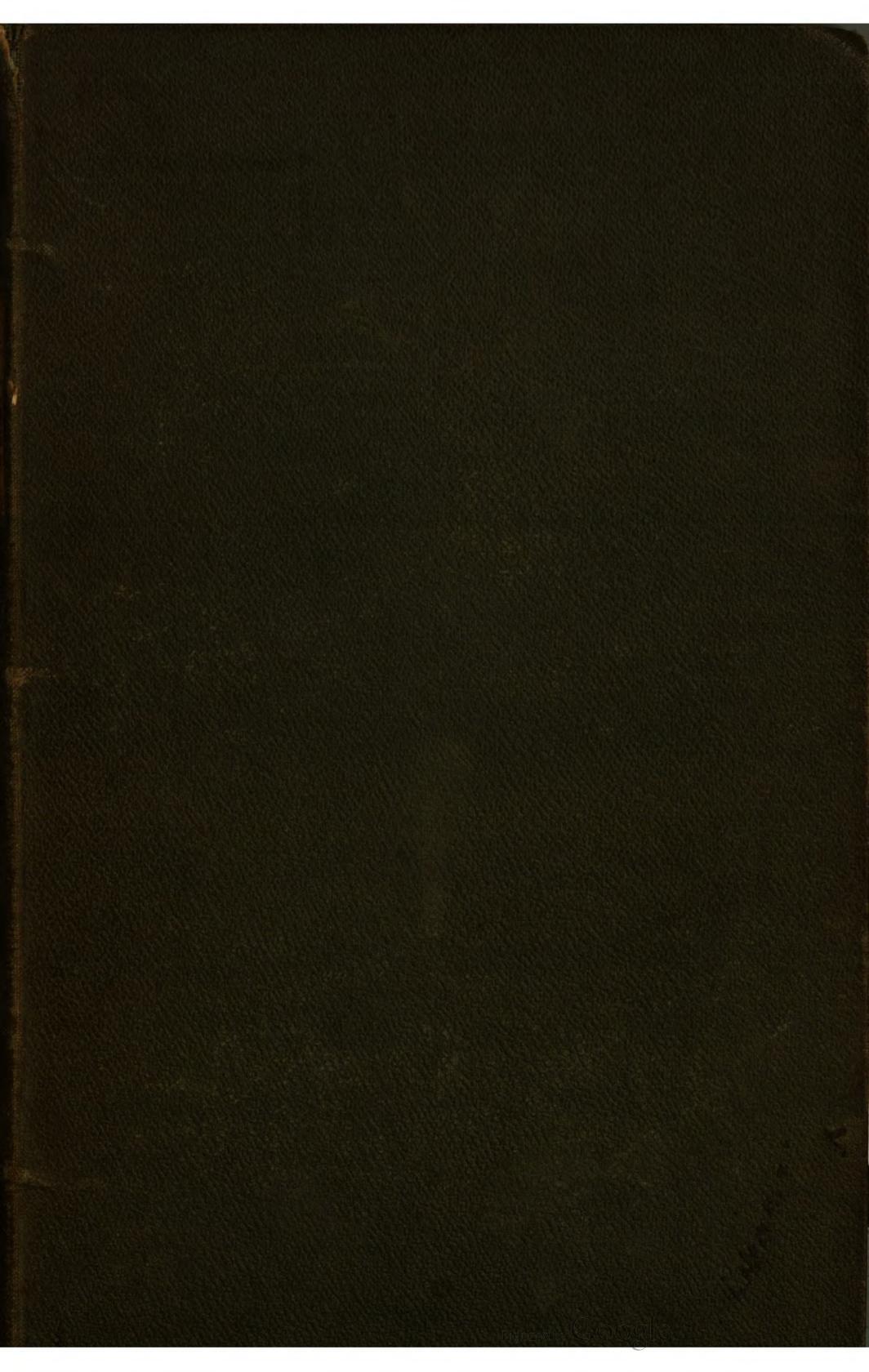

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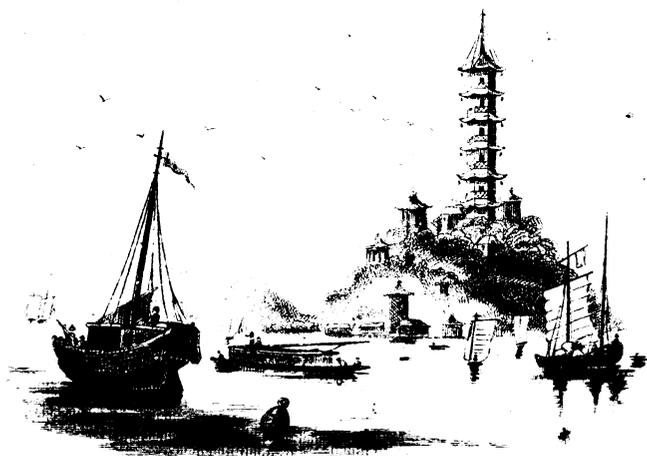
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T. L. Sanger

CLARK'S,
NEW
TALES OF THE WARS
AND
Naval & Military Chronicle, &c., &c.



Golden Island.

LONDON

W. M. CLARK, 17, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.



TALES OF THE WARS:

OR,

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE.

CONTAINING

COMPLETE HISTORIES OF THE WARS

IN

CHINA, SYRIA, AND AFFGHANISTAN.

Illustrated with numerous Engravings and Steel Portraits

OF

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, AKHBAR KHAN, SIR CHARLES NAPIER,
SIR ROBERT SALE, LADY SALE, &c.

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM MARK CLARK,

17, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1846.



LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM MARK CLARK, 17, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row.

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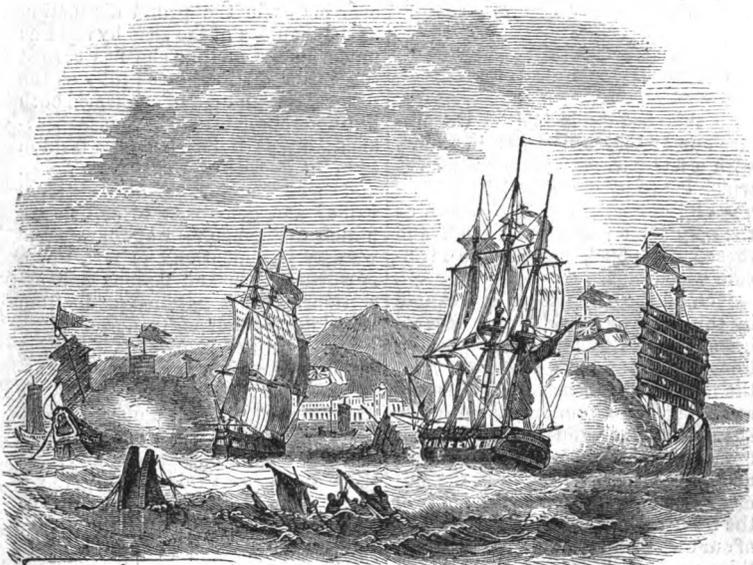
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TALES OF THE WARS;

OR,

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE.



Her Majesty's ships Volage and Hyacinth engaging the Fleet of Admiral Kwan.



the smiles of that goddess of Victory who has so long hovered o'er

The flag that braved these thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

having again called upon us to take up our recording pen, we think we cannot better consult the taste of our myriad readers, than by devoting the first part of this New Series of the TALES OF THE WARS to a succinct, yet clear and careful HISTORY of the WAR IN CHINA, to be followed by
VOL. V.—No. 1.

HE glorious triumphs which have illustrated the reign of VICTORIA, whose very name seems predictive of

those of the glorious CAMPAIGN in SYRIA in 1840, under Sir Charles Napier and Sir Robert Stopford; the disastrous (but not less glorious) conquests, battles, and sieges in AFFGHANISTAN and CABOOL; and, finally, the recent gallant operations leading to the conquest of the territory of the AMEERS OF SCINDE; these interspersed with numerous biographies, scraps, anecdotes, and tales, illustrative of British valour, in every age and country, and on every sea, from the freezing poles to the burning equator, shall form the staple of this continuation.

As the days are happily for ever gone when kings, for the gratification of their own private pique, or at the promptings of mere vain-glorious ambition, plunged nations into war; the

justice of a quarrel is the thing first to be considered by the historian. For wars are no longer, among the civilised and enlightened people of the Western World, undertaken for the mere barren glory of triumphs, or to feed the vanities of kingly puppets: hence the contests of a great nation form part of her policy, and let us confidently hope of our beloved Britain—

Long may she hold her glorious fight,
And when, through circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight
May Justice guide her aim;

with this feeling it is that we preface our history of the war in China, with a few paragraphs on the causes which led to it, and the ultimate justice of England's appeal to arms, as the only arbiter between herself and these stiff-necked, unjust, and insincere barbarians.

"Of all the cants there are canted in this canting world," the cant of ignorant, indiscriminating, pseudo-liberality is at once the most silly, the most self-sufficient, and the most annoying. The uninformed multitude shake the head, and retail whatever opinion may be put into their mouths; and as the opium trade was the immediate cause of the quarrel, many of the least-informed, yet well-meaning, of our own countrymen—their sympathies awakened by canting and frothy declaimers, who knew as little as their blind dupes of the exact particulars of the affair—stigmatised this contest as the OPIUM WAR. Add to this the interested trading malevolence of "Brother Jonathan," from whom a large portion of the readers of penny and twopenny trash in this country receive their opinions ready made (being cut from the American papers by the Editors' scissors to save writing), and we need not wonder at the erroneous impression originally made and subsequently retained by thousands on the subject, of what they call, in their innocent simplicity, our "attack on the poor Chinese (!!!)" We must not suffer such an opinion to prevail; and for this reason, before we proceed to chronicle the gallant deeds of our seamen, marines, and soldiers, in this singular, novel, arduous, and brilliant war, we

will devote a short preface to its origin.

England has always professed, and we trust—unless we unpatriotically take enemies for our chroniclers, which seems to be the fashion now-a-days, of sundry pusillanimous block-heads who pass themselves off for sagacious and enlightened liberals—will ever maintain the proud distinction of the empress of the seas by right as much as by might: she has earned the latter distinction as fully as the former, by valour, and confirmed both by numerous acts of generous forbearance; but as it has been the fashion to taunt us with the *auri sacra fames*, and while admitting our national valour and generosity to call us "a nation of" grasping "shopkeepers," we may just mention one *fact*, which is worth a thousand fictions and assertions. What nation—*purely* from principles of humanity—ever sacrificed the sum of £20,000,000 sterling to show the sincerity of her professions of justice and sympathy? Is there one in ancient or modern history that can lay its finger on the page wherein such a fact is recorded? Is there one, except this "little gem set in the silver sea," which can, with honest frankness, say it ever nationally sacrificed a farthing on the shrine of humanity; yet it is the mode to believe the prate of the mercurial scribblers across Channel, and the repudiating go-a-heads of the west (to both of which we bear the most friendly feeling) and agree, in the excess of our *liberality*, that we are a selfish, a grasping, and a conquest-seeking people.

It must not be thought that we recklessly engaged in this war for the sole purpose of forcing a poisonous drug upon a people whose government was desirous of saving them from its baneful effects, and that our motive was the gain that abominable traffic afforded. We must prevent the possibility of such a supposition being entertained anywhere, or by any one; and if we do not do this, we stand exposed to be called by the most contemptible of all names—that of hypocrites—and our enemies, who envy our power and renown, will glory in the pretext for applying it to us.



Most persons will remember the difficulties which arose in China from the abolition of the monopoly of the East India Company, who had for so many years conducted—under insult, annoyance, and persecution—a tolerated, but exclusive, trade with the Chinese. It was time that the trade of this vast empire should be opened to the enterprise of individuals; but this is not the place to enter further into the subject than to say, that no sooner had “John Company”—as the Chinese officials and Hong merchants term the great body whose governing quarters are in Leadenhall-street—than its namesake “John Chinaman,” began a series of bullyings, extortions; insults, and braggadocio, as extraordinary, unique, and absurd, as the singular people from whom they proceeded. Of these, “*OPUM*” was made the pretext, and to such an extent were they carried, that in a very short time the *English trade at Canton* (the only part open to “barbarian” commerce) was actually carried on *under the American flag, and through American agency!* This is the bare truth, and simply told, of the British relations with China.

If anything had been wanting to add to the gloomy aspect which affairs were assuming at Canton about the beginning of 1838, it was to be found in the enormous debt of more than three millions of dollars due to the English merchants from two insolvent Hong merchants, with little or no prospect of repayment. The last dollar of a nearly equal amount had been paid up in 1834 to the European creditors, through the influence and power of the East India Company, who in fact stopped it from the Hong merchants' accounts; but no such potent means of justice against the Hong monopoly were any longer available under the free trade. The Co-Hong had the effrontery to propose that these new debts to the free traders should be paid back in *fifteen years*—that is, in a period when the bonds bearing 12 per cent. interest would have more than doubled their capital in interest alone. After a long and harassing discussion of many months, it was settled that between eight and

ten years should be the period allowed for paying the new debts arising since the opening of the trade; and to this the English creditors found themselves obliged to submit. Indeed, an Englishman, or an English merchant, had become a by-word with the very rabble of Canton; a feeling which the Chinese authorities carefully fostered and aggravated by every public act and proclamation. One of the resident British merchants drew up a very curious paper on the subject, which appears in the Parliamentary “Blue Book” on China, wherein he says, that “the British merchants who have succeeded to the East India Company, not possessing the power of that monopoly, nor the same *identity* of interest, are regarded by the Chinese as helpless isolated individuals: who are neither in a position to avoid incurring debts, of which they, the Chinese, can enforce the payment, nor, on the other hand, able to enforce their recovery when due; and that the organs of her Majesty's government in China possessing no moral weight, are inefficient for every purpose of *compelling honesty* on the part of the Chinese.” In consequence of this melancholy state of things, the Chinese got about three millions of dollars in debt to the English factory, besides the claim of two million of dollars for opium surrendered to Commissioner Lin.

As a proof of the determination of the ignorant and overbearing Chinese to trample our flag in the dirt, and their intention to carry out the view of *tribute*, which they insisted upon applying to every payment of tax or duty imposed, even by way of port-charges in the Canton river, we may incidentally mention that, in July, 1838, the *Wellesley* 74, Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, accompanied by her Majesty's brig *Algerine*, arrived in China. The British superintendent Captain Elliot (poor Lord Napier had already been drummed, worried, and *insulted* to death by these *celestial scoundrels*) went on board her, and she anchored in Tongkoo Bay, near the *Bocca Tigris*. A special *edict* quickly arrived from the viceroy in the old form, addressed to

the *Hong Merchants* (!) and forwarded by them to the *British admiral* and the *Queen of England's representative*! This document was returned unopened (it is a pity we did not show some such spirit earlier), and a message forwarded that such a mode of communication was impossible, owing to strict orders from her Britannic Majesty's government. Captain Elliot—who, though personally a brave man, was undoubtedly the most enduring of "barbarians"—thought the presence of the line-of-battle ship a favourable one for an attempt to place himself on an equality with these overbearing Orientals. He accordingly proceeded to Canton, and forwarded to the city gates an *open paper* for transmission to the mandarin—this paper being left open for the purpose of obviating the use of the word *pin*—that is, petition—without which these "*poor unoffending Chinese*," as we heard an Exeter Hall spouter call them some three years back, would receive no communication. It was received by the viceroy, but returned *through the Hong merchants*, with a remark from his Excellency that he could not take it unless it bore the character *pin*, and was presented as a *petition*. Captain Elliot then declared that he had formally offered to set forth the peaceful purposes of the admiral's visit, and if the viceroy did not think fit to accept these explanations, his business at Canton was concluded, and he should forthwith retire. And now comes the *gravamen* of the affair: A British boat passing the Bocca Tigris was fired upon by the forts; and, when boarded by a mandarin, was required to state whether the admiral or any person belonging to him was there, as they should not be permitted to pass up. Sir Frederick, on being informed of this insult, remarked that he had come to China with a determination to avoid the least violation of customs or prejudices, but that he was, nevertheless, resolved to bear no indignity to the flag. He accordingly proceeded forthwith to the Bocca Tigris with the vessels under his command, to demand a formal disavowal of these unprovoked attacks. A civil letter was soon received from the Chi-

nese admiral Kwan (since discomfited in action with the *Volage* and *Hyacinth*), asking the reason of Admiral Maitland's visit; and, in reply to this, a demand was made for reparation on account of the late insult. The result was, the mission of a mandarin captain of war-junks to wait upon the British admiral, accompanied by one of less rank; and the expressions of disavowal of any intention to insult were written at the dictation of the higher officer by the hand of the other on board the *Wellesley*, in the presence of the several parties. Sir Frederick Maitland signified his satisfaction with this declaration, and, after the exchange of some civilities, returned to his former anchorage, and soon afterwards sailed away.

No sooner had the *Wellesley* departed, than the usual result of an insufficient force to "*compel the honesty*," or even decency, of John Chinaman exhibited itself. A seizure of opium was made at Canton, the property of a British trader, and immediately in front of his dwelling. The individual, and the ship from which the opium came, were ordered out of the river, and the unhappy Hong merchant, who had secured the ship, though perfectly unconscious and innocent of the act, underwent the dreadful punishment of the "*cangue*" or wooden collar.

The government would seem to have been irritated by this occurrence into one of its barbarous outrages on humane feeling, with a view probably to intimidate the European smugglers in their desperate courses within the limits of the river.* Only a few days after the discovery above mentioned, the foreigners were struck with astonishment by a sudden preparation, in the square immediately before the factories, for the strangling of a native opium-dealer. It was at once determined to resist this unprecedented and intolerable act, and they succeeded in chasing away the executioner and his horrid apparatus. When the crowd had become exceedingly dense, some foreigners provoked the people by forcibly pushing in amongst them.

* Blue Book, p. 324.

They returned this with showers of stones and other violence, and in a few minutes the Europeans were driven within the gates of their respective factories, which were immediately closed. But the fury of the mob, consisting at this time of some thousands, was excited to a degree that threatened tragical results: until the Chinese soldiers succeeded in dispersing the mob, while the criminal was executed at one of the usual places.

In consequence of the attempted outrage of publicly executing criminals, *in terrorem*, in front of the foreign factories, a remonstrance was addressed to the governor, who, in reply, gave them a sort of moral lecture, in which, after a farrago of bombast, he condescendingly admitted that, "foreigners, although born and brought up *beyond the pale* of civilisation, might yet have human hearts!"

In the following December (1838), however, the insulting attempt was repeated, close under the American flag-staff; the flag was immediately hauled down by their consul, in consequence of the preparations being continued for the erection of the *cross* on which the culprit was to be strangled. At first a few foreigners interfered, and induced the Chinese officers to suspend their proceedings. But by degrees the crowd increased, and a Chinese mob, when excited, is to the full as unruly as an English one. They were disappointed in their homicidal treat, and thus the imprudent as well as insulting act of the authorities led to mischief, and the foreigners were again driven to take refuge in their factories. Here it was only by a stout resistance and strong barricades that their lives were defended till the arrival of a sufficient force of Chinese soldiers.

Both parties were now clearly placed in a false position: for the alarm had spread to Whampoa, whence Captain Elliot set out with 120 armed men for Canton, and arrived at the British factory late in the evening. During many months preceding, the unfortunate Hong merchants had been exposed to every species of indignity and insult, in pursuance of the

policy of the Chinese authorities. They were now threatened with death itself, on account of their intercourse with foreigners. The Chinese government became daily more overbearing towards all "barbarians;" and its habitual haughty tone had grown into undisguised contempt and unqualified contumely. Their persecution and ill-treatment of Lord Napier was openly spoken of in public documents as a victory, and their successful repulse and contemptuous treatment of all the British superintendent's advances, as a proof of their own power and Great Britain's weakness.*

As it seems scarcely possible to give a consecutive narrative of these unhappy events without a little explanation of the Opium Question, we shall here say a few words on that subject.

At all former periods opium had been admitted to China as a drug upon the payment of duty; and the prohibition subsequently fulminated against it was regarded by the Chinese themselves as a dead letter. Indeed, every restriction laid upon it operated as a premium on its demand. The mighty events which sprung out of this appetite for the "forbidden fruit" on the one hand, and the readiness of foreigners to furnish it on the other, would almost seem as marking one of those important and long-enduring revolutions which are pre-ordained in the progress of the nations of the world. We have recently learned that the *opium laws* were the subject of a sort of court party-difference in China, and, like the corn-laws in our own country, became, at length, a question of political agitation to almost the whole of this numerous people. And that while Lin, Tang, and other mighty Tartar grandees were for the utter expulsion of foreigners, a reform party at court, headed by the Empress, a lady of enlarged views and liberal spirit, held principles diametrically opposed to them. The tone and energy of this woman's mind were, according to the statements we have obtained, remarkably in advance of her age and

* Narrative of the *Nemesis*, by Commander H. Hall, R.N., and W. D. Bernard, Esq.

country: and she possessed, in a marked degree, that intuitive knowledge and discernment which sometimes seem to burst upon the female mind. But her reign and power were short; she died—not without some suspicions of foul-play—and the old national feelings of hatred and contempt of foreigners were revived. At this juncture, another catastrophe hurried the events which promise, through the energy and courage of Britons, to bring in their train the mightiest consequences to civilisation, commerce, the free intercourse of nations, and Christianity: the emperor's favourite son died in the palace of Peking, and the physicians (perhaps they received their cue from some influential quarter) attributed his death to the use of opium.

As usual, when one party in a despotic state gains a victory, the exclusionists were not long in making the most of their triumph. The advocates of expulsion declared that the importation of opium *drained the country of its Sycee silver*: that to pay money for any foreign commodity, still more for a pernicious drug, was national *felo-de-se*; and that there was but one remedy for these financial and social evils—namely, the compulsory prohibition of opium, and, as the same party maintained, an exclusion of the trade of barbarians. The first they might be sincere in, but the second they knew too well the profits of to abandon. The emperor's moral lectures in the Peking Gazette are very pretty reading, but produced not the slightest effect, and the practice spread the more. Official men not only smoked opium, but *sold it*: hundreds gained a livelihood by the manufacture of pipes; and even the armed soldier carried an opium-pipe at his girdle. Instead of foreigners imposing upon the Chinese the importation of opium as a condition of trade, it was the Chinese themselves who insisted on its being supplied them. Boats belonging to the Custom-house at Canton were engaged in the traffic, and the governor of Canton himself, the Mandarina Tang, employed his own boat to fetch it: nay, so openly and undisguisedly was this pretended prohi-

bited traffic carried on, that a stipulated sum was paid to the officers of Canton for every chest landed, precisely as though it had been a bale of broad cloth, or a crate of glass. In the midst of this state of things the emperor thundered forth his "special edicts;" and, as we have since discovered, the prisons were filled with delinquents, and the *internal traffic* of this vast country almost brought to a stand-still. The only road to favour now was a furious hatred of "foreign barbarians," and the "poison-drug:" It is said that pipes were bought up in large numbers and given up to the authorities to be destroyed; and that, by way of currying favour, the governors of provinces exhibited these implements as trophies of their victories over this destructive habit. But the truth was, that the edicts of the emperor, however sincere *he* might have been in his intentions, were mere waste paper, except when the wily mandarins wished to use them as instruments of plunder and extortion.

We shall not pursue this subject further, except to observe that this pernicious drug became at last the instrument of opening the sealed book of this mighty empire, and admitting her to the family of nations.

In the midst of these involvements it was announced that a special imperial commissioner would speedily arrive at Canton, and Howqua, the senior Hong merchant, sent a significant message to Captain Elliot that the foreigners must prepare to "humble themselves profoundly;" he dwelt further on the manifold mischiefs of the late "inside traffic," and asked the superintendent what the British government would do in like circumstances? This seemed rather candid; but the fact is, Howqua was terrified, and an instrument in the hands of others. Captain Elliot answered, that no such state of things could possibly arise in England; and that the present difficulties had arisen through the venality of the highest officers, and that all smuggling had been put down by him, as far as respected the British. Howqua replied, that "strong proceedings" must be expected so soon as the high commissioner arrived.

The government of the province of Canton, (or Kwan Tung), in the meantime, issued a proclamation, dated in January, 1839, directed immediately to all foreigners—an unusual proceeding—not coming at all through the Hong merchants, whom the Chinese government pretended to hold responsible for all “the barbarians’” good behaviour and honesty. It required that the receiving ships in the outer waters should be sent away on pain of hostile measures; and the high commissioner’s approach was announced, of whom it was said, “although his ship should sink beneath him, and the axe break in his hand, yet would he not stay his work till his task was completed.”

The arrival of the high commissioner was immediately preceded by an example “to strike terror in the hearts of the water-barbarians:” a native opium dealer, under a strong guard, was suddenly brought down into the square before the factories, and there publicly strangled on the cross! All the European flags were hauled down, and remonstrances made upon this new outrage, to which no answer was returned. Rumours of all sorts were afloat: tents were pitched, troops arrived from all quarters, war-junks and gun-boats assembled in great numbers, and under the forts of Bocca Tigris lay a large number of old vessels, being fitted up to serve as fire-ships.

On the 22nd March the storm changed its direction, and impended over the whole foreign community at Canton in the most alarming form.

We shall now proceed to condense the history of this crisis from the work on China, published by Mr. Davis, the governor of Hong-kong.

On his arrival, Commissioner Lin far surpassed in his measures the most formidable apprehensions that had preceded him. He immediately issued an edict directly to the foreigners, demanding that every particle of opium on board the ships should be delivered to the government, in order to its being burned and destroyed. At the same time a bond was required, in the foreign and Chinese languages, that “the ships should hereafter never

again dare to bring opium; and that, should any be brought, the goods should be forfeited, and the parties suffer death; moreover, that such punishment *should be willingly submitted to!*” He plainly threatened that, if his requisitions were not complied with, the foreigners should “be swept from the face of the earth, and their blood crimson the waters,” while, to those who should “bow the head of submission,” celestial clemency would be extended.

“On hearing of the proceedings at Canton, the British superintendent, always present where danger or difficulty called him, hurried up in the gig of her Majesty’s ship *Larne*, and made his way to the factories on the evening of the 24th March, notwithstanding the efforts made to stop him. The state of intense distress in which he found the whole foreign community may be estimated by stating that the actual pressing difficulty was a peremptory order that Mr. Dent, one of the most respectable English merchants, should attend the commissioner’s tribunal *within* the city; and in order to save, as he believed, the heads of several Hong merchants, whose lives were threatened by the furious high commissioner, Lin, he agreed to go, provided he should receive, beforehand, from the commissioner, a safe conduct for his return. The reply to this was, that, “if he did not come of his own free will to answer before the tribunal, he should be dragged out of his house by force,” and the threat was added, that in that case “the high commissioner would most assuredly kill him!”

A circular from Captain Elliot now required “all ships belonging to her Majesty’s subjects at the outer anchorages should proceed at once to Hong-kong, as her Majesty’s subjects were now *detained at Canton against their will.*” Perhaps the reader will hardly credit the fact that, after two years of insult, extortion, and bullying on the part of the Chinese, the only British ship of war in the Chinese waters at this very time was the *Larne*, a small 20-gun sloop. This was perfectly well known to the Chinese, who now considered

Elliot abandoned to them, and proceeded to the highest degree of violence and indignity: and when the *Larne* proceeded up the Bogue to demand certain explanations of the Admiral Kwan (who was on the most friendly terms with Sir Frederick Maitland, when shortly previous he visited the Bogue in a line-of-battle ship), the only answer vouchsafed by the mighty Kwan, to the "little warship" was, that "she (her captain) ought to know her own weakness, and tremble with reverential obedience, as *Mailland had done before!*"

Having now secured all the foreigners within his grasp, Lin proceeded to withdraw the native servants from the factories, and the next day the supplies were cut off—the reason assigned being the barbarians' insolent refusal to attend unconditionally the high commissioner's pleasure. All foreign boats in the river were seized and hauled up high and dry, or else destroyed. A cordon of boats was formed, the extremes of which touched the east and west banks of the arm of the river opposite the factories. The square between, and the rear, were occupied in considerable force; and before the gate of the hall, the whole body of Hong merchants, and a large guard were posted day and night, the latter with their swords constantly drawn. So close an imprisonment is not recorded in the history of our previous intercourse. The sale of provisions to the "contumacious barbarians" was forbidden; yet Lin himself supplied no provisions—indeed, it was no secret that the English were to be starved into compliance with his requisitions; the extent of which, of course, would be commensurate with their distress and humiliation.

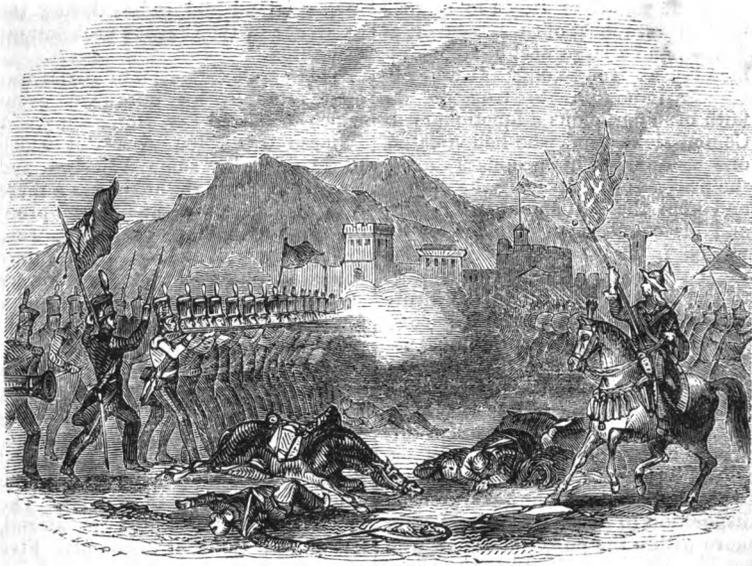
Under these circumstances, the British superintendent issued a most momentous circular to his countrymen, requiring the surrender into his hands of all the English opium actually on the coast of China at that date. In undertaking this immense responsibility, he had no doubt that the safety of a great mass of human life hung upon his determination. Had he commenced with the denial of any control on the occasion, the Chinese commis-

sioner would have seized the pretext for at once carrying out his murderous threats against individual merchants, obviously his original purpose, but which Captain Elliot's sudden appearance had disturbed. He would have forced the whole into submission by the protracted confinement of the persons he had determined to seize, and, judging from his furious proclamations and the general violence of his conduct, by the sacrifice of their lives.

On the 3rd April, it was agreed that the deputy superintendent should proceed down the river with the mandarins and Hong merchants, and deliver over to the commissioner 20,283 chests of opium from the ships, which were assembled for that purpose below the Bocca Tigris. The imprisonment and blockade in the meanwhile were continued at Canton, and attempts were made to extort from the foreigners a bond, by which their lives and property would have been placed at the disposal of the Chinese government. This, however, was, with some difficulty, evaded.

It was not before the 4th May, when all the opium had been delivered, that the state of imprisonment and blockade ceased at Canton. Lin had promised that, as soon as all the opium was delivered, "things should go on as usual;" but no sooner was this done than, intoxicated with his success, he broke through every promise, and threw in the threat of *sic volo sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*, into every proclamation and letter. He was too mighty, too "celestial" a potentate to mind such vulgar things as truth and honesty, though he talked largely about "his own and his master's clemency, pity, yearnings," &c., for the "benighted barbarians," at least, such of them as would throw themselves on his compassion and tender mercy! Leave was then given for all to quit *except sixteen individuals*, set down in a list by Commissioner Lin, who ultimately took their departure under an edict from the government never to return.

Meanwhile rumours reached Canton of Commissioner Lin's aggressive intentions towards Macao. The Portuguese had taken advantage of



Capture of Ting-hae :—Second Conquest of Chusan.

the proceedings within the river to embark their opium and send it to Manilla; but the commissioner insisted on the delivery of a certain quantity, under the threat of occupying the forts with Chinese troops. Captain Elliot, as soon as he obtained his liberty, wrote to Lord Auckland, Governor-general of India, detailing that "course of violence and spoliation which had broken up the foundations" (to use his own words) "of this great trade, as far as Canton is concerned, perhaps for ever." He, at the same time, applied for as many ships of war and armed vessels, for the protection of life and property, as could be detached from the Indian station.

The Chinese commissioner now set on foot a system of restriction on the trade and intercourse with foreigners, to which Canton had hitherto been a stranger, and which at once converted that place into the Nagasaki of the Japanese. All the unlicensed merchants and shopkeepers, engaged in most extensive transactions with Europeans, were ordered to remove forthwith, and their streets blocked up. Barriers were built across some streets, the factories stockaded about,

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terraces torn down, and the foreigners made little better than prisoners within their dwellings. The Americans submitted to all this; but it did not immediately affect the English, for the British superintendent very properly ordered every subject of her Majesty out of the river, or left it to him to stay at his own peril. Captain Elliot did not quit Canton himself until the 25th May, when the sixteen proscribed individuals had left that place in safety, and the persons of no other British subjects were in jeopardy.

The *Larne* having been despatched to Calcutta, there consequently was not a single British ship of war for the protection of life and property at this critical period; when, fortunately, the *John Adams* and the *Columbia*, two American frigates, arrived, to the no small joy of all nations. In a debate on these momentous occurrences in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington remarked, that "he had never heard of any officer filling a high station in another country receiving such treatment as Captain Elliot had at the hands of the authorities of the Chinese government at Canton."

In the month of July the English traders were most of them resident at Macao, and a large fleet of merchantmen lay at Hong-kong. It was obviously impossible to trust to the faith of so perfidious a functionary as Commissioner Lin, who had violated, one by one, all his promises during the progress of delivering the opium, and kept the British superintendent and his countrymen confined for six weeks, in hopes of extorting from them the bond by which they were to yield themselves up to the future mercy of the government. The commissioner remained at Canton, not daring to leave that province until he could report the peaceful resumption of the regular British trade at Whampoa. His anxiety to accomplish this prime object of his hopes was betrayed by repeated papers addressed to the English, who, however, felt no disposition to place themselves once more within the power of a man who set himself above all ordinary obligations of honour and good faith. The impetuosity of this rash functionary had certainly placed him in a very critical situation; for, according to the invariable policy of the Chinese government, he was doomed to remain in his present office until he had worked his mission to a conclusion.

Other acts of atrocious bad faith were also committed by the Chinese authorities; and it is remarkable that Captain Elliot, whose personal courage and natural ability have never been questioned, appears to have entered no public protest, nor even strong remonstrance to the commissioner on these subjects, nor upon his own violent detention, or rather imprisonment, at Canton. This, doubtless, was because he knew it was perfectly useless to do so, unless he was prepared to back it by a demonstration of force. Nevertheless, he issued a notice, as soon as all the foreigners were released, that all trade on the part of the English should be stopped, and, on the 29th of July, he warned the merchants that "he had moved her Majesty's and the Indian governments to forbid the admission of tea, and all other produce of China,

into England and India, during the existence of the Chinese prohibitions at Canton."

This perplexing state of affairs was aggravated by an untoward event which occurred at Hong-kong. A Chinese was killed in a riot which broke out with some American and English sailors; the affair was a mere row, and there was the plainest proof on all hands that Americans were engaged as well as English; but they denied it, and, as the Americans were still trading at Canton, the Chinese found it convenient to lay the whole responsibility on the English, who were not trading. Captain Elliot proceeded to the utmost verge of his powers, with a view to afford the commissioner all reasonable satisfaction, by setting in action the criminal jurisdiction, and placing six of the English rioters on their trial. The mandarins were invited to attend, but did not think fit to comply. Five of the men were found guilty of riot and assault only. These proceedings did not satisfy Commissioner Lin, who was glad to be able to ascribe the stoppage of the trade to the recent homicide, and not to his own violent proceedings at Canton. He moved down to Heangshan, a place forty miles from Macao, with about 2000 soldiers; insisted upon the delivery of a man, and the entrance within the river of all the British shipping (this was his real object, and his intention was to attempt their destruction, for he had not yet learned the salutary lessons which after experience imparted to him), while, with a view to enforce his demands, he took away all the native servants, and stopped the supplies of food to Macao. As the Portuguese governor of that place confessed his want of means to afford the English any protection, they all quitted the place, and embarked on board the ships at Hong-kong on the 26th August.

This state of hostility and insecurity was augmented by a barbarous murder committed at this time by some armed Chinese boats on the defenceless crew of an English schooner, when seven lascars were massacred, and a passenger on board left for dead,

after having been cruelly cut and mutilated. As a mandarin hat and knife were left on board by the murderers, there rested a strong suspicion that the assailants were mandarin boats acting at the instigation of the Commissioner Lin, whose acts had proved that he was quite capable of such a proceeding when he saw little chance of an innocent sailor being delivered to him for execution.

Such a state of things could not last long; and, fortunately, on the 11th of September, just fourteen weeks after the departure of the *Larne*, the arrival of her Majesty's ship *Volage* assured the security of British subjects and their shipping from the threatened attacks of the Chinese. Assistance was immediately offered to the Portuguese governor of Macao, and all the means to render that place secure and independent; but he declined the offer, and trusted to the preservation of a rigid neutrality. An untoward event soon afterwards occurred on the 4th September; Captain Elliot's cutter, proceeding in company with the pinace of the *Volage*, and a small armed vessel, the *Pearl*, was fired on by three large Chinese war-junks, employed in intercepting provisions from the fleet, and anchored under a large and well-manned fort. After a fire of nearly half an hour against this superior force, the English boats hauled off, from the failure of ammunition, not having come prepared for actual conflict. The junks, however, had suffered, and were presently seen to weigh and make sail, for the purpose of escaping through an adjacent outlet. By this time cartridges had been made, and the boats, bearing up, succeeded in beating the junks back to their former position. In the evening the *Volage* arrived at the bay, and the three boats joined her. This we should take to be a sufficient *causus belli* for any man, yet during the night, it was agreed not to proceed in the morning to destroy the three junks; and this unfortunate feature of the affair occasioned the conceited Chinese to ascribe our forbearance to wrong motives. Indeed, the Celestials announced a glorious victory.

Towards the end of October there

was a prospect of a temporary adjustment of difficulties, so far as to admit of the commerce being carried on below the Bocca Tigris, until further instructions should be received from home. Indeed, Commissioner Lin seemed somewhat alarmed at the obstinacy of the English, and the stoppage of the trade by Captain Elliot seemed so completely turning the tables on him, that he became for a short time more reasonable; indeed, it proved that, however bombastic and ridiculous his professions might be, the Chinese stood in much need of it themselves, and that the suspension was as cruel a blow to the tyrannical governor's revenue and the prosperity of the empire, as it could be to our own eastern trade. It made Lin positively savage, and he forwarded all sorts of propositions to the English merchant captains to disobey Captain Elliot, and seduce them to come into the inner waters to discharge their cargoes. One ship, the *Thomas Coutts*, Captain Warner, having set this disgraceful example, and signed the bond, Lin became intoxicated with insolence; he broke off all negotiations with the superintendent, and insisted on the immediate entrance of all the British shipping on the same conditions as the *Thomas Coutts*, or their departure in three days, otherwise "swift destruction should overtake them:" and to this he added the repetition of his demand for a man to be given up for the Chinese whose death we have already related. The bond proposed was to be signed by all, and contained a proviso that they agreed "to be tried by Chinese authorities for offences declared by them, before trial, to be capital!"

The *Hyacinth* now arrived and joined the *Volage*, and Captain Elliot repaired on board the latter, on the 28th of October, for the purpose of ascertaining from the high commissioner his ultimate intentions, and to make one more attempt at negotiation. They sailed up the river on the 2nd of November, and anchored about half a mile below the first battery, where an imposing force of war-junks and fire-vessels was collected. A lieutenant, accompanied by Mr. Morrison, the interpreter, was despatched to the ad-

miral's junk with the address to the commissioner. They were civilly received, and the admiral replied that he would forward the paper to their excellencies, then in the neighbourhood, and send the answer next day. He also expressed a wish that the ships should move down a little farther, which Captain Smith immediately did, with the intention to prove his peaceful disposition. In the course of the same evening a linguist was despatched to the ships with a verbal message, requesting that Mr. Morrison might be sent on board the admiral's junk. But we were by this time no strangers to Chinese treachery; and it was answered, that the written address contained all that was to be said, and for the present such a visit was inexpedient.

On the forenoon of the 3rd of November, 1839, the Chinese squadron, under the command of the admiral, broke ground, and stood towards her Majesty's ships, in order of battle; who, nothing loth, shook out the glorious flag, so long borne aloft in every sea, immediately got under weigh, and moved slowly towards their numerous foes. As soon as this proceeding was observed, John Chinaman, aghast at such boldness, hoisted a signal, and their squadron anchored in good order, to the number of twenty-nine sail of war-junks, armed with numerous cannon; her Majesty's ships also hove to, a short correspondence ensued, in which the Chinese were peremptory in demanding the delivery of an Englishman, and refused to retire.

Captain Smith now very properly declared that he did not feel himself warranted in leaving this formidable flotilla at liberty to pass inside of him at night, and carry into effect the commissioner and admiral's menaces against the merchant vessels; and thinking that the retirement of her Majesty's ships before a force moved out with the palpable intention to intimidate, was not compatible with the honour of the flag, he resolved to constrain their return to their former anchorage. This intimation was received by the Chinese with contemptuous derision; and at noon the signal was

made to engage. The English ships, then lying hove-to at the extreme end of the Chinese line, bore away ahead in close order, having the wind on the starboard beam. In this way, under easy sail, they ran down the Chinese line, pouring in a destructive fire. The lateral direction of the wind enabled the ships to perform the same evolution from the other extreme of the line, running up again with their larboard broadsides bearing. The Chinese answered with much spirit, but the terrible effect of the English fire was soon manifest. One war-junk blew up at pistol-shot distance from the *Volage*, three were sunk, and several others water-logged. The admiral's conduct is said to have been worthy of his station. His junk was evidently better manned and armed than the others; and after having weighed, or perhaps cut or slipped his cable, he bore up and engaged her Majesty's ships in handsome style. In less than three-quarters of an hour, however, he and the remainder of his squadron were retiring in great distress to their former anchorage, and, as Captain Smith was not disposed to protract destructive hostilities, he offered no obstruction to their retreat. "It is to be feared," says Mr. Davis, "that this clemency was thrown away upon the Chinese, who have no conception of the true principles of such forbearance, and subsequent facts show that they actually claimed the victory. This they perhaps founded on the circumstance of her Majesty's ships making sail for Macao, for the purpose of covering the embarkation of the English who might see fit to retire from that place, and of providing for the safety of the merchant ships. On the 4th November the *Volage* joined the fleet at Hong-kong, and the *Hycinth* was left at Macao, to watch events in that quarter.

To be continued in our next.

THE BATTLE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

On the announcement of the Spanish advance, the first object was to gain exact intelligence, and ships were stationed in all quarters on the look-out. But on the 13th, Captain

Foote, in the Niger frigate, joined, with the intelligence that he had kept sight of the enemy for three days. The admiral was now to have a new reinforcement, not in ships but in heroes; the Minerva frigate, bearing Nelson's broad pendant, from the Mediterranean, arrived, and Nelson shifted his pendant into the Captain. The Lively frigate, with Lord Garlies, also arrived from Corsica. The signal was made, "To keep close order, and prepare for battle." On that day, Lord Garlies, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Captain Hallowell, with some other officers, dined on board the Victory. At breaking up, the toast was drunk, "Victory over the Dons in the battle from which they cannot escape tomorrow." It is believed that Sir John Jervis did not go to bed that night, but sat up writing. It is certain that he executed his will. In the course of the first and second watches, the enemy's signal guns were distinctly heard; and, as he noticed them sounding more and more audibly, Sir John made more earnest inquiries as to the compact order and situation of his own ships, as well as they could be made out in the darkness. Long before break of day, he walked the deck in more than even his usual silence. When the grey of the morning of the 14th enabled him to discern his fleet, his first remarks were high approbation of his captains, for "their admirably close order, and that he wished they were now well up with the enemy; for," added he thoughtfully, "a victory is very essential to England at this moment."

Now came on the day of decision. The morning was foggy; but as the mist cleared up, the Lively, and then the Niger, signalled "a strange fleet." The Bonne Citoyenne was next ordered to reconnoitre. Soon after, the Culloden's guns announced the enemy. At twenty minutes past ten, the signal was made to six of the ships "to chase." Sir John still walked the quarter-deck, and, as the enemy's numbers were counted, they were duly reported to him by the captain of the fleet. "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." "There are twenty sail of the line, Sir

John." "Very well, sir." "There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." "There are twenty-seven sail of the line, Sir John." This was accompanied by some remark on the great disparity of the two forces. Sir John's gallant answer now was: "Enough, sir; no more of that: the die is cast, and if there are fifty sail, I will go through them!" was to this, in sharp tones, the silencing answer: which so delighted Captain Hallowell (who was a passenger), walking beside the commander-in-chief, that, in the ecstasy of the moment, he could not help patting his admiral's back, exclaiming, "That's right, Sir John—that's right; by G—d we shall give them a d—d good licking."

At forty minutes past ten, the signal was made to form a line of battle ahead and astern of the Victory, and to steer south-south-west. The fog was now cleared off, and the British fleet were seen admirably formed in the closest order; while the Spaniards were stretching in two straggling bodies across the horizon, leaving an open space between. The opportunity of dividing their fleet struck the admiral at once, and at half-past eleven the signal was made to pass through the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward. At twelve o'clock, as the Culloden was reaching close up to the enemy, the British fleet hoisted their colours, and the Culloden opened her fire. An extraordinary incident, even in those colossal battles, occurred to this fine ship. The course of the Culloden brought her directly on board one of the enemy's three-deckers. The first lieutenant, Griffiths, reported to her captain, Troubridge, that a collision was inevitable. "Can't help it, Griffiths—let the weakest fend off," was the hero's reply. The Culloden, still pushing on, fired two of her double-shotted broadsides into the Spaniard with such tremendous effect, that the three-decker went about, and the guns of her other side not being even cast loose, she did not fire a single shot, while the Culloden passed triumphantly through. Scarcely had she broken the enemy's line, than the commander-in-chief signalled the order to tack in succes-

sion. It is needless to report more of the battle—the masterly division of the enemy's fleet determined the victory.

MILITARY CALCULATION.

At Fort Puntales the following circumstances occurred:—A cannon shot from the enemy buried itself in the sand-bags in front of one of the buildings, and a second followed exactly in the same direction, not even widening the opening the first had made. A soldier belonging to a fatigue party of the 88th regiment, on seeing this, put the side of his head against the hole, simply saying to his comrades: "Now, you shall see if they are good marksmen;" but the next shot that was fired, and every succeeding one, for several minutes, went wide of the mark.

CLEARING FOR ACTION.

Few naval officers were more impressed than the sailor King with the necessity of giving a sound elementary education to "young gentlemen" prior to their walking the quarter-deck. His Majesty's own experience taught him that the frequent interruptions, while under the eye of a master in a cruising ship, rendered systematic instruction afloat, however ably directed, almost unattainable. The value of this remark will be plainly illustrated by the following anecdote:—On a certain occasion, when a gallant flag-officer (whose name we are happy to say is yet on the navy list), who was a youngster with his Majesty, in 1780, was invited to the Pavilion at Brighton, he brought to his Majesty's recollection the circumstance of beating to quarters for the Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan Langara, when his royal highness's table was indiscriminately thrown overboard with other articles belonging to officers, which encumbered the deck. The seamen who had emptied the drawer of its contents, prudently stowed away his royal highness's purse, and when the action was over, came aft, and

handed it to the officer of the watch. The King, after he had heard his gallant associate relate the above, quickly observed: "That fact has escaped my memory; but this I do recollect, that on clearing for quarters on the lower deck, and seeing chairs and tables hastily thrown overboard, we (the midshipmen), who were then engaged at the school table, eagerly seized it and launched it clean out of the gun-room port, keeping our eyes fixed on it as it danced in the wake. We saluted its disappearance with three cheers; and these cheers," said his Majesty, emphatically, "I shall never forget, for they were the heartiest I ever gave in my life."

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM.

One Sunday afternoon, the day after her arrival, two Turkish slaves, in enjoyment of their only comfort, the holy day's rest from labour, sauntered from their galley near the Mole. Espying the Alarm's boat, they jumped into her stern-sheets, enfolded themselves within the British colours, and then exclaimed, "We are free!" Hearing that the Genoese officer on duty there ordered them to be forcibly taken from their refuge: and they were dragged out, though one of them in his struggles tore away a piece of the boat's pendant, and then were re-committed to the chains of bondage. But when his officer reported all this to Captain Jervis, he at once decided that it was an insult to the British flag, and an outrageous enforcement of slavery, which he could by no means pass over; and that for each injury a distinct reparation being due, it should be made respectively. "Accordingly," to use his own language, "I demanded of the Doge and Senate, that both the slaves should be brought on board, with the part of the torn pendant which the slave carried off with him, the officer of the guard punished, and an apology made on the quarter-deck of the Alarm, under the King's colours, for the outrage offered to the British nation." On the following Tuesday this was literally complied with; the offending officer came de-

graded, and formally made his apology on the frigate's quarter deck, before all her officers and ship's company; and the slaves also were brought on board, the one bringing with him the piece of the torn colours, to which he clung for protection, and were restored to freedom. "After all this was done," continued their liberator, "I asked the slave who had wrapped the pendant round his body, what were his sensations when the guard tore him from the pendant staff." His reply was, "that he felt no dread, for he knew that the touch of the royal colours gave him freedom."—*Tucker's Memoirs of the Earl St. Vincent.*

PRINCIPLE OF EUROPEAN WAR.

Napoleon's was a Tartar war in the heart of Europe. He made war support itself: he fought without money. This is the only war which a Russian emperor could make in Europe. He, too, must fight without money. But it was this principle that ruined Napoleon. If ever country was made for European conquest, it was France—central, populous, frenzied for fame, ravening for possession, and utterly reckless of blood. If ever man was made to consummate all its frenzy, it was Napoleon—desperately unprincipled, fiercely ambitious, full of talent, full of the superstitution of success, full of energy, and full of the conviction that continual conquest was a necessity of his crown, his genius, and his existence. Yet neither France nor Napoleon could resist the ruin inevitably wrought by the principle of making war support war. From the moment when it becomes robbery, war summons not armies' against it but nations. It forces the sword not into the hands of a soldier alone, but of the peasant—nor of the man alone, but of man, woman, and child.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL HARDY.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos Bay, happened to receive

undoubted intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish galleons, under the convoy of seventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo, and, without any warrant for doing so, set sail and came up with Sir George Rooke, who was then admiral and commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him such intelligence as induced him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men-of-war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George Rooke was sensible of the importance of the advice and the successful expedition of the captain: but, after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantage made of it, the admiral had Captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance said: "You have done, sir, a very important piece of service to the throne; you have added to the honours and riches of your country by your indefatigable diligence; but don't you know that you are liable at this instant to be shot for quitting your station?" "He is unworthy of bearing a commission under her Majesty," replied the captain, "who holds his life as aught when the glory and interest of his Queen and country require him to hazard it." On this heroic answer, he was despatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

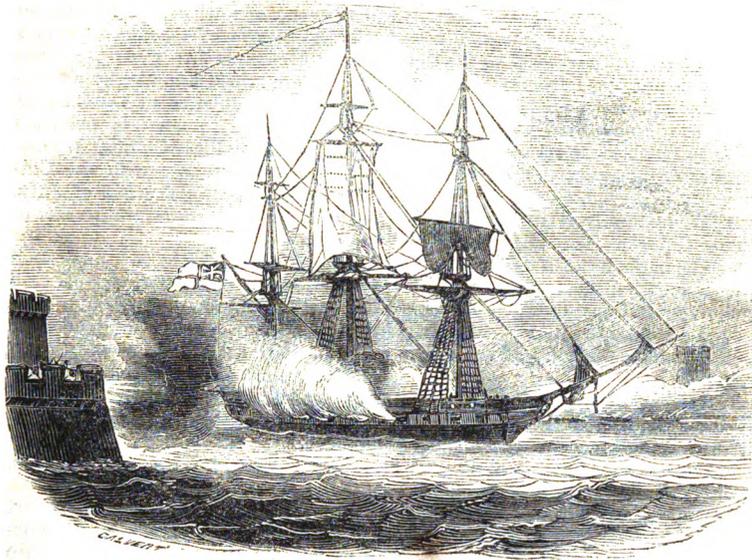
A GOOD JOKE IN GOOD TIME.

Here my old friend, Tom Crawley, got the whole of our regiment out of a precious scrape. It was as follows: Our division was served out with linen bags, made exactly to fit across our knapsacks, and, at the same instant, three days' biscuit (three pounds) in each bag. This biscuit was to be kept strapped on the top of each man's knapsack, well tied with brigade orders for no man to taste a morsel of it, unless given out in written orders to that effect, as our brigadier expected we should be on short commons while on the Pyrenees, and this

was to be, in case of scarcity, our last resource. These bags were examined regularly every morning by officers commanding companies, but, while seen strapped snugly on the knapsacks were considered by them all right. However our fellows, who were never at a loss for a subterfuge, devised the following plan to evade the officers' vigilance:—They ate their biscuits, except one whole one, which they kept at top to be seen, and in their place substituted chips. This passed on very well for some time, as the sight of the top biscuit satisfied the officers, until one day, Captain Johnson of our regiment took it into his head to see his company's biscuit shaken out, and whilst on private parade ordered them to untie their bags to see their biscuit. The first man on the right of his company was the unfortunate Tom Crawley. "Untie your bag, Crawley," said the captain. Tom instantly did as he was ordered, and showed the captain a very good looking biscuit a-top. "Shake the whole out," said the captain, "until I see if they are getting mouldy." "Oh, faith, there is no fear of that," said the astonished Crawley, looking the captain hard in the face, at the same time casting a woful eye on his bag. However, the captain was not to be balked, and, taking the bag by both ends, emptied out its contents, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than a few dry chips. Poor Tom, as upright as a dart, stood scratching his head, with a countenance that would make a saint laugh. "What have you done with your biscuit? have you eaten it, sir?" said the captain. Tom, motionless, made no answer. "Do you know it is against orders?" "To be sure I do," says Tom; "but, for God's sake, sir, do you take me for a South American jackass, that carries goold and eats straw?" This answer not only set the captain, but the whole company, in roars of laughter. On further inspection, the captain found his whole company, indeed the regiment, had adopted the same plan. Through this our bags were taken away, and we relieved from carrying chips.—*Costello's "Adventures of a Soldier."*

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Russia has on paper 850,000 infantry, and 250,000 cavalry; but continental muster-rolls are proverbially fallacious, and fact deals worse with them than pitched battles. A sweep of the pen lays them low by hundreds of thousands; and Mr. Alison computes that the true estimate of the Russian army for offensive war would be 400,000 infantry, 100,000 horse, and 50,000 artillerymen in the field. We entirely agree with this eloquent writer, that a force of this order, if it could be gathered at the moment, flung into the heart of Europe, and manœuvred there with the rapidity of European tactics, might produce terrible effects; but if it is our part not to be rash, it is also our part not to be desponding. We altogether doubt the power of Russia in committal with European hostility. She has occupied a hundred years in making the experiment of European conquest, and has never beaten any body but the Poles and the Turks, the only two powers of Europe more barbarian than herself. In the Seven Years' War, with the aid of Maria Theresa, and under the daring and reckless government of that she-dragon, Catherine, she could not conquer a single province of the least of European kingdoms—Prussia. Even Poland she could conquer only by partition, and that partition she could accomplish only by conspiracy.—France, within memory, brought her to the ground in a single campaign, and was prevented from dismembering her only by the infatuation which marked that the days of that fierce and bloody empire were numbered. Napoleon, standing on the Polish border, had his choice which of her arteries he should sluice; and she would have perished of the flow of imperial blood from Moscow, if he had waited to strike the blow in spring instead of winter. St. Petersburg was as open to him as Moscow; and if he had fixed even his winter quarters in the palace of the Czars, the Neva would long since have been a French river, and Russia only a fragment of Tartary.



Her Majesty's ship Blonde silencing the Batteries of Amoy.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from Page 12.)

It was time that the Chinese should receive such a lesson as the foregoing, for, not long prior to it, they had robbed and burned a Spanish brig, the *Bilbaino*, utterly unconnected with opium, under the plea that she was an English vessel, though her proper flag was flying. As that brig lay at anchor in the *Taypa*, a harbour pertaining to Macao, she was surprised at day-break by four war-junks and several fire-rafts, accompanied by a number of mandarin boats, whose crews entered the brig, robbed her of everything on board, and then set fire to her. The Spanish mate was carried off in chains, with one of the sailors; while the rest of the crew saved their lives by jumping overboard: the Chinese triumphantly seized the flag and took it with them. The Spanish consular agent at Macao was denied all redress for this gratuitous and unjustifiable outrage—because he had no ships of war to enforce honesty and humanity from the “poor Chinese.”

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The discomfiture of Admiral Kwan's squadron was soon followed by the stoppage of all trade to the English: but, for some months, the Americans continued to tranship goods, and carry them up to Canton, bringing back cargoes of tea on British account, which were shipped for England on the outside of the *Bogue*. This, at length, attracted attention, and the emperor's edict, cutting off the commerce of the English, was enforced to the utmost, by refusing the trade to such American vessels as transhipped cargoes. The local government, also, went so far as to purchase several European ships, rather to act as floating batteries than to be added to the imperial fleet of war-junks. Admiral Kwan, however, was magnificently rewarded for his *victory*, and the Chinese proclamations became more vainglorious than ever.

About this time, Commissioner Lin, who had drawn a vast multitude of military from every part to Canton, got up a sort of *sham* fight at the *Bogue*, and dressed some of the assailants in *red* clothes, to accustom the defenders to the sight of the

enemy's costume. These *red fellows* were, of course, most exemplarily beaten; and it was evident that matters had now progressed so far that there was nothing left us but to stand degraded in the eyes of the world, or resort to the employment of force, in order to teach these rampant and impracticable boasters the lesson they so richly deserved.

A few days only elapsed before the "poor Chinese" sent down a fleet of fire-rafts, in the hope of destroying the British merchantmen collected at the anchorage of Capsingmoon, but they proved a complete failure—no thanks to the kind intentions of their constructors.

The British naval force now rapidly augmented; first came the *Druid*, of 44 guns, a fine frigate; she was quickly followed by the *Alligator*, of 28 guns; the honourable East India Company's steamer *Madagascar*, and the *Wellesley*, of 74 guns, in which Sir Gordon Bremer hoisted his broad pendant. The blockade of Canton was immediately declared, and a few days after the *Melville* 74, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral the Hon. George Elliot, who assumed the command; but, as hereafter noticed, resigned it to Sir Gordon Bremer, on account of ill-health.

We shall now proceed rapidly with the naval and military events of this glorious and eventful war.

The naval and military chiefs having decided upon moving northward, along that part of the Chinese coast hitherto closed towards Europeans, the fleet, consisting of the undermentioned ships of war;* and this movement, which was partly hostile, and

partly a demonstration to add weight to negotiations with *higher functionaries* than those of Canton, was both wise and energetic: the operations which were forced upon it, by the obstinacy and insolence of the Chinese authorities, led to what is properly known as the "First Chinese War."

The first encounter with the Chinese took place on the 2nd of July, 1840, at Amoy, a considerable city of the coast.

The *Blonde* frigate, of forty-four guns, Captain Bouchier, was sent by the English commander-in-chief into that port with a letter addressed to "The Admiral of the Chinese Nation;" and we cannot do better than give the account of this preliminary chastisement, in the words of the gallant commander.

Her Majesty's ship *Blonde*,
at sea, July 4, 1840.

Sir,—I have the honour to report to you, that, in obedience to your orders, I anchored, in her Majesty's ship under my command, off the town of Amoy, on the 2nd instant; and, hoisting a flag of truce, endeavoured to open a communication with the authorities; but the only persons who visited the ship were servants of the mandarins, and of such inferior note as not to admit of my entrusting them with your communication for the admiral, who was not himself in the port. I, however, sent on shore to say to the mandarin that I should send an officer to wait on him with your communication, at the same time explaining the nature of a flag of truce, to which they replied, "Very well," and begged that he might land at the fort.

I then sent an officer, accompanied by a gentleman speaking Chinese (Mr. Thom), in a boat bearing a flag of truce, directing him to land at the fort; but, on his reaching it, he found a body of 200 or 300 soldiers drawn up to oppose his landing, and they were directed to return on board, with

* *List of Naval Forces belonging to her Britannic Majesty in China, in 1840.*

Melville, 74, Flag-ship, Rear-Admiral the Honourable George Elliot, C.B.
Wellesley, 74, Commodore Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer, C.B.
Blenheim, 74, Sir H. S. Fleming Senhouse, K.C.B.
Druid, 44, Captain Smith.
Blonde, 44, Captain F. Bouchier.
Volage, 28, Captain G. Elliot.
Conway, 28, Captain C. D. Bethune.
Alligator, 28, Captain H. Kuper.
Larne, 20, Captain J. P. Blake.
Hyacinth, 20, Captain W. Warren.
Modeste, 20, Captain H. Eyres.
Fylades, 20, Captain T. V. Anson.
Nimrod, 20, Captain G. A. Barlow.
Cruiser, 18, Captain H. W. Giffard.
Columbine, 18, Captain T. J. Clarke.

Algerine, 10, Captain T. S. Mason.
Rattlesnake, troop-ship, Brodie.

Honourable Company's Armed Steamers.

Queen, Mr. Warden.
Madagascar, Mr. Dacey.
Atlantis, Commander Rogers.
Enterprise, Mr. West.

abusive and opprobrious language. I now adopted other measures to communicate, which proved equally ineffectual.

During this time the military and people were bringing down guns and men, and making other warlike demonstrations, and continued thus employed until the night closed in. As the day dawned of the 3rd, we observed that they had formed an encampment on the beach, and had placed five guns, a *fleur d'eau*, a little to the eastward of a casemate battery, they already had, at the entrance of the inner harbour, and that some of the larger junks were brought down and armed, while a number of smaller ones were being filled with troops, and placed in the vicinity of her Majesty's ship, as if with the intention of boarding. Unwilling to notice these hostile preparations, while there was a possibility of avoiding a rupture, her Majesty's ship merely prepared for battle, until the sea breeze set in, when I weighed, and, running within 400 yards, anchored with springs upon our cable upon the angle of the casemate battery, so as to command it and the junks at the same time.

I now made another attempt to communicate through Mr. Thom, the gentleman attached to this ship as interpreter, (who very handsomely volunteered his services at great personal risk,) in the jollyboat, unarmed, and bearing a flag of truce; but the troops were brought to the beach, and he was repulsed with abusive language and threats; and, contrary to all usage, a fire commenced upon his boat, the batteries opening at the same moment on her Majesty's ship. I instantly hauled the flag of truce down and returned the fire. Our first broadside dismounted the greater part of the guns in the eastern battery, and the second silenced both, putting to flight the troops formed in the neighbourhood. I then confined the fire of this ship entirely to the fort and armed junks, and continued until the former was in ruins, and the latter had disappeared, excepting one, whose crew having abandoned her, I sent an officer to throw her armament into the sea, and set her on fire. During this af-

fair the neighbouring hills were crowded with spectators, and the inner harbour with trading vessels, both of which might with equal facility have been destroyed; but I considered that in confining the chastisement to those who had insulted her Majesty's flag, and outraged a law acknowledged by all civilised nations, I should best follow out your views.

I am happy to say that this service was performed without the loss of a man on board her Majesty's ship, but that of the enemy must have been severe, as the dead were strewed upon the beach in numbers, where encamped. Conceiving that any other attempt at amicable communication would be fruitless, I weighed with the evening tide, in the further prosecution of your orders.

T. BOURCHIER, Captain.

While the *Blonde* was giving these faithless barbarians this salutary lesson, the fleet under Commodore Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer had pursued their way to Chusan, (a fine island, of which, in another part of this work, we purpose to give a description and map,) the operations at which place we now proceed to detail.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE DEVIL'S ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MESSROOM.

It had been blowing strong the preceding night, and though the wind was now somewhat abated, it still whistled among the ropes with that peculiar shrill note which is always indicative of its increase. The sea, too, had not fallen, and the waves only not breaking, rolled rapidly along in high and regular succession. This temporary lull was taken advantage of, in the close examination of the yards, masts, and all the rigging,—the necessary precautions being used to prevent injury from the chafe which always takes place, more or less, by the uneasy motion of a ship in a heavy sea.

In spite of the monotony of life at sea, the hours passed quickly on, and, as evening approached, the wind seemed to subside. Upon calculating the ship's place, we found that she was in the neighbourhood of one of

those *vigia** which abound in the charts of the Atlantic Ocean; but the actual existence of which, the experience of mariners has shown to be, in most cases, unestablished, and in all, extremely doubtful. It was with us, therefore, rather a subject of merriment and jest; and the *Devil's Rock* becoming, like Falstaff, the cause of much good wit, produced amongst us more laughter than apprehension.

Being the latter end of November, and the day beginning to close in early, the ship was made snug for the night; though, as the wind was fair, she was not put under that reduced sail with which the careful mariner awaits an expected contrary gale. Under double-reefed topsails, with a top-gallant-sail set above the main one, our vessel shot rapidly over the billows, which, crumbled into foam by her impetus, seemed, as it were, to rush after her for revenge, and howled angrily in their impotent efforts to arrest her. The dog-watches were over, and that half of the crew which kept what is termed the eight hours upon deck for the night, had taken their stations; and as we were scudding before a strong sea the helm was doubly manned, and the attention of the officer of the watch fully occupied in observing the ship's steerage, and in taking note of the appearance of the sky to windward.

It was, I think, the third or fourth day of a new moon, and though, consequently, her beams were weak and her setting early, yet she lengthened the twilight an hour or two, and made the actual darkness of the night much shorter. I believe there is not a man upon earth, who, at some period of his life, has not felt the strongest admiration at the beauty of the moon, or been warmed into some glow of thankfulness for her use: but even they who have experienced her greatest benefits upon land, have little idea of the service she does the wanderer on the deep. As her pale rays dance over the waves, they assume a less

terrific appearance—and amid the roar of the tempest, there is something inexpressibly cheering in her light. The lonely mariner looks up to her as a friend—and in the greatest dangers and distress, she seems to gaze on him with a pitying and sympathising look, as though she promised safety and consolation.

I ought to apologize for this digression, but recollection of the danger from which we were that night rescued is sufficient excuse for this tribute of acknowledgment.

We had supped, taken our nightly glass of grog, and some of our society had already turned in. The captain had also retired to his state room, having left orders to be called at midnight; and I went upon deck to take merely a slight peep at the weather before going to bed; but, struck with the grandeur of the scene, I whiled away more time than I had intended. It was ten o'clock, and the gale freshing fast, and now and then the top of a wave rushing over the main-deck as the ship *yawed* a little on either side, gave warning that the sea was getting heavier. The top-gallant-sail was taken in, and the mate observed that it would be soon necessary to close-reef the topsails. The moon, by this time right astern in the western quarter, and about six degrees above the horizon, was beginning to be obscured at intervals by dark broken masses of cloud, which, thus exhibited in strong relief, assumed a singularly sublime, though awful appearance; and at times, a wave rearing itself higher than its fellows, showed like a huge wall overhanging the stern, and seemed to threaten instant destruction to the vessel; but as it came closer, she rose majestically upon its huge top, and was borne along with irresistible velocity. I had walked the deck for some time, watching the deceptive and varying appearance of the waters, now relieved by the moonlight, now darkened by the shadows of the passing clouds—and my thoughts, though chiefly intent on the scene, occasionally turned towards the termination of our voyage, whither we were now so rapidly progressing, and to the anticipation of the joys and comfort of

* "*Vigia*," derived from a Spanish word signifying "to watch or look out," is a name applied generally to single rocks or small insulated reefs, rising perpendicularly from an unfathomable depth, and which are said to exist in various parts of the North Atlantic Ocean.

Old England, and the delights of meeting friends and relatives unseen for many a year. Whilst thus engaged, once or twice I thought I saw an unusual white wave far a-head; but as I could not fix it in my gaze, it did not particularly excite my attention. Two or three minutes more elapsed, when, on turning round to walk forward, the form of a wave, which could not be mistaken, met our glance. In a moment the cry of "Breakers" went through the ship, and immediately was the silence and peace which had reigned on board for some hours, changed to the cries of terror and distraction. Everybody was aghast—none knew what to do—so sudden, so unexpected was the danger, that before our minds could recover from the paralysing effect of the first shock produced by terror, we were in the midst of destruction. Hope of safety there was none. Our ship was flying through the water—the breakers not more than two cables' length from us, not only a-head, but several points on each bow.

The captain had rushed upon deck at the first alarm, and was already standing on the bowsprit, looking round with the gaze of one who sees instant and unavoidable destruction before him. Too surely did he recognise in that view the existence of one of those mysterious reefs which had been the subject of our scepticism and ridicule a few hours before. His presence of mind, however, did not forsake him: without turning his eye from the spot, he ordered the startled sailors to the braces. The idea of evading the danger by hauling the ship on a wind, for an instant presented itself, but it was too late. Already were we in the midst of the dashing and foaming waters, with eyes whose powers were sharpened by despair: already could we observe the black tops of a reef of rocks, as they were occasionally bared by the reflux of the boiling surf; and already had one or two mighty surges rushed over the deck, sweeping away everything loose, and giving awful prognostic of the fate awaiting us—whilst the vessel was lifted up on the brow of the tremendous billows—

at the subsidence of which we expected to feel her grind on the subjacent crags. The screams of the passengers, now fully awakened to their danger—the silent horror imprinted on the countenances of the seamen—the roaring of the mighty element rendering nearly inaudible the orders shouted out by our still energetic captain—the mysterious uncertainty of the danger—even the name by which we believed it to be designated, and which seemed to throw a superstitious horror over the scene, altogether produced an impression which can never be effaced.

