

Printer and Publisher
Blackburn Street
H. J. H.

THE



Newfoundlander

No. 553.

THURSDAY, March 1, 1838.

Sixpence.

Notices.

SAVINGS BANK.

At the Annual Meeting of the Governors of the above valuable Institution, the following Resolution was passed—

That in addition to the Three per Cent. interest on the amount of deposits, a Bonus of One per Cent. for One Year be paid on all Sums that had been deposited Twelve Months previous to the close of the accounts.

N. W. HOYLES,
Cashier.

January 18.

FACTORY.

The committee of the St. John's Factory being desirous of employing an additional number of work people, will undertake, at very low rates, the making of any quantity of Cotton, Baize, or Canvas Shirts, Flannel, or Blanketing Drawers, Stockings, Cuffs, or any other articles of needle or knitting work.

J. JENNINGS,
Secretary.

January 18.

N. B.—Persons willing to support the Institution are respectfully requested to send material for such work as they may require, to the superintendent, at the Factory.

Kelly-Grews Packet.

JAMES HODGE
Of Kelly-Grews.

BEGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he has a most safe and commodious four-sail BOAT, capable of conveying a number of Passengers, and which he intends running the winter as long as the weather will permit, between Kelly-Grews, Brigus, and Port-de-Grave.—The owner of the Packet will call every Wednesday morning at Mr. JOHN CRUTE'S and Mr. THOMAS DOYLE'S for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as the wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding across the Bay by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has good and comfortable Lodgings and every necessary that may be wanted and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage, &c.

One person or 3, to pay 15s.; above that number, 5s, each; single Letters 1s., double ditto 2s.
January 11.

To be Sold or Let.

- THE WHOLE, OR IN LOTS, AS FOLLOW:—
- No. 1—A STORE, and WHARF attached thereto.
- 2—A DWELLING-HOUSE, with a COOPERAGE adjoining.
- 3—A HOUSE in two Tenements (let, but may be sold.)
- 4—A well established RETAIL SHOP with the necessary apartments.

All further particulars made known on application to
PATRICK KELLY.
October 26

Bulley, Job & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE,
At low Prices, for Cash,

- Ex Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,
- 200 Bags good common BREAD
- 200 Barrels Extra Superfine FLOUR
- 100 Firkins Randers' BUTTER.

Also, on hand,

2 Casks choice Westphalia NAMS.
And few Cases Pink CHAMPAGNE.
January 11.

On Sale.

PROVISIONS, &c.

Richard Howley
HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,
AND OFFERS AT REDUCED PRICES

- 200 Bls. prime new Mess Pork
- 200 Do. Superfine Flour
- 100 Firkins Holstein Butter
- 50 Bags Cabin Bismit
- 350 Do. good common do.
- 100 Coils patent Russia Cordage, (Shroud and Hawser-laid) from 6 thread to 4 inch
- 20 Do. 2 and 3 yarn Spun yarn
- 3 Bales Marline, Hambroline, & Houseline
- 20 Cwt. Oakum
- 20 Bls. Stockholm Tar
- 25 Bales prime smoked Bacon
- 20 Kegs pickled Ox Tongues
- 100 Westphalia Hams
- A quantity of knit Yarn Hose and Gloves
- Deck Boots, &c. &c.

Also,
Per ELIZA and ANN from London, and other Importations.

- 15 Cases Cherry and Raspberry Brandy, in pints
- 5 Do. Sparkling Champagne, in quarts and pints
- 5 Cases Jellies, viz., Currant, Strawberry, Apple, &c.
- 10 Do. Pickles, Sauces, Durham Mustard, &c.
- 30 Bls. prime bottled Sherry, at 25s. per doz.
- 5 Qr-Casks Old Port, at £10
- Benecarlo Wine in Pipes and Qr-casks
- 8 Hhds. Cognac Brandy (Martell's brand)
- 20 Do. Charente and Bordeaux do.
- 5 do. Skiedam Gin
- 100 Boxes London Mould Candles
- 5 Dozen English Calf Skins

And now opening An extensive supply of Nautical Goods,

Viz.—Charts, Quadrants, Telescopes, Almanacks, Bunting, Flags, &c. &c.

And,

A general Assortment of Manufactures suitable for the Seal Fishery.
January 11.

N. B.—On draught, Cognac and Hollands, Genuine.

BY

EWEN STABB,

- XX ALE and PORTER, in 60 and 20 gal. casks
- 50 Dozen BROWN STOUT
- 60 Dozen Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINES
- 100 Cases GENEVA
- Westphalia HAMS
- 100 Bags BREAD
- 300 Firkins BUTTER
- 150 Bls. PORK
- 20 Puns. Demerara MOLASSES
- BARLEY and BEANS
- DECK BOOTS, SHOES
- HIDE and Butt LEATHER
- CORDAGE, TAR, &c.

January 11

Cordage & Canvass.

FOR SALE BY

W & H. THOMAS & Co.

10 Tons well-assorted CORDAGE, just imported in the Edgcomb from Liverpool.

Also,

300 Pieces assorted CANVASS.
January 18.

HUNGARY AND HER CONSTITUTION.

"Ce n'est pas la coalition qui m'a detrone, ce sont les idees liberales."—NAPOLEON.

"No where," said my friend, Count M—y, as we rode slowly down one of the alleys of the Prater, "is existence so agreeable as in Hungary—it is hardly possible to live out of it; and, believe me, if life is elsewhere endurable, it is far less so than in my country. You must positively not think of returning to England without visiting one of the most interesting and the least known portions of the continent of Europe." "In a scene like this," I replied, "unrivalled for its combination of attractions, did I not feel that your observation is founded on the devoted attachment of a high-minded people to their native land, I should be strongly tempted to rank it as the offspring of an overweening national vanity. But I have long had a wish to visit Hungary, so I will en take your advice and be off." Two days afterwards, I found myself in a comfortable eisewagen, en route for the Hungarian frontier.

The distance that separates Presburg from the Austrian capital is only forty miles; but so totally different are the external features of the two cities, that the traveller might fairly imagine it as many hundred. If he direct his steps at an early hour of the morning to the market, in the great square, he will have occasion to doubt if he is really living in the nineteenth century, so singular, so Scythian is the scene that suddenly bursts upon him. The abundant supply of provisions exposed for sale, appears awkwardly displayed, without the slightest attempt to shew them off to advantage, or to fascinate the eye of the purchasers; while the women that attend the stalls are meanly attired, dirty, and masculine in feature and air. Crowds of Hungarian peasants and savage looking Slavonians, are seen loading or unloading their rudely-constructed waggon, drawn by small, wild-looking horses. The scene was novel, and even picturesque; but not one cheering to the lover of humanity, for it exhibited his fellow man almost in the lowest scale of social degradation, in garb, in manner, and in aspect, as completely a barbarian, as on the day when Attila first pitched his Scythian camp on the site now occupied by the City of Presburg.

The Diet was sitting on my arrival in Presburg, and it was with some difficulty, therefore, that I arranged my quarters at one of the hotels. The city possesses little worthy of observation: the suburbs are clean and spacious, and the ruins of the old castle on the hill, commanding the place, have a fine and noble effect.

