fight, while Wellington was equally averse to a battle. The day wore away with a few skirmishes, and Marmont, who had fairly out-manuvered the English General, instead of giving battle, rested till the following morning, then began to march up the Guarena to out flank more perfectly his enemy and open his communication with his reinforcements, now rapidly coming up.

Wellington, perceiving his design, immediately put his army in motion also to prevent it; and here the strange scene of two days before was enacted over again on a grander scale. Only a narrow stream divided the two armies as on two parallel ridges they marched rapidly up the river. He who reached Contalpino first would win this battle of manuvers.

BATTLE OF MANUVERS.

Forty-five thousand men on either side, massed together, moved all day in order of battle, within musket-shot of each other—the opposing officers waving their swords in recognition across the narrow interval as they strained every nerve to push the mighty columns onward, whose heavy, measured tread shook the banks of the stream.

The long lines of bayonets flashed in the sunlight, while now and then, as the ground favored, the cannon opened on either side, and the English cavalry marched threateningly between, waiting for some disorder or unskillful movement in the French ranks to dash in and impede their march.

But Marmont did not make a single mistake, and his 45,000 men moved in one solid wall beside the enemy, presenting the same beautiful array and the same resistless barrier of steel. You could almost hear the panting of the tired hosts as they strained forward like racers on the course; but towards evening, it was plain that Marmont had out-manuvered and out-marched the English General; and at night Wellington halted his troops with the painful conviction that he was fairly out-flanked, and unless some unexpected good fortune turned up, must commence his retreat.

Marmont, in these few days, had restored all that he had lost, and had exhibited a skill and ability in manuvering an army unsurpassed by any General of his time. He had regained the offensive, and unless he committed some unpardonable blunder, could drive Wellington before him in confusion.

His hitherto dilatory and unskillful management of the war seemed about to be forgotten—obliterated in a glorious victory. The communication with King Joseph was open—the reinforcements were already coming up, and all was bright and cheering.

MARMONT'S MISTAKE.

But at this crisis he overturned all his hopes, and by one of those rash and inconsiderate movements ruined his army and deeply tarnished his fame. The two armies occupied opposite hights, with a deep basin between. This basin was a mile broad and two miles long, and Marmont, who was in a splendid position, having steadily outmanuvered Wellington, had nothing to do but wait for the reinforcements to arrive, and then fall on him like a thunderbolt.

But, knowing if he delayed the attack till the junction of the forces under Joseph and Jourdan he should be superseded in his command and the glory of the victory be taken from him, and having become over-confident from his great success for the last few days, and a little too contemptuous of his adversary's skill, he executed a manuver that was as rash and unmilitary as it well could be.

Seeing that the English were about to fall back, and wishing to strike the blow before the arrival of the King, he determined to cut off their retreat, and force Wellington into a battle.

As I remarked, the two armies occupied opposite hights—Marmont on the east and Wellington on the west, with a valley two miles long between. The French Marshal, about 3 o'clock on the 22d, sent forward his left wing to threaten the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, along which he expected the allies to retreat. This wing pressing on too rapidly, gradually became entirely separated from the center.

When the report of this movement was brought to Wellington, he could hardly believe it. It did not seem possible that a General who had exhibited such striking ability for the last few days, could commit a blunder that would be unpardonable in the most ordinary General. Hastening up to the higher ground, however, he beheld with inexpressible delight that it was true, for there in the basin below was the left wing of the enemy marching forward in beautiful order to cut off his retreat, while a huge chasm appeared between it and the center of the army. As he took the glass from his eye he exclaimed:

"At last I have them. Marmont is lost!"

WELLINGTON'S OPPORTUNITY.

His resolution was immediately taken, and orders flew like lightning to different portions of the army. The dark and hitherto motionless masses that covered the hights began to move, as if suddenly penetrated by some invisible agency, and the next moment they came rolling rapidly down the slope into the basin, and moving through a hurricane of bullets crossed the line of the enemy's march.

Marmont, from the summit of the hights on which he rested, saw at once the whole valley filled with the English columns, and the battle thrown upon him in the midst of a difficult evolution and while his army was separated by a wide interval.

He, however, strove gallantly to recover his advantage. He dispatched officer after officer in haste, ordering the left wing to fall back on the center and the center to close up to the menaced wing, but before his commands could be executed, the scarlet uniforms of the English troops were seen moving like one broad wave on the dark masses of the French infantry.