At this moment, the moon, emerging from the dark clouds which were now gathering round her place of setting, threw a light on the scene—instantly the only path which promised escape became apparent to the sharpened eye of our skilful pilot. The reefs among which we were entangled, appeared to enclose us like a horse-shoe, forming a barrier of foaming surf a-head, and for several points abaft the beam on either side; but by aid of the powerful moonlight, the captain detected a small spot of dark water to larboard, forming, as it were, a gap in the line of breakers. Not a moment was to be lost—already it was so far on the bow as to make it doubtful whether our ship could fetch it. Providentially, the topsails had not been further reduced to the close reefs as our mate had intended, and to this circumstance (under Providence) we owed our salvation. The helm and braces were instantly adjusted, the yards trimmed, the mizen hauled out, and the ship sprung to the wind even till it became abeam: every eye was directed to the bearing of the place which we trusted would prove a passage through the reef. It bore well on the lee-bow, and then the first gleam of hope entered our hearts. The voice of the captain became more steady and confident, and the men obeyed him with more nerve and alacrity. We neared the spot fast—what a moment of suspense!—we still hung to windward. "Heave the helm up," "Square the after-yards," "Ease off the mizen-sheet," shouted the captain; his voice now heard strongly above

the roaring of the gale. "So—steady—draw the yards forward again—luff, luff," were the short and decisive commands given as the ship shot through a channel scarcely half a cable's length in width, and between two walls of gigantic breakers; the spray from the weather-side flying over the deck like a hailstorm, at the same time almost buried under the pressure of the canvas now disproportioned to the increasing gale. The channel widened as we advanced, and we soon rounded the last of the tumbling breakers; and the suppressed feelings of our crew found vent in spontaneous cheers, as they found themselves in comparative safety. In a few minutes the ship was laid-to, while two men at the mast-head and the captain with his night-glass, carefully and anxiously scanned the horizon, especially in the direction of our future track. The opportunity was also made use of by close-reefing the topsails and in making the necessary preparations for again scudding before a high and increasing sea.

We were still close under the lee of this mysterious reef, and its terrors, distorted and increased in the doubtful gloom of night, produced most awful reflections. It seemed to extend from north-west to south-east, in a semicircular direction; its convex side turned to the east, and presenting, for apparently a distance of three or four miles, a line of tumbling and whitened foam. The narrow opening through which we had found egress was completely hidden by the altered situation of our vessel; and as little short of a miracle could have rescued us from so appalling a danger, so nothing but the testimony of our senses could convince us that we had actually passed through so tremendous a barrier, and that the short period of a few minutes—less time than I have occupied in telling the tale—should have thrown us into so unexpected and inevitable a danger, and as suddenly snatched us from it.

The sails being now trimmed, the ship was once more put before the wind, and bounded buoyantly on. The white heads of the breakers grew less and less apparent, and only seen at intervals; whilst the sound of their

thundering rush was lost in the hollow moaning of the wind. With eyes all alert in exploring the now darkened surface of the ocean, the past danger was talked over in the various styles of horror, boasting, and thankfulness,—as the fears, the presumption, or piety of the individuals comprising our little world prompted them. No one thought of turning in, but, seated in groups about the quarter-deck, we whiled away the remainder of this anxious night, till the dawn of day dissipated the still prevailing fears of a recurrence of a similar danger, and induced most of the talkers to exchange their late horrors for their snug berths. So ended this startling adventure,—leaving an indelible impression on my mind of the reality and the terrors of the "Devil's Rock."

LORD EXMOUTH'S EARLY DARING.

Active beyond his companions, Mr. Pellew did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal: and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a thorough seaman. At the same time, the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, soon quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the General might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom, and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realised; for he actually sprang from the fore-yard, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Capt. Pownoll reproached him for his rashness, but shed tears when he spoke to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow.—*Osler's Life of Lord Exmouth.*

A SENTINEL'S DUTY.

There was an old General, commanding at D—, who being somewhat of a strict disciplinarian, was paid off one day in his own coin. Though generally popular, the officers owed him a grudge for always insisting on their being in uniform. Now, if an officer walk up to his commanding officer in plain clothes, knowing it to be contrary to regulation, he deserves to get into a scrape for having so little tact as not to get out of the way; but if an officer avoid the general, or commandant, surely it were better, on the part of the latter to let the thing pass unnoticed. I remember once receiving a lecture from my father for speaking to an officer who passed us by in plain clothes. "Why could you not let Mr. — go by without recognising him?" said my father; "surely you have been a soldier's daughter long enough to know that I had no business to see him when he was not in uniform."

The General's creed, however, was quite different, he taking especial delight in "keeping a look-out" for gentlemen "*in mufti*." Then he kept the sentries ever on the watch by giving them a variety of petty orders. This was one,—never to allow any one to pass over a certain grass plot.

One afternoon, then, the General being perhaps late for dinner, and wishing to make a short cut, was bending his steps towards the identical grass plot. He was in plain clothes.

"Stop!" cried the authoritative voice of the sentry on duty.

The General proceeded, never dreaming that any one could possibly be addressing him in such an imperative manner.

"Stop!" repeated the sentry.

This time the General did stop; and, on looking round, and perceiving the man's eye fixed on him, "What do you mean, sir?" said the great man angrily, and frowning like Jupiter, or trying to do so.

"I means," replied the immoveable sentry, "that neither you nor nobody else must cross that 'ere grass plot by no manner of means."

"How dare you, sir!" began the General, and stepping onward,—the

debateable land lying between him and the sentry.

"Back, sir,—back, if you please," repeated the latter firmly, but with a provokingly respectful air; "my orders is not to let anybody cross that 'ere plot."

"I know that, sir, perfectly well, you impertinent fellow! I gave the order myself: I am General C—."

The man in command elevated his voice as he proceeded, and was half way over the turf; but the redoubtable sentry still persisted in his duty.

"I tell you, sir, I am the General."

"How am I to know that, sir?" said the sentry. "You mustn't expect me to take your word for it, seeing you be in plain clothes; and if you *be* the General as gave the order not to let nobody pass that 'ere bit o' ground, why, you ought to be the *last man* to break through it."

There was no resisting the well-timed reproof. The General turned back smiling; whereupon several closely-clipped heads, with faces on the broad grin, were drawn in from the guard-room windows. It is fair to add, that the General took an early opportunity of representing the sentry to his commanding officer as worthy of promotion for his strictness in performing his duty.

FACTS IN GUNNERY.

Gun-metal is composed of 8 lbs. or 10 lbs. of tin to 100 lbs. copper. The largest proportion of tin is used for mortars. A cubic foot of gun-metal weighs 549 lbs.; cast-iron, 464 lbs.

The average price of brass ordnance is £180 per ton, if above 10 cwt. Light brass ordnance, £200 per ton. Heavy cast-iron ordnance, £18 to £20 per ton. Iron carronades, about £26 per ton.

The initial velocity of a rocket, contrary to all other projectiles, is its least velocity. Its greatest velocity has been proved by experiment to be nearly in the middle of its flight.

MALAY PIRATES—AND STEAMERS.

The Archipelago of eastern islands offers a splendid field for the practice of those whom Byron calls sea-attorneys; which respectable profession is

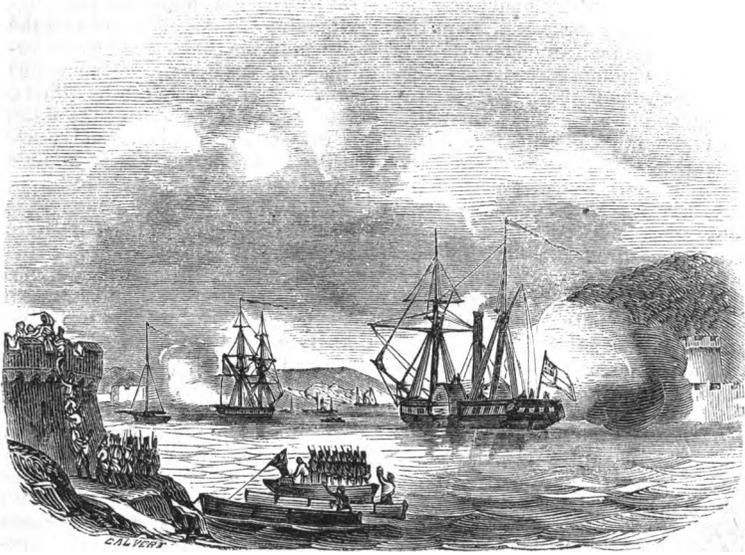
almost entirely monopolised by the Malays; who, if they gain their action, are sure to bring in a large bill of costs, levied a *main forte*. These lawyers of the ocean have a great respect and sympathy for these in distress; as may be seen by their conduct in the wreck of Sir Murray Maxwell's ship, the *Alceste*, related in a former volume.

The description of the Malay proas is sufficiently familiar; they are long boats, constructed purposely for rowing, and pull from twenty to thirty oars. They also carry a lateen sail, but are crank under canvas, and cannot "carry on her" through squalls, or in a fresh gale. In their own calm latitudes they are formidable customers to any vessels either taken by surprise or insufficiently armed. In light winds and smooth water they easily pull away from the pursuit of any ship of war, and our boats have no chance of overtaking them. They have now at last met with their masters. No shoal or flock of flying-fish can be more intimidated by the approach of a dolphin or bonito, than those gentry of the proas would be at the sight of such a marine monster as a war-steamer of light draught of water; all their tricks and subterfuges to escape would be of no avail against such a relentless pursuer. Half their panic would arise out of their ignorance of the power that was brought to act against them.

It is not too much to say that a great portion of the success attending the Burmese campaigns was due to the *prestige* of the steam-vessel we had on the Iriwaddy river. The Burmese war-boats are, perhaps, the finest craft of the kind in existence; they pull many of them 100 double-banked oars, and could for a time beat the steamer: but the muscles and sinews of men could not hold out against the perseverance of the boiling kettle, and they gave up in despair, as they could not comprehend how this perpetual motion was obtained, and, being gross idolaters themselves, they imagined that the floating machine with the chimney was nothing less than the deity of the English, who had come to help them in person. So strong

was this conviction, that, after the peace was all arranged it was with the utmost difficulty that two of the Burmese chiefs could be persuaded to go off from the shore to inspect the steamer, that was just then coming to anchor; they got alongside at the moment the spare steam was let off, when the unusual noise so frightened them that no persuasion could induce them to mount on deck; they were sure the god of the English was displeased with their presence.

The power of steam has already performed wonders in adding to the convenience and comfort of civilised man; it is fair, then, to speculate that it may become an element in reclaiming barbarians. The first lesson to the savage and the schoolboy is to make them fully aware that they are under mastery and control; the remainder comes easily. Teach the Malay pirates that neither the swiftness of their proas, nor all their wiles and cunning, are of avail against an irresistible power, they will soon abandon the more than precarious chances of the sea, and betake themselves to the cultivation of the soil of the different islands now lying waste. The injuries and barbarities perpetrated by these marauders are beyond the power of record, as they never leave anybody to tell tales if they can help it. There can be little doubt that the greatest portion of losses of ships in these seas may be attributed to these pirates; many vessels on their voyage to Australia, or on return, have not been heard of, or ever will, unless by some portion of their cargo or armament being found amongst those people; of which there is an example in the loss of La Peyrouse and his people, whose fate has been only ascertained by finding on an island some relics of the French expedition. In like manner, had it not been for the steady conduct and discipline on board the *Alceste*, when she was wrecked on a sunken rock in the straits of Gaspar, we should never have had any intelligence of the fate of her ship's company, except what would have been derived from finding accidentally some marks of the broad arrow, or other tokens.



The British Fleet at Ting-hae.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 19.)

The bay, or harbour of Ting-hae, the most important city of Chusan, or rather of the principal island of the Chusan group, on the east coast of China, about half-way between Canton and Peking, was destined to be the first theatre of attack by the concentrated forces.

On the morning of the 4th instant, the *Wellesley* 74, bearing the flag of Sir Gordon Bremer, anchored at flood-tide abreast of the city: the *Conway* and *Alligator* taking up positions in front and flank of a rugged hill, surmounted by a temple—a very strong position. In the course of the afternoon the *Rattlesnake* and several of the transports anchored, and the rest were visible from the hills above the town. Twelve Chinese war-junks followed our ships from the lower anchorage, and eleven others were in the port, and had anchored in a sort of line of battle, while the Chinese troops were busily employed in placing guns on the different quays along shore.

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Commodore Bremer entertained hopes that the display of a force so overwhelming would have induced submission; he therefore issued the following summons:—

BREMER, by special appointment, commander-in-chief of the British naval forces;

BURRELL, by special appointment, commander-in-chief of the British land forces;

Have the honour to inform his excellency the vice-admiral, that they have come here by the commands of the sovereign of Great Britain, having under their orders powerful naval and land forces, for the purpose of landing, and occupying the island of Ting-hae and its dependencies.

If the inhabitants of the said islands do not oppose and resist our forces, it is not the intention of the British government to do injury to their persons and property.

This measure of taking possession has become necessary, from the insulting and unwarrantable conduct of the Canton high officers, Lin and Tang, last year, towards her Majesty's spe-

cially appointed Chief Superintendent Elliot, and other British subjects.

It is necessary for the safety of the British ships and troops that your excellency should immediately surrender the island Ting-hae, its dependencies, and forts; and we, therefore, summon your excellency to surrender the same peaceably, to avoid the shedding of blood. But, if you will not surrender, we, the commodore and commander, shall be obliged to use warlike measures for obtaining possession.

The official messenger who transmits this letter, will only wait an hour for an answer. When this time is elapsed, and your excellency refuses to surrender, and does not return an answer, we shall then immediately open a thundering fire upon the island fort.

J. J. GORDON BREMER.
GEORGE BURRELL.

July 4, 1840.

A similar paper was written and addressed to the chief magistrate of the Chusan district, and the commandant of Ting-hae city, signed and sealed as above.

The Chinese vice-admiral, commander-in-chief of all the forces and garrisons in the district, was present in his junk, and the summons was conveyed to him by Commander John Vernon Fletcher, of the *Wellesley*, and Lord Viscount Jocelyn, attended by the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, Chinese interpreter. They returned at the expiration of about an hour, accompanied by the vice-admiral, the flag or port captain, several other naval and military persons of rank, the chief civil magistrate, and others of the authorities. A conference of some length ensued. Commodore Bremer endeavoured, through Mr. Gutzlaff, to make them clearly understand that insult and aggression on the part of their officers, to an extent no longer bearable, had obliged her Britannic Majesty to seek redress, and that his orders were to take military possession of the island and its dependencies; and as the force precluded all possible chance of their successful resistance, earnestly entreated them to spare the great effusion of blood, and

yield at once. They departed about eight o'clock P.M., with the fullest understanding of the terms, and said the fault would be theirs if delay in returning an answer to the summons should be productive of hostilities. No answer was given during the night, but the sounds of gongs and other warlike demonstrations were audible throughout.

As the day dawned on Sunday, the 5th instant, the quays and shore were seen lined with troops in considerable force, while from the mast-heads numbers were seen on the plain between the suburbs and on the city walls, situated about 1,400 yards in the valley. They had placed a body of troops on the Temple Hill, together with three guns in position; twenty-one guns were in line on the different wharfs, and on a round tower of solid masonry they had five guns. The war-junks were hauled on shore in line, with their rudders unhung, and presented thirty-four guns, and forty-five large gingals. A quantity of arms of all kinds was collected, which the mandarins were employed the whole morning in distributing to the troops and others; in fact, the waving of their flags and every other demonstration evinced a determined spirit of hostility.

The flood-tide at noon brought the mass of the transports in, and it was humanely hoped that when the Chinese saw the troops preparing to land in full force, they would negotiate; but having waited until half-past two P.M., the commodore judged that further forbearance would be useless, therefore at that time a single shot was fired from the *Wellesley* at the round tower, falling, as was intended, at the foot of it, without doing the slightest injury. This shot was instantly answered by the whole line of the Chinese defences, and caused a return from the squadron, consisting of the *Wellesley*, *Conway*, *Alligator*, *Cruiser*, *Algerine*, *Rattlesnake*, and *Young Hebe*, and *Atalanta* and *Queen* steamers.

The cannonade lasted but a few minutes. The Chinese troops fled. Their battery on the Custom-house wharf was destroyed, four junks shot

to pieces, and not one person remained visible in the town.

The right wing of the 18th Royal Irish regiment, under the command of Major Adams, and the Royal Marines of the squadron, under the command of Captain Ellis of the *Wellesley*, forming the advance, then landed, and were immediately followed by detachments of her Majesty's 26th and 49th regiments, the Madras Artillery, and Sappers and Miners, and the Bengal volunteer corps, and the residue of the troops; and at fifty minutes after two P.M., our brave countrymen, had the satisfaction of seeing her Majesty's colours hoisted on the first military position in the Chinese empire conquered by her Majesty's forces.

The mandarins, and the whole of the Chinese troops had now retired within the city in rear of the suburbs, from the walls of which they kept up an occasional fire when any of our force appeared on the plain.

By four o'clock P.M., two 9-pounders were landed, and in position within 400 yards of the wall; and in the course of the night six other 9-pounders and two howitzers were in battery, together with two mortars.

From the display of flags, the beating of gongs, and the fire kept up by the troops in the city, a vigorous resistance seemed to be threatened; and it was anticipated that their folly would force on us the dreadful necessity of a breach and escalade; fortunately for humanity, this was not the case, for as the morning dawned, the reconnoitring officer discovered that the bridges were destroyed, and that the city had been evacuated. In the night a temporary bridge was thrown over the canal, and the southern and the principal gate forced, by which her Majesty's 49th regiment marched in, and her Majesty's colours were soon after displayed on the walls of Chusan.

The gate was found strongly barricaded within by large sacks of grain, and by the time that a few planks had been thrown over the canal, a company of the 49th, which I sent for, took possession of the principal gate of the city of Ting-hae-heen, upon which the British flag was hoisted.

Guards were quickly posted at the whole of the gates, and every protection given to life and property. Several houses in the city, however, had been plundered by the lower order of the Chinese people before we took possession; and this was carried to considerable extent in the suburbs by the same class during the nights of the 5th and 6th, from their occupying houses which were ultimately proved not to belong to parties claiming them.

It is a source of great gratification to think that so few lives were lost on this occasion. Twenty-five was the extreme number, and these were all soldiers. This may be ascribed to the fire of the ships being directed solely to the junks and batteries.

The only casualty in the squadron consisted of one seaman wounded on board the *Conway*. The ships were struck repeatedly, but no damage was done to them of the slightest consequence.

The city of Ting-hae-heen is extensive, the walls being about six miles in circumference. They are built of granite and brick of inferior quality, and with the exception of a hill where the defences are unusually high, there is a deep ditch or canal, about twenty-five feet wide, carried round the walls at the distance of a few yards. There were numerous bastions in the works, and with good troops, in its then state, the city was capable of making a good defence.

The following was the return of the artillery captured at Chusan:—

On the sea face . . .	24 guns.
On the walls of the town 23 . . .	
In the arsenals . . .	44

Total . . . 91

The guns, with the exception of a brass one, were all apparently of Chinese manufacture, and of a very inferior description. The brass gun bore the date of "1601, made by Richard Phillips," place not mentioned.* A considerable quantity of gunpowder was found, and three magazines, containing an extensive supply of iron

* An interesting speculation on this gun will be found in another part of this number.

shot, gingals, matchlocks, swords, bows, arrows, &c., with steel helmets, and uniform clothing for a large body of men. With the exception of the ordnance, most of the articles were packed and stored with much method, and in very good order.

(To be continued in our next.)

HUMANITY OF LORD EXMOUTH.

In her next cruise the *Indefatigable* nearly lost her gallant captain (Pellew). On the 31st of August she had strong gales and squally weather, the wind flying round from west by south to north-east, south-east, and south-west. In the afternoon the weather moderated. The ship had been hove-to under a close-reefed maintop-sail, with the top-gallant-yards down, the sea running very high, and the ship pitching much. It was Sunday, and the captain was at dinner with the officers, when a bustle was heard on deck. He ran instantly to the poop, and saw two men in the water, amidst the wreck of a six-oared cutter. One of the tackles had unhooked, through a heavy sea lifting the boat, and the men had jumped into her to secure it, when another sea dashed her to pieces. The captain stepped into the gig, which was carried over the stern, above the cutter, and ordered it to be lowered, and though his officers urgently dissuaded him from so dangerous an attempt, he determined to hazard it. At this moment the ship made a deep plunge aft, the boat was stove, and the captain left in the water. He was much hurt and bled profusely, for he was dashed violently against the rudder, and his nostril was torn up by the hook of one of the tackles. But his coolness and self-possession did not forsake him, and calling for a rope, he slung himself with one of the many that were thrown to him, and cheerfully ordered those on board to haul away. As soon as possible, the jolly-boat, with an officer and crew, was hoisted out from the booms, and fortunately saved the men.—This was the third time within the present year that Sir Edward Pellew had risked his life to save others. While the ship

was being fitted out, he had been instrumental in saving two lives at Point Beach. A short time before she sailed, and while she was lying at Spithead, the coxswain of one of the cutters fell overboard. The Captain ran aft, and was instantly in the water, where he caught the man just as he was sinking. Life was apparently extinct, but, happily, it was restored by the usual means. Perhaps no man has oftener distinguished himself in this manner.—*Osler's Life of Lord Exmouth.*

THE SEPOY.

The history of the Sepoy is, I think, one of the most remarkable traits in the history of our empire in the East; and when we consider his religious and social prejudices, combined with his physical inferiorities, one cannot be otherwise than inspired with the highest admiration of his contentment, courage, and fidelity; and they who impugn either, know little of those whom they so unjustly criticise. I love to see the calm, amiable sepoy, growing into style and grace under the hands of his adjutant, until his cross-belt and pouch are not a hair's breadth awry; I love to see him in his loose and elegant native dress, of coloured silk and fine white muslin, with turban gracefully festooned with festal flowers, strolling through the camp-bazaar, smiling and chatting with all he meets; I love to hear his strictures on his European commanders, so full as they are of real knowledge of character and action, and of respect and contempt, so justly measured; but most do I love to see him near his neighbour's fire, his turban laid aside, and his whole being devoted to enjoyment, which he shows chiefly in a power of relating anecdotes or tales, perhaps capping those of his friends with others still better. In various positions of my very no-made life in India, I have often sat, a little withdrawn from our tent door, listening with amused ear to the tales told by our sepoy guard over their fire of dry grass and blazing wood, while the jackals barked in the distance, and the cold night-dews fell

fast; and, whilst doing so, I have wondered much that so illiterate and common-place a people as Asiatics of inferior rank seem to be, should yet delight so much at the exercise of fancy, and be so successful in their demands upon its rich resources.—*Postan's Sketches in Sindh.*

ANCIENT ENGLISH CANNON IN CHINA.

In the return of ordnance captured at Chusan, in another part of this number, mention is made of a brass 6½-pounder, which, as the return states, "has the date of 1601, made by Richard Phillips, place not mentioned," of which the following curious particulars appeared in one of the numbers of the United Service Journal :—

This gun is evidently of English manufacture; and it would be extremely curious to trace by what contingency a piece of brass ordnance could have found its way into this remote corner of the globe 240 years ago—long before the British had obtained any footing even in India.

At this time, a very few years only had elapsed since the monopoly of the Indian trade, which the Portuguese had enjoyed for a century, under the authority derived from a Papal bull, had been broken up by the enterprise of the merchants of Holland and England. Their adventurous ships were found at this early period navigating the China seas; and the gun in question might have formed part of the armament of some solitary merchantman, either captured by war-junks, or wrecked amongst the swift currents and intricate passages of the Tcheou-Chun group. But in either of these cases, it is scarcely possible that other guns of English manufacture would not have been discovered, either of brass or iron.

It is, however, more than probable, that the gun now under consideration, was a propitiatory offering from the politic Elizabeth,* with a view of establishing commercial relations be-

* It was in the year 1601 that Elizabeth granted, to fifteen merchants of London, the exclusive privilege of trading to India and the China Seas—the origin of the India Company.

tween this country and the Celestial Empire. Even at this day the British government annually distribute presents of arms and other articles to the wild tribes of Red American Indians, and the equally untamed native chief of Africa. And the speculations on this point are reduced almost to a certainty from the following circumstances :—

It appears that the Richard Phillips whose name the gun bears, was one of the royal gun-founders during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., exercising his vocation, most probably, in Moor-fields, where the founders of ordnance were located down to the time of George I., the government not then possessing any foundry of their own. And it is very remarkable, that in the very year in question, a brass gun, answering the description of that now captured, was cast by Richard Phillips, one of her Majesty's "Founders of Brasse and Copper Ordnance," being the only one of the kind that had been cast by him for one or two years before or after the year 1601, as the records preserved in the White Tower show.

The following is an extract from the records alluded to :—

"To Richard Phillips another of her Ma^{ties}. ffounders of Brasse Ordnance for the castinge and makinge of one cannon of brasse of her Ma^{ties}. £. s. d. mettall," &c. xxij. xiiij. vj.

This gun is probably one of the oldest of the kind in existence; and we sincerely hope that, for the recollections and associations connected with it, it may be transmitted to England, and deposited, with other rarities of a similar nature, in the place from whence in all likelihood it was sent nearly two centuries and a half since, viz., the Tower of London.

HOW TO REGAIN A LOST BATTLE.

At Dantzic, where we were to remain a couple of nights, we lodged at the Russian hotel, the most considerable in the place. On being shown

into the large eating-room I was struck with two pictures, the subjects of which were battles lost by the Russian troops, who were represented in groups of dead and dying, or on their knees supplicating mercy of the victorious Prussians. I was so scandalised at the figure my countrymen here made, in the sight of travellers of all nations who frequented this hotel, that I seriously set about upbraiding M. Behender, our charge d'affaires, for allowing such an abominable monument of our disgrace to exist. He gravely replied that it was quite out of his province to redress grievances of such a nature. As soon as our resident left us, I commissioned two gentlemen, MM. Woltchkoff, and Schtelling—both belonging to our embassy at Berlin, whither they afterwards accompanied us—to buy me some oil colours—blue, green, red and white: and as soon as supper was over, and we had well barricaded the doors, these gentlemen, who knew how to handle a pencil, assisted me in regaining these lost battles, by changing the blue and white of the conquering Prussians into the green and red uniform of our Russian heroes.

SELF-DESTRUCTION IN CHINA.

The Chinese consider self-destruction, under certain circumstances, so honourable, that no virtuous man, in their estimation, could even wish to forego it:—"For instance, any one in the government employ having run the chance of incurring the censure of the first authority, or Emperor (who is there styled by the appellation of the Siagoon), whether deservedly or not, or any individual who, by misfortune or bad management, has become deeply involved in his affairs, will gather together by invitation his friends and acquaintances, giving them, as far as his means can allow, an entertainment, which, in the case of wealthy government *employes*, is extremely magnificent; towards its conclusion he will take an impressive farewell of them, and in their presence dispose of all his goods, &c., according to his wishes, as though he was about to travel to some distant land; which,

in truth, in one sense, he is about too surely to do. He will then quietly seat himself, and with one of the two swords, which in the higher grades of life they invariably carry (amongst whom this honourable custom is much in vogue), he rips his bowels open in the face of the whole company, who, so far from dissuading him from the action, either by entreaty or force, most highly applaud him: and so far from becoming an object of pity to them, he is the envy of those who either are witnesses of the action or to whom it is related."

SCENES OF CIVIL WAR.

Jourdan, surnamed by himself "the Headsman," led the remains of his army back to Avignon, and demanded immediate supplies in money and ammunition. These were refused by the members of the municipality, on which the ruffian withdrew his force, laid waste the surrounding country, again proceeded to Carpentras, and bombarded it with red-hot balls. Once more he was repulsed with great loss, by means of a singular stratagem. The brigands had encamped at some distance from the town in a plain, whence they fired their red-hot balls. The inhabitants carried large pots full of pitch to the tops of the highest houses, and, setting fire to the pitch, raised dismal cries as soon as the pots were in a full blaze.

The brigands, conceiving that their balls had taken effect, and that the cries were those of despair, triumphantly advanced to force their way into the place, when a masked battery suddenly poured upon them a discharge of grape-shot with such effect as to drive them back to their camp. Jourdan ordered his cavalry to bring in the dead and wounded; and the way in which they performed this operation was worthy of such a force. One end of a cord being fastened round a wounded man, the other was tied to the horse's crupper; and in this manner they dragged their mangled comrades behind them at full gallop, till they were out of the reach of the cannon of the town.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL SUPERIORITY AND THE POWERS OF STEAM.

In tracing the progress of steam navigation, it is singular to note the prejudices which it has had to overcome, and to speculate on its prospects. Notwithstanding what has already been effected, many persons still entertain doubts of its efficiency in war, while others confidently predict that it will altogether supersede ships of the line, and that the proud union-jack is doomed to give way to a smoke-jack. Here, according to the philosophy of Sir Roger de Coverley, much may be said on both sides; but there is a desponding class, who apprehend that machinery will level our marine distinction, and that the supremacy of the seas will be achieved by lubbers. Now we fear not the result of any change of warfare. So much of our prowess was formerly supposed to depend on the cloth-yard arrows and yew-tree bows of our yeomen, that a proverb got abroad,—

England were but a fling
Save for the crooked stick, and the grey-goose wing.

But the introduction of powder, ball, and bayonet, never interrupted our progress to glory. Steam does not paralyse the art of seamanship, most of the details and manipulations of which will continue; and the science and practice of navigation must remain as much in demand, while steaming over the ocean, as in effecting the same by wind and sails. In a word, as we have elsewhere expressed it—while iron, coal, and limestone, are so much more readily procured here than elsewhere,—while our capital and industry surpass those of the whole world—and more especially while our vessels, whether of wood or iron, and under steam or sails, are in the hands of men accustomed by habit and prepossession to the sea, the relative situation of Great Britain and her rivals, will be, as heretofore, barring her own machinations and impolicy.

Some of our compatriots, it is true, are startled by the frothy bombast of M. Paixhans, and the war-clique, into a belief that our lively neighbours are

bent upon wresting the naval sceptre from us. But the French are only joking. While they actually depend upon us for superior steam-engines, and fuel, and even engineers and stokers, there is not much to apprehend from a thousand-and-first quarrel with them. This their best men are well aware of, and we are glad to see through their efforts, that the new motive power, instead of overwhelming France with disaster, as in contest with us it inevitably would, has been more wisely directed in opening a beneficial internal commerce; and we think that the malignants of the war faction must be sensible that there is no hope for them when they hear the "stop her!" "headway!" "back her!" and other English words of command, in their own vessels, on their own coasts, and in their own rivers.

Among other difficulties with which the progress of steam has been clogged, is the dislike which the seamen and officers of the navy entertained to it: for the noise, smoke, tremor, soot, coal dust, rancid oil, and other disagreeables, were so opposed and contrasted to their cleanly habits, that their objections were not to be wondered at. These evils are under melioration; but to the accustomed sailor, the steamer at sea, with all the attendant circumstances of its internal economy, will probably be an uncouth object for some time yet. Cradled on the wave, and inured to the action of wind and sea, he will be loth to tolerate conquering the elements instead of using them as free agents. Still this feeling will subside, and, weighing every condition, there cannot exist a doubt of the extension of this wondrous application.

That the means of naval warfare will be modified by steam is most evident, but the result of a combat must, as before, depend on the skill, spirit, and discipline of large bodies of men. Though the instances are rare, we have heard of ships being "rather backward in coming forward;" but the future Admiral will play all the men on his board, for steamers will conduct line-of-battle ships into action, or lead them out, according to the exigence, but the brunt of battle

will not be upon the steamers. They may render aid to their own liners, which unwieldy machines are totally helpless and unmanageable when dismasted, and they may pick up such of the enemy as have been winged for them; but they must keep their weather-eye open. The principal objection to steam-vessels approaching within gun-shot at present, is the danger to those vital parts, the paddles, the boilers, and the machinery; but science and art are diligently bent upon lessening the risk, though perhaps it cannot be overcome. We, therefore, look to the Archimedean screw—the sinking of engines and boilers below the water-line—the gabionic stowage of coal-bunkers about the machinery—and the prospects of voltaic electricity as a motive-power, with the greatest interest, since they are grand steps towards making engine-navigation effective in purposes of war.

Sir Charles Napier has suggested, and with not less probability than ingenuity, that war-steamers will take the same place in fleets, that cavalry have long done in armies,—holding, he says, the post of honour and of danger. Upon this, Captain Basil Hall remarks,—“It is a very important place, no doubt, but it is not one which decides the eventual fate of the war; that is always the work of the infantry. The cavalry protect the flanks, and otherwise help the infantry to get into action with that of the enemy opposed to them, and when these are broken, they cut in upon them, and do much execution. In like manner, armed steamers will guard the edges of fleets, tow three-deckers into action, and, when the enemy is discomfited, will come in with desperate effect to reap the iron harvest.”

DEVOTION OF POLISH ARTILLERYMEN.

During the last war, in which this gallant and unjustly crushed nation lost all but its honour, notwithstanding the distinguished conduct of the troops, who, especially at the fatal termination of the campaign, resolutely maintained the contest against

their overwhelming opponents; it would not accord with the subject of our present article, were we to dilate on the exertions heroically displayed in this, the noblest of all causes of warfare—Liberty. In vain did the resolute soldiers unite skill to courage; the intrenchments, and their valiant defenders, were overpowered by numbers, and might gained the day against right. To one instance of patriotism and firm attachment to the fading honours of their corps we must allude, not only to commemorate the praiseworthy event, but also to hold it forth as an example to all artillerists.

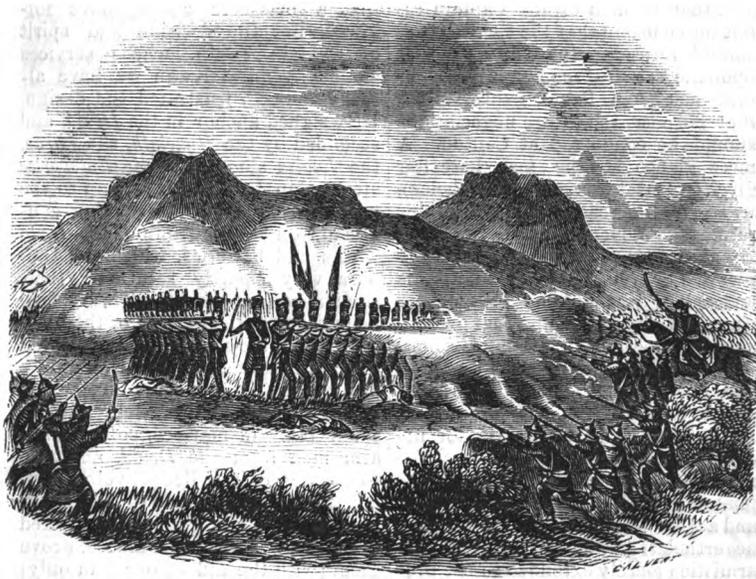
When the defeat of the Poles became too manifest, the desponding gunners of some of the batteries unanimously determined that their guns should never be employed in the service of the enemy; and, courageously protecting them, they carried from the field of battle to a secluded spot the venerated ordnance, which they hastily buried, noticing the particular locality, and enthusiastically looking forward to the day when the guns might be disinterred, and be again proudly brought into action by their devoted artillerymen.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

KNEEL, warrior, kneel!—to-morrow's sun
May see thy course of glory run,
And batter'd helm and stiver'd glaive
May lie neglected near thy grave.
Kneel—for thy prayer in battle-field
May sanctify thy sword and shield,
And help to guard, unstain'd and free,
Our altars, home, and liberty!

Arm, warrior, arm!—the hostile bands,
Now grasp in haste their whetted brands,
And seek the vantage of the height
Ere the first blush of morning light:
And, hark! the trumpet's stormy bray!
God speed thee, warrior, on thy way!
The stirring word of onset be—
Our altars, home, and liberty!

Shout, warrior, shout!—the field's thine
own;
The tyrant's ranks are all o'erthrown:
His columns dense and squadrons vast
Were but as dust before the blast,
Shout! till the mountain-voice replies
In thunder as the tyrant flies,
And leaves again, unstain'd and free,
Our altars, home, and liberty!



Perilous situation of a Company of the 37th Madras Native Infantry.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 28.)

THE effect of these lessons was quickly manifest in the altered tone of the Chinese; no longer bullying, exacting, and boastful, they adopted cunning and cajolery. How well they for a time succeeded by these means, when they could not hope to prevail against the courage of our "soldiers brave and gallant tars," we shall soon see. A few days after the fall of Ting-hae, Captain Elliot writes to Lord Auckland, governor-general of India, informing him that he had been to Ningpo, in order to deliver a letter to the Chinese minister. This letter was one of three written by Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on behalf of the Queen of England, and further on (a proof he was already inclined to be bamboozled for the fiftieth time,) the Superintendent says :—

"In the correspondence which followed, the style is totally different from what was ever known before, claiming no mark of superiority whatever, but treating us perfectly as
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equals; no longer calling us barbarians, but honourable officers of the English nation. I cannot doubt but that the wholesome lesson they received at Amoy from the *Blonde*, and the effects of their foolish show of resistance at this place, have mainly contributed to this change. Their alarm was evidently great; they were sinking junks at the mouth of the river, and adding to their batteries; and a small encampment was placed on the opposite hill, with numerous barriers, more apparently for display than utility. Having given notice that the ports would be closed, I returned to Chusan on the 15th of July, and the blockade was commenced," from Ningpo to the mouth of the Yangtze river, the most frequented and commercial portion of the whole seaboard of China.

A tedious correspondence between Keshen and Elliot followed, which was succeeded by an interview and conference held on shore near Tientsin, between that functionary and the British superintendent. We shall not here waste space and the reader's patience upon diplomacy, suffice it to

say, that Keshen cajoled Captain Elliot into consent that the English fleet should retire southward, and that upon the Emperor sending a new commissioner from Peking, expressly for that purpose, the future negotiations should be conducted at Canton. A mere glance at the map hereafter given (the fleet was now at Petchelee), will give the reader an idea of this retrograde movement.

The Emperor, no doubt, was highly pleased, as well he might be, at this triumph of Keshen, and his pleasure was shown by appointing that personage his Imperial High Commissioner, directing him to proceed to Canton and open negotiations. He was to supersede Lin, who was ordered to Peking in all haste, to answer for his delinquencies. And now the chicanery began. The squadron about September had all returned from Peiho, and a truce was proclaimed at Cusan; nevertheless it was declared that this armistice merely extended to the province of Chekeang (being made with Eleepoo, governor of that province).

We must here insert a gallant exploit of the frigate *Druid*, 44, Captain Smith, which occurred while the expeditionary force was gone northward. Captain Smith had been left near Canton river, to protect the British in that quarter; and soon after the fleet had sailed, it became clear that a storm was gathering. A large fleet of armed junks was assembled in the inner harbour, crowded with soldiers; and a small army encamped on the narrow isthmus which separates Macao from the mainland, just beyond the barrier where the Portuguese settlement ends. This barrier consists of a wall of some strength, extending across the neck of land, flanked with towers, and with a fortified gateway. Near this the Chinese threw up a flanking battery of twelve pieces of cannon, and war-junks were drawn up close to it. These preparations indicated that Lin intended some attack upon Macao itself, the result of which, if successful, would doubtless have been dreadful; for civilians, merchants, men, women, and children, were collected at this place, and there can be no question

that a massacre would have followed, but the decision and spirit of Captain Smith, whose services against Admiral Kwan we have already noticed, frustrated the design. He weighed anchor in the *Druid*, and seconded by the *Hyacinth*, the *Larne*, the *Louisa* sloop, and the *Enterprise* steam-ship, he sailed boldly up to the barrier, and opened a rattling cannonade on the entire line of Chinese works and batteries, which the Chinese very smartly returned: their soldiers too, in great force, were seen mustering for the defence of the position, which they evidently considered of great importance. After an hour's firing, the Chinese reply slackened, when Lieutenant Maxwell, with a small body of marines, some small-arm men from the *Druid*, and two companies of the Bengal volunteers, not amounting in all to four hundred men, landed, and gallantly attacked the numerous host of Chinese, drove them (with the aid of one gun only) from all their strong positions and fieldworks! The Chinese cannon were all spiked: though with so small a force they could not be brought off to the ships, and their formidable army dispersed, the barracks and other buildings burnt, and our brave little force re-embarked safely at nightfall, with the loss of *four men*! This signal service relieved the terrors so justly felt by the inhabitants of Macao. It would have been well had every department of the service been conducted by men of as much decision as Captain Smith.

On the 20th of November the plenipotentiaries, Captain Elliot and the Honourable George Elliot returned to Macao, and on the 21st the *Queen* steamer, as she passed the Chuenpee fort with a flag of truce flying, was fired at and struck. She was proceeding with a letter which had been entrusted to her captain from Eleepoo to Keshen, the new governor of Canton. In return for this salute she threw a few heavy shot and shells into the fort, and steamed back to Tongker Bay. This was the second flag of truce fired on, although the Chinese perfectly understood its meaning; indeed, whenever their own

necessities called for it, made use of such a flag themselves. The commandant at Chuenpee sent up some of the *Queen's* heavy shot which had lodged in the fort, as a present to the authorities at Canton; and they took advantage of the opportunity to announce that brave officer's *victory*, he having *driven* off a "devil-ship."

Keshen arrived at Canton at the end of November: about the same time Admiral Elliot, the joint British plenipotentiary, fell ill, resigned his post and came home to England, leaving the naval command to commodore Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer, and Captain Elliot again became sole plenipotentiary.

The remainder of 1840 was passed in fruitless negotiations, while the Chinese continued to practise at Chusan and elsewhere the kidnapping system to a serious extent. In another part of this work we shall perhaps give the story of Captain Anstruther, who being surprised, was tied up in a sack, and then exhibited in a bamboo cage three feet long by two broad; other British subjects that were not heard of till afterwards were put to death.

Our demonstration to the northward had carried a panic fear into the very court of the emperor, and there can be little doubt, if this had been energetically followed up, much effusion of blood might have been spared, for the movement took them so utterly by surprise, that a small body of men might have dictated terms to the emperor almost at his threshold. But no sooner had the wily Keshen persuaded us to return, than John Chinaman's courage returned also; he recovered his spirits, improved his weapons, contrived better plans of defence, and set about casting heavier cannon with great industry and vast ingenuity.

Notwithstanding Keshen had arrived with the pretence of inquiring into and settling all matters in dispute, it was clear the Chinese were making every hostile preparation, and that they intended quite another mode of deciding the question. Keshen went on, gaining time by that *cunning* which supplies the place of

wisdom in many men; and while he cajoled the English, he assured the emperor that, along the cold coast of the north, sickness and trouble would carry off all the barbarian forces, and moreover that their powder and shot being exhausted they would be reduced to extremities; this was the man with whom Elliot was temporising.

At length, even the endurance of the long-suffering Elliot was worn out, and after offering all sorts of inducements to Keshen for an amicable arrangement, it oozed out, more from circumstances than words, that his distinct orders from the emperor were to cajole us, and that keeping faith with the barbarians was *treason* to his emperor. But enough of this; the 7th of January, 1841, was at length fixed for the resumption of hostilities, and the first exploit to be achieved was to reduce the whole of the celebrated defences of the Bogue or Bocca Tigris, one after another, and if practicable to destroy them. It will now be our province to describe these important operations.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE HALT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

The day's march had been long and wearisome, and still the exhausted party looked in vain through the lonely sierras, in search of a human habitation. Roland de St. Pierre, the commander of a small detachment of French *voltigeurs*, became aware that he had missed the direct track, and that it was useless to expect to reach the outposts of the army on that night: he, therefore, made up his mind to spend the hours of darkness under the shade of one of those spreading cork-trees which made his present route a path of exceeding beauty. He halted his followers, and offered them the immediate repose of which they stood so much in need: unwilling, however, to relinquish the hope of obtaining refreshment after their harassing fatigues, the soliers rallied their flagging spirits, and desired to proceed onward, upon the chance of finding the hut of some goatherd.

which might afford a slight repast to assuage the cravings of their appetites.

It was a calm, lovely, autumnal evening; all was so hushed and tranquil, that not the slightest breeze agitated the leaves of the forest-trees: the dull tramp of the soldiers alone broke the deep silence; for, toil-worn and faint from long abstinence, they had ceased from the light catches and merry roundels which had heretofore beguiled their march; and melancholy feelings, in unison with the sombre gloom around, began to steal over the mind of the youthful commander, destined to make his first campaign against the unoffending allies of his ambitious master. Roland troubled himself little with political questions; he sought to win rank and honour by the aid of his good sword, and had received his first summons to march into Spain with the enthusiastic delight of a heart panting to distinguish itself in some well-contested field, and reckless what sphere was selected for the theatre of his achievements: but he had that morning encountered scenes revolting to a mind unaccustomed to the horrors of war—whole villages stretched in black ruins upon the desolated plains; farms, once smiling and prosperous, still smouldering in the flames which had reduced them to heaps of ashes; human bones strewed upon the green sward, and half-decaying corpses tainting the sweet air of heaven, the frightful relics of those devoted peasants, who had dared defend their hearths and their homes from the spoiler's hand.

Roland's unpractised heart grieved over the horrible devastation which greeted his shuddering glance, and he was surprised to find how deep an impression the ghastly spectacle of the morning had left upon his mind. No trace of war or carnage defiled the purity of the landscape which he now trod. The gurgling runnel leaped clear and limpid over the rocks, its sparkling current unstained with blood, and nought, save the perfume of the orange-blossom, came mingled with the aromatic fragrance of the thymy pastures; yet was the solitude so profound, the stillness of the com-

ing night so awful, that, in his present state of languor, all the characteristic gaiety of his temper and nation was insufficient to remove the oppression which weighed heavily upon his soul.

The dim twilight faded away, and darkness, made more gloomy by the thick foliage above, succeeded; wearily the *volligeurs* dragged their jaded limbs along, and, just as they despaired of advancing further, the sudden illumination of a moon upon the wane showed them, at a considerable distance, a roof, whence issued a thin column of smoke. Animated by this exhilarating prospect, the tired party pressed eagerly forward to the spot. Upon a closer inspection, they discovered the promised haven to be an out-house, lofty and extensive, which had evidently been attached to a superior mansion, now levelled with the ground. A broken trellis, from which the untrained vine wandered along the damp earth; fountains, choked with grass and fragments of sculptured marble, showed that the sword and the firebrand had performed their deadliest operations; but the work had not been sufficiently recent to display the most frightful ravages of war: time had thrown a slight veil over the wreck, and the moon glanced upon flowers springing up uncultured in a garden, which had been defaced by hostile feet, and upon a rank vegetation of weeds, waving like banners from the prostrate walls.

The high dark front of the barn-like building, which promised shelter for the night, frowned grimly in the moonlight: the unglazed windows were secured by strong wooden shutters, and the most dreary silence reigned throughout the interior; but a faint light issuing from some of the numerous crevices in this dilapidated structure, gave tokens of habitation, although the inmates, whoever they might be, preserved a sullen silence for a considerable period, neither deigning to answer, nor seeming to hear, the supplications and threats with which the French soldiers alternately solicited and demanded admittance. Before, however, these rough guests had exhausted all their patience, a door opened, and the flame

of a pinewood torch threw a strong light upon the face and figure of the portress, as she stood upon her own threshold. Her tall spare form towered above the middle height; but, if Nature had moulded it with a careful hand, its beauty was totally obscured by a cumbrous garment of sackcloth, girt about the waist with a cord. Her long grey hair, which streamed wildly from beneath a scanty covering of coarse black stuff, and the rigid lines in her gaunt countenance, gave her the appearance of age: but Roland, as he gazed upon her with an undefinable sensation of awe and wonder, saw that she had scarcely passed, if she had reached, the summer of her life; and that there was also an air of dignity in her demeanour which ill accorded with the meanness of her habiliments, and the squalid poverty with which she was surrounded. A ghastly smile passed across her pale and haggard face as she bade the weary party welcome; and, though want, and wretchedness, and disease, had preyed with ravaging effect upon her features; though her eyes were sunk in her head, her lips parched and wan, and her skin wrinkled and jaundiced, Roland perceived that she still retained lineaments of severe, and almost superhuman beauty: and a vague feeling of the existence of some mysterious danger came across his mind, as he observed the silent workings of that extraordinary countenance, whilst she bestirred herself with fearless alacrity, to provide for the accommodation of men, whose intrusion upon her solitude must have been anything but pleasing.

Ashamed of the dread which involuntarily crept over him—since he knew the impossibility, from the depopulated state of the country, and the strong *cordon* of troops with which the province now occupied by the French army was surrounded, of there being any concealed ambush even in this secluded spot—he strove to banish the apprehension of impending evil, and to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would admit; still he could not withdraw his looks from his hostess; and though not expecting to make any

discovery from her answer, enquired whether she did not feel some alarm while living alone in so dreary a solitude.

“What should I fear?” she calmly replied: “I have lost everything but life, and that is now of so little value, that its preservation is not worth a thought. And why,” continued she, “should I wish for the protection of my countrymen? they are more gloriously engaged in the great and holy cause which has armed all Spain in defence of her liberties.”

Somewhat reassured by the undisguised frankness of this speech, Roland contented himself with a scrupulous examination of the place, which he still could not help fancying had been inauspiciously chosen for the night halt of his party. Nothing alarming met his eye: the furniture was rude and scanty, the building ill calculated to conceal arms or snares of any kind; and what could a band of nine stout soldiers apprehend from the utmost malice of one woman? Struggling, therefore, with the forebodings of his spirit, he ate his portion of the frugal meal which was set before them with a keen relish, but declined the cup of wine offered at its completion, from a natural antipathy to the fermented juice of the grape, and a particular aversion to the vintage of Spain. The *voltigeurs*, delighted to obtain food and rest, unattracted by the person of the lone female, who administered to their necessities, and more diverted than angry at her avowed enmity to their country, saw nothing to excite their suspicions; and their commander, perceiving that no one participated in the uneasy doubts which pertinaciously clung to him, was unwilling to betray his dread of lurking danger to his inconsiderate companions, lest they might attribute the communication to some ignoble feeling.

The repast ended, the young officer was conducted, by his singular and painfully interesting hostess, up a ladder to a sort of loft, occupying the upper part of the building. At first, he disliked the idea of separation from his party; but, perceiving that he could keep a watchful eye over

them through several large apertures in the floor, he became more reconciled to an arrangement which would enable him to observe all that passed without attracting attention by his vigilance. A coarse bed was spread in one corner of the room; but, too much agitated to think of repose, he took up a position which gave him an uninterrupted view of the premises below. A wood fire burned brightly; and within the influence of its genial warmth, the toil-worn soldiers had stretched themselves at length upon the floor, and wrapped in their cloaks, resigned their weary spirits to a death-like sleep. The lone inhabitant of the dwelling had withdrawn to a distant corner, and, in the fitful blaze, the dark drapery which enveloped her spare form could scarcely be distinguished from the inequalities of the floor which formed her couch. So profound was the slumber of the way-worn *voltigeurs*, that their breathing was not audible in the chamber above: a dead silence prevailed, disturbed only at intervals by a rustling sound, so slight, that Roland deemed it to proceed from the wing of some night-bird sweeping along the eaves. The fire, unreplenished, began to smoulder away, the figures of the sleepers became indistinct, and drowsiness crept unconsciously over Roland's frame: how long he remained in utter forgetfulness of his situation he knew not, but he was roused by a clear sweet voice singing, in low yet distinct tones, the following ballad:—

"The Moors have reared the crescent high,
the cross is lowly laid,
And vainly to their patron saints the
Spaniards shriek for aid:
Sorrow and desolation reign throughout
the bleeding land;—
But raise exulting shouts to Heaven, for
vengeance is at hand!
Our warriors lie in mangled heaps upon
the gory plain;
Our fathers, and our husbands, and our
brothers, all are slain:
But we will nerve our woman's arms to
wield the flaming brand,
And teach our proud and ruthless foes that
vengeance is at hand!"

This lay was evidently a fragment of the countless relics of the eventful struggle between the Spaniards and

the Moors, which, in days of old, had so gloriously terminated in favour of the Christian cause; but the coincidence of the words with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed alarmed the French officer; he groped his way, by the imperfect light, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. "Who and what art thou," he exclaimed, "whose warning song has so effectually chased slumber from my eyelids?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF WATERLOO.

BY A VETERAN.

FROM whatever cause it may have arisen, but few, comparatively few, are those who have told us anything original in the way of anecdote from Waterloo. A number of marvellous tales, many of them very extraordinary if true, have been conjured up by sundry fire-side heroes, whose excited and exuberant imaginations dealt largely in such phantasies; but where are the authentic narratives of the apparently minor incidents which occurred on that well-remembered field? Had it been possible that even a limited number of those who survived the contest could have related what fell within their own immediate observation, what an amusing fund of deeply-interesting matter might be collected. Unfortunately, the intensely busy occupation of the various actors in the scene, as well as the feverish hurry of the time, dispelled from their minds all thought of anything beyond the present hour. In pursuing his wild career, no one took notice of passing things, with reference to a future narrative. So that all has been long since carried away by the stream of time, shrouded up in mystery, or concealed within the dark recesses of the mind.

Having lately had the good fortune to come across the orbit of an old brother campaigner, one who had not only been in Waterloo, but had been under fire throughout the war in Spain, he supplied my "tablets" with a variety of entertaining incident, chiefly from the memorable field re-

ferred to, which may not prove unworthy of being here recalled to notice.

The French cavalry, having possessed themselves of the brigade of Dutch guns posted on the heights to the left and rear of the wood of Hougomont, were galloping, sword in hand, and cutting right and left at the artillerymen, who took shelter beneath the guns; but in this manœuvre the gallant horsemen were exposed to the fire of the Black Brunswickers, whose heads were on a level with the slope of the hill, which proved so destructive to them, at the very moment when they thought themselves in full possession of their prey, that, being without means of spiking the guns, or carrying them off, by reason of their fixed position in the clayey soil, they were compelled to retire on the approach of Adam's Brigade. These troops, composed of the 52nd, 71st, and 2nd Rifles, were in line, advancing through the Brunswickers to the top of the hill, when passing the abandoned guns, they met a strong column of the enemy ascending, with the view of occupying the ground. Engaging instantly with this column, (the pipers of the 71st playing their national and stirring airs,) our men charged and broke them, driving them, like chaff before the wind, to the very extremity of the slope. The danger at this time was imminent; the ardour of the troops extreme, while it was found almost impossible to control the fire.

Menaced as this brigade was, by a numerous cavalry in their front, it was found necessary, in the urgency of the moment, to throw them into echelon squares, previous to which the scene in our immediate front was most exciting; for the 23rd Light Dragoons, galloping through the intervals between the regiments on the right and centre came furiously among the broken French infantry, many of whom were slain:

The dragoons pursuing on too forward, and unsupported, were in their turn assailed; when losing their formation, they were thrown back *pele mele* upon Adam's infantry, who, to save themselves from their friends,

by this time mixed up with the enemy, and all galloping in upon the brigade together, poured in a general fusillade, as the only remedy, bringing down indiscriminately by one grand salvo, both friends and foes. This, it must be admitted, was a moment of the most critical importance, for it was impossible to admit our friends, without allowing our enemies at the same time to accompany them.

There was scarcely time for the execution of these rapid movements, when the French heavy cavalry, (dressed in blue, with steel cuirasses,) flung themselves, with a wild "hurrah," upon the three battalions, by this time formed in square for their reception; and although these squares were at that moment pounded by the enemy's artillery, both from the angle of the wood of Hougomont on one side, and from the French army in position on the other, and also exposed to musketry from various quarters occupied by the enemy; yet so firmly did our determined and gallant soldiers keep their post, that General Foy, one of the best officers in the French army, was led to make the observation, so characteristic of the man, that,—"This brave and undaunted infantry might be said to have taken root in the ground."

In the confusion and precipitation which oftentimes takes place upon a field of battle, a number of *contre temps* will necessarily arise, which prove alike unfortunate to friends as foes. It is difficult to avoid those circumstances, when the power of mischief lying in the hands of ignorant and inexperienced men, it would almost seem extraordinary that many more casualties do not occur on such occasions.

When, in the evening of Waterloo, General Adam's Brigade arrived on the enemy's position, his Aide-de-Camp, Captain Campbell, observing one of their columns retiring, ordered some men of the 71st Regiment to turn their own howitzers on them, which, by way of giving them a parting volley or salute, in honour of old days, was immediately discharged; but, in loading the second time, the shell, owing to some mismanagement

or awkwardness, exploded, producing more havoc among themselves, than danger or confusion to their enemies.

Several men of the 71st, at a late period of the day, incautiously crowded into a French tumbrel that stood near the lines, with the design of bursting it open, either for the purposes of firewood, or in order to examine if the tumbrel contained some hidden treasure. Proceeding in this way for some time, with their hatchets and bill-hooks, on the work of demolition, the sparks arising from the blows, communicating with the powder, caused an instantaneous explosion of the whole concern, when the entire of the unfortunate men, thus rashly, or imprudently engaged, were blown into fragments in the air.

On the same evening, Corporal Corner, of the same regiment to which those men belonged, lost his life by an accident as unforeseen, as it was to be deplored. The musket which his comrade happened to be examining, going off at the instant, lodged its contents in the body of the ill-fated man. This may more peculiarly be considered a melancholy case, for the gallant soldier had witnessed service not only in South America and the Peninsula, but fought with his distinguished regiment in every quarter of the globe; and he himself, poor fellow! while life was ebbing fast away, expressed his grief in a most affecting manner, to those around, lamenting bitterly that he was not killed in battle, rather than by an inglorious shot, coming at random from a brother-soldier, when the struggle of the day was over.

The 14th Regiment, calling themselves the "Old and Bold," had three battalions in these days, having, through good interest, escaped the sweeping reduction that took place soon after the troops returned from the South of France—which favourable state of things was the origin of another appendage to their titles, by the name and distinction of "Calvert's Entire."

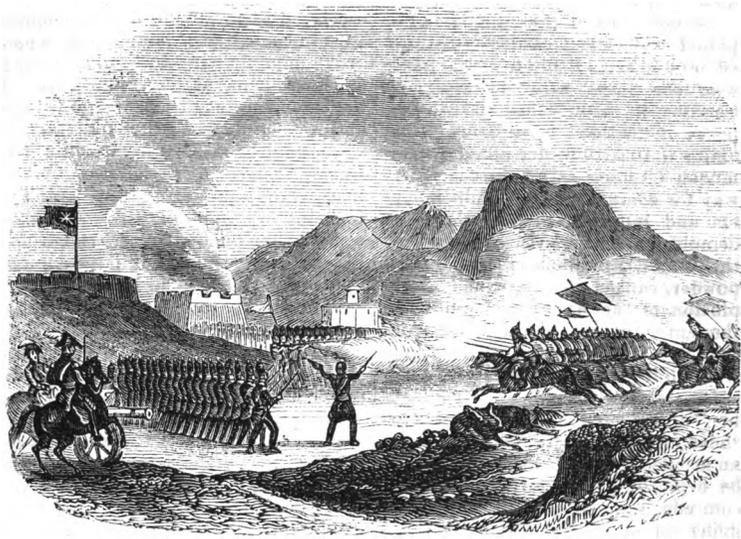
The young third battalion of the gallant corps, composed chiefly of boys, and commanded by the well-known veteran, the late Colonel Tidy,

were among those who suffered severely at Waterloo from the enemies' cannonade. In the early part of the action, a flight of shells having fallen about the head of the column, when they, with many others, were posted in reserve on the second range of heights in the rear and right of the position, destroyed in one fell swoop the whole of the band of music belonging to that regiment. . . .

On the night succeeding the memorable engagement, when the men were cooking their rations, there appeared to be no want of culinary apparatus for the purpose, for the French cuirasses, that lay strewn about the ground in all directions, came in most opportunely to their aid—a species of fryingpan very unusual in modern days, however convenient it might be then, and one which could safely be recommended to the young campaigner, on the recurrence of such necessity in after times, but unfortunately, for one objection, namely, they were perforated, like cullenders, with pellet-holes, and dilapidated in such a way both by shot and shell, that the gravy found its escape through many apertures, leaving the tough morsel, dry and hard enough before, as insipid and juiceless as a piece of leather.

THE BLACK HOLE.

"The black hole," says an old soldier, "was no doubt invented by some gloomy and good-natured soul, who loved a sedentary life, for the punishment of the minor offences incident to a soldier's life. I will instance," says he, "some of these offences which call for incarceration in solitude; sneezing in the ranks—scratching your head—letting the butt of your firelock fall on your captain's toes—singeing his whiskers by filling your pan too full—wiping your nose on a chilly morning—treading upon the captain's heels—looking cross. These, with a hundred others equally shocking, happen daily, and all are considered as deserving of seven days' solitary confinement in the black hole."—*The Military Bijou, by Lieutenant Shipp.*



Battle on the Heights of Canton.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHUENPEE and Ty-cock-tow, being the two first forts you come to in ascending the river, it was determined that these should first be attacked. Accordingly, at six o'clock in the morning of January 7, 1841, the *Nemesis* and *Queen* steamers, accompanied by the boats of the squadron, conveying troops and artillery, weighed for this service. The operations at Chuenpee fort we shall give in the lively words of an officer of the *Nemesis* iron-steamer.

"The troops were landed in a small sandy bay to the right of Chuenpee, and near the fort, on the left bank of the river. No accident occurred, and the troops immediately formed and marched up the hill, to attack the battery from the land-side, while the *Queen* and *Nemesis* should assail it by sea. At half-past nine we took up position, preparatory to shelling the Chinese out. At ten o'clock commenced firing shell from the after gun at the fort (the *Nemesis* carried two 36-pounder swivels, in addition to her

broadside armament), and from the foremost gun at a party of Chinese posted in a hollow to receive our troops as they advanced over the hill: these were soon dispersed, and both guns were then directed at the battery, which was now firing at us in return: but the shot from their guns either fell short or passed over us, the only well-directed shot passing directly over our quarter. One of the shell from the *Queen* burst immediately across our bows, a piece of which passed close to the foremost gun, at which I was standing. At this time, the *Druid*, 44, *Samarang*, 28, *Modeste*, 20, and *Columbine*, 18, were under weigh to attack the opposite battery of Ty-cock-tow, on the right bank of the river; and the *Calliope*, 28, *Larne*, 20, and *Hyacinth*, 18, were in their position, and firing at Chuenpee lower battery, situated just under the hill towards Anson's Bay, and which we could not see from the position we were then in; by this time the upper battery of Chuenpee was silenced by our shell; and shortly afterwards we observed some of the marines advancing to the walls. One of them coolly

put his musket through one of the embrasures, took deliberate aim and fired, and then coolly stepped back to reload: this he repeated two or three times, and then sprung over the parapet, followed by some others. We observed the Chinese colours waving up and down the flag-staff, as if two parties were struggling for the mastery, which indeed was the case. At length they came down, and the English Jack ascended in their place. At the same time, an English officer (Major Pratt) jumped on the parapet, and waved his cap to us, which we returned with three cheers (as did the *Queen*). We had ceased firing from the time we observed the marines scramble into the fort, nearly twenty-five minutes past ten.

"Clapped on full steam, and proceeded round the point to assist in silencing the lower fort. In rounding the point, struck heavily on a sunken rock, which gave the old barky a terrible lift to port, but fortunately did not stop us: ranged up almost within biscuit-throw of the walls, and poured in a round of grape and canister from both guns, which must have killed a considerable number of them, for we observed them falling dead and wounded out of their ports. By this time, the men-of-war opposed to this battery had ceased firing: a boat from the *Hyacinth* was pulling on shore to the battery, and the soldiers were tumbling in from above. In a few minutes the enemy's colours were hauled down. The Chinese made a desperate resistance, but were soon either killed or driven out of the fort. I saw some of them throw themselves down from the embrasures on to the rocks beneath, a height of nearly twenty feet, where they still continued firing at our soldiers on the parapet. All these were either shot or drowned, as their only retreat was the water, where they were exposed to a cross-fire of small arms from our crew, and the troops on shore, whose bullets came flying, *whit, whit*, over our heads, as thick as hail; without, however, doing us any harm. The greater part of the Chinese who left the battery from the land side, were met by a party of our soldiers, as they retreated round the foot

of the hill, and were nearly all shot or drowned, as there was no escape for them: they made all the resistance in their power, and behaved like brave men, fighting to the last; some of them firing at our men when actually driven into the water, but they had no chance with the soldiers, and were soon routed. Meanwhile the *Druid*, *Samarang*, *Modeste*, and *Columbine*, were hammering away at Ty-cock-tow.

"We then pushed on across Anson's Bay to attack the war-junks anchored in a small river at the bottom of the bay, and at eleven o'clock opened a fire with shot and shell upon four of the largest, moored outside the others, which they returned as fast as they could load their guns. Our guns were beautifully served, plumping the shot into them nearly the whole time; in fact it was the admiration of the whole fleet (which now had nothing to do but look on), and, from the excellent manner in which the *Nemesis* was manœuvred, they got most of our shot either into their sterns or counters. I repeatedly observed our thirty-two pound shot go slap through one junk into another. At ten minutes past eleven fired a Congreve-rocket (the first we had ever fired in the *Nemesis*, and directed by the captain), which struck one of the largest junks in midships, and must have gone into her magazine, for almost instantaneously she appeared to lift out of the water, her masts being launched right over her bows—a bright flash, succeeded by a cloud of thick white smoke, and then a deadened report, and all was over with the junk and her unfortunate crew. As the smoke slowly drifted away, all we could observe left of her were the burning ends of her timbers, sticking up out of a dark mass of floating wreck. Her ensign staff remained with ensign still flying. The crews of the other junks immediately began to leave them in their boats. We continued firing at them with shot, shell, and rockets, which they returned. At half-past eleven the junks hauled down their colours, but continued firing, although without effect, their shot falling short, though close to us. About this time a shot

rom one of them struck our larboard paddle-box, but did not damage the wheel. I was standing near the fore skylight, abaft the foremast, and distinctly saw the shot coming, as I thought, slap among the men at the foremost gun; but it struck the water, ricocheted, and hopped comfortably into the paddle-box.

“‘Boarders, away!’ First and second* cutters shoved off in company with the *Sulphur’s* boats. Our boats pulled for the admiral’s junk, which we boarded without resistance. We found only one man on board, and he, on one of our men firing at him, jumped over the bows. I was very nearly overboard in scrambling into the junk. They have immensely thick nets rolled up on outriggers, which extend about two feet outside and all round the gunwale (much like our hammock-nettings). I had made a spring out of the boat, and caught hold of one of them, and should have got on board very comfortably, had not one of our men in scrambling up missed his hold, and set his foot upon my head, which surged me down; and the nets giving way, there I was suspended like a squirrel in a cage. However, I soon righted myself, but I regret to say with the loss of my pistols, which both went overboard, without the possibility of my saving them. This was an immensely large junk, mounting between fourteen and fifteen guns (some of them brass, beautifully chased). She was fired, and as the flames spread, it became dangerous to remain in her on account of the powder. We shoved off, and in pulling to the *Nemesis*, between the junks, we had to run the gauntlet of their broadsides, their guns going off as they became heated. A shot struck the water close to one of the boats, and then bounded over our heads; however, we all got safe on board, and immediately proceeded in chase of such of the junks as had retreated up the river. We burnt those we saw run on shore, on either side, as we

proceeded, and continued firing round shot at five war-junks full of troops, which, however, escaped up one of the canals; then proceeded to some large junks moored close to the bank immediately in front of a large town, and took possession of them without any resistance, the inhabitants of the town having retreated to the hills, which were lined with them. The most shocking sight I saw that day occurred as we were fastening on to these junks. One of their crew had in his fright jumped overboard, and, not being able to swim, was undergoing the agony of drowning close to us. We hove a rope to him, but he could not reach it, and we were all too much employed to be able to render him any other assistance. We now got under weigh, with three junks in tow, and steamed down the river. Our prizes (I mean the junks we had fired) were now in full blaze on either side of us; and it was a most magnificent sight to see them blow up as the fire communicated to their magazines. On coming over the bar, two of the junks we had in tow grounded, and we were compelled to cut them adrift, after having applied fire to them.