The scene I had witnessed in the morning was not of a nature certainly to put me in good humour with the Free Diet of Hungary. But on entering the hall of assembly the effect was magnificent and startling. There was a spur on every heel, a moustache on every lip, a sword by every side; a forest of sable kalpaks, with their white plumes and scarlet falling tops, that had so often streamed meteor like in the van of battle, covered the tables; in fact, so imposing was the whole scene, that the play of the imagination left no room for the exercise of the judgment. The hall was a long ancient building, decorated with banners taken from the infidel. At the upper end was an elevated seat for the Palatine. Tables covered with crimson-coloured baize ran down its sides, amply furnished with writing materials. Immediately below the Palatine were seated, in their gorgeous robes, the archbishops and other high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches; below them again, the magnates and the nobles of the land. All of them, with the exception of some few who wore the Austrian uniform, were habited in their national costume, consisting of the hussar jacket and pelisse, and close pantalon of dark-brown cloth, richly embroidered in black lace—a dress at once martial and becoming. The debate that ensued was carried on in Latin, and was marked by more than parliamentary decorum; for every speaker is required to confine himself strictly within the bounds of decorum, and to avoid all personal invective. In fact, were this not the case, so fiery and impatient is the character of the nation, its deliberations would invariably be disturbed by acts of bloodshed and turmoil.

Numbers spoke, and in general possessed a fluent and ready command of words, and an animated and graceful delivery. The churchmen appeared to have the advantage. One of them, a Greek bishop, long rivetted the attention of the

assembly, and many of his periods fell full and richly on my ear.

It was impossible to look down upon such an assembly unmoved, and not recollect that your eyes rested on a gallant race, that for ages past had been the bulwark of Christendom against the encroachments of the haughty Turk. I tarried to witness the breaking up of the Assembly. Some of the elder members drove off in rather clumsy and old-fashioned looking carriages; but the major part departed on horseback, followed by one or two hussars. The Palatine was escorted by the Hungarian guard of nobles. Nothing can be more splendid than their costume of scarlet and silver, and their dark green pelisse; the number of led horses, richly caparisoned, conducted by grooms in splendid liveries, produced an ensemble of martial grandeur, that powerfully appealed to the imagination.

We hear a great deal in England of the free diet of Hungary, and of her violated constitution, without possessing any very accurate ideas of the precise nature of either. The Hungarian constitution in many respects, as regards the sovereign, the magnates, and the deputies in Diet, bears a striking analogy to our own in the early period of its history. But it differs widely from it, in every thing that treats of the lower order of the people. In the language of the state, the word "populous" is meant to designate the nobility. In fact, like all those charters granted or exacted during the turbulent and dark periods of the middle ages, it goes far to convince us of the truth of that profound observation of Lucan's that "Humanum paucis vivit genus." The spirit of this constitution is strictly oligarchical; the mass of the population having no more voice in the government than the herd of cattle that run wild on their plains.

The kingdom of Hungary, subject for several centuries past to the rule of the house of Austria, has nevertheless preserved its own laws, privileges, and institutions. Should at any time, therefore, the present Imperial race become extinct, the Hungarians will have the right of disposing of the crown as they may deem fit.

The nation is divided into distinct classes; the nobility, and all persons possessing landed property, which, in fact, ennobles the possessor, and a great number besides. This class is totally exempt from all imposts and taxes. The second class is formed of the peasantry and the people, who are all amenable to personal taxes, paying, like the rayahs of the Turkish empire, a specified sum annually to the state. It is on this class that all the burthens of the state fall. If a public work to be executed, it must be done by the peasantry. On them alone are quartered all the troops, and they are, during the term of their billet, obliged to subsist them.

The higher ranks of the nobility, princes, barons, and counts, constitute the Upper Chamber, presided over by the Palatine, who represents the king. The Lower Chamber is composed of persons without titles living on their incomes arising from landed property. The other members are rich merchants and farmers, who have obtained the privilege of paying no taxes.

The privileges of the Hungarian nobility are extensive and numerous; they are probably the most ancient in Europe, and, as we said before, are not only exempt from all imposts and taxes, but their persons, excepting in cases of high treason, are inviolable, and their properties strictly entailed. By the law of the land it is death to strike a noble. The external appearance of this body is, we must confess, noble and prepossessing; their manners unaffected, cordial, and frank; their conversation light; their minds elaborately cultivated; their taste refined; and their style of living lordly and magnificent. At Eisenstadt, the family seat of Prince Esterhazy, there are nearly three hundred rooms superbly furnished for the reception of guests, and as many more for the accommodation of the guards and members of the household; while his revenue is said to be equal to that of three of the second-rate monarchs of Germany. These brilliant qualities may for the moment dazzle the imagination; but when we contemplate the miserable condition of the people, we are obliged to confess that the Hungarian noble has something of the tyrant in him—a haughtiness acquired in the

camp, and that he, at this day, lords it over his vassals as tyrannically as ever did the barons of the olden time.

The present state of the Hungarian peasantry proves how difficult it is to collect the nature and spirit of a government, as it is actually exercised at a particular period, from an examination of written laws, or of the established forms of the constitution. If we refer to these in Hungary, we shall find that by a decree of the Empress Maria Theresa, issued in 1791, the peasantry were exempted from the state of vassalage in which they had formerly existed, and it gave the rank of farmers to all peasants who were able to maintain a farm of six acres. Every man thus qualified may aspire to office, and if he only possesses talents, the highest offices of the state are open to him. This is admirable certainly in theory, but in practice its operation is nullified by the prejudices of the country, and the structure of its society. The Hungarian peasant has as much chance of reaching the higher offices of his country, as in our own army a raw, uneducated recruit has of becoming a commander-in-chief; in both cases, there are no constitutional barriers to their advancement.

The king is obliged to convene the Diet at least once in three years, and every measure, to pass into a law, requires the assent of the three estates. But Metternich has dispensed with the voices of three of them; and has gradually assumed for the crown the whole power formerly possessed by the nobility. But ever since the days of Joseph the Second the seeds of discontent have been planted in the Hungarian soil. During the campaign of 1809, they would only furnish their stipulated contingent; and latterly the repeated encroachments on their constitution roused the indignation of the whole nation. Could Napoleon rise from his grave and again proffer them the choice of a king, they would not, we think, as they did before, reject the offer. The Emperor Francis and his Hungarian subjects mutually hate and mistrust each other. The monarch can ill brook their lofty independent spirit; and they, in return, regard his simplicity of manners as downright vulgarity. The whole country is infested with spies, and the frontier lined with Austrian douaniers; for, commercially speaking, Hungary is looked upon as a foreign country, and excluded from the trade of the empire. The freedom with which the Hungarian Diet proceeds in its debates, may be taken as a sample of its feelings towards the Emperor and his government. The monarch complained to the Palatine, who communicated it to the Assembly, that they had been sitting upwards of six weeks without doing anything. One of the magnates rose, and haughtily exclaimed, "Tell his Majesty that he has been seated nearly forty years on the throne of Hungary, and has done nothing for her." At this burst of feeling the hall resounded with vivats. This state of things will last probably during the life of the present Emperor, who, in the language of Louis XV., may, on looking round him, exclaim, "Ceci durera autant que moi, mais je plains mon successeur." What direction may be given by this event to the political march of the kingdom of Hungary, we venture not to predict; but for the late events in Poland, and the system of extermination at work in that unhappy and heroic land, the Hungarians might have looked to Russia as a natural ally, who, by her possession of Poland, is now brought into immediate contact with her.

The population of Hungary is a mixture of the Finnish and Slavonian nations; and upwards of four millions of her people are of the Greek persuasion. Here are elements of affinity, it must be confessed much stronger than those that bind the Hungarians to the Germans, from whom they differ as much in origin as in national character. But the Hungarians, we think, will pause ere they listen to so perfidious a counsellor as Russia. For the sake of Europe, as for her own sake, such an alliance, or rather such an incorporation—for, to become a province of the northern Colossus would be her fate is one that we hope never to see consummated: though we have good reasons for knowing that Russian agents have long been at work in the Hungarian provinces.