Amid the rolling fire of musketry, and heavy crash of artillery, the British bayonets steadily advanced, and Marmont saw that his hour had come. Hastening forward to the point of greatest danger, a shell stretched him on the ground with a broken arm and two deep wounds in his side.

This completed the disaster, for the French army in its most critical state was deprived of its head. But for his fall, the issue of the battle, desperate as it appeared, might have been different, for the bravery of the French troops seemed to overbalance all advantages.

As it was, Clauzel, on whom the command devolved, did restore the fight. He succeeded in bringing the left wing and the center together, and put forth almost superhuman exertions to stem the tide that was setting so heavily against him, and bore up in the storm with a heroism and constancy that filled his foes with surprise and admiration.

CLAUZEL'S EFFORTS.

Notwithstanding the odds he was compelled to struggle against, he still hoped to redeem the day, but nature herself helped to baffle his efforts, for the sun, now stooping to the western horizon, sent his flashing beams full in the eyes of a part of his troops, distracting their aim, while a brisk west wind, just then arising, carried the dust, which the cavalry and infantry trampling over the loose soil stirred up, full in the soldier's faces.

Still he kept pouring his brave columns in such stern and fierce valor on the foe that for awhile he steadily gained ground. Sixty thousand men were packed into that basin, on whose dark masses the artillery from the hights played with pitiless fury, while clouds of dust, mingling with the smoke of battle, rolled over them as they struggled in the embrace to death.

The wounded Marmont heard the uproar, but his brave heart sank in despair as he remembered how the battle stood when he fell.

Still, Clauzel did well nigh save him from defeat. As the sun sunk behind the western hights, he was driven back through the basin, but making a gallant effort at the base of the hill he arrested the onward movement of the enemy, and following up his success rolled the victorious columns back through the valley, and victory once more quivered in the balance. As twilight deepened over the bloody field, he had driven Wellington so hard that a crisis arrived when everything rested on the reserves.

The General who could bring the greatest number to the conflict would win the day. Fortune again favored the English commander, and the heroic Clauzel, with his thinned and wasted ranks, retreated into the forest beyond the hights, and the battle was done. That basin was piled with the slain, and trampled into dust which lay sifted over the wounded and dead thousands that had fallen there. Groans and shrieks loaded the night air, and Marmont, faint and wounded, was borne through the darkness, suffering more from the wound in his heart than from the one his mangled body exhibited.

TRYING TO REDEEM HIMSELF.

But Marmont well nigh recovered his fame, in the last struggle of Napoleon for his throne. At Bautzen he attacked the center of the allied army with resistless fury—at Dresden, he was also stationed in the center, beside the Emperor, and at Leipsic, fought beside Ney, worthy of his former renown.

Five times did the overwhelming enemy break into the village of Schoenbrun, in which he was stationed, and five times did he fiercely hurl them back; and it was not till reinforcements were brought up that he at length gave way. An Aid-de-Camp was shot by his side, and he himself was wounded in his remaining hand.

He fought beside Napoleon, in his mighty efforts to roll back the armies of Europe from his Capital, and at Brienne, Champ Aubert, Vauxchamps, Montmirail, etc., exhibited energy and heroism that received his highest commendation.

But at Laon he was utterly routed. Bonaparte had his army drawn up in order of battle before that of Blucher, but delayed his attack till the arrival of Marmont from Rheims. The 8th of March saw a sublime spectacle around Laon as the two armies moved in the plain, and the long lines of fire from the advancing or retiring infantry and the deep black columns moving to the charge to the music of cannon met the eye on every side and were lost in the distance.

The next day word reached Napoleon that Marmont was rapidly approaching, and he immediately recommenced the attack. He fought, however, merely to gain time, for his force was too inferior to hazard a general battle, until reinforcements came up.

But that night, as this Marshal, with his troops, worn down with fatigue, was reposing, dreaming of no danger, Prince William, who had been dispatched by Blucher for that purpose, fell suddenly upon him with his Prussians.

So unexpected was the onset, that at the first fire the soldiers fled in every direction, and the whole corps was dispersed through the darkness, and became a cloud of fugitives, whom no effort could rally.

Afterwards, when left alone with Mortier, to arrest the tide that was setting on Paris, he disputed the soil of his country with heroic courage. And at last, when driven into the Capital, he continued to struggle on, as if he were determined to wipe out every error of his life by his noble self-devotion to France.