“We now proceeded to join the Commodore; and, at half-past five, anchored off Chuenpee fort. Soon afterwards I went on shore to the lower fort, which presented a most dreadful scene of carnage, bodies lying about in every direction, more or less mutilated. In a narrow passage I saw nearly a dozen bodies jammed close upon each other, as though they had retreated there, and were shot down without any hope of escape. One poor fellow had the greater part of his skull carried away, which must have been done either by a shell or round shot. We now left the fort, as one of the engineers was about to fire a train. On walking round the hill, a still more dreadful scene presented itself. At the rocky point the Chinese were lying where they had been shot down, like sparrows, in heaps, while the whole surface of the hill-side was chequered with bodies, many more than half consumed by fire, and nearly all smouldering; for, when shot, many of them had fallen for-

* Under the command of Lieutenant Pedder, R.N., 1st officer; accompanied by Mr. Strangeways, R.N., 2nd officer; Mr. Galbraith, 3rd officer; Mr. John Gaunt, purser; and Mr. M'Dougal, chief-engineer—as volunteers.

ward on their matchlocks, the matches of which being still alight, had communicated to their cotton clothing (almost like tinder for igniting), and this had burnt their bodies in a dreadful manner. In the ruins of a small hut at the foot of the hill, I counted the remains of five men, four partially consumed, — the fifth (blackened and scorched) had his arms thrown abroad, his hands clenched, and his knees drawn up to his breast, as though he had perished miserably, alive in the fire. In the pathway, leading from the fort to the water's edge, lay the body of the Mandarin of the lower fort, who had died as a brave man should with his face to the enemy. He was a fine, noble-looking fellow, and rendered more so by the contrast of the poor wretches who lay around him. It appears he wounded one marine, a serjeant, and, after a severe struggle, was shot in the right breast by a second. This was the only wound he had received; and, as he had received his death from a gun-shot wound, his features were not distorted: it looked very much like sleep instead of death." Thus far the gallant Commander (now Captain) Hall, of the *Nemesis*; we next turn to the operations against Ty-cock-tow, on the opposite bank of the river, and then, for greater perspicuity, give the operations of the forces by land.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE HALT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

(Concluded.)

"AN enemy!" replied the same clear, soft voice; "but one who is sated, sick of shedding blood! Force a passage for me through the decaying pannels of the wainscot, and I will set you free!"

"Stand aside, then!" cried Roland; and, at one effort, the worm-eaten barrier gave way; a flood of moonlight passed in, and revealed a slight, fair girl, whose countenance, bearing a striking resemblance to that of the female who had inspired him with such a strong feeling of awe, though

pale and thin, was still so exceedingly beautiful, that the admiring gazer could not fancy that it had lost a single attraction from the calamity, whatever it might be, which had made such fearful havoc in the frame of her companion.

"Follow me," she cried, "and quickly: the delay of an instant may cost you your life."

"I will but stay to rouse my party," returned Roland, struck with sudden surprise to find that they had not already gathered round him, disturbed by the crash of the falling wainscot.

"They will wake no more in this world," said the stranger: "look not to them, but save yourself. The poison has performed its work, and they are as the dust beneath them."

Rushing to the ladder, Roland, reckless of personal danger from the lapse of time, threw himself into the room below, stirred the fading embers, and the blaze that sprang up, as it caught a fresh pine faggot, confirmed the dreadful truth. The pulses of the soldiers had ceased to beat; they breathed not—moved not; and their convulsed and distorted features told the horrid story of their fate. Roland stood shuddering and aghast amid the senseless clay around him; bolts of ice shot, in rapid succession, through his heart. Were these inanimate bodies the late companions of his toil, men vigorous with life and health, who, but an hour before, had shared his march, stiffening in the cold grasp of death—murdered, and murdered before his eyes? Drops of agony burst from his brows; and, drawing his sword in gloomy desperation, he exclaimed—"I will stay and avenge you!" The fair vision, whose voice had broken his repose, had followed him to the spot; and, preserving, amid the appalling scene, the same calm melancholy expression of countenance, which seemed habitual to her, again addressed him.

"Justice," she cried, "claims this sanguinary deed, and vengeance is beyond your reach, unless the blow should fall on me. Strike if you will, and spare not; for dearer lives have fallen beneath the murderous weapons of your countrymen."

The French officer slowly dropped the point of his sword; he saw, indeed, that it would be worse than vain to abandon himself to the indignation which filled his heart: but, continuing to gaze upon the ghastly faces of his comrades, as they lay, bereft of sense and motion, on the earth which was so soon to close over them, a sickening sensation crept through his frame; he could bear no more; and, clasping his hand across his eyes, moved from the spot.

His companion, taking advantage of this change of mood, seized his cloak, and drew him to the ladder. They ascended it in silence, crossed the two upper apartments, and gained the ground through a wooden balcony, furnished, according to the custom of the country, with a flight of steps. Roland, in a few minutes, found himself in a wild and tangled path, with his preserver still at his side.

"I have saved you from death," she cried; "but my task is not yet ended. A secret avenue, which cannot be trodden without a guide, leads to the road at the mountain's base, I will conduct you thither in safety; and, stranger, employ your rescued life in generous efforts to meliorate the sufferings of the hapless Spaniards; interpose your authority in aid of the weak and defenceless, and snatch them from the wanton butchery which spares neither sex nor age. Look on yonder shapeless ruin; once it smiled joyously in the moonlight; once a happy peasantry crowded to its now broken walls to pay the tribute of glad and grateful hearts to their beloved lord; a family, blessing and blessed, made the air around them melodious with the hymn of praise and thanksgiving—a gush of song for ever flowing like the mountain stream. On the last day that tones of cheerfulness issued from human lips upon that desecrated spot, we celebrated a festival, the betrothing of my elder sister; and merrily were struck the cords of the gay guitar, and lightly, to the spirit-stirring sounds of the castanet, our flying footsteps touched the ground. Suddenly an armed band burst in upon our harmless revelry.

There was a grotto carefully concealed, wherein our anxious friends placed Estella and myself for safety: through a fissure in the rock we saw the barbarians enter. I lost vision, sense, and recollection, when, vainly struggling with overpowering numbers, my father fell; but Estella, incapable of moving, or withdrawing her eyes from the scene of slaughter, and acutely, miserably alive to all its horrors, turned a stony gaze upon the unequal contest, and saw, one by one, our parents, our three brave brothers, her lover, our friends and servants, perish by the unpitiful hands of their assailants. The streams of blood, flowing down the pathway, penetrated the grotto, and, as I lay upon the damp ground, my festal garments were drenched with the vital current of all I loved on earth. The work of murder accomplished, the Frenchmen indulged themselves in pillage; and having seized everything of value, our home, our once happy home, was devoted to the flames. Vainly did we hope that the smoke would suffocate us in our retreat; but the wind blew it away, and we were saved to execute a dreadful deed of vengeance. Three days passed, and at length, sated with plunder and with blood, our merciless enemies retreated; the sound of their bugles died upon her ear, and Estella—the fair, the gracious, the idolised Estella—emerged from the cave, with her golden tresses changed to dull grey, the beaming radiance of her eyes quenched, her flesh withered away—the gaunt spectre of her former self. She swore a fearful oath upon the mangled pile of our murdered relatives, and fearfully has she performed it. For every precious life taken on that fatal day, by her frail and feeble hands have ten been sacrificed. My spirit grows weary of this constant slaughter; and when you refused the wine, and Estella, perceiving your suspicions, fled to procure the assistance of a trusty friend, the *Holy Virgin*, to whom I pray incessantly, urged me to effect your deliverance, and I obeyed the mandate."

The narrator of this horrible tale paused, and Roland, bursting into a

passionate exclamation, turned round to offer his fervent thanks to the fair and luckless creature to whom he owed his life, but she had vanished; the broad road lay before him, and no trace of his conductress appearing, he lingered for a moment, and then pursued his way. The morning began to break as he trod the solitary path, and, but that he was alone, the agile *voltigeur* could have fancied the whole night's adventure a feverish dream; the rustling of the leaves, the twittering of the birds, were the only sounds that broke the stillness; he missed the light songs and lighter laughter of his late companions, and strode along, unheeding the distance, almost choked by the tumultuous emotions which crowded his heart. As he approached the outposts, a dropping fire from the lines announced to the young soldier that preparations for action had commenced, and he only arrived in time to join his division, which was immediately engaged in a fierce contest with the enemy. Roland, wound up to the highest pitch of excitement fought with desperate energy, striving, in the impetuosity of the onslaught, to banish the frightful scene which was ever before his eyes. The day, however, notwithstanding the bravery of the troops, was not auspicious to France; evening saw the whole of the army in full retreat; and Roland, when bivouacking in a secure position, found himself in a distant province from the mountain scene, which had proved so fatal to eight of the most gallant fellows in the service.

The beauty of Estella and Magdalena, the daughters of the Count de los Tormes, was celebrated throughout Spain, and the tragic tale of their supposed murder formed a theme for the minstrels, who, while dwelling upon their virtues and their loveliness, incited every generous heart to avenge their wrongs. Some of these popular lays found their way to the French camp. Roland needed no auxiliary to perpetuate the recollection of these unhappy females; his thoughts dwelt continually on the fair form of Magdalena; insensibly he associated this gentle creature with

all his future schemes and prospects, and many romantic visions were disturbed by the gaunt spectre of her stern sister, starting up like a destroying angel between him and his fairy hopes. Roland, a man and a Frenchman, could not understand the possibility of owing his life to any cause save an impulse of tenderness in his favour. Unaccustomed to reflect deeply upon religious influence, he smiled at the alleged interposition of the *Virgin*, and admired the womanly contrivance which had so artfully veiled her own wishes under the pretence of obeying the commands of Heaven. Without too closely scanning his intentions, he felt an irresistible desire to snatch the ill-starred Magdalena from the horrible situation in which she was placed; and already well acquainted with the Spanish language, he spared no pains to render himself so completely master of it as to enable him to pass for a native.

The fortune of war gave Roland the opportunity which he had so long desired; he was stationed in the neighbourhood of the humble residence of the sisters, and, in the disguise of a muleteer, he ventured to approach the fatal spot. Taking the same road which he had formerly trod, the bold mountain peaks frowned above him; the thick forest of cork-trees spread its umbrageous shade around; and the ruined mansion, with its grass-grown gardens, brought sickening recollections to his heart. Accustomed to death in every shape—by the sword, by the bullet, and by the axe; by lingering tortures and by wasting plagues—often fighting ankle-deep in blood, and treading on the corpses of the slain; though lightly regarding these horrors, he never could banish from his memory the scene of that dreadful night, when by the funereal light of the pine wood fire, he gazed upon the blackening faces of his comrades, as they lay in death's ghastly embrace on the floor. Often in his gayest revel did the lights, and the music, and the wine-cup vanish from his eyes, and the dark hut and the dead were before him.

Now he was roused from his gloomy

reverie by the same sweet, clear voice, which had once broken upon a dangerous slumber; he looked into a green dell below, and saw Magdalena kneeling at a wooden cross, surmounted by an image of the *Virgin*, and singing her early matin hymn. Roland was by her side in an instant; and, with the confident vivacity of his country, poured out with passionate vehemence a thousand protestations of love. Magdalena, at first amazed, distrusting sight and sense, and listening with apparent patience, merely to be certain that she heard aright, no sooner caught the truth, than, starting from the ground, her fair, melancholy countenance dilating with scorn and rage, she cast a look of ineffable contempt upon the handsome suppliant, and, clinging to the rude altar before her, said—

“But that I loathe the sight of blood, presumptuous miscreant, thy heart’s best vein should drain upon this outraged shrine! Begone! judge not of me by the craven spirit that brought thee hither.” And before he could make a single attempt to appease her just indignation, she had fled.

The contemned lover lingered long and fruitlessly on the spot which had witnessed his disappointment; reluctantly obeying at last the dictates of prudence, which urged the folly of remaining to be discovered and sacrificed to the vengeance which he had provoked, he slowly and sullenly retreated. Though no longer daring to entertain a hope of inducing the fair Spaniard to exchange her dreary solitude for a life of luxury and ease, still the image of Magdalena haunted his imagination; her dazzling beauty, her noble sentiments, her touching history, could not, would not, be forgotten. A third time the means of visiting her dwelling-place presented themselves; and, almost without a purpose, Roland again approached the ruined hovel:—he found her grave! A mound of green turf, a rude cross, inscribed with her name and age, marked the last resting place of one of Spain’s fairest flowers. Her sister had assumed a soldier’s habit, and had joined the Guerillas.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF WATERLOO.

BY A VETERAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM STEWART, A MODEL FOR OFFICERS.

General Sir William Stewart was a prime favourite with the soldiers, and deservedly so, for he was a man with a great mind and a noble heart, considerate and kind to those about him on every occasion. While at the head of his brigade in the second division, commanded by General Lord Hill, he was, alike with that distinguished officer, ever alive to and solicitous about the wants and comforts of the men. Observing the good effects of thus encouraging them (and they found it was the surest way to gain their confidence), those officers, careless of themselves, thought no exertions thrown away that could, even in the slightest manner, alleviate or lessen their toils and duties. They resorted not, as many others did, after the troops came in from a long and toilsome march, to the comparative luxuries of their tent or quarters, until they had seen them well provided both as to rest and rations.

Nothing could animate our soldiers more, when they approached their lines, than the welcome appearance of their friends (for such they called them); for it was sure to be the harbinger of something to cheer their hearts.* Even among the officers this feeling was experienced; for they not only partook of the enjoyment of seeing the men about them happy, but they themselves, in situations of extremest difficulty, were comforted and consoled by the timely aid and kindness of their chiefs.

The General of Division has himself, on all occasions, visited or sent his staff to inquire of the health and wishes of the sick or wounded officers, whose table being ill provided

* Whenever Sir William Stewart was seen approaching the brigade, after a hard day’s work, there was a general stir among the men. They forgot their troubles, and enjoyed themselves amazingly, calling out to each other, from right to left—“Never mind, boys! it’s all right,—here comes Whisky Bill;” a name they good-humouredly applied to him, for they were always certain of an allowance of grog when he appeared.

was supplied from his own, giving the wherewithal to reanimate the exhausted sufferer, after the harrassing business of the day was over, reconciling him in this way to the endurance of pain, and even to further sufferings. These are the qualities that adorn the soldier—these are the proudest laurels he can wear. When the fame of triumphs and of battles, like all other evanescent things, has passed away, the memory of that benevolence and generous disposition, to which I have adverted, remains imperishable in the soldier's breast. Much of what is erroneously termed our "good fortune," in the Second Division, has, I will unhesitatingly affirm, sprung from this source. The good will—the hearts—the confidence of the troops were gained—that was sufficient. It acted with a degree of moral influence that wrought more beneficially than the utmost skill or generalship combined of others unendued with the fine and noble principle alluded to.

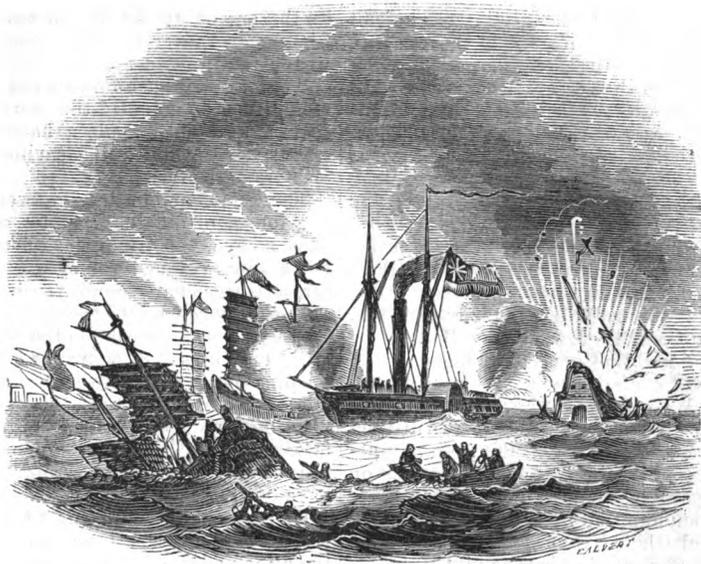
Actuated by one unanimous desire to render themselves deserving of the humanity and care bestowed upon them, our soldiers shrunk not from duties of the most trying nature, nor wavered in the very teeth of death, and a successful issue was sure to follow. When the battle of Orthes was raging on the left of the Gave d'Oleron, the right of the army, under Lord Hill, crossed the deep and rapid mountain stream above the town, at a ford previously examined by the 14th Light Dragoons, covered by the fire of our artillery. The advances being pushed over, and the enemy's skirmishers driven in, the troops were halted on the high ground in order to gain a little breathing time, when, at this moment General Stewart, commanding the brigade, riding past, accompanied by his staff, a grenadier of the 50th Regiment (some of whom were resting beside a ditch with their knapsacks on), an old weather-beaten soldier—a veteran black cuff—observing Sir William exclaimed, as he looked around upon his weary comrades, "There goes our old father!" Sir William, smiling, glanced with an air of benevolence towards the men,

and replied to the soldier's observation by saying, "Ay, men, you are all my children!"

Poor Sir William had been long the victim of ill health; his constitution was unfitted for the hard duties of campaigning, and required the aid of a mild and warmer atmosphere. The West Indies was, therefore, sought for as the most congenial to his temperament; and thither, after the war, he consequently resorted, fixing his residence in the island of Jamaica—but, unhappily, even this change proved but of slight avail, for alas! while cherishing the fond hope of returning to his native country, and passing the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of repose and independence, after lingering out some brief and painful days, he sunk under the debilitating effects of his disease, sincerely lamented by all who ever knew him or served under his command.

COAST NOTIONS OF WRECKED PROPERTY.

Among the inhabitants of remote parts of our own coasts (and these strictures are not intended to apply exclusively to those of the lowest order) there is no error so prevalent as that which delusively justifies to the finder the appropriation of whatever the sea casts up. They recognise the duty of restitution for the highway, but not for the beach. Until recently, at Palling, in Norfolk, and in the adjacent villages on that coast, every child as soon as it could toddle was furnished with a *pawkee*-bag, and when a vessel grounded, the village echoed with the cry—"a wreck! a wreck!" and the whole population rushed to the shore similarly equipped, and headed by the parents, who soon taught "the young idea how to shoot" in the *pawkey* line. "Ah, sir, though the *Preventative* gets the *great things*, one good wreck would make me do well again," said a poor woman in the above neighbourhood, and with the most perfect *naïvete*, to an officer of the preventive service; and, doubtless, but for that check, few even of the *great things* would ever have benefited the rightful owners.



The *Nemesis* destroying the War Junks in Anson's Bay, page 42.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 44.)

In the preceding extract, mention is made of the lower Chuenpee fort, round to which the *Nemesis* steamed to assist in its reduction, and it is said the ships of war had ceased firing. The division devoted to this latter service consisted of the *Calliope*, *Hyacynth*, and *Larne*, under Captain Herbert, an extract from whose report to Sir Gordon Bremer we sub-join :—

Her Majesty's ship *Calliope*,
Chuenpee, China, Jan. 7.

Sir,—You witnessed the manner the ships you did me the honour to place under my orders, took up their position within pistol-shot of the batteries of Chuenpee, the rapidity with which they were silenced, and the union-jack hoisted in the forts, and how nobly they were stormed on the land side by our gallant troops (land forces and marines). This performed, the war-junks, agreeably to your orders, were my next object; and I directed the steamers, assisted by the boats of the ships under my orders,

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to their attack; but, from the shoalness of the water, the *Nemesis* and boats could be only employed: they were efficiently conducted, and, from their fire, soon caused the crews of the junks to desert them, succeeding in capturing ten out of thirteen. The admiral's junk was blown up by a rocket from the *Nemesis*, thus crippling the naval armament of the Chinese in this quarter. This part of the force operating against the enemy was most ably and efficiently conducted by Commander Belcher, of the *Sulphur*, showing to every advantage the powerful force of this description of war-steamer, combining, as she does, a commanding armament with light draught of water. He speaks in terms of high commendation of Lieutenant Kellet, of the *Starling*, conducting the *Queen* steamer, assisted by Mr. Crouch, gunnery mate of the *Wellesley*, and has expressed his high admiration of the most gallant manner in which the boats of the *Calliope* and *Larne* passed on to a very impressive attack on the war-junks to the northward of the *Nemesis*, which he found on coming up

in the possession of a seaman each, as prize-masters, reflecting great credit on Lieutenant Watson of the *Calliope*, and Harrison of the *Larne*.

From the vessels being captured in a narrow channel, and close to the villages, the ebb tide running strong, with an imperfect knowledge of the channel, Commander Belcher considered it too great a risk to wait the uncertainty of getting the junks out of the different positions in which they were taken, and gave directions for their being destroyed.

(Signed) T. HERBERT, Captain.
To Com. Sir. J. J. Gordon Bremer,
K.C.B., Com.-in-chief, &c.

We now pass across the river to Ty-cock-tow, as it is only by a distinct account of each of these simultaneous operations, the gallant attack on these numerous forts, in a river abounding in flats, shoals, and fortified islands, that a clear idea of the various attacks can be given.

Her Majesty's ship *Samarang*,
Canton River, Jan. 8, 1841.

Sir,—In obedience to your instruction of yesterday, I proceeded with the ships placed under my orders off Ty-cock-tow. The fort commenced its fire upon us at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, which I did not reply to until I took up my anchorage ten minutes after, abreast of it, about 200 yards' distance, which was as near as the depth of water would permit of our approach. The *Modeste*, *Druid*, and *Columbine*, anchored in succession, and in a few minutes so destructive and well directed was the fire of the ships, that that of the enemy was silenced, with the exception of an occasional gun or two. At twenty minutes after eleven a.m., observing that we had effected a practicable breach in the southern end of the fort, I directed the boats manned and armed to proceed to storm it. Lieutenant Bower (first of this ship) immediately landed, supported by the boats of the *Modeste*; those of the *Druid* and *Columbine*, under the command of Lieutenant Goldsmith, (first of the former ship) proceeded to the north end.

An attempt at resistance was made by the enemy at the breach against Lieutenant Bower and his party, but was instantly overcome by the gallant and determined rush onwards of our men, which so appalled the garrison, that they instantly made a hasty retreat over the hill-wall, leaving us masters of the fort.

The guns, amounting to twenty-five longs, of different calibre, were then spiked, the trunnions knocked off, a shot wrapped round with wet canvass driven hard home in each, and they were thrown into the sea, their carriages burnt, as well as the whole of the buildings and magazines blown up, previous to which latter operation, all the wounded of the enemy were carried away clear of the fort; their loss, judging from the number of killed, lying in every direction, must have been most severe.

Of Lieutenant Bower (first of this ship) I cannot speak too highly. In the attack of the breach, he received a severe sabre wound across the knee, which I fear will deprive me for some time of his services. I beg leave to recommend him most strongly to your favourable consideration, as well as Mr Luard, mate, who behaved most gallantly in the breach. The zealous conduct of this promising young officer has repeatedly drawn forth my commendations.

Our damages are very trifling, being merely some of the standing rigging cut away, and a shot through our hull, the fire of the enemy passing all over us.

JAMES SCOTT, Captain.

In order to render our account as perfect as possible, we now proceed to give the land operations of our brave soldiers, seamen, and marines, under command of Major Pratt of the Cameronians, merely freeing his dispatch from the encumbrances of names and professional minutiae.

Sir,—The troops under my command, consisting of a detachment of Royal Artillery, having one 24-pounder howitzer, and two 6-pounder field guns, aided by a party of seamen from her Majesty's ships the *Wellesley*, the *Blenheim*, and the *Melville*, detach-

ments of the 26th and 49th Regiments, a battalion of Royal Marines, the 37th Madras Native Infantry, and a detachment of Bengal Volunteers, in all 1400 men, landed yesterday, at nine o'clock, two miles below Chuenpee Point, for the purpose of capturing the several forts and batteries on Chuenpee.

The troops landed without opposition; and, having formed them, I sent forward an advance of two companies of Royal Marines under Captain Ellis; the guns were then moved on, supported by the detachments of the 26th and 49th Regiments, followed in column by the Marine battalion, the 37th Native Infantry, and the Bengal Volunteers.

After advancing a mile and a half, on reaching the ridge of the hill, we came in sight of the upper fort, and of a very strong intrenchment, having a deep ditch outside, and a breastwork round it, which was prolonged upwards, connecting it with the upper fort; it was also flanked by field batteries, having deep trenches in rear of the guns for the purpose of shelter. The whole was strongly lined with Chinese soldiers, who immediately on seeing us, cheered, waved their flags in defiance, and opened a fire from their batteries; our guns were promptly placed on the crest of the ridge, and commenced firing; this was duly returned by the Chinese for about twenty minutes; and, indeed, in this, as well as our other encounters with them, it is but justice to say they behaved with courage. During this time the advance crossed the shoulder of the hill to the right, driving before them the Chinese who had lined it in considerable numbers; then, descending into the valley, took possession of a field battery placed there. I had previously ordered two companies of the 37th Native Infantry, under Captains Bedingfield and Wardroper, to scour round a hill to the right of the advance, where they encountered the Chinese in some force, and drove them away with much loss. Captain Duff, commanding the corps, speaks highly of the conduct of these companies, which he had supported by another under Lieutenant Hadfield.

Seeing that the fire from our guns was causing the Chinese to fly from the intrenchments and batteries, I moved the column down the slope, causing the two leading companies of Marines under Captain Whitcomb to clear the wooded hill in front. I took a subdivision of them, got into the intrenchment, and proceeded up inside the breastwork to the upper fort, in which there was still a number of men; these were speedily dislodged by the two marines who first reached it; the fort was entered, and the British ensign hoisted by a royal marine.

The lower fort, which had sixteen guns facing the sea, and was surrounded by a high wall, and a small battery between, was, from this, completely exposed, but the fire of these, as well as of the upper fort, had been silenced by the ships attacking on the sea face: they were still in considerable numbers in the lower part of the fort, and had locked the gate; a fire was therefore kept up from the hill, and the advance coming round the lower side to the gate, forced it by musketry. On entering they met with considerable resistance, which was speedily subdued; some men then entering an embrasure on the flank, the fort was taken and our flag hoisted.

The whole of the forts and batteries being now in our possession, we proceeded to render the guns unserviceable and dismantle the forts, setting their encampments on fire, and, on re-embarking, the magazine in the lower fort was blown up.

I am happy to say that the loss on our side has been small, and would have been less, but for the explosion of an extensive magazine in the fort after the capture. The Chinese, however, suffered severely; between 300 and 400 were killed and wounded, including amongst the killed the Heptae, an officer with rank equivalent to our brigadier-general. About one hundred prisoners were taken, who were released at the close of the day.

Lieutenant Wilson, of her Majesty's ship *Blenheim*, commanded the seamen, and the guns were dragged forward in good style; and the disembarkation and re-embarkation of the

troops were ably managed by Lieutenant Symons, of her Majesty's ship *Wellesley*.

I inclose the list of guns captured and destroyed, and also the return of casualties.

J. L. PRATT,
Major, 26th Cameronians,
Commanding the Force.

To his Excellency Sir J. J. G. Bremer,
C.B., K.C.H., &c.

The following return of the ordnance captured on these occasions will be read with interest, as exhibiting the Chinese as not altogether the contemptible enemies which popular opinion is apt to consider them.

Her Majesty's ship *Wellesley*, off Anunghoy, Jan. 18, 1841.

Sir,—I have the honour to forward, for their lordships' information, a copy of an amended return of ordnance captured on the 7th instant, at Chuenpee and Ty-cock-tow, by which they will perceive two eight-and-a-half inch howitzers were taken; they are nearly like the new pattern eight-inch howitzers now in use in our service. The examination of the intrenchments and field batteries in front of the position of Chuenpee has caused me much surprise; they display considerable science, and are so formidable, that they must have cost us many men to carry, if the Chinese had not been forced from them by shells, with which they are entirely unacquainted.

Amended return of ordnance mounted on the forts and intrenchments at Chuenpee, when stormed and captured on the 7th January, 1841:—

Upper fort, 9 iron guns; lower fort, 19 iron guns; in the intrenchments, 16 iron guns—total mounted, 44. Iron guns not mounted, 38. Total, 82.

The guns in the forts were nearly of the same calibre as the British eighteen and twelve pounders. Those in the intrenchments, six-pounders. They were all rendered unserviceable, and the carriages destroyed.

Taken by *Samarang* from the wreck of one of the junks, 2 brass eight-and-a-half inch howitzers; on Ty-cock-

tow, 25 iron guns; in the junks, 82 iron and brass guns. Junks destroyed. Total, 109.

Recapitulation.—Chuenpee and its dependencies, 82; howitzers, 2; Ty-cock-tow, 25; in the junks, 82. Grand total, 191.

(Signed) J. KNOWLES, Captain,
Royal Artillery.

Thus ended this eventful day, and we shall here take the liberty of extracting a few of those minor features which give truth to a picture of the horrors of war, from the pen of a spectator of the events he describes, namely, W. D. Bernard, Esq., A.M., who has given to the world an interesting volume, under the title of "Voyages and Services of the *Nemesis*."

The Chinese admiral, Kwan, lost his red button, or ball of his cap, the emblem of his rank, during the encounter of the *Nemesis* with the junks. It was reported that he wished to meet his death at the hands of the foe, and was with some difficulty prevented by his attendants, who bore him off by force. The loss of this button, which has certain marks or characters upon it, indicating that it is conferred by imperial favour as an emblem of rank, occasioned the brave old man much trouble. Fortunately it was found and returned to him through the intervention of Captain Elliot. Although old Kwan escaped this time, his chivalrous contempt of danger led to his death on a future occasion, as we shall hereafter see.

The junks destroyed in Anson's Bay are provided with quite a new sort of boarding nettings. Probably Admiral Kwan, who, though a courageous soldier, was but little of a seaman, had heard something of English ships of war being sometimes provided with nettings when going into action, and this led to an amusing mistake. He supposed, doubtless, they were intended to catch the enemy, as a poacher catches sleeping birds; accordingly a number of very strong fishing nets were fastened all round the sides of the junks, not extended so as to prevent any one getting on board, but triced up outside over each of the guns, in such a way

that when our boats should come alongside, the nets could be thrown over them, men and all; and thus our jolly tars were to be caught, like hares in their form, and handed over to the tender mercies of the emperor! No sooner, however, did the *Nemesis* edge near them in shoal water, and open her fire, than the nets and all other contrivances were lost sight of in the fear of the shot, shells, and rockets, and long before any of the men-of-wars' boats could get alongside, the defenders and men-catchers were glad to be off, to avoid being netted themselves.

The war junks are of various sizes, and have guns varying in number from four to fourteen, and sometimes more, of various calibre, some of foreign make, but principally Chinese. The crews are further abundantly supplied with spears, swords, matchlocks, and frequently large gingals, or guns fitted with a rest on the bulwarks of the vessel, so as to give the power of a steady aim. There are generally a large number of round shields on board, made in a saucer-like fashion, two and a-half to three feet in diameter. They are composed of rattans or canes, strongly woven together, and are so elastic that they would be difficult to cut through with a sword; and even a musket ball fired at long range and not hitting them point blank is turned off. These are generally hung along the bulwarks, resting on the top and outside of them, and giving the vessels the martial appearance of the old Roman galleys.

To return from this digression, the reader may now feel curious to know what sort of a report Kwan could make to his mighty "celestial" master, brother of the sun and cousin of the moon, on the subject of these actions below the Bocca Tigris—the first grand collision between the naval power and science of the west and the overweening conceit and self confidence of the remote east. Both himself and Keshen saw the inevitable humiliation and sufferings their countrymen must undergo if matters were pushed to extremes, and though fully alive to the serious character of the defeat, they dreaded to break the truth too suddenly to their "mighty"

master; they cunningly, therefore, announced that "a drawn battle had taken place;" and "that the fight having been maintained from eight in the morning till two in the afternoon, the *tide ebbing*, the foreign vessels left off firing and anchored in the middle of the stream, *each party maintaining their ground*." But the emperor, or rather his ministers, were not to be duped for ever; an imperial proclamation declared Keshen to be "incompetent," and that his conduct should receive "the severest consideration;" while the brave but unfortunate old Kwan was calumniously said to have proved himself "at all times devoid of the talent to direct, and, in critical circumstances," to be "alarmed, perturbed, and did not know what to do!" Kwan, therefore, was deprived of his rank and his insignia, but ordered "henceforth to labour to attain merit, bearing his just punishment in the meanwhile."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CAPTAIN TO HIS CRAFT.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

I'm on my gallant frigate's deck,
Her flag is waving free,
Her anchor is weighed—her sails are set,
We're bound across the sea.
The billows sparkle in our wake,
Our bows are white with spray;
Madly we're dashing through the waves,
Onward! away, away!

Fresh breezes fill our canvass now,
The wind is well abaft,
And o'er the rolling seas she climbs,
Like a right royal-craft.
Bold tars are stationed at the helm,
They watch the rising swell;
And, hark! the look-outs loudly shout,
Hurrah, my boys!—"All's well."

Bright stars illumine the azure vault,
Blue ocean has its gems;
All dazzling blaze—enough to set
A million diadems.
Great wealth and fame before us lie,
There's danger in the way,
But lighted both by sea and sky,
We'll on! Away!—away!

The storm-bird flies across our stern,
And skims along our lee;
Who fears old Mother Carey here?
No chicken they'll find me.
We've thunder in our own good guns,
And bolts to hurl at foes,
The lightning's flash is not more swift
Than we in battle close.

Ease off the sheets, the braces check,
 Rig out each studd'n-sail boom;
 "Marry," with Shakspeare I may say,
 "My soul gets elbow-room!"
 Come, heave the log, and try her rate,
 She will not brook delay;
 "Ten knots an hour."—Brave old lass!
 Onward!—Away, away!

I love my wife—I love my home—
 I love my girls and boys—
 But dearer is my bonny barque,
 The ocean and its joys.
 Three hundred "children" on my deck
 In ready order stand,
 To brave the battle and the blast,
 Or die at my command.

Steady, my lads! and steer her small,
 A good look-out before,
 And, quartermaster, mind your course—
 Ne'er heed the billows' roar.
 See how she lifts!—the lively ship,
 Just like a gull at play,
 Skimming the white foam as it breaks,
 Then on—away, away!

Oh, what on land can equal this?
 Here I hold sovereign sway,
 My ship a throne, and by my skill
 Both winds and waves obey.
 Hurrah, then, for a seaman's joys!
 All perils I will brave;
 Through life the sea my realm shall be—
 In death, my ocean grave.

United Service Magazine.

TWO TOUGH BITS OF BRITISH OAK.

As many erroneous notions are entertained by landsmen, and even seagoing men, as to the age and durability of a well-built ship; the following may give a wrinkle to some who have been lately talking about the inefficiency of our navy on the score of the age of the ships of which it is composed; their style of build, as compared with the latest "notions," (not always "improvements," be it remembered) is, of course, quite another question:—

The *Royal William*, or "*Old Billy*," as she was called in oceanic lingo, ran through service for the whole of the eighteenth century. The exact date of her first appearance on the salt-water stage is a matter of doubt, but she is known to have left England on the 16th March, 1700; and returned to port on the 26th of July, 1702. On the 31st of July, 1714, she was ordered to be taken to pieces by Mr. J. Naish, for the purpose of being rebuilt; and was undocked on the 3rd of September,

1719. But such was the superior state of our marine, that a considerable number of ships were never once put in commission during the contests with France and Spain, from the death of William III. to 1748; and the *Billy* was idle, from the time of her being rebuilt, for thirty-six years, during which time she received no repairs of moment. Such was the official pretext for her non-employment; but there is also another tale in the wind. The longevity of this ship had attracted the notice of Lord Sandwich, so far back as his visitation of the dock-yards in 1771; and in his inquiries he gleaned that an enmity had subsisted between Naish and Sir Jacob Ackworth; that Sir Jacob in all things endeavoured to lessen the merit of Mr. Naish, and whilst he lived would never let the *Royal William* be employed. "Thus," adds his lordship, "that ship, which has proved to be of as good qualities as any ship that was ever built, was lost to the public for many years, and had like to have been condemned without ever being tried, owing to a jealousy and ill-will between two officers!"

The *Royal William* being reckoned rather crank for her force, was taken into dock in 1755, to be reduced from a first to a third rate: an expedient adopted solely on scientific grounds, and having no reference whatever to the actual condition of the ship, in respect to the surface. In 1757 she was commissioned as an 84, and sent on the expedition to Rochfort under Hawke; after which she hoisted Sir Charles Hardy's flag, and sailed with Boscawen's fleet for Louisburg. She afterwards served successively at the capture of Quebec in 1759, at the siege of Belleisle in 1761, and with Commodore Dennis in Basque Road till the peace of 1763. She then had a respite from wear and tear till the King of France was stultified enough to meddle between England and her colonies, when the *Billy* was brushed up again, and sailed under Howe to the relief of Gibraltar. At the busy armament of 1790, usually called the "Spanish Disturbance," she hoisted Vice-Admiral Roddam's flag, as guard-ship at Spithead; and she held that

post, under various officers, until 1813, when she was condemned to be broken up, having escaped a similar fate in 1797, at the particular request of the King. Such durability being unique, her breaking up excited considerable curiosity. All the upper works, and those parts of her that were exposed to the alternations of weather, were, as might be expected, found to be decayed; but the floor-timbers, the first futtocks, and all those parts which externally were immersed in the water, and internally kept pretty nearly in the same degree of moisture and uniformity of temperature, were as sound and perfect as when first put into the ship; and some of the timbers were so hard as to almost resist the impression of any tools.

But the eighteenth century boasted also another marine wonder, which, though of a less important stamp, must nevertheless be mentioned. This was a little ship, called the *Betsy Canes*, which was reported by tradition to have been King William's yacht in 1688; and for many years the pleasure-boat of Queen Anne. That was the meridian of her palmy days, for on the death of her royal mistress she was roughed by George I.; but still she weathered it bravely under protection of one of the lords of the court. On his becoming indifferent, vicissitude again assailed her, and she was alternately a West Indian, a privateer, a Smyrna figger, and a Baltic trader, in all of which she acquitted herself for steadiness, comfort, and speed. Various fortune attended her for many years, until at length she again got a side-wind into the royal service as a transport, under George III. In this change we knew her well, especially in 1810, at the siege of Cadiz, where she was the head-quarters of the Marine Artillery. Who, among the flotilla division, is likely to forget the hospitality of her skipper, the worthy Carder? or that of those excellent officers, Worth, Buckland, and Campbell?—the two former of whom were killed by one shot.

With the piping times of peace *Betsy Canes* resumed her mercantile avocations, and at length—after mani-

fold degradations—she was reduced to the drudgery of carrying coals from Newcastle to London. Here was a descent—from a regal yacht to a dowdy collier! In this deplorable condition she lingered on, till at length she suicidally struck on some rocks near Tynemouth bar, on the morning of February 17, 1827; little effort was made to relieve her distress, and for two days she was left to beat about on the reef, where she became a total wreck. Thus perished one of the most remarkable ships in the world, after having been constantly at sea for a period of 150 years.

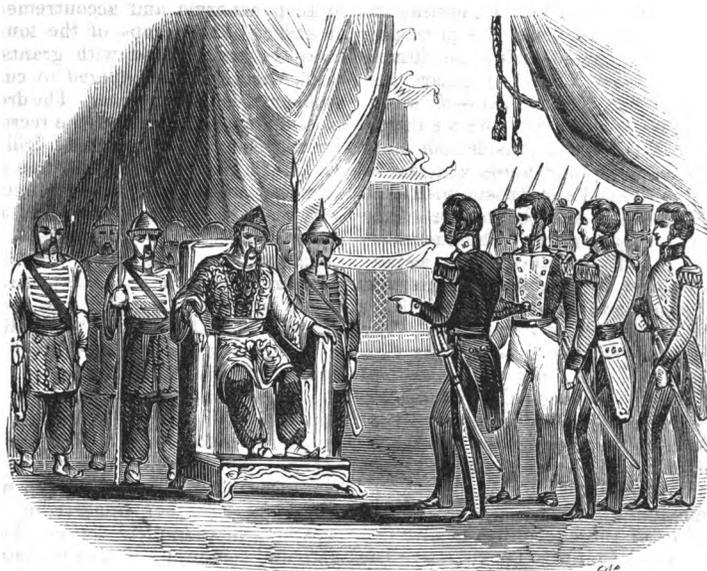
THE MILITARY FORCE OF CHINA.

The amount of the military force of China has been variously estimated—some writers compute it at 800,000, others at 1,500,000, and some even as high as 1,800,000. But the accounts collected by the Russian mission in Peking are probably nearest the truth—these state that the army is composed of four distinct classes, and as many separate races. The first in rank of these classes is the Mandshoos, who muster 678 companies, of 100 men each, which gives a force of 67,800. The second class is composed of Mongolians, who accompanied the Mandshoos in their irruption into China, and settled on the soil; they furnish a contingent of 211 companies, or 21,000 men. The third class is supplied by the Chinese, who formed a junction with the Mandshoos at the termination of the last native dynasty of the "Mins," and lent them help in seizing upon the throne; the troops of this class consist of 270 companies, or 27,000 men, and man the whole artillery of the empire, which is estimated at 400 guns. These three classes, therefore, compose a force of 115,800 men, chiefly horsemen, brigaded under eight standards or divisions. The fourth and last class consists of native Chinese, recruited from the general mass of the people, and employed as garrisons in the interior; they go by the name of the "Troops of the Green Standard," and are estimated at 500,000. Over and above

these four classes, there is a district militia of irregulars, amounting to about 175,000. From the preceding data, it would appear that the Chinese army musters 615,000 regulars, and 125,000 irregular militia—of whom 175,000 are mounted. But we should add to this force a considerable body of Mongolian light horse, who resemble the Cossacks of Russia, both as to their customs and the nature of the service they perform. Their numbers are reputed to be 500,000; but as they are subject to great fluctuations, it is not possible to ascertain their strength with any degree of correctness. The principal quarters in which the Chinese army is stationed are Peking and its neighbourhood—the Mandshoo districts, particularly the country contiguous to the river Amoor—and those bordering on the river Ili, near the Altai Mountains in the west; the commander of the troops quartered in the last of these localities is also Governor of Chinese Turkistan. The fortress of Chalgan has likewise a garrison of 12,000 men; and about 40,000 are usually stationed in and near Canton. From 10,000 to 40,000 are also maintained, according to circumstances, in the other provinces of the empire. The garrison of Peking alone employs a force of 40,000 infantry and cavalry, which is composed of eight divisions or standards each, of Mandshoos, Mongolians, and Chinese, distinguished from one another by their standards and uniforms. Every division has its distinct arsenal, civil departments, pay office, and school for the soldiers' children. Drafts to other parts are, however, frequently sent from Peking; so that the 80,000 in garrison are seldom kept up to their full complement. It is a regulation in the Chinese service that every soldier should be a married man. Their male progeny are inscribed on the regimental rolls on the very day of their birth, and on their reaching the proper age, they are drafted off to fill up vacancies. Each private of the first, second, and third class receives, besides his arms, his horse, and rations of rice for his family, monthly pay, varying from twelve to seventeen shillings. Out of this allowance he provides

himself with equipments, and is bound to keep his arms and accoutrements in order. The troops of the fourth class are remunerated with grants of land, which they are obliged to cultivate for their subsistence. The dregs of the population furnish the recruits for this class. The principal drill in which the troops, both Mandshoo and Chinese, are exercised, is shooting with the bow, both when mounted and dismounted; a portion of them are practised in discharging fire-arms without locks or ramrods; and a minor portion in loading and firing cannon. The dress of the troops does not differ essentially from that of the people at large, excepting in the kurma or surtout; a sort of spencer, which is of similar colour to the standard under which the soldier serves. The feminineness of his apparel, his silk boots, and the fan with which he refreshes himself in hot weather, make him cut a very effeminate and somewhat laughable figure; and even in time of war, the addition of an iron helmet, a wadded frock, and a bamboo shield, renders his appearance still more anti-martial. The horseman is rapid in his movements, and advances to the attack with much impetuosity—at least, when no enemy is before him. But his little, slender horse, with his short, quick step, wants the qualities of a charger. The saddle is made of very soft materials, and is raised so high, both before and behind, that it would not be easy to throw the rider out of his seat: the stirrups, too, are so short as to bring his knee and his chin into close proximity.

A very considerable proportion of the troops is employed on military duty along the rivers and canals as well as on the public roads. They are posted in small quadrangular buildings, which are furnished with a watch-tower and flag, and placed at about five miles' distance from each other. These guards do the duty of a police, besides transmitting all government despatches.



Interview between Keahen and Elliot at Pagoda Island, page 58.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Continued from page 53.

To return to Chuenpee and the fleet. The evening after the conflict was spent in making preparations on both sides for the further attack and defences of the morrow, and all on board the British squadron were watching for the dawn, when they doubted not the thunder of our guns should shake the walls of Anunghoy and make even the famed Bogue forts crumble to the ground.

The sun rose beautiful and bright on the morning of the 8th of January, 1841. The boats of the *Sulphur* were ordered up to sound, and the "devil-ship," the *Nemesis*, was first under way for Anunghoy with a couple of rocket-boats. "The water was calm as the majestic line-of-battle ships moved slowly to the positions assigned them in front of the principal forts, and already," says Commander Hall, "had the *Nemesis* got a berth within capital range of the southern battery of Anunghoy, where only four guns could be brought to bear upon her; already had she thrown in

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several shells and shot, when the signal of recal was observed *provokingly* flying at the mast-head of the *Wellesley*, and being enforced by more than one signal gun, all offensive operations ceased. Just as the exciting moment had arrived, and every man was calculating how best the forts might be reduced, the stillness of anxiety was replaced by that of bitter disappointment in every man's bosom."

Old Admiral Kwan saw clearly that another "drawn battle," like that of yesterday, must ruin them entirely, sent off a *flag of truce*, in a little boat containing an old woman and one man (!); and this humble paper sent in this extraordinary manner, suspended hostilities at the very moment of their commencement; from what followed the reader will see, that there was in this instance a large waste of humanity and forbearance, as might easily have been expected from all former experience.

Tedious negotiations again ensued; during which the Chinese were busy, day and night, increasing their defences; notice was given to them to desist, but they did not until the 20th,

when it was announced that a *preliminary* treaty had been signed. Hong-Kong was to be ceded to us, an indemnity of six millions of dollars was to be paid, one million down and the last in 1846. So far all was well upon paper; but the Chinese only wanted time. On the 21st, two Mandarins came down to Chuenpee to receive back the fort from Captain Scott of the *Samarang*, who had been appointed its governor. The British jack was hauled down, and the Chinese dragon was hoisted in its place under a salute from the flag-ship; and it was clear enough that never did her guns sound so musical to Chinese ears. The salute was returned by the Chinese. It must be remembered that Sir Gordon Bremer had not yet been named joint plenipotentiary, nor was he so till the June following, as some confusion has arisen on this subject in the newspapers and elsewhere.

"Thus ended the second act of the great drama of the Chinese War," says Mr. Bernard. "Yet, in his report to the Emperor, Keshen, after all that had taken place, declared, that 'he had only made conditional concessions to the English: *merely promising* that he would earnestly *implore* the emperor's *clemency* in their behalf!'"

And now "came off" the celebrated interview between Keshen and Elliot (see *Engraving*, p. 57), some miles above the Bogue, on an island near a pagoda, at what is called the Second Bar.

Grand preparations had been made on both sides. One hundred marines, picked men from the *Wellesley*, *Druid*, and *Calliope*, figured as a guard of honour to Captain Elliot; two excellent bands were also in attendance; and it was calculated, as Jonathan would say, that this guard "would pretty considerably astonish the celestial natives." On the 26th January, the *Nemesis*, accompanied by the *Madagascar* steamer, conveying Captain Herbert, the Honourable Captain Dundas, Captain Maitland, Captain Rosamel, of the French corvette the *Draide*, and the plenipotentiary, entered the true Canton River, being the two first steam-ships which ever ploughed the

"inner waters" of the Celestial Empire,—they will not be the last!

Early on the morning the guard of marines was landed, together with the bands, and soon after nine the officers landed. The guard of marines seemed to attract the principal attention of the Chinese; the road from the landing-place to the tent, which was lined with yellow hangings (the emperor's colour), was covered with cotton awnings and decorated with branches of trees. A sumptuous repast followed; for in China, as in England, a good feed seems indispensable on important occasions: shark's fin and bird's nest soups, so celebrated in books of travels, were here served up. A long conference took place between Elliot and Keshen, but little definite transpired. Whatever terms the latter may have agreed to at this interview, it was soon after known that the emperor had forbidden him to carry them into execution. As yet the treaty was not signed; yet, with chivalrous self-sacrifice, Captain Elliot had ordered the evacuation of Chusan! This was likely rather to impede than expedite the settlement of affairs.

No sooner had Keshen notified these proceedings to the emperor, than he was severely reprimanded for what "he had *pretended* to promise;" and he was told, "a mere glance of his memorial had filled the celestial breast with indignation!"

New reinforcements of troops were ordered; Yihshan, a Tartar general of high reputation for military skill, of whom we shall often hear in future, was sent down to Canton as "general pacificator of the rebellious!" and two assistant functionaries, called Lungwan and Yang-Fang, were ordered to repair to "co-operate with him in the work of extermination!"

The 2nd of February was the day appointed for the opening of the trade of Canton, but no explanation could be got, no proclamation was issued, and on the 11th, Captain Elliot went up to "demand an explicit" explanation of Keshen. This interview was without ceremony, and it was clear poor Keshen was in a sad dilemma with his master; he was downcast and melancholy; and it was clear that he had

not the *power*, even if he had the *will* to act up to his engagements. Keshen, however, succeeded in winning yet *another ten days' delay*. During this period some military and naval officers went on a reconnoitring expedition up the Bogue, and discovered that fortifications and military works on the largest scale were in progress, that troops were assembled upon the heights, that entrenched camps were being formed on both banks of the river, and that the island of North Wantung was bristling with cannon. These were rather odd preliminaries to a treaty of peace just about to be signed, and, says Sir Gordon Bremer, "I must confess my faith in the sincerity of the Chinese commissioner was completely destroyed." Hostilities were evidently impending, and they soon came. The Chinese threw off the mask so far, that the emperor's edict disgracing Keshen was made public, and a proclamation posted on the walls of Canton, offering a reward of 50,000 dollars for the "heads of Elliot or Sir Gordon Bremer!"

The most sanguine desirer of peace could doubt no longer; even the film seemed to fall from the eyes of the Plenipotentiary; a boat, containing Commander Hall of the *Nemesis*, and Mr. Compton, passing the fort at Wangtung, where there were many large junks, landing men and stores, was fired at with round shot.

On the evening of the 19th, the four days agreed on having expired the day before, Captain Elliot, having in vain waited for Keshen's definite declaration of his intentions, briefly announced that "circumstances had induced the commander-in-chief to announce to her Majesty's plenipotentiary, his intention of moving the forces towards the *Bocca Tigris*;" so that it would seem this inevitable movement was at last the commander-in-chief's. On the day following the 20th, Keshen announced his unwillingness to "negotiate further," and an imperial edict was published, ordering the foreigners to be "rooted out entirely."

On the 23rd of February, hostilities were recommenced by the *Nemesis* proceeding to the same river where

she had destroyed the war-junks on the 7th of January, to destroy a raft and stakes which the Chinese had thrown across the river to prevent ingress to the back of Antung-hoy. She steamed up the river quietly enough, firing at some chop-boats and mandarin-boats, which had been employed at the raft, and which made their escape. Arrived at the raft, the men in one of the pinnaces she had towed up were just upon the point of pulling up the first stake, when bang, bang, came the contents of a dozen guns from a masked battery on shore, which had not been perceived until this moment, so well had they masked it. "Our guns were slued round," says an actor in the scene, "and we gave them a shot from each in no time: the armed boats pulled on shore at once, firing at the battery as they landed. Indeed it was a pretty sight to see the boats pulling right up under the fire of the battery. The blue-jackets jumped out, and soon cleared the fort: the buildings were destroyed, and upwards of ninety guns which they had in store rendered useless."

On the 25th of February, the grand day of attack on the Bogue Ports, a detachment of the Madras Native Infantry was landed on South Wangtung, where it was intended to erect a battery to command the enemy's works on North Wangtung, the enemy firing at us on the way; but the shot (which weighed eighty-four pounds, thrown from a brass gun they had passed over us—the first shot between the masts of the *Nemesis*. We threw a shot into Anung-hoy in return, not to be outdone in courtesy. We remained under the lee of the island all this night moored close to the shore, in the only spot free from the enemy's fire. The enemy continued firing every quarter of an hour in a very good direction, but, fortunately for the working party, the shot all went over their heads. We had boats out rowing guard all this night, and were all prepared in the event of an attack from the Chinese, every man lying down in his arms. The Chinese were firing at the party on the hill all the night; the shot passing over us in the

Nemesis, and falling close to all around us, although it did us no damage.

At daylight, on the morning of the 26th of February, our battery, which mounted two 24-pounders and one 18-pounder howitzers, opened on the North Wangtong battery, and was briskly replied to by the Chinese. We weighed and rejoined the squadron: after breakfast, received troops on board, and continued under weigh, waiting the movements of the squadron. About nine o'clock it fell nearly calm, and the ships were obliged to wait for the flood tide; however, at twenty minutes past eleven the enemy fired the first gun at the old *Blenheim*, which had now anchored with springs, furling top-gallant sails. She did not return a single gun until all her men came from aloft, and then astonished the Chinamen with a broadside. The *Melville* was now coming up to the support of the *Blenheim*, and the *Queen* was hotly engaged with a sand-bag fort to the right of the Anunghoy forts. This is one side of the picture, now let us view the other. The *Calliope*, *Wellesley*, *Alligator*, *Modeste*, *Herald*, and *Samarang*, were moored opposite the North Wangtong batteries, and were also engaged—the *Madagascar* and *Nemesis* conveying troops, keeping at present a little aloof; the latter, however, firing at the small fort on the leeward hand. At two all was over, and the famed Bogue Forts had fallen to the English. On landing at Wangtong, the sight, although not quite so bad as at Chuenpee, was dreadful: the fire of our ships here was excellent. In the afternoon, we proceeded with the boats of the *Wellesley* in tow, to take possession of the small fort on larboard hand, mounting twenty guns. We were soon on shore, but found the place deserted. On landing, I had gone towards a house at the end of the fort (through the gate, which was open), and was just in time to prevent one of the *Wellesley's* seamen from making a pretty ending of us. I saw him preparing to fire his musket through a door which was closed. I ordered him to desist; and it was lucky I did so, for it turned out to be the magazine. My suspicions were first aroused by seeing the building covered

with sandbags to protect it from the shot, and I only just stopped the man in time. We now climbed to the top of a high hill at the back of the fort, and destroyed an encampment there: the guns of the fort were all destroyed, and we then returned on board. The next day, the 27th, the *Calliope*, *Herald*, *Alligator*, *Sulphur*, and the *Madagascar* and *Nemesis*, under the command of Captain Herbert, proceeded up the river, and at twelve came in sight of the *Cambridge* (the ship the Chinese had purchased), moored opposite the fort and large encampment, and protected by a raft and stakes. At eighteen minutes before two the *Nemesis* fired a shot at the fort, which was returned; we immediately anchored with a spring, and set to work in earnest; we had very warm work of it, exposed to the fire of the fort and the *Cambridge* for above an hour and a half alone, for the *Madagascar* had anchored outside.

At five minutes past three o'clock the *Sulphur* anchored abreast of us, and immediately opened fire; she was followed by all the other ships, and then the Chinamen got it hot and strong. At twenty minutes before four we had expended all our ammunition and shot: the boats were all manned and shoved off; the captain was the first on shore. We waited for a few boats' crews to land, and then made a rush at the fort. We had to scamper along a narrow dike, where only one person could tread in the path exposed to a galling fire from from gingals and matchlocks from the enemy's trenches.

However, we got into the fort in quick time, and the marines coming up, we maintained a heavy fire of musketry, driving the Chinese out of the encampment and trenches, and over a paddy field, to a part of the low ground which the river had overflowed. A strong stand was made here, but the rout of the enemy was complete, attended with dreadful slaughter. The whole surface of the water was covered with bodies, dead and wounded, and many, unhurt, endeavoured to escape by counterfeiting death, and hiding themselves under the banks and amongst the rushes.

Meantime another party of the British, of which the captain was one, had hauled one of the *Calliope's* gigs over the raft, and had boarded the *Cambridge*. They found her decks covered with blood,—she was, in fact, knocked all to pieces. They immediately set her on fire and left her. The dusk was now coming on, and we retired on board the *Nemesis*. The fall of this fort, which mounted, facing the river, forty guns, on the land side five or six, added to the destruction of the battery on the *Cambridge*, of not less than thirty-six guns, was a most severe blow to the Chinese. It was their last grand standing ground: they fought to maintain it with the greatest determination; and an immense number of mandarins were killed. The *Cambridge* burned brilliantly until six o'clock in the evening, when she blew up with all her masts standing.

We now gradually proceeded towards Canton, fort after fort being taken by the ships in their progress up the river. The *Nemesis* did her share, and effected, amongst other exploits, a passage, where no European boat ever had been before, up the inner passage to Whampoa, an exceedingly narrow and intricate passage, in places barely more than three feet in depth. In her way she destroyed all the forts, with their guns, amounting in number to 120, together with nine war-junks.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE TABLES TURNED:

AN INCIDENT DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR.

On the 10th December, 1813, the 3rd battalion Royals, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson Barns, when engaged near Barrouilhet, in the south of France, was posted on the right of the 1st brigade, 5th division, not far from the mayor's house,—on the turn and slope of a hill, which prevented the other regiments of the brigade (38th and 9th) from being seen,—with a steep ravine in its front, across which a smart fire had for some time been kept up. At this

moment an officer of the corps came hurriedly down to tell Brevet-Major Macdonald—who instantly reported it to Colonel Barns—that the French had crowned the hill, and broken through the Portuguese, that the 9th and 38th retired, and that the Royals were left alone, surrounded by the enemy. Colonel Barns ordered the battalion to march by the right down a path-way through the wood, to the right of the ravine, with the intention of moving to the rear to regain the brigade. Whilst so doing, the rear companies became engaged, and Lieutenant M'Killigan of the corps was then taken prisoner. On emerging from the wood to a piece of level ground, with a house at some distance on the left, there appeared, close on the right and front of the Royals, a strong French battalion, (a drum-boy leading the commanding-officer's horse,) evidently intending to cut off the British corps. The French battalion halted, and fronted the latter, ready to throw in its fire; and the officer commanding, coming forward, called out that the British were his prisoners, and to lay down their arms; upon which Colonel Barns replied, "No,—you may see I have a strong party coming out of the wood,—YOU ARE OUR PRISONERS!" remarking to Major Macdonald, that he observed by the French officer's eye that they were so. Major Macdonald then stepped forward, and demanded the French commanding-officer's sword, which he delivered up to him; upon which nearly two hundred of the enemy threw down their arms, and surrendered to the Royals. The rest ran for the house formerly mentioned, from whence they fired upon the battalion for some time. The prisoners were then sent to the rear, under the charge of Lieutenant Bell (Royals). The 3rd battalion did not rejoin the brigade until next morning, the 11th.

THE COSSACKS AT DUSSELDORF IN 1813.

During four whole days this state of things continued, and Dusseldorf was the scene of indescribable misery. Each new hour brought an accession to the numbers of the troops that filled it, till by-and-bye not fewer

than from ten thousand to twelve thousand must have taken up their quarters there. As a matter of course, the inhabitants were expelled from one apartment after another, to make way for men and horses. The streets, also, were strewed with fragments of broken furniture, beds, chairs, curtains, cooking utensils; and the noise of revelry rose above sounds which told of outrage suffered and feelings lacerated. But the most curious figures in that strange scene, were the Cossacks: for a Cossack accoutred for war, bears as little resemblance to a human being as it is possible to conceive. His attire consists of an accumulation of rags of all sorts, fastened about his trunk and limbs, with ropes or bands of straw; his cloak is not unfrequently a bear-skin, with a hole cut in order to let his head pass through; over which again is drawn a red woollen night cap, so closely, as to leave no part of his countenance visible, except the small piercing red eyes, or the sharp cheek-bones. Moreover, the Cossack is so enveloped in swaddling-clothes, that each limb appears as thick as an ordinary man's waist, and each waist like a goodly pollarded oak. As to his arms and appointments, these consist always of a lance, long and stout, and headed with steel; often of a bow and a quiver full of arrows, as well as of pistols stuck in profusion round his body. His horse, again, is as rough as a polar bear, small of stature, yet exceedingly hardy; and as to the saddle, according to the height of that, you may judge of each man's personal wealth. For a Cossack never stuffs his plunder any where but in the croup of his saddle, which, as he is a capital forager, grows higher and higher, till, towards the end of the campaign, its shape is portentous. Finally, a Cossack never undresses till the campaign has ended, nor thinks of sleeping in a bed. He is accordingly a moving mass of filth and vermin: yet, withal, hardy, active, acute, and brave—a very locust to the land over which he sweeps as a conqueror, a very hornet to the flying enemy, whom it is his business to harass.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

It was in Dinapore that, for the first time, I encountered elephants holding their way through the narrow streets of the regimental bazaar, yet injuring no one; and as the spectacle surprised me very much, so the expression of my wonder drew forth from others, familiar with the animal's habits, many tales of their extreme sagacity, of which the following is one.

A particular elephant, which was pointed out to me, had been in the habit, as often as it passed a confectioner's stand, to receive from the keeper of the stand, in the very heart of the bazaar, a parcel of sweetmeats. The owner of the beast becoming aware of the custom gave the elephant's keeper money, and desired him not to restrict his charge in his recreations, but to pay for what the elephant got regularly once a week. The Mohut, a dishonest man, kept the money to himself, in consequence of which the confectioner, who began to grow tired of feeding such a customer on credit, applied to him for payment; it was refused, and the confectioner, as a matter of course, protested that he would disburse no more sweetmeats. Well, it came to pass once upon a time, that the elephant arrived as usual in front of the stall; he held out his trunk, offered his accustomed salutation by grunting, yet received nothing. On the contrary, the baker loaded the Mohut with abuse, and he and his gigantic charge by-and-by passed on; they proceeded to the tank, whither they were going to water, and the elephant drank as usual. They then returned—but the elephant would stop again in front of the stall, and the confectioner again assailed him and his driver with the language of reproach. A summary punishment awaited him. The elephant, pointing his trunk with great accuracy, let fly among the pastry and sugar-plums before him such a shower of dirty water as soon reduced the whole to a state of absolute dissolution. As was to be expected, the confectioner complained to the owner of the beast, upon which all the facts of the case became known, and the poor artists having been remunerated

for all the losses which he had sustained, a fresh Mohut was found to take care of his customer.—*Reminiscences of a Light Dragoon.*

CURIOUS SPANISH CUSTOM.

Returning one day from Vittoria, whilst passing a house of decent appearance, in company with Captain O'Reilly, close to one of the principal gates of the town, I observed a woman sitting by the door, and before her a box, supported on four large stones, in which was laid what at first seemed to me a representation of a sleeping child in wax. It had a wreath of roses around its clustering hair, and flowers of different hues scattered over the body. I remarked several persons, on passing, give the woman money, which she received without returning even a "Gracias, senhor." I approached her, and was observing to my friend the exquisite skill of the artist who had so nearly imitated nature, when I was smartly interrupted by a soldier who was standing by, saying, "Upon my soul, sir, you're right—exquisite, indeed, was the artist, for it was God!" "Why, then," said I, "it is a natural child?" "By dad, it is, sir, as natural as this brace of Spaniards could make it. There sit father and mother;" at the same time pointing to the parents of the child, who it appeared had taken those means of exposing the infant, in order to obtain charity to defray the expense of its burial. Indeed, this mode of begging appears customary now in Spain; as I some time afterwards noticed the body of an old woman exposed in a shell without a lid, surrounded with religious banners, and the relatives of the departed, in front of the house, for similar purposes.—*Memoirs of Edward Costello.*

NELSON'S LAST ORDER.

Whilst surveying with delight the beauties of the scenery around one of those hills near London which overlook the Thames, a crippled old man drew near, and began to inform me of the names and history of the objects which were spread before my eye. As it was very close upon thirty-five years since I had been upon the

same spot, and as my seclusion amidst the mountains of Wales, where I lived in rigid retirement upon my pension, had kept me in utter ignorance of all that was passing in the world, I experienced a feeling of satisfaction that I was thus intruded upon by one who appeared so well acquainted with the ground; I encouraged, therefore, my new friend in his garrulity, and, ere long, had received from him a truly interesting account of all the prominent object within our landscape. I found him most warm upon the subject of steamers, and the underground navigation, as he called it, of the Thames; and coupling these with new bridges, both flying and standing, he appeared to fear that the end of seamen and watermen was at hand. This made me conclude that he had been a seaman himself; and, on my asking him if it were so, he replied, "I once was, but there is little of that left me now—the 21st of next October will be thirty-five years since I deserved that name!" After a short pause he resumed, "And now they tell me that they are going to have a monument to Lord Nelson in London. I wonder what it is to be; is the old *Victory* to be hauled up," archly said he, "into *Trafalgar Court*, (not a square, sir, you know,) or is it the clap-trap of some hodman? If they do not get the *Victory* up there, as they ought to do, at least I suppose they will the twenty French and Spanish liners! But no, that can't be; for they were all set adrift to be wrecked on their own coast." And (by a sudden transition becoming serious and thoughtful) he added, "Believe me, sir, without any reason for so doing. If they had but anchored them when Lord Nelson ordered Hardy to anchor, there was not a man in the fleet but who would tell you that they would nearly all have been saved. But they did not understand him; they thought, because he was dying, that he was out of his senses,—that he did not know what he was doing or saying! But *we* never thought that; we knew better: and we have always said, that the last order he gave, though it was given with his parting breath, was the best considered, the most judicious, and

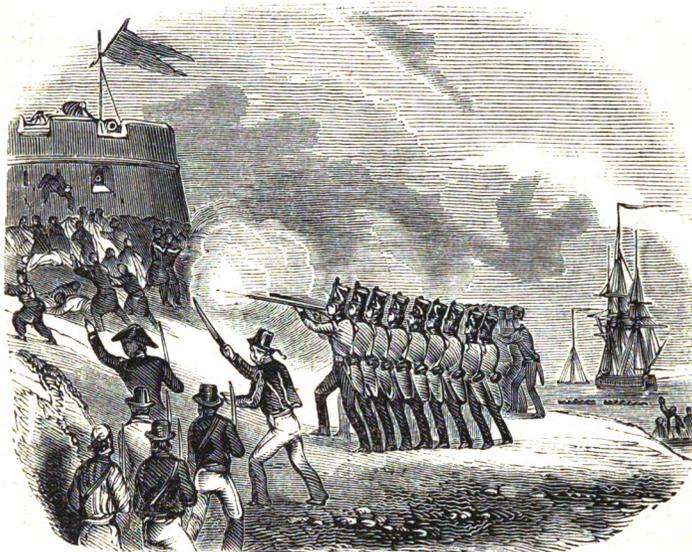
the most important of all he ever did give." Pretending not exactly to know what order he alluded to, I asked him which he meant; and, apparently irritated by the question, he said, "What! don't you know? What! not know Lord Nelson's last words? But perhaps you are not English. However, I will tell you what I mean; I mean when he roused himself amidst the pangs of his dreadful wound—when he felt that his back-bone was shot through, and the blood gushing into his body, and declared '*that no one should command whilst he lived,*' he then said to Hardy, '*Anchor, Hardy, anchor!*' Hardy wanted to leave this to Collingwood; but the true Briton said, 'No; not whilst I live. Do you anchor, Hardy.' And, my life for it, if this had been done *at once*, you would have had all the prizes in your ports; and then *even we*, perhaps, should not have put up our monument, which we did, you know, long enough ago, to make this one blush; though it be not made of wood."

I, also, once was a sailor; and often have I heard this topic discussed, and the same opinions given. Time had spread the mantle of oblivion over the question, as well as over the deed and the day; each and all were alike forgotten; but on the sight of the inclosure, within which is about to be laid the foundation of this "better-late-than-never job," as the old seaman facetiously called it, my mind recurred to the subject with a new and more intense feeling; and, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" rang in my ears, as if the *Victory's* cockpit, and the very moment of time when first that bright thought arose in the soul of the unrivalled chief, and when it first escaped from his lips, embodied in the words so vividly brought to my mind by the old sailor's generous and indignant spirit, were yet present. Shame, said I to myself, that such a man, for such a reason, should have been stigmatized (invidiously, it is true,) as unseamanlike: and then arose the question, "Shall a *naval* monument be raised to a lubber?" it is impossible! but let the answer, both to the imputation, as well as this question, be found in the wisdom of,

"Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" "Will not Admiral Collingwood take the command, my lord?" "No, not whilst I live; my lord, do you anchor!" Yes, such was indeed the *last order* given by the immortal Nelson;—a man, whose acts may be told, but whose soul cannot be comprehended; and who, in his own zealous, firm, and burning spirit, unimpaired even by the agonies of his painful death, could give the most precise, the most important, and the most far-sighted command, which ever emanated from him during his whole life and career of unrivalled service. That it was not acted upon, roused (as the old sailor said) the indignation of the whole service. The heroes of Trafalgar had won a battle of unheard-of importance and glory; and their brother sailors mourned, and will for ever mourn, the sacrifice of its trophies; they sympathised with those who had so nobly struggled through that hour of trial; and whilst they reared a splendid monument to attest their sentiments, and to honour the adored chief, they felt that one still more appropriate—still more grateful to their own hearts, and to the hearts of all Englishmen, would have been the "hulks which perished on the shores of San Lucar."

Why, then, *did* they perish? But, perhaps, when the results of that day are considered—the world subdued—England triumphant, it will be said, this question should not be asked, enough has been done: but how enough, when there is yet more which can be done? and was it fair or just to insinuate that Lord Nelson was wanting in professional abilities for giving that order, especially when the disastrous results of the opposite plan were so fatally before the world? "Ah!" said my companion, "were he not in his grave, who would dare attach that imputation to him? Did any other man ever go through that service, his equal in splendour? And what can carry any man through the duties of a naval commander-in-chief, sir, but seamanship?"