On reading of the encroachments on the constitution of Hungary, the lover of freedom naturally feels the rising of a generous indignation; but when he is farther told that the encroachments are on the privileges of a haughty noblesse, while they boldly stand up for their privileges, have no sympathies for the rights and happiness of the people, he may perhaps wish that the Chancellor Metternich had proceeded still further and abolished altogether this mockery of freedom. As a diplomatist, Metternich is undoubtedly a man of first-rate talent, but as a statesman, his views are bounded by the narrow circle of a Court; and totally unacquainted as he is with the habits of thought and feeling with the mass of mankind, he is incapable of taking an enlarged philosophic view of the principles of human action. Had Metternich, on repressing the power of the nobles, elevated in a corresponding ratio the condition of the people—had he concentrated the powers of his mind to root up from the soil of his country the worn-out institutions of feudalism, so long her curse, Germany to the latest posterity would have blessed a name now in universal execration from one end of Europe to the other. Metternich might have done this, but he struck down a military to raise up on its ruins an imperial aristocracy.

We were to affirm that the nations of the Austrian empire are indifferent to their degraded political condition, we should be inculcating error; but if, on the other hand, we were to affirm that they are politically ripe for the institutions of freedom, our observation, we fear, would be equally unfounded. When we say the institutions of freedom, we allude not to the ancient constitutions of these nations, for they are so aristocratic in spirit, that were they to-morrow in full operation, the condition of the population would in no ways be ameliorated—we mean a form of government consonant with the happiness and welfare of all classes of the community. Fettered though it is, the press is, even in Germany, laying its powerful grasp on the human mind, and is preparing, in the distance of the future, the triumph of freedom. We regret to say in the future, for it would be fostering an illusion to advance that Germany is prepared for freedom. It is true, that in her cities we hourly meet with individuals, with whom science and political freedom is a religion; but although the faculties of the gifted few may be prepared to lead, the mass are not yet disposed to follow. Were this calm, decided, energetic operation of the reason of the people as widely diffused in the common sense of the mass, as we find it eminently in the strong conviction of the gifted few, then, indeed, from this chastened

operation of intellect, we might augur the most immediate triumphant results. But it is the curse of Germany, particularly among the nations composing the Austrian empire, that there are no middle classes—no proportionate division of property and intelligence—no connecting link between their extremes, the wealth and intelligence of the nobles and the poverty and social degradation of the peasantry; the whole empire consists of the vast domains of the aristocracy, and of the small farms of their vassals.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Among Mr. Alison's qualities for an historian, one of the most admirable is the spirit of his military descriptions. Of this we now give a slight example:—

"The position of Pultusk is the only one in that country where the ground is so far cleared of wood as to permit of any considerable armies combating each other in a proper field of battle. An open and cultivated plain on this side of the river Narew, there stretches out to the south and east of that town, which lies on the banks of its meandering stream—a succession of thickets surrounded this open space in all directions, excepting that on which the town lies; and on the inside of them the ground rises to a semicircular ridge, from whence it gradually slopes down towards the town on one side, and the forest on the other; so that it is impossible, till this barrier is surmounted, to get a glimpse even of the buildings. There the Russians are drawn up in admirable order in two lines; their left resting on the town of Pultusk, their right on the wood of Moszyn, which skirted the little plain, the artillery in advance; but a cloud of Cossacks swarmed in front of the array, and prevented either the forces or composition of the enemy from being seen to the French as they advanced to the attack. Sacken had the command of the left; Count Osterman Tolstoy of the right; Barclay de Tolly, with twelve battalions and ten squadrons, occupied a copewood in front of the right; Benningsen was stationed in the centre—names destined to immortal celebrity in future wars, and which, even at this distant period, the historian can hardly enumerate without a feeling of exultation, and the thrilling interest of former days."

In this campaign, we are not to forget that it was fought in the depth of winter—December 1806—that too of a northern winter; and, if any conceivable addition could be made to the severity of the elements, that it was a winter in Poland, a vast northern table-land swept by the wind direct from the pole, almost wholly a wilderness, naked of human habitation, and divided between marsh, impracticable forest, and plains as barren as the wilds of Scythia;—that it was to these hideous solitudes that Napoleon brought the gay and glittering battalions of the south, to struggle against the inclement sky, the frozen ground, and the Russian steel. Dearly did France pay for her triumphs, but such are the prices which ambition must pay for supremacy.

On the 26th of December, Marshal Lannes, at the head of five-and-thirty thousand men, advanced to the attack. "The woods which skirted the little plain occupied by the Russian light troops in front of their position, were forced by the French voltigeurs, after an obstinate resistance, and a battery which galled their advance, and which could not be withdrawn, carried by assault; but no sooner had Lannes, encouraged by this success, surmounted the crest of the ridge, and advanced to the open plain, than the cloud of Cossacks dispersed to the right and left, and exposed to view the Russian army in two lines in admirable order, with a hundred and twenty guns disposed along its front. Astonished, but not panic-struck by so formidable an opposition, Lannes still continued to press forward; and as his divisions successively cleared the thickets and advanced to the crest of the hill, they deployed into line. This operation, performed under the fire of all the Russian cannon, to which the French had as yet none of equal number to oppose, was executed with admirable discipline, but attended with a very heavy loss, and the ground was already strewn with dead bodies, when the line was so far formed as to enable a general charge to take place. It was attended however with very little success; the soil, cut up by the passage of so many horses and carriages, was in many places knee-deep of mud; heavy snow-showers at intervals obscured the heavens and deprived the French gunners of the sight of the enemy, while the Russian batteries in position, and served with admirable skill, alike in light and darkness, sent their fatal storm of grape and round shot through the ranks of the assailants. Notwithstanding these obstacles, however, the French advanced with their wonted intrepidity to the attack, and gradually the arrival of their successive batteries rendered the fire of cannon on the opposite sides more equal. Suchet, who commanded the first line, insensibly gained ground, especially on the right, where the division of Barclay was stationed; but Benningsen, seeing the danger, reinforced that gallant officer with fresh troops. A battalion of the French infantry was broken and cut to pieces by the Russian horse, and the rout in that quarter became so serious that Lannes was compelled to advance in person with his reserve to repair the disorder. By these efforts the forward movement of the Russians in that direction was arrested, and their victorious columns, charged in flank while disordered by the rapidity of the advance, were forced to give ground, and resume their former position in front of Pultusk."

The great battle of the campaign was now approaching, the battle of Prussich-Eylau.

