unexpectedly indulged, something much less rapturous than he had expected.

It was in vain that, in order to avail himself of a situation so favourable for indulging his romantic disposition, he endeavoured to coax back, if I may so express myself, that delightful dream of ardent and tender passion; he felt only such a confusion of ideas, at the difference between the being he had imagined, and her with whom he was now in contact, that it seemed to him like the effect of witchcraft. What most surprised him was, that this sudden flame should have died away so rapidly, notwithstanding that the maiden's personal beauty was even greater than he had expected—her demeanour, unless it should be deemed overkind towards himself, as graceful and becoming as he could have fancied it, even in his gayest dreams.—It were judging hardly of him, to suppose that the mere belief that he had attracted her affections more easily than he expected, was the cause of his ungratefully undervalueing a prize too lightly won, or that his transient passion played around his heart with the flitting radiance of a wintery beam flashing against an icicle, which may brighten it for a moment, but cannot melt it. Neither of these was precisely the case, though such fickleness of disposition might have some influence in the change.

The truth is perhaps, that the lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase, and that the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the fairest flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt—there must be danger—there must be difficulty—and if as the poet says, the course of ardent affection never does run smooth, it is perhaps because, without some intervening obstacle, that which is called the romantic passion of love, in its highest poetical character and colouring, can hardly have an existence, any more than there can be a current in a river, without the stream being narrowed by steep banks ,or checked by opposing rocks.

Let not those, however, who enter into an union for life, without those embarrassments which delight a Darsie Latimer, or a Lydia Languish, and which are perhaps necessary to excite an enthusiastic passion in breasts more firm than theirs, augur worse of their future happiness, because their own alliance is formed under calmer auspices. Mutual esteem, an Intimate knowledge of each others character seen, as in their case, undisguised by the mist of too partial passion, a suitable proportion of parties as to rank and fortune, in taste and pursuits, are more frequently found in a marriage of reason, than in an union of romantic attachment."

We cordially concur in this last sentiment, and would recommend it to all the beaux and belles of our acquaintance, engaged in the delights of courtship, but alas we know none; "the age of chivalry is gone;" but to Darsie and Lilias.

"Uncertain in what manner to address her, whom he had been lately so anxious to meet with, and embarrassed by a tête-a-tête, to which his own timid inexperience gave some awkwardness, the party had proceeded more than an hundred yards, before Darsie assumed courage to address, or even to look at his companion. Sensible, however, of the impropriety of his silence, he turned to speak to her! and observing that, although she wore her mask, there was something like disappointment and dejection in her manner, he was moved by self-reproach for his own coldness, and hastened to address her in the kindest tone he could assume—

"You must think me cruelly deficient in gratitude, Miss Lilias, that I have been thus long in your company without thanking you for the interest which you have deigned to take in my unfortunate affairs."

"I am glad you have at length spoken" she said, "though I own it is more coldly than I expected. *Deign* to take interest!—In whom dear Darsie, can I take interest, but in you? and why do you put this barrier of ceremony between us, whom adverse circumstances have already separated for so long a time?"

Darsie was again confounded at the extra candour, if we may use the term, of this frank avowal. One must love partridge very well, thought he, if they can accept it when thrown in their face—if this is not plain speaking, there is no such place as downright Dunstable in being.

Embarrassed with these reflections, and himself of a nature fancifully,almost fastidiously delicate, he could only in reply,stammer forth an acknowledgment of his companion's goodness and his own gratitude. She answered in a tone, partly sorrowful and partly impatient, repeating with displeased emphasis, the only distinct words he had been able to bring forth. "Goodness—gratitude—O Darsie! should these be phrases between you and me—Alas! I am sure you are displeased with me, though I cannot even guess on what account."

"Dear Lady ——," said Darsie, rallying his recollection and suspicious of some error in apprehension; a suspicion which his mode of address seemed at once to communicate to Lilias, for she interrupted him.

"Lady—dear Lady! For whom or for what in Heaven's name, do you take me for, that you address me so formally?"