(To be continued in our next.)



The Storming of the North Wangtong Battery, page 60.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 61.)

In our last we related the capture or destruction of the long celebrated Bogue Forts, and the burning of the *Cambridge*; this concluded the operations of the memorable 26th and 27th of February, and there is little doubt that during the panic which prevailed at Canton, that important city might have fallen an early prey. But the different approaches by which troops could advance on it were then so imperfectly known, that the measure was not considered prudent or advisable. Throughout the operations of these days, Captain Elliot had displayed high personal courage, landing with the boats to storm the various forts. The loss of the Chinese at Wangtong was estimated, at least, at 400 men killed and wounded. On the English side, nine wounded, and one killed! The magazine of the principal fort and the guns, sixty in number, were destroyed, and the cannon of the *Cambridge* blown up with her.

The great raft across the river was
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not less than five hundred and sixty yards in length, and cost the Chinese an immense sum of money: on it they had rested their most sanguine hopes of successful resistance. The following day (the 28th) it was cleared away, with immense labour, and by its removal the passage of the river was opened up as far as Whampoa.

A lull now ensued for a few days, during which, however, a dashing little affair, well exemplifying the ardour of our blue jackets, occurred during a reconnoissance. The boats of the *Sulphur* (Captain Sir E. Belcher), with three boats of the *Wellesley*, under Lieutenant Symonds, first lieutenant of that ship, were proceeding up the river, towing the *Sulphur*, when on reaching Whampoa Reach, a masked battery of considerable weight of metal unexpectedly opened fire upon them. Lieutenant Symonds, gallantly cut the tow-rope and with the boats' crews dashed towards the shore, landed, stormed the battery, and drove out its defenders, killing several. The fort was found to mount twenty-three pieces of cannon, which, together with the stores and *materiel*, were destroyed.

The boats, during their gallant advance, were repeatedly struck by grape and round-shot, but only one seaman was mortally wounded.

The Prefect of Canton, or Kwang-Choo-Foo, now made his appearance and solicited an interview with Captain Elliot; this was granted, and a conference was held in due form. Keshen was now known to be formally degraded. Captain Elliot leniently granted a three days' truce, waiting the arrival of some responsible officer on the part of the Chinese.

On the 2nd of March, Major-General Sir Hugh Gough arrived and assumed the commandship-in-chief of all the land forces; and the presence of a general of such well-known bravery and abilities, gave earnest of the speedy adoption of decisive steps.

The *Blonde*, *Pylades*, *Conway*, *Nimrod*, and a fleet of transports also joined from Chusan, luckily augmenting our small force: and although Elliot's hasty evacuation of that island may be thought ill-advised, yet this accession of force was a fortunate contingency at this period.

On the 6th the truce expired, and certainly during its existence anything but pacific intentions had been shown by the Chinese authorities. They issued strict orders that none should supply any provisions to the ships; and it was known that all the valuables and property, especially silk and tea, had been removed from the city of Canton, whence, in anticipation of the approaching contest, most of the wealthier inhabitants were transporting themselves and families.

So soon as the truce was expired, Captain Elliot proceeded in the *Nemesis*, with Commodore Bremer and Sir Hugh Gough, up to Howqua's Fort, and there formally lowered the flag of truce from the masthead of the vessels.

Immediate arrangements were then made for capturing Napier's Fort, a short distance higher up. This fort was semi-circular, and stood upon a low island which divides the river into two branches just above Whampoa; it mounted thirty-five guns, and derived its name from having been built by the Chinese expressly to celebrate the death of that lamented nobleman,

which they considered as a high triumph. A little below the fort a strong double row of piles had been driven into the bed of the river, completely across from one bank to the other. These were further strengthened by sunken junks and blocks of large stones, and various obstructions. Flanking batteries also were erected on each side, recently built, and calculated to mount forty to fifty guns. But all these preparations proved of little avail; although, if well manned, the works were capable of making a stout defence, yet the commandant and garrison terrified by the fate of the lower forts gallantly bolted, accompanied or followed by the whole of the soldiers, so soon as they had performed the ceremony of firing off all their guns at the advancing boats of the British. Another short pause in the operations now followed, owing to the *pacific* overtures of the Chinese. Their acts, however, sadly belied their words, for it was perfectly well known that they were working with double diligence at the preparation of fire-rafts and the building of fire-vessels, in the river above Canton. New defences were daily rising around the city, more especially on the rear or land side: and Sir Gordon Bremer declared his conviction that the ultimate measure of an attack on Canton itself must speedily be resorted to.

Keshen had by this time been publicly disgraced, and was sent for to Peking to take his trial for "traitorous conduct," as his defeats were styled. His property was entirely confiscated, and he was himself banished to Tartary.

The Chinese now issued a proclamation inviting all ships, "*except the English*," to resume trade; and were not a little astonished at finding that the chief commissioner and commanders-in-chief immediately replied by a counter proclamation, declaring the "*blockade of Canton*," by her Britannic Majesty, and forbidding ships of any nation availing themselves of the permission. This was quite inexplicable to the Chinese.

Captain Elliot now resolved, on forcing the Inner or Macao passage, sometimes called the Broadway, lead-

ing direct from Macao to Canton. This was gallantly effected by the *Nemesis*, the boats of the *Samarang*, and one from the *Atalanta* steamer, the whole under the command of Captain Scott, of the *Samarang*, and accompanied by Captain Elliot in person. This expedition, known as the Forcing of the Inner Passage, was as singular and novel, as most other events of this peculiar war. The passage had never hitherto been made by any but native Chinese, no foreigner having ever navigated its waters; indeed, owing to the shallowness and intricacy of the channel, it was supposed by the Chinese that no foreign vessel of war could possibly thread its windings, defended as they were, by numerous artificial defences on its banks.

Having quitted the town of Macao with the utmost quietness, leaving all the world asleep, and unconscious of any movement, they soon fell in with a large junk at anchor, which was fortunately able to furnish a pilot, one of her crew being taken out, not without reluctance, for that purpose.

The progress was at first slow, owing to the shallowness of the water, which often did not much exceed *five* feet, for a vessel of more than six hundred tons burden! However, on she went, nothing daunted, either by mud, sand, or water, or even by the shallowness of the river.

Day had now long dawned; and at eight o'clock she came in sight of a fort on the starboard hand, which proved to be situated on a small promontory on the left bank of the river. It is called Motow, and is situated some distance below a point where the main channel separates into two branches. Half an hour afterwards, the *Nemesis* was near enough to take up a position to the southward of the fort, so that she could fire directly into it without any of the enemy's guns being able to bear upon her; in fact, she enfiladed the position. Upon this the fort was abandoned by the Chinese, whose flight was accelerated by their seeing that the boats were putting off to attack them. The place was immediately taken possession of, the buildings of every description set on fire, and the guns, thirteen in num-

ber, rendered unserviceable. The boat's crews were again on board the *Nemesis* in about an hour, and she pursued her course without loss of time.

About four miles further on, just above where the river becomes more contracted by its division, a second fort was discovered, also situated on the left bank. The position was well chosen, upon a rising ground, at some distance from the river-side, but commanding the whole bend or reach of the river in front of it. It was built of mud, but protected nearly all round by flooded paddy-grounds.

On this occasion the Chinese were the first to open their fire upon the *Nemesis* as she rounded an intervening point of land, and entered the reach above mentioned. They kept up their fire at first very smartly, having probably trained all their guns to bear upon one particular point. It was most effectually returned by the steamer with shot, shell, and rockets, which were thrown (as officially reported by Captain Scott himself) with remarkable accuracy. The boats again put off to land, under cover of the rising bank on the river side, with the intention of taking the position in flank; but the Chinese at once abandoned their works; though, if they had resisted the advance, they might have inflicted severe loss, as the party could only approach the fort along a narrow causeway, in single file. The works were immediately taken possession of, and were found to mount twelve or fourteen guns, which were of course destroyed, as were also the sheds and buildings within the fort, which, however, were of very recent construction, and of a temporary nature.

Before returning to the steamer, the boats pulled across to the opposite side of the river, where a large chop-house and military depot were likewise destroyed.

They had ascended a very little way further up the river, when to the joy of every one, they espied nine war-junks under weigh, a considerable distance ahead, and chase was given at full speed, in spite of all obstacles of the navigation. The in-

terest and excitement momentarily increased, as every mile they advanced served to lead them to the conclusion that the Chinese were better prepared for defence than had been at all expected.

On entering the bend of the river in which the junks had been first caught sight of, a considerable stone-built fort was discovered, called Hou-chung, or Ha-chap, close to the river's side.

Here again the Chinese were the first to begin firing, both from the fort and junks; but it was returned with precision and rapidity by the *Nemesis*, under cover of which the boats pushed off to storm the fort. This was effected without much difficulty. The fall of the fort of course left the passage through the stakes quite unprotected, except by the junks; but the Chinese sailors were so panic-struck by the rapidity with which the fort had been taken, and by the approach of the boats, which were now making their way through the stakes to attack them, that seven out of the nine were run ashore by their crews—when they immediately jumped overboard and escaped, leaving their vessels entirely at our mercy.

Just as the boats came up to take possession, a field-work on the left bank, within little more than a hundred yards of the headmost junk, opened fire on them unexpectedly with grape-shot. As the junks were already abandoned, a strong party at once landed, under Lieutenant Bower, and carried the field-work, by passing round to its rear, which, as usual with the Chinese, was left almost unprotected. This place, which was called Fie-shukok, was set on fire and destroyed, together with the seven guns which were mounted on it. The war-junks were likewise set on fire, and blew up very shortly after. But the two which had not been run ashore contrived to make good their escape.

During the time that these operations were being effected, Capt. Hall had dexterously succeeded in getting his steamer through the stakes by the same opening through which the

junks had passed, and which barely afforded room for her paddle-boxes. The flood-tide was now running up with great rapidity, and she was therefore dropped through the passage, being steadied by kedges and hawsers, two of which they cut away, and left behind.

She now joined the boats opposite Fie-shu-kok; and as soon as the destruction of the junks and works had been completed, it was resolved to push on further up the river, in the hope of overtaking the two junks which had got away. Altogether twenty-one guns had been destroyed in these forts, and twenty-eight more in the junks. But the *impression* made through all the neighbouring country by these active measures, was far more important than the mere destruction of a certain number of guns.

At half-past three they arrived at the large trading town of Heong-Shan, about five or six miles further up. The river flows straight through the middle of it, so that they found themselves unexpectedly in the centre of an important inland town, in which, if it had been their object, it was easily within their power to inflict severe injury upon a dense and apparently harmless population.

We shall not proceed with the detail of the proceedings of this singular expedition further than to say, that after silencing some other batteries and destroying several war junks, pulling up stakes in several places by the aid of her engines, and numerous other exploits, the steamer arrived safe and sound after three days' navigation up the Broadway Passage, again in the main river, a short distance below the pagoda of the Second Bar, and then rejoined the light squadron in Whampoa Bay. Thus ended this singular and gratifying expedition, which was not only valuable from the insight it gave into the country than the moral effect produced on the Chinese. One hundred and fifteen cannon were destroyed in three days, nine war junks blown up or burned, numerous Mandarin boats disabled, and six batteries, with barracks and magazines stormed and set on fire.

While the *Nemesis* was up the Broadway, a fort near the entrance of the passage was gallantly stormed and carried by the boats of the advanced squadron, and the cannonade of the *Modeste* and *Starling*. This fort was of a circular form, and strongly built of stone, with a town in the centre, and situated on a small island in the middle of the river—it mounted twenty-two pieces of cannon. The Chinese had endeavoured to strengthen this outwork so as to prevent our advance on Canton in that direction; they had driven piles, sunk junks filled with stones, and flanked it by a mud battery, mounting eight guns.

As soon as they saw us heave in sight, the Chinese opened a brisk fire, which was well returned by the *Modeste*, assisted by the *Starling* and the *Madagascar* steamer. The defenders of the fort sustained their fire until the whole body of marines and seamen were under the walls, when they fled in haste, leaving several dead in the fort. A small garrison was placed in the stronghold.

On the 16th the *Nemesis* proceeded up the river with a letter from Captain Elliot, carrying a flag of truce, but aware of the little respect of the Chinese for that signal, she took a division of armed boats in tow. The steamer was stopped a little higher up by a strong raft, well moored, with a battery to protect it: it was therefore resolved that Captain Bethune, in a boat, bearing a flag of truce, should attempt to carry up Captain Elliot's letter. Scarcely, however, had he left the steamer, when a shower of grape-shot flew at him from the Birdsnest Fort, as this defence was termed. The flags of truce were lowered, and the boats and the *Nemesis* replied to the fire. The batteries at Shameen, and a number of junks a-head, also began a straggling fire, but out of range for mischief. A rocket from the *Nemesis* set fire to some buildings in the fort, and the works might have been carried, but Captain Belcher decided not to go farther in the way of hostilities in the absence of Captain Elliot. This insult to the flag of truce could not be

passed over, and on the 18th of March the light squadron under Captain Herbert, consisting of the *Modeste*, *Algerine*, *Starling*, *Herald*, *Hebe*, and *Louisa* tenders, *Nemesis* and *Madagascar* steamers, with a strong division of boats under Captains Bouchier and Bethune, moved up to lumble the water-side fortifications of Canton.

(To be continued in our next.)

HARD AND SOFT PILLOWS.

On the eve of the battle of Waterloo, Colonel S— and his company were encamped on the north of the field. He had a servant, an Irishman, named Mike Holland, who was a genuine specimen of a Tipperary lad. As night came on he sent Mike to look for a stone to serve for a pillow. Mike trudged along till he came to the boundary line of the French camp, where he met a French soldier who invited him to drink. Mike looked rather suspicious, but the Frenchman, guessing its cause, first took a drink from the bottle and handed it to Mike, who, nothing loth, took a hearty swig; they then sat down together and passed some time in drinking when Mike remembered his errand, and bidding good night to his quondam companion, went in search of the stone, which he soon found, and hastened with it to the camp. The good-natured colonel asked him the cause of his delay, while Mike, always ready with an answer, said, "Wisha, then, yer honner, I'se been looking for a soft stone, and I jist found him." A young captain, who happened to be present, told Mike to fetch him a stone also. Mike went out again, and this time he soon came back with a stone, on which the captain asked him why he had been so long before, and how he was so soon back now. The colonel interrupted him, and answered "that the manner in which the captain disciplined his soldiers made them so indifferent to him, that while this man," turning to Mike, "will go a mile for a soft stone for me, he could find a hard one for you at a few yards' distance."

NELSON'S LAST ORDER.

(Continued from page 64.)

SURELY he, who has constantly preserved, conducted, and led fleets to victory, should be called a seaman; yet, as I was saying, this is almost denied to Nelson!—Nelson, who with the quickness of lightning, originated the principle, that “when there is room for one ship to swing, there is room for another to anchor:” to Nelson, who, at the dawn of his last earthly day, and twelve hours before the battle closed, saw his twenty prizes (“thirteen! what, only thirteen! I had reckoned on twenty, but thirteen is pretty well”); and surely there is professional judgment and knowledge in this, unless indeed we take up the parable, and say, “He was no sailor, though a prophet.” In the same way, that master-mind which saw through the plan of attack, saw the fruits of victory before the battle began; foresaw, also, the storm disarmed, and his fleets secured by his order to anchor. He knew, that to anchor a ship, crippled in her masts, and close to a lee-shore, was the surest way to save her from being wrecked; and that to anchor the ships not crippled, or only partially injured, was not only practicable, but a duty. In opposition to this, Lord Collingwood has been praised for saving his fleet by “keeping it under weigh;” but Lord Collingwood’s own desire to “anchor at a subsequent hour,” should have made his eulogist, especially as he was a “landsman,” cautious how he revived this subject; he should have remembered what the service said and felt about it; he should have remembered what the nation felt at that moment; and, at least, he should have been sufficiently considerate not to cast such an insinuation on the memory of Lord Nelson. Collingwood himself would have resented this; whilst, in the service, he was too well known and appreciated to require such advocacy: for, he was “acknowledged as a seaman of uncommon experience.” “Bless me, Mr. Peffers, how came we to forget to bend our old top-sail; they will quite ruin that new one; it will never be worth a farthing again!” Cool enough this, in the ex-

cellent situation on Valentine’s Day! But Lord Nelson thought not of top-sails; his mind was providing for the safety of forty-seven sail of the line; and, “Anchor, Hardy, anchor!” will tell through all time the depth, sagacity, and penetration with which he revolved that great question, and foresaw all its consequences. At the time the order to anchor was given, the fleets were in thirteen fathoms water; many of the prizes were totally dismantled, and others were so crippled as to be unable to “beat to windward.” Of the British fleet, a few were equally crippled, and the rest in “good service order.”

The objects contemplated by the order to anchor were, to prevent the ships drifting on shore; to prevent their being carried by the current of the Straits to the eastward; to prevent their separating more widely by their unequal drift, owing to their varied state of equipment; to facilitate the exchange of prisoners and the reparation of damages; and, lastly, to make it more easy to protect them from any attack on the part of those ten ships of the conquered enemy which had fled into Cadiz untouched. It may be looked upon as an undoubted matter of experience, that all these objects would have been attained by anchoring; and the calm which existed at the close of the battle would greatly have facilitated the manœuvre, as the ships could so easily have been properly placed by warping. Was it, then, right or wrong, to give the order in question? And this is the point at issue, as well as the only occasion upon which any reflection has ever been cast upon Lord Nelson. Now, the last resource of the crippled ship, on a lee-shore, is to anchor, and the last resource of a fresh ship on a lee-shore is to anchor: that this is true, universal experience will attest, and Lord Collingwood’s editor admits; and, therefore, it so far proves that the order to anchor was proper. In corroboration of this, the management of the North Sea fleet is a case in point. They maintained their ground during the heavy winter gales, and in the short yet heavy sea peculiar to that station,

by anchoring. They could not have done this by keeping under sail; and, therefore, it is evident, that anchoring in such weather is the surest way of preserving a position, and, consequently, of keeping a ship from drifting on a lee-shore. It is a singular fact, also, that they anchored in fourteen fathoms water, whilst the Trafalgar fleets were in thirteen! The *Prince George* and *Defence* did not anchor, but they were driven on a lee-shore and wrecked. Many of Sir Edward Owen's squadron, of all sizes, from a schooner to a frigate, anchored in 1807 off the coast of Dieppe in eighteen fathoms water, because they could not work off a lee-shore in a very heavy gale, and were saved without exception! No ships could possibly be tried more severely than in both these cases, yet they neither parted their cables, drifted, or were in any way injured, by riding at anchor.

(To be continued in our next.)

A SUBSTITUTE.

An Irish officer in the 40th, rang his bell so often, that no servant the landlady could hire would stop in the house, or could stand the running up stairs. The officer consequently received notice to quit, which he being unwilling to do, and finding the cause, he promised never to ring his bell again. Upon this understanding he retired to his apartment. In about half an hour the whole house was alarmed by the report of a brace of pistols in the captain's room. Up rushed the landlady, the lodgers, and the servants, and burst open the door in the full expectation of some dreadful catastrophe. "Coffee," coolly said the captain; on their expressing surprise, the lodger cried, "Why, as you do not like me to ring the bell, of course I must find some substitute."

WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

A Yankee, whose face had been mauled in a pot-house brawl, assured General Jackson that he had received his scars in battle. "Then," said old Hickory, "be careful the next time you run away, and don't look back."

THE BATTLE OF OSTROLENKA.

MAY 26, 1831.

FOURTEEN years have now passed since the flower of Poland's sons deposited upon the altar of their suffering country the last sacrifice of their blood in the ten hours' fight of Ostrolenka, that last and most decisive European contest of our day, in which the chivalrous valour and despairing obstinacy of the patriot Poles broke vainly as the multitudinous waves upon the stern discipline and stubborn bravery of the Russian soldier, under the guidance of a chief whose strategic abilities were of themselves an assurance of ultimate victory. The following is a sketch of the main features of this hard-fought battle, condensed from the work of Duke Adam of Wurtemberg, Lieutenant and Adjutant-General to his Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, drawn from original sources, and chiefly from a note-book of an eye-witness.

Skrinetzki, the Polish General-in-chief, had thrown himself with his army upon the corps of the Russian guard, commanded by the Grand-Duke Michael, who, pressed by superior numbers, retired before him upon Ticotzin. Upon this Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch resolved to march upon the rear of the Polish army, and bring the latter between two fires. For this purpose he moved forward with the main body from Selze. Skrinetzki, meanwhile, receiving sufficient early intelligence of this plan, and having met with an obstinate resistance from the guards near Ticotzin, determined, for both reasons, upon a speedy retrograde movement. Count Diebitsch came up with his rear-guard alone on the evening of the 25th May, from which, near Nur, two pieces of cannon and several prisoners were taken. Skrinetzki continued his march to Ostrolenka, which town, situated on the left bank of the Narew, is connected by a long wooden bridge to the opposite bank of that river. The Poles, who were in considerable force in that town, hoped to maintain it as a *tete-de-pont*, and in the event of being obliged to evacuate it, they relied upon being able to defend effectually the

passage of this bridge with their troops posted on the other side.

General Bistrom followed up the Polish rear with the Russian advance-guard. The former halted at length in the forest in front of the village Zamosc-Merzeewo. The Russian advance-guard moved forward to the attack of this position; the first column, under the command of General Count Nostitz, of three cavalry regiments, and ten pieces of cannon, on the right, by Susk and Lawy, towards the left flank of the Poles; the second column, General Berg, with two infantry regiments, on the centre, to attack the wood in front; while Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch directed a grenadier brigade, as a third column, on the left by Rcekun and Tabolice, direct upon Ostrolenka, with the order, should the Poles make a stand in the forest, to fall upon their right flank. Shortly after two other grenadier brigades were sent to the support of the centre column.

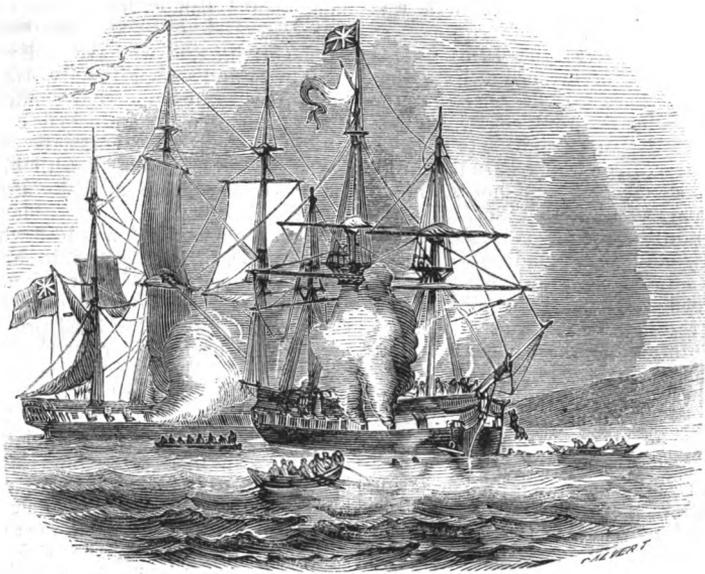
A short distance from the entrance to the forest the road is intersected by a brook, the bridge across which had been broken down, and on the other side, on the skirts of the forest, were drawn up four Polish battalions, with six pieces of cannon. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 26th May, the Russian column of the centre approached this brook, and was received with a heavy fire of grape and musketry. General Count Pahlen sent immediately from the right column of the army, three carabineer battalions to its support.

General Berg, having at length restored the bridge across the rivulet, drove in the Polish tirailleurs from the front, and threatened the left flank of the enemy. In his advance he had already reached the skirts of the forest. General Nostitz having meanwhile defeated a strong Polish column near Susk, threatened also the left flank of their centre. The Polish rear-guard, anxious for the safety of their rear, marched now upon Ostrolenka, breaking down the bridge at Lawy, whereby the Russian cavalry was for a short time checked in the pursuit, but threatened on both flanks, and upon the restoration of the bridge at Lawy,

hotly pressed also in their front, the Poles retired on all sides. The Russians took on the left, the villages Rcekun, Tabolice, and Pomian, in the centre Wypichi, and on the right Jaworki.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the Russians stood before Ostrolenka, The Poles had occupied this small town with a considerable body of infantry, part of which were drawn up in advance of the place, to cover two batteries raised on sand-hills behind breastworks. Against these, in the centre, the Chief of Artillery, Lieut.-General Prince Gortschakoff, brought up sixteen guns on a line with the chain of skirmishers, Count Nostitz six on the right, and Count Pahlen four more on the left. When the heavy fire of grape from these twenty-six pieces of cannon had shaken the opponents, Prince Gortschakoff stormed the town with two regiments of carabineers. The Poles threw themselves into the houses, to several of which they set fire, and swept the streets with a continued fire of musketry. House after house, street after street, were obstinately and hotly disputed, but as successively carried by the Russians; the struggle was terrific, within and without, the chamber, the corridor, and the street, rang alike with the force yell and alternate cheer of the combatants, pealing at times above the din of the death-dealing musketry. Numbers of Poles were slain, three officers, and 280 men made prisoners. Now followed two grenadier brigades in support of the carabineers, and the Poles were driven from the market-place at the point of the bayonet. While the conflict was thus raging in Ostrolenka, the two light cavalry regiments of the Russian guard had attacked another column of Polish infantry, posted before the town on the Lomza road; from whom, as the place was already in possession of the Russians, all retreat was now cut off. They were surrounded by the Uhlans of the guard,—became disordered,—were broken, and either destroyed or precipitated into the Narew. The remainder were taken prisoners.

(To be continued in our next.)



The Sulphur destroying the Cambridge (Chinese ship of war), page 50.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 68.)

FIRST fell their old antagonist the Birdsnest Fort, then the Bogue Fort. The numerous Chinese flotilla was dispersed and escaped up the river, and lastly the Shameen Fort surrendered to our cannonade and assaults.

The Dutch fort was also silenced, and four gunboats, built after the European model, their crews having abandoned them, taken and destroyed.

The river defences of Canton had now fallen, and at half-past one the *Nemesis* landed Captain Hall and Mr. Morrison at the Factory, and in a few moments the British flag was triumphantly hoisted amid thundering cheers from the steamer and boats.

As all the defences had now been taken, and Canton lay completely at our mercy, one would hardly have expected that any further resistance would have been made. But the Chinese have a fancy of their own for renewing a combat in detached parties, long after all possibility of doing good by it had ceased. On many occasions during the war,

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they suffered severely and justly for thus uselessly harrassing our men after the day was over, and when our troops were in possession of all the enemy's positions.

On this occasion, as Captain Hall and his party were returning to their boat, a body of soldiers rushed out upon them, but were driven back to a narrow street called Hog-lane, beyond the British factory, and were even pursued for some distance up that narrow passage. Many of them were killed while retreating, although they crouched down behind their large ratan shields for shelter at each discharge. It was thought imprudent to pursue them far, as in so narrow a space, with low houses on one side, and a dead wall on the other, the retreat of the pursuers might have been cut off. Captain Belcher and his party were also attacked at the same time, and gallantly put the enemy to flight with some loss, pursuing them as far as was prudent.

The Chinese showed no further disposition to come to close quarters, and our men returned to their boats without further molestation. One

man belonging to the *Nemesis* was wounded during the affray.

The next day (the 19th) passed without any occurrence of note; but it was afterwards learned that the Chinese put the worst construction on our inactivity; attributing to *weakness* and *fear* that which sprung purely from compassion and hesitation on the part of Captain Elliot, who was unwilling, now the city was at his mercy and the squadron before it, to do more than wait for them, as the conquered party, to solicit terms. The result will show that he entirely misinterpreted their feelings. He persisted in viewing the matter as a purely commercial question, and seemed only bent on getting the trade re-opened, and a cessation of hostilities.

A circular was now issued declaring that a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between Yang-Fang, the Imperial High Commissioner, and Captain Elliot. The only demand made by Elliot, being that the *bond* required by Lin should not be insisted on. No one who had the slightest knowledge of the Chinese character could look on this as anything more than a mere postponement of hostilities, and so Sir Gordon Bremer thought it, for, on the 21st March (the day after its signature), he announced to the shipping at the Bogue, that all merchant vessels going up to Whampoa, must run the risk of the resumption of warlike operations.

The Chinese proclamation, too, might have opened the eyes of any one: in it Yang announced, that as "Elliot had made known to him his desire for peace and permission to trade as *they did in times past*, and as all trade lived only by the cherishing goodness of the celestial permission, that therefore it was *now right* to allow the English to trade as *well as other people*, to show the *tenderness of the compassionate regard of the Emperor*."

"Such, then," says Capt. Hall, and his editor, Mr. Bernard, "were the slender grounds on which it was agreed that our force should be withdrawn from before Canton, after all the treasure, labour, and loss of life, which

had been expended in bringing it there!"

This *armistice*, as we have said, was made with and signed by only *one* of the three newly appointed commissioners, Lang-Wan (principal commissioner), and Yih-Shan, a famous Tartar general, associated with him, did not come for three weeks afterwards, bringing with them a large body of troops. The news of what had been agreed on seems to have surprised them beyond expression.

Weeks now rolled on, during which Captain Elliot issued several proclamations to the foreigners at Canton, expressing his belief of a "satisfactory adjustment of all difficulties," and his reliance on the "good faith of the Chinese authorities." The latter on the 20th of April, while large bodies of Tartar troops were assembling in every direction; while cannon were casting, as many of the residents had heard from the Chinese themselves; and while fire-rafts and fire-ships were diligently preparing *above* Canton, though the precise point at which they were in progress was not known!

Even the guard of marines on duty at the factories was withdrawn, and this gave rise to the most absurd rumours among the Chinese populace: it was currently stated and believed that want of money and fear of their preparations had at length determined the English commanders to retire from their shores. The emperor's proclamations, too, breathed unpromising war and destruction; and the venerable Elipoo, governor of Chekeang, in whose province Chusan is situated, was publicly censured for allowing "the barbarians to retire from Chusan, under Keshen's treaty, instead of having *driven* them out by force and *utterly destroyed* them."

On the 1st of May information was brought that forty to fifty large boats, conveying not less than two thousand soldiers, had passed the factories down the river, and landing at the Dutch fort, marched into the city of Canton.

Captain Elliot wrote to the Prefect, requesting an explanation of this demonstration, and received an evasive

answer. On the 6th of May seventy more boats passed in front of the Factories, carrying upwards of three thousand more soldiers; and the English at Canton were informed that these were only the advanced guard of an immense army. A large number of fire-rafts were also talked of; and the Chinese boldly talked of a large number of expert divers, who had been trained, and who would "swim under our ships at night and bore holes in their bottoms;" and others said they would carry down with them "combustibles which would burn under water, and that not one of the barbarians would escape." Captain Clarke, of the *Columbine*, who had been to Chekeang province to present a letter relative to Captain Stead, supposed to be murdered off that coast, was positively refused to be communicated with by the authorities, who did not recognise even the truce of the Canton commissioner! At length even Captain Elliot seemed to catch a glimmering of the true position of affairs, for he went up to the Factories on the 20th of May, and to show his confidence, took Mrs. Elliot with him; he demanded an interview with the Kwang-chou-foo, and asked him some questions, to which that functionary gave most evasive answers. Indeed, previous suspicions were made assurances by his hesitation and embarrassment; and Captain Elliot *slept on board the Nemesis*, not thinking the Factories safe.

A few days after (on the 20th of May) the *Nemesis* was ordered up close to the Factories, to keep her decks clear, and her steam up, ready for action, as the foreign community *might* require protection. It was now known that the western battery at Shameen was repaired and fully armed afresh; that new works had been erected below the town in the rear of the French fort; that Tartar troops were hourly marching in, while the better sort of people were as rapidly leaving the city; and all this while the Chinese authorities kept declaring that the "merchants *ought* to remain quiet in their *lawful pursuits*, not heeding the disturbing rumours of mischievous persons." Indeed, the Pre-

fect himself, on the 20th (the very day before the attack), issued, under his official seal, a proclamation, in which are found these words: "this edict is issued *to calm the feelings* of the merchants, and to tranquillise commercial business." He goes on to say, that being alarmed at the "gathering of the mighty hosts of fierce soldiers," they might "tremble with fear, asking how such things must end?" but that "instead of being frightened out of their wits, so as to abandon all their goods and steal secretly away, they ought to be assured that the imperial commissioner and the General Pacificator of the Rebels (!), with other high and mighty officers, would so give all things due consideration, that the obedient should be protected from injury, and their *goods* be preserved in safety." And this was the language of the "poor Chinese" whom a set of canters here got up Exeter-hall meetings about, while they were working day and night to contrive the treacherous massacre of every foreigner within their grasp, and on the *day before* the intended explosion.

On the morning of the 21st, Captain Elliot strongly recommended all Europeans to leave Canton "before sunset." This hastened the Chinese preparations, and compelled them to throw off the mask, no doubt earlier than they intended.

The crisis was now come. The foreign merchants embarked, except two American gentlemen, and came on board the vessels in boats: the *Pylades*, *Modeste*, and *Algerine*, were moved up nearer the town for mutual protection, while the *Nemesis* occupied her old position, just above the deserted factories. No communication came from the Chinese, who seemed to scorn further concealment; and the sun set amid general suspense, and a complete stagnation of the ordinary intercourse and river trade. The hasty departures of people from the city, with their goods and valuables was the only sign of bustle.

The plans and intentions of the Chinese were unknown, but that the attack would be by fire-ships was the general opinion. The night was dark, remarkably so; the furnaces of the

steamer were lighted, and the steam kept in readiness, the vessels had springs on their cables, and all the crews laid down ready equipped for instant service. The *Herald* and *Caliope*, too, had in the evening moved up to Canton. Perfect stillness prevailed until about eleven o'clock, when a sentry on duty on board the *Modeste* descried several large black looking objects dropping down with the stream. The sentry hailed the approaching masses, then fired his musket; this alarmed the Chinese, who having little idea of the vigilance and discipline on board a man-of-war, were quite surprised, and instantly began firing the quantities of combustibles they contained. The flames burst forth with glorious and fearful brilliancy, and gave the alarm to the other vessels yet far distant from the danger. The drums beat to quarters, the *Nemesis* got up her steam, and in *nine minutes* from the first alarm the "devil ship," as the Chinese called her, was under weigh, running up at full speed towards the fire-rafts, and assisting the boats of the squadron; all were soon busily engaged in throwing grapnels aboard of them, and towing them away out of the line of mischief. The discovery of a plan before it is fully matured, generally leads to its complete frustration; and so it proved in this notable instance. All unity and concert of operation was paralysed, and the ingeniously destructive scheme was utterly frustrated. Owing to the premature combustion of these first fire-rafts, the boats filled with armed men, which were to board our vessels in the confusion, were most inconveniently brought to light, and the moment they saw our men-of-war's boats and steamer in motion towards them, and that we were fully awake to all their intentions of catching us napping, they pulled away as fast as they could. Hence also, out of the immense number of fire-ships (nearly two hundred!) not more than a dozen were set on fire or sent down.

That a simultaneous attack was intended, was shown by some other fire-ships being sent against the *Alligator*, of Howqua's Fort, lower down; but owing to this premature discovery

of their kind intentions, the fire-rafts at the Bogue (of which there were a great number) were not sent off at all against the *Wellesley* and the line of battle-ships and frigates for three nights afterwards, viz.: on the 24th.

(To be continued in our next.)

NELSON'S LAST ORDER.

(Continued from page 71.)

HUNDREDS of other similar cases might be produced; but these, being governed by a general principle, are enough to prove that the last resource of a ship, which cannot beat off a lee-shore, is to anchor; and that to anchor is not only practicable but safe, and therefore right; and this especially applies to the Trafalgar fleets. If it is said, ships are lost also from their anchors, the reply is (keeping the particular case in view) that ships are never lost from their anchors, which would have been saved had they not anchored. Again, then, to have anchored the Trafalgar fleets immediately after the battle, would have been the safest plan. If the objection is urged, that the signal to anchor was made by Lord Collingwood, and that the ships answered with the "inability," it must be replied, that this signal was made at nine o'clock; and thus four most precious hours had been lost. At the end of these four hours, Admiral Collingwood began to think like Lord Nelson: he would then have anchored, but he could not. The bad effect of the four hours on ships and hulks under weigh, near a hostile shore, or something else, had convinced him that to anchor was best, though the fleets had not improved, but rather injured, their position, during that time; and, if to anchor now was right and good, to have anchored four hours sooner was better; and bitterly must he have regretted the answer of inability. An uncertain and dark night was coming on; the sea was covered with ungovernable hulks, drifting and driving about in unknown courses; the most arduous duties were to be performed; a yet powerful enemy was close on board; and, what was more seriously alarming than all, a lee-shore was so

near, that one night's drift for the crippled ships was more than any man had a right to calculate upon. Under such circumstances, who would not wish to be at anchor! Who but must acknowledge Lord Nelson's judgment and foresight!—and how easy would it have been accomplished, if the signal to anchor had been made, and *enforced*, at four or five o'clock! But it was not; and, therefore, the prize people had employed themselves solely in useful efforts to make some sail on the ships, and had neglected the anchors and cables. The calm appears to have deceived every one but Lord Nelson; but had they, like him, prepared for a lee-shore, and had all attention and exertion been bestowed upon the cables and anchors in the crippled ships, from the moment the battle ceased, they would have been ready to anchor whenever the admiral might have desired it; the cables would have been spliced, the anchors replaced or made effective: but at nine o'clock the night was dark; the wind began to threaten, and the sea to rise; every duty became more arduous and uncertain; and, as no previous preparation had been made for anchoring, the ships were obliged to reply with the "inability," though they did not do so because anchoring was originally impracticable.

But it is said that Lord Collingwood did better by getting his ships into the open sea. To this it must be answered, that, till two o'clock on the morning of the 22nd (nine or ten hours after the battle), the ships had been constantly nearing the land; at that hour the wind changed: it is expressly said, "About midnight the wind changed a few points, and enabled the admiral to draw the ships off shore." Then, till this hour, it was impossible to draw the ships offshore: and it was only this "change in the wind" which even then allowed the fleets to get further out to sea. Was this "happy change" foreseen, I ask, and, therefore, waited for under sail? If not, (and suppose it to be admitted, as asserted, that the fleets were saved by the better management of being kept under weigh,) it was chance, and not previous plan or arrangement, which

so saved them; and, therefore, it cannot be said that the fleet was saved because it did not anchor; and yet, if it was, it must be recollected that Lord Collingwood would have anchored at a certain hour, if he could. This desire is of itself sufficient to justify Lord Nelson's order, and should have prevented every one from reflecting upon it as injudicious.

Perhaps it may be said that some of the hulks which did anchor were lost, notwithstanding; but, in answer to this, it is to be said, that even the loss of those very hulks was delayed just so long as they were at anchor,—that some which were forced to anchor, after all, were saved by doing so,—and that we must not confound those which were purposely destroyed whilst at anchor with such as "parted, and were wrecked."

But even taking this as it stands, it is a proof that, to have anchored at five in the afternoon, on the 21st, would have been best; for, if you anchor ten or twenty hours after the battle, why not anchor immediately at its close, when all the circumstances were so much more favourable to the happy results of the manœuvre? And let seamen recollect, that at the very worst point of the gale, British ships did not only anchor, and were saved, but they even "cut their cables, and ran further in shore, to superintend the destruction of the hulks in that quarter."

An expression, in a letter from Captain Bayntun, is made use of to prove Lord Collingwood right, and Lord Nelson wrong. That expression proves no such thing: it proves nothing at all. But ingenuousness should have gone further, and have quoted the whole MS., and not one disjointed sentence; which, after all, is used only as a sort of axiom. The expression of Captain Bayntun, which did bear upon the general question of anchoring the Trafalgar fleets was this:—"And, although we have been riding very hard, and have carried away the tiller, and loosened the upper pintles of the rudder, yet I have preferred this to keeping the ship under weigh in our crippled state." It was then Captain Bayntun's opinion, that

it was best for "crippled ships," under his circumstances, (which were those of the Trafalgar fleets after the battle,) to anchor; and it was the opinion of the editor of Lord Collingwood's Life, that "fresh ships may ride out a gale in safety." So that, between the two, a case is made out for anchoring the whole of the ships; and, if to anchor at all, why, then, to anchor, of course, at the earliest possible moment after the battle,—at five in the evening, and not at nine.

With becoming humility, the editor in question confessed he was no judge upon a naval question, because he was a "landsman;" yet is he not afraid to rob Lord Nelson of his seamanship with one single stroke of his pen! Not satisfied with this, and forgetting for a moment that he was a "landsman," he asserts that a "fresh ship may ride out a gale in safety." Of course, he was at that moment contemplating the circumstances of the Trafalgar fleets, and finding an excuse for the loss and destruction of the hulks. But what will this eulogist of the living think, when he is told, that he is so entirely wrong on this point, that it is the universal practice to reduce "fresh ships" to the state of the prize-hulks, by dismasting them, for the express purpose of enabling them to "ride out a gale in safety" on a lee shore!! Another argument he would also draw, to prove the "order to anchor" wrong, from the circumstances of some of the prizes which did anchor losing their rudders. Losing their rudders was not the *consequence* of anchoring: equally would they have been lost had the ships been under weigh, though perhaps with more danger to the ship herself.

But, even if anchoring did cause this loss, was it not better to lose the rudders by anchoring than to lose the ship with all her crew, by keeping under weigh? Let this question be answered as it may, it is an undoubted fact, that it is easier to preserve the rudders of crippled ships whilst at anchor than whilst under weigh; because the rudder, not being in use, may be choked, and shoved down, so as to make it almost impossible that

it should unship, or break adrift; whilst it must be kept free for use, if the ship is under weigh.

If it were the object of this "monument to Lord Nelson" to go deeper into the subject in hand, a thousand other arguments, and unanswerable ones, too, could be produced to prove the case for his Lordship; but as a sketch is only intended, which it is hoped will be amply carried out, and fitted up, by every British seaman who glories in the peculiar significance of that word, the writer must content himself with what he has advanced in so humble a form and manner. At the same time he must indulge in expressing his opinion, that a greater civil lustre was never shed upon the Navy of England than Lord Collingwood's Letters claim for it; and the only unhappy reflection is, that they were accompanied by any remark whatever. Those remarks were unnecessary to Lord Collingwood's fame; and if Mr. James's opinion required refutation, it should have been more regularly and more fully entered upon in a work solely devoted to that purpose; but even that would have been injudicious. Taking, however, that work as it stands, it is not too much to assert that it fully proves the sagacity, the judgment, and the necessity of Lord Nelson's order. He foresaw his twenty hulks, and therefore said,—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor." "No; do you anchor."

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.

It was while he resided in London that the victory of Waterloo was won, and, while Mr. Clay was partaking of Lord Castlereagh's hospitality, that intelligence of Napoleon's flight—whither was unknown, reached the prime minister. Lord Liverpool, who was present, turning to the stranger, observed, "Should he take shelter in the United States, what trouble he will give you!" "None whatever," replied Clay, "we shall be glad to receive such a distinguished, though unfortunate exile, and I have no doubt we shall soon make him a good democrat."

THE BATTLE OF OSTROLENKA.

MAY 26, 1831.

(Continued from page 72.)

By half-past eleven in the morning the Russians were completely masters of the town. The rear-guard of the Poles could no longer gain time sufficient to destroy the bridge; but in order to defend its passage against the Russians, eleven battalions of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of cannon, were drawn up on the right bank. The flooring of this bridge had, however, been hastily torn up to the extent of about thirty feet, and thrown into the river, but as the Narew, in its course by the town, formed an acute angle, a portion of the Russian artillery were enabled to take up such a flanking position, that their fire prevented the Poles from wholly destroying the bridge, and enabled them at the same time to support the passage of their troops. In effect, four pieces of cannon were quickly brought up on the river side to the left, three in the town at the outlets of the streets leading to the Narew, and four on the bank above the town to the right. These eleven guns swept with their cross-fire the whole length of the bridge, as well as the batteries posted on the other side for its defence.

Over the piles and beams of the half-ruined bridge, under the fire of all the batteries, and of the nearest Polish infantry, rushed forward now the Regiment Astrachan, of Martinoff's Grenadier Brigade, to the right bank, and carried the two nearest guns. The second regiment of this brigade, Suwarrow, crossed over on the floating-bridge, which the Poles had constructed near the permanent one. These two regiments, after an obstinate contest, forced the Poles across the high road. Two squadrons of Uhlans of the Guard, with one gun, followed next over the floating-bridge, and on the left bank of the Narew, below Ostrolenka, the number of guns was speedily increased to twenty-four; while above the town also, in addition to those already brought up, four more were placed in battery, which, by their fire across the river, endeavoured, whenever the opportu-

nity permitted, to support the grenadiers, who had passed over. Martinoff's brigade fought meanwhile hand to hand on the opposite side, contending with the bayonet and the butt-end of the musket for the possession of the road, in front of which they succeeded in taking up a position. The Poles, however, strained every nerve to force them back across the river, and with five fresh battalions and eight pieces of cannon they now assailed this brigade. Taken in flank and rear by a murderous fire, Martinoff fell back across the high-road; but here also, hard pressed by superior numbers, he with difficulty maintained his ground. His position became every moment more critical.

At this juncture, General Berg arrived with his column, on the marketplace of Ostrolenka, and ordering his troops to unslung their knapsacks, he hurried them with all speed to the right bank over the piles of the yet unrestored bridge, where, on arriving, they fell upon the Poles with the bayonet. The 3rd Regiment of Carabineers forced back at length the left wing of the Poles, and captured a cannon; the Russians redoubled their efforts, and, supported by the 2nd brigade of the 3rd Grenadier division, the Grenadier regiment Jekaterinoslaw, in a brilliant charge, beat the Poles completely back. The road here running across a high dam, sheltered part of the Russian troops drawn up behind it, from their opponents' fire, and the broken nature of the ground favouring them still more, secured them from all attacks from the Polish cavalry, who saw themselves unable to assist the efforts of their battalions. Their infantry attack upon the left flank of the Russians, who had passed over, was rendered still more difficult by the well-directed fire of the twenty-four pieces of cannon brought up below Ostrolenka, on the left bank, which swept the opposite field and high road with grape. The eight battalions of Martinoff's Brigade maintained themselves thus behind the dam, under an uninterrupted storm of balls. The two squadrons of Uhlans, with their gun, being unable to act from the nature of the terrain, were

now sent back to the left bank on the floating bridge, which, already much injured, fell to pieces during the passage. The Colonel of Sappers, Obrutcheff, exerted himself to restore both the permanent and floating-bridge, under the enemy's fire.

By half-past one o'clock, a.m., the greater part of the Russian troops which had been directed upon Ostrolenka had arrived there, and were posted within the town. The number of guns now brought up on the left bank below the town amounted to thirty-four, and those above to twenty-eight. These sixty-two pieces of artillery now covered effectually the flanks of the Russian troops upon the right bank from the attack of the Poles, and swept their position on the other side with their whole fire.

The Russian troops, who had up till now crossed over to the right bank, consisted only of the eight battalions of Martinoff's Brigade and of General Berg's two regiments; the two bridges being as yet still unrestored they were thus wholly cut off from all ready support. Skrinetzki, perceiving this, resolved, with one powerful effort, to force those battalions over the river, or to destroy them wholly on the spot. Of the Polish army, eleven battalions, four regiments of cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of cannon, had already commenced their rearward march to Rozan. He ordered their speedy return to Ostrolenka; and already at two o'clock they had approached the field of battle. As the permanent bridge had now of a necessity been repaired, four guns were brought over, the only Russian artillery which were brought into action on the right bank.

At three o'clock, nine Polish battalions attacked the troops of General Berg and Martinoff. They were repulsed, and forced back several hundred yards beyond the dam, when both those generals withdrew their troops again behind it. At this moment, General Nabakoff, with his brigade of Grenadiers, and General Manderstern, with a brigade composed of Jagers and of the two Marine regiments, crossed the river.

At four o'clock in the afternoon,

Nabakoff had taken up his position with his brigade in the second line behind Berg and Martinoff. But Manderstern led his five battalions over the dam, and threw himself upon the Polish columns, which in the centre were preparing for a fresh attack. His movement was supported by Lieutenant-General Nabakoff, with the grenadier regiment Romanzof on the left, on the right upon the Myszynieczer road, by Major-General Berg, with the 3rd regiment of carabineers, and two cannon. These troops pressed forward under the fire of the Polish artillery and tirailleurs, repulsed the repeated charges of their Uhlans, and then also, the determined and simultaneous attack of thirteen Polish battalions. The Poles retired at length behind the rising ground. The Russians occupied the road, the troops of General Berg and Martinoff in the first, those of Generals Nabakoff and Manderstern in the second line. Up till five o'clock in the afternoon, eight more Russian battalions had crossed the Narew, and taken post in part upon the left flank.

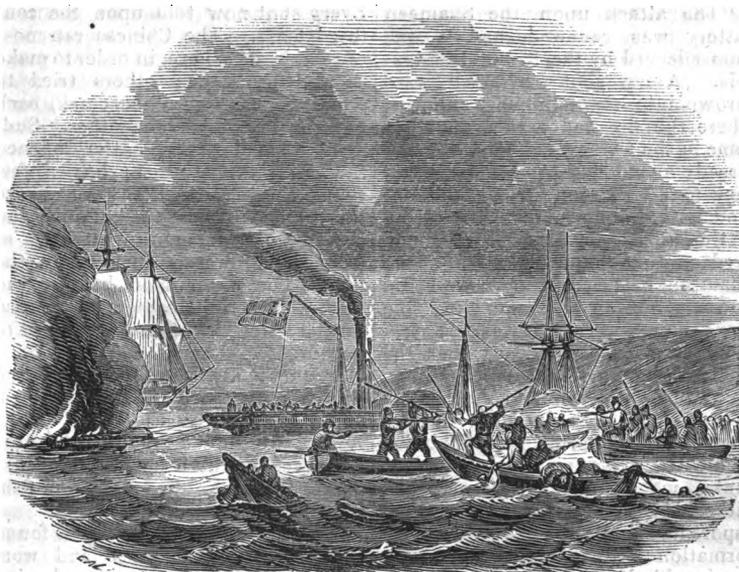
(To be concluded in our next.)

A SPECULATION.

At the battle of the Nile, a sailor had his leg struck off by a cannon shot; he raised himself up and looking at the stump, exclaimed, coolly, "Ah, that's eighteen-pence a day for me; curse you, master mounseer, you might as well have taken it off above the knee when you were at it, and then I should either have had two shillings or Greenwich. Fire away, boys, and revenge the loss of my timber."

INSEPARABLES.

When the Prince *Bishop* of Liege was riding to battle at the head of a fine body of troops he was asked by a spectator "how he, a minister of religion, could engage in the iniquities of war?" "I wage war," replied the prelate, "in my character of prince not of archbishop." "And pray," continued the interrogator, "when the devil carries off the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"



Attempted destruction of the British ships by Fire-rafts.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 76.)

MANY of these enormous blazing masses drifted fairly on shore, and, setting fire to the suburbs of the town, increased the panic, spreading more terror among their constructors than those they were intended to annihilate; these burning piles, floating about in the darkness of the night, and showing the blood-red gleams of their own reflection on the rippling waters, the terror-stricken parties of Chinese, who had charge of them, throwing themselves into the fiery stream to escape, was a terrible and grand sight. Few of them reached the banks; many were carried down by the stream and soon ended their struggles, while others perished from the random musketry of our boats, directed by the fires they had themselves kindled.

Nor was this all.—By the lights in the batteries and the blaze of the burning suburbs, the Tartar officers could be plainly seen from our decks, inspiring and urging their men to fight their guns; the new batteries,

erected by Yishan, just above Canton, on the river, opened a spirited fire upon our shipping; just at the juncture they supposed we should be panic-struck and confused by being entangled with their vessels. And now the artillery began to roar fiercely on both sides, though as it was pitchy dark, unless when accidentally illuminated, no other good mark could be taken but the flashes of each others guns. The cannonade lasted, with a few intervals, until daylight.

As the *Nemesis* on all these occasions, was, by her peculiar properties, one of the most ubiquitous ships of war, we shall here give, in the words of her historian, a vivid sketch of the discovery and destruction of the Chinese fleet, on which Yishan and his colleagues had rested their hopes:—

“At length, the sun rose brightly upon the scene of midnight encounter; and now the wrecks of the still burning fire-vessels, the crumbling batteries on shore, the suburbs of the town in flames, the deserted river, and some trifling damages on board one or two of our own vessels, bore witness to what had happened.

"The attack upon the Shameen battery was renewed, and it was soon silenced by the fire of the vessels. A few shot and shell were thrown into the adjoining suburbs, where the fire had broken out; but some of the Chinese soldiers, who had already abandoned their guns, when they found that our troops did not land immediately to take possession of the works, actually returned and fired another round or two from the Shameen battery. They were soon, however, driven out, and eight fine large cannon were captured.

"Just when all opposition at the Shameen battery had been overcome, an unlooked-for opportunity occurred of rendering signal service, by the discovery of the principal rendezvous of all the fire-rafts and men-of-war junks, whose place of retreat had hitherto been concealed. Every fresh report had confirmed the previous information that preparations of an extensive kind had been made by the Chinese higher up the river, but it was supposed to be at some place much more distant than was now found to be the case. The first thing which led to the discovery was the suspicious appearance of a large war-junk, which suddenly came out from behind a point of land some way above the fort. Having fired one or two distant shots, she again withdrew out of sight.

"The *Nemesis* instantly proceeded in search of the expected prize, under the orders of Captain Herbert, who was on board. The junk again stole out from her hiding-place, but, the moment she observed the steamer coming towards her, she made all haste up a large creek, which turned round to the northward. About a mile or less within this passage, the whole Chinese fleet of war-junks, fire-rafts, boats, &c., was suddenly descried, to the number, probably of more than a hundred.

"This was an exciting moment. The Chinese were thrown into the utmost consternation by the sudden approach of the steamer; and the more numerous were the junks and craft of all kinds, the greater was the confusion into which they were thrown.

Every shot now told upon the confused mass. The Chinese ran most of their boats ashore, in order to make their own escape; others tried to make their way up the creek, each one striving to pass the other. Suddenly a small masked battery opened fire upon the steamer; but a few round shot, followed by grape, drove the Chinese from their guns, and served to disperse a small body of troops, who were drawn up in the rear. The water soon became too shallow for the steamer to proceed further, and she, therefore, came to anchor.

"Some boats from the *Calliope* and *Herald*, and other vessels, now joined, and, together with the boats of the *Nemesis*, continued the pursuit; these destroyed or run ashore an immense number of junks, fire-rafts, and fishing-boats of every kind.

"About fifty boats were found filled with combustibles, and were joined eight or nine together, having been destined to drift down with the tide upon our vessels. Many of the junks had troops on board, from distant parts of the empire, intended for the relief of the city.

"The scene was extremely animating; numbers of the Chinese were scrambling ashore, or clinging to fragments of their boats or spars, as they floated about in the water. Some of the junks were burnt, and others blown up, but the precaution was taken to examine carefully every one of them before it was set on fire, in order to rescue any of the panic-stricken Chinese who might be trying to find concealment in it. But, in spite of this precaution, the structure of the junks afforded so many hiding places for the terrified Chinese, that, as the fires gradually burnt more briskly, and took more certain effect upon the vessels, several poor fellows were observed to rush up from below, and then, unable to support the heat upon deck, to jump desperately overboard. Some of these swam easily on shore; others, who could not swim, remained clinging to the outside of the junk, or to the rudder, until the heat became insupportable, or the vessel itself blew up. In this way,

some few necessarily perished, for it was not possible to save them all, owing to the small number of boats employed on our side, and the large number of those destroyed on theirs; besides which, the heat and danger were often too great to be able to approach near enough to render timely assistance.

"Thus, in the short space of three hours, forty-three war-junks were blown up, and thirty-two fire-rafts destroyed, besides smaller boats. Some which had been run ashore were never left untouched.

"This important encounter produced one very valuable result, as it led to the discovery of the most desirable landing-place for our troops in the projected attacks on the heights of Canton. This spot was distinctly seen and remarked upon by the different officers on board the *Nemesis*, and was particularly noticed by Captain Herbert, in his report of this affair to Sir Le Fleming Senhouse, written on the very same day. This is not a matter of slight moment, because all allusion to this circumstance was omitted in the public despatch of Sir Le Fleming Senhouse. In Captain Herbert's report, dated on the 22nd of May, on board the *Nemesis*, that officer, after having described the destruction of the numerous boats and fire-rafts, distinctly said:—"Their wrecks are lining both banks of the river nearly close up to Tsingpoo, the landing-place, from which a good approach appears to lead direct to the north gate of the city wall, not more than four miles distant, with dry footing the whole way."

A gentleman who was at Canton, during the operations at Tsingpoo, having imprudently remained on shore, writes as follows:—"From time to time loud explosions were heard in that direction (Tsingpoo); dense volumes of smoke rose up continually, both black and white, and announced some terrible work of destruction. After some time a general cheer burst forth from all those who were near me, as the *Nemesis* came in sight, just rounding the corner on her return, towing several boats after her towards the Macao passage. It was an in-

teresting and even ludicrous sight, as she approached, to observe the boats, as well as the vessel itself, decked out with Chinese flags, the men exhibiting their trophies with evident pride, some rigged out in every variety of Chinese dress, from mandarins downwards; some with Chinese caps, and others with Chinese tails, with which a whole boat's crew were decorated. It appears that, when they took prisoners, they merely cut off their tails, (a mark of deep disgrace to a Chinaman,) and let them go again about their business."

On the 23rd, the *Sulphur*, under Captain Belcher, with the launch of the *Druid*, and several men-of-war's boats proceeded up the creek, where Captain Herbert had discovered the landing-place leading to Canton, and destroyed five large war-junks, thirteen boats, and several rafts, which had escaped. Captain Belcher also surveyed the landing-place, and, at a distance, perceived the Tartar camp, amounting, it was supposed, to 8 or 10,000 soldiers. A small fort was destroyed near the causeway, and five cannon thrown into the river.

During this day there was an awful scene on shore. The riotous mob of Canton, encouraged, or at any rate tolerated by the authorities, attacked the Factories; this pillage was begun by a body of Tartar troops, sent down to search for arms. Mandarin officers were seen carrying off the plunder on their horses, and others hiring them for the purpose. The scene of reckless destruction was by no means confined to the English Factory; the very staircases and floorings were tore up and destroyed. The Old Companies, or British Factory, was an especial object of vengeance. The beautiful chandeliers and valuable looking-glasses were smashed and carried off in fragments; and the large marble statue which stood in the great hall was broken into fragments, with every mark of indignity and insult. All day the work of mad destruction raged, and at night what plunder had spared, the agency of fire was called in to annihilate. Mr. Coolidge, an American gentleman, who, with some other Europeans, had confided to their

own neutrality, and Chinese honour now had bitter cause to repent their misplaced trust. He, with his fellow-sufferers, was taken prisoner, and was in imminent danger of being cut down. After every possible insult, he was carried bound, before the Tartar general, thence before the criminal judge, at which place he discovered to his horror, several of his countrymen badly wounded, having been captured in an attempt to escape from the Factories in a boat. The sufferings they underwent were extreme, nor did the fact that they were Americans avail them, as the judge told them, they "ought to speak a different language and wear a different dress," from the "red-haired barbarians." They were locked in the common prison for two days, at the end of which period bound in chairs, they were carried down to the destroyed Factories, and there *planted* among the ruins! Shortly after this odd, but insulting punishment, the Cameronians, under Major Pratt, landed near the Factories, and found the unhappy prisoners in the position we have described. Mr. Coolidge observes in his narrative, "How can I express the feelings of delight with which we hailed the advance of these friendly redcoats?" But we return to the operations of the morning of the 24th of May, and the attack upon the city of Canton by sea and land.

On Monday, the 24th, (the Queen's birth-day) the 18th Royal Irish, were embarked on board the *Nemesis*, which also took in tow a number of large Chinese boats, pressed for the occasion, loaded with troops, to the number of two thousand men, and proceeded up to Tsingpoo (the place where the junks had been destroyed). On passing Canton, the advanced squadron was seen warmly engaged with the various forts and batteries towards the Dutch Folly. At 6 p.m., the steamer ran close in to a joss-house, at Tsingpoo, the place of debarkation in the creek above Canton. A stage was rigged from the vessel, so that the troops marched from the *Nemesis* on shore at once, and took possession of the joss-house, and a large garden attached to it, without opposi-

tion on the part of the Chinese, and took up their quarters for the night in a house and garden belonging to one of the rich inhabitants of Canton. All was quiet until about 9 o'clock, when the bugles on shore sounded the alarm. All were immediately on the alert; but it proved to be groundless. During the night, one of the native camp-followers having strayed beyond our pickets, was murdered by the Chinese. His body was found in the morning, without the head, in a paddy-field. It afterwards proved to be his dying shriek that caused the alarm the previous night.

We now turn to the land operations, as given by an eye witness, an officer of the force.

The *Blenheim* proceeded to within nine miles of Canton. It was an interesting and extraordinary sight to see the majestic *Blenheim*, 74, towed by a steamer, proceeding leisurely up the Back Channel, a passage through which, till within a few days, nothing but Chinese junks had ever passed, and of which the knowledge had been carefully kept from Europeans. The smaller ships anchored from within three to five miles of the city, while some of the 18 and 20 gun ships took up a position opposite to and above the Factories.

Early on the morning of the 24th of May, Sir Hugh Gough issued the gratifying General Order.

(To be continued in our next.)

CONRAD III., OF GERMANY, AND THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

The long-besieged city of Weinsberg was obliged to yield. The emperor, irritated at its long resistance, had resolved to destroy it with fire and sword. He, however, permitted the females of the city previously to retire, and to carry with them their dearest jewels. And behold, when the day dawned, and the gates were opened, the women advanced in long rows, and the married bore each upon her back her husband, and the others each their dearest relative. This affecting scene so moved the emperor, that he not only spared the men, but also the whole city.—*Kohtrausch's History of Germany.*

ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

BY AN OLD OFFICER.

IN corroboration of the universal practice of duelling, we will call to our aid the memory of the past, and recount a few instances of this unauthorized single combat, not confining our attention merely to our own country, but extending our searching glance to neighbouring and distant nations.

During the period when the Army of Occupation was in France, a British officer extended his morning ride to a village some miles from his quarters; and man and horse being tired, they stopped at an inn for rest and refreshment. The officer was taking a hasty meal in a room on the first story, door and window wide open, when a poodle dog came up the stairs, entered the room, and finding a stranger therein, went to the window and sprang out. Scarcely was the officer recovered from his surprise at this freak of the dog, when a French officer rushed into the apartment, and passionately inquired who threw his dog out of the window. The Briton related how the circumstance had actually occurred; but the Frenchman, full of wrath, would not believe the story, and accused him of kicking the animal out of the window, and then cowardly denying it. The British officer, unwilling to assault the impertinent foreigner, for some time endeavoured to pacify him; but the Frenchman having at length asserted that he wore a sword which he dared not use, our friend could contain himself no longer. Drawing, therefore, his sabre, he furiously attacked his antagonist armed with a small sword, whose skill in the use of this weapon availed him not against so vehement an assault, which he attempted to parry, but in vain, for a well-directed cut disabled his sword-arm, and terminated the duel. The Frenchman then bound up his wound with his handkerchief, and resumed his seat in the Diligence, which had been changing horses whilst the encounter was taking place.

The French nation has from time immemorial been addicted to duelling; even when prisoners of war in England, and deprived of every other

means of terminating their disputes, we have known these pugnaciously-disposed men manufacture weapons of attack and defence, by dividing a pair of scissors, and fastening them on to walking-sticks.

During the reign of Bonaparte, duels in the army were of constant occurrence, this species of satisfaction being demanded for the most trivial causes; not only were personal slights or affronts thus avenged, but promotion, considered by junior officers undeserved on the part of the fortunate mortal, was followed by challenges from those who were passed over. An instance of this took place on a captain being promoted to a majority from his own into another regiment, the captains of which successively tested his skill and courage as a swordsman. Having, as he imagined, entirely passed through the ordeal, he comforted himself with the thoughts of being on friendly terms with his future comrades; but one morning when he was at breakfast, his servant announced that Captain _____, of the Regiment, wished to see him.

"Captain who?" exclaimed the officer; "we have no such officer in the corps."

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied the domestic, "he has been long in the regiment, but was away on sick leave when you joined."

"Show him in," said the major.

As soon as the captain made his appearance, he politely claimed the privilege of measuring weapons with his senior officer, who instantly ordered the breakfast to be removed, threw the skirt of his dressing-gown over his left arm, drew his sword, and forthwith put himself on guard. Short was the encounter before the major slightly wounded his antagonist, who, having thus obtained ample, though by no means agreeable satisfaction for the supposed injustice, quitted the apartment; the major, on his departure, exclaiming, "Thank God; there goes the last of the captains!"

Similar gross violations of discipline, were, no doubt, too common in the French army.

We will next allude to the mode, that may almost be designated ra-

tional by comparison with others, in which duels are, or at all events were, fought by German students. A challenge having been given and accepted, the seconds decided to what extent the satisfaction should be carried, according to the nature of the quarrel: if the cause were trifling, the head, and all the mortal parts of the body, were covered with padding, lined with metal, and rendered sword-proof, the number of those guards to be used being arranged by the seconds. The principals thus prepared for the encounter were enabled to vent their spleen on one another, and improve themselves in the noble art of self-defence, with but little chance of fatal bloodshed.

We will now record an event that occurred when death was rife, which strongly evinces the inherent principle of pugnacity; and also shows how readily a duel may be prevented by a firm and sensible friend. A bridge was being prepared in the face of the enemy, whose troops plied the workmen incessantly with shot and shell: during this operation, the engineer officer was much annoyed by the interference of another officer, and after requesting him to desist, the engineer eventually became irritated, and told him angrily to go about his business, and not to plague him any more with his ignorant remarks. Indignant at this affront, the medler insisted on immediate satisfaction; and, having no pistols with him, ran to an aide-de-camp, who was waiting to carry a report of the work to his general; and, informing him of the insult he had just received, requested the loan of his pistols for a few minutes. To this the aide-de-camp objected, stating that he could not wait until the termination of the affair, and that he should in all probability require the pistols to defend his own life; adding, however, that he knew a method by which the officer might evince his courage, and obtain immediate satisfaction. "My friend," said he to the irate soldier, "go to the zealous engineer, and challenge him to accompany you to the spot on the bridge, where the unfortunate workmen are being rapidly destroyed; hand in hand, place

yourself under the iron hail, and let the bravest man remain the longest." This extraordinary proposition pacified the anger of the would-be duellist, who, becoming aware that he had rendered himself amenable to the censure of the bold and efficient engineer officer, went back to him in good humour, and ventured not again unsolicited to offer his advice and co-operation.

We will now turn our attention to Britain's self-opinionated offspring in the new world, who are noted for their duelling propensities, adding to the usual weapons of civilized nations both fowling-piece and rifle. Even when the pistol is employed as the terminator of disputes, their mode of using it sometimes varies with ours, and we will therefore allude to a duel that took place in the Mediterranean between an English and an American officer. It is unnecessary to mention the cause of the challenge, and we will at once accompany the combatants to the field. On the arrival of the English party, consisting of the principal, second, and surgeon, to their surprise they found the American challenger accompanied by numerous attendants, who for some time refused to retire a short distance from the spot selected for the duel. Having done so at last, though most reluctantly, the ground was measured, and the weapons delivered to the principals, when to the horror and indignation of the second of the Englishman, the American, in levelling his pistol, deliberately rested it on his left arm to ensure his aim: this was instantly objected to, but refused to be conceded by the challenging party; finding which, the high-spirited British second walked with the other loaded pistol within a pace or two of the American duellist, desiring him to fire at his friend in that murderous manner if he thought proper, but adding, "If you hit him, by God I'll blow your brains out." Staggered at this firm exclamation, the Americans allowed the duel to be carried on in the usual manner, and, after two or three discharges without effect, the principals were withdrawn.

Another duel between a British and-

an American officer terminated more fatally: the Englishman being on a tour in the United States, unfortunately could not find a friend and countryman to accompany him to the field; but being an experienced campaigner, he, nothing daunted, went alone to meet his antagonist, who was attended by his second and surgeon. The ground being measured, and weapons delivered, the first fire was harmless; not so the second, for the unfortunate American fell dead at the feet of his opponent. The moment the attendants ascertained that life was extinct, they rushed from the spot, fearful of the consequences should they be discovered as participants in the mournful event. Not a creature being within sight to whom the Englishman could state the cause and result of the duel, and confide the corpse, the officer wrote with a pencil on his card the name of the defunct, briefly adding that he was shot in a fair duel; having done which, he lost no time in embarking in the packet that was preparing to sail for England when the melancholy affair took place. This officer was well known throughout his corps for his humour, as well as for the enjoyment he derived from quizzing those of his companions who laid themselves open to his ever-ready attacks. At times, however, these sallies of mirth and frivolity were of course anything but acceptable to the smarting quizzees; one of whom especially could not stand being made the laughing-stock of the company, even by the man whose friendship he valued, and whose good fellowship he was proud of. He therefore earnestly requested the satirical officer to refrain from attacking him, especially before strangers; adding, that if he did not do so, he should certainly be obliged to call him out. This request, and the threat held out, were equally unheeded by the quizzically-disposed militant, who, at a large party, at the mess, most unmercifully cut up his unfortunate friend. A challenge was sent, and early the following morning the brother officers were placed, pistol in hand, fronting each other: there must be truth in the adage, that the ruling passion is

strong in death, for even when perhaps a life might be terminated in less than a second, humour and satire still held their sway over the challenged officer, who could not resist assuming the manner and the very appearance of his opponent. Observing this, the aggrieved party insisted on his ceasing to play the mimic, asserting that while he thus acted, no human being could maintain his gravity, or level his pistol at him. He urged this in vain to his former friend, who only replied, "I have a right to stand as I like, and do you fire away." The pistol was almost brought to cover its object, when the humorous attitude of his antagonist overcame the resolution of the good-tempered challenger, who exclaimed, "'Tis useless remaining here; I can't fire at you: but for God's sake cease to indulge your quizzing propensities on me."