"By day-break the French army, headed by Murat, with his numerous and terrible dragoons, were in motion to pursue the enemy; and as the Russians had been much retarded during the night by the passage of so many pieces of cannon and waggons through the narrow streets of Junkowo, they soon came up with their rear-guard. By overwhelming numbers, the Russians were forced from the bridge of Bergfried; but they rallied in the village, and forming barricades with tumbrils, waggons and chariots, effectually checked the advance of the enemy, until the carriages in the rear had got clear through, when they retired, obstinately contesting every inch of ground, which they did with such effect that the French lost fifteen hundred men in the pursuit, without inflicting a greater loss on their adversaries. Nor were any cannon or chariots taken—a striking proof of the orderly nature of the retreat, and the heroism with which the rear-guard performed its duty, when it is recollected that Napoleon with eighty thousand men, thundered in close pursuit; and that, from the state of the roads, the march which had been ordered upon three lines, could take place on two only. Soult and Davoust continued to manoeuvre, in order to turn the Russian left, while Murat and Ney passed their rear-guard. On the night of the 4th, the Russians reached Franzendorf, where they stood firm next day. But this continued retreat in presence of the enemy was now beginning to be attended with bad effects, both upon the health and spirits of the soldiers. The Russian commissariat was then wretched; magazines there were none in the country which was now the theatre of war; and the soldiers, when worn out with a night-march over-frozen snow, had no means of obtaining subsistence but by proying about to discover and dig up the little stores which the peasants had buried for the use of their families. The men every where lay on the bare ground in intense frost, with no other bed but the snow, and no covering but their greatcoats, which were now little better than rags. They were not as yet inured to retire before the enemy; and the murmur against any farther retreat was so loud, that Benningsen resolved to fall back only to a chosen field of battle; and, upon examining the map, that of Prussich-Eylau was selected for this purpose. No sooner was this announced to the troops than their discontents were appeased, the hardships of the night marches were forgotten, and from the joyful looks of the men it would rather have been supposed they were marching to tranquil winter-quarters, than the most desperate struggle which had occurred in modern times.

The partial encounters which preceded this great battle showed that Napoleon was contending with a new enemy. His course through the Italian campaigns had been one of unrivalled superiority. His encounters with the troops of Austria had only augmented the number of victories. The Prussian army, with the highest military reputation of Europe, had fallen at a blow. It would perhaps be unfair to charge the men of those countries with deficiency of nerve, but nothing can be clearer than that the Russians encountered Napoleon in a different spirit, as with a different success. In the Russian war we see no battle lost by mere manoeuvre, no disgraceful flight at the first sight of an enemy on the flank, no columns of prisoners carried off, no capitulations of armies, no scandalous surrender of towns, even no cannon captured but where they sunk in morasses in the dreadful winter marches of the troops, and no banners taken but where their defenders had fallen on the field.

"Never," says Mr. Alison, "in the history of war did two armies pass a night under more awful and impressive circumstances than the rival hosts who now lay, without tent or covering, on the snowy expanse of the field of Eylau. The close vicinity of the two armies, the vast multitude assembled in so narrow a space, intent only on mutual destruction: the vital interests to the lives and fortunes of all which were at stake; the wintry wildness of the scene, cheered only by the watch-fires, which threw a partial glow on the snow-cold heights around: the shivering groups who in either army lay round the blazing fires, chilled by girdles of impenetrable ice; the stern resolution of the soldiers in the one array, and the enthusiastic ardour of those in the other: the liberty of Europe now brought to the issue of one dread combat; the glory of Russia and France dependent on the efforts of the mightiest armament that either had yet sent forth, all contributed to impress a feeling of extraordinary solemnity, which reached the most inconsiderate breast, oppressed the mind with a feeling of anxious thought, and kept uncloused many a weary eyelid in both camps, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigues of the preceding days. But no sooner did the dawn break, and the quick rattle of musketry from the outposts commence, than these gloomy presentiments were dispelled, and all arose from their icy beds with no other feelings but those of joyous confidence and military ardour."

The battle began at daylight on the 8th of February, in the middle of a snow-storm. At an early hour of the day Augereau's column of 16,000 men was enveloped by the Russian masses, and with the exception of 1500, totally destroyed. Napoleon himself was in the most imminent hazard of being taken prisoner. He had slept at Eylau on the night before, and was now in the churchyard, where the crash of the enemy's balls on the steeple showed how nearly danger was approaching. "Presently one of the Russian divisions, following rapidly after the fugitives, entered Eylau by the western street, and charged, with loud hurrahs, to the foot

of the mount where the Emperor was placed with a battery of the Imperial Guard and his personal escort of a hundred men. Had a regiment of horse been at hand to support the attack, Napoleon must have been made prisoner; for though the last reserve, consisting of six battalions of the old guard, were at a short distance, he might have been enveloped before they could get up to his rescue. The fate of Europe then hung by a thread, but in that terrible moment the Emperor's presence of mind did not forsake him; he instantly ordered his little body guard, hardly more than a company, to form line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and despatched orders to the old guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other. The Russians, disordered by success, and ignorant of the inestimable prize which was almost within their grasp, were arrested by the firm countenance of the little band of heroes who formed Napoleon's last resource; and before they could reform their ranks for a regular conflict, the enemy were upon them on either flank, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces on the spot.

This dreadful slaughter continued throughout the day, the Russians and the French alternately repulsing each other, both sides fighting with the most desperate intrepidity, and every charge leaving the ground covered with carnage. Towards evening the Prussians under Lestock advanced against the division of Friant. The French were driven before them. Marshal Davoust in vain attempted to withstand the torrent. "Here," he cried, "is the place where the brave should find a glorious death; the cowards will perish in the deserts of Siberia." Still the French were driven on, with the loss of 3000 men, and the whole Russian line were pressing on to victory, when the rapid night of the north fell, and the battle was at an end."

This was the first heavy blow which Napoleon had yet received in European war. He had once before been on the point of ruin, but it was in Syria, and a British officer had the honour of making the conqueror of Italy recoil. It is now unquestionable that at Eylau he was defeated. At ten at night he gave orders for his artillery and baggage to defile to the rear, and the advanced post to retreat. He was on the point of being disgraced in the eyes of Europe, when he was saved from that disgrace by the indecision of the Russian general. A council of war was held by the Russian leaders on horseback, to decide on their future course. Count Osterman Tolstoy, the second in command with Generals Knoring and Lestock, urged strongly that retreat was not to be thought of; that Napoleon was beaten in a pitched battle; that whichever army gained ground, would be reputed the victor, and that the true policy was to throw their whole force upon him without delay. But Benningsen, unluckily, satisfied with his triumph, past the vigour of youth, unacquainted with the enormous losses of the French army and exhausted by thirty-six hours on horseback, directed the march on Koningsberg.

We have already spoke of Mr. Alison as exhibiting admirable ability in description; that ability which, instinctively seizing on all the master features of a great scene, throws life into its details, and without wasting a word, brings the whole picture, vast, terrible, and tragic as it is, before the eye. This was the merit of Tacitus and Thucydides, and we know few passages in either more impressive than the brief sketch of the catastrophe of Eylau.

"Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror; the most bloody and obstinately-contested that had yet occurred during the war; and in which, if Napoleon did not sustain a positive defeat, he underwent a disaster which had well-nigh proved his ruin. The loss on both sides was immense, and never, in modern times, had a field of battle been strewn with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians twenty-five thousand had fallen, of whom above seven thousand were already no more; on that of the French, upwards of thirty thousand were killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colours, under pretence of attending to the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days afterwards. The other trophies of victory were nearly equally balanced: the Russians had to boast of the unusual spectacle of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists; while they had made spoil of sixteen of the Russian guns, and fourteen standards. Hardly any prisoners were made on either side during the action; but six thousand of the wounded, most of them in a hopeless state, were left in the field of battle and fell into the hands of the French.

"Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary number of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread grape at half musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these poor animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foe lay side by

side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vinedresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his general staff, while the still burning piles of Serpalle and Saussgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death: but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of woe. It is this moment which the Genius of Le Gros has selected for the finest and most inspired painting that exists of the Emperor, in that immortal work, which amidst the false taste and artificial sentiments of Parisian society, has revived the severe simplicity and chastened feeling of ancient art."

CODES OF MANNERS AND ETIQUETTE.

[From an article in the Quarterly, in which a number of works on these subjects are reviewed.]

The instructions relating to the salute in the "Hints on Etiquette" are brief. The italics are the writer's:—

"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you bow* to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she bow* to you, you, as a gentleman, cannot cut her.