Had the question been asked in that enchanted hall in Fairy land, where all interrogations must be answered with absolute sincerity, Darsie had certainly replied, that he took her for the most frank hearted and ultra-liberal lass, that had ever lived since mother Eve eat the pippin without paring. But as he was still on middle earth, and free to avail himself of a little polite deceit, he barely answered, that he believed he had the honor of speaking to the niece of Mr. Redgauntlet.

"Surely" she replied, "but were it not as easy for you to have said to your own only sister?"

Darsie started in his saddle, as if he had received a pistol shot.

"My sister!" he exclaimed

"And you did *not* know it then said she. "I thought your reception of me was cold and indifferent."

A kind and cordial embrace took place between the relatives, &c. &c.

There are some subordinate characters we have not noticed, particularly poor Peter Peebles, who is entitled to more respect, for he raises our mirth, excites our sympathy, as the victim of thirty years law suit in the Scotch courts—However, things are ordered differently on this side of the water where we have upright, experienced judges, intelligent juries, and enlightened profound, liberal, generous, kind hearted, and honest lawyers.—Upon the whole we consider this novel interesting to our fair readers, this critical *coup d'œil* (and a newspaper criticism can be no more) will be of little use, as the volumes have been so rapidly passed from one fair hand to another, that they are better acquainted with Redgauntlet than we are; and as we have been compelled to write from memory, after a very hasty perusal, we most earnestly deprecate their criticisms upon our critique.

Cambridge, Sept. 11, 1824.

Messrs. Editors,

As your columns have been open to communications in favor of Crawford and Jackson, I request you to publish the following article, which appeared in the National Intelligencer of the 2d August, 1823. It is a statement of General Washington's opinion of *Quincy Adams,* drawn up by Wm. Thornton, a most respectable citizen of Washington. I shall,before the election furnish you with communications exhibiting the claims and pretentions of Mr. Adams in a *just* point of view to the people of Dorchester. I say a just view, founded on proof and not on mere assertion and violent denunciation which would disgrace the cause of Adams.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Under the title of revolutionary anecdotes, in your paper of yesterday, I read with pleasure, and with sympathetic feelings, the farewell scene, when the general parted with the officers whom he had so long commanded, and with whom he had been so honorably engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. It is so easy to like the conduct of that inestimable character, that I doubt not its perfection. He was a man of great sensibility, amiable, kind, benevolent. But there was much native dignity in his deportment that no man could approach him without being impressed with a sensation that he accosted a superior being: yet there was a small mixture of timidity in his natural demeanor, lest, he might commit an error, and this modesty was exceedingly prepossessing. It gave a mildness and kindness to his manner, and when, knowing much with him, the sensation was not abated, it was converted into a warm attachment to a person in whom was found every amiable quality; for he was generous, kind-hearted and most sincere friend; as capable of giving attention as of expecting them, never failing to reciprocate a kindness.

I have lived for weeks together with the General at different times, during many years, and the more I have known of him the more sincerely I regard his memory. When he died he was the best man I had on earth; and his loss I shall never cease to regret. It was to me irreparable.

In the anecdotes above alluded to, the General is represented as so grave a character, that he was scarcely ever known to laugh. I have seen him enjoy comic tales, and laugh as heartily as most men of elevated character. He was occasionally grave when other men laughed, but he had much to think of which required attention. His correspondence was extensive, that he was seldom long unoccupied; and he never left for the morrow what the day required. He was punctual, and in all things regulated with the most perfect order, and the utmost propriety. But he was of so amiable disposition that he never failed to find pleasure where he found a desire to please. Though he enjoyed a refined and cultivated wit, it was not requisite to set it off; he enjoyed a happy sally—even when it has made the General laugh in his turn, and I have heard him make observations with a good deal of quaintness and dryness, suppressing a smile, and leave the company in full enjoyment of the joke. He was a man of genius, and wrote beautiful little pieces of poetry himself. Above all, he was a man of piety

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