THE BATTLE OF OSTROLENKA.

MAY 26, 1831.

(Concluded from page 80.)

The fire now began to decline. The Poles appeared disposed to discontinue the conflict and resign the field of battle. The Russian generals availed themselves of this short repose to send back their numerous wounded and the captured cannon over the bridges. This operation was discovered by the Poles in the distance, and mistaking it for a retreat, thought it a favourable opportunity to make one effort more. Suddenly their fire opened on every side anew; all their troops and the flying artillery advanced simultaneously: the battle raged once more with increased fierceness; but they were again forced back behind the sand-hills, with great loss, particularly in prisoners. At seven o'clock in the evening, the Polish artillery once again advanced upon the Myszyniec road, and opened a heavy fire upon the Russians. Masses of infantry were also seen advancing; the crowning and last despairing effort of this dreadful day was now anticipated on every hand. It seemed even yet to be undecided; when at length, without further results, the Polish artillery and troops fell back, leaving the possession of

the field to the Russians, and thus, at eight o'clock in the evening, closed this battle, in which the warriors of both sides had fought with the most unwearying and heroic bravery.

Towards the latter end of the day, three more regiments of carabineers and grenadiers were brought to the right bank, while the battalions of Generals Berg and Martinoff having been under fire since an early hour in the morning, and suffered severely, were sent back to the left bank of the Narew, where they took ground near the town. Towards midnight the rearmost divisions of the Russian army reached some Ostrolenka, others Zamosc-Merzeewo and Wypichi.

The loss sustained by the Russians amounted, according to the reports of the general staff, to 172 officers, and 4,694 men,—that of the Poles to 270 officers, and 8,000 men.

In this battle the Poles brought into action, in infantry alone, near 30,000 men. The Russians, in the contest on the right bank of the Narew, not more than 14,000 men; there remained on the left bank 15,900 men, who could take no share in the action, and who in part arrived only after the battle was over, and late at night. The Russians took thirty Polish staff and superior officers, and 2,000 men, prisoners, with three pieces of cannon. The Russian artillery expended on this day 5,935 rounds of ammunition, from the sixty-six pieces of cannon which were brought into action.

Such are the most important features of this ten hours' fight, the relation of which the distinguished author has dedicated to his brothers in arms—the heroic efforts of the Poles are honoured by him as they deserved, in the same breath with the merited praise which extols the valour of the victory-crowned Russians—the distinguished deeds of which Ostrolenka was that day a witness, he has enrolled on the page of history, and the bright trophy he has raised to the prowess of his countrymen, will ever shed at the same time its lustre on the graves of the patriots who fell in defence of their liberties on the banks of the Narew.

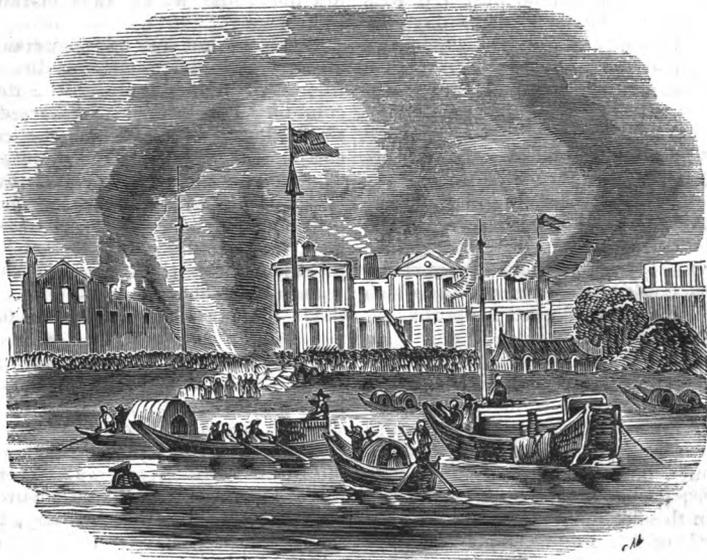
DEVOTION OF POLISH ARTILLERYMEN.

During the late war in which country, this gallant and unjustly crushed nation lost all but its honour; notwithstanding the distinguished conduct of the troops, who, especially at the fatal termination of the campaign, resolutely maintained the contest against their overwhelming opponents. It would not accord with the subject of our present article, were we to dilate on the exertions heroically displayed in this, the noblest of all causes of warfare—Liberty; in vain did the resolute soldiers unite skill to courage, the intrenchments, and their valiant defenders, were overpowered by numbers, and might gained the day against right. To one instance of patriotism and firm attachment to the fading honours of their corps we must allude, not only to commemorate the praiseworthy event, but also to hold it forth as an example to all Artillerists.

When the defeat of the Poles became too manifest, the desponding gunners of some of the batteries unanimously determined that their guns should never be employed in the service of the enemy; and courageously protecting them, they carried from the field of battle to a secluded spot the venerated ordnance, which they hastily buried, noticing the particular locality, and enthusiastically looking forward to the day when the guns might be disinterred, and be again proudly brought into action by their devoted artillerymen.

EMPEROR'S FARE.

Many a farmer amongst us lives more comfortably than does the great monarch of China. His table is by no means splendid, though covered with birds' nests and other gelatinous substances, used as food by the Chinese. He drinks a wine made from mares' milk, which would not be very palatable to us. There is nothing in his common dress and manner of living which might distinguish the emperor from a wealthy Chinese merchant. He affects the Tartar customs, sits cross-legged upon a carpet, and—at least, in outward appearance—leads a very homely life.



Destruction of the British Factories, by the Chinese.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 84.)

Head-Quarters, Marion, Canton River, May 24.

The period has now arrived, so long looked for by the military portion at large of the China Expedition, when it may have an opportunity, in co-operation with our gallant associates of the royal navy, of proving what can be done by discipline and bravery.

Major-General Gough feels a confident assurance that every man will do his duty—that he will have the gratifying task, not only of recording and bringing to notice acts of gallantry, but (what is of infinitely more consequence in the present instance, and will afford stronger proof of devotedness to our country's honour and our professional character) of unshaken discipline and undeviating attention to the orders issued by the officers in the command of columns of attack.

The nature of the position to be carried, and the probable necessity of subdividing the force into separate columns of attack, which may be led through the town and suburbs, make

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it the more necessary to enforce the most rigid discipline, and to guard against any man leaving the ranks upon any pretence whatever. The man who does so will most probably be cut off; but even should he escape, his name should be branded as a disgrace to his corps.

The Chinese system is not one to which the British soldier is accustomed; but if the Chinese have not bravery and discipline, they have cunning and artifice. They have had ample time to prepare, and we may be well assured that their system of stratagem will be called into full play on the present occasion. But though such a system may be effectual against a mob, which every broken body is, it must fail before the steady advance of disciplined soldiers.

The Major-General will only add that Britain has gained as much of fame by her mercy and forbearance, as by the gallantry of her troops. An enemy in arms is always a legitimate foe, but the unarmed or suppliant for mercy, of whatever country or whatever colour, a true British soldier will always spare.

The troops will be prepared with cooked provisions for two days, to land this day at 12 o'clock, in two columns.

(Signed) **ARMINE J. H. MOUNTAIN,**
Lt.-Col., D A.-G.

At the time appointed, boats were in readiness for the conveyance of the troops to the landing-place. The officers of the expedition were much indebted to Sir Le Fleming Senhouse for his great exertions in procuring these boats, the construction of which was admirably adapted for protecting the troops from the sun, and each was capable of carrying from 50 to 200 men, according to their respective sizes. The boats were towed up by the *Nemesis* to a place about two miles above Canton, where they arrived about 7 p.m. A more extraordinary sight, perhaps, never was witnessed than this fleet of boats, conveying upwards of 2,600 fighting men, besides followers, guns, stores, &c., yet no accident happened. Had the enemy been on the alert, they might have committed dreadful havoc amongst us. The guns and artillery were landed during the night, but the remainder of the force did not debark until morning. A false alarm aroused us about midnight, but nothing occurred till our landing at daylight on the 25th.

The general was the first on shore; and so soon as the 37th were disembarked they received orders to accompany him as an escort. The detachment of Bengal Volunteers also accompanied him. The general advanced in a south-westerly direction, about a mile from the landing-place, to a rising ground, from whence a general survey of the line of the country we were to pass over could be taken. From hence we could see the enemy's picquets at their posts for miles on every side. They made use of every gesture to encourage us to advance. A portion of the escort was ordered forward to reconnoitre, and to ascertain as soon as possible the force of the enemy in this position. A few of the latter, beating their shields, shouting and brandishing their swords and spears, appeared to have all the wish to exterminate our small party—but they

did not come within musket-range of us.

When the general had ascertained all he wanted, his escort was directed to join the first brigade in the right column. This brigade was formed of the 49th and 37th regiments, with a detachment of Bengal Volunteers. The second brigade was formed of the Royal and Madras Artillery, and Sappers and Miners. The corps of seamen, 460 in number, formed the third brigade in the right column. The ordnance attached to this column consisted of four 12-lb. howitzers, four 9-lb. field guns, four 5½-inch mortars, fifty-two 32-lb. rockets, and two light 6-pounders: it was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Morris. The left column, which was commanded by Major-General Burrell, consisted of the Royal Marines (reserve), the 18th Royal Irish, the 26th Cameronians, a detachment of Madras Artillery, and Engineers, and Sappers. The ordnance attached to it was one light 6-pounder, and one 5½-inch mortar.

The ground to be passed over was chiefly paddy-fields and burying-grounds: consequently there was great difficulty and delay in transporting the guns. The headless trunk of the camp-follower before mentioned, who had gone a few yards beyond the landing-place during the night, was found. His body was untouched, but his murderer had, no doubt, carried away the head of his victim to claim the promised reward.

Long before our guns could be brought to bear upon the forts, the enemy had opened a brisk fire on our advanced columns. Their shot, however, fell short. About 9 a.m., we returned the fire simultaneously from the guns, mortars, and rockets. Though the enemy's shot fell close round our men, in every direction, yet no accident happened.

In about an hour from the time our guns commenced firing, the Chinese were observed to collect in great numbers outside their forts, evidently deliberating upon the best plan of escape. Our troops were now ordered to advance. The positions we were to attack, namely, the heights and forts above Canton, were barely removed a

hundred yards from the city wall, and appeared strongly defended. There were four forts each mounting from eight to ten guns, besides numberless gingals, which poured forth volley after volley of grape.

A simultaneous attack was made on all the forts. The weather was excessively hot, and the ground of the worst possible description for the troops to march over. The first and second brigades were directed to dislodge the enemy from the two forts to the south, and the third brigade (the gallant Jacks) those to the west of the city. In the first brigade the 49th took the lead at starting, the 37th Madras Native Infantry and Bengal Volunteers following close on their heels, The 37th were, I believe, the first to reach the summit. Little opposition was offered to their advance. The enemy had all evacuated the forts, and were seen running down the hills in every direction, letting off myriads of barbed rockets, which did no further injury than most effectually to prevent the course of their flight being observed.

In one of the two forts to the west the sailors had hard work of it, the enemy not leaving their stronghold till, by means of escalading ladders, our fellows effected an entrance, and there, hand to hand, cut them to pieces. In effecting this, our men were much cut up, chiefly, however, by the flanking fire from the wall of the city.

The reserve was now directed to take possession of an intrenched camp, where the encampment had rallied. This encampment was well covered by the guns from the city wall, and removed more than a mile from the forts now occupied by the first brigade. The enemy was evidently in great force there, and, as usual, until our men came too close to be pleasant, waved their banners, and encouraged us to come on. Their officers were seen riding on ponies in front of the ranks. Well did the Royal Irish do their work that day! Advancing all the way at double-quick step, regardless both of the shot from the city walls and of the showers of grape from the intrenched camp; in a few brief moments everything was in their possession; and, after setting fire to all

that could be laid hold of, they took their departure. In this advance there were four officers and several men wounded. The rockets worked splendidly, astonishing the Chinese.

A fire was kept up from the city wall nearly all night. During the afternoon the general had a narrow escape, having been at one time completely covered with dust from a shot that struck the ground close by his side. The total amount of our killed and wounded this day was about seventy. On the side of the enemy the actual loss was never ascertained.

The troops bivouacked as they best could during the night. Our worthy chief was the first on the move in the morning of the 26th, when we all looked forward to a little escalading practice. In this, however, we were disappointed. Sufficient materials had not yet come up for effecting the object contemplated, viz., setting fire to the city. About noon the ammunition, &c., arrived; but, unfortunately, by this time it rained in such torrents as to put a stop to all operations. The inhabitants appeared to be deserting the city in great numbers. On the ramparts, which peared forth such volleys yesterday, not a soul was to be seen; and from the heights crowds could be observed bearing their property on their shoulders, pouring out of the gates farthest removed from the forts in our possession. Towards afternoon, a flag of truce (for the overbearing Chinese have at length, to their cost, come to know the use of the *white flag*) was seen to wave from the most conspicuous part of the ramparts; and a red-buttoned officer advancing to one of the embrasures nearest to our position, and also waving the white flag in his hand, seemed to implore an interview.

The General and Sir Le Fleming Seahouse, and Mr. Thom, the secretary and interpreter, advanced. But, on ascertaining that the rank of the Chinese officer was not equal to that of ours, the latter retired, and Major-General Burrell and Captain Gough, aide-de-camp to the general, were directed to ascertain what the Chinese officer wanted. This proved to be the

offer of certain terms to spare the city. The Chinese were told that it was not in Major-General Burrell's power to listen to any terms proposed, and that, if they wished for an interview with our general, it could not take place from the walls of the city, but that tents should be pitched half-way between our position and the city, and that there our general and captain Sir Le F. Senhouse should meet only those of like rank from the enemy. This was, after some time, agreed to on all sides, and the Chinese declared that their deputation should be at the appointed place in exactly one hour and a half. Hour after hour, however, passed; and, as might have been expected from the previous too well known character of the Chinese, no deputation arrived, and, unfortunately, the rain which now fell in torrents, not only prevented the resumption of hostilities, but thoroughly soaked the ground, which formed alike the bed for the general and common soldier. Yet no complaint was heard, and the troops in their wet clothes, with little food and less drink, went to the respective duties allotted to them without a murmur. Up to this date, with the exception of the wounded, there was not a sick man in the force. All eagerly looked forward to the morrow. During this interval the artillery was hard at work—guns, mortars, rockets, tubes, &c., with all their appendages, were brought into position. The infantry was placed so as to prevent the enemy from working their guns. The escalating parties were also detailed, which consisted of a portion of the 18th Royal Irish and 37th Madras Native Infantry. The portion of the wall to be escalated was between forty and fifty feet high, and this the artillery expected to reduce to twenty-five or thirty feet. From its old and ruined appearance it was believed this could easily be effected.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MIDS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ., R.N.

(From the United Service Journal.)

Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to waft her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheerful day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray.

How very feeble, compared with the reality, have been the efforts of every nautical writer to describe that pandemonium, a midshipman's mess,—not as it exists now, with nothing but right honourables and honourables for its members, and the deck of the berth covered over with a Brussels carpet, but such as it used to be in the days of hard service, when our embryo naval heroes ate their pea-soup out of leaden spoons, and cut their salt-junk with jack-knives, had their allowance of swipes in the same kettle in which the tea was boiled, and drank their grog out of tin or pewter cups of extremely "questionable shape."

It was in a frigate, one of the crack craft of the day, that I first sported my uniform as a young reefer. I was, in fact, quite a child, not having passed over my tenth birth-day, and full of pride at the thoughts of being an officer, though I cannot say, like a youngster of my acquaintance, I had such lofty notions of my accession to maturity that I would pay man's price for my boots. Why I was thus early initiated in the enjoyments of salt water will be best explained by my stating at once that the ship was commanded by my father. But this was rather a misfortune to me than otherwise; for, whilst my brave and worthy parent kept a brighter eye upon my actions, and insisted upon the entire performance of my duties with a strictness that was not so rigidly enforced upon my messmates, the latter looked upon me with something of a jealous eye, because I became a sort of pet to the lieutenants.

The midshipmen's mess was on the larboard side of the frigate, as commodious as it possibly could be; and, though not equal to the drawing-room of a nobleman, was nevertheless, not quite so bad as the pig-stye

parlour of an Irish cabin. The caterer was a stern old blood-tar (if I may be permitted to use the expression to human flesh) of the Smollett school. He had lost one eye, and consequently the remaining peeper had to do double duty over a nose that looked like a scarlet and purple fuz-ball, or a red-hot cinder in a blacksmith's furnace; and his mess-mates used to say that it certainly was of the same combustible quality, as it always glowed brighter in a breeze of wind. Many a quilting have the youngsters got for *respectfully* requesting the loan of that nose to light them to their hammocks. But old Clarke was a strict disciplinarian; every duty of the mess was carried on as if by clock-work; no dirks, no cocked-up hats, no quadrant cases, were seen attached to the sides or bulk-heads of the berth; the lockers were kept remarkably clean, and there were goodly rows of those things which were essential to comfort. On one particular nail, however, was suspended the caterer's colt, for which he exacted as much respect from the youngsters as ever Gessler did for his tile at the head of the pole, and above this appeared a substantial boot-jack, *in terrorem*, as a cobbing-board. They were like the fetters hung over the entrance to a county gaol, a warning to all who felt tempted to disobey the rules of the mess.

Old Clarke was a squat figure, his back forming nearly a semicircle, but with extraordinary long arms, and an enormously large head. Of his eye I have already spoken, but not of its peculiarly fiery fierceness, which was attributed to its close approximation to the great heat of his nose. He had thick lips like a negro, and an amazingly capacious mouth,—ate very little, but drank a great deal. This last qualification, however, he asserted, was purely out of regard to the youngsters, who were thereby kept sober. Never was there such an eccentric being as old Clarke; and it was really worth more than a trifle to see that eye of his during a contest at his favourite game, cribbage.

And now for a scene in the berth,—time, evening,—two purser's dips, in

tin candlesticks, rendering darkness visible. Well, there, at the head of the mess-table, sat the veteran mate; and on each side were ranged the midshipmen, amusing themselves with bread-nuts and grog; whilst a dingy boy, whose jacket would have been eagerly purchased by a tallow chandler, and who, unfortunately, had a hump upon his back, stood as one of the "Lords" in waiting. Oh, Fortune! why didst thou, in one of thy capricious moods, throw that *pauvre diable* beneath the stings of such a nest of hornets? Yet the deformed lad was patient and enduring; and it seemed as if nature had compensated for his uncouth shape by giving him a mind which did not feel the ills of life. His real name was Cubitt; but with the perversion natural to a middy's berth, he was constantly called by the lovely designation of "Cupid."

"Gen'lmen," exclaimed the caterer, "as we are all here assembled, saving and excepting the watch on deck, as has no right to be here, why, just let us make our lives happy, and sing 'O be joyful!'—that is, in all due respect to myself, whom, by your unanimous voices, have been chosen sovereign of the mess"—

"Not by mine," squeaked a youngster at the far-end of the berth."

"Nor mine," added an oldster, in closer approximation to the veteran mate.

"Well, well—no matter," returned the mate; "here I am, like the President of Amerikey, got into office, which I means to hold on by as long as I can; and so I calls upon every soul in the mess to keep the peace, and obey orders; and so, Drake, give us a song."

Now Drake had a very pleasing voice, and sang with taste and spirit, and, consequently, as in most instances of a similar kind, much pressing was required; but, being called upon for the mess-song, he at length assented, and gave the following:—

THE LIFE OF A REEFER.

A reefer's life is the life for me,
As he bounds along o'er the swelling sea;
In calm or gale, foul weather or fair,
The middy has nothing to do with care.

He takes his grog, and he laughs at fate,
As something to him which is out of date;
And he talks and he boasts of what he
will be

As he bounds along o'er the rolling sea.

A reefer's life—'tis a life of pride,
With hope and enterprise side by side.
The anchors' stowed, and the canvass
spread,

Dull care astern, and promotion a-head,
The pole-star of glory shedding its ray
On the compass of honour to guide his way,
The sails well trimmed, and the breeze all
free,

As he bounds along o'er life's rolling sea.

A reefer's life—'tis a life has been
That of each admiral, and shall be 'gain.
The jack at the main from the cockpit rose,
With love for Old England and death to
her foes;

And the jack at the main shall continue to
rise

From the midshipmen's mess to flaunt in the
skies,

Aud ever triumphant shall float in the
breeze,

Whilst we drive our foes from the rolling
seas.

This effusion, as may well be imagined,
was received with loud plaudits, and was promptly followed by the old acknowledgment—

"Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one."

"That's a song as always touches
my heart," said the master's mate, as
soon as silence was restored.

"Of course *you* must very naturally
expect to be an admiral before you
die!" exclaimed a pert youngster out
of immediate reach of the caterer's
colt.

"I shall die a seaman and an honest
man, Mister Jack-an-apes," retorted
the veteran. "I hope you'll do the
same, though I sadly misdoubts it,
unless you mend your manners. And
as for being an Admiral,—merit
doesn't always meet with its reward;
and the First Lord can't purvide for
everybody."

"Never mind, Clarke, you can hoist
your flag over a rum puncheon any
day," uttered an oldster; "and you
know there's the fokstle, if you want
to get forud in the service."

"And I could do my duty there with
any man fore or aft," angrily respon-
ded the mate; "can you say as much?
But, order—order—I am caterer here,
and will be obeyed. You, Cupid, tell

them there marines not to make so
much noise outside the berth;—and
now, Jephson, your song."

The young man called upon was
remarkably good looking, and parti-
cularly neat in his dress.

"You know, Clarke, I cannot sing.
I have no more ideo of music than an
Indian has of a church-organ, or the
old boatswain of an opera-ballet."

"No excuse—a song or a story—a
song or a story," was loudly vocife-
rated; "there's no letting you off. If
you can't sing, you must tell a story,
or drink a bucket of salt water."

"As for compulsion, I set that at
defiance," exclaimed Jephson; "and
if you mean that you can force me to
do any one of the things you have
named, I am as dumb as Adam's first
cousin. But, as I am desirous of con-
tributing to the evening's amusement,
I have no objection to spin you a yarn.
What shall it be about?"

"Battle, murder, or sudden death,"
said Drake; "let it be something funny
and interesting."

"Or one of your love adventures,"
uttered another. "You know, Jeph-
son, you are a terrible lady-killer."

"Silence, youngster," returned the
youth addressed. "You will not be
so fond of talking about such things
when you get a few more years over
your head. But still, as I feel more
disposed to relate something humo-
rous, in preference to Drake's selec-
tion of battle, murder, and sudden
death; why, I'll e'en rub up my me-
mory touching an event that took
place when I was about fifteen years
old."

"Silence in the berth!" roared the
caterer, for the youths were beginning
to get noisy; "and, Cupid, just put a
broad arrow on to some of them there
jollies outside, so as to mark 'em till
I come out."

"We're all ready, Jephson."

(To be continued in our next.)

DUTCH HOSPITALITY.

An Irish soldier, who came over
with General Moore, being asked if he
met with much hospitality in Holland,
"Oh yes," replied he, "too much of it,
I was in the *hospital* nearly all the
time I was there."

HARRY SEARDON.

"HARRY SEARDON," began the pensioner, "was as brave a fellow as ever trod the mess deck—lord love you, sir, he was the very picture of a man, bold as a lion yet mild as a lamb; poor fellow, he was beloved by all the crew." And here the veteran brushed away a tear with his cuff. "He was first in everything, from reefing a fore-top-sail to feathering his oar. I remember, though it is a long, long time since, when on board the *Nancy*, we fell in with a French cruiser in the Mediterranean, we had hot work of it then. Poor Harry had his larboard glim darkened. I will tell you how it happened, sir:" and, after taking a draught from the can, he resumed. "Poor Harry Seardon and I belonged to the same mess. We were both first captains of guns. When the action commenced we were stationed abaft by the poop, our captain had given us directions to let the enemy fire first, and then to give *mounseer* a rattlin' broadside. Well, the enemy fired, and a ball cleared Harry's mate's gun and all, but he escaped. Then we returned a reg'lar spanker, and our balls played old Harry in their rigging—the main and mizen masts went by the board, and the enemies helm was carried away; as soon as the helm was gone the ship became unmanageable, and was like a log on the water. Our captain, who was on the poop, ordered half a dozen of us up the main top with muskets, to prevent them from repairing the helm. Well, we were in the top about ten minutes, when Harry, who was getting rather impatient at being idle, jumped on to the mizen-yard (for the enemy had her broadside against our head, while the guns abaft were playing the devil with her stern), he ran down the rattlins as quick as lightning—

'And on the deck he stands.'

He clubbed his musket and knocked down two or three lubbers, who made a rush at him, and before you could say Jack Robinson he was running up the main shrouds, and striking the flag, tied it round his waist and came

down quite leisurely. The *mounseers* seeing him strike their flag ran up to stop him, but running along the yard he bounded into the sea amidst a shower of balls, one of which destroyed his eye. He came up on the starboard side. When the battle was over, Captain T——n called Harry on the poop, where he shook hands with him, and made him the bo'swain of the *Nancy*. But he did not live long after; he died at Cadiz, where he caught a fever."

TAKING HIS OWN PHYSIC.

A surgeon in the navy was in the habit of prescribing salt water for the sick sailors. While angling on a fine day, he happened to fall overboard. The captain, who was at the time walking on the poop, heard the splash, and inquired of a sailor near him what it was? "Nothing, yer honner," replied Jack, "only the surgeon tumbled into his *medicine chest!*"

FORCE OF HABIT.

The following anecdote is told of a private of the 15th regiment of Hussars, whilst stationed in Leeds:—A gentleman passing near to the barracks one day, at the hour of dinner, was ruminating on the force of habit, and the consequences resulting therefrom, when he observed a soldier carrying some dinners on a tray, which he carried before him. The gentleman, thinking this a good time for experiment, seized the opportunity, and called out in a rough voice the well known word "Attention!" The tray immediately fell, and the dinners were covered with mud, while the deceived hussar stood "erectly fixed," much to the chagrin of the soldiers expecting their mess, but to the amusement of the people passing at the time.

Doctor Auchmuty, who amputated Lord Nelson's arm, at the battle of the Nile, died on the 6th of March, 1845, at Kilmore, Roscommon. He received a gold medal from that distinguished naval hero.

CRUELTY AND COWARDICE.

When Junot marched to attack our position at Vimiera, he left in the capital about 1,200 men, many of whom were invalids, as a garrison the craven population dared not to attack this handful of men; but the moment the French troops were embarked, and there was no danger of reprisal, this *canaille* proclaimed war to the knife against every Frenchman, of whatever trade or profession. Several attempts had been made at assassination, and more were expected. The evening after our arrival I was sent with the outlying picket to strengthen the main-guard. I had hardly arrived there when a Frenchman came running to the guard-room to claim protection, and presently two more appeared, followed up by a large mob. I had the guard and picket turned out, left room for the fugitives to pass, and stopped the pursuers; who calling out *Vivan los Inglishes*, said that the runaways were Frenchmen, and expected they would be given up directly to their vengeance. It was in vain to argue with such persons; they kept pressing on the men, so that I feared they would get within our bayonets' points. I ordered three men to load with ball-cartridge, and told the mob that I would shoot any one who endeavoured to force his way. This had the desired effect: they drew off, broke into groups, and kept moving about, in the hope of catching their prey; but I expected their patience would tire out before morning. I had the three Frenchmen into the officers' guard-room, offered them some wine and bread; but their alarm was too great to allow them to partake of it, and I could hardly get any account from them. It turned out, however, that the first arrival was a merchant, who had resided fifteen years in Lisbon; the second was a barber, of the same period of residence; and the only one connected with the arrival of the French army was the last of the three, who had been a waiter in a coffee-house in the Rocio-square. I offered to guarantee their safety during the night, and as soon as it was daylight in

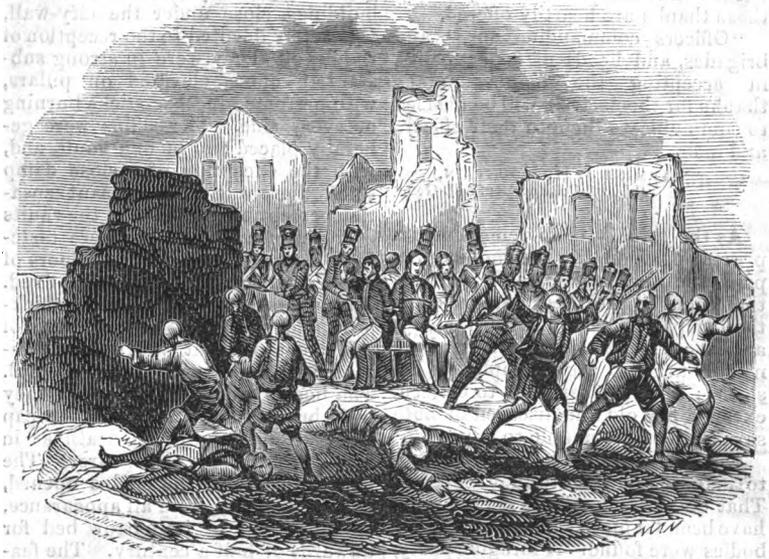
the morning to send them down with sufficient escort to the beach, and see them safely embarked; this would have been very grateful to them under other circumstances; but two of them had families they could not abandon, and they said that if they could get unnoticed into a street not far distant they could get shelter in the house of a Portuguese friend, on whom they could depend. About half-past one in the morning I directed the patrols to look out if there were any crowds or knots of people collected anywhere. At two o'clock they returned, and reported that "the coast was clear." To avoid notice I took the refugees under my charge, dropping only two or three men at intervals to give an alarm, and with palpitating hearts the three Frenchmen followed me. We proceeded without any interruption, and apparently unnoticed, until we gained the corner of a street, when one of the trio stooping down, stretched out his neck, and taking a lengthened look up and down the street, whispered to his friends that all was clear, and away they scuttled, stooping their heads as they ran. I could not help laughing at the ridiculous appearance of the race.—
Recollections of the Peninsula.

AN INTREPID PRISONER.

Malek, the vizier of Caliph Mostadi, had just won a battle, and taken the Emperor of the Greeks prisoner. Having ordered him to his tent, he asked what treatment he expected from the conqueror. "If you make war like a king," said the emperor, "send me home; if like a merchant, sell me; if as a butcher, kill me." The Turkish general released him without a ransom.

MAGNANIMITY.

Mention was made of the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, and instances quoted; an appeal was made to the Lord Bolingbroke, who was openly his enemy. "He was so great a man," replied he, "that I have forgotten his vices."



The American Merchants rescued by the British troops from the ruins of the Factories.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 92.)

EARLY on the morning of the 27th everything was arranged. The guns were loaded and primed. The port-fires were lit, and the general and Sir F. Senhouse were taking a last look, previous to giving the signal to commence firing. The enemy, too, appeared on the alert; numbers of them were seen running backwards and forwards on the ramparts. A few minutes more and the work would have commenced, had not an unlooked-for messenger arrived with despatches from the plenipotentiary to the general and commodore. How anxiously did all present watch the features of those two brave and determined men, as they each perused their documents. Sir Fleming was the first to speak, and those nearest to him heard him say, "I protest against the terms of the treaty *in toto*." The news soon spread. Captain Elliot, as usual, acting on the spur of the moment, had, without even paying the officers in command the compliment of asking their advice, concluded a peace with

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the Chinese, and ransomed the city of Canton for six millions of dollars! We leave the reader to judge of the disappointment felt by the troops on learning this intelligence. On this day the subjoined general order was issued.

"GENERAL ORDER.

"Head Quarters. Fort Yong-Kang,
"Canton, May 27th, 1841.

"Major-General Sir Hugh Gough from his heart congratulates the troops of every arm composing the force upon their steadiness under fire, and their brilliant conduct on the attacks of the heights and the capture of the several forts above Canton, and of the intrenched camp under cover of the city wall, on the 25th instant.

"This expression of the major-general's best thanks was as fully merited, and is as sincerely accorded to the naval battalions and the royal marines, who have nobly upheld the high character of their profession.

"Where all were emulous to maintain the honour of British sailors and soldiers, it would be impossible to particularize. To all the major-ge-

neral's best thanks are due; to all these thanks are heartily offered.

"Officers commanding corps and brigades, and heads of departments, in accepting the major-general's thanks for themselves, will be pleased to communicate them to their officers and men.

"ARMINÉ J. H. MOUNTAIN,
"Lieut.-Col. and Dep. Adj.-Gen."

As the force was to remain in its present position till the money was paid, the most comfortable quarters that could be procured were given to the troops. The suburbs of the city, and the villages in the immediate neighbourhood, were completely deserted; not a Chinese was to be seen, except a few old and diseased of both sexes, who were unable to move.

Our loss in killed and wounded up to this date amounted to about seventy. That on the side of the enemy must have been far more, though at first few bodies were found. A foraging party, when a few miles from our camp, discovered between sixty and seventy dead and dying Tartars in one house, who evidently had been carried there to give us a false idea of the number killed.

One part of Captain Elliot's treaty was that the Tartar troops, from 30,000 to 40,000 in number, should evacuate the city, lay down their arms, and proceed to a distance of sixty miles from Canton. Since the arrival of our force opposite the walls, the Tartar and Chinese troops had been carrying on a civil war within the city, the loss on both sides being very great. Besides this, our shipping and land force had so effectually blockaded and besieged the city that few or no supplies could enter. Consequently the inhabitants were now driven to that state that they would agree to any terms we chose to dictate. How unfortunate that Captain Elliot's temperament should have been so conciliating!

The 29th of May was a day of rest, and our officers and men were to be seen in every direction walking through the deserted suburbs and villages in the neighbourhood of Canton. Some very extraordinary tombs and places of worship, or joss-houses, were

seen. One very extensive line of buildings, close under the city-wall, was solely devoted to the reception of the dead. They were in strong substantial coffins, elevated on pillars, with perfumed incense-sticks burning on every side. The coffins were generally placed two in one vault, and, with the exception of a close damp smell, there was no unpleasant sensation perceptible. Outside of the vaults evergreens and creepers were tastefully arranged, and over the doors of some of them bee-hives were fixed. The coffins were of enormous thickness and strength. The contents of a few of those that were opened presented an appearance almost natural. The bodies were all embalmed: they were buried in their clothes, the cap and button, denoting in death, as in life, the rank of the wearer. The body, in some of the coffins opened, must have been, from all appearance, an inhabitant of its narrow bed for upwards of half a century. The features presented a dried and shrivelled appearance, and there was a strong pungent aromatic smell perceptible on raising the lid. In the right hand of each was a fan, and in the left of many a piece of paper, having Chinese characters written on it. To an antiquary, there were many things in this village which would have excited much interest.

Two-thirds of the money was this day (the 28th) paid, and shipped on board her Majesty's ship *Modeste*; and as one million more was to be paid immediately, and security taken for the remainder, the troops expected to return to their ships on the 31st. Some of the Tartar troops had already left the city, and others were to leave the following day. Everything looked pacific. There were certainly some rumours that reinforcements were expected for the protection of Canton, and that this delay on the part of the authorities to pay up the money demanded, was merely an excuse to gain time to enable the new troops to arrive. But as the plenipotentiary gave no credence to these reports, of course no one else did. However, on the morning of the 30th, and before our fellows had finished that most agreeable of all

medicines in a tropical climate, namely, a cheroot after breakfast, the sound of a bugle was heard in the direction of the general's quarters. The sound was not to be mistaken, it was taken up on all sides.

Orders now arrived for the 26th Camerונים, and 37th Madras Native Infantry, to proceed and drive off a large body of the enemy, which was seen approaching our encampment. The enemy was at this time at a distance of nearly two miles from our position, and covered a space of ground of upwards of a mile in length. They were certainly between 10,000 and 15,000 strong, while our small body did not amount to much more than 500. Captain Knowles, of the Royal Artillery, with a few rockets, soon checked the impetuous ardour of the enemy. The 37th, who had been directed to proceed towards the left, came upon a party of their advanced guard by surprise, while they were quietly sitting under a tree sipping tea; but who no sooner saw us advancing, than they took to their heels in every direction, leaving their spears, their cups, and their buckets of tea for their pursuers, who found it a very pleasant beverage too, the day being very hot. It was about this time that the Quartermaster-General of the Forces, (Major Beecher) dropped down dead from a "coup de soleil."

The enemy had now retreated about a couple of miles, and taken up a position on a rising ground, and, as usual, were waving their banners and shields, and encouraging our troops to come on. Our rockets continued to plough line after line through their ranks; still they did not appear intimidated. The rain unfortunately began to threaten—a storm was evidently approaching—the atmosphere was close and dense—the roll of distant thunder was heard, and the rays of the sun during the day had so heated the air that, on its being inhaled, a sensation was left in the lungs similar to that felt when the vapour-bath has been raised to too high a temperature.

It was evident that the enemy must be driven from their present position, otherwise they might advance upon

the British camp during the night. The threatening aspect of the weather rendered it necessary, too, that no time should be lost in doing this.

It was 1 p.m., when the General directed the 26th and 37th to advance, and drive the enemy from the heights; the third company of the 37th was detached to the left, the head-quarters of the regiment proceeding to the right, and the 26th (Camerונים) also going to a large village to the left. As usual with the Chinese, the nearer we approached the further they retired. After thus pursuing them about three miles, it was judged prudent to return.

The rain now fell in torrents, and prevented the sight of objects even at few yards' distance. No enemy was in sight, except a few solitary individuals on the tops of the heights. The third company of the 37th and 26th Regiment were seen almost in a line with, and not far removed from, the head-quarters of the 37th, just before the rain commenced, and no one for a moment feared for the safety of the detached company.

It would be difficult to give a description of this retrograde movement. The rain had completely obliterated every trace of a footpath—there was nothing but one sea of water before us. The thunder and lightning were awful. The Chinese, I have no doubt, looked upon the storm as a judgment inflicted by their gods upon the barbarians.

About 4 p.m., the 37th arrived at the position they had started from. There the worthy General, Sir Hugh Gough, still stood, though drenched with rain: he would not move until he saw all his men safe back. With his head uncovered, he shook hands with, and thanked the native officers for their exertions. The 26th was seen approaching; the third company of the 37th was supposed to be coming up in the rear of that corps. On the arrival of the latter, however, what was the surprise of all to hear that they had seen nothing of the missing company!

It was now about 5 o'clock p.m., and that portion of the force that had been employed all day was fatigued,

and the rain had rendered their muskets unserviceable, so that it would have been useless to have sent them in search of our missing men; an express was therefore despatched for two companies of the Royal Marines, armed with percussion muskets. The rear of the 26th, while retiring, had been much annoyed by the enemy. Taking advantage of the almost helpless state of our men, none of whose muskets would go off, and their bayonets becoming almost useless weapons when opposed to long spears, so that little resistance beyond self-protection could be offered, the enemy contrived to pull over some of our men with an instrument resembling a shepherd's crook, attached to a long bamboo, and afterwards rush on their unfortunate victims with their swords.

In the midst of this terrific storm, it was that the detached company of the 37th was involved in the perilous situation represented in the engraving at page 33, and wherein their steadiness and valour proved their salvation.

We have already noticed the retirement of the 26th, and it appears that in bringing up the rear in the dreadful storm the 37th missed their way, and after a march of half an hour found themselves traversing some overflowed paddy fields, with a numerous enemy in the way of their return, while as the storm decreased in violence strong parties of spear and matchlock men closed in upon their flanks and rear. They were soon after surrounded, and one or two men pulled over with the long hook mentioned above as having been used against the rear of the 26th. The musket of one of the men having fallen was picked up by the Chinese. The powder in the pan being so damp that it would not go off with the spark from a flint and steel. A Chinese soldier took up the musket and applying it steadily to his shoulder coolly ignited the priming with his slow-match. The musket went off, and unfortunately seriously wounded Lieutenant Berkeley in the arm.

The gallant little company was now moved to some rising ground, where they might better stand upon the de-

fensive. The rain ceased for a short time, and now they were enabled to pour in a tolerable round upon the dense mass of Chinese. But their trial was not yet ended; just as they began their retreat the rain again descended in torrents; and the Chinese perceiving the uselessness of their fire-arms took fresh courage for a new attack. Nothing now remained but to form a square and remain true to each other till the morning dawned, and daylight should enable them to fight their way through their numerous enemies.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MIDS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ., R.N.

(From the United Service Journal.)

Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to waft her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheerful day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray.

(Continued from page 94.)

"Well, then, about four years ago," said Jephson, "I belonged to a frigate that was fitting out that delectable hole, full of all sorts of abomination—Sheerness, when I obtained a week's leave to visit my friends in the neighbourhood of Dover, and consequently accomplished my passage in one of the boats to Chatham, where I arrived about noon, and took up my berth at the Chest Arms. The down coaches were not expected in before ten o'clock at night, and consequently I had many hours upon my hands for a cruise; and having heard much talk of Rochester castle and cathedral, I hauled my wind that way, that I might judge for myself. On my return, somewhere near the ruins of the castle, but a long way back upon the road, I came upon a pretty rural lane, with a low stone wall on one side, and a high hedge on the other. It seemed to be a privileged walk, for there was a gate, at each end, that locked; and, by the numerous gilliflowers growing in rich profusion on the wall, I conjectured that but few rough hands ever ventured thither. However, I was upon a voyage of

discovery, and therefore did not stand much for the latitude allowed; so I trimmed sails, and bowled along with a fair breeze. When I got about the middle of the lane, I observed an ancient edifice in excellent repair, with some few attempts at modernism. It was in the Gothic style, with deep embayed windows, and the red and white roses were clustering on its grey walls amidst a profusion of the beautiful clematis."

"Now, that's what I call poetry," said the master's mate. "Oh, if his Majesty would but grant me a pension, and I could ride out the rest of my life in that ere headyphiz."

"Avast, Clarke—avast with your headyphiz!" exclaimed Drake. "Your phiz is always heady enough. But don't stop Jephson in his yarn. Go on, messmate."

"Well, the building attracted my attention," continued Jephson; "there was an air of grandeur and elegance about it, that put me in mind of tales of old. The grounds were laid out with skill and judgment, and yet there was no departure from nature. The flowers were blooming amidst the richest verdure, which no storm had defaced, no dust had soiled, and the grass had been cut close down and rolled, so as to look like a velvet carpet exquisitely embroidered."

"No wonder the girls are fond of Jephson, if he spins them such yarns as that," said a youngster; "but they'd do better for a lady's ear than the midshipmen's berth. Can't you tell us something to laugh at?"

"I'll make you grin presently, if there's any virtue in colt," said the caterer. "Just clap a stopper on your tongue, and take a severe turn with it."

"Oh, how I wish I was out in a field now!" uttered Drake, "or in the garden you have described; perhaps I might get a night's rest in the building without having to watch—n all watches! But was there no fairy in this palace?"

"There was, old boy—and such a one!—ye gods and little fishes!" exclaimed the narrator, with either an affected or a heart-felt sigh. "But to my story. I stood for some time

looking at this delightful place, when I observed a young girl dressed in white, with a true-blue sash round her waist, standing at one of the windows, and crying as if her heart would break. She had long flaxen ringlets that flowed down her fair neck; and though I could not exactly discern her features for the handkerchief she held to her face, yet fancy pictured her a blooming Hebe."

"And that's blooming enough, anyhow," said the master's mate, "if we takes the figure head of the two-and-thirty for an example."

"Now, messmates," continued Jephson, not heeding the interruption, "I never could see beauty in tears, without being ready to pipe my own eye; and in this instance there was such a romantic feeling in my heart—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared a youngster, in which he was joined by several others; "Jephson's heart—why it's as full of holes as a main-hatch grating. Even Cupid there," pointing to the boy, "might jump through it."

"He jumps in it sometimes, Muster Stewart," uttered the lad, "that's when you and the other young gentlemen 'ud whack me for nothing but your own pleasure, and Mr. Jephson takes my part, and purtects me."

"I'll log you down one for that, my God of Love," exclaimed Stewart, threateningly. "Mr. Jephson's not always within hail, you know."

"I'd recommend you to rub the chalk off, Stewart," said Drake; "for if Jephson, who, as a matter of course, is a friend to Cupid, is not present, I may be; and every blow you give the boy, shall be paid back with interest."

"Ah, that's just the way you preserve discipline," murmured Stewart, who attached "honourable" before his name; "you make no distinction in birth or rank, but stand up for the plebeian against his superior in blood, in wealth, and in station."

"Come, stow all that gammon, my 'honourable' friend," commanded the caterer. "What is the blood that you boast about? Ain't mine, or any one of the mess, as red as yourn? Just bring yourself to a small helm, if

you please, and don't steer quite so large in your talk, or you shall feel which is the horse-shoe end of the boot-jack. Drink your grog, and let Jephson go on with his story."

"Well, well, I will," returned Stewart, somewhat humbled by the threat, which, from former experience, he was assured would be carried into execution in case of further disobedience; "but I really could not help laughing when Jephson spoke so movingly about his heart." Again he burst forth in merriment, and was joined by all hands. Silence was at length restored, and the good-humoured midshipman continued.

"I tell you what it is, lads, I have been a lover of the sublime and beautiful, ever since I had the good sense to take my hand away from a hot teapot that burnt me, and I have worshipped the sex through a treasured remembrance of the endearing kindness of my mother."

"I wish mine had sold mulled vinegar, and I'd stayed at home to bottle it off, instead of knocking about here like a hog in a squall," said the caterer.

"Who's interrupting now?" demanded Stewart, in high glee.

"The parson should practise what he preaches, or else the horse-shoe end of the boot-jack ought to be applied to his own stern."

"You are as bad as the youngsters, Clarke," uttered Drake, "or like a crier in a court, disturb the judges out of their sleep by crying 'Silence.'"

"I ax pardon," grumbled the mate; "and now let it be clearly understood that the first who breaks in upon the tale, shall get a cobbing."

"Agreed, agreed!" burst from every tongue. "Do you mean to include yourself if you break the law?"

"Of course he does," declared Drake; "law-makers must never be law-breakers, though I believe that's not much of a standard rule."

"If I wasn't the best tempered fellow in the world," said Jephson, "with a heart"—he was going to say full of benevolence; but the mention of his heart again roused Stewart's risibility, and a discussion took place as to whether it was to be considered an

interruption or not. It was put to the vote and given in favour of laughing; so that the sword of justice—I mean the boot-jack for cobbing—was at once restored to the beekets, from which the caterer, as a preparatory step, had removed it. "You have almost bothered my brain," began Jephson, once more; "and now, let me see, where was I?—oh, I recollect, at the back of the garden in Rochester, gazing at the weeping fair—and, as I said, my heart—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Stewart; and then with full chorus the "ha! ha! ha!" was repeated by the youngsters, who were more eager for mischief or fun than for sentimental tales.

Jephson looked rather displeased at the offenders, for he was somewhat fond of yarn-spinning, and then observed—

"It is hardly fair, Stewart, to treat me thus; and, if it is persisted in, I shall consider it personal, and act accordingly. Am I to go on or not?"

"Oh, go on, Jephson!" "Heave ahead, my hearty!" "A fresh hand at the winch!"—and other exclamations of encouragement followed this appeal.

"Well, then, I must, at all events, I must expect gentlemanly conduct," remarked Jephson. "I do not seek my own amusement, but yours. I told you I was somewhere near the ruins of Rochester castle, and discovered a venerable building. I was likewise telling you that the place was very beautiful, and I beheld a weeping girl at one of the antique windows; and I should have informed you, but that Stewart put me out—"

"There! he has interrupted himself," exclaimed the mischievous Stewart, who was the leader of, and tyrant over, the youngsters. "I appeal to the caterer whether Jephson didn't interrupt himself by casting reflections on me, instead of telling his story. Hand down the bootjack."

"I will, my child," assented old Clarke; "but I'm mistaken if it won't be you as will taste it first. Howsomever, we will put it to the vote. Gentlemen, does Jephson deserve cobbing? All you as is for it hold up your starboard flippers!"

There were a very few displayed, for the youngsters rightly judged that he had justice on his side; besides, they were not without doubts that, had they voted for it, Jephson would have taken the earliest opportunity of repaying the compliment.

"All you as is for cobbing Stewart for a breach of mess law stand up ataunto!" added the caterer.

In an instant nearly every soul in the berth rose, and Stewart was seized. At first he made resistance, but, overpowered by numbers, he was stretched along the movable bench that served as a seat for one side of the table; his legs were straddled across, as if on horseback, and his face brought down as low as possible.

"How many straps?" inquired the caterer. "Those who are for a dozen, hold up your starboard hands: those who are for half a dozen, hold up your larboard fins."

The general majority was for six only, as Jephson pleaded for the culprit, but there were several shifted their hands to puzzle the old caterer whilst counting, and at last he fixed upon the smaller number.

"A thin skin in the bunt," said Drake, stretching the slack of Stewart's trousers, so as to tighten them over the seat of punishment; "and now, Clarke, flatten in."

"I'll make you suffer for this, you vagabonds!" roared Stewart; "thus ingloriously to treat one of the aristocracy! I'll leave the service, and take to the law, that I may become a judge, and have the pleasure of hanging you all. Not the horse-shoe end, Clarke—that's not in the sentence! Oh, I'll be even with you, Mundungus! I'll—"

The boot-jack descended with no very light weight, to the great smart of the culprit, who bellowed like a bull, and brought down the master-at-arms, an old Irishman.

"Arrah, jontlemen, what 'ull be the matter here, I'm thinking?" inquired the functionary. "The doctor is visiting his patienters, and sent me to see who was hurt."

"They're cobbing me, Haggarty!" roared Stewart, lustily; "it is contrary to the articles of war. Take

them away, and I'll get you promoted, old man. By the Lord, they'll lay me alive!"

"By the powers! but I've no commands for that same," returned the master-at-arms, with whom Stewart was no especial favourite; "my only orders were to report to the docther; but if Musther Clarke will avast sheeting home till I come back, may be it's orders I shall get;" and he turned from the berth.

Down came the boot-jack again the moment the master-at-arms had disappeared, amidst the oaths and entreaties of the culprit, who was pretty certain there was no escape unless he could make them hear in the captain's cabin, and therefore his voice was raised under the expectation; but he was woefully disappointed.

"You, Cupid, bring here your dish-swab," demanded Clarke: and the lad having promptly placed it in his hands, the greasy article was bound across the youngster's mouth so as to prevent his being heard, and the remainder of the sentence was administered with a full measure of discipline. The youth was then released, both sullen and sulky; and the veteran caterer, addressing him, remarked, "You always were hot-headed, and now, my boy, I calculate you are warm at both ends." The cobbing-board was replaced; and, as justice was appeased, every one resumed his place, and Jephson was solicited to continue his narrative.

"I have every desire to comply with your wishes," said Jephson; "and, as I hope our 'honourable' friend will be quiet, I will proceed. There is nothing that so much touches my heart!—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Stewart, between a laugh and a cry; and "ha! ha! ha!" chorused all the youngsters, but not a word was uttered.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A PENSIONER'S YARN.

I was strolling one day on the promenade in front of Greenwich Hospital, when, feeling rather tired, I seated myself on one of the stone benches at the end: an old pensioner happened to be sitting on the same place. He

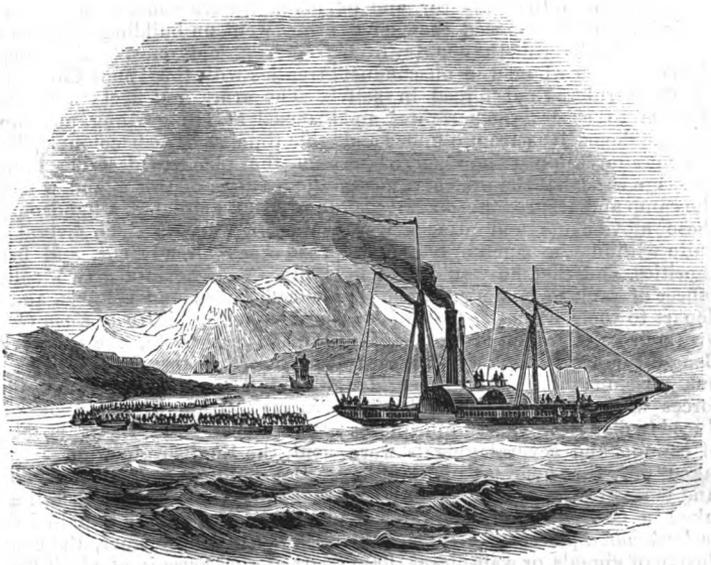
was minus an arm and a leg. We soon fell into a conversation on the fineness of the weather, and the shipping that was passing at the time. I made the remark that he must have seen some service in his time. "Indeed I have sir," replied the veteran, "but I am now at anchor in a port where I hope to weather the gale."

One word brought on another, till at last I requested him to inform me how he lost his limbs. "Why you see sir," began the old man, "we were ordered to the coast of *Afrikey*, to try and capture a pirate that had destroyed several merchantmen, and had attacked a king's ship; well, sir, we were cruising along shore for about a week, but could see nothing of him; we then stood out to sea. On the second day about eight bells, (I remember it well, sir, it was on the 8th of July) Bill Stubbin's (he was the captain of the maintop) halloed out there was a sail in sight, and by its appearance carried guns. The captain immediately ordered the ship to be brought about so as to bear right down on her; this was done, and we gave chase; in about half an hour we had gained a great deal on her, ours being a faster sailing vessel, and we could then see that she had a black hull and rakish masts; there was then no doubt but this was the identical fellow we were looking arter. When she saw that we were gaining on her she hove to and fired a broadside with us, hoping to disable our masts, but the shots merely cut a few cords and did no further damage. Her broadside had lulled the wind, and she could not cut through the water so fast as she did before, while we, who were out of reach of its effect, kept on as fast as ever. In about ten minutes we came near enough to hail her; the captain caught a *speaker* and halloed. 'Hallo there—what ship is that!' But we got no answer, except a ratlin' broadside, which cleared the lower deck. 'Oh, ho, that's you're game, is it,' said the captain; we will see what stuff you're made of, and he ordered us to fire into her. The order was no sooner given than it was obeyed; and we poured such a spanker at her that it stove in her

bulwarks, cleared away her main and mizen masts, and killed and wounded about twenty men that were on the poop; she seemed now to be disabled altogether, and the captain ordered the ship to be steered alongside. When we did, there was not a man to be seen on the upper deck, and we were reckoning on making easy work of it. The captain ordered the boarders with the first lieutenant to go on board. They had no sooner got on the deck than up rushed about forty or fifty men from the hatchway, and at the same moment another broadside was sent at us, which cleared the men at the guns; and I who was stationed at the centre one had my leg and arm lopped off by a cannon-ball. When the captain saw the men rushing up the hatchway he sent a lot to the relief of the boarders, and they soon overpowered the pirates. Their captain, seeing all lost, seized a lighted stave, and rushed down to the magazine to blow the ship up, but the first lieutenant darting after him seized him on the messdeck, and with some help brought him into our ship, with all the pirates who were alive, and they were put in irons, where they were brought into port, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. They were all hung at the yard-arm in a week afterwards. That was the way, sir, that I lost my precious limbs—but what's the use of thinking of that; I am here now, where I hope to remain till I am called to my last account."

NAPIER AND CÆSAR.

It is a common idea that the most laconic military dispatch ever issued was that sent by Cæsar to the horse-guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and, perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The dispatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The dispatch consisted of one emphatic word—"Peccavi," "I have Scinde," (*sinned*).



The Left Column advancing upon Canton in a Flotilla of Boats in tow of the Nemesis.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 100.)

The continued absence of this company, after the arrival of all the other divisions of the force, caused great anxiety. It was very naturally conjectured that they had lost their way in the storm, but it was generally feared that they had been cut off by the Chinese.

Sir Hugh Gough at once ordered up two companies of marines, who were armed with that admirable improvement, the percussion musket, and these, under the orders of Captain Duff, started in search of their missing comrades. As they advanced nearer and nearer to the Chinese position, they fired an occasional shot as a signal to their fellow-soldiers of their approach. At length a dropping fire of musketry was heard in advance, and soon afterwards they came within hearing of the missing company drawn up in a square, and still bravely and desperately defending itself against some *thousands* of Chinese, who had completely sur-
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rounded it on all four faces! A couple of volleys sent into this dense body from the unerring percussion pieces of the jolly marines, seconded by a glorious English "hurrah!" dispersed them with great loss, and they fled in the utmost confusion. The general's words in reference to this little adventure are, "in this critical situation the 37th nobly upheld the high character of the native army, by unshrinking discipline and cheerful obedience, and I feel that my best thanks are due to Lieutenants Hadfield and Devereux, and Ensign Berkeley, who so zealously supported them throughout this trying scene." This little band of heroes did not escape without scathe, having one private killed, and one officer, and fourteen men severely wounded.

The general sent a message on the following morning to the Prefect of Canton, stating that such hostilities on the part of these roving bodies of soldiery, who went by the name of "Patriots," and in one sense deserved the appellation. They considered

that the authorities had betrayed their duties to the emperor, and in their ignorance supposed themselves capable of delivering the country from those enemies whom the misconduct of their rulers had forced in self-defence to assert their rights, and protect themselves from plunder and violent aggression. The result of the message was, that the prefect came to the camp and assured the general that these movements and attacks were quite without the sanction of the authorities, and that he would send an officer of rank to command them to depart to their homes. One of our own officers, Captain Moore, of the Bengal Infantry, went on this hazardous mission: and these irregular forces were with some difficulty induced to disperse. Forty-nine pieces of cannon and several gingals were taken on the heights of Canton. And it was reckoned that all the guns taken in Canton River, amounted to twelve hundred pieces of artillery, exclusive of gingals, or wall-pieces, fired with a rest. Indeed, the Chinese resources and industry seemed inexhaustible: their courage was great; and they were chiefly deficient in the skill of applying their many resources.

The treaty thus concluded had this peculiarity, that it was by no means understood to imply anything more than the suspension of hostilities against Canton, and the ransom merely applied to the sparing of the city. Therefore, so soon as the army and navy had been concentrated at Hong Kong, preparations were resumed for the expedition to Amoy.

We may here mention a little fact which came to the knowledge of the English commanders, and which afforded another slight specimen of Chinese good faith. It was agreed that the forts and works of the Canton River should not be re-armed, or put in posture of defence, until affairs should be adjusted between the two nations; yet, in reply to the "memorial" or "petition" (we should call it "despatch") of Yih-Shan upon these matters, the emperor directed that "secret means of defence should be prepared so soon as the foreign ships

were gone from the river, and that his displeasure would be marked unless they went on building new forts and repairing old ones." So much for treaties with the "poor Chinese."

The army and fleets now rendezvoused at Hong Kong, now, and to this time, a British colony. This is not the place to describe minutely the features of this island, wherein is now (1845) situated a handsome city (Victoria), across which several broad roads are already cut, and bridges built. Two hospitals, two colleges, four churches and chapels, and four newspapers (the *Hong Kong Gazette*, the *Eastern Globe*, the *Hong Kong Register*, and the *Canton Press*.) are already among the triumphs of western civilization in this nook of the remote east. Mr. Davis is, at present, the English governor.

But a different spirit was now to rule the councils and direct the British arms in China. Late in July the *Phlegethon* iron steamer, the counterpart of the *Nemesis*, of which we have so often spoken, arrived in China, with the intelligence that the Home Government had entirely disapproved of Captain Elliot's treaty at Chuen-pee, of which the reader will remember we have already spoken, and that Sir Henry Pottinger had been appointed to succeed him as sole plenipotentiary; and great was the joy of every British soldier and sailor when, in the second week in August, the East India Company's steamer *Sesostri* arrived, bringing not only the talented, decided, and excellent Sir H. Pottinger, but also Sir William Parker, as admiral and naval commander-in-chief. They had come from London in sixty-seven days, ten of which they had spent in Bombay!

Energetic measures were now determined on; Sir H. Pottinger and Captain Elliott, immediately held a conference, as did Admiral Parker and Sir Hugh Gough. The fleet was reviewed at Hong Kong; the Portuguese authorities at Macao hastened to do honour to the distinguished officers; and Sir Henry Pottinger immediately notified to the Chinese authorities his appointment as minister extraordinary and sole plenipoten-

tiary and chief superintendent of trade in China.

A great stir seemed to be produced among the principal mandarins at this announcement, which was conveyed to them in due form by Major Malcolm, Sir H. Pottinger's secretary, and they resolved to despatch the Kwan-choo-foo, or prefect of the city of Canton to Macao to form some estimate of his character and intentions. Accordingly that personage landed at Macao or the Praya Grande, attended by a vast number of followers, and proceeded in state to the governor's house, where his Excellency Sir Henry Pottinger was then staying. This personage doubtless thought, for the Chinese are the most ceremonious people under the sun, that he was paying a great compliment and conferring a high honour on his excellency, and that he should be doubtless received as an equal, if not a condescending superior. But alas! what a change had taken place. Sir Henry sent a message (for he well knew the Chinese character) to inquire the rank of his ceremonious visiter. It was the Kwang-choo-foo of Canton. Sir Henry politely rejoined that the prefect or chief of police of Canton was not an officer of sufficient dignity to be accorded an interview with her Majesty's representative! Here was the world turned upside down; the prefect could not believe his ears. He who had hitherto been courted, who had been the medium of communication between the high Chinese authorities and Captain Elliot was not even to be received! Major Malcolm, the secretary of legation, with a full explanation to the prefect of his rank, was appointed to receive the prefect, who, after a very short conference, withdrew, and returned to Canton filled with anger, mortification, and dismay. The sensation created in the city and among the Chinese by this little stroke of policy was immense; everywhere the authorities seemed struck with astonishment, and the effect showed Sir Henry's thorough acquaintance with the oriental character. He followed this up by an announcement, that as her Majesty's plenipotentiary he must decline any

direct intercourse with any officer inferior to himself in rank or responsibility, on any of the great questions of war or peace; and that he considered the deputing of the prefect of Canton by the Emperor's commissioners as a mark of disrespect.

Active preparations went on at Hong-Kong, and on the 21st of August, leaving the *Alligator*, *Hyacinth*, and *Royalist*, to protect the vessels and property at Hong-Kong, and for such other service as they might be required to perform, the admiral, with the remainder of the ships of war and the transports, weighed from the anchorage in Hong-Kong Roads. After a passage of three days, with fine weather, the fleet, on the afternoon of Wednesday, came in sight of the entrance to Amoy.

In running in to the anchorage, a fort on the larboard fired a shot at the *Wellesley*, which, however, was not returned; but the *Nemesis* was immediately hove to under the fort to protect the transports in their passage. As the forts withheld their fire, no more was done. Arriving at the anchorage, an alarm gun was fired from each of the forts in Amoy. Next morning, (26th August,) soon after daylight, the *Phlegethon** weighed, and proceeded with the Admiral and General to reconnoitre the defences, which they were enabled to do without going within range of the batteries, by keeping in the middle of the harbour, had they been fired upon, which, however, was not the case. In the fore-

* The *Phlegethon* was one of four iron vessels built in England under the orders of the home authorities connected with the East Indies for the use of the Government of India, by whom she was despatched to China. She was the second vessel of the kind built by Mr. John Laird, of the Birkenhead works in Cheshire, the first being the *Nemesis*. The dimensions of the *Phlegethon* are—Length on deck, 161 feet; extreme, 168 feet; beam between the paddle boxes, 26 feet; measurement, 510 tons; light draught, 4 feet 2 inches; and when loaded, 5 feet 6 inches. Her armament was similar to that of the *Nemesis*, viz., two 32-pounder guns on pivots,—one forward, the other abaft. She was also furnished with an ample supply of Congreve rockets, Shrapnel shells, and other necessary ordnance stores.

noon the *Nemesis* and the *Phlegethon* were employed in embarking troops from the different transports, and continued so engaged till noon, when a movement was perceptible among the men-of-war.

The ball was commenced by the *Sesostris* and *Queen* opening a return fire on a circular battery on the starboard. The ships as they took up their stations, were severally saluted from the whole of the Chinese batteries, which was vigorously replied to as soon as their guns could be brought to bear with effect.

About half-past three the *Phlegethon* landed the troops and took possession of a small battery with her own boats crews shortly after. The *Nemesis* (having been delayed in receiving the storming party), approached the shore, opened fire on the flank of the long battery, and immediately commenced landing the troops, which operation was continued without any intermission of fire. At a quarter-past four, the British flag was planted on the wall of the long fort by the advanced party of the 18th Irish, and a corps of blue jackets, Captain Hall of the *Nemesis* being first over the wall. About the same time the upper end of the fort was stormed by the *Wellesley's* blue jackets and marines. The Chinese now deserted their guns, and commenced retreating in every direction. By 5 o'clock firing had ceased, and our troops were in quiet possession of the heights near the town.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE TWO SAILORS AND THE WOODEN LEG.

In those days when men were chargeable with their own misdeeds, a quarrel arose between two sailors, as to the right of property in something promised to the world. Words rose high, and blows were about to ensue, when the more discreet tar, who happened to have a wooden leg, shrewdly observed to his rival: "Well, Jack, I tell you what—if the child has a wooden leg, it's mine; if not, it's your's." "Well, d——n me, that's fair enough," was the reply. The child had not a wooden leg!

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

Edited by Henry Curling.

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

At Sahagun we fell in with the army under command of Sir John Moore, I forget how many thousand men there were; but they were lying in and around the town when we arrived. The rifles marched to an old convent, some two miles from Sahagun, where we were quartered, together with a part of the 15th Hussars, some of the Welsh Fusileers, and straggling bodies of men belonging to various other regiments; all seeming on the *qui vive*, and expecting the French to fall in with them every hour. As our small and way-worn party came to a halt before the walls of the convent, the men from these different regiments came swarming out to greet us, loudly cheering us as they rushed up and seized our hands. The difference in appearance between ourselves and these new comers was indeed (just then) very great. They looked fresh, from good quarters, and good rations. Their clothes and accoutrements were comparatively fresh and clean, and their cheeks ruddy with the glow of health and strength; whilst our men, on the contrary, were gaunt-looking, way-worn, and ragged; our faces burnt almost to the hue of an Asiatic's by the sun; our accoutrements rent and torn; and many without even shoes to their feet. However, we had some work in us yet; and perhaps were in better condition for it than our more fresh-looking comrades. And now our butchers tucked up their sleeves and quickly set to work, slaughtering oxen and sheep, which we found within the convent walls; whilst others of our men, lighting fires in the open air upon the snow, commenced cooking the fragments, which were cut up and distributed to them; so that very soon after our arrival we were more sumptuously regaled than we had been for many days.

After this meal we were ordered

into the convent, and, with knapsacks on our backs, and arms in our hands, threw ourselves down to rest upon the floor of a long passage. Overcome with hard toil and long miles, our wearied men were soon buried in a deep and heavy sleep. In the middle of the night I remember, as well as if the sounds were at this moment in my ear, that my name was called out many times without my being completely awakened by the summons. The repeated call seemed mixed up with some circumstance in my dreams; and it was not until the noise awoke some of the men lying nearer to the entrance of the passage, and they took up the cry, that I was effectually aroused. From weariness, and the weight of my knapsack, and the quantity of implements I carried, I was at first quite unable to gain my legs; but when I did so, I found that Quartermaster Surtees was the person who was thus disturbing my rest.

"Come, be quick there, Harris!" said he, as I picked my way by the light of the candle he held in his hand; "look amongst the men, and rouse up all the shoemakers you have in the four companies. I have a job for them, which must be done instantly."

With some little trouble, and not a few curses from them, as I stirred them up with the butt of my rifle, I succeeded in waking several of our snoring handicrafts; and the quartermaster, bidding us instantly follow him, led the way to the very top of the convent stairs. Passing then into a ruinous-looking apartment, along which we walked upon the rafters, there being no flooring, he stopped when he arrived at its further extremity. Here he proceeded to call our attention to a quantity of barrels of gunpowder lying beside a large heap of raw bullocks' hides.

"Now, Harris," said he, "keep your eyes open, and mind what you are about here. General Crawford orders you instantly to set to work, and sew up every one of these barrels in the hides lying before you. You are to sew the skins with the hair outwards, and be quick about it, for the general swears that if the job is not

finished in half an hour he will hang you.

The latter part of this order was anything but pleasant; and whether the general ever really gave it, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. I only know that I give the words as they were given to me; and, well knowing the stuff Crawford was made of, I received the candle from the hands of Surtees, and bidding the men get needles and waxed thread from their knapsacks as the quartermaster withdrew, I instantly prepared to set about the job.