Never *nod* to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied with touching your hat, *but take it off*,—it is a courtesy her sex demands.

"If you meet a friend in the street—in a coffee-house, shop, or indeed *any public place*, never address him by name, at least, not so loudly as that others may hear it; sensitive people do not like to be "shown up" to strangers as "Mr Jones," or "Smith," and so attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend *quietly*, and do not *roar out* "Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith?" it is very offensive, and shows a great want of proper delicacy."

To this maxim, according to another of these authors, may be added, "Never say *how is your wife, your husband, your mother, your grandmother?* &c., but *how is Mr. or Mrs. —, Lord or Lady —?*" Two of the strangest offenders against this rule were Nollekins the sculptor and Delpini the clown. Nolleking invariably asked George III. when a sitting commenced, how his "wife and family" were doing? and Delpini thus addressed the late Duke of York, in the hope of inducing him to intercede with Sheridan for the payment of his salary: "Sare, if he no pay me soon, I shall be put in your papa's Bench," meaning the King's Bench Prison. It was Delpini, by the way, who, during the Gordon riots when people, to protect themselves against the mob, chanted *No Popery* on their doors, by way of greater security chalked *No Religion* upon his. To proceed with our quotations from the "Hints":—

"Do not *strain* after great people, for, although they like the homage, inasmuch as it flatters their vanity, yet they despise the dispenser of it. Pay them however, all proper respect; but do not forget what is due to yourself.

"If you have been in society with a nobleman, and should chance to meet him elsewhere, leave it to him to speak to you first, or recognise you. If you claim his acquaintance you give him an opportunity of behaving superciliously to you, which would be as well avoided.

"An unfortunate clerk of the Treasury, who, because he was in the receipt of a good salary, and being also a "triton among the minnows" of Clapham Common, fancied himself a great man, dined at the Beef Steak Club, where he sat next to a noble duke, who, desirous of putting himself at ease with himself, conversed freely with him, yet probably forgot even the existence of such a person half an hour afterwards. Meeting his Grace in the street some days after, and encouraged by his previous condescension, the hero of the quill, bent on claiming his acquaintance, accosted him in a familiar "hail fellow-well-met-ish" manner.—"Ah my lord, how d'ye do?" The duke looked surprised. "May I know Sir, to whom I have the honour of speaking?" said his Grace drawing up. "Oh! Oh! why—don't you know? We dined together at the Beef Steak Club the other evening!—I'm MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY!" "Then," said the Duke, turning on his heel, "MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY, I wish you a good morning."

Mr. Walker tells a better story of George Selwyn who happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting at the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's Street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed but in vain. "What, don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cuttee*; "we became acquainted at Bath, you know." "I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn. "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF HIS SON.

My son, whose infant head I now survey. Guileless of hair, whilst mine, alas! is grey.— Whose feeble wailings through my bosom thrill, And cause my heart to shake my very fill,— Incline thine ear, quick summon all thy thought, And take this wisdom which my love has bought: Perpend these precepts; sift, compare, combine; And be my brain's results transferr'd to thine.

Swift let me call you to the sylvan grove, Where nightingales and blackbirds sing of love. Should love assail you, as it will, no doubt, Nor rudely fan the flame, nor blow it out; Sometimes, when smother'd, it the stronger grows; And sometimes, when you stir it, out it goes. Close in your breast a heart for beauty keep, Yet ne'er imagine beauty but skin deep: Beauty is oft—a fact we must deplore— As deep as Garrick, and a great deal more.

Let not your choice too short or tall appear, No hole her mouth, or slit from ear to ear; And, though 'tis well in daily life to greet The man who struggles to make both ends meet, Yet sure the task can no great triumph win, Accomplish'd by a lady's nose and chin, Yet I, perchance, my pen and paper waste; These the exactions of an erring taste.

But let your wife be modest, and yet free; Coy, but not bashful; active as the bee; And yet unlike that bee of busy wing, That 'profers honey, and yet bears a sting;" Not sad, but thoughtful; pensive, but not glum; Grave without gloom; and silent, but not dumb; Merry when mirth's in season, and yet 'sad When nought akin to pleasure's to be had. In all that you possess still let her share, Yet wear no vestment you yourself should wear.

And for yourself,—since now must I conclude,— Be courteous, yet close; and plain, not rude; Open, but strict; and though reserved, yet frank; Treat all alike, yet pay respect to rank; Be dubious, e'en when reason would entice, And ne'er take unsolicited advice.

So my precepts sink into thy mind, And make the wisdom which thou canst not find; Until at length, so vast the mental height, The world, beholding thee, shall take a sight; And men, in want of words to set thee higher, Shall with one voice cry "Walker!" and retire.

(From the New York Albion Jan. 20.)

The British Minister at Washington was lately accused by Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, in Congress, of having given to the American Government a copy of the Pamphlet of Signor Gorostiza, the Minister for Mexico, and of expressing at the same time his, the British Minister's, disgust at the conduct of the Mexican functionary. How far the mere fact of giving a copy of a document, which appears to have been pretty freely circulated by the writer himself to a friendly Government is censurable, is not exactly apparent; but at any rate, we feel satisfied that Mr. Fox has not in any way done aught that can affect his character as a gentleman, or as a public Minister; neither has he, we are equally certain, taken any step at variance with the friendly relations that exist between Great Britain and Mexico. The following passages, however, from the "Spy in Washington," the correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*, so fully acquit Mr. Fox, and pay such a well-merited tribute to him, that we have great pleasure in copying them:—

The allusion made by Mr. Cushing in debate, to the British Minister, may tend to encourage an opinion which has been improperly entertained, that it was Mr. Fox who expressed to Mr. Forsyth his *disgust* at the conduct of Mr. Gorostiza. I have already stated to you, what is universally believed here, that Mr. Fox is in no way entangled with Mr. Forsyth in that indiscreet affair. I have the best authority for stating, that a member of the Cabinet has made this declaration, and I began to think that the responsibility will, as I advised Mr. Forsyth, be ultimately thrown upon the ghost of the deceased *Chevalier Lorich*.

Mr. Fox's domestic habits, as you have inferred, from a passage in a late letter of mine, are peculiar to himself. He sleeps when other men act, and reserves his energies for those hours which appear to be consecrated by nature and man to sleep. He is said to be one of the best bred men who ever represented the British Court at this Government, and to be remarkably agreeable in private society. At home, I understand, he is a severe student, devoting himself to various branches of natural history. In his public character he appears to advantage, whether we advert to the remarks he made at Annapolis, on his arrival, or to his last letter to Mr. Forsyth, which is a model for diplomatic correspondence, both in reference to the purity and courtesy of his style, and the benevolent sentiments, so touchingly expressed, on the motives which must bind the United States and Great Britain in bonds of sincere amity. Mr. Fox is said to have many of the characteristic features of his illustrious uncle.

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 1, 1838.

The whole of the Sealing Vessels are now in a state of preparation for their adventurous voyage, and will probably sail in the course of the coming week, should the present favourable weather continue. The number will be about 108 vessels of a very superior description;—this is something less than the outfit of the last year, the reduction being in consequence of the non-arrival of several vessels that were intended for this fishery. We regret that there should be a falling off in this branch of our trade, as it will leave many persons unem-

ployed who cannot at this particular season procure occupation in any other way—still it is satisfactory to know that the decrease is owing to unforeseen circumstances, and does not proceed from any want of spirit, or disinclination on the part of our Merchants to prosecute this hazardous and precarious fishery.