Foremost in the lines, he exposed himself like the meanest soldier and cheered on his men against the most overwhelming numbers. The world looked with admiration on his conduct, and Napoleon stood ready to cover him with honor, and France to load him with blessings. But he shamefully capitulated, and let the infamous coalition, which had struggled so long to crush his country, triumph by marching its armies into the Capital.

Napoleon was within a few hours' ride of the city when it was surrendered, and could not at first believe the reports that were brought him of its fall. His great heart broke under the blow.

Marmont was inexcusable, for he had seen enough of that mighty wizard's working to know that his presence in the Capital would entirely change the state of affairs—Paris would have thronged around him—the very canaille would have gathered in a countless array about his standard. Hope would have taken the place of despair, and to every blow been given tenfold power.

Besides, the very fact that he was with the army would have made the allies circumspect and careful. He knew the ground around Paris better than he did the rooms of his palace, and the amazing resources of his mind would have found means to check the enemy till his advancing troops should arrive, as they did at Dresden, and then he would have rolled the allied thousands back on the Rhine.

A BASE SURRENDER.

But no, Marmont took on himself the responsibility of settling the whole matter—not only the safety of the Capital, and the extent of the dominions of France, but to barter away the throne of Napoleon, when he himself would be there in a few hours, to do it for himself, if necessary. He doubtless thought he was doing a very generous deed, when he stipulated for the life and liberty of the Emperor. No wonder the indignant heart of the latter spurned him as a traitor, and when Marmont remembered the kindness of Napoleon to him, after his folly had ruined the French cause in Spain, his heart must have been filled with remorse at his base surrender.

Napoleon never forgave him, and he always spoke of him afterwards with the greatest bitterness. To have a General on whom he had lavished honors take upon himself to dispose of France, his crown, and throne, was a wrong almost as great as deliberate treason.

Said he afterwards at St. Helena, "Marmont will be an object of horror to posterity. As long as France exists, the name of Marmont will not be mentioned without shuddering. He feels it, and is at this moment probably the most miserable man in existence. He cannot forgive himself, and will yet terminate his life like Judas."

When Bonaparte returned from Elba, he proclaimed Marmont a traitor. The Marshal, truer to his last than to his first benefactor, commanded the army that conducted the King from Paris to Ghent.

Finding, however, there was treachery among some one of his staff, and not knowing who was the guilty one, he determined to write all his secret orders himself. But his right arm was gone and his left hand writing was so illegible, that nobody but himself could read it.

The Duke of Montmartre, who commanded the rear-guard, could not make out the dispatches that directed his march, though he spent the whole night over them, and was consequently left to his own conjectures, and the two portions of the army no longer acting in unison, he and his rear-guard were taken prisoners.

During the short reign of Napoleon, Marmont remained at Aix-la-Chapelle, to whose waters he had repaired, ostensibly for his health. At the second restoration, he resumed his former rank and titles. Ten years after, he was sent to quell an insurrection in Lyons, after which he devoted himself principally to agricultural pursuits in his native Province, till 1826, when he was sent as Ambassador to the coronation of Nicholas at Moscow. In 1830 he was appointed by Charles X. over the troops of Paris.

On the memorable 25th of July, when the imbecile King, utterly unable to learn wisdom from past events, issued his two tyrannical decrees—one abolishing the liberty of the press, and the other annulling the election of the Deputies—he relied on Marmont to quell the violence he expected would follow.

He took the command on the 27th, and succeeded in quelling the disorders; but, early next morning, the populace was again abroad and armed. In attempting to disperse them a fierce battle ensued, and Marmont fired on his countrymen. The revolution was now fairly commenced, and the poor Marshal was in a painful dilemma.

To sustain the King he must fight it out, and strew the streets of Paris with its dead citizens, and thus become forever obnoxious to his countrymen. Besides, the people had become so thoroughly aroused that it was doubtful whether they would not conquer—then, woe to his fame!

The Hotel de Ville was first attacked and taken, but the troops stormed and retook it. Again, however, did the brave citizens rush to the assault with loud shouts, and though its walls and passageways were drenched in blood, again wrench it from the soldiers and held it against every assault. The Tuillieries and Louvre were the next objects of attack.

THE PEOPLE TRIUMPHANT.