I often think of that night's work as I sit strapping away in my little shop in Richmond-street, Soho. It was a curious scene to look at, and the task neither very easy nor safe. The riflemen were both wearied, unwilling, and out of temper; and it was as much as I could do to get them to assist me. Moreover, they were so reckless, that they seemed rather to wish to blow the convent into the air than get on with their work. One moment the candle was dropped, and nearly extinguished; the next they lost their implements between the rafters of the floor, flaring the light about amongst the barrels; and wishing, as I remonstrated with them, that the powder might ignite, and blow me, themselves, and the general, to hell. Such were the riflemen of the Peninsular war,—daring, gallant, reckless fellows. I had a hard task to get the work safely finished; but, at length, between coaxing and bullying these dare-devils, I managed to do so, and together we returned down the convent stairs; and, finding Surtees awaiting us in the passage below, he reported to General Crawford that his order had been obeyed. After which we were permitted again to lie down, and sleep till the bugle awoke us next morning.

We remained in the convent part of the next day, and towards evening received orders to leave all our women and baggage behind, and advance towards the enemy. Our four companies accordingly were quickly upon the move, and before long we came up with the remainder of the rifle corps,

which had recently arrived from England with Sir John Moore. As these men saw us coming up they halted for the moment, and gave us one hearty cheer, allowing our four companies to pass to the front, as the post of honour, calling us "The heroes of Portugal." As we passed to the front, we returned their cheer with pride. Our worn appearance and sun-burnt look gave us the advantage over our comrades, we thought, and we marched in the van of the vanguard.

War is a sad blunter of the feelings of men. We felt eager to be at it again. Nay, I am afraid we longed for blood as the cheer of our comrades sounded in our ears; and yet, amidst all this, softer feelings occasionally filled the breasts of those gallant fellows, even whilst they were thirsting for a sight of the enemy. Some of the men near me suddenly recollected, as they saw the snow lying thickly in our path, that this was Christmas eve. The recollection soon spread amongst the men; and many talked of home, and scenes upon that night in other days, in Old England, shedding tears as they spoke of the relatives and friends never to be seen by them again.

As the night approached we became less talkative. The increasing weariness of our limbs kept our tongues quieter, and we were many of us half asleep as we walked, when suddenly a shout arose in front that the French were upon us. In an instant every man was on the alert, and rushing forward in extended order to oppose them. It proved a false alarm; but it nearly cost me a broken bone or two. The honourable Captain Packenham (now Sir Hercules Packenham), on the first sound of the enemy being in sight, made a dash to get to the front, at the same moment I myself was scrambling up a bank on the roadside. In the darkness and hurry, the mule the captain was mounted on bore me to the ground, and getting his fore-feet fast fixed somehow between my neck and my pack, we were fairly hampered for some moments. The captain swore, the mule floundered, and I bellowed with alarm

lest the animal should dig his feet into my back, and quite disable me. At length, however, the captain succeeded in getting clear, and spurred over the bank, as I rolled back into the road. It might be somewhere about two o'clock in the morning that our advance into Spain was, for that time, checked, and the retreat to Corunna might be said to commence. General Crawford was in command of the brigade, and riding in front, when I observed a dragoon come spurring furiously along the road to meet us. He delivered a letter to the general, who turned round in his saddle the moment he had read a few lines, and thundered out the word "to halt!" A few minutes more, and we were all turned to the right-about, and retracing our steps of the night before;—the contents of that epistle serving to furnish our men with many a surmise during the retrograde movement. When we again neared Sahagun, I remember seeing the wives and children of the men come running out to meet us, rushing into the ranks, and embracing the husbands and fathers they expected never to see again.

The entire rifle corps entered the same convent we had before been quartered in; but this time we remained enranged in its apartments and passages, no man being allowed to quit his arms or lie down. We stood leaning upon the muzzles of our rifles, and dozed as we stood. After remaining thus for about an hour, we were then ordered out of the convent, and the word was again given to march. There was a sort of thaw on this day, and the rain fell fast. As we passed the walls of the convent, I observed our General (Crawford) as he sat upon his horse, looking at us on the march, and remarked the peculiar sternness of his features: he did not like to see us going rearwards at all, and many of us judged there must be something wrong by his severe look and scowling eye.

"Keep your ranks there, men!" he said, spurring his horse towards some riflemen who were avoiding a small rivulet: "keep your ranks, and move

on,—no straggling from the main body."

We pushed on all that day without halting; and I recollect the first thing that struck us as somewhat odd, was our passing one of the commissariat waggons, overturned and stuck fast in the mud, and which was abandoned without an effort to save any of its contents. A sergeant of the 92nd Highlanders, just about this time, fell dead with fatigue, and no one stopped, as we passed, to offer him any assistance. Night came down upon us, without our having tasted food or halted—I speak for myself, and those around me—and all night long we continued this dreadful march. Men began to look into each other's faces, and ask the question "Are we ever to be halted again?" and many of the weaker sort were now seen to stagger, make a few desperate efforts, and then fall, perhaps to rise no more. Most of us had devoured all we carried in our haversacks, and endeavoured to catch up anything we could snatch from a hut or cottage in our route. Many would have, even at this period, straggled from the ranks, and perished, had not Crawford held them together with a firm rein. One such bold and stern commander in the east, during a recent disaster, and that devoted army had reached its refuge unbroken! Thus we staggered on, night and day, for about four days, before we discovered the reason of this continued forced march. The discovery was made to our company by a good-tempered, jolly fellow, named Patrick M'Lauchlan. He inquired of an officer marching directly in his front the destination intended.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE COUNTESS OF MARCH.

IN 1337 the English, under Edward III., laid siege to the Castle of Dunbar, which was held by Agnes, Countess of March, whose husband had embraced the cause of David Bruce (the son of Robert the Bruce). She was a high spirited, and courageous woman, and from her dark com-

plexion, she had been given the soubriquet of "Black Agnes." Dunbar Castle was well fortified, and, under her command, had gallantly resisted Montague, Earl of Salisbury, with all the power he could bring against it. Cannon not having yet been invented, it was customary to employ machines, which were so constructed as to throw stones and other missiles. The English general accordingly employed this species of force to subdue the fortress. The countess, confident of withstanding such attempts, treated their efforts with contempt, and, it is reported, that while the English were throwing stones into the fort, Agnes went about with her waiting maids, and, in the sight of the enemy, wiped with a clean cloth the spots were the stones had fallen. Enraged at this apparent unconcern, the earl commanded his soldiers to bring forward a large engine, which was called the *sow*; this was a strong shed, which went on wheels, under shelter of which the castle walls could be safely undermined. When the Countess observed this movement, she leant over the turret and derisively addressed the Earl in the following rhyme:—

"Beware Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow."

On uttering this warning, she caused a huge stone to be hurled down on the top of the *sow* which crushed it in pieces, destroyed the men who were working under it, and scattered all around it.

"Said I, not so; behold the litter of English pigs," was the ready jibe of Black Agnes.

The siege of the castle was ultimately abandoned, after being invested for nineteen weeks.

MULTITUDE OF ATTENDANTS ON AN INDIAN ARMY.

In a European regiment of infantry, one sergeant, one corporal, and fourteen privates form a society under one tent, served by a *clashy* (tent-striker), a *behitsy* (water-carrier), and a *dhoby* (washerwoman), and require four camels: in a sepoy regiment, two sergeants, two corporals, and twenty-

eight men belong to one tent, with two *clashys* and two *behitshys*. In the cavalry, each soldier has a groom, who dresses and feeds the horses; two soldiers have a water-carrier, and two horses have always one grass-cutter. The tents and other necessaries follow on camels and waggons. To every piece of artillery there are four water-carriers, four grass-cutters, four grooms, two washerwomen, and a tent-striker. The army of reserve, consisting of five regiments of cavalry, twelve regiments of infantry, and forty-eight guns, was supplied for the conveyance of its baggage, &c., with 164 elephants, 1,745 camels, 2,000 draught oxen, and 5,422 baggage servants. When the troops, returning from Afghanistan, had joined at Ferozpoor, there were 36,000 men under arms, with 102 pieces of cannon, 400 elephants, 25,000 camels, 6,000 draught oxen, and nearly 100,000 servants of every description. This army, when in camp, occupied a space of about ten miles, and, on an accurate calculation, extended, on its march, along a line of eighty miles! The great number of servants required—a lieutenant having seldom fewer than ten, a captain generally fourteen, and a general above twenty; and, the separation from the natives—with respect to whom he is obliged to conduct himself like a superior being—compels every one to form his own establishment. Every corps of officers has its own mess *bungalow*, which consists of a drawing-room, dining-room, billiard-room, and library—a garden supplies the table with the necessary vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The dinner seldom consists of less than ten dishes, served in silver and rich porcelain, which is all carried with them when they travel in this extensive country. The mess alone costs each officer sixty rupees per month.—*Van Orlich's India.*

LA HAIE SAINTE ON THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO.

La Haie Sainte, where the gallant Germans perished for want of ammunition, is painfully interesting. The

reason assigned for their not being supplied is perhaps not generally known. The house was attacked by such overwhelming numbers of the enemy, that to have thrown relief into it by the only entrance (which was in front), would have required an advance in force, a thing not consistent with the plan of the battle. It was expected that the Germans would have broken through the rear of the premises, in which case relief was ready to be given them. This, however, was not done, and they perished to a man.

A FAIR DIVISION.

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men very devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the tar, "no; I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

VALUE OF LIFE.

About the year 1762, a colonel in command in the West Indies, was ordered to disembark his corps for the attack of one of the islands. In stepping into a boat he fell overboard, and the current was carrying him rapidly from the ship, when an honest tar jumped after him, kept him afloat till a boat was despatched to his assistance, and put him on board again in safety. One of Jack's messmates having observed the colonel put something into the hand of his deliverer, stepped up to him, and exclaimed, "Damme, Jack, you're in luck to-day, aye?" and eagerly opening his hand, expected at least to share in a can of grog; but on discovering the *generous* reward, a *sixpence*, the tar uttered a prayer, and whispered his messmate, "Never mind, Jack, every man knows the *value* of his life best."



Personal encounter between Captain Hall, and a Chinese Mandarin.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 108.)

AND here we must pause to relate a personal encounter. We have already said that Captain Hall of the *Nemesis*, was the first on the wall, where he immediately waved the British flag, in token of triumph, amid cheers from the steamers. Others soon followed him, while a party of the 18th got over the wall lower down, and the 49th forced their way through the embrasures, at the angle of the sea-face of the battery. When Captain Hall and his followers got within the defences, several Chinese officers of rank, and a number of soldiery were making their escape as rapidly, seeing that they were in danger of being out-flanked by the British troops lower down; among these were two Tartar officers of high rank, with a numerous retinue. The opportunity for seizing an enemy of importance was tempting, and Capt. Hall, little thinking how few of his men were yet up, and carried away by the ardour of the fight, rushed headlong on the Chinese soldiers in front of him, firing his pistols at the two

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mandarins. But two of his men were near him at the time, and the Chinese officer seeing the disparity of force, faced about, rallied some of his men, and endeavoured to cut them off. A hand to hand encounter immediately took place with the Chinese officer, who was a remarkably fine young man, wearing a crystal button. The long regulation sword of the navy soon exhibited its superiority over the Chinese short one, without taking into account personal prowess, and the Tartar fell severely wounded in the arm. He was immediately disarmed, and his cap and button, the insignia of his rank, taken from him as trophies. Several Chinese soldiers quickly came up to rescue their leader, who got up in the melee and tried to escape, but a sharp wound in the leg, quickly brought him down again, and the bold front of the three Englishmen made them halt. By this time, the little trio was nearly surrounded, and had to fight their way through towards their comrades, who advanced quickly to their succour. One of the two blue jackets received a severe

wound in the groin, from a spear thrust, but the others got off without injury; the wounded mandarin was carried off by his comrades.

The walls of the fort were immensely thick, lined with stone withinside, and without defended by a bank of mud and clay covered with turf. The top of the wall, and particularly the tops of the embrasures, are protected in like manner, altogether forming a most efficient defence from round shot, to the people inside. An officer of the expedition gives the following description of Amoy.

"I was repeatedly in the city of Amoy on duty and otherwise, and generally had two artillerymen as a body-guard. One evening, in company with the Captain and a friend, it was after eight o'clock when we reached the boat, passed through most of the suburbs, and along the worst part of the town. Although it was dark, we experienced no molestation from the inhabitants; yet, by-the-bye, I do not think they should be trusted too implicitly. There is not much worth seeing in this city; the streets are pretty much alike, paved with flags of granite, not very smooth. The houses are generally one story high, and open in front, with a kind of cobbler's stall projecting towards the street. The suburbs are less regularly built than the city. Towards the water there are perfect store-houses and wharfs, with here and there a jetty running into the water, at which the junks discharge their cargoes. I saw, building, in a complete dry-dock, a vessel after the European model, with cutwater and European rudder, and of nearly two hundred tons burthen. She had a regular main-deck, and was pierced for six or nine guns a side, and nearly ready for launching. There was also a large man-of-war-junk, mounting sixteen guns on a main-deck. I should imagine Amoy to be a good specimen of a Chinese sea-port town, the inhabitants of which think more of trade than the elegance of their dwellings."

The fleet remained at Amoy till the 5th of September, when they made sail, leaving there to protect the island opposite Amoy, (occupied by part of

two regiments,) the *Druid*, 46, *Algerine*, 10, and the armed transport *Thomas Grenville*. Before proceeding to describe the operations at Chusan, whither the larger ships now repaired, we will record a little affair of the *Nemesis* at Shei-poo, whither Commander Hall had determined to go in search of wood for fuel.

The entrance to the harbour is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards across, with high sloping rocks on each side. On entering the harbour, a fort was seen on an island with some guns to the left, and an encampment behind. As the *Nemesis* proceeded towards the town, a fort to the southward opened fire upon her; she thereupon, took up a position within half-pistol-shot, and anchored with a spring. After a few rapid rounds, the seamen landed and took possession of the fort, the Chinese retreating as they advanced. Four guns were found here; two of brass, nine feet six inches long, and four inches in the bore; which were destroyed by spiking, as effectually as the time would allow.

Shortly afterwards a large body of troops were seen advancing from the southward in the direction of the town and fort. She weighed, and steered close in, and dispersed them with a few doses of case and canister, causing them great loss. This was followed by the burning of three war junks, which had previously been towed to the opposite shore, fourteen guns of different sizes, with a number of matchlocks and cutlasses, and a quantity of gunpowder were destroyed in them. The *Nemesis* now proceeded to the upper end of the harbour, firing a few shots at the forts on the shore in passing.

In the afternoon she again weighed and proceeded to attack the forts on the island. Our proceedings appeared to afford great pleasure to thousands of the inhabitants, and to most of the crews of the junks, who had turned out to see the *devil-ship*. No one appeared to entertain any fear on account of his property; in fact, a fleet of merchant junks came in and passed close to us in beating up the harbour. Captain Hall anticipated a desperate

resistance at this fort, and ordered every man that could be spared to be ready to land. We took up a position, and opened fire with round shot and rockets, and were rather surprised at our fire not being returned. We shoved off, and, scrambling up the steep face of the hill, entered the fort, which proved to be completely deserted. We found here in battery five guns, and four others to the left of the fort; seven of them were loaded and primed. These the seamen discharged with three cheers, as a salute to the old *Nemesis*. These guns were well laid; and had they been fired at us on entering the harbour, some damage must have ensued, as the shot all fell in the centre of the channel. After spiking the guns, knocking off the trunnions, burning the gun-carriages, and the tents of the encampment, our men returned on board. This gallant service was achieved without any casualty on our side, although the loss on that of the enemy was evidently great.

One more little episode of Chinese honour and good faith in warfare must here find a place, ere we come to the grand attack on Tinghae, and dependent strongholds. It is related in a despatch from Lieut. McCleverty, commanding the *Phlegethon*, and is contained in two letters, one to Lieut. McCleverty, the other from that officer to Rear-Admiral Sir William Parker, the commander-in-chief.

To Capt. McCleverty, R.M., steamer
Phlegethon,
Brig *Lyra*, on Singlosau, Sept. 15, 1841.

SIR,—I have the painful duty to report to you, as the only officer present, belonging to H.M. fleet, a case of the most unparalleled treachery and murder on the part of the Chinese at the village of Kogisaw, abreast of where we are lying, and beg you will be kind enough to report the same to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

I arrived here in company with the *Ariel* and *Anne*, on the 10th inst., and anchored off Kogisaw. The following day we all armed our boats, and went on shore to look for fresh water, and endeavour to procure some stock. The natives at first appeared frightened, but shortly came down to us,

and entered on the most friendly terms, promising to supply us with fresh stock on fair terms; and on Sunday morning, the 12th, I went on shore with my launch and cutter, and the same friendly communications subsisted, and the principal man gave my linguist a written paper, stating the time he would have what things they could supply us with ready; in consequence of which I again sent my launch at noon in charge of Chief Officer Mr. Wainwright, and who, proceeding to the village and finding no person, returned to the boat, when his party was surrounded by 200 or 300 soldiers, and fired at with gingals and matchlocks; and I regret to say Mr. Wainwright was twice wounded, and either killed or taken prisoner; and one of my seacunnies was shot through the head and killed on the spot, and one man wounded in his side, but escaped on board; on hearing which, I consulted with the masters of the *Ariel* and *Anne*. The result was, that we immediately seized several boats, and by their crews sent chops on shore, offering 1000 dollars specie for the bodies, dead or alive, if not mutilated, but to which we have received no answer.

I now beg you will be kind enough to use measures as you may deem most necessary to procure the release of my officer, if alive. I have, &c.

G. J. HUBERTSON,
Master of the *Lyra*.

H.C., steam-vessel, *Phlegethon*, Kie-too
Point, Sept. 17, 1841.

SIR,—I beg leave to inclose for your information, a letter received from Mr. Hubertson, master of the brig *Lyra*, on my arrival at this place, detailing an act of treachery by the Chinese killing his first mate and one of his seacunnies. On the receipt of this letter, consulting with the master of the *Lyra*, *Anne*, and *Ariel*, who gallantly offered their services, I determined to attack the Mandarin station, and proceeded for that purpose at daylight on the 16th instant. When we arrived, I found that it was the village in which Mr. Stead, the master of the transport, Pestonjee Bomanjee, had been murdered. I destroyed the vil-

lage and took three prisoners, from whom I learnt that the principal station of the soldiers was in the town where the *Lyra's* people had been murdered; that they mustered 500, and expected to be attacked. At 11 a.m., I proceeded to the town, having forty British and eighty lascars. At 12 they opened a heavy fire of gingals and matchlocks, which failing to do any execution, and finding we were rapidly closing on them, they retreated up the mountain. We found their barracks and magazines, blew them up, set fire to the whole town, and totally destroyed it. Having now accomplished the object of our expedition, we returned on board, and I am happy to say without any loss.

JAMES McCLEVERTY, Lieut.-Com.

P.S.—The Chinese sustained a loss of six men killed; but it was impossible to ascertain their wounded, as they carried them with them.

On leaving Amoy on the 5th of September, the rendezvous of the fleet was the point called the Buffalo's Nose; Keeto Point, a promontory running out of the mainland towards the island of Chusan; and lastly, the bay or harbour of Tinghai, the capital. By the 28th of September all the fleet was assembled at a little island called Just-in-the-Way. As soon as they were descried from the islands and mainland, the alarm was given from signal stations on the top of almost every hill, and the whole island seemed alive with defenders and fortifications. Of the capture of this important place we shall first give an account condensed from the despatches of the naval and military commanders engaged, appending such little anecdotes and individual traits as may serve to render the general features more interesting and precise.

From Sir Wm. Parker, to the Earl of Auckland.
Wellesley, at Chusan, Oct. 4, 1841.

My Lord,—I have much pleasure in reporting to your lordship that the Island of Chusan was re-occupied by the combined forces of her Majesty on the 1st inst.

My last communication, on 31st of

August, will have informed your lordship of our hopes of immediately quitting that anchorage; but a continuance of bad weather prevented the expedition from putting to sea before the 5th of September. We were, however, favoured in our progress to the northward with fair but light breezes until the 13th, when the north-east monsoon set in strong against us, with thick weather, causing the unavoidable separation of many of the transports, and it was only by considerable perseverance, and taking advantage of the tides in shore, which we were enabled by the regularity of the soundings to approach with confidence, that we succeeded, on the 21st inst., in reaching the Chusan group of islands, where I had the satisfaction of collecting several of the missing ships and steam-vessels, and gained the anchorage off the little isle of "Just-in-the-Way" on the 24th, with the pre-concerted intention of making our first attack on Chinhae, and pressing forward by the Tahææ River, to take possession of Ningpo.

The transport in which Sir Hugh Gough and his staff were embarked having fallen far to leeward before we got sight of Chusan, the *Cruiser* was despatched to convey him to the fleet, and rejoined with his excellency on the evening of the 25th.

The weather was now too boisterous to approach the exposed position of Chinhae; we therefore, on the following day, made a very satisfactory reconnoissance of the defences of Tinghae and Chusan harbour, in the *Phlegethon* and *Nemesis* steam-vessels, and determined on immediate preparations for re-occupying the island.

(To be continued in our next.)

HARRY EVELYN;

OR, THE DUEL.

It is now forty-three years since the events occurred that constitute my tale. I had just received my commission as a lieutenant, and had, as was the practice, invited all the subalterns

of the regiment to a supper. Among those that were thus invited was a young ensign, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and between us a sort of foster-brotherhood had sprung up. Henry Evelyn was about two years younger than myself, and had entered the regiment shortly after me. He had been for some time previous paying his addresses to an amiable young lady, and the parent's consent having been obtained, he was in a short time to be made a happy man. Another whom I had also invited, was a blustering fellow, whose name was Leclerc, but who had attained the *soubriquet* of "hot and hasty." He had got into several scrapes through his insulting manners, one of which had led to a meeting; but, after an exchange of shots, a reconciliation had been effected by the interposition of the seconds. Would to heaven that this was to be the sequel of my story—but it was decreed otherwise.

"What will be will be."

The company had all assembled; and, after making serious inroads into the substantial, the cloth was removed, wine was brought in, and the whole of us were making merry, when Leclerc, ever alive to concoct mischief, began bantering poor Harry on his "ladye love:" he very patiently endured the fellow's impertinence for some time, when a remark made by the other brought the blood into his face, and reaching across the table, he caught Leclerc such a blow on the head, that it felled him against the wall.

"A duel! a duel!" resounded through the room. Leclerc raised himself up, and as he walked out of the room, glancing, with an eye flashing fire, at his assailant, said, "You shall hear more of this."

This scene put an end to all our hilarity for the evening, and we retired at an early hour, anxiously looking forward to the morrow.

I was at Henry's apartment early in the morning, as he had appointed me his second in the event of an encounter. Directly he had reached his apartment, after quitting us, he met

a gentleman waiting with a note directed to him, which he hastily broke open, and read the following:—

— Barracks,

June 10, 1802, 11 p.m.

Sir,—The manner in which I have been publicly insulted by you, renders it imperative on my part to demand satisfaction, I therefore expect you to be ready at six o'clock to-morrow morning, leaving to you, as the challenged party, the choice of ground and weapons. JAMES LECLERC.

P.S. The gentleman who waits upon you with this is my second, and I have deputed him to receive your answer.

J. L.

"Upon this," said Harry, "I sent him this answer," at the same time handing me a copy.

— Barracks,

June 10, 1802, half-past 11 p.m.

Sir,—In answer to your challenge, I, as a matter of course, consent to a meeting. I have appointed Mr. — as my second, and make choice of pistols as the weapons; and as to the ground, I think Hyde-park as eligible a place as any, and therefore appoint it. I shall be there at six o'clock a.m.

HENRY EVELYN.

Directly I had read this, he said, "I have drawn out my will, leaving, in case I should be killed, all to dear Eliza, and only want your signature as a witness. I have got Sergeant Smith as the other." He then took a pen and marked over his name, I appending mine as the second witness. He then took a case of pistols from his trunk, and asked my opinion of them.

I took them up, and after ascertaining that they were in good condition, told him that I could see no fault in them. "Well," said he, taking out his watch, "as it is near the hour, we had better at once proceed to the appointed place." We then got into a coach, and giving the man half-sovereign, ordered him to drive to Hyde Park, we soon arrived there, and after walking rapidly for about five minutes, we saw the other party

approaching, we halted opposite a large oak, which Evelyn resolved should be the scene of the encounter. As soon as Leclerc arrived, I approached his second, and inquired of him whether any means existed of averting the *recontre*. "I am instructed by my principal, that nothing short of an apology will be of any avail," answered the other. I told this to Evelyn, but he would not consent. We then loaded the pistols and measured the ground, which was to be fifteen paces. As soon as this was done we retired to a few yards distance. The signal was given: one, two, three. * * * His adversary's bullet had pierced poor Evelyn's heart.

* * * * *

As soon as poor Eliza heard of her lover's death she swooned, and when she recovered (it was a happy relief) from the memory of her sorrows, her mind was gone—she was in a state of mental alienation.

* * * * *

Such was the fatal effects of a duel, in which the aggrieved party only suffered. Thank heaven, such things are now at an end!

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

Edited by Henry Curling.

(Continued from page 111.)

"Br J—s! Musther Hills," heard him say, "where the h—ll is this you're taking us to—to England!"

"M'Lauchlan," returned the officer, with a melancholy smile upon his face, as he gave the answer,—"*if we can get there.*"

"More luck and grace to you," said M'Lauchlan; "and it's that you're maning, is it?"

This M'Lauchlan was a good specimen of a thorough Irish soldier. Nothing could disturb his good-humour and high spirits; and even during a part of this dreadful march, he had ever some piece of Irish hu-

mour upon his tongue's end, whilst he staggered under the weight of his pack. He would in all probability have been amongst the few who did reach England; but, during the march, he was attacked with the racking pains of acute rheumatism, and frequently fell to the ground screaming with agony. On these occasions, his companions would do that for him which they omitted to perform towards others. They many times halted, heaved him up, and assisted him forwards. Sir Dudley Hill, too, was greatly interested for M'Lauchlan, trying to cheer him on, whilst the men could scarcely refrain from laughter at the extraordinary things he gave utterance to whilst racked with pain, and staggering with fatigue. At length, however, M'Lauchlan fell one dark night, as we hurried through the streets of a village, and we could not again raise him.

"It's no use, Harris," I heard him say, in a faint voice; "I can do no more."

Next morning, when day broke, he was no longer seen in the ranks, and as I never saw him again, I conclude he quickly perished.

The information M'Lauchlan obtained from Lieutenant Hill quickly spread amongst us, and we now began to see more clearly the horrors of our situation, and the men to murmur at not being permitted to turn and stand at bay,—cursing the French, and swearing they would rather die ten thousand deaths, with their rifles in their hands in opposition, than endure the present toil. We were in the rear at this time, and following that part of the army which made for Vigo, whilst the other portion of the British, being on the main road to Corunna, were at this moment closely pursued and harassed by the enemy, as I should judge from the continued thunder of their cannon and rattle of the musketry. Crawford seemed to snuff the sound of battle from afar with peculiar feelings. He halted us for a few minutes occasionally, when the distant clamour became more distinct, and his face turned towards the sound, and seemed to light up, and become less stern. It was then

indeed that every poor fellow clutched his weapon more firmly, and wished for a sight of the enemy.

Before long, they had their wish: the enemy's cavalry were on our skirts that night; and as we rushed out of a small village, the name of which I cannot now recollect, we turned to bay. Behind broken-down carts and tumbrils, huge trunks of trees, and everything we could scrape together, the rifles lay and blazed away at the advancing cavalry, whilst the inhabitants, suddenly aroused from their beds to behold their village almost on fire with our continued discharges, and nearly distracted with the sound, ran from their houses, crying "*Viva l'Anglais!*" and "*Viva la France!*" in a breath;—men, women, and children flying to the open country, in their alarm.

We passed the night thus engaged, holding our own as well as we could, together with the 43rd Light Infantry, the 52nd, a portion of the German Legion, part of the 10th Hussars, and the 15th Dragoons. Towards morning we moved down towards a small bridge, still followed by the enemy, whom, however, we had sharply galled, and obliged to be more wary in their efforts. The rain was pouring down in torrents on this morning I recollect, and we remained many hours with arms ported, standing in this manner, and staring the French cavalry in the face, the water actually pouring out of the muzzles of our rifles. I do not recollect seeing a single regiment of infantry amongst the French force on this day; it seemed to me a tremendous body of cavalry—some said nine or ten thousand strong—commanded, as I heard, by General Lefebre.

Whilst we stood thus face to face, I remember the horsemen of the enemy sat watching us very intently, as if waiting for a favourable moment to dash upon us like beasts of prey; and every now and then, their trumpets would ring out a lively strain of music, as if to encourage them. As the night drew on, our cavalry moved a little to the front, together with some field-pieces, and succeeded in crossing the bridge; after which we

also advanced, and threw ourselves into some hilly ground on either side the road; whilst the 43rd and 52nd lay behind some carts, trunks of trees, and other materials with which they had formed a barrier.

General Crawford was standing behind this barricade, when he ordered the rifles to push still further in front, and conceal themselves amongst the hills on either side. A man named Higgins was my front-rank man at this moment. "Harris," said he, "let you and I gain the very top of the mountain, and look out what those French thieves are at, on the other side."

My feet were sore and bleeding, and the sinews of my legs ached as if they would burst, but I resolved to accompany him. In our wearied state, the task was not easy, but, by the aid of Higgins, a tall and powerful fellow, I managed to reach the top of the mountain, where we placed ourselves in a sort of gully, or ditch, and looked over to the enemy's side, concealing ourselves by lying flat in the ditch, as we did so. Thus, in favourable situations, like cats watching for their prey, were the rest of the rifles lying perdué upon the hills that night. The mountain, we found, was neither so steep nor so precipitous on the enemy's side. The ascent, on the contrary, was so easy, that one or two of the videttes of the French cavalry were prowling about very near where we lay. As we had received orders not to make more noise than we could help, not even to speak to each other, except in whispers, although one of these horsemen approached close to where I lay, I forbore to fire upon him. At length he stopped so near me, that I saw it was almost impossible he could avoid discovering that the rifles were in such close proximity to his person. He gazed cautiously along the ridge, took off his helmet, and wiped his face, as he appeared to meditate upon the propriety of crossing the ditch in which we lay. When suddenly our eyes met, and in an instant he plucked a pistol from his holster, fired it in my face, and wheeling his horse, plunged down the hill side. For the moment I thought I was hit,

as the ball grazed my neck, and stuck fast in my knapsack, where I found it, when, many days afterwards, I unpacked my kit on ship-board. About a quarter of an hour after this, as we still lay in the gully, I heard some person clambering up behind us, and, upon turning quickly round, I found it was General Crawford. The general was wrapped in his great-coat, and, like ourselves, had been for many hours drenched to the skin, for the rain was coming down furiously. He carried in his hand a canteen full of rum, and a small cup, with which he was occasionally endeavouring to refresh some of the men. He offered me a drink, as he passed, and then proceeded onwards along the ridge. After he had emptied his canteen, he came past us again, and himself gave us instructions as to our future proceedings.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN EXCEPTION.

When Marshal Blucher was riding with the Duke of Wellington in his carriage, after the battle of Waterloo, "My lord duke," said the marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world." "I hope," replied the duke, "you except those who have had the honour of beating them."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

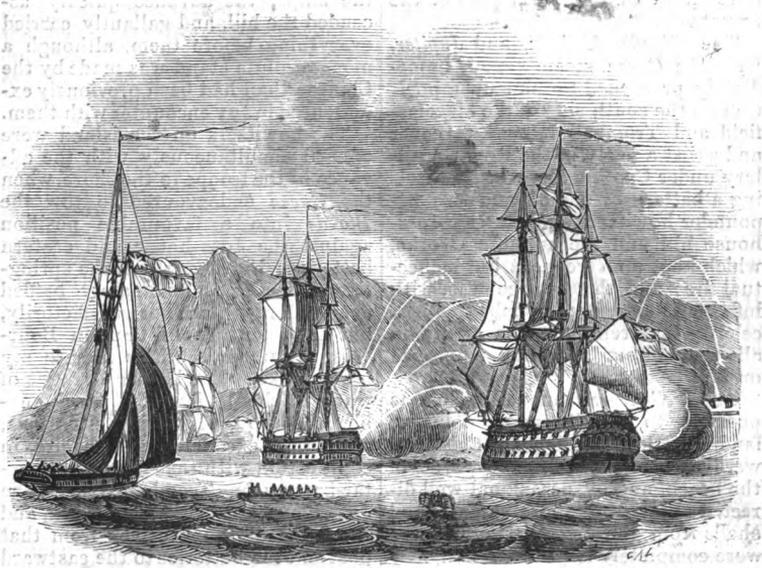
Napoleon having, at the head of a company of artillery, to cross a fenny heath, one of the guns got stuck in a quagmire; the gunner instantly jumped off his seat, put his shoulder to the breach, and lifted it out. Napoleon, pleased at the action, conferred on him the rank of lieutenant. Another gunner, envious of the other's luck, resolved on rivalling him. The day after there was a review in the Place de Greves. A gun was ordered to be placed on a carriage; the man immediately jumped forward, and lifting it up on his shoulder, placed it in the proper position. Napoleon, seeing this, exclaimed, "this man has wasted his strength unnecessarily, let him be placed under arrest for four days."

FRIENDLY STRATAGEM.

Colonel Guise, going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him that he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some arch rogue, whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It was all one for that, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down the coffee-room, and began in an hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. "Sir," replied Colonel Guise, "I have done my duty by you, and no more." "But, colonel," added the young officer, faltering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody"—"Oh, sir," interrupted the colonel, "your friends do me too much honour, "but there is a gentleman (pointing to a fierce-looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half of the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him he is well informed of his bravery, and for that reason he must fight him. "Who, I, sir?" replied the gentleman; "why, I am the apothecary!"

GIVE HIM A NAME.

One of the officers of the —th regiment, whose name was Pepper, having a spirited young horse which had thrown him several times, was relating the circumstance at the mess, at the same time observing that he had not given his horse a name, a young ensign observed that he ought to be named *Pepper-caster*.



Second Attack upon Amoy.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 116.)

THE Chinese have been indefatigable in erecting batteries since the British forces were withdrawn in February last; and it is almost inconceivable that so much has been done by them. From the western extremity, outside Guard Island, to the eastern termination of their works, which extend half-a-mile beyond the commanding position of the Joss-house or Temple-hill (now greatly strengthened), there is a continued line of strong battery on the sea-face, principally constructed of mud, comprising 267 embrasures of guns, and 95 of various calibre, actually mounted on different points, independently of 41 planted on the ramparts of the city, and numerous gingals in every direction.

The rapidity of the tides in the different channels to Chusan Harbour is so great as to render large ships frequently quite unmanageable, even with the assistance of steam-vessels; and the chance of placing them in any

precise position for action so uncertain, that it was at once seen our object would be best effected by landing troops, seamen, and marines, to the westward of the sea-defences, and take them in reverse. We found a stone-work with eight embrasures, constructed near Guard Island, to defend the point on which we proposed to disembark the troops, but no guns placed in it. About 1200 yards above it, on a steep hill, was also a strongly-fortified encampment, in which a large body of Chinese were posted. Captain Eyres was therefore detached with the *Modeste*, *Columbine*, and *Nemesis*, to anchor close to the battery, and prevent its occupation, or any movement of the Chinese to strengthen their position: this duty was, with the usual zeal of himself, Commander Clarke, and Mr. Hall, most effectually performed, and a considerable breach made by the *Nemesis's* guns in the wall of the fortified encampment.

A continuance of north-east gales, with incessant rain, rendered it impracticable to move the fleet from the anchorage off Just-in-the-Way before the 29th, when we reached the outer

harbour of Chusan with part of the transports.

The *Blonde*, *Modeste*, and *Jupiter*, with the *Queen* steam-vessel, immediately proceeded to take up a position on the south side of the Macclesfield and Tromball Islands, to cover and assist a party of the Royal Artillery under Captain Knowles, in erecting a battery of one 68 and two 24-pounder howitzers against the Joss-house hill and the adjoining works, which kept up a frequent but ineffectual fire; and this service was, with infinite labour, accomplished with a celerity that reflects much credit on all the officers and men employed on it.

The *Wellesley* was moved as close as possible to the intended point of landing; the *Cruiser* and *Columbine* were advanced within 200 yards of the beach, and by occasional well directed shots from those vessels, and shells from the *Sesostria*, the Chinese were completely kept in check.

The remainder of the transports having joined in the course of the 30th, and the preparations being completed, the disembarkation was ordered on the morning of the 1st instant, in two columns; the first, about 1,500 strong to take possession of the heights, and then to move on to the city; the second (to which the royal marines and a party of seamen were attached), altogether 1,100 strong, to carry the sea-line of battery, by pushing round on their right, and proceeding to make a lodgment in the suburbs to attack the Joss-house hill.

Our resources in boats did not admit of more than one column being landed at a time, including a portion placed in the *Phlegethon* and *Nemesis*, and finding these small vessels had scarcely power to tow the boats with the troops against the tide, I was compelled to keep the *Sesostria* to facilitate their disembarkation. With this additional assistance, it was nearly half-past ten o'clock before the first column, under the gallant commander-in-chief, reached the shore, when they were assailed by a heavy discharge of gingals and matchlocks from the heights, but immediately formed, and, supported by the fire of

the ships, the advance quickly ascended the hill, and gallantly carried everything before them, although a more resolute stand was made by the Chinese than had been previously experienced in any encounter with them.

The howitzers on the island were opened simultaneously with the advance of the troops to the shore, when the *Queen* endeavoured to tow the *Blonde* into a favourable position against the Joss-house and eastern batteries; the strength of the spring-tide, however, unfortunately baffled every effort to place her satisfactorily, but the exertions of Captain Bouchier throughout entitles him to my best thanks. The lighter draught of water of the *Modeste* and *Queen* enabled them to get into good situations, and by the excellence of their fire, in conjunction with that from the mortar-battery on Tromball Island, the Joss-house battery was silenced, and the Chinese troops driven from that post and the batteries to the eastward of it.

The marines and part of the seamen were landed as fast as the boats could return for them; but before the second column got on shore the Chinese abandoned the western end of their sea-defences, which were entered by part of the troops of the first column, who completely cleared the line of batteries, and took possession of the Joss-house hill.

The steam-vessels moved into the inner harbour as soon as the troops were landed, to assist in the reduction of Tinghae, on which the main body was rapidly advanced; the walls were escalated without opposition, and by two p.m. the British colours were flying in every direction.

Thirty-six new and well cast brass guns are mounted in the batteries, and will be shipped in one of the transports. I believe a considerable store of Government rice had been found in the city.

I fear the troops have suffered a loss of one ensign and one private killed, and about twenty-four men wounded. The casualties in the squadron are confined to one seaman in the *Cruiser* severely wounded (since dead), another slightly wounded, and

one man of the *Phlegethon* slightly wounded. The *Blonde* had one of her quarter-deck guns disabled, but no further mischief was sustained.

The unremitting exertions of every officer and man of her Majesty's squadron, royal marines, and Indian navy, throughout the operations, merit my warmest commendation. I subjoin a statement of the ships present.

Captain Herbert, of the *Blenheim*, whose zeal is always conspicuous, handsomely volunteered to head the landing party of seamen and marines; and I gladly acknowledge the valuable assistance I have derived from the local knowledge and skill of Captain Maitland, of this ship, who has conducted her with much ability in the intricate and difficult navigation amongst these islands.

Commander Giffard, of the *Cruiser*, has been indefatigable in the duty assigned him of superintending the disembarkation, which he has performed to the entire satisfaction of the general and myself.

The fire from the ships and steam-vessels covering the landing party did much execution; it was, indeed, directed with such precision that two or three individuals fell by single cannon-shot, at a distance of 700 yards—one of them while in the act of waving the Chinese banners.

It is out of my province to observe on the movements of the land forces, but I may be permitted to express my admiration of the gallantry which was throughout displayed by our companions of the army, and their distinguished chief; and I can but express my regret that circumstances did not admit of the officers, seamen, and royal marines of her Majesty's squadron, as well as of the Indian navy, participating to a greater extent in the operations of the day.

Sir Henry Pottinger has witnessed the proceedings of the expedition; and, considering the lateness of the season, it is a subject of congratulation to his excellency, as well as to Sir Hugh Gough and myself, that the recapture of this island has been effected. W. PARKER, Rear-Admiral.

At of H.M. ships and vessels and

of the steam vessels, of the Indian navy, present at the reduction of Chusan, 1st Oct., 1841:—*Wellesley*, 72 guns, Rear-Admiral Sir W. Parker, Capt. Maitland; *Blenheim*, 72, Capt. Herbert; *Blonde*, 42, Capt. T. Bourchier; *Modeste*, 18, Capt. H. Eyres; *Cruiser*, 16, Commander H. W. Giffard; *Columbine*, 16, Commander T. J. Clarke; *Bentinck*, 10, Lieut. Richard Collinson; *Jupiter*, (troop-ship) Master-Commanding Fullon; *Rattlesnake*, (ditto) Master-Commanding Sprent. Steam-vessels:—*Sesostris*, 4 guns, Acting Commander Ormsby; *Phlegethon*, 2, Lieut. McCleverty, R.N.; *Nemesis*, 2, Mr. W. H. Hall, Master R.N.; *Queen*, 6, Mr. Wm. Warden, Act. Master R.N. W. PARKER, Rear-Admiral.

The following is the detail of the land operations, by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough.

Head-quarters, Ting-hae, Island of Chusan, Oct. 2, 1841.

My lord,—I feel much satisfaction in acquainting your lordship that Chusan is in our possession, notwithstanding the extraordinary exertions made by the Chinese to strengthen the defences since our departure in February last, and rather a gallant defence on their part, particularly on the heights west of the city, generally denominated the 49th hills, and along the shore, where, as a defence to the inner harbour (which was our former part of attack), a new line of battery has been constructed, presenting so formidable a front, that, with due regard to the peculiarity of the tides, it would not have been advisable to bring in the ships of war.

The fleet had passed Chusan, and assembled at an anchorage off Silver Island, half-way between Chusan and Chinghae, when, after waiting three days, the continuance of contrary winds, together with the lateness of the season, induced his excellency the naval commander-in-chief to propose a change in the plan of operations, which I mentioned to your lordship in my last report. I fully concurred with Sir W. Parker in the expediency of attacking Chusan first under these circumstances, instead of proceeding to Chinhae and Ningpo,

particularly as in a reconnoissance, which we made in the *Phlegethon* steamer, with his Excellency Sir Henry Pottinger, we ascertained that two forts were in progress of construction upon the base of the heights already named. This reconnoissance confirmed me in the opinion which I had previously formed from the report of officers acquainted with the ground, that this would be the most eligible point of attack. I must add, that the fire opened on the *Phlegethon*, as she skirted the harbour, also established that the sea line of battery was sufficiently armed.

I shall leave it to the admiral to detail the movements of the fleet; but I cannot deny myself the gratification of expressing how greatly I am indebted to him for his judicious arrangements and the cordial assistance which I have experienced throughout, anticipating my wishes, at the same time, that the arm over which he so ably presided has been brought prominently forward whenever practicable; and I must be allowed to remark, that the precision of the fire from the ships surpassed my most sanguine expectations, and did great execution wherever it could be brought to bear.

The greater part of the fleet assembled in the outer roadstead on the 29th ult., and during that night and the following day a battery was thrown up on Tromball Island, by a detachment of the Royal and Madras Artillery, under Captain Knowles, of former corps, aided by Lieutenant Bidwood, of the Madras Engineers, for the purpose of shelling the Joss-house Hill, which the enemy had strongly fortified, following out the unfinished plan of our own engineers. The remaining ships having arrived in the mean while, it was determined to make the attack on the 1st instant.

I beg to refer your lordship to the annexed disposition of attack, which will show what were my intentions. Early on the morning of the 1st, the 1st division, consisting of the Madras Artillery, with eight guns, sappers, her Majesty's 18th and 55th regiments, and the rifle company of the 36th Madras Native Infantry, were

placed in steamers and boats in tow of them, and under the zealous superintendence of Captain Giffard, of her Majesty's ship *Cruiser*, who conducted the disembarkation, were landed as soon as practicable, though not without some delay, from the extraordinary strength of the tides at this point. Finding that the enemy, whose occasional shots from the ships had hitherto kept under cover, now crowned the heights, and opened a galling fire of gingals and matchlocks, and that, as some of my men were falling, I deemed it advisable to push on at once the two flanks and a third company of the 55th that were first on shore, directing the remainder, who closely followed, to move up in support. This duty was gallantly performed under the directions of Lieutenant-Colonel Craigie, commanding the column, and Major Fawcett, in the temporary command of the regiment, and notwithstanding the steepness and ruggedness of the ascent, and a heavy and well-sustained fire from an infinitely superior force, this gallant corps carried the whole extent of the ridge of hills terminating in a fortified camp, and drove everything before them. Lieutenant-colonel Craigie has brought to my notice the prominent conduct of Lieutenant and Adjutant Butter, who was with the advance at this point, and seized the first of the enemy's colours, as also of Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Tuddy, who led the two flank companies.

This movement completely turned the right of the enemy's positions, and gave us the command of a bridge which led direct on the flank of the whole line of sea defence. The 18th and artillery being landed, and the light guns placed so as to enfilade this line of batteries, I felt it best to change my first intention of attacking the sea defences by the right column, and ordered the 18th at once to push forward to the attack on that point. This was executed with equal gallantry by Lieut.-Colonel Adam, the face of a very large force, who contested the whole line with more than ordinary spirit, apparently led by one of the principal mandans,

who, with several of inferior rank, was killed on the spot, when the Chinese fled, and the 18th pushed on and occupied the Joss-house Hill, which the well-directed fire of the guns on Tromball Island, under the Hon. Lieutenant Spencer, of the Royal Artillery, and of the detached squadron under Captain Bouchier, had compelled the enemy to evacuate. Lieutenant-Colonel Adams speaks warmly of the spirited manner in which Captain Wigston led the grenadier company of the Royal Irish in this attack.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MIDS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ., R.N.

(From the United Service Journal.)

Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to wait her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheerful day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray.

(Continued from page 103.)

"I was saying that nothing operates so powerfully upon the feelings," continued Jephson, "as the sight of a young female in tears. I own that my—my"—(Stewart was all ready with his "ha! ha! ha!" expecting the "heart" would come, but the narrator avoided it by substituting another word)—"my curiosity was raised to ascertain the cause of that fair girl's distress. The picture was extremely pretty. There she stood, within that old arched window; her white dress mingling with the green foliage and the blushing flowers, and she looked so mournful that at one leap I was over the wall and in the garden. Without deliberating an instant, I walked up to the window, and I must own that my—my—my pulse beat quick as I stood before as lovely a creature as ever my eyes beheld. She drew back for a minute or two, but, on my speaking kindly and soothingly to her, she again advanced, and the window—which unfolded like a door—was partly opened. I implored her to tell me why she was so unhappy, and learned that, for some alleged fault, her governess (for it was a ladies' school) had chastised and

locked her up without her dinner. Oh! those barbarous old women, who thus cruelly torture the gentle beings Providence has destined to become the companion and the friend of man. My heart—that is, my spirit was roused. I condemned the horrible tyranny of the governess, whom I unhesitatingly consigned to the devil; and then, in the most persuasive manner, urged the fair girl to run away from such a she-dragon, promising her all joy and happiness on a summer holiday. At first she refused; but the birds were singing so delightfully, the sun shone so brightly on the flowers, the very air breathed the sweets of liberty, that in a few minutes she consented; a straw bonnet, wreathed with jasmine, was hastily thrown upon her head, and tremblingly she crossed the garden to the wall, which we scrambled over, and took to our heels like rein-deer over snow. Leaving her in the concealment of a porch at Rochester, I boldly went to the nearest inn—I think the Crown—and ordered a chaise-and-pair immediately. In five minutes it was ready. I took my seat; stopped the postillion at the porch; the dear little creature jumped in, and away we drove for Canterbury. That was indeed an afternoon of real innocent delight. I was not fifteen; she was midway between thirteen and fourteen. Not an unholy thought entered either mind; but we laughed and talked, and enjoyed the beauty of the scenery, without once considering consequences. She mimicked her schoolmistress; I ridiculed our old first lieutenant, and told her of storms I had never been in, and of battles in which I had no share. Her lovely blue eyes were suffused with tears as I described the wounded, the dying, and the dead, mingled on the vessel's deck after an engagement; and I cursed all governesses when she related the oppressive burden of hard tasks and picking out bad stitches. Who she was never once occurred to me to inquire; and of me or of my whereabouts she was totally ignorant, except that I had promised to take her to my mother, whom I described, with truth, as one of the best

of human beings. Away we rattled. Money I had plenty. The postillions fared bravely wherever we changed horses; and the dainties that we could pick up at the inns amply compensated for the loss of dinner at 'Rochester-house Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies.'

"The sun was rapidly descending when we arrived at the Fountain at Canterbury, and a fresh chaise-and-pair was ordered for Dover. My beautiful Emma had a delicious tuck-out of tarts; a stock of sweetmeats was laid in for our further journey; and, indignant at all crusty old governesses and arbitrary first lieutenants, we resumed our way, as gay as young larks when grown strong upon the wing; and, oh, what a resplendent sunset! The skies in the west were redolent with tints beyond the artist's power to imitate, and rendered still more gorgeous by the grey hue of the eastern horizon. The twilight was delicious; and then—oh! the twilight is the very devil for that sort of work—I talked of loving that dear girl till the hour of dissolution. It was real, unsophisticated love, destitute of all unhallowed passion. I felt it in the inmost recesses of my—my breast—ay, in the depths of my heart." Jephson looked at Stewart, but he had become too interested to laugh, and the young man went on. "The sun went down in glory, and its bright tinge glowed on the cheeks of the fair girl, giving her a more angelic appearance. It was now that the lovely girl discovered that her heart could throb with emotions she had never experienced before. It was a sudden, a childish attachment, but it was the first on both sides. The chaise ultimately drew up at the Antwerp, in Dover market-place, and we alighted about ten o'clock at night.

"What baggage have you, sir?" inquired the waiter, looking suspiciously at the young lady's want of travelling dress—for she had not even a shawl over her shoulders.

"Baggage!" I reiterated; for I then remembered that I had left my trunk at the Chest Arms at Chatham, and had, in my hurry, neglected to call for it. Oh, never mind the luggage;

that will come after us. A chaise-and-pair on to —"

"The waiter obsequiously bowed, for the name of the place was sufficient to insure him that we were respectable; and lights were immediately placed in one of the best rooms, where Emma and I stood looking at each other, as if we were just becoming sensible of having done a very foolish thing in this runaway affair. The tears stood trembling in her eyes, as evidences of what was passing in her thoughts. Her countenance assumed a gloomy cast of doubt; but I kissed away the tears, and dispelled the gloom, and we were once more happy.

"Would you like to take refreshment, sir?" said the waiter, entering, 'your sister seems fatigued. Shall one of the young ladies—'

"Oh! certainly—certainly," said I, quickly catching at his meaning, 'my dear Emma, one of the misses—would be glad to render you any service. I will accompany you; and, waiter, let's have tea directly.'

"The refreshing cup, which 'cheers but not inebriates,' was most welcome; and a pretty strong dose I made of it; for, not understanding the thing, and Emma being equally innocent of tea-making, I half filled the teapot, and the beverage, when poured out, required a treble allowance of sugar to sweeten it. However, it greatly revived us, and added to the respect of the innkeeper, by increasing his bill. Once more we were seated in a chaise, that slowly ascended the Castle-hill, and its measured pace afforded me time to reflect on what my mother was likely to say at my introducing an utter stranger, and under such peculiar circumstances, beneath her roof. Young and thoughtless as I was, I saw there was impropriety in it; but I was her only child, and she a widow, and, therefore, I anticipated indulgence where I had so often found it before. Emma was fast asleep when the chaise stopped at —; and, to my mortification, I found all the inmates of my home were snugly in bed. 'Do not knock or ring,' said I to the postillion, on observing that not a light was to be seen; and,

gently recling the fair girl against the cushions, I alighted, and stole round with caution to the back of the house, where a secret bell-pull communicated with the footman's apartment. But my anxious parent had heard the noise of the wheels, and was aware the chaise had been driven up the avenue, and stopped before the door. She expected her hopeful son, whom she had not seen for two long years; and, with a mother's devotion, she hurried down herself, opened the front entrance, and was half way in the chaise, whilst I was fumbling about in the rear of the building.

"My dear boy—my dear William!" uttered she, with true maternal solicitude, as she groped in the vehicle, and her hands clutched a bunch of petticoats. "Oh! what is this?" exclaimed she in alarm; "speak, William, or whoever you are, what does all this mean?"

"Poor Emma, awaked from her sleep in so unceremonious a manner, and, perhaps, from a dream, in which imagination had carried her back to the tyranny of the schoolmistress, answered in affright, 'Oh, forgive me—forgive me! Indeed, I will never do so again!'

"Forgive you, my poor child?" repeated my mother, "who are you? and what is there to be forgiven?"

"William!—William!—where am I?" inquired the dear girl in alarm. "Am I back again at school, or have I been dreaming?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRENCH WARS.

Between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries, comprehending an interval of five hundred years, France has spent 35 years in civil war, 40 in religious wars, 76 in foreign wars, which have deluged her own soil with blood, and 17½ in wars conducted on a foreign soil. And what has been the result?—That our Gallican neighbours have enjoyed 174 years of peace, and exhausted their best blood and resources on 326 years of war.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN ABOUT FLOGGING.

"Ah, sir, nothing breaks a man's spirit sooner than flogging. I have seen men—aye, and brave men too—lashed to the gratings for the most trivial offence, and receive three dozen. They never were the same men afterwards. Instead of doing their duty cheerfully and manfully, as they had done before, they performed it reluctantly, and, as we may say, mechanically; their elasticity of spirit was gone, and in its place nothing was left but unwillingness and disgust. I remember, sir, when I first went to sea. I was no higher than a bulwark stanchion, I was on board the *Revenge*, and a finer frigate never broke water. The captain was a confirmed flogger, and, as a matter of course, was hated by all the crew. He flogged men for amusement, and he seemed to take an infernal delight in witnessing their torture, and looked on with a fiendish exultation. At the same time I was on board, there was a man named Tom Hardy; he was the delight of the crew, and a nattier seaman never mounted a-top; but for some cause or other the captain had taken a dislike to him, but as yet he could find nothing against him to punish him for. He even laid snares for him, which, as he had an inkling of the captain's intentions, he took care to avoid. Seeing all his efforts fruitless the captain at last hit upon a plan to have his desired pleasure. One morning the crew had mustered on the upper deck previous to breakfast, and he came round to examine them; when he came to Tom he ordered him to take the office of captain of the head, which is one of the greatest indignities that can be offered to a seaman. This Tom instantly refused, and the captain got in a tremendous passion, and, in his fury, struck him in the face. Tom's blood boiled at this insult, and, making a sudden spring, caught him by the throat, and held him with such a powerful grasp that he was almost strangled; but, overpowered by numbers, Tom was taken below and confined in irons, to await the sentence of a court-martial, for his was an offence

punishable by death. During his confinement Tom, who knew his doom, sat mooding in a corner of the 'Black-hole,' and rarely spoke to any one that took him his victuals. As soon as we came into port, a court-martial sat to try Tom, and he was condemned to receive seven hundred lashes. On the following morning all hands were mustered on the upper deck to witness his punishment. Tom was brought upon deck, and his irons taken off, and stripped. The captain was standing by, and as soon as Tom found himself freed from his shackles he suddenly snatched up a bayonet belonging to a marine, and plunged it into the captain's breast; and, before a hand could be put forward to capture him he had jumped overboard. The captain never spoke afterwards, and died in great agony in about two hours. Tom's body was afterwards picked up by a boat, but he was quite lifeless."

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL DUNCAN.

When Admiral Duncan was stationed off the Texel in 1796, he received intelligence that several large Greenland ships belonging to the Holland merchants were fitting out under the Prussian flag for the whale fishery; but hearing that the ships and stores would scarcely pay the proctor's bill and the expenses of condemnation, he determined to permit them to go out, and to seize them when they returned full laden. However, to facilitate his purpose, many were detained and sent to the admiral, who, after a deliberate and apparently serious consultation with his officers, ordered their liberation. Away went the myneers, highly delighted at the conduct of Admiral Duncan, and fully persuaded that he had not seen through their artifice. After a prosperous voyage, from which they had just returned, nothing could exceed their dismay and surprise upon being stopped by the admiral's order and their ships towed into the Yarmouth Roads. The captains, surprised at the detention, would not believe it, and insisted upon going to the admiral, who had liberated them before, and told them they could proceed to

the fishery with security. When they were brought before Duncan, he congratulated them on their safe return and hoped they had been fortunate—the captains replied in the affirmative, but reminded him of his former assurance of safety, and claimed their release to proceed to their destination. "My good friends," replied the gallant admiral, "I was never deceived by your false papers and flags, but you were *then* empty, and would not produce enough to pay the proctors' bill and the costs of condemnation; I, therefore, told you you might proceed to the fishery in safety, with the view of capturing you on your return, when you would be better worth taking." The ships were accordingly condemned.

A SHARP ANSWER.

An officer and a lawyer, conversing about the disastrous battle of Auerstadt, the former was lamenting the number of soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, that those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword. "By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to *die* by the law."

LIVINGS.

Some English officers, drinking at mess, asked the chaplain for a toast. "The King of France!" "What! our foe?" said the colonel. "You live by him," said the chaplain. The colonel, in his turn, gave "the devil." "Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the chaplain. "You live by him," said the colonel very coolly, "do you not, my dear doctor?"

A NATE WISH.

A soldier in a newly-raised Irish corps observed to his comrade that a corporal was to be dismissed the regiment—"Faix, and indeed," replied the other, "I hope it is the corporal so troublesome in our company."—"What's his name?" inquired the soldier. "Why, *corporal punishment*, to be sure, honey,"



Mr. Wainwright and his men treacherously murdered by the Chinese, at Kogisaw. See page 115.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 125.)

Considering it advisable to support the 18th, I had pushed forward across the valley the light and another company of the 55th, with Lieut.-Col. Mountain, who is well acquainted with the country, and most judiciously placed them in a position close to the west gate of the city, so as to prevent any support being given from the town, and intercept the enemy in falling back on it. The Rifle company of the 55th having joined me, I moved on with the remainder of the 55th, covered by the Rifles, for the heights overlooking the city to the north-west, which we occupied. During these operations, by the praiseworthy efforts of the Madras Artillery, under Capt. Anstruther, the light field guns had been brought to the summit of the heights, and opened their fire on the walls and town. The enemy was now in full retreat through the north and east gates, although a few guns and gingals, with some matchlocks, continued to be fired from the walls, and I directed the 55th to proceed to the escalade, whilst Capt. Simpson,

with the Rifles, rapidly passed down to a deep-wooded ravine to cut off the retreat to the north. The scaling-ladders had been brought up on most difficult and rugged heights by the great exertions of the Mradas Sappers, and were now gallantly flanked under the direction of Capt. Pears, who was the first to ascend, and I had soon the satisfaction of seeing the colours of the 55th Regt. waving on the walls of Tinghae, while those of the Royal Irish were planted on the Joss-house hill above the suburb. Capt. Anstruther reports that Capt. Balfour and Lieut. Fowlis had the opportunity of distinguishing themselves in bringing up the guns and directing their fire.

Although the 49th Regt. and Royal Marines, whom I first ordered, together with a body of seamen, to form the right column, under Lieut.-Col. Morris, and attack the sea defences, could not be landed in time for that purpose, I was much pleased with the promptitude with which those two corps moved on to the support of the 18th; the 49th proceeding to occupy the south gate of the city.

The loss of the enemy has been very considerable, both on the sea line and upon the heights; several of their principal mandarins, it would appear, were killed, and the Chinese fled in all directions, throwing away their arms and clothing. The loss on our side, I am happy to say, has been wonderfully small. I have the honour to enclose your Lordship the return, together with a list of the ordnance captured.

• • •

HUGH GOUGH,

Commander-in-Chief.

Thus, a second time, fell Tinghae, the capital of Chusan and its dependencies, before the valour of British soldiers and sailors. The trifling loss, when we consider the variety of operations; the preparations which had been made for our reception, and the personal courage displayed by the Chinese, strikingly shows the irresistibility of modern artillery and improvements in the art of war, when opposed only by a semi-civilized people. Two were killed and 27 wounded, comprise the whole return; while 100 iron and 36 brass cannon, 550 gingals or wall-pieces, carrying balls from half-a-pound to a pound, a vast number of matchlocks, 100 tubs and boxes of leaden balls, fell into the hands of the British. 30 *bamboo rockets*, were also found, a proof of the ingenuity and genius for imitation possessed by this remarkable people.

We have already noticed, that the Chinese are by no means deficient in personal courage; when the *Phlegethon* and *Nemesis* commenced shelling and cannonading the Long Battery, the Chinese, despite their fire, boldly waved their flags from its walls in defiance, and thus three or four of them continued to do until put *hors de combat*. It will be observed in Admiral Parker's despatch already given, that he speaks of the excellent practice of the ship's guns; it was at this point that a standard bearer, at 700 yards range, was cut in two by a roundshot from the *Phlegethon*; another was killed by a shell; while a third, a matchlockman, was distinctly seen from the vessels, after repeatedly firing at the advancing soldiers, to de-

scend the hill in order to mend his aim, and when a cannon ball struck the hill immediately above his head, he merely shook his clothes and continued to fire. We had two or three men wounded in getting up the hill, it is supposed by this very man. We shall give the description of the field of battle, and of the city, in the words of Mr. John Gaunt, an officer of the squadron:—

“On walking over the scene of action at Forty-ninth Point, on the top of the hill we found the bodies of the standard-bearers who had been killed by the shot from the *Phlegethon*, they were shockingly mutilated. On arriving at the look-out house and beacons, it proved that the body of the standard-bearer our shot had struck had been removed: indeed, the Chinese were busily employed in burying their dead. Outside the gate of the gingal fort we found two of our 32-pound shot. Our shot had breached the outer wall, traversed the whole length of the fort, and knocked down some of the barracks at the opposite end. We found a man in the joss-house sorely wounded: he excited our compassion, but we were unable to relieve him. Great numbers of the Chinese were killed at the back of the hill in the direction of the city. We now descended and came round to the foot of the hill, towards the north end of the long battery. We here found two wounded men: one of them had cut his throat himself, and was lying on some stones, exposed to the elements, with merely a mat to cover him; his right arm had also been shattered by a musket-ball. We gave him some water, but the greater part escaped through the wound in his throat.

“The next day we paid a visit to the city of Tinghae, and in our way walked along the greater part of the long battery. The dead bodies had all been removed, but masses of clotted blood remained to show where the Chinese had been shot down. At the back of the platform for the guns were the remains of the tents, almost level with the paddy fields behind; and even when we saw it, the ground was a complete swamp: so that the troops

must have suffered severely during the wet weather which had previously prevailed. There were a number of brass guns of Chinese manufacture in the fort: our men were bursting all the iron guns. The approach to the city by the way we entered, through the west gate, is over a low flat, with here and there a paddy field, along causeways of stone. The city is completely surrounded by a deep and broad moat, which is crossed by a wooden bridge. The gates are all double, and defended by a tower with two or three guns: the gates themselves are covered with strong plates of iron, thickly studded with nails. The walls are, I should suppose, about twenty feet high, fourteen feet of which is of earth, and the remainder of brick and stone: with loopholes for gingsals and matchlocks, here and there a port for a gun, and at intervals a square tower with flanking guns. The interior of the city is much like Amoy. We visited the principal joss-house: there are immense josses here—some of them above twenty feet in height. There is also a curious piece of work, supposed to be a representation of the Deluge: it consists of a woman standing on the head of a dolphin, surrounded by water, whilst on either side are smaller figures of men and women—some in the act of prayer, and some climbing up the rocks clear of the water. The whole of the figures in the joss-house had been newly gilded and burnished. I thought at the time that if Ducrow had been there, it would have done his heart good to have seen them—all tinsel and finery. There is, also, a large bell, very sweet toned, and about four feet wide at the mouth. The ramparts are about five miles in circumference."

A few days after the occupation, a regular military government was established by Sir H. Pottinger; protection was offered to the inhabitants, and they were informed, that "several years would, probably, elapse before the island would be restored to the Emperor," for it was at this time contemplated to have retained Chusan.

As the season for active operations,

before the setting in of winter was now far advanced, it was resolved by the naval and military commanders, that no time should be lost in carrying on operations against the great city of Chinhae, and the commercial town of Ningpo, as the latter place it was thought would prove an admirable winter station for the troops and fleet: so that on the arrival of the expected reinforcements from England and India, the campaign might be opened in the next spring, with vigour and strength.

On the 8th of October, the fleet mustered at the mouth of the Ningpo, river near Chinhae, and active measures were immediately adopted. "The city of Chinhae," says Sir W. Parker in his despatches, "is so important as a military post, that I trust I may be excused for attempting to describe it.

It stands about 250 feet above sea, and is encircled also by a strong wall, with very substantial iron-plated gates at the east and west ends. The north and south sides of the heights are exceedingly steep; the former, accessible only from the sea by a narrow winding path from the rocks at its base; the south side and eastern end being nearly precipitous. At the east end of the citadel, outside its wall, twenty-one guns were mounted in three batteries of masonry and sandbags to defend the entrance of the river.

The only communication between the citadel and city is on the west side, by a steep but regular causeway, to a barrier gate at the bottom of the hill, where a wooden bridge over a wet ditch connects it with the isthmus and the gates of the city, the whole of which are covered with iron plates, and strongly secured. The space on the isthmus between the citadel hill and the city wall is filled up towards the sea with a battery of five guns, having a row of strong piles driven in a little beach in front of it, to prevent a descent in that quarter; and on the river-side of the isthmus are two batteries adjoining the suburbs, and mounting twenty-two and nineteen guns for flanking the entrance; twenty-eight guns of different sizes, and numberless gingsals were

also planted on the city walls, principally towards the sea.

The main body of the Chinese forces were posted on the right bank of the river in fortified encampments, on very commanding and steep hills; field works and entrenchments being thrown up in every advantageous position, with twenty-three guns and innumerable gingsals mounted in them to impede the advance of the troops. The principal landing-place on this side is within a considerable creek, close to the south entrance of the river, and across this creek we found a row of piles driven. Four batteries, mounting thirty-one guns, were also newly constructed on this side of the river to flank the entrance, and about half a mile above its mouth a similar obstruction of larger piles was carried completely across—space only being left for one junk to pass at a time. In short, the Chinese had exercised their ingenuity to the utmost to make their defences secure, and a great amount of treasure and labour must have been expended in the execution of these works, fully evincing the importance which they attached to this position.

“The plan of attack agreed upon by the General and myself,” continues the Admiral “was to land the troops in two columns on the right bank of the river, inside the small islands called the Triangles. The main body, under his immediate command (about 1040 strong), to disembark a short distance beyond the creek above referred to; the other (about 500 strong) immediately at its entrance, where it appeared to us practicable to put them securely on shore outside the piles, under the cover of one of the brigs—good anchorage being found within a few yards of the spot.

The attack of the citadel and city on the left bank of the river was assigned to the naval branch of the force, strengthened by about 23 of the Royal and 12 of the Madras Artillery, under Lieuts. the Hon. F. Spencer and Molesworth; and 50 Sappers, under Captain Cotton and Lieut. Johnston, of the Madras Engineers. It was calculated that the advance of the two columns of troops by different routes would not only

secure every point on the right bank, but cut off the retreat of many of the Chinese; and, by a simultaneous bombardment of the citadel and city by the squadron, we entertained confident success, which have been happily realized in every respect.

On the evening of the 9th the whole of the squadron and transports, were anchored off Chinhae, in convenient situations for the intended operations; and at an early hour on the following morning, the troops proceeded in the *Queen*, *Nemesis*, and *Phlegethon* steamers, and the boats of the transports, to the points of debarkation, where the *Cruiser*, *Columbine*, and *Bentinck* most judiciously took up their positions, under the direction of Commander Giffard. A few shot from them cleared the shore of about 300 of the Chinese, who had assembled to oppose the landing, and by half-past nine o'clock every man was safe on shore.

The *Wellesley*, *Blenheim*, *Blonde*, and *Modeste*, were appointed to cannonade the citadel and eastern part of the city walls; and the *Sesostris*, *Queen*, and *Phlegethon*, after landing the troops and towing up the ships to their stations, to shell the citadel in flank, and enfilade any of the batteries in the harbour which their guns could bear upon; the *Nemesis* to join in the attack on the north side, in readiness to cover the landing of the seamen and marines, as soon as it became practicable.

The citadel hill cannot be approached for an attack by large ships, except on the north side, and the water in that direction is so shallow that it is only in the calmest weather that they can be carried with safety sufficiently near to fire with effect. The day was fortunately everything we could desire, and the *Wellesley*, as soon as the tide served, was towed by the *Sesostris* into an excellent position, where the anchor was dropped about a quarter before nine o'clock, in four fathoms, about 1300 yards from the citadel and town walls. As the water ebbed, she settled imperceptibly into a bottom of soft mud, and was as steady as a land battery. Commander Ormsby (with very commen-

dable activity) immediately afterwards brought in the *Blenheim*; the *Blonde* and *Modeste*, favoured by a light breeze, took their stations under sail, and every ship was placed to my entire satisfaction, as close as possible, the *Blenheim* and *Modeste* touching the bottom at low water. The precision of the fire, both of shots and shells, from all, exceeded my most sanguine expectations; and the destruction of the works from the commencement of the attack was never doubtful.

