



GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD, PEMBROKE.

OUR NAVAL DEFENCES.

PEMBROKE DOCKYARD.

If war were really in contemplation, greater preparations could scarcely be making in France than are now actually being carried on. It may be—and we sincerely hope that such is the fact—that Napoleon III. has really no hostile intentions—no purpose, either of arousing the spirit, or of subduing the power, of England; it may be that—notwithstanding the issue of the St. Helena medal, the erection of the monument in Brittany, the defiant tone of the press, the accumulating forces, the new military and naval works—nothing is intended, except the employment of the people. But, as this is not a speculative question—as it is capable of a terrible solution—doubt itself is dangerous, and, in the enjoyment of profound peace, England is compelled to assume a warlike attitude.

In time of war our insular position is our greatest safeguard. The wooden walls of England are famous in history; and, now that science has made so vast a progress, those wooden walls are strengthened to an extent never contemplated by our old naval heroes. Knowledge is power, and it is upon the union of knowledge and bravery that our maritime superiority depends. Science can provide us with better ships than Nelson's—can furnish us with improved methods of navigation—can give us the newest fashions of rifle, and bayonet, and long-range cannon; but it cannot give us men. Men, however, there are—good men and true—with hearts glowing with patriotism, and hands ready to strike—should the necessity arise.

Once aroused, the spirit of the British people is active and vigilant. That warlike aspect which things now assume, is strange to us. It was thought that the world had experienced enough of the evils of war, and would never again be eager for the conflict; but, unhappily, the last four years have taught another lesson. It has been more deeply impressed within the last few months, and, as an imperative necessity, we make ready our defences.

Since 1814, at which period the Government dockyard was transferred from Milford to Pembroke, the last-named place has risen in importance. The dockyard occupies about sixty acres of land, and is defended to the west by a strong battery. The improvements which have been going on for a considerable time past have rendered Pembroke one of the finest building dockyards in the kingdom, capable of having on the stocks at once several first-rate ships. There is also a small private dockyard.

Pembroke, as well as our other seaports, is now the scene of unusual activity. The works are going on with increased rapidity in every department, and fully maintain the honourable character which the dockyard bore of old.

THE THREE NAPOLEONS.

FIVE hundred years ago the learned city of Padua counted amongst her grave and reverend signiors a right worshipful podesta, or magistrate, Bonaparte by name. Two hundred years later the fair city of Florence reckoned amongst her good families of the San Miniato the Bonapartes—known, by the way, to be attached to the Orsini, and ready to draw swords in their quarrel, should hot words provoke cold steel. One hundred years later, the Bonapartes emigrated from Saranza, in the territory of Genoa, to Corsica, and settled at Ajaccio. There they rose to some eminence; and, as there appears to have been a strong family instinct to exercise authority, it occasions no surprise to find that Charles Bonaparte (emulating the excellent example of the Paduan podesta) was a magistrate or judge in Corsica. But there was a wider field for the display of genius rapidly opening before the Bonapartes; the hour was approaching, and this hour brought the man, who was not only to exalt himself to the highest pinnacle of greatness—not only to shed lustre on the family, but completely to overturn the whole of the then existing constitutions of continental Europe, and to bequeath to posterity a name worthy to be joined with those of Caesar, Charlemagne, or Alexander.

Charles Bonaparte married Letizia Ramolino, in 1767. Joseph, his eldest son, all unconscious of his future greatness, married a merchant's daughter of Marseilles; he was subsequently King of Naples and Spain. Lucien, the third son, rose to be President of the Council of Five Hundred. Eliza, eldest daughter of Charles Bonaparte, became Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Princess of Lucca. Louis, the fourth son, became King of Holland. Marie Pauline, another daughter, became Duchess of Berg, and subsequently Queen of Naples. Jerome became King of Westphalia. Crowns and coronets were plentiful, and the sons and daughters of the Corsican judge, whose ambition would probably have been bounded by civic honour or magisterial dignity, were elevated to an eminent position, and taught to sway sceptres or swords, or both, by the brilliant genius of their brother—second son of Charles Bonaparte—Napoleon by name.

It is not our purpose here to trace the career of this great man: he began life under the patronage of Count de Marbeuf, who procured him admission to the military school of Brienne; from thence he went to Paris; he was hard pressed by poverty—a soldier who had to win fame and fortune with his own good sword and his own right hand; things were ripe for a change; the oppression under which France had groaned ever since the days of the Great Louis had become insupportable; the Quartier St. Antoine was fast breeding patriots of the red cap and red-handed sort, who christened license Liberty, and shaved off "tyrants' heads with a vengeance. Such a man as Napoleon was wanted. When the furor of the Revolution subsided, France found herself in difficulties, out of which babbling advocates could not rescue her without the help of some great military man. France looked around for such a man, and found him in the person of Napoleon. Rapidly he rose to honour and renown—rapidly he extended the reputation of his name; he performed prodigies of valour; every man under his command fought like a hero; "they came, they saw, they conquered." Their general, great at the council board as in the camp or on the field, soon turned his marshal's baton into a sceptre, and, on the 2nd of December, 1804, was crowned Emperor of the French by Pope Pius VII., brought to Paris expressly for that ceremony.

But there was one European Power, which not only maintained its own independence of Napoleon, whose troops had overrun the Continent, but thwarted his projects and defeated his purpose. England, by sea and land, asserted her naval and military power; allied herself with the governments which the Napoleon policy had overthrown or threatened, and at length, after a long and terrible contest, completed the defeat of Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo.

Brilliant as was the career of the First Napoleon, the termination of his reign was disastrous and melancholy. That termination was the obvious result of the extravagant ambition of the man; in attempting to gratify this passion, he overreached himself and fell to rise no more.

Napoleon left one son. This young prince, at his birth (March 20th, 1811) received the title of King of Rome. In 1815 he was proclaimed as Napoleon II., but the reverses of his family precluded him from the exercise of even the shadow of power; and, an exile from his native land, he lingered as Duke of Reichstadt till the year 1832, surviving his father nearly eleven years.

The defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, and his death