The Louvre, though deemed impregnable, was carried through the panic of the Swiss Guards, and Marmont, in attempting to rally his men, came near being killed, and fought worthy of a better cause, under the clock pavillion of the Louvre; but the people were everywhere triumphant. The students of the Polytechnic school rushed on the guns and the bayonets of the infantry, with the coolness of veterans, and women became heroes.

During these three terrible days he acted like a fool or one demented. Now, beseeching the King to treat with the insurgents, and now opening his cannon on them—he neither saved his monarch nor his reputation, and finally was compelled to depart with the dethroned King to England, consoled with the reflection that he had scattered the bodies of more than five thousand of his countrymen over the pavements of Paris, to carry out an unjust and tyrannical act.

It is nonsense to talk of his duty as a soldier. It was not a lawless mob he was called to quell, but the people of France, who had risen against a lawless monarch, and he knew it. It was a struggle for law, not against it, and Marmont, who had passed through one revolution, and been a warm advocate of republican principles, should have seen his remaining arm chopped from his body before he would have anything to do with such a piece of villainy.

On his way to England he seems to have awakened from his delusion, and deprecated, though too late, his unenviable position. In a letter to a friend, dated the 6th of August, he says:

"Have you ever seen anything like it? to fight against our fellow-citizens in spite of us. Is there anything wanting to make me completely miserable? And the future—what unjust opinions will be had of me! My only refuge is my conscience. I accompany the King to Cherbourg; when he is in safety my mission will end. I shall leave France, and wait to see what the future has in store for me."

His conscience must have been a singular thing to furnish refuge in such a case as this. To uphold a villainous King in violating the sacred rights guaranteed to the people, he shoots down several thousands of citizens and then takes refuge in his conscience.

But Marmont was not a cold-blooded, selfish man. He seemed to have a mental weakness that came on him like a spasm, and just at the time when there was no occasion for it. Thus, in Spain, he exhibited great military skill, and a clear, sound head in his maruvers with Wellington before the battle of Salamanca and till he had acquired all the advantage, and then he showed the imbecility of a weak mind.

So at Paris, circumstances had placed him where he could cover himself with glory, and he fought like one who appreciated his position and felt his responsibility, but after he had gone through a part of the trial honorably, he tipped over the whole structure he was rearing, and lost instead of gained by the power he held.

He lost his head in the same way during the revolution of 1830, and he was ever his own worst enemy. He was a brilliant man, but not a safe one. Unequal in his feelings, he was also unequal in his actions. He seemed capable of reaching a certain limit in an emergency, but not of staying there and struggling a single moment; and went back as fast as he went forward.

A brave and a good General he was, not a great one. He lacked strength of mind, and that breadth of character and fixedness of will which belong to a strong man. In action, he was heroic and fearless, but he had not that reserve power to fall back upon in moments of despair, when fate seemed resolved to push her victim to the last extremity.

Napoleon's prophecy has proved true, and Marmont's name is abhorred in France.

[To be continued.]

A Premium Well Worth Earning.

Beautiful China, Decorated in Three Colors.

Pure white back ground, Gold edges.

This ware is beautiful semi-porcelain of American manufacture. We have given away thousands of sets as premiums for club-raisers. We do not sell them.

The few pieces shown above are simply as samples to exhibit the style of shape and decoration of the set.

We have two sets of this china: First, a 56-piece set, which consists of 12 plates, 12 fruit-saucers, a teapot and cover, a sugar-bowl and cover, a creamer, one bowl, one dozen teacups, one dozen saucers to match, one bread-plate, and one cake-plate. We have also a dinner and tea set combined, consisting of 84 pieces. This dinner set comprises 12 dinner-plates, 12 tea-plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers to match, 12 fruit-saucers, 12 individual butter-plates, two cake-plates, one teapot and cover, one sugar-bowl and cover, one creamer, one bowl, one large meat-platter, one large, stylish gravy-boat, and one large vegetable dish and cover, making in all a complete dinner set of 84 pieces.

We will send the 56-piece tea set to any of our friends who will send us a club of 10 yearly subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE at $1 each, and $1 additional money to help pay the expense of packing and shipping.

We will send the 84-piece set to any one who will send us a club of 10 yearly subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE at $1 each, and only $2 additional money to help meet the extraordinary expenses connected with this offer. These handsome sets of china are securely packed in barrels, and will be sent by freight, the receiver paying charges.

The freight expense will be very trifling—seldom exceeding 50 cents—as we shall have them shipped from the pottery, which is located in the center of the country.