The Melo-drama of the *Castle Spectre*, was performed on Tuesday evening last, at the Amateur Theatre, to a very large and respectable audience, whose repeated plaudits during the evening testified the enjoyment they experienced. We perceive that it is announced for repetition on Friday week next, for the accommodation of many who were unable to procure seats for the last performance. The exertions of the Amateurs certainly entitle them to the best thanks of the community,—they have already during the present season, bestowed towards charitable purposes, a very handsome sum, the profits arising from their laudable endeavours. And here we would observe, that we think the Amateurs might reasonably expect to have received a larger portion of patronage than has been awarded to them, from those who seem to take so lively an interest in the welfare of those Charitable Institutions, whose funds have been substantially assisted by the generous contributions from the Theatre.

Arrived on Tuesday last, the Mermaid from Jamaica, and Catherine Ann from Viana.

Died, yesterday morning, after a short but painful illness, Mary, wife of Isaac Moore, aged 21 years. Her funeral will take place from her late residence near Apple-Tree Well, on Sunday next, at 4 o'clock, when her friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

Notices.

St. Patrick's Dinner.

IRISHMEN and their DESCENDANTS intending to celebrate the FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK, by dining together on the 20th inst. at the *Orphan Asylum School*, will please have their names, with those of their respective Guests, left with the Secretary on as early a day as possible.

JOHN O'MEARA, Secretary.

Commercial Room, 23rd February 1838.

At a Meeting of the Owners and Masters of Vessels, held at the COMMERCIAL ROOM This Day, pursuant to a requisition, for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of the Act 4, Wm. 4. cap. 2.

The Hon. William Thomas was called to the Chair.

It was then Resolved,—That a committee to consist of nine persons, be appointed for the purpose of making arrangements for cutting Channels in the Ice, and regulating all business relative thereto.

The meeting then proceeded to ballot for a Committee, when the following Gentlemen were duly elected.—

Hon. W. Thomas, Hon. J. Sinclair; Messrs. Walter Grieve, Bulley, Richards, Alsop, M'Bride, John Lash, Warren.

The Meeting then adjourned.

WM. THOMAS, Chairman.

Committee Room, 24th February, 1838.

THE Committee met This Day and balloted for a Chairman and Treasurer, when the following Gentlemen were chosen:—

Hon. W. THOMAS, Chairman; J. B. BULLEY, Esq., Treasurer.

The following Rules and Regulations were then adopted.—

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ICE COMMITTEE.

1st.—That a Channel shall be cut in the Ice, not less than 100 feet wide, as near as convenient to the most prominent Wharves.

2nd.—That the Channel shall be kept open at such time and in such manner as the Committee may direct.

3rd.—That no person shall prior to the departure of the last Sealer from this Port be permitted to cut any other Channel in the Ice than that laid out by the committee, without their express permission in writing, under a penalty of FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

4th.—That any Master of a Vessel who may haul his Vessel into the Channel contrary to the direction of the Committee, shall pay a fine not exceeding FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

5th.—That any person obstructing the committee in their duty or wilfully blocking up or injuring the Channel, contrary to the direction of the Committee, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

6th.—That when the actual expense of cutting the Channel can be correctly ascertained, a rate shall be levied on all Sealing Vessels not exceeding ONE SHILLING, Stg. per man per diem, for every man of the Crew of each and every of such Sealing Vessel; and on all other Vessels using the Channel a rate not exceeding FORTY SHILLINGS, Stg. for every 100 Tons, Register Tonnage, of such Vessel or Vessels.

WM. THOMAS, Chairman.

Notices.

TENDERS will be received by the Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners, until MONDAY, the 23d April next, from Persons desirous of contracting for the Undermentioned Works, agreeably to Plans and Specifications now exhibiting at his Office.

For rebuilding the "Waterford Bridge," of stone: For erecting a Stone Bridge in Duckworth-Street, opposite "Beck's Cove."

For building a Safety Wall in Duckworth-Street, on the property of WILLIAM NEWMAN, Esq., opposite "M'Bride's Cove."

JAMES DOUGLAS,

Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners for the District of St. John's.

February 8.

AMATEUR THEATRE

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

(For the Benefit of the Poor.)

On FRIDAY Evening

The 9th Inst.

WILL BE REPEATED,

The much-admired Melo-Drama of

"The Castle Spectre,"

With the laughable Farce of

"High Life Below Stairs."

Doors to be opened at ½ past 6; Performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.—Tickets to be had at Messrs. PERCHARD & BOAG'S—Boxes, 3s. 6d. Pit, 2s. March 1.

On Sale

COALS for the Sealers.

R. Brine & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE

COALS

From under cover, of a description suitable for Sealing Vessels; and which, at the shortest notice, would be delivered alongside if so required. March 1.

BY

G. & R. Clapp,

CORDAGE of all descriptions from 1 to 5 inch Twines of all sorts, Paints, Oils, Nails, Handspikes English COALS, Deals Seasoned Lumber, Shingles Soap, Candles, BRANDY, Wines Ale, Tea, Molasses, Sugar in Hhds. and Barrels Men's and Boys' Deck Boots and Shoes And a quantity of Cotton Shirts and Flushing Clothing. February 15.

BY

BAINES, JOHNSTON & Co.

Ex HARMONY from New-York, 200 Barrels Prime BEEF.

EDGECOMB from Liverpool, 100 Firkins Prime BUTTER, 79 Barrels Prime BEEF.

MARY JANE from Demerara, 79 Puncheons MOLASSES.

JOHN FULTON from Boston, 79 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO, 700 CABBAGES.

February 8.

W. & H. THOMAS & CO.

OFFER FOR SALE,

1000 Quintals Shore Merchantable

COD FISH.

January 18.

BY

WESTON HUNT,

Ex METEOR from Hamburg.

150 Firkins first quality Rander's BUTTER.

100 Blk. prime mess PORK.

Which will be sold Cheap.

January 18.

Poetry.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

With tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see,
In the bright eye that laughs below,
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim; but, oh! entwine
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine.

Weave of the clover leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim; but, oh! do thou
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow.

Oh, let sweet leaved geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim; but, oh! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow!

Oh, twine young rose-leaves round thy head
And I shall deem the flowers are there,
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim; but, oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

CRUISE IN THE WEST INDIES.

By the author of "Nelsonian Reminiscences."

The inspiring tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England" had just ceased its echoes through the decks of his Majesty's sloop * * * when her captain, better known by the name of Mad Mac, than the more christian one given by his godfathers and godmothers, accosted me as officer of the watch, though I was first lieutenant—"Keep her close in shore, sir." And he stalked with all the steadiness of a new-made commander down the companion ladder. How the noble chief had attained the above cognomen I have no personal knowledge, but report whispered something of outrageous passion nearly allied to insanity, and of the reef-point of a topsail shot from under the hand of the man who was tying it, by his pistol-ball. Be that as it may, from long experience I am convinced of the truth of the observation of a celebrated counsellor, whose out-of-the-way simile having excited the stare of the Court, pursued his address with—"My lord, in fact, all men are mad at times, and this has been my mad moment."

Captain Mac's madness assumed the offensive form of pride and austerity, which nothing could soften but the magic name of a noble lady—some far-off cousin, a hundred degrees removed. This magical word sometimes procured me an invite and a share of a bottle of claret from the great bashaw.

"Captain Mac," addressing my superior respectfully, "I think it my duty to mention that I feel it impossible, being new to the climate, to keep myself awake at watch and watch, and liable to all calls, as first lieutenant, both by day and night; and as Mr. Bennett has passed for lieutenant, we, that is, the second lieutenant and myself, hope that you will permit either him or the master to take the third watch."