(To be continued in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

Edited by Henry Curling.

(Concluded from page 120.)

"When all is ready, riflemen," said he, "you will immediately get the word, and pass over the bridge. Be careful, and mind what you are about."

Accordingly, a short time after he had left us, we were ordered to descend the mountain side in single file, gained the road, and were quickly upon the bridge. Meanwhile the Staff Corps had been hard at work mining the very centre of the structure, which was filled with gunpowder. A narrow plank being all the aid we had by which to pass over. For my own part, I was now so utterly helpless, that I felt as if all was nearly up with me, and that, if I could steady myself so as to reach the further end of the plank, it would be all I should be able to accomplish. However, we managed all of us to reach the other side in safety, when almost immediately afterwards the bridge blew up with a tremendous report, and a house at its extremity burst into flames. What with the concussion of the explosion, and the tremulous state of my limbs, I was thrown to the ground, and lay flat upon my face for some time, almost in a state of insensibility. After awhile I somewhat recovered; but it was not without extreme difficulty, and many times falling again, that I succeeded

in regaining the column. Soon after I had done so, we reached Benevento, and immediately took refuge in a convent. Already three parts of it were filled with other troops, amongst which were mingled the 10th Hussars, the German Legion, and the 15th Dragoons; the horses of these regiments standing as close as they could stand, with the men dismounted between each horse, the animals' heads to the walls of the building, and all in readiness to turn out on the instant. Liquor was handed to us by the dragoons, but having nothing for some time to eat, many of our men became sick, instead of doing us any good.

Before we had been within the convent as long a time as I have been describing our arrival, every man of us was down on the floor, and well nigh asleep; and before we had slept half an hour, we were again aroused from our slumbers by the clatter of the horses, the clash of the men's sabres, and their shouts for us to clear the way.

"The enemy! The enemy!" I heard shouted out.

"Clear the way, rifles! Up, boys, and clear the way!"

In short, the dragoons hardly gave us time to rise, before they were leading their horses amongst us, and getting out of the convent as fast as they could scamper, whilst we ourselves were not long in following their example. As we did so, we found that the French cavalry, having found the bridge blown up, had dashed into the stream, and succeeded in crossing. Our cavalry, however, quickly formed, and charged them in gallant style.

The shock of that encounter was tremendous to look upon, and we stood for some time enraptured, watching the combatants. The horsemen had it all to themselves; our dragoons fought like tigers, and although greatly overmatched, drove the enemy back like a torrent, and forced them again into the river. A private of the 10th Hussars—his name, I think, was Franklin—dashed into the stream after their General (Lefebvre), assailed him, sword in hand, in the water, captured, and brought him a prisoner on shore again. If I remember rightly,

Franklin, or whatever else his name was, was made a serjeant on the spot. The French general was delivered into our custody on that occasion, and we cheered the 10th men heartily as we received him.

After the enemy had received this check from our cavalry, and which considerably damped their ardour, making them a trifle more shy of us for awhile, we pushed onwards on our painful march. I remember marching close beside the French general during some part of this day, and observing his chop-fallen and dejected look as he rode along in the midst of the green jackets.

Being constantly in rear of the main body, the scenes of distress and misery I witnessed were dreadful to contemplate, particularly amongst the women and children, who were lagging and falling behind their husbands and fathers in the main body in our fronts. We now came to the edge of a deep ravine, the descent so steep and precipitous, that it was impossible to keep our feet, in getting down, and we were obliged to sit sometimes, and slide along on our backs; whilst before us, arose a ridge of mountains quite as steep and difficult of ascent. There was, however, no pause in our exertion, but slinging our rifles round our necks, down the hill we went; whilst mules with the baggage on their backs, wearied and urged beyond their strength, were seen rolling from top to bottom; many of them breaking their necks with the fall, and the baggage crushed, smashed, and abandoned.

I remember, as I descended this hill, remarking the extraordinary sight afforded by the thousands of our red-coats, who were creeping like snails, and toiling up the ascent before us, their muskets slung round their necks, and clambering with both hands as they hauled themselves up. As soon as we ourselves had gained the ascent we were halted for a few minutes, in order to give us breath for another effort, and then onwards we moved again.

It is impossible for me to keep any account of time in this description, as I never exactly knew how many days

and nights we marched; but I well know we kept on night and day for many successive days and nights, without rest, or much in the way of food. The long day found us still pushing on, and the night caused us no halt.

After leaving the hills I have mentioned, and which I heard at the time were called the Mountains of Galicia, as we passed through a village, our Major resolved to try and get us something in the shape of a better meal than we had been able to procure. He accordingly despatched a small party, who were somewhat more fresh than their comrades, to try and procure something from the houses around; and they accordingly purchased, shot, and bayoneted somewhere about a score of pigs, which we lugged along with us to a convent just without the town; and, halting for a short time, proceeded to cook them. The men, however, were too hungry to wait whilst they were being properly dressed and served out.

After this hasty meal, we again pushed on, still cursing the enemy for not again showing themselves, that we might revenge some of our present miseries upon their heads.

"Why don't they come on like men," they cried, "whilst we've any strength left in us to fight them?"

We were now upon the mountains; the night was bitter cold, and the snow falling fast. As day broke, I remember hearing Lieutenant Hill say to another officer (who, by the way, afterwards sank down, and died.)

"This is New Year's Day; and, I think, if we live to see another, we shall not easily forget it."

The mountains were now becoming more wild-looking and steep, as we proceeded; whilst those few huts we occasionally passed seemed so utterly forlorn and wretched-looking, it appeared quite a wonder how human beings could live in so desolate a home. After the snow commenced, the hills became so slippery (being in many parts covered with ice), that many of our men frequently slipped and fell, and being unable to rise, gave themselves up to despair, and died.

There was now no endeavour to assist one another after a fall; it was every one for himself, and God for us all!

The enemy, I should think, were at this time frequently close upon our trail; and I thought at times I heard their trumpets come down the wind as we marched. Towards the dusk of the evening of this day I remember passing a man and woman lying clasped in each other's arms, and dying in the snow. I knew them both; but it was impossible to help them. They belonged to the rifles, and were man and wife. The man's name was Joseph Sitdown. During this retreat, as he had not been in good health previously, himself and wife had been allowed to get on in the best way they could in the front. They had, however, now given in, and the last we ever saw of poor Sitdown and his wife was on that night, lying perishing in each other's arms in the snow.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

TOM BARNETT.

TOM BARNETT was a seaman every inch of him, he had been at sea since he was quite a boy. He had received a dangerous wound in his head, in an action with a French frigate, which rendered him subject to fits. As he had always served in the ship to which he belonged, the captain, in regard for efficient services rendered by him, had taken him under his care, and made him captain of his cabin, so that he had a comfortable berth. At the times when possessed of his senses, he was an *intelligent* and agreeable companion, and it was our chief amusement to get him in the fore-castle to "spin us a yarn," at which he was a proficient. One Saturday night, we were all seated round the galley fire, drinking grog, singing, and dancing, when Tom appeared, as was his custom, and he was cordially hailed by us all, for we well knew, by the way he carried his jib, that there was a yarn in his locker. In a moment all was hushed as the grave, and we were anxiously waiting for the commencement. After taking a preparatory

draught at one of the many cans that were proffered to him, he commenced as follows:—

"Well you see messmates, it is a matter of five-and-twenty years ago, since I got my head broke by the butt-end of a *mounseers* musket. I will tell you how it was, we had been ordered to cruise at the mouth of the Channel, to look out for privateers; well we had been out for a matter of four days, and we had not met with anything, when a sloop came alongside with the news that a frigate was standing out from Calais. As soon as the Captain heard this, he ordered the ship to be tacked about, and after running about fifteen knots we came in sight of her, and I never (with the exception of our own) saw a finer vessel, and the man in the fore-top reported that she carried very heavy metal. As soon as the skipper of the *Parleyvouer* saw us coming on, he hove to and seemed to be quite ready for an action. When the *Valour** came near enough, the *Mounseer* let fly a devil of a broadside against us, which did some damage in the rigging, and killed poor Jack James, who was captain of the main-top, the captain then ordered us to return the compliment, which we did with such good will, that it actually heeled her over. The fight now began in earnest, and we quickly came so near to her for to throw out grappling-irons, and we were soon yard-arm-and-yard-arm.

The boarders were got together, and a young middy of the name of Richard's volunteered to go at their head, and the sound of 'boarder's away!' was hardly out of the captain's mouth, before they were all in the enemy's waist: I amongst them. As soon as we were on the deck, we were met by twice our number, but we stuck to it, and we cut and slashed away with hearty good will. Ah!" he added: a glow of enthusiasm suffusing his face, "that was work; blood flowed like water; but in the end we prevailed, and we drove them before us; all the time that we were fighting

* This was the name of the frigate to which we belonged, and in which Tom had served.

in the waist our guns were cutting away with right good will at the enemy's starboard quarter. The Frenchman's flag had been shot away, so that they were spared the trouble of striking it even if they would. They fought like tigers, and even when the main-deck was cleared they retreated to the poop, and there held out—it was there that while attempting to mount, that I received a blow on the head from a musket, which fractured my skull, and I fell down insensible, and when I came to myself, I found that I was on board my own ship, and that we were in Plymouth Dockyard, and that the French frigate was alongside: *we had gained the day!*"

PREPARATION.

THE Duke of Richmond, being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount in the kitchen, replied, that he wished to accustom the soldiers to stand *fire*.

THE DEATH OF SARFIELD.

SARFIELD was proceeding to his home, and was about to enter the door, when he was met by the patrol. On seeing their ancient general, their first military instinct prompted them to present arms; and after paying this compliment, which he responded to by taking off his hat, they might have passed on without doing him injury, had not the evil genius of Sarsfield prompted him to make one more effort to induce them to return to their duty. He approached the sergeant in command of the party and seized him by the arm; this became the signal for vengeance; two or three commenced the terrible cry of "*Muerte al Traidor!*" (death to the traitor) and he was instantly grasped by five or six men. Still they might have been contented with detaining him, had he not made desperate efforts to free himself from their hold. The sergeant caught him by the breast and flung him a few paces aside—levelled his fusée—the next moment saw him lying across his own door-stone, weltering in his blood. The wound he at

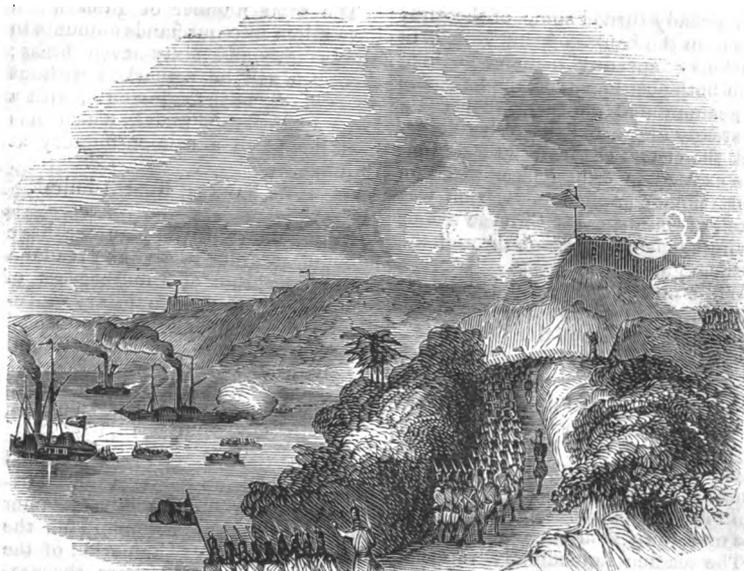
first received was not mortal, but three or four wretches at once despatched him with the butts of their firelocks, and, in a few moments, he became a disfigured and mangled corpse!

PLEASANT TRAITS OF THE CHINESE.

To prevent the reign of a woman during a minority, *Woo-te*, one of the most celebrated among the Emperors of China, killed the mother of the prince who was heir to the crown, lest she should be named Regent in case of his own death, which happened shortly after this act, so worthy of a barbarian.—When the soldiers had cut off the Emperor Wang-Wang's head, all insulted the mortal remains of the usurper; some tore out his tongue and devoured it, others cut his body to pieces and threw them about the street, where the populace trod his mutilated carcase under foot.—Tung-Cho, the prime minister, made a great feast, and invited all the grandees. While they were sitting at table, the head of Chung-Yueen, one of the courtiers, was presented to him, at which horrible spectacle he laughed heartily; but the guests did not join in the laugh. After this, two of his enemies obtained permission of the emperor to kill Tung-Cho himself. They cut off his head, threw it over the wall, and exposed his carcase to the rabble. As he had been very fat, the people set fire to it, and it burnt a considerable time. What a pleasant bonfire!

SECOND THOUGHTS.

In the attack on the fort of Goyain, by General Nott, during the last campaign of the Affghan war, an Irish sergeant of her Majesty's 40th had his head grazed by a spent ball. It confused him for the moment, and he exclaimed, "Och! somebody take my piece! I'm kilt—I'm kilt—I'm kilt!" As they were leading him off, he looked over his shoulder, and cried out, "Faith, boys, and I don't think I'm kilt *entirely* yet!" His second thought called forth shouts of laughter.



Attack on Chinhæe by the 49th Regiment.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 133.)

As the troops on the right bank of the river moved forward, Commander Giffard advanced the sloops towards the entrance of the harbour, and the steamers all took up very good positions, and performed excellent service with their guns; they were for a considerable time under a heavy fire from the river batteries, but fortunately sustained no damage.

About eleven o'clock we had the gratification of seeing the British colours planted by the troops on one of the batteries on the opposite shore, and within a few minutes the others on that side were all carried, and the Chinese observed flying in every direction before our gallant soldiers on the heights.

At a quarter past eleven the wall of the citadel was breached by the fire from the ships, and the defences being reduced to a ruinous state, the Chinese abandoned their guns, which they had hitherto worked with considerable firmness, and a large portion of the garrison retreated precipitately towards the city. Not a moment was

lost in making the signal for landing the battalion of seamen and marines, with the detachments of artillery and sappers (the whole under the command of Capt. Herbert, of the *Blenheim*.) Before noon the boats were all on shore; every impediment presented by the difficulty of landing on rugged rocks was overcome, and the force gallantly advanced to the assault, with a celerity that excited my warmest admiration. An explosion at this time took place in a battery near the citadel gate, and the remnant of the garrison fled without waiting to close it. The citadel was therefore rapidly entered, and the union-jack displayed on the walls. Our people had scarcely passed within them, when another explosion occurred, happily without mischief, but whether by accident or design is uncertain.

Capt. Herbert, having secured this post, quickly re-formed his men, and advanced towards the city; the Chinese still occupying in considerable force the walls of it, as well as the two batteries beneath the hill on the river-side, against which our troops

had already turned some of the guns taken on the bank. A few volleys of musketry speedily dislodged them from both positions, and the batteries of seaman and marines pushed on in steady and excellent order to attack the city. The wall (26 feet high) was scaled in two places, and in a short time complete possession was taken of Chinhae, the Chinese troops having made their escape through the western gates,

While in the act of scaling the city wall, a third and formidable explosion took place at one of the river batteries, within a short distance, by which I regret one man of the *Blenheim* was killed; there is strong suspicion that it was caused by a mine, intentionally sprung; and considering the number of our men which were assembled at the time, it is most providential that the consequences were not more disastrous.

The seamen immediately returned on board, for the security of the ships, which, with the rising tide, were moved into secure berths, Capt. Herbert remaining with the marines in charge of the town until the evening, when Sir H. Gough arrived, and a considerable portion of troops were conveyed across the river in the *Phlegethon*, to garrison it.

I have sincere pleasure in again bringing before your Lordship's notice the gallantry and excellent conduct of every officer and man of Her Majesty's ships and the Indian Navy under my command.

By official Chinese documents found in Chinhae, we have good reason to believe that the regular Tartar troops, quartered on the 19th in the city and batteries on the left bank of the river, amounted to upwards of 3000, of which about 700 composed the garrison of the citadel or Joss-house Hill: their loss on these points is calculated at 150 men.

The troops opposed to Sir Hugh Gough were estimated at 10,000, and they have sustained a heavy loss; but no amount of force as yet met with in this country can withstand the gallant band under his command, into which his active and energetic example infuses unbounded confidence.

The total number of guns which have fallen into our hands amounts to ninety iron and sixty-seven brass; the latter will be embarked without delay in one of the transports, with a large quantity of metal, which has been found in a cannon-foundry at Chinhae.

W. PARKER, Rear-Admiral.

In pursuance of the plan we have adopted, in order to give the reader a clear perception of the progress of complicated naval and military movements, we here append, in a condensed form, the despatch of Sir Hugh Gough, detailing the capture of Chinghae:—

“Head-quarters, Chinghae,
Oct. 18, 1841.

On the 8th instant I accompanied their Excellencies Sir Henry Pottinger and the admiral, in a steamer for the purpose of reconnoitring the former place. For the period of the moonsoon, upon a lee-shore, the weather was singularly favourable; both on this and the following days the enemy allowed us to come within short range without firing a shot, and the admiral and I were thus at once enabled to make our dispositions.

The fortified city of Chinghae, the great military depot of this province, is situated on the left bank of the Tahia or Ningpo river, occupying, with its suburb, the whole space between the river and the sea. The walls are nearly three miles in circumference, and their sea face runs for about a mile along a massive stone embankment, that extends for three or four miles further up the coast. At the south-eastern extremity, separated only from the walls by a narrow gorge, a precipitous rock rises abruptly from the sea, throwing out a steep and rugged spur, at the point of which is the entrance to the river. Upon the summit of this rock there is a large Joss-house, extending along the coast of the ridge, and forming a sort of citadel, the several buildings being loopholed and connected by castellated walls, and in front of the outer gate, commanding the spur before mentioned, a battery, armed with some pieces of heavy ordnance,

has been recently constructed. From information I obtained, it would appear that the Joss-house was occupied by 400 men, while 3000 held the city and various small encampments without the walls.

The same information led me to believe, and the reconnoissances confirmed the statement, that the great body of the troops were strongly posted on the right bank of the river, upon a range of steep hills overlooking the city and Joss-house with heavy batteries, armed for the most part with new brass guns, commanding the entrance to the river, which was staked across. All these heights were fortified, and presented both a sea defence and military position of great strength, consisting of a chain of intrenched camps on all the prominent points difficult of approach from the natural steepness of the hills, which had been further scarped in several places; field redoubts crowned the summits, and hill and ravine bristled with gingals. A low swampy flat, reaching to the shore, and only to be crossed by narrow winding causeways, lay in front of the left of this position, which was also protected by a deep canal, that, after skirting the hills, runs through the flat into the sea; but I ascertained that there were two bridges over this canal.

We returned to Chusan the same evening, and the troops which I had ordered for this service having been previously embarked, as thick as they could stow on board the transports, selected by the admiral as fittest, in regard to the extraordinary currents on this coast, the squadron arrived the following evening off the mouth of Tahia river.

I beg herewith to inclose for your lordship's information the disposition for landing. It appeared to me advisable, in which Sir W. Parker concurred, that we should make a conjoint attack on both banks of the river, first drawing the attention of the enemy to the right bank; and the dispositions were accordingly made for attacking in three columns, while the two line-of-battle ships, with the *Blonde* and *Modeste*, were to cannonade the Joss-house Hill, and sea line

of the city defence; the smaller vessels of war and the steamers to cover the landing, and to support, when practicable, the advancing columns by their fire. Sir W. Parker will detail to your lordship the truly spirited manner in which the several ships of war and steamers took up their positions and fulfilled his orders. It only remains for me to say that the cordial co-operation and powerful support which I have received upon the present, indeed upon every occasion, from the ships of war, under the direction of their gallant chief, is matter of the warmest thankfulness.

At daylight, on the morning of the 10th, the left column, consisting of a wing of the 18th, five companies of the 55th, the Rifle company of the 36th Madras Native Infantry, a company of Madras Artillery and one of Sappers, in all 1040 men, with four light howitzers and two five-and-half inch mortars, was embarked in the steamers. This column I placed under Lieutenant-Colonel Craigie, but accompanied myself, and at eight o'clock the steamers, having run in close to the shore, the troops were promptly landed, without any opposition, under the judicious superintendence of Captain Giffard, ably aided by Lieutenant Somerville, of the royal navy, at a rocky point, having the low flat and the canal already mentioned to their right.

The centre column was soon after landed about a mile to my right, under a detached rocky hill, near the mouth of the canal, but on the opposite bank, having in its front a part of the low flat between it and the enemy's position, my object being to threaten a front attack, and to deter the enemy from weakening his centre to support his right, which the left column, under my own superintendence, was destined to turn. The centre column consisted of the 40th regiment, detachments of the Royal and Madras Artillery, under Captain Knowles, of the former corps, and fifty men of the Sappers, amounting altogether to 440 men, with two 12-pounder howitzers and two 9-pounder field guns, under Lieutenant-Colonel Morris.

Immediately after landing, the left

column moved rapidly over a succession of steep hills that skirted the intervening flat in front of the enemy's position, until it reached a point from whence I had a full view of the whole position, and of the two bridges over the canal; that to my front I ordered the rifle company to protect, by occupying a few houses on our side, supported by the 18th, and I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Craigie with the 55th, accompanied by Captain Pears, commanding engineer, to move quickly on the second bridge, which was about a mile further up the flat, cross it, and push on for the hills beyond, thus turning the extreme right of the enemy's position, and threatening to cut off his retreat. By this time the centre column had formed, and showed its head at the opposite side of the flat just out of gingal range, threatening a front attack. Captain Simpson very promptly performed the duty intrusted to him, and I ascertained that the bridge was uninjured, but had been barricaded by a solid wall of masonry, with merely an aperture so narrow, that soon after the gate was, with some difficulty, removed, a single soldier could not pass through without unstrapping his great-coat. Having assembled the 18th at the foot of the bridge to cover the rifles, that company passed over in Indian file, in face of a large body of the enemy, assembled in an advanced redoubt, upon the summit of an eminence within 150 yards of us, who cheered our advance, but most unaccountably reserved their fire; having placed the rifles behind a hill just beyond the bridge, I directed the 18th to cross and form, and finding the 55th had arrived at its point of attack, sent orders for the 40th to advance, which they did with a spirit worthy of that gallant corps.

From the rapidity of these movements and the difficulties of the ground, the guns could not be brought forward enough to act, but Captain Anstruther, of the Madras Artillery, with the usual alacrity of that corps, brought up the rockets, which now began to play. The moment the advance of the 49th got into action, the 18th and rifles rapidly moved forward,

and the 55th having crossed the upper bridge, pressed the enemy's right. I have seldom witnessed a more animated combined attack; the Chinese cheering until we got close to them, now poured in a very heavy but ill-directed fire, and displayed in various instances acts of individual bravery that merited a better fate; but nothing could withstand the steady but rapid advance of the gallant little force that assailed them; field-work after field-work cleared, and the colours of the 49th were displayed on the principal redoubt above the sea and river batteries; while the 18th, who had charged up a deep gorge to the left, broke through the central encampment, carrying everything before them. From 1,200 to 1,500 of the enemy, that had stood longest, were driven down the heights into the river, their retreat being cut off by the flank movement of the 55th; many were drowned in attempting to swim across to the city, others sought concealment on a rock in the stream, and were afterwards picked up by the boats of the *Queen*, and nearly 500 surrendered as prisoners.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MIDS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ., R.N.

(From the United Service Journal.)

Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to wait her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheerful day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray.

(Concluded from page 127.)

“D—— that sleepy old fellow!” muttered I, as I came round to the front of the house, and there beheld my mother standing by the chaise-door. I need hardly say that the moment I spoke to her my reception was most affectionate and kind, and for several minutes all else was forgotten. At length other thoughts arose in her mind.

“Who is your companion, William?” inquired she, with some degree of asperity.

“It is a young lady, mother,” I answered. “I have brought her home

to be my sister, and keep you company when I am away. She is a dear little girl.'

"'Indeed!' said my mother, rather stiffly. 'Perhaps in such matters your parent might have been left to her own choice. I hope there is nothing to be ashamed of, William?'

"'Nothing—nothing, mother, believe me,' responded I. 'But I will tell you all about it when we get in. Come, Emma, give me your hand, and jump out.'

"The dear girl alighted, but not without trembling; and, though I tried by soothing language to reassure her, yet it was not without sad misgivings that she followed my mother into the house, where the servants were now bustling about, and placing lights in the rooms. We were ushered into a small parlour, and there I introduced the young lady as 'Miss Emma'—for no other name was I then acquainted with. In a few words, however, I related the manner in which we had met; whilst the poor girl clung to my arm, and, with her head drooping down, sobbed convulsively. My mother was much embarrassed; she was so delighted to see me, that anger had no place in her bosom: and there we were, like a couple of young fools, sensible that we had committed some error, but scarcely knowing what.

"At last my mother drew the distressed girl towards her, and, in gentle language, pointed out our fault—though, really, I have never yet cordially made up my mind that it was a fault. She kissed the young mourner, described to her the agony that her parents must suffer if they became acquainted with her circumstance of her abduction before they could ascertain what had become of her; chided her in mild accents for being so thoughtless as to listen to the persuasions of such a giddy boy as myself, and then inquired in what part of the country her parents resided.

"'Oh! madam—indeed, I hope you will forgive me?' said she, 'I see now how wrong I have acted; and, whilst in the chaise, we passed the entrance to my father's house. Oh! they will indeed be troubled should Miss —

get there before me. Tell me what to do, and I will immediately obey you.'

"'Your parents, then, must reside somewhere in this neighbourhood?' remarked my mother, 'who and where are they? for you must instantly return to them;' and, ringing the bell, she commanded the servant to detain the chaise, or, if it was gone, to have her own chariot out without losing an instant. 'And now, my dear child, let us, as far as possible, repair the injury that may have been done. We will both go with you; for William must take his share of the blame. Where is the dwelling of your parents?'

"'At — Hall,' replied she, rather proudly. 'I am the daughter of Sir — —.'

"Here was a pretty mess I had got into. I had run away with the daughter of a baronet—a descendant of one of the oldest families in the kingdom; and, for the moment, I felt rather comical. However, as the affair had been begun, I would not shrink from the consequences, and, the chaise having departed, we were soon seated in the chariot, and rattling across the country. My mother encouraged the poor girl not to yield to fear; but, as we were separated by the old lady, who occupied the middle of the carriage, I had but few opportunities of speaking.

"It was past midnight when we reached the avenue to — Hall. The old porter was a long time before he would come to open the gate; and, as we learned from him that a lady had arrived about an hour before us, not a moment was lost in proceeding onwards. We had no difficulty in gaining access; everybody was up, for Miss —, the schoolmistress, had preceded us, and told her tale. Horses were waiting, saddled, at the hall-door; carriages were getting ready; Lady —, the mother of a large and noble family, was in dreadful agitation; Sir — —, booted and spurred, was standing on the steps, when my dear, good parent alighted, and craved a private audience; which, notwithstanding the urgency of preparation, was readily granted. As

for Emma and myself, we sat like culprits in the chaise; but during that brief time we vowed eternal affection, and I swore I would defend her with my life.

"At length we were ushered into the presence of the baronet; and, though I felt an inclination to swagger and brave it out, yet my intentions instantly fell to the ground when I beheld the mild and benevolent countenance of that excellent man, labouring under a mingled expression of grief and pleasure.

"A pretty runaway couple, truly!" said he. "Go, Miss Emma, to your distressed mother, and make your peace with her, for you have grievously offended. As for you, sir, turning to me, 'who wear his Majesty's uniform—from you, sir, I should have expected better things than practising abduction.' I stared, for at that moment I did not know the meaning of the word, but he went on: 'A constable, sir, must take you into custody, and what the consequences will be, I cannot tell—'

"Oh, indeed—indeed, papa, it was my fault entirely," said Emma, as she fell upon her knees before the baronet; 'forgive me, and do not punish him on my account:' and she burst into tears.

"I own I felt a strong inclination to knuckle down upon my marrow-bones alongside of her, but Sir — did not give me time, (for, with overflowing eyes, he looked towards the dear girl, and gently raised her up. 'You have done wrong, young gentlemen,' said he, 'but I am willing to believe that your intentions were not governed by any desire to inflict pain. Yet, let it be a warning to you in future to reflect before you act. Lady — has suffered much anguish, and, for myself, your excellent mother may best explain to you what a parent's heart must feel under such circumstances. Thank God it has thus terminated, and my child is safe.' He shook with emotion, and my scuppers began to overflow; in vain I essayed to speak—I could say nothing, and poor Emma cried as if her heart would break.

"When excitement had subsided, I

was admitted to the presence of Lady —, who mildly rebuked me for my indiscretion; but it was done so kindly that I felt more severely punished than if I had been well flogged. I was then sent down into the parlour, to apologise to Miss —, the schoolmistress. She was sitting alone, and looked as sour as a cask of purser's vinegar, and there I was hard and fast for nearly half an hour, whilst she raked me fore and aft, with a tongue as long as a chameleon's. I tell you what it is, mess-mates, I would rather stand the broadside of a 74 than come within hail again of Miss —, the conductress of Rochester House Establishment. I had the satisfaction of knowing afterwards, however, that Emma's wrongs were inquired into, and that she was removed to another school—"

"Out lights, gentlemen," said the master-at-arms, entering the berth, "it is past two bells."

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

THE "National Memoirs" of Father Hyacinth Butshurin, who was many years a member of the Russian Establishment at Peking, afford much novel information on the subject of the construction of the celebrated "Wall." The subsequent memoranda with regard to it is derived from a late number of that publication. Father Hyacinth controverts the opinion, prevalent among Europeans, that this extensive work, which stretches from the Gulf of Corea westwards to the fortress of Zyayui-quin, is wholly built of stone, and has existed, without any essential decay or injury, for thirty centuries. And he shows that there are no grounds whatever for the assertion. The design of protecting the frontiers of the empire with walls was conceived in the fourth century before the birth of Christ, at a time when the territory within the wall, or what now constitutes "China Proper," was parcelled out into seven distinct sovereignties, many of their princes adopting the system of defending themselves against the inroads of their rivals by erecting walls along their frontiers. Father Hya-

cinth quotes many instances in point from the records of that age, and observes that remains of these defences are still met with in the interior of China. The system was afterwards adhered to and extended, but the material used was usually what the Chinese call "beaten earth," not stone. In the course of time, however, the walls so constructed have almost all crumbled away; nor does it appear probable that war has had much to do with their decay,—they seem to have been levelled, if not by the effects of rain and storms, by the appliances of the ploughshare.

When the Mongolians of Tshachar and Odos infested the northern borders of China in the middle of the fifteenth century, the ruling powers set about the restoration of the wall in that direction, rebuilt that portion of it which extends from Da-tchan-fie westwards to Byan-tsheu-guan, a distance of 600 li, (about 214 miles), and, in the year 1546, renovated a further portion of 300 li, though in what precise quarter is not specified. In the following year the great wall in the province of Datchanfu was erected. Although Chinese history gives no information respecting the further extension of the wall to the Gulf of Corea, no doubt can exist that the great wall now existing between Shanchaiguan Shopchinfu in Tshi-li, which is faced with stone and bricks, was constructed anew under the Ming dynasty; for it is not possible that the barrier of earth thrown up in the sixth century should have remained entire until the fifteenth. The great wall, stretching from Shopchinfu in a westerly direction, is 3950 li (about 1410 miles) in length, and was built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Part of this chain, which extends from Shopchinfu, southwards, and thence to the north-east, as far as Lake Chumatshi, was constructed in the year 1472; but the majority of the military colonists, who are appointed to guard the Chinese border, having fixed upon the northern side of the wall for their agricultural settlements, the foundation of the existing wall was laid in 1504, and the earlier line of defence was thence-

forth designated "the Second Wall." Similar duplications of walls are to be met with in other provinces; for instance, in Lyantshenfu. The facing of the ancient walls of earth with bricks and granite was begun in the fifteenth century; this, therefore, is the true date of all the lines so faced.

From the western borders of the province of Tshi-li, the wall thence takes a westerly direction, through the province of Sun-si, is built of beaten loam, without any facing; of inconsiderable width, and not more than five feet in height. Further onwards, namely, from Sun-si to Shan-si, the Hoango, or Yellow River, forms the frontier defence, instead of the great wall, and is projected by isolated posts. Beyond this still, in a westerly direction, the wall is low and narrow, buried in sand where sandy plains occur, and in other places completely levelled; the only exception being in Sutshen, near the fortress of Zyayui-quin, where it is in a good state of preservation. It may be remarked that the walls of this fortress itself are not built even of bricks, but of compressed earth. Lower down, towards the south, no defence fit to be termed a wall exists; the only approximation to it is a ditch, provided at certain points with a better kind of wall.

HOW TOM STARBOARD LOST HIS WOODEN PEG.

"Drink away boys, and drive away care,
And melt all our sorrows into thin air.
Hip, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hoo-ora-a."

"WELL, dash my top-lights, if there's anything like grog, after all that's said and done. What matters if a fellow has lost a peg, when he can squint at a can. Hip, hip, hoora, hoora-a, there's nothing like grog" Such was the speech of my friend, old Tom Starboard, as he reeled into the C—-tavern, at Greenwich. After the delivery of this induction he seated himself on one of the forms, and bawled out to the landlord to bring him a glass of grog and a pipe, adding thereto, that he was to be d—d careful how he made it, and not to

put too much water in it. When it was brought in, he proceeded to light his pipe, and seat himself in a comfortable corner, when he raised the glass and cocked his jury limb as high as he could, and bawled out the following:—

We tars are all for fun and glee,
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he
That sails the salt-sea ocean.
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle;
And roast the pig, and toe the heel,
All going with the fiddle.
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase the foe advancing,
A splinter queered my larboard gam,
And, damme, spoilt my dancing.

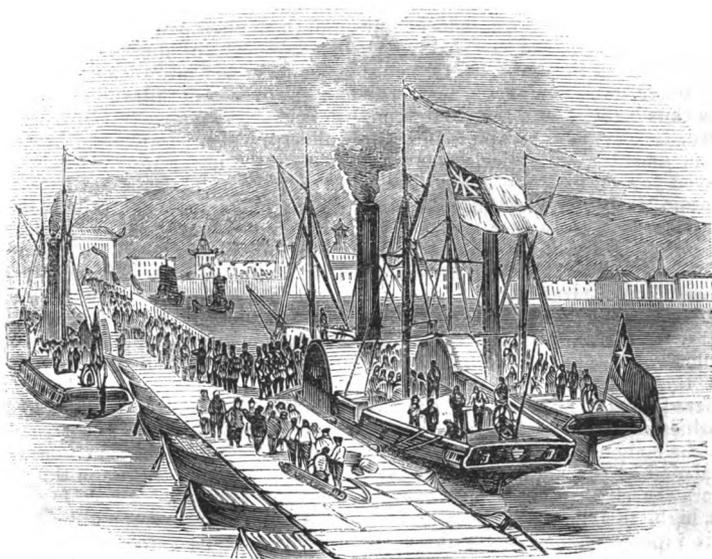
"Yes," he continued, "it did spoil my dancing, and a great deal more nor that. When I came home Bet wouldn't have no manner of things to do with me, and so I took to melancholy, and got what the doctors call the 'devil's trimmers*'; but I managed to get over that, and here I am, a little the worse for wear, but that wont kill me. Ah! is that you, my hearty?—tip us your flip, my boy," sais he, at that moment spying me. "Take a draught; make your life jolly, jolly, jolly boys, huzza. I say, did I ever spin a yarn to you about how I lost my wooden peg?" Having answered in the negative, he began:—"Well, you know, when I left Bet, because she wouldn't have nothing whatsomdever to do with me, I made all sail for London. When I got there, I bore for a place they call Piccildildilly, where I was told that the skipper lived; and I called upon him, and he sent me into the 'galley' to get some tac, and beef, and grog. Well, I got rather tiddyvated, and presently I tripped anchor and stood out of port. I cruised about the streets for some time to see the curyosities of the place, when I hove-to, went into a public-house, and hailed the landlord to bring me some grog and baccy, and I went into a place they called a parlour, which reminded me of the orlop-deck. There was a

me, and I handed him some grog. He then told me that he was a carpenter. 'Oh, oh,' sais I, 'you're the very fellor I want,' and with that I unbuckled my peg, and handed it over to him. 'lookye here,' sais I; 'jest clap a piece on that 'ere hole.' 'Very well,' sais he; 'but I've got no money to buy wood.' 'Never mind that,' sais I, 'here's plenty to buy that,' and I digs my hand into my locker and pulls it out full of white boys. 'Here,' sais I, 'there's something to buy wood with.' Well, he cuts away out, but he forgot to come back; so I had to borrow a piece of broom-handle of the landlord, and I stumped away upon that. Well, as I was crossing the road I gets the peg in a plug-hole, and down I goes on my nose, and I couldn't get up again. Well, two or three fellows comes up, all dressed in sacks, and carries me to the washus, and I was fined five shillings by the magistrate for being drunk and disorderly."

NAVAL ORATORY.

When Admiral Cornwallis commanded the *Canada*, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the crew, in consequence of which they signed a *round robin*, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid. Captain Cornwallis, on receiving this declaration, caused all hands to be called upon deck, and thus addressed them: "My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return to port; and as to your not fighting, that is mere nonsense:—I'll clap you alongside the first large ship of the enemy I see, and I know that the devil himself will not be able to keep you from it." The tars were so pleased with this compliment, that they all returned to their duty, better satisfied than if they had been paid the money ten times over.

* I suppose he meant *delirium tremens*.



Troops landing on the bridge of boats at Ningpo.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 140.)

"I FEEL a difficulty in naming any individual where all so well merit my warmest meed of praise, but I cannot avoid bringing to your lordship's special notice, as having fallen under my own personal observation, the conduct of Captain Reynolds, of the 49th, and Lieutenant and Adjutant Browne, of the same corps, whose bold advance up the first hill, the one with his company, the other with a covering party of his regiment, was most conspicuous. Lieut.-Col. Morris reports most favourably of the spirited manner in which Captain Faber, with his light company, covered his right flank.

"The operations on the right bank having thus terminated, I had a full view of the effect of the fire from the ships-of-war and the steamers on the Joss-house hill, and of the landing of the right column. This column, which consisted of the seamen, battalion Royal Marines, a detachment of Royal Artillery, and fifty Sappers, in all about 700 men, with two 5-inch mortars, I had intrusted to Captain

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Herbert, of H.M.S. *Blenheim*, whom Sir W. Parker placed at my disposal, sending with him Captain Cotton, of the Madras Engineers. Captain Herbert was instructed to land at the extremity of the spur under the Joss-house, and to storm and take it by the sea front, whenever the fire from the ships should make it practicable, and it was left to his discretion to push on and take the city, if the effect of a plunging fire from the hill, aided by a powerful cannonade from the ships-of-war, should justify the advance.

"I had it only in my power, as the flying enemy had carried off every boat from the right bank of the river, to aid the operations on the left bank by turning such of the captured guns as our Artillery could at the moment bring to bear upon the city, and by a well directed fire of rockets; but it appeared to me evident that more aid was necessary, as the admirable fire of the ships-of-war and steamers occasioned fearful devastation on the Joss-house hill. The right column landed a little after eleven o'clock, and the seamen with characteristic

spirit dashed up the face of the nearly precipitous rock, supported by the steady advance of the Royal Marines. A magazine in the new battery before the outer gate exploded. The way was thus cleared, and the column entered, the garrison escaping into the town, and the union-jack was displayed on the Joss-house walls. Captain Herbert, with his usual sound judgment, instantly determined upon taking advantage of the general panic, quickly followed up the retreating enemy, and cleared the city rampart in his front by a sharp fire of musketry. At this moment a tremendous explosion took place in a battery below the hill, by which the Chinese suffered severely, and a drummer of the Marines received so severe a wound, that he soon after died. The column escalated at the south-eastern angle where the city wall is about twenty feet high, the enemy flying before it, as it rapidly pushed along the ramparts, and escaping through the western gates. I cannot omit to mention here that Sir William Parker accompanied this column, and with the true spirit of a British sailor was among the first to scale the walls. Thus the fortified city of Chinhae, with the several shore batteries, as well as the enemy's works and fortified encampments on the right bank of the river, all of which they had been for the last year busily employed in strengthening at an immense expense, fell into our possession. Of the principal Mandarins some are reported to have been killed, others to have destroyed themselves, and the Chinese army dispersed, the fugitive soldiers throwing away their arms and military clothing.

"Captain Herbert speaks in high terms of the zealous and spirited conduct of every individual under his command, and particularly calls my attention to the able assistance he received from Captain Bourcier, of the *Blonde*, commanding the battalion of seamen; Major Ellis, commanding Royal Marines, and Captain Whitcomb of that corps, an old and zealous officer; and Captain Cotton, of the Madras Engineers. I beg, therefore, to bring these officers to your lordship's favourable notice.

"The obstructions at the river's mouth having been removed by the boats from the ships-of-war and the steamers, the latter came in, and I passed over in the afternoon, leaving a sufficient force on the right bank to collect the arms, protect the brass and destroy the iron guns.

"I have not been able to ascertain the actual strength of the Chinese Army, but from the heavy masses collected at different points upon the right bank, from the numbers I saw upon the walls of Chinhae, as well as from the multiplicity of arms found over the whole face of the hills, and on the ramparts, and in the streets of the city, I am led to conclude that my information before stated as to the force on the left bank was correct, and that from 8000 to 9000 men occupied the works and position on the right, where the bodies of several Mandarins were found amongst the killed, while others, supposed to be Mandarins, were seen to drown themselves when their retreat was intercepted.

"We found Chinhae to be, I may almost say, one great arsenal, with a cannon foundry, and gun-carriage manufactory in active operation on improved works, together with warlike stores of various descriptions. In a battery upon the river one of the carronades of the *Kite* was found, with an excellent imitation alongside it, and many of the new Chinese brass guns are very efficient."

Thus far, in order not to interrupt the connexion of the narrative, we shall here continue the report of the Commander-in-Chief, relating to the operations of the land forces at Ningpo.

"It having been determined to push on with the least possible delay to Ningpo, Sir W. Parker proceeded on the 12th in the *Nemesis* steamer to ascertain the practicability of the river, and actually reached, without the slightest attempt at opposition, the bridge of boats, which connects this city with the opposite suburb. Upon his returning in the evening, arrangements were made for the attack on the following morning, lest the enemy, by his apparent submission, should intend to entrap us: Having left the

55th, with the exception of the light company, 100 of the Royal Marines, with detachments of Artillery and Sappers, in Chinhae, the rest of the force, about 750 bayonets, exclusive of the Artillery and Sappers, embarked in steamers, by 8 a.m., on the 13th, and we reached Ningpo at 3 o'clock. No enemy appeared, and it was evident that no ambuscade was intended, as the inhabitants densely thronged the bridge of boats, and collected in clusters along both banks. The troops landed on and near the bridge, and advanced to the city gate, which we found barricaded; but the walls were soon escaladed, and the Chinese assisted in removing the obstructions and opening the gate. This little force of soldiers, seamen, and marines drew up on the ramparts, the band of the 18th playing 'God save the Queen!' The second city of the province of Che-Keang, the walls of which are nearly five miles in circumference, with a population of 300,000 souls, has thus fallen into our hands. The people all appear desirous to throw themselves under British protection, saying publicly that their Mandarins have deserted them, and their own soldiers are unable to protect them. I have assembled some of the most respectable and influential of the mercantile class that have remained, and have assured them of my anxiety to afford them all protection consistent with our instructions to press the Chinese Government. Proclamations have been issued, calling upon the people to open their shops, which I have engaged shall not be molested. This they have done to some extent, and confidence appears to be increasing. It affords me very great gratification to be enabled to report to your lordship that the orderly conduct of the troops calls for my warmest commendation, evincing the constant attention of the officers, and the true British feeling which exists in this little force.

"I have placed the troops in two large public buildings, as comfortable quarters as I could find consistent with security. The duties to guard against any sudden attack, and to protect the Chinese against gangs of

robbers of their own countrymen, are necessarily very severe. Cholera has appeared, I regret to say, both in Chinhae and in this city; in the former six of the Marines have died; here all the cases have recovered, and I trust that, by the unremitting attention and judicious arrangements of Dr. French, the Superintending Surgeon, the progress of the disease has been arrested.

"I have spoken of the forbearance of the troops towards the inhabitants under temptations of no ordinary nature, and it is with equal pride that I feel myself called upon to bring to your lordship's notice their excellent conduct in the field throughout the operations I have detailed. Every officer and soldier has merited my approbation. I have, &c.

"H. GOUGH,

"Lieut.-Gen., Com. Expeditionary Land Force."

GENERAL ORDERS.

Head-Quarters H.M.S. Wellesley,

Oct. 9, 1841.

The following is the order for landing for the attack of the citadel and fortified heights of Chinhae:—

The troops, with the seamen battalion, and the Royal Marines, to land in three columns.

Left column, under Lieut.-Col. Craigie, with which Major-Gen. Sir Hugh Gough will land.

	Officers.	Other Ranks
Madras Artillery and Gun		
Lascars	7	114
Royal Artillery	0	4
Sappers	4	100
55th Regt.	18	417
18th Regt.	12	280
Rifles	4	100
Total	45	1015

Ordnance.

4 4 2-5 mountain } Doolie bearers and natives, to carry shot, 112.

2 5½-inch mortars } Doolie bearers and natives, to carry shot, 112.

Centre column, under Lieut.-Col. Morris:—

	Officers.	Other Ranks
Royal Artillery	0	4
Madras	1	50
Madras Sappers	1	40
H.M.'s 49th Regt.	23	346
Total.....	25	440

Ordnance.

2 12-pounder howitzers } Doolie bearers and natives, to carry shot, 40.

2 9-pounder field guns } Doolie bearers and natives, to carry shot, 40.

Right column, under Captain Herbert, Royal Navy:—

	Officers.	Other Ranks.
Royal Artillery.....	1	24
Seamen Battalion.....	15	255
Royal Marines.....	8	230
Madras Sappers.....	1	30
Total	25	539

Ordnance.

2 5½-inch mortars—Doolie bearers and natives, to carry shot, 30.

By order,

A. S. H. MOUNTAIN,
Lieut.-Col., Dep. Adj.-Gen.

Return of killed and wounded.—Royal Artillery—1 private severely wounded. 18th Royal Irish—1 rank and file killed; 2 rank and file severely, and 1 slightly wounded. 49th Regiment—1 rank and file dangerously, 1 officer (Lieutenant Montgomery), 1 sergeant, 3 rank and file severely, and 4 rank and file slightly wounded. Royal Marines—1 drummer killed. 55th Regiment—1 camp follower severely wounded. Rifle company 36th Madras Native Infantry—1 private killed. Total—8 killed, 16 wounded.

ARMINE S. H. MOUNTAIN,
Lieut.-Col., Dep. Adj.-Gen.

Return of ordnance and military stores taken:—

Brass ordnance.....	67
Iron	90

N.B.—All the defences on the left bank of the river, as well as the entrenched heights on the right bank, were covered with gingals, matchlocks, spears, &c.

The ordnance, both brass and iron, are nearly all of a very superior description, and although having great thickness of mortar, yet the arrangements in the foundry and gun-carriage manufactory show great improvements to be in progress, our carriages and guns being taken as models.

J. KNOWLES,
Captain, commanding Royal Artillery.
Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Gough,
K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, &c.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE YOUNG OFFICER'S DEATH-BED.

By the Authoress of "Recollections of an Old Soldier," &c.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

"MOONLIGHT in a tropical garden by the sea-shore! Can there be anything more exquisitely beautiful in nature? Does it not repay us for the sultry noon, and in some measure for the loss of home?" said one of our

party, as we sat beneath the shadow of the plane trees in the governor's garden, one glorious night, at—, a colony whose society is formed by the military garrisoned there. My reason for not mentioning the name thereof, is that my tale is,—“an ower true” one.

We were a large party assembled in that moon-lighted garden. “Exiles” we sometimes called ourselves, and with much show of justice; for although soldiers and their wives choose their career “for better or for worse,” and gain by their vicissitudes a happy knack of looking on the bright side of things, still we have our yearnings after home.

The scene before us, I allowed was strangely beautiful; so bright was the illumination of the moon, that we could have seen to read the most delicate hand-writing: its light shed a singular radiance on the countenances of all; we could see into each others' very eyes as we sat together; neither was there a shadow of anything upon the earth. At certain periods in the tropics this is the case. All was bright and calm, the quiet of the scene being occasionally broken in upon by the loud “chap, chap” of the lizard, the occasional “All's well,” from the sentries at their posts close by, or the more distant sounds from the ships in the harbour getting under weigh, to the cheerful accompaniment of the sailor's chorussed chant. The present calm too, was in strong relief to what we had witnessed in the early part of the evening.

The scene to which I am about to allude, would in a large sphere have been magnificent. I must premise, that it has no distinct reference to the main subject of my tale, beyond its connexion in my mind with young Maxwell, as being the last time I ever saw him. Vividly as it is thus impressed on my mind, it may have a separate interest with my readers, and therefore I will describe it. It had been the anniversary of a festival kept by the Lascars (a race of men frequently employed about the shipping at home, as well as abroad), and dedicated by them to their god. For a month previous, they had been, as it

were, rehearsing, dancing round their sacred fire, preparing, painting, and decorating the car which they were allowed to lead about the town (the idol being in it). Truly to look closely into the detail of the cavalcade, as it wended its slow way through the street, was frightful. The men were evidently under the influence of opium—their violent gestures—their loud song—their whirling dance, all proved this. Up the town they proceeded, followed by a crowd of all colours, black, brown, white, tawny, straight and woolly-haired,—Caffres, Chinese, Japanese, Asiatics, Africans, and English soldiers. To see this crowd, assembled under the light of a brilliant tropical moon, and the same light rendered most strange by the glare of ever-moving torches, is a sight of no ordinary description; but it was more singular when the crowd were dispersed, the gates of the town closed, and on the glacis, at the very verge of the ocean, these miserable fanatics chaunted their wild song, danced their mad dance, and whirled their lighted torches; thus carrying on their appalling worship apart from the Christian world, for their huts are divided from the town by drawbridges and other barriers. Now and then the sailors' voices from the ships, or the sentry's steady cry, broke the monotony of the infidels' wailing chaunt. When their revolting ceremony was over, they embarked in a large boat, prepared and decorated for the occasion, and rowing out some distance from the land, still singing, they, with a loud shout, tossed their idol into the deep sea.

We had assembled in groups in the governor's garden to witness this. Maxwell was not quite of our party, for now and then, as some of the more serious ones argued on the subject of the wretched heathens' worship, he, disliking controversy, would steal away towards a group of girls, looking strangely out of their element as they sat among the heavy guns placed side by side upon the low rampart jutting out towards the

Ever-sounding and perpetual sea.

Here lounged an officer, with his fo-

rage-cap drawn over his eyes, "re-joining in his loneliness," with a cigar in his mouth. There leant one looking forth upon the vast ocean (seen for many miles from where we sat) longing, "vainly, oh! how vainly!" for home and friends, and dwelling with doubtful pleasure on old memories conjured up by the calm beauty of the tropic night. Now wandered by one with a young girl leaning on his arm—her white dress contrasted with his scarlet jacket, forming a picturesque addition to the dark-green shrubs and overhanging boughs of the graceful Persian lilac, while she, listening so eagerly to his whispered words, knew nothing of our proximity, though we, secure in our retreat under the plane-trees and behind a tall hedge of luxuriant fuchsias, peeped out upon the passers-by, and were almost the last of the various groups to separate for the night.

In spite of its beauty, there were symptoms of a change: it had been "too bright to last." We had sat out our welcome with the moon, and she had already begun, like a coquette chary of her charms, to cast a veil between them and us. Large drops of rain were falling heavily and slowly ere we could reach the shelter of our homes. The officers' horses, standing at the garden gate, already manifested an instinctive impatience to be off. Some of the young men mounted and rode steadily away; but Maxwell, whose exuberant spirits could never be controlled, sprang into his saddle with a loud cheer, and started off at full speed, followed by two officers whose quarters lay in the same direction as his own. We heard them all laughing up the street, and snatches of old odd ditties floated from them down the mountain side for some minutes after they had faced it. We, too, stood on our threshold listening and laughing: in truth, there was something in Maxwell's laugh very irresistible, and the last sound I heard that night was his clear English view-haloo ringing down the valley in which the small town lies. The next thing we heard of him was, that, soon after he had given that joyous view-haloo, a gust of wind rushing from a gully

in the mountain had cast his cloak before his eyes. His horse becoming frightened, and Maxwell himself rendered helpless by being thus blinded, the animal turned a corner of the mountain from which abutted a sharp rock, and, running against it, it *scratched his rider's knee*. Confined to his sofa (for the wound, though slight, and not very painful, was liable to being increased by exertion in a tropical climate), Maxwell was surrounded by revellers, brother-officers, who sang, laughed, and did all they could to keep up his spirits in his short confinement. Three days afterwards, these gay young spirits quailed: the assistant-surgeon—Maxwell's intimate friend—foresaw *death from lock-jaw!*

And thus to die! was it not terrible? Scarcely in the prime of life (he was barely six-and-twenty), beloved by all for his kindliness of disposition and joyous temper, there were many volunteers to nurse and watch him. Poor fellow! he had done as much for them; he had sat up many a night at the bedsides of sick brother officers.

Melancholy was the sight that barrack-room—which had so often been the scene of boundless mirth and revelry—presented. From the walls there smiled sweet faces, painted by the young officer's favourite sister. Close to his couch was hung—how out of place it looked there!—the gay portrait of a celebrated *danseuse*, mocking at him, as it were, with her chaplet of bright flowers and expanded sylphy wing. Various articles of elegant bijouterie, the gifts of

Lovely ladies in their prime.

made strange contrast on the tables amid the phials of medicine and the dressings for the wound, which still to all appearance was trifling. Cap and sword, and belt, hung idly on the wall beside his sister's paintings; and on a chair by his bedside lay his desk, whereon was an unfinished letter, written, between the snatches of pain, to his mother. Whenever the spasms subsided for a time, he would thank those around him for the anxiety they betrayed on his account. Even in his

great pain he expressed no impatience.

There be some who talk terribly of those who, cut off in the bloom of hope, and health, and strength, have not time at the last hour to ponder, or even to pray for forgiveness of past error. Let us not question what God has willed to do in these great matters: let us rather hope that He hath been merciful in his judgments. Even where reason and religion teach us that retribution would be *just*, is it not better to *hope* that God hath been *merciful*, than to feel sure He hath had no pity? Instead of entering into controversy among ourselves respecting the destiny of others, were it not better to "take warnings of sudden deaths," and, for our own sakes, profit by them?

The last struggle was almost over. Those who stood round their young companion knew that he must be soon taken from them. The final spasm came on; he was more and more exhausted. He held out his hands to those who, soldiers as they were, stood weeping about his bed, and, uttering the words, "Well, well,—so my career ends here!" his lips remaining parted, as if with the intention of uttering some final benediction, which even his eyes, dim as they had become, expressed, and, with one more heavy gasp, one more convulsion of the strong young limbs, as if struggling bravely with death, he fell back overpowered by the conflict. They laid him in his coffin, and all his brother-officers came in turn to visit him. Solitary he looked, lying there, with no relations near him. I question, though, if they could have more deeply regretted him than those among whom he had sojourned for six years.

And thus, in a week from the night I had heard his joyous voice shouting for glee on the mountain side, he was dead, and laid out in his narrow coffin. The soldiers of his company, iron men as they were, cried like children as they waited for their mournful burden. Then was there a gathering of troops, a glittering show of plumes and military paraphernalia, and strangely sounded in that far-off

island of the tropics the wail of the bagpipes, (poor Maxwell belonged to a Highland regiment,) as the echoes of their lamentations for the dead answered each other sadly from rock to rock.

Solemn the sound of the measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.

The grey-haired governor, who had stood through perils of war, and voyages, and climate, closed the procession. There was a deep moral to be drawn from the sight of the veteran at the head of the young man's grave. Now and then the heavy drum and melancholy fifes relieved the bagpipes' wail; for it was a long procession from his death-place to the churchyard where they laid him. 'Twas a sweet resting-place there, among geraniums, and fuchsias, and waving willows, and dark yews.

But the "three rounds" have been fired over the young officer's grave, the good old governor turns slowly and sadly away, one little boy, to whom Maxwell had shown many favours, can scarcely restrain his sobs, and his servant is forced from his dead master's grave by his comrades. All is over. The wailing cry of the pipes has ceased, the drums are unmuffled, the troops fall into their proper order, and the dull "Dead March" gives place to a joyous air,—and there remains nothing to be done but to gather together the effects of the dead, and send them to his family.

One of us made a sketch of his tomb, with the little church—not unlike an English village-church—in the background. It was sent to his mother with the letter he had written between the intervals of pain.

One bright morning, about a month after poor Maxwell's death, the B—man-of-war, in which his brother was a midshipman, anchored in the harbour. The memory of the dead was fresh among us. "Who shall tell Henry Maxwell of his brother's death?" said one. Each one was unwilling to undertake the office; but one at last consented, though reluctantly. He embarked immediately, in order to get on board, and prevent the

youth's landing. As the boat neared the ship he looked up the side, expecting to see Henry Maxwell standing in the gangway to receive him. He dreaded the first glimpse of his cheerful open countenance. The commander of the vessel stood on its deck, waiting to receive him. "I feared," said the former, "seeing your uniform, that you were poor Harry Maxwell's brother. We lost him three days after we left the Cape. He fell overboard when there was so heavy a sea running that no boat could have lived in it had we lowered it."

"So perish soldiers and sailors," said the naval captain, when poor Maxwell's brother-officer had related the circumstance which occasioned his death. "So they perish; and small account their country takes of their loss; and smaller care, still, when they have grown grey in that country's service. Better, perhaps, that these poor boys should have been spared the disappointments attendant on those who choose their profession merely for that profession's sake!"—*United Service Magazine.*

NEEDLESS SLAUGHTER OF BRITISH
SOLDIERS.

"It is certainly a great thing to fight a great battle, and against such a general as Wellington, and such troops as the British, a man may be well excused if he thinks twice ere he puts his life and fame, the lives and fame of thousands of his countrymen, the weal and woe of nations, upon the hazard of an event which may be decided by the existence of a ditch five feet wide, or by the single blunder of a single fool, or the confusion of a coward, or by any other circumstance however trivial. The French artillery played heavily on the light and seventh divisions. The former, forced to keep near the fords in column, lest a sudden rush of cavalry should carry off the guns on the flat ground, were plunged into at every round, yet suffered little loss, because the clayey soil, saturated with rain, swallowed the shot and smothered the shells; but it was a matter of astonishment to see the seventh division kept on open and harder ground by its com-

mander, and in one huge mass tempting the havoc of this fire for hours, when a hundred yards in its rear, the rise of the hill and the thick forest would have entirely covered it, without in any manner weakening the position." Upon this passage the author makes the following remarks:—"The bleeding and mangled corpse of every soldier of the seventh division killed on this occasion, and who by more skilful leading might have been saved, offers a ghastly illustration of the value of the present system of promotion; a system that counts, and can count, for nothing, the knowledge and abilities of those to whom the lives of men are entrusted. I purposely say that according to the present system, talents can count for nothing, because the moment wealth can raise an officer of the humblest mediocrity over the ablest officer in the profession who happens to be poor, there is an end to the just claim of merit. The authorities become, to a certain extent, powerless; a candidate may plead talents, courage, knowledge, and services, and these may all be granted:—but the next step of promotion is for sale, and must be paid for; if the purchaser proved a clever fellow, so much the better; if not—silence, cousin, and shuffle the cards!"

CHINESE ART OF WAR.

IF your enemies are more powerful and stronger than you are, you will not attack them, you will avoid with the greatest care coming to close quarters with them: you will always conceal with the greatest attention the state in which you find yourself. There will be circumstances in which you will retreat, and others in which you will pretend to be afraid. You will sometimes feign to be weak, so that your enemies opening the door to presumption and pride, may either come and attack you in unfavourable positions for them, or may allow themselves to be shamefully surprised and cut to pieces. You will take care that those who are your inferiors may never penetrate your intentions.

A SOLDIER'S FETE CHAMPETRE.

At Galister the troops remained from the 4th of May to the 21st, and the 28th regiment, which had signalled itself in Albuera, determined on the 16th, the second anniversary of that battle, to give a dinner to Sir Rowland and the staff of the second division. But they had neither tables nor chairs. This did not deter them from their purpose, and ingenuity, never wanting where there is inclination, soon invented a mode of giving a banquet *al fresco*. Lieutenant Irwin selected the softest and most even piece of turf he could find, on which he marked out the due length and breadth of a table for no less than one hundred guests. The turf was carefully pared off, and a trench was dug round it large enough for all the company. The table was formed in the centre, of the sods and mould duly levelled and excavated to give ample room for the legs, and then the green turf was once more gently laid on, and supplied the place of a table-cloth. Each officer invited was desired to bring his own knife, fork, and plate, and not to be particular about having them changed. The cookery was of the most substantial order, the heavy artillery of field *cuisine*. There were ponderous joints roasted, and ponderous joints boiled; there was soup in abundance, in which the shreds of meat gave assurance that it was, at least, unsparingly concocted; there were pies baked in camp kettles turned upside down, of dimensions and quality Friar Tuck would not have disdained. Then came the cordial welcome of the chief guest, the man who never had an enemy but on public grounds, whose bland smiles set the company at ease, while his genuine dignity prevented in his presence every word and every act that did not perfectly become it.—*Life of Lord Hill.*

A recruiting sergeant, addressing a countryman in one of the streets in Bolton, with—"Come, my lad, thou'lt fight for thy king?—won't thou?"—"Voight for my king," answered Hodge, "why has he *fawn out* wi' any body?"



Yu-Keen, the Imperial Commissioner, preparing to destroy himself.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 148.)

The detail of the naval operations is thus given in the despatch of Sir William Parker :—

“ *Modeste*, off Ningpo, Oct. 14, 1841.

“ MY LORD,—It is with feelings of the greatest satisfaction that I have now the honour of addressing your lordship from the anchorage off the walls of Ningpo, on which the British colours are flying.

“The progress of the expedition has been greatly favoured by the fine weather, which enabled it to complete the reduction of Chinhae, on the 10th instant, and to place the large ships and transports on the following day at a safe anchorage, after landing the requisite supplies for the army, for the wind changed to the north-east on the 12th, and blew strong. The ships, however, were all in security, the *Blonde*, with the sloops and steamers, and part of the transports, having found sufficient water and excellent shelter within the Eahea River,
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a few of the piles having been taken up for their admission.

“ I removed on the 11th to the *Modeste*, and, that no time might be lost in prosecuting our further operations, I directed Captains Maitland and Herbert, when the *Wellesley* and *Blenheim* were anchored off “Just-in-the-way,” to return by one of the steam-vessels, with the boats and 150 seamen from each ship, in readiness to advance on Ningpo, and on the 13th I proceeded in the *Nemesis* to ascertain the practicability of hooking the large steamers and sloops up the river. We found it wide, free from shoals, and carried not less than fourteen feet at low water to the walls of the city, which appeared not only unprepared for resistance, but a general panic pervading the inhabitants, who were evacuating the town in every direction, with their goods and families. Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir H. Gough, and myself, therefore, deemed it expedient to move on it without delay, to check as much as possible the departure of the respectable portion of the population, and the ravages which are invariably committed by the lower

orders of the Chinese on all property which is left unprotected.

"The whole of the troops (with the exception of a garrison for Chinhae and the citadel) were consequently embarked on the following morning in the *Sesostris*, *Queen*, *Phlegethon*, and *Nemesis*, and the supernumerary seamen and marines were distributed in the *Modeste*, *Cruiser*, *Columbine*, and *Bentinck*; the *Blonde* being ordered to remain at Chinhae for the support of the garrison.

"Sir Henry Pottinger and the general accompanied me in the *Modeste*, and the expedition proceeded up the river soon after nine a.m., but, owing to some unavoidable delays, did not reach Ningpo until one p.m., when the *Nemesis* and *Phlegethon*, which contained a large portion of the troops, anchored within a few feet of a floating bridge, which connects the city at its east gate with the suburbs across the river. The men were disembarked with the greatest facility by stages from the bows of these vessels, the battalion of seamen and marines, under Captain Herbert, landing at the same time in the suburbs on the city side a short distance below them.

"The gates of the city were all found secured and barricaded inside; but an entrance was soon forced, when her Majesty's forces marched in and took possession, without a symptom of resistance being indicated in any quarter. The mandarins and troops had all left the city, the latter having, since their defeat at Chinhae, refused to fight.

"Her Majesty's sloops and the steam-vessels are anchored under the walls of the city, and his Excellency the general is actively exerting himself in securing all the Government property on shore, and endeavouring to establish order, and prevent the pillage of this populous and opulent place, where, I am happy to say, such of the inhabitants as have thought fit to place themselves under British protection, are already resuming their ordinary avocations. * * *

"W. PARKER, Rear Admiral."

Thus ended the important opera-

tions involving the capture of Chinhae and Ningpo. And if we may judge from the various memorials which have been since published by authority, and which were addressed to the emperor by various high functionaries, the fall of these important places spread a general consternation even in Peking itself. They became alarmed for the safety of Hongchew-fow itself, the capital of the province. One of these high officers, no less a person than Yu-keen, the governor of the province, committed suicide. Just as the fighting at Chinhae commenced, Yu-keen delivered his seals of office to a faithful subordinate, with directions that they should be forwarded to the capital; and when he saw the day was totally lost, he coolly walked down to the bank of the river, and there, after performing the ceremony of the Kotow (or nine prostrations), with his face towards the emperor's dwelling, cast himself into the water; and his example was followed by about fourteen other Tartar officers, who slew themselves in various ways! The death of Yu-keen, who was also Imperial High Commissioner, seems to have effected the Emperor. The "celestial potentate," in a proclamation, reminded the people how, "in the time of Kien-lung, his grandfather in the like manner proved his devotion," and showed that he "who gave his life for his country" (rather an odd idea of the mode of of doing so), should receive high funeral honours "in the temple of faithful ministers," in which his ancestors already slept: and his body was ordered to be conveyed to Peking. This little incident will serve as a key to the suicides so much commented on during this singular war; and may be taken as presumptive proof that it was not "distrust of British clemency" nor "fear of violence" that prompted these deeds, but a sense of duty and a desire of fame.

As it is our anxious desire to render this little history of the Chinese War as instructive as possible, and as occasional statements of the singularities of this peculiar, and to our notions, inconsistent people, are absolutely necessary to a clear under-

standing of much of the narrative herein contained; we shall make no apology for presenting the reader with a few traits of the manners of the people in these northern provinces, wherein the brave soldiers and seamen of Britain were not engaged. These we shall give on the authority of Commander Hall and W. D. Bernard, Esq., quoting from the work, entitled "The Voyages and Services of the *Nemesis*."

"It is an error to suppose that the Chinese are altogether averse to change any of their established practices, however opposed the government may be, as a matter of *policy*, to every kind of *innovation* in the usages of the people. In the strictly mechanical arts, no people are more ready to adopt, or more expert in applying any new methods which they can comprehend, and which appear better adapted than their own, to attain the desired object; but their *imitations* of things are notoriously ludicrous. At Chinhae, four newly-cast guns were found, precisely after the model of some carronades which had been recovered from the wreck of the *Kite*, and they were not by any means bad specimens.

"In the construction of their new gun-carriages, several striking improvements had been copied from ours, and, in this and other instances, it was thought that they must have employed people to take sketches for them. The most remarkable innovation, however, and one which points out their extreme ingenuity, was the discovery of some machinery intended to be applied to the propulsion of their junks, resembling paddle-wheels. This curious invention has been alluded to in the early part of the work, but the actual machinery used for the purpose was now first discovered. There were two long shafts, to which were to be attached the paddle-wheels, made of hard wood, about twelve feet in diameter; there were also some strong, wooden cog-wheels nearly finished, which were intended to be worked by manual labour inside the vessel. They were not yet fitted to the vessels; but the ingenuity of this first attempt of the Chinese, so *far north* as Chinhae, where they could only have seen our

steamers during their occasional visits to Chusan, when that island was before occupied by us, cannot but be admired.

"A walk round the ramparts of Chinhae, was sufficient to give a good idea of Chinese towns in general, and of the construction of their walls, which, in some parts, could not be less than forty feet thick. Beyond the town, the long sea-wall was a remarkably fine specimen of masonry, composed entirely of large blocks of hewn granite, sloping upwards. The whole of China, in fact, appears to present to view astonishing instances of mixed civilization and barbarism, of advancement and of stagnation, in all the relations of life. Civilisation appears to float upon the surface; you observe so much of social order and sobriety, and hear so much of paternal care and filial obedience, that you are half inclined to think they must be a very moral, humane, and happy people. Again, you witness such proofs of ingenuity, such striking results of industry and of combination of labour, in their public works and buildings, canals, embankments, &c., that you are inclined to believe their institutions must have something good in them at bottom.

"But, when you look a little deeper below the surface, you are astonished at the many evidences of barbarism and cruelty which militate against your first impressions. The use of torture in the hands of government officers is less striking, not only because it has been in use in Christian Europe within the last half-century, but also because the obligation of an oath being unknown in China, as well as a future state of reward or punishment, there is in some cases, no other mode of extracting evidence, than this cruel, unjust, and much-abused instrument of violence. It is more difficult, however, to perceive why they should have exerted their ingenuity to produce revolting cruelty in their modes of inflicting death.