"Quarter-master," said the captain, "desire my clerk to bring me the articles of War. Now, sir, you will be pleased to attend to this. 'If any person in the fleet shall sleep on his watch, he shall be punished with death.' So much for the first part of your request. For the latter, the master, and Mr. Bennett, are not commissioned officers, and I am instructed by the Admiralty to intrust his Majesty's sloop to them alone."

He issued a written order that no boat should leave the ship without his special commands, or sail be shortened, without his directions. These orders we soon contrived to get rescinded in the following manner:—being all ready, we allowed the squall to press the ship on her beam-ends, and then loudly called down into the cabin that the masts would go or the brig upset, unless instantly relieved. This would bring a screaming command from the sleeping commander, to let fly everything, and he, for his own comfort, saw the necessity of leaving the shortening of sail to the discretion of the officer of the watch.

The sloop anchored off Aruba to water. This small island is the resort of smugglers, run-away slaves, and all kinds of run-aways, from the Spanish main. The captain, after larding, let his gig return, without note or message. Towards sunset, the signal-man reported the captain on the beach, waving his handkerchief. This conveyed an intimation, but could not set aside the written order respecting the boats, which we were told to obey on our peril.

"Are you sure, coxswain, that the captain sent no order about his gig?"
"None, whatever, sir, but shove off, and go on board."
"Very well, Mr. Pipes; turn the hands up and hoist in the boats."
"Arn't I to go for the captain before dark, sir?" said the coxswain.
"Certainly not, for I have a written order that prevents me from sending a boat."
The coxswain touched his hat, and, with a knowing smile, walked off.
When darkness ensued, a fire blazed on the beach, but the second lieutenant and myself were steady-going officers, and could not act on a surmise that the captain might want his boat, and send one in defiance of his written order—Oh no; we knew the service better. So leaving orders

with the officer of the watch, to hoist out the boats at daylight, and send them for water, agreeable to his written orders before leaving, Dick Grant (the second luff) and myself joined our messmates at supper, and a merry supper it was, for one or the other of the mess popped their heads up the companion, to see how well the captain managed his fire, and their reports of its drooping or burning brightly were received with uncontrolled bursts of laughter, for his tyranny and oppression turned all our better feelings into intense hatred. Let the censorious figure to themselves hell upon earth, and they will form but a faint idea of the misery of a sloop commanded by a morose, tyrannical disposition, then imagine the actors overgrown boys, and they will be near the truth.

At six A. M. the officers were drawn up on the quarter-deck to receive the captain, who did not appear with his usual neatness of attire, and looked pale with rage. The boatswain's shrill pipe manned the side, and the officers uncovered as Captain Mac stepped on the deck of his Majesty's sloop—"I ask you sir, as first lieutenant, in the presence of your brother officers, if you were not acquainted with my being on the beach, and waving for my boat yesterday, about sunset?"

"It was only reported to me, but I saw you myself."
"Then what could induce you to keep me all night among a set of villains that I am astonished did not cut my throat for my epaulettes?"

"This order, Captain Mac, and the dread we all entertain of being brought to a court-martial for disobedience."

He snatched the paper I held to him, and tore it to atoms.

"If I die of the fever I am now suffering under you are my murderer, and I fear, gentlemen, you are all aiding and assisting."

And down he went to his cot.
The doctor in a short time relieved our anxiety by information that his illness proceeded from suppressed passion, more than from the fever of the climate. He recovered but with no improvement in disposition.

This has been a long digression; but now to return to my tale. We were running off the wind, along the island of Curaçoa, pretty close in-shore. "Captain Mac," called I, down the companion, "the course we are now steering will take the brig within point blank of the Dyke Fort."

"Keep your course, sir; and if the blackguards dare to fire on us, cast loose one of the coronades, and blow them into"—I should blush to write where.

"Gunnery, clear away the foremost coronade, give it elevation, and point it for the fort now opening the point."

At this moment a twelve-pounder from the battery whistled very melodiously over us.

"Their shot carry outside of us, sir."
This communication was unnecessary, for the captain, with his mouth full, appeared on deck, and with much spluttering, ordered the main-top-sail to be thrown aback, and the people to quarters; and we turned to with a good will, and answered their fire in fine style, throwing a number of well directed shot into the fort.

Our commander, who prided himself on his gunnery, now pointed one of the coronades, and fired without taking out the monkey-tail.

The recoil of the gun threw it with furious violence between his legs, and his escape was miraculous. "A miss is as good as a mile," said the captain; "but what signal is flying on board the commodore?"

"Our signal to come within hail."
"Fill the main-top-sail—haul aboard the fore-tack."

And we passed under the stern of La Franchise "I am delighted sir," said Captain Murray "with the way in which you scaled your guns; really it was very pretty firing; but I called you off for fear an unlucky shot should cripple a lower mast or yard, as I cannot afford to lose a sloop so efficient from the squadron."

Here the polished manners of the commodore got the better of his love of truth; for the discipline of the sloop was, as may be imagined, very so-so, and capable of improvement.

"Sir," said my good-natured chief, "this brig is in very bad order."

"She is sir," replied I, pulling off my hat.
"Then the fault must be yours or mine."
"Yours, sir, I think," again bowing.

"How will you make that appear, sir?"
"In this way, sir; by every effort you have endeavoured to lower me in the estimation of the crew, and this conduct to the second officer is enough to disorganise a ship."

"Give me an instance, sir."

"Yesterday, Captain Mac, you ordered me as first lieutenant of the sloop to lower down the jolly boat, and pick up an empty cask; when I desired a midshipman to perform that duty, you countermanded it, and obliged me to do it myself."

"O! you are a bit of a lawyer I see, sir, and I will avail myself of the first opportunity of breaking you."

"Sir, I feel particularly obliged for your kind intentions, and shall guard against them to the best of my power;" and with a low bow I quitted my amiable commander.

The Commodore made arrangements for storming the Dyke Fort on the night of the day that we had cannonaded it. A hundred volunteers were to land at ten o'clock at night, under the command of Mr. Fleming, the first lieutenant of La Franchise. I was honoured with the command of our quota from the brig, namely, twenty picked seamen, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and pikes. Our party

drew up on the beach on a very dark night, neither moon nor stars visible. The storming party consisted of the same number of seamen from the four ships and twenty marines from La Franchise under one of their own lieutenants—the whole commanded by as gallant a man as ever drew a sword, Fleming, first of the commodore's frigate. My orders were to keep the party compact, by bringing up the rear. A Dutch guide moved with the forlorn hope in advance, composed of a sergeant and six marines, and were followed at twelve paces by the remainder of the jollies with bayonets fixed. "To the right face,"—and we moved off the beach, striking into swampy ground, at a brisk pace. In a short time we found ourselves bewildered among high canes. A halt was called, and the Dutch guide ordered to the commanding officer. I saw some confusion in the van of our small party, and heard along the line, "Officers to the front." On reaching Fleming I found the Dutch guide had escaped, by an imposition practised on the advance, that he wished to communicate with the commanding officer. From the height of the canes and the darkness of the night, he easily contrived to elude the vigilance of those he had devoted to destruction. Great consternation prevailed among the staff, which was not lessened by the sound of an alarm gun from the fort.

"That sound directs us where we should go, and the quicker the better. Officers to your posts, and keep your men together. Double quick time, and follow me."

Thus spoke our gallant commander—and the party pushed rapidly on, until stopped by a heavy volley, but ill directed, on our main advance, who fell back on the main body. "Close with the front," was vociferated along our line. I thought I perceived a greater inclination for the opposite way; and by threats, with the point of the sword, had just closed with the front, when with a loud shout the Dutch party, who had fired on the advance, broke from their ambush, and crossed bayonets with our marine force. Lieutenant Fleming, who was at their head received a bayonet through his jacket, which was flying open. The thrust, which was intended for his heart, was made with such force, that the Dutchman fell from not meeting the expected resistance of his body; and as he lay prostrate and bareheaded, our gallant commander's sabre flashed even in the darkness of night, and was in the act of descending on his head, when the Dutchman rose upon his knees, and with upraised hands implored the mercy he ill-deserved from his gallant opponent. The truly brave are always the most merciful; and Lieutenant Fleming stayed the uplifted weapon, and with self-possession that did him honour, collared the trembling wretch; and under fear of instant death, compelled him to lead us to the Dyke Fort, into which we scrambled in the best way we could. As my muscular power was not sufficient to get over the wall, with my cutlass guarding my head, I, being then of slender make, contrived to crawl through one of the embrasures, and found the fort in possession of the gallant Fleming, who, if alive, I believe, still remains a lieutenant up to this day; his noble captain dying shortly afterwards, his interest died with him!

"I am glad to see you youngster," said my bold commander; "I feared you were among the missing or dead."

Some lanterns were making darkness visible, and in my hurry to reach him, I fell over a Dutchman in the agonies of death: he had been shot in the groin, and in a short time expired.

"I congratulate you on your easy conquest," said I.

"Easy enough of all conscience. Most of the fools went out to lay in ambush; had they remained in the fort, we should have found tough work of it; but now we must prepare to receive the gallant Dutchman's flying camp. Take a lantern, and this Dutch prisoner will show you the magazine. See if they have cartridges filled; if not, prepare ten rounds for each gun; and be careful you do not blow us into the air by firing the magazine. And, mister," to the marine officer, "throw out a line of picquets on the land side, the foremost one well advanced, with orders, if alarmed, to fire, and fall back on the fort."

Bearing a filthy lantern, whose dirty horn gave a dim light, I followed my guide down a flight of steps to the door of the magazine, which having forced open, I found a great quantity of powder, and many rounds of cartridges already filled, and forthwith proceeded to make my report.

"Very well—we will hold this fort against any force they can send till daylight, when, after blowing it up, we will effect our retreat as we best can, to the boats; you, or the marine officer, visit the out-posts every fifteen minutes, as the utmost vigilance is necessary. The sign and countersign are Church and Chichester, which no foreigner can well pronounce."

Agreeably to orders, I scrambled over the wall and with a light and hasty step, a pistol in each hand, and a wary eye, I approached the different sentinels, who, fully conscious of the necessity of vigilance, at some distance challenged with "Who goes there?" rounds, advanced rounds, and give the countersign; at the same time making their muskets ring as they brought their bayonets to the charge position, and the clink of the cock fell sharp upon the ear. "Chichester and all's well," ended our interview, until I came upon the advanced one. He stood like a man thoroughly alarmed, and said he had heard female moans. "Hist!" said the soldier, and the sobs and heart-searching groans, in the soft voice of the gentler sex, broke the silence of the still night. Led by these mournful sounds, I passed the sentinel, and in some brush-

wood I found a poor attenuated female, apparently of the half-cast, lying on the damp earth, with a dead infant in her arms. I conjectured that she had been shot through the body in making her escape from the fort, for her language to me was unintelligible, though her groans and shrieks spoke the universal one of suffering. I supported her head, and applied my canteen to her lips; the beverage, which she eagerly swallowed, seemed to revive her, and with the maternal affection so strongly implanted in woman's breast, whether black or white, she held her infant to me, seemingly unconscious of its death. I tried to raise her, with the idea of supporting her to the fort, but her excessive agony when moved obliged me to replace her, and I sat down making my knees a pillow for her head. While cogitating on the best mode of affording relief to the poor forlorn one, for I dared not risk the safety of the whole party by taking the advanced sentinel to my assistance, I heard his sharp challenge uttered in tones of alarm, and his still sharper shot, with his hasty retreat on the fort. Being well aware that no quarter would be given by the Dutch commandant, with that instinct true to nature, though it went to my heart to leave the wretched woman, I again placed my canteen to her lips, and fled, and that with such good speed, that I arrived with the outposts, who came flocking into the fort, according to their orders. The man who caused the alarm averred that he heard the measured tread of infantry, and the prancing of horses, but I think the beating of his own heart must have deceived him. We remained on the watch, and made every disposition for a desperate defence, and as the day dawned, laid a train to the magazine, and evacuated the fort, the marine force covering our retreat.

"A volunteer to fire the train!" cried the commanding officer, and several stepped forward. "Here we must regulate by length of legs, and a capacity to use them. John Wilson," calling to one of the volunteers, "I have seen you active in running up the rigging—I select you to fire the train when you hear the report of my pistol; and remember, you run for your life. Mr.—," addressing me, lead the party to the boats, which I now see approaching the beach. Quickened your pace, as I am going to fire the train in five minutes."

I heard the signal, and in an instant there arose a volume of flame, overhung by a dense and heavy cloud, and for miles the island shook, as if from an earthquake, while the fort, with all it contained, was scattered over the face of the country. Our gallant lieutenant, with his long-legged coadjutor, joined us in perfect safety, and we entered our boats without crossing sabres with our flying enemies. Glad to find myself on board the brig, unpleasant as she was, I had scarcely refreshed myself with clean linen, when a letter was put into my hands, which caused great astonishment, and in a great measure displeasure. A youthful relative in the first year of his apprenticeship had quitted the plodding desk, and without any permission but his own, entered in some West Indiaman from Liverpool, had got impressed by La Franchise, and was now serving in her as a mizen-topman. He, thinking I still remained in the channel-fleet, where he had last heard from me, was amazed at recognizing my voice while forming the storming-party on the beach on the preceding night.

"And so, my dear * * *," he wrote, "I hope, from your situation and knowledge of the commodore, who is a perfect gentleman, you will induce him to take me on his quarter-deck." This captain Murray did in the kindest and most gracious manner, censuring the youngster for not having made himself known to him before. I could have got him rated midshipman on board the sloop I was first lieutenant of, but I prized his happiness too sincerely to place it under the controul of Captain Mac.

St. Pierre, the author of the most beautiful of all pretty stories, "Paul and Virginia," very prettily remarks in his studies of nature, "that where the great Creator places dangers, he likewise gives the means of avoiding them by such signs as must strike the most careless observer; for instance, the sea breaking on rocks or shoals creates a white foam, and the darker the night, the more plainly it is seen. The voracious shark swims with a fin from his back, considerably above the water, and is obliged to turn that back to seize his prey. And from the same beneficent principle and beautiful order observable throughout the creation he makes the human countenance an index of the mind."

The hard lines of cruelty and cunning were so legibly impressed on Captain Mac's countenance as to become strongly repulsive, and I am convinced no human being ever felt, or could feel, affection for him; there was an affectation of suavity, and a smile playing round an ill-formed mouth, but it was hollow and deceptive, and truly verified the scripture "that the heart of man is deceitful above all things." His first appearance created in me a repelling sensation of disgust and dislike, which I found on nearer acquaintance duly augmented. How inexplicable is the attraction or repulsion of the human countenance, denoting in the gentle sex those amiable and endearing virtues which, old as I am, have inclined me to bow down and worship them as a superior race, nearer to angels than frail humanity, and to such expressive faces the heart fills with affection, and the hands spring to render service.