"The manner in which the unfortunate Capt. Stead and Mr. Wainwright were put to death at Chinhae, as it was afterwards discovered, (for they were only wounded and captured at

Keeto Point,) affords strong evidence of their cruel love for human suffering. The burial-place of these persons was pointed out outside the city wall, beyond a little moat which skirted them. It seemed to be the common burial-place for criminals after execution, and there was an archery-ground, with a target near at hand, for the practice of their favourite weapon. The bodies of our countrymen were found rolled up in stout mats, such as are commonly used for covering their floors. It was difficult to obtain from the Chinese, anything like correct information as to the precise mode in which the unfortunate sufferers were put to death; for, although both of them were at last beheaded, there is too much reason to believe that they were first of all most barbarously tortured.

"The infliction of the punishment of death in China, by any mode which shall cause the mutilation of the body, is considered much more severe and degrading, than death by strangulation, or without the shedding of blood; and the more the body is mutilated, the greater is the punishment considered. The putting to death by "cutting in pieces," in which horrible operation, decapitation is the climax, is, perhaps, never at present carried into effect. It is reserved, I believe, exclusively for rebellion and high treason. But the Chinese seem to take pleasure in inventing various cruel modes by which death *may be* inflicted, although, probably, they are not now used, if, indeed, they ever were. The most original and disgusting of all these methods, (of which, however, there was no evidence of its being used,) was illustrated by the discovery, either at Chinhae or at Ningpo, of the model of a machine for *pounding women* to death. The original model was found in a temple, together with various others of a very extraordinary kind. It was very small, and represented a large, oblong stone vase, in which the woman was to be placed, with the back of her head resting upon one extremity, (the long hair hanging over the side, and fastened to it,) while her legs were to be secured to the other extremity. The

horrible pounding process was to be effected by means of a huge stone pestle, large at the base and conical at the apex, similar to those which they use for pounding rice. The pestle, or cone, was fixed to the extremity of a long pole, the pole itself being fastened by a pin in the centre to an upright support, something in the manner of a pump handle. The extremity of the handle being depressed by a man's weight, of course raised the cone, and, the pressure being removed, the heavy cone or pestle descended by its own weight, which was quite sufficient to pound one to pieces.

"It was stated that at Chusan a stone tablet was found, upon which were carved the Emperor's orders, that every barbarian who fell into the hands of the authorities, should be executed by a slow and ignominious death. We know, however, that except in the case of the prisoners upon the island of Formosa, this horrible threat was, in only rare instances, carried into execution. On the contrary, the English prisoners were sometimes tolerably well treated. This undoubtedly arose from the forbearance which was shewn on our part towards the Chinese themselves, and the humanity and kindness which their wounded and their prisoners invariably received from our officers and men, and which it was invariably the object of Sir Hugh Gough to promote and encourage."

(To be continued in our next.)

A SCENE FROM A CAMP DURING THE INDIAN CHOLERA.

WHEN sickness broke out our men became divided into two classes, one of which the thought of the precariousness of their position sobered, while in the other it produced diametrically the opposite effect. These last, in order to drown care, drank hard and lived merrily; and strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that of them nine out of ten escaped. To my shame be it spoken, the example of these reckless livers had more influence over me than that

which the graver men set, and I drank, in consequence, harder during the prevalence of that epidemic than ever I did before or have ever done since; the result on one occasion was this.

There was a standing order from the surgeon, that whenever any of the men were observed to take to their beds, or lounge upon them at unbecoming seasons, the serjeant of the day should direct them to be removed at once to the hospital. It happened, once upon a time, that my comrade and I having gone together to the bazaar for the purpose, as I well remember, of purchasing a glass for my watch, we were asked by a native merchant whether or not we should like to be supplied with a bottle of superlatively good wine. Such a suggestion was not to be neglected, so we adjourned to his tent, and there, together with a little bread and cheese, consumed between us three bottles of Cape, which the honest man sold to us for genuine Madeira. The wine proved too much for us. To walk home with it was out of the question, so we ordered a covered bullock-car, drawn by two animals, and jogged along in this clumsy vehicle towards the barracks. Arrived there, nothing would content us but a dram of arrack; and the vile spirit coming immediately upon the scarcely less deleterious wine, placed us at once *hors de combat*. We staggered to our beds and were both fast asleep in a moment.

How long I had lain in a state of unconsciousness I cannot tell; but a vivid dream, in which I saw that the regiment had marched, leaving me behind, at length awoke me. It was pitch dark. I sat up in my bed, rubbed my eyes, tried to collect my thoughts, but could not. One of my arms, moreover, being somewhat stiff, tended still more to confuse me. In a word, I was completely distracted. Accordingly, I stretched my hand towards the wall, in order to ascertain whether boots, saddle, accoutrements, &c., continued to hang where it was my custom to arrange them. They were not there—and the conviction became strong that it was no idle dream of which I was the victim,

but that I had indeed been abandoned by my comrades. Full of alarm, I sprang out of bed, and determining to make my way to the apartment in which troop A used to be stationed, I rushed towards what I conceived to be the bolted door of my own, and pressed the whole weight of my body against it.

A door it doubtless was which in this strange way I had encountered, and as it did not happen to be so much as on the latch, the result to myself was a roll heels over head. Not having sustained any injury, however, I immediately gathered myself up again, and in the very bitterness of grief shouted out, "Are you all gone?"

A feeble voice, the tones of which were not unfamiliar to me, replied by demanding, "Is that you, George?"

"To be sure it is," was my answer. "In the name of fortune where am I?"

"Don't you know?" was the reply.

"Know!" answered I, "how should I? Is the regiment gone, and are you and I left to die here together?"

"No, to be sure not, but you are in the hospital."

"In the what?"

"In the hospital—you and your comrade were brought in yesterday afternoon, both labouring under apoplectic fits; and if you had done what was right and becoming, you would have been a dead man by this time."

In an instant the whole truth flashed across me, and the adventure appeared so ridiculous, that, hurrying back to my bed, I there indulged in a hearty fit of laughing. Neither was the disposition to be merry removed when daylight exhibited my comrade, lying on the opposite side of the room, and wondering, as I had done when I first awoke, where he was, or whether his identity had not changed. The result of the whole affair was, however, this. After learning that the serjeant on duty, a young and rash man, had ordered us to be carried into hospital, without so much as waking us to ascertain how we were, and that the surgeon took from each of us on the instant thirty ounces of blood, the loss of which only

caused us to sleep the more soundly, we were given to understand that we should again be visited in our turns by the medical staff, as well as by the colonel and adjutant of the regiment. Accordingly, at the fitting time, the whole of these gentlemen entered, and our cases were stated to the commandant, not, as I imagined, without a very quizzical expression in the countenance of him who reported upon us. We, too, were sorely puzzled to keep our gravity; but the mock examination ended in our being told to return to our quarters, and to take care how we put ourselves wantonly in the way of again being removed, as apoplectic subjects, into the hospital.

A VISIT TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO,

ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH OF JUNE.

I WAS now desired to go along with two officers to find out the bodies of our fallen comrades, and to bury them. We accordingly set off, with a fatigue-party in our train, retracing our steps to the rising ground opposite. The whole way was strewed with dead, dying, and wounded; but as to the wreck, if I may so call it, spread over the hollow, I scarcely know what to liken it to—it looked to me like the effects of some bankrupt nation laid out for “sale by auction.” The value I then thought must be incalculable.

The tracks of both Count d’Erlon’s columns of attack towards our ground were conspicuous, when viewed from the French side; particularly the second one, with the rows of arms, accoutrements, and brass drums, which they threw down when they surrendered, as before described.

The position of our division, when in the line, had received some protection from a small stunted hedge, and a dyke of about two feet, bounding a cross-road leading from La Haye Sainte eastward. There we found a number of our wounded who could not be carried off—among the rest the brave Serjeant Connor, who brought our ammunition through so heavy a fire.

I also found some of the wounded French, whom, as I have before mentioned, I occasionally conversed with the evening before. The marauders had been earlier up than we—the body was stripped naked. When about to put the earth over it a Scotch soldier took from his breast-pocket a prayer-book, and put it into my hands, without saying a word.

Procuring a few canteens of water from the village of Mount St. Jean, we left them with our wounded men, and our party separated.

I again examined the spot where the head of the *second* attacking column surrendered, from the fatal mistake of approaching us with so *narrow a front*, if they meant to charge, or deploy and fire. The officer who was on the flank of the leading column still lay there. One of the soldiers unbuckled his sword and gave it to me, as I observed the *fleur de lis* on it, and wished to examine it. They were interwoven in the guard; from which it appeared he had served the Bourbons in the short reign succeeding the peace of 1814.

I then bent my steps to the spot on the great road which had been so fiercely contested the night before: I mean the ground above the small pass formed by the chaussee running up the slope and cut [through it. Every circumstance confirmed the idea which I had previously formed of the noble devotion of the combatants on both sides. The killed and wounded of the British consisted chiefly of the 27th, 40th, 23rd, and 33rd, and they were neither few nor far between. I stood looking over an old grey-headed veteran officer of the 27th, who lay on his face (if face it could be called, for half of it, with the upper half of the skull, had been carried away by a round shot): here was the cup of glory filled to the brim? The above regiments, or rather, perhaps, the detachments advanced from them, had no breastwork, whereas the enemy had some shelter from the shape of the ground. I proceeded to the brow, and there lay the brave fellows of the advance, who made so gallant a resistance—many of them with their firelocks in their hands, *their fingers*

on the guard, just as they died, all within a few paces of their equally gallant antagonists. I found they were those whose advancing and receding figures, as seen in the dusk through the smoky atmosphere, and whose flitting and supernatural-like appearance, brought out in strong relief, reminded me of the camera obscura. The French part appeared to have surmounted the kind of breastwork made by the cut: thus they came on the level of my horizon, and between me and the declining rays of the sun. They had (strictly speaking) penetrated into *our ground**. Sir John Lambert posted them in the road, saying, "he had given them the post of honour:" they died fighting almost muzzle to muzzle. The brave, the gallant 27th?—the ground was strewn with your dead. There is something peculiarly touching in lowly men sacrificing their lives for their country's glory—thus ennobling themselves! It is no less common than true that scenes of blood and carnage tend to sear the feelings and harden the heart. I had seen everything that morning nearly unmoved—but here I paused. At the sight of these poor fellows, of the humblest classes of society, who had opposed their bodies as a living rampart to the obstinate advance of the enemy—all now lying dead—I am not ashamed to say that a tear fell.

Should the Sovereign ever give this fine old regiment (the Enniskillen Foot) a motto, let it be "Muzzle to muzzle," or something descriptive of their efforts on this occasion †.

A little lower down, there were a good many French, alive, but severely wounded. One poor fellow said—"Vous avez gagné le jour, Monsieur, je crois que vous êtes bien content." Here was no evasion or excuse, or attempt to attribute the victory to *panic*. I consoled the unfortunate man (who was a fine stout private of the Guard) by observing to him and his comrades

* A circumstance never known to the world: we had held the brow the whole day; it was our position.

† The author never met the 27th Regiment, or saw it, since the 18th of June, and that for the first time.

that the surgeon would soon be with them.

Proceeding along the road, on which the beaten columns had retired before us, the destructive effect of our artillery was frightfully apparent—bodies, mangled and torn to pieces, lay on all sides. I had seen the effects of cannon-shot before, but now for the first time, I saw bodies pierced *through and through* the trunk by round shot. I remember seeing several dead in each other's arms*: it was truly awful—one was a grey-headed veteran, his companion in death younger. There may have been many more in that situation, but I began to count the guns we had taken, and left the ground, having seen enough.

If there is a spot on earth, or say in Christendom, to be distinguished as the *most remarkable*—upon which Napoleon formed his experienced and devoted guards and reserves, to make a last effort for the recovery of his fame, his crown, and kingdom—*it is that spot*—the hollow running from east to west, separating the two opposing slopes, exactly between La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte, but on both sides of the road. It appeared to me that the greater number of the French were on the east side; the French plans lay down the greater body on the west side.

I passed along the chaussee, and ascended the slope of what was the enemy's side on the morning of the 18th. It was easy to see by the position of the dead that they had been overtaken by the swift messenger of death from our artillery: in fact, the beaten columns retired up this road in crowds, not dispersing immediately to avoid the round shot; but, as I said before, our batteries almost immediately ceased playing when they turned their backs.

The wounded I conversed with here assured me that the cause of the

* Some foolish French author asserts that the Guards swore to die on the spot, and that they put each other to death. The story probably found belief from what I have just described. Those whom I saw in each other's arms were killed by our artillery, as plain as round shot could mark them.

"Emperor" was lost, and that there was nothing to prevent our marching to Paris, by reason that the whole garrisons of all the frontier towns had been brought out to fight us; and where were they now, they exclaimed—"Ecrasees; Ecrasees!" Some observed that they had not seen Napoleon since mid-day of the 18th; also, that Ney and Soult had led them on the evening before.

Further in advance, at the cottage south of La Belle Alliance, called Rossomme, a spectacle was disclosed to which surely there could be no parallel under heaven: every room, stable, and outhouse, filled with wounded French—a most horrible sight! They were literally packed on the floors as close as they could be laid: some very patiently waiting their doom, apparently at hand, and some earnestly begging for water; others, who indulged a hope, were calling loudly for the chirurgion. One glimpse of this charnel-house was enough; and I returned to our bivouac.

Fatigue parties had been employed all the morning carrying off the wounded; up to twelve o'clock, when our division marched off, their numbers appeared to be very little diminished. Taking our route westwards, in the direction of Nivelles, we came on the ground where the right centre of our own army had been engaged—viz., the Guards and Light Division—passing between their position and Hougomont.

The ground presented the same appearances as our own on the left, only *here* the dead were more concentrated—in fact, we were obliged to make a *detour* now and then to avoid treading on them. To persons now in cool blood, there was something horrid to see the wounded make use of the dead bodies as a kind of pillow or prop for themselves—perhaps in an agony of pain. One appeared to have died in this position: he was a French drummer: he was in a sitting posture, and gazed at me with his eyes wide open, but with such a singular aspect, that he fairly startled me. The dead is about to speak to me, I thought; I was surprised, and felt a creeping un-

der my hair. I got out of the range of his eye, and approached him; I then saw he had been killed by a musket-ball; and having, as is usual under death in that way, the countenance perfectly placid; his fixed, serpent-like gaze at me set my heart a-beating at the first sight of him. The poor fellow had a green leaf upon his under lip, a practice very common among soldiers, to prevent the lips from chafing; this added materially to the deception and belief that he still lived. The whole incident discomposed me more than the fighting we had been engaged in the day before. It was the weakness which usually follows excitement.

I bade adieu to the field, and have never seen it since.

BATTERING AND BOARDING.

Sir Charles Wager held but little faith in physicians, though he believed a surgeon might sometimes be useful. It happened that Sir Charles was seized with a fever while out at sea, and the surgeon, without much difficulty, prevailed upon him to lose a little blood, and suffer a blister to be laid upon his chest. This double operation was obliged to be repeated. The symptoms having abated the surgeon told him that he must take some pills and a draught. "No, doctor," said Sir Charles, "you may batter my hulk as long as you think proper, but, while I know it, you shall never board me."

DISABLING AN ENEMY.

An old tar who had a garden, the entrance to which was impeded by a snarling cur that belonged to a neighbour, was observing to a friend that the enemy had not been there that day, "And don't you think he will be here again by-and-bye?" asked his friend. "No, by goles," replied the tar; "for when he was here last night I cut his rudder away," at the same time producing the dog's tail, "and I'll be shot," he added, "if he comes here again, now that he's got nothing to steer his course with."



Rout and Pursuit of the Chinese at Yu-yow.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 156.)

THE season for active operations was now expected to draw to a close, for the year 1841, and it was resolved by the commanders to winter in garrison at Ningpo, and make that important point the basis of operations in the ensuing spring. The steamers were sent over to Chusan, where a wonderful improvement was already visible, streets filled with people, shops opened, and every sight of rising prosperity.

The troops at Ningpo were moved into winter quarters, and all now turned their hopes towards home, whence it was fully expected sufficient reinforcements would arrive to enable our gallant little army to take the field early in the ensuing year with vigour and success; our force in the occupation of that important city, numbering not quite 750 bayonets!

About the beginning of December the weather set in extremely cold, and by the middle of the month all the hills in the neighbourhood were thickly

covered with snow; soon after it began to fall heavily in the town, showing that although the Chinese summers are very hot their winters are severely cold. The health of the troops was excellent, and provision abundant, and all went merrily; the officers beguiling the tedium of inaction by sporting parties in the vicinity where snipes, pheasants, woodcocks, &c., &c., were plentifully found. But we were not to be allowed to spend such a merry Christmas as we had bargained for. Rumours had for some time been prevalent of the assembling of large bodies of Tartar troops, and of some great blow shortly to be struck by the Chinese. The continuance of a hard frost, rendering the paddy-fields fit for the march of troops, determined General Gough to proceed as far as Yu-yow, to discover the truth or falsehood of the reports, which stated that the enemy was there in force. Accordingly on the 27th of December, the three steamers which had returned from Chusan, the *Nemesis*, *Sesostris*, and *Phlegethon*, having a number of boats in tow, containing soldiers, seamen, and marines, to the number of

about 700 men, proceeded up the north-western branch of the Ningpo river. After steaming a short distance, a body of Chinese soldiers was observed busily engaged in staking the river across, they were quickly dispersed, and the obstacles removed by the steamers. In the evening the little flotilla reached Yu-yow and anchored close to the city, when the Chinese were observed in crowds running down to their boats and escaping up the river. The troops were instantly landed, and took possession of an abandoned battery of four iron guns recently constructed, then marched up the hill which overlooked the city, and took up their quarters in a joss-house or temple without any opposition—indeed the military and civil authorities seemed quite taken aback by the promptitude of this proceeding.

The city was found to be occupied by at least a thousand troops, and every preparation was made for assailing it on the river side by the flotilla, while the troops should scale the walls opposite to their present position, and the seamen and marines, under the command of Admiral Parker in person, were landed, for the purpose of taking part in the projected assault. Morning dawned, when just at the nick of time, a deputation of respectable inhabitants made their appearance at head-quarters, stating that the garrison had withdrawn during the night, and that the gates were open to us. Accordingly the marines and seamen entered the town in two divisions, and having got upon the ramparts they marched round their whole circuit in opposite directions. Meanwhile the *Nemesis* steamer had moved a little higher up the river, when from her new position a body of Chinese soldiers was espied drawn up outside the town close to a bridge leading over a canal. These seemed intended for some ambuscade, so the boats were manned and armed and sent off to take them in flank or intercept them, if they tried to make off up the country. Suddenly another body of Chinese opened a fire of ginals and matchlocks on the naval division as they marched along the

wall of the town; but the troops, after some little delay, having issued from the northern gate and discovered the enemy, attacked them; they were quickly put to flight; the *Nemesis*, and shortly afterwards the *Phlegethon*, adding to their confusion by opening fire on the flying parties of soldiery. The pursuit was a wearisome and unsatisfactory affair, owing to the peculiar character of the frozen paddy-fields, covered with snow, which the Chinese managed to scramble over much faster than could be effected by our men; several Chinese soldiers were however shot, and some few taken prisoners. Most of them threw off their thick wadded jackets, and cast away their arms, and having a good knowledge of the country, they succeeded in making their escape. The chase, however, was kept up for seven or eight miles, and a military station, with arms, &c., was passed and destroyed.

"In the mean time," says Captain Hall, "the boats of the *Nemesis* having pushed on some way up the river, had overtaken two mandarin boats, which were trying to escape. A quantity of official papers were found, together with some Sycee silver, which was handed over to the prize-agents; some very valuable fur cloaks were also taken, and the boats were then burnt—the people belonging to them being first sent ashore. Several farm-houses were then searched for troops, but none were found. At some distance, however, some men were seen carrying a handsome mandarin chair in great haste across the country. Chase was given, and it was soon overtaken; but instead of a mandarin, it was found to contain a very good-looking young mandarin's lady, with an infant in her arms and a quantity of trinket-boxes. The poor thing was much frightened, but was allowed to be carried on without molestation. On returning to the boats they were pushed up further in the direction in which our troops had followed the enemy. At Yu-yow an extensive depot was discovered outside the town containing ammunition, arms, and clothing, which was destroyed. Four guns that were discovered con-

coaled near the landing place, were embarked on board the steamer. It was now evident that the reports which had been brought to us concerning the preparations of the Chinese were quite correct. In the town itself there was nothing particular to attract attention, and on the 30th our force was re-embarked and the steamers returned down the river, and anchored for the night as close as possible to the town of Ysækee, which lies about four miles from its banks. On marching up to it the next day we found it unoccupied, and even the authorities of the town alarmed by the intelligence from Yu-yow had fled. The inhabitants appeared peaceably inclined; and in order the better to conciliate them, and show that our measures were only intended against their Government, the public stores of rice were distributed to the poor of the place. The same evening our men returned to Ningpo, having succeeded during these five days in spreading the alarm throughout the province, and in destroying the reliance of the people upon their own troops to protect them.

The year 1841 had now closed, and it had been the most eventful one since the beginning of difficulties with the Chinese. Our hostilities had assumed fresh power while treaties had been made and unmade by the Chinese with almost equal facility, but deep and lasting humiliation had been inflicted upon them; the honour of the English flag had been vindicated, and the strength of her arms tried and found to be irresistible by the Chinese. It was soon discovered that our descent upon Yu-yow, and our visit to Tsækee had spread the utmost consternation through the district, and alarmed even the high officers at the provincial capital, Hang-chow-foo. The imperial commissioner, and many of the wealthy inhabitants now fled out of that city and sought refuge in Soo-chow-foo, nearly one hundred miles further to the northward. In fact, there was a general dread of our immediate attack upon the former city, and there is little doubt that the general would have undertaken the expedition had he possessed sufficient

force to do so without giving up Ningpo.

Some encouragement was given to this flattering expectation, by the fact of the *Phlegethon* steamer and the *Bentinck* surveying vessel being sent early in January to examine the great bay of Hang-chow-foo and the part of Chapoo, which, as it were, commands the approach of the city, and is the centre of its commerce. This hoped-for movement in advance, however, never took place. But with a view to keep up in the minds of the Chinese, the impression which had been produced by our movement upon Yu-yow by the north-western branch of the river, a similar attack was projected upon Fung-wah, which was nearly at the same distance upon the south western branch. No authorised expedition had yet been made to explore this branch, but on one or two occasions Captain Hall, with some of his officers and men, had proceeded a considerable way up, partly moved by curiosity, and partly with a view to examine the river; on one occasion they must have nearly reached the city of Fung-wah itself.

These little excursions into the enemy's territory produced a vast moral effect, for they seemed as much paralysed as astonished at the boldness of the attempts. In order to follow up the impression thus made, the general, on the 10th of January, started from Ningpo, in order to make a descent on Fung-wah, where, from information we had received, it was likely military stores and a body of troops would be found. The two iron steamers, the *Nemesis* and the *Phlegethon*, were employed in this expedition; the former vessel carrying detachments of the 49th, 18th, and 55th regiments, with artillery, sappers and miners, and followers, and having also on board Sir Hugh Gough and Sir William Parker, with their suites. Several boats were also taken in tow. As the steamers could not pass beyond the first bridge, the troops were all landed at that point with Sir Hugh Gough at their head, intending to march direct upon Fung-wah, while the admiral continued to advance up the river with the boats carrying

the seamen and marines. No opposition was met with, and both divisions arrived simultaneously at the city walls. It was found that the Chinese soldiers had abandoned the place, and the authorities fled. The inhabitants and neighbouring peasantry seemed peaceably inclined, though overcome with astonishment and curiosity. The prospect from the hills was very striking, and plenty of rice and other grain crops appeared to be cultivated. On the following morning nothing remained to be done but to destroy the Government buildings, and to distribute the contents of the public granaries to the people, as had been done at other places. In the afternoon the whole force rejoined the steamers, and the next day returned to Ningpo. These movements were calculated to have the most salutary effects upon the people as well as the Government, not only by the alarm which they created, but by the forbearance and good feeling shown towards them when in our power, and abandoned by their own authorities. The result of the examination of Hang-chow-foo Bay by the *Phlegethon* and *Bentinck*, rather discouraged the idea of advancing upon the capital by the river which leads to it. The tides were so strong at the mouth of the river, that it was impossible to push even a steamer up with any safety. The *Phlegethon* made the attempt, but became quite unmanageable, and was nearly carried upon a sand bank, where she would probably have been lost. She was got out of danger with some difficulty by the tide slackening, which it does suddenly in that part. But no power of steam and sails combined was sufficient to stem the current, which seemed to hold the vessel completely at its mercy for some minutes. A reconnoissance of the position of Chapoo however sufficed to show that it was accessible to our ships, and could be reduced without much difficulty, in which case the road to Hang-chow-foo by the hills would be open to us with a good causeway, the whole distance of about fifty miles to the capital.

We may judge of the size and volume of water in most of the Chi-

nese rivers, by the fact that, even at Hang-chow-foo, the river is not less than four miles broad opposite the city at high water; while the rapidity of the current may be judged of, by the fact of its diminishing to about two miles in breadth at low water, leaving a fine level strand as far down as the eye can see.

Rumours were now brought continually of the arrival of reinforcements at Hang-chow-foo and other parts of the province; and before the end of February the British received a considerable accession of strength by the arrival of the *Jupiter* troop-ship and part of the 26th regiment. The *Cornwallis* line of battle-ship also reached Chusan to hoist the flag of Sir W. Parker. The projected attack on Hang-chow-foo seems now to have been abandoned, and Chapoo selected for the opening point of attack in the next year's campaign. Chapoo, therefore, will be described when the events of the war shall have led us thither—in the mean time, we shall narrate several attacks which the Chinese planned and partially executed with great courage and ingenuity, for the purpose of annoying and expelling the English force at Ningpo, and Chusan itself.

(To be continued in our next.)

A MILITARY REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN CALABRIA.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

It was in the month of July, 1806, a few days after the glorious battle of Maida, and after we had made a complete sweep of the French detachments garrisoning the different towns situated between Saint Eufemia and Scylla, that the victorious little army, under its gallant leader, the late Lieut.-General Sir John Stewart, was bivouacked on the mountain of La Meglia, overlooking the last-named town and its formidable castle, the investment of which had already been commenced by the erection of a battery at the scarp of the mountain, and at some toises less than the usual breaching distance. As it was expected that the enemy would make

an obstinate resistance, our soldiers were soon occupied in erecting huts to shelter themselves from the scorching rays of the sun and the dews of the night. As the neighbouring wood offered every facility for the purpose, they were quickly completed, when their appearance was truly picturesque and beautiful; for their coverings were composed of the laurel and the myrtle, intermingled with the oleander, the geranium, and the wild rose, whose lovely flowers showed their varied hues in beautiful contrast to the no-less varied tints of the evergreens that embosomed them, while the air breathed fragrance on all around.

It was about the first hour after midnight, and the third day of our bivouac, when stretched on the green sward of my hut, and wrapt in a sound sleep, that I was awakened by an exclamation from a brother-officer who had his hut contiguous to mine:—

“Monson! Monson! are you awake?”

“It would be a miracle were I not so, after such exertions from your stentorian lungs.”

“And very near a miracle it was becoming, for I called you at least a dozen times before you answered.”

“Well, what calls forth this mighty urgency?”

“To ask you to accompany me to our breaching battery to see its execution: at daybreak it opens.”

Having growled an affirmative to the proposition, and observed that there was time enough for putting it into practice, I turned on my side, and was soon again locked in sound slumber—first wishing O'Shanlon at the very devil for having disturbed me from a repose, particularly desirable as I had been the preceding night on the advanced picquet, where sleep, the initiated reader must know, was entirely out of the question.

I will here make a digression from the regular course of my narrative, in order to give some preliminary account of my friend of the next hut.

O'Shanlon—from his name—I need scarcely observe, belonged to the land of Erin, but I do think it necessary to observe that he was one of the bravest of

her sons. His bravery, however, was frequently carried to extreme rashness. If ever a man loved fighting for fighting's sake, he was the man. Whenever the sound of artillery or musketry reached his ear, O'Shanlon, if he could by any possibility manage it, was sure to be seen hastening to the scene of strife. Even if a duel happened to take place without his being able to be present at it, he would feel the bitterest disappointment; and yet, with all this belligerent mania, he was not a quarrelsome character—quite the contrary. He has told me that he possessed this feeling from his childhood, and had often, but in vain, endeavoured to resist it.

At an hour before midnight, I was awakened by O'Shanlon, and in a few minutes we were on our way to the battery, which stood about a mile and a half from our position. On our arrival, the working party were just withdrawing themselves, and preparations for opening its fire were in full activity. At length, the first match was applied to a forty-two pounder, when away boomed the first shot, and again another and another in rapid succession—which, in addition to the fire of some mortars, soon enveloped us in a dense volume of smoke. At this moment and to our surprise, a cannonading likewise against the castle, from the beach below us, reached our ears: I say surprise, for we were ignorant of a second battery having been erected. The bombardment now became very heavy on both sides, and was maintained with unflinching perseverance. After the lapse of about an hour, I endeavoured, amid the smoke, to seek out for O'Shanlon—but in vain. Conceiving that he had returned to our bivouac, I resolved to do the same, and accordingly left a spot getting rather warm, and where I had no business nor duty to perform.

On my return to our position, I made inquiries for O'Shanlon, but no one had seen him. Feeling drowsy and rather fatigued, I entered my hut, when throwing myself on my cloak on the ground, I soon sunk into a sound sleep, from which I was started by a hearty shaking. On opening my eyes, the first thing that en-

countered them was the figure of the indefatigable O'Shanlon standing by my side.

"You ought to be billeted with the eternal sleepers!" he exclaimed, in his usual stentorian voice.

"And you with the eternal tormentor!" I replied, in no very good humour; "for this is the third time you have disturbed my repose within a few hours. But, tell me, where did your carcass vanish to from the battery?"

"To the other one on the beach, to be sure, which I discovered had been raised last night by the blue-jackets of our squadron, and under the very noses of the Frenchmen. The devil a yard would I have stirred from it—so excellent was the work going on in knocking the stones about the enemy's ears—had I not been obliged to be here at this hour for the Colonel's inspection of my company. However, I shall, when it is ended, proceed to take another view of the blue-jackets from a rock that looks right into their battery, and you must accompany me there."

"As I perceive it to be your determination to grant me no rest this day, O'Shanlon, I must needs go with you; but I trust without your again deserting me."

"No, no; this time I promise not to quit you, for there is no chance of a third battery starting up."

Saying these words, O'Shanlon, smiling, left me for the inspection.

After arraying myself in decent trim—that is, by ablutions from a camp-kettle of cool water, procured from a neighbouring streamlet, and changing my shirt—luxuries not always at a soldier's command—I sat myself down on the sward to my breakfast, which consisted of bread of Indian corn, goat's cheese, and onions cut up in slices—the latter well saturated with a mixture of oil, pepper, salt, and vinegar, and poured from a bottle that, from being jolted for some days on my baggage-mule, had its ingredients better amalgamated than any dose ever issued from apothecary's pharmacy.

As I was about finishing my last draught of wine—the best part of my

luxurious repast—O'Shanlon returned to me, and in a few moments we were again on the march.

On our arrival at the place indicated by him, we seated ourselves at the edge of a high and projecting rock. Our two batteries, as well as those of the enemy from the castle, were at this moment blazing forth their missiles of destruction in full activity and determination.

"How lustily Jack's new-born bandling roars!" exclaimed O'Shanlon; "while the stones and dust that are flying about the ears of Messieurs les Français tell them that its roaring is anything but 'Vox et præterea nihil.'"

The high rock upon which we were seated commanded a view so magnificent and expansive, that an involuntary burst of admiration escaped from my lips as I turned my eyes from the warfare raging immediately below me, to the sweet contrast of the lovely scene of tranquility beyond it, the variety of which, awakened at each succeeding moment new and delightful sensations. The beautiful Strait of Messina, with its "Fata Morgana," and far-famed Scylla and Charybdis, on which floated our proud squadron, and various transports and small craft, was calm and placid as the vault it reflected. On the right, and in the far distance, appeared the famed residence of Eolus, with its vast caverns and smoking summits; the Lipari Isles; and beyond them again, rose the rock of the forge of Vulcan, the ever-flaming Stromboli. Lowering the eye, it rested on the lofty light-house of the Faro, standing at the entrance of the Strait, with its village, and the contiguous one of Saint Agatha: then glancing along the shore to the left, the city of Messina showed itself with its splendid country, covered with villas and villages; while in the distance, and towering above them all, the fertiliser and ravager of Sicily—the snowy-headed and gigantic mount Etna—raised its majestic pinnacle. Turning my eye from its proud eminence across the Strait, and nearly opposite to Messina, appeared the "Land of Promise," the once renowned Reggio, with its de-

lightful valley, and aromatic groves—its ancient walls and city, which, stretching along the shore, reflected themselves in the placid waters. From this seductive site, continuous and lovely landscapes presented themselves along the whole line of coast, to the very rock upon which I was seated, realising the beau ideal of Paradise.

My attention was suddenly diverted from the further contemplation of these lovely scenes, by my friend O'Shanlon desiring me to look at the work of destruction going on immediately below us, when an unusual quantity of stones and dust from the castle, at the moment, seemed to intercept it entirely from our view.

"Cospetto, che bel colpo! (By Jove, that was a capital hit!)" exclaimed a strange voice.

Turning to behold the person from whom this exclamation proceeded, no one was to be seen.

"Where the devil did that voice come from?" demanded O'Shanlon, rising, and also looking around.

"From the illustrious personage you have just named, I opine, for I see nothing human near us."

A half-surprised laugh immediately followed my reply, which not a little tended to increase our perplexity; from which, however, we were soon released by the sudden appearance of the figure of a man emerging from behind a small rock contiguous to the one we had been seated on. Politely doffing his hat, the stranger advanced towards us with a smiling countenance. O'Shanlon, with myself, simultaneously placed our hands on our sabres, as we suspiciously eyed the formidable being before us.

Considerably above the middle stature, his form was cast in the most Herculean mould; and his features, though handsome and expressive, were burnt to a dark hue by their constant exposure to the scorching rays of the sun. His eyes, of the deepest black, were the most brilliant and piercing I ever beheld; and his upper lip, with its thick black moustache, plainly intimated that a tempest might be readily awakened, but not so readily calmed. His dress was

composed of a kind of uniform of dark green, faced with scarlet, a black velvet waistcoat, garnished with filigree silver buttons, and breeches of the same colour as the coat, with brown leather garters; while on his head he wore a green silk-netted cap, with tassels hanging from it behind, over which appeared a high and conical-shaped hat, begirt with scarlet and green ribands, the whole surmounted by a waving plume of the same mixed hue. A broad leathern belt, hung with pistols and a poignard, under which was a silk scarlet sash, encircled his waist, while in one hand he held a telescope, and, in the other, an English rifle.

(To be continued in our next.)

SAM SHEPHERD.

WHEN I served on board the *Thunder* frigate, we had a merry-hearted fellow in our mess, named Sam Shepherd, who was ship's fiddler, and I sincerely believe so much was he beloved by his shipmates, that there was not one from the bo'swain, to the loblolly boy, who would not make any sacrifice to serve him. The captain and officers (including those young fire-eaters, the middies) respected him, the crew loved him, and he was an *idler* by virtue of his office; yet all these favours did not spoil him, (and never had man, not even the "Goode Saint Anthonie," more temptations). Industrious as a bee, he had always a "handy hand" to fasten a ring-bolt, or fasten a *tie* for a shipmate, and these little obligations were always reciprocated in the galley, with "he's a jolly trump, one that never squints through a ratlin, nor shows his toplights over a bulwark, but walks right aft like a man."

Sam was possessed of an invincible courage, an undauntable temperament, and as "brother Jonathan" says, "wouldn't stick at anything." Poor fellow, with all his courage he could not resist deaths invincible shafts, and he was obliged to slip his moorings, and make sail to another—let us hope a better—world. I will

relate the circumstance that "fouled his anchor."

In the year 1809, we were cruising about the coast of America, to prevent the French from carrying arms and ammunition to the "New Country," at the time we were commanded by Captain Mellanby, and I may say this of him, that a better officer never trod a quarter-deck; it was about seven bells, when we spied a French frigate standing out of the offing, and we made headway towards her, when we got within musket shot, the Captain hailed her, and she returned for answer, that she was "*La Isabelle de la Monarch de Francais.*"

The Captain then summoned her to surrender to his Brittanic Majesty, or he would fire into her. The Frenchman hauled up to the masthead a signal of defiance, at the same time sending a broadside, which killed and wounded several of our men aft.

Captain Mellanby perceiving that—"They were on hostile deeds intent," ordered the compliment to be returned, which was speedily done, and it did great damage in her starboard quarter, we now were near enough to the Frenchman to come the "grapplers," and in five minutes we were yard-arm and yard-arm.

"—The brunt of battle was at its height, The rolling waves between, fit symbol of our deeds."

The word was man to man, or on the enemy's side "*two to one.*"

"Balls went whizzing,
Sabres were gleaming thro' the air,
Blood flowed in torrents."

Sam was foremost in the fray, and he laid on about him with hearty good will, at last the boarders mounted the enemy's deck with a "huzza," which Englishmen only can give. Sam was not behind. He soon became opposed to a Frenchman of Goliathic proportions, and he like another David, reposing his trust in Him,

"Who rules the tempest, brunts the storm,
Commands—and all obey."

went to work right gallantly, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his gigantic opponent roll lifeless at his feet. Away he went, cutting and

slashing, right and left, before and behind, and not in vain were his blows, the enemies of his country felt them, and many a *Mounseer* bit the dust or rather the deck. While Sam was "on valorous deeds intent," other things were passing in that affray, the roar of cannon, the groans of the dying, the multitude of lifeless bodies that strewed the deck, gave sufficient evidence of the deadly work that was going on. Captain Mellanby had been severely wounded, and was taken below, where he acted the part of a second Nelson, stedfastly refusing to allow his wounds to be dressed, until those who were there before him were looked after. The command had devolved on the first "luff," and he played his part like a true "British tar." At last the enemy's cannon sounded less frequently—their attention was called to the English that were fast filling their decks, and they deserted their guns, and prepared with cold steel and barkers, to make one desperate effort to repulse "*perfidious Albion.*" Sam now, as at all other times, first in the fight, rushed in amongst them with a few others and repeated the deeds that I have already mentioned; but a pistol bullet at last struck his heart, and he died a glorious death. His last words were, as he took from round his neck a locket, and handed it to me, "Tom—give—give—this to Poll—tell her that I loved her—to the—" the remainder of the sentence was unfinished, and he expired without a groan. * * * The Frenchman soon after struck his flag, and we carried the prize to England.

WELLINGTON'S OPINION OF WATERLOO.

Some time after the battle the gallant hero said to a friend, "Believe me, nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil, but to win such a battle as this at Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."



The Chinese Surprising the Garrison at Ningpo.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 164.)

In this place we may narrate a little episode of individual adventure, chiefly for the purpose of exemplifying the effects of cool bravery, and the perils of desultory warfare. On the 7th March, 1842, the *Nemesis* was sent to reconnoitre and survey the island of Chusan and the shores immediately opposite, having on board Captain Collinson for the purpose of surveying. They steamed round the western side of the island, peeping into the different bays to see if any encampments of troops or body of soldiery were discoverable. At length, as all looked quiet, they landed near a small town in a bay, where there was a remarkable conical hill, from the top of which Captain Collinson wished to make observations. Here the officers landed with Captain Collinson's boat's crew, eight artillerymen, a party of blue jackets—not a sign of a Chinese soldier was visible. The party then returned. In the evening Captain Collinson manned a boat, and started off for the hill;

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and so confident was he that there were no enemies in the island, that he declined taking an escort, and with difficulty was persuaded to allow a couple of artillerymen to accompany him. He was himself unarmed—except with his instruments, telescope, &c.; Lieutenant Bates went with him; scarcely, however, had they arranged their apparatus and begun their observations, when a large body of Chinese soldiers were seen to emerge from their lurking places, in the creek where they had landed, which was about two miles and a half from the anchorage of the steamer. They had evidently been watching them, for the purpose of cutting off their retreat and making them prisoners. Flight was the only resource, and here occurred an example of what cool bravery can achieve. The two artillerymen showed face to the enemy, while yet at a distance, and by retreating alternately, one firing while the other reloaded his piece as he withdrew towards the landing place, these two men managed to keep the Chinese so effectually in check, by dropping several of the foremost and most

eager in the pursuit, that Captain Collinson and Lieutenant Bates reached the boat in safety!

It was now clear that a considerable body of troops had been brought over from the mainland, doubtless, with the ulterior object of some attack upon Tinghae itself. Captain Hall very properly concluded that if the *Nemesis* should sail away without landing and attacking these Chinese soldiers, which were evidently in force, report would be sent to the Emperor of a victory, and that the barbarians had been driven into the sea and their devil-ship away from the coast. It was accordingly determined to make an example of them.

At five o'clock in the morning the four large boats of the steamer, under Captain Collinson, Captain Hall, Lieutenant Bates, and Mr. Freeze, pushed off and rowed up the creek. They had eight artillerymen with them, the whole party numbering sixty-six. After rowing about two miles they perceived a number of transport junks, crowded with Chinese soldiers, with banners flying; and a little further up was posted a body of the enemy, in all about five to six hundred men. As the boats advanced, the soldiers hastened their landing and joined the other body on shore, then opened a straggling fire of gingals, matchlocks, &c., without doing much mischief. As the boats neared them this was steadily returned, and our men were just about to take possession of one of the deserted junks, when smoke was observed to issue from it. It was therefore suspected that there might be a train laid on board to blow up the boats if we should board them, and upon this it was decided that our men should effect a landing a little lower down.

No sooner did the boats begin to descend, than the Chinese, thinking that we were retreating, set up a loud shout, brandishing their spears in defiance, and making a terrible noise. They were soon undeceived. The boats, after rowing about a hundred yards, ran upon the beach, and the men began to disembark, forming into two little columns; the right led by Capt. Hall, the left by Mr. Freeze, (mate

R.N.) He immediately advanced, when the Chinese began to waver on their bold front, and, upon the second volley, within half pistol shot, fairly turned and took to flight. They were now so hotly pursued, that their military chest, containing 2000 dollars, was captured, in charge of a mandarin and two soldiers, who were killed.

The pursuit lasted for some distance: upwards of fifty of them being left upon the field, and eight taken prisoners! The temporary barracks where these men had been quartered, and the junks were afterwards destroyed. Thus ended this miniature battle, which was most important, as indicating that the enemy was sending over troops from the main land, for the purpose of endeavouring to reconquer the island. The *Bontinck* was, therefore, ordered down to assist the *Nemesis*, in searching out these detached parties. It was afterwards discovered, that in consequence of this affair a large number of soldiers, who had landed at different parts of Chusan, got back in all haste to Chapoo, on the mainland.

The assembling of men so close to Chusan, was connected, no doubt, with the project of a general attack on all the English positions, more especially Ningpo and Chinhae.

These attacks we will now proceed to narrate. The Chinese, knowing that Sir Hugh Gough was absent at Chusan, seem to have chosen the period of their assault, and to have planned it remarkably; but so many reports of the intended operations of the enemy had been brought in that, like the fable of the little boy and the wolf, the cry had been raised so often that nobody believed it, till they did come in earnest. Besides, it was thought impossible that after their recent defeats they would become the aggressors. They certainly masked their intentions and preparations well, for when on the 9th day of March, Mr. Gutzlaff, the interpreter, received information that the storm was ready to burst, few of the English garrison put any credit in the rumour. On that day, many of the tradesmen, with whom our troops were in the habit of dealing, significantly told them they would have hot work before many

hours were over. This was treated as ordinary Chinese braggadocio. It is somewhat curious that we should have had no precise intelligence of the extensive preparation, in the way of rafts and fire-vessels, which were going on only a little higher up the river than Chinhæ. Indeed, this time the Chinese, according to the confession of officers engaged in the expedition, *did* take us by surprise, often the result of holding an enemy too cheap. The smallness of our force, however, must be taken into consideration, for the city walls of Chinhæ are five miles in extent, a space of ground which it would be impossible to scatter our men over, as pickets and sentries, without the greatest danger of an attack in detail. The extent of the suburbs, beyond the gates, also gave the enemy an opportunity of easy approach, and he judiciously chose a dark night without a moon.

The first intimation of the attack, was given by two guns, which having been brought down to the river's bank after dark, were fired about half-past twelve, at the *Columbine*, (16 guns), which, together with the *Modeste*, 18, and *Queen* and *Sesostris* steamers, were anchored abreast of the city. These cannon were, very probably, meant to serve as a signal, for nothing more took place till nearly three o'clock, when four fire-rafts were discovered by the look-out men, dropping down the branch of the river which led to Fung-wah; had it not been for the celerity with which the last mentioned vessel slipped her cable, and the assistance of her boats, and those of the *Modeste*, which towed the rafts on shore, in a few moments they would have been athwart-hawse of the steamer; luckily having taken the ground, they blazed away, and finally exploded, without any damage. Meantime the Chinese kept up a rattling fire of small arms and flights of arrows, from both banks of the river, but out of distance and ineffective. The *Modeste*, however, which was a little lower down the river, opened her broadside on the eastern suburb, which by the reflection of the light from the fire-rafts, was seen full of the enemy's troops. This tended

a little to damp their ardour in that direction, and next morning it was seen that her fire had demolished the walls of several strongly built houses, the roofs of others had fallen in, and the gun which was brought down to fire at the *Modeste*, was also disabled.

So far the attack upon the shipping and river side had proved a general failure; but it seemed merely a prelude to a general and serious assault upon the city, which began at the same moment upon the western and southern gates. The principal effort was directed against the southern gate, which was assailed from *within* and *without* at the same moment. The alarm was beaten, the bugles sounded, and Colonel Morris, the commandant of the garrison, was informed that the guard at the south gate was driven in, while Colonel Montgomerie, commanding the Madras Artillery, already under arms on the ramparts, received the same intelligence.

"A company of the 49th," says Mr. Bernard, "under Captain M'Andrew, was immediately ordered up by Colonel Morris towards the south gate, which they were to retake, if it was found to have been carried by the enemy. At the same time, Colonel Montgomerie, with two howitzers, and a party of artillerymen armed with fusils, commanded by Captain Moore, and reinforced by a strong patrol of the 18th, under Lieutenant Murray, proceeded also towards the south gate, which he now found in possession of Captain M'Andrew and his company, who had gallantly *retaken* the gate, after charging down the street which led to it, driving the Chinese before him with the bayonet, and killing a great many of them. The Chinese had penetrated as far as the market-place; many of them had scaled the walls, and were seen upon the ramparts; but upon being challenged, and seeing the troops advancing, most of them jumped back again over the ramparts, and in this way many were killed, or were shot at random as they were seen running away. Thus the south gate was completely cleared.

"There is reason to believe that a good number of the Chinese soldiers

must have previously come into the town in disguise, for the gates were attacked simultaneously both *from within* and *from without*. The movements of the Chinese were so well concerted, that their approach was not discovered until they actually attacked the gates, and gallantly succeeded in *scaling the walls*. Had not the alarm been given by the firing of the ships in the river, and had the Chinese been well officered, it would have caused us heavy fighting to have ultimately dislodged them from the town, a part of which was, for a few minutes, in their possession. But even their successes, such as they were, only served to embarrass them, for they did not know how to turn them to account. It should be remarked, however, that Sir Hugh Gough had skilfully disposed his troops long before this event, by concentrating them in one part of the town, where their quarters were close to each other, and where they could be mutually supported in case of attack."

(To be continued in our next.)

A MILITARY REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN CALABRIA.

(Continued from page 167.)

"Signors!" he exclaimed, as he came up to us, and again doffing his hat, "I beseech you to pardon my laughter just now, on seeing your perplexity at the unexpected sound of my voice, as well as I beseech you to throw off all apprehensions on my sudden appearance; for I am a true friend to your nation, whilst against that of your enemy I have sworn eternal enmity."

As he uttered these last words, his dark eyes wandered and gleamed with a peculiar expression, in which was to be seen a storm of the fiercest hatred.

"We take you at your word, friend," I replied, "for your open and straightforward bearing is sufficient to bespeak our confidence."

"A thousand thanks for your good opinion of me," rejoined the Cala-

brese, doffing his hat, "which, rely on it, you shall have no reason to regret. What glorious work is going on below, Signors! Per Bacco! it does my heart good to think that our old castle will soon again have to change masters."

"Which consummation, you see, friend, how well we are hastening to effect," observed O'Shanlon.

"True, Signor."

After some further conversation on the subject of the seige, he exclaimed,

"I have a request to make, Signors, which is that you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to my dwelling, which stands not far from hence, to partake of some refreshment; and that I may have the opportunity of drinking to your healths, and to the prosperity of the British nation."

"Most willing," was the reply of O'Shanlon and myself; for we felt a rising curiosity and interest in our new acquaintance, not to say anything of the welcome sound of the word "refreshment," which tinkled not a little invitingly to our ears, as the reader may imagine, when he thinks of my morning's repast.

"I will lead the way then, Signors," exclaimed our friend; "for, as we must pass through yonder forest, the path is both narrow and intricate."

Following our conductor, we soon reached and struck into the indicated forest, and became completely shaded from the rays of the sun by the dense foliage of gigantic cork, oak, and chesnut trees, which wrapt us in the deepest gloom, and combined to produce a scene at once solemn and majestic. After passing some frightful precipices and ravines, whose declivities were thickly planted by nature with every variety of shrub, we entered a deep dell, through which a rapid torrent was rushing, and anon by winding tracks, a glen was traversed, leading us close to the very bed of the torrent whose roar seemed to strive for mastery with the roar of the artillery which was still continuing its work of destruction with unabated vigour. Emerging at last from the forest into an open space, a small valley suddenly appeared in

view, beyond which was seen another forest, or rather a continuation of the same one.

"Yonder is my house," exclaimed our conductor, pointing to a neat-looking abode about two hundred yards in our front, which we soon reached and entered.

"Caterina!" he cried, to an elderly-looking woman, who came into the room the moment after we had seated ourselves; "bustle about and prepare our dinner, for these Signors require refreshment after their walk. Where is Gianetta?"

"Gone to confession; but she will be soon back, Signor."

"Maledetta! these priests are ever in the way of our wants, except when their own worldly interests are concerned. Now, if father Antonio but knew that we are about to lay the board, I ween he would make short work of his confessional lectures, and we should have him here with Gianetta in a trice."

Our host had scarcely uttered this tirade, when a smart-looking girl entered, and dropt a passing courtesy.

"Welcome Gianetta," continued our host, addressing her, "bestir thyself like a good girl, and assist thy mother in getting the dinner ready; and see that the wine is well cooled. In the mean time bring a bottle of it here."

"Si, Signor, sarete servito,"* replied the girl, as she left the room.

"You must know, Signors, that Gianetta's time is so occupied between a monk and a lover," observed our host to us, smiling, "that she scarcely has any time left to bestow on household matters. Yet, she is a good girl. Her father, who is dead, was a brave man, and in his last moments I vowed to protect both her and her mother."

At this moment, Gianetta re-entered the room with wine and some glasses, which filling, she presented one to each of us, and then began spreading a dinner cloth on the table.

"By the powers!" exclaimed O'Shanlon, addressing me, after he had emptied his glass in drinking the

health of our host, "that girl's eyes are enough to turn an anchorite into a lover, and a lover into a madman, were she cruel."

"What says the Signor?" demanded our host, looking at me.

As Gianetta was still present, I interpreted O'Shanlon's exclamation to his ear in a whisper, which caused him to laugh; when the girl, suspecting, by our looks being directed on her, that she was the subject of our conversation, blushed, and tript out of the room.

At this moment, the sound of music, both vocal and instrumental, broke on our ears from without, and a light breeze wafted in full chorus the following words:—

Viva! viva! il gran Fernando!

Viva! viva! il nostro rè!

"That chorus proceeds from a band of loyal Calabrese, of which I am commander," observed our host. "Your General has entrusted me with a distribution of English arms among the peasantry; and I may say, without being accused of vanity, that he could not have fixed upon one who knows better than I do, to whom they ought to be entrusted. Mille bombe! were all my countrymen but made of such stuff as these pretty lads, not a chattering Frenchman would be left alive between this and the Garigliano."

As we were aware that a quantity of arms and ammunition had been landed for the purpose of arming the Calabrese peasantry against the enemy, the circumstance did not surprise us.

"While our repast is preparing," continued our host, "mayhap, Signors, if not much fatigued, ye would like to see my little encampment, which is not above two hundred paces from hence."

Accepting the invitation, we all three sallied forth; and traversing the little valley, entered the opposite part of the continuation of the forest, from which we quickly emerged into a glade, entirely surrounded by wood. Scattered over the green sward of this spot, in various groups and positions, were about 300 men, clothed in fanciful uniforms. Numerous huts stood in the centre of the sward, and

* Yes, Sir, you shall be attended to.

in front of them their arms piled in one regular and continuous line, brightly glistened to the sun's rays. At one corner of the glade, and where it was shaded by the wide-spreading foliage of some gigantic cork trees, was assembled a group of the band, mingled with a number of the female peasantry. In a moment, the crackling castanet and the joyous tambourine broke on our ears, and off they went in the wild and graceful movements of the Tarantella, making the woods re-echo with their shouts of unrestrained laughter and joy.

Never had I beheld a scene so lovely and picturesque, as that which now I witnessed. The wild beauty of the woods that surrounded this fertile glade, which seemed as though secluded from all the world, saving to the beings before me! the verdure of the grass, nourished by numerous rills, which, coming from the mountains, ran gurgling and murmuring along in soft accompaniment to the carol of the birds and the humming of the bees; the air scented by odoriferous flowers and shrubs which overspread the ground in all the variety of their forms and colours, afforded a sight that baffles all imagination or description. Here the lily and the guelder-rose would show their snowy heads, and among them, the myrtle, the geranium, the rhododendron, the wild rose, appeared in all their fragrant loveliness; while the silver weed, the water-aven, and the ivy-leaved bell flower, seemed to vie with each other in all their beauty, to decorate the borders of the meandering rills. So occupied was I in the contemplation of this enchanting scene, that I did not for some minutes perceive that most of the band had congregated round their chief, and even the group of dancers were now seen breaking away from the joyous Tarantella, to join their companions in welcoming his appearance, and to join them likewise in drinking to his health from their well-stored calabashes of wine.

"Mille grazie! mille grazie!" exclaimed the chief, "and now, my comrades, we will drink prosperity to the brave English, and death to the French!"

Taking a calabash from one of his men, he, with the whole band, repeated the toast, and drank it in copious libations, amid loud and continued vivas, that made the wood re-echo the hearty cries. O'Shanlon and I could do no less in our turn than to return our thanks, and drink to the brave Calabrese; which attention on our part was received by them with reiterated thanks.

"Corpo della luna!" suddenly exclaimed, in a loud voice, to his chief, a tall and handsome-looking man, who we afterwards discovered to be the first lieutenant of the band, "yonder comes Giacomo from his mission. By Saint Anthony! he must have borrowed the wings of Mercury, to have thus returned so swiftly."

"Well, Giacomo," said our host, as a youth dressed in peasant's garb approached and saluted him, "what news from Reggio?"

"Good, Captain; and my story is soon told. The garrison, after hearing of Regnier's defeat, have become as humble as penitents, when they were, before this event, as you well know, as saucy as beggars on horseback. The canaglia, now that the tables are turned, skulk along the streets like frightened curs with their tails between their legs, for they every moment expect a visit from us."

"Nor shall they wait long ere we pay them the compliment," replied our host, laughing, as well as did the whole band, at Giacomo's reply. "Bravo, Giacomo! thou hast executed the reconnoitre well, and with good speed. Hasten thee now to my dwelling, and get something to refresh thyself."

"Mille grazie, Signor!" replied Giacomo, touching his hat as he departed, and the bounded along, like an antelope, across the glade, towards the abode of his chief.

"An intelligent and active young fellow is that Giacomo," said our host to us; "he executes more in an hour than many do in a day. See how he flies over the sward. Ye must naturally suppose, Signors, that his present celerity is caused by the desire of appeasing his hunger: not at all,—it proceeds from that of meeting his

mistress, for he is the lover of Gianetta. And now, Signora, as we may like to partake of what he at present cares not for, we will, if you please, return homeward, as our humble repast must by this time be ready."

(To be continued in our next.)

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A SEAMAN.

MR. BOYTER, our surgeon, asked me to render some assistance in performing the operation upon poor Huntley (for such was our unfortunate shipmate's name). The poor fellow's jacket was quickly ripped off, and it was a lamentable spectacle to behold his mutilated frame: his only words were, "Doctor, bear a hand." The most stern and iron nerve, I am sure, must give a momentary shudder, when the surgeon, after having made the first incision, and drawn back sufficient skin to cover the stump, grasps the knife with firmness, and cuts determinedly through the quivering flesh, severing the arteries and muscles down to the bone;—then, I am confident, is the time to try the wretched sufferer's courage:—poor Huntley winced at this terrible period, but afterwards continued only to mutter, as before, "Bear a hand, good doctor." 'Tis a mistake, I doubt not, to believe the suffering either severe or excessive, in comparison, when the bone is severed, and the marrow touched by the saw; but the most courageous heart will flinch when the arteries are hooked out until the ligatures are fastened.

I have looked on many a wounded man, but few that were ever mutilated so terribly as this poor fellow. The operation on his arm was skillfully completed in little more than twelve minutes, but the agony he suffered was excruciating when the splinters were extracted from his face and breast; after which, having a cordial restorative administered, he was laid in a cot, from whence he never rose again. In a few days mortification ensued, when the period of his sufferings arrived—he became a livid corpse—his death being much

regretted by all his brother officers and shipmates.

God of heaven! Can it be possible there are men with British hearts, who, forgetful of the services rendered to this favoured isle by the valiant and hardy souls of the Navy and Army, complain that they are overpaid? and that the dead weight of the country is enormous? If such there be, let him descend into the cockpit of a man-of-war in action, and behold the wretched tortures of its wounded occupants—let him then reflect that all who serve their country are subject to the casualties of war and accidents of peace: and if, after witnessing such a spectacle, he could be desirous, under the plea of economy and retrenchment, of withholding a full and just reward from the meritorious man who has faithfully and devotedly served his sovereign, midst sickness and privation, in every climate of the earth, why I envy not his malignant, ungenerous nature, and should heartily pray that a man thus devoid of feeling, honour, and patriotism, might sink into his dishonoured grave, branded and stigmatized by the worthy and just spirits of the land.

The reader must pardon this ebullition of feeling; for, when I call to mind the fate of poor Huntley, among numerous cases I have witnessed in my limited sphere of observation, I have not patience to hear complaints regarding the payment of our troops and seamen. Even poor old Cobbett, who in many cases had really an English heart, must join the general cry, and wish to deprive the soldier of his hard-earned trifle, by cutting down his daily pay! When I reflect that this man had himself borne arms in the ranks, and was cognizant of the deprivations and sufferings they experience—even to the want of a half-penny to purchase a red-herring for his supper—why I blush for human nature. Would it were possible that the wealthy millionaire, or overpaid civilian, grumbling, perhaps, at not being able to pick up a few more good things by the way-side of politics, were just forced to exchange berths with the gallant soldier or jolly tar

for one fleeting twelvemonth, either in the burning clime of Africa or the Indies; or take a winter's cruise with Jack in the North Sea, or the frozen coast of America. 'Tis a malicious wish, perhaps; but when the supplies came before their consideration, they would then, notwithstanding the delinquency of Mr. Cobbett on the question, form a more respectable estimate of the veteran's worth. Doubtless the time may yet arrive when the efforts of the United Service will be better appreciated and rewarded than at the present period—in the hour of trial and danger, self-preservation will force this conviction upon the minds of the wealthy.

THE SKIPPER AND THE FRENCHMAN.

OLD SHAW, a well known eccentric skipper of a Jamaica ship, on entering the channel at dusk, observed a suspicious sail edging down towards him. His vessel was pierced for eighteen or twenty guns, but had a few only mounted. To remedy the deficiency as far as show could do, the old seaman very deliberately ordered the carpenter to draw up the pumps without delay, saw them into lengths, so as to represent guns, and place the pieces in readiness to be run out of the portholes when he gave directions. To give effect to his scheme, he directed a light in a lantern to be suspended over each port, and a man stationed at each in readiness to make the display at the same moment. Thus prepared, when the darkness set in, he ran his ship close alongside of the Frenchman, a corvette of twenty-two guns—hauled up the hanging ports—showed his formidable row of "teeth," illumined by his battle-lights—discharged a musket over the enemy—and through his great war-trumpet, roared out, "Strike, or I'll sink you!" The unexpected boldness of the manœuvre had its due effect; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the astounded "Croppos" instantly complied, without an effort even to escape! In a few hours our old tar and his prize were safely anchored in Kingroad. Perhaps, in the anecdotal details of maritime warfare

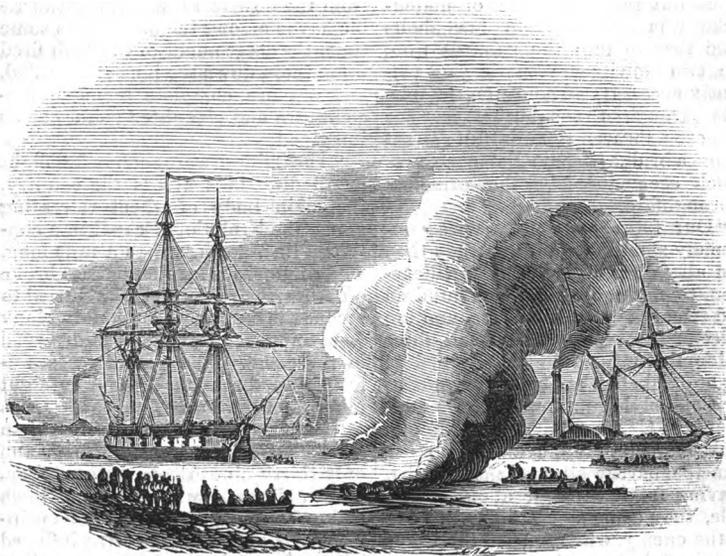
there is scarcely one to be found more laughably piquant than this; and it is said that the oddity of the *ruse* and the oddity of the character who performed it were upon a parallel.

FIRE ARMS AND SWORDS CAPTURED FROM THE CHINESE.

These "celestial" trophies are very superior in their proportions, workmanship, and adaptation to the purposes of *offensive* warfare—as the Chinese in the simplicity of their valorous arrangements, seldom dream of making *defensive* preparations; and they exemplify in a curious manner the increasing growth of a semi-civilised people in the warlike arts, in comparison to those of a more peaceable nature. One of the swords, and several of the guns might almost be taken for European productions. The trophies captured during the Chinese war, by the crew of H. M. Steamer, *Nemesis*, (Commander Hall) and which were afterwards presented to her Majesty, comprised several very elegant matchlocks, of the respective lengths of 5 feet, 5 feet 11 inches, and 6 feet 6 inches; a blunderbuss 4 feet in length, and a piece of artillery 2 feet 8 inches, both constructed after the fashion of the *ringed-guns* of the period of Edward the third; a number of pike-like swords, from 4 to 6 feet in length, fitted with banded or indented handles for securing to the hand a firm grasp; and some double edged swords with modern guards. In these weapons, the *sights*, *matches*, *rests*, *slings*, *temper*, *edge*, &c., exhibit a considerable *practical* knowledge of the art of gunnery, and the use of the sword.

A TAILOR'S BRAINS.

A tailor following the revolutionary army of Cromwell was wounded in the head by a shot. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient that as the shot had not touched his brain there was no doubt of his recovery. The tailor answered, "If I was possessed of any brains I should not be here."



Defeat of the Fire Rafts at Chinhae.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 156.)

“It was afterwards discovered that the attacking party were a new body of picked men, from a distant province, who had never yet come into contact with our troops. Money was also found upon the persons of those who were killed, four or five dollars upon each, which had probably been given to them either as arrears of pay, or as a sort of bribe or extra allowance to induce them to fight. But other incentives were also employed, for some of the wounded prisoners were evidently under the excitement of opium. Many of them were remarkably athletic, fine-looking men, and everything tended to prove that this was a grand and desperate effort.

“Daylight was beginning to dawn, and the west gate was at this time found to be the principal scene of action; indeed, it was in that direction that the *main body* of the Chinese seem to have advanced. Orders had been sent to reinforce the guard at

the west gate with the grenadiers of the 49th, and Colonel Morris also hurried up to it in person, with another company of the 49th; while Colonel Montgomerie, with the artillery, having been joined by Colonel Mountain, with a party of the 26th, proceeded on in the same direction.

“On arriving at the west gate, it was found to have been gallantly and successfully defended by Lieutenant Armstrong, who commanded the guard of the 18th, assisted by a small detachment of the 49th, under Lieutenant Grant. The enemy had attacked it in great force, rushing boldly up to the very gate, which they attempted to force, while others were endeavouring to scale the wall. The grenadiers of the 49th arrived just in time to assist in completing the repulse of the Chinese.

“Colonel Montgomerie, having now come up with his reinforcement, dashed at once through the gateway in pursuit, the enemy having been driven across a small bridge into the suburbs. Numerous dead bodies of Chinese were found close to the gate, but they appeared to be in great

force in the suburbs, from which a smart but ineffectual fire of matchlocks was kept up. A few shells were thrown into the suburbs from the two howitzers; but it was evidently necessary to continue the pursuit through the suburbs, for the Chinese appeared to be in full retreat across a bridge at some distance down, which seemed to be the principal thoroughfare.

"Our force on the spot was extremely small, amounting, when they had all fallen in, including artillerymen, to not more than one hundred and twenty-six rank and file, and ten officers. But with this small force Colonel Montgomerie determined to dash on, being assisted throughout by Colonel Mountain, C.B., Deputy-Adjutant-General; and, accordingly, they immediately advanced up the principal narrow street of the suburbs. Having followed it for about half-a-mile, they came upon the main body of the enemy, who crowded the whole length of the street in a dense column, but without appearing to be at all wavering or inclined to give way. On the contrary, a high officer on horseback was seen to encourage the men, who set up a great shouting, and brandished their swords and spears in defiance. But in a narrow street the dense mass was necessarily incommoded by its own numbers, and the steady fire of the head of our column, as they advanced upon them—one section delivering its fire, and the next taking its place for the first to reload—brought down all their foremost and boldest men, every shot telling with unerring certainty. They could neither advance to charge our column, nor could they retreat, as long as the rear of their column chose to hold their ground.

"On coming up within about fifty paces of them, the two howitzers were ordered up to the front, while a party of the 18th, under Lieutenant Murray and Lieutenant Molesworth, of the artillery, were ordered round by a side lane to act upon the enemy's flank; Colonel Mountain and Colonel Montgomerie also went round, (having first waded across a canal,) and witnessed the terrific effect of the fire of three

rounds of grape, in quick succession, from the howitzers, which dealt terrible havoc among them. At the same time, the detachment of the 18th fired upon them down the lane as they fled, and a more complete scene of discomfiture and slaughter could not be imagined.

"The Chinese were soon in full flight in all directions across the country, the main body of them retreating along the banks of a canal in a continued line, not less than a mile long, while numerous smaller parties broke off from the main body, and tried to escape the best way they could. Many were supposed to have been drowned in the canal. The pursuit was followed up for about seven or eight miles, and the loss of the enemy was estimated altogether at not less than from five to six hundred men, and only thirty-nine prisoners were taken. On our side, one man only was killed, and a few were wounded. The principal loss of the Chinese was inflicted by the fire of the howitzers upon their dense masses, in the narrow street, and the sustained fire of our column as it advanced upon them. Not a few, however, were killed inside the walls of the city. The force they brought against us is supposed to have exceeded five thousand men, consisting of their best soldiers, and a great part of them were evidently under the excitement of opium."

Thus ended this formidable and well-contrived attack, of which, if its execution had at all equalled its design, it is more than probable that the historian might have a more melancholy tale to tell, so far as the little band of Englishmen engaged were concerned. To give the reader some idea of the extent of offensive preparation, on the part of the Chinese, we may mention, that in the afternoon, subsequent to the attempted surprise which we have just related, the boats of the *Columbine* and *Queen* steamers, proceeded up the north western branch of the river, and found, at a very short distance, *thirty-seven fire vessels*. These were all in a state of perfect readiness for use, being filled with combustibles, and large jars of gunpowder, and also furnished with

very ingenious leather caps or hoods, with fireproof dresses for the men, who were to navigate them; each had also, says Captain Morshead, a sampan, or small punt, for the escape of those on board, after they should have ignited the vessel. The early discovery of the other fire-rafts had certainly disconcerted their plan of operations, for these vessels were all deserted, and of course our crews destroyed them, by scuttling and sinking.

Near the town of Tseeke, about five miles higher up, a vast number of junks of all sorts and sizes were found literally crammed full of combustibles, besides a number moored in rows on each side of the river. On the hills opposite Tseeke three very considerable Tartar encampments were visible, one of which was abandoned and burnt as the flotilla advanced. Indeed it was now clear that preparations of a much more extensive and formidable kind than we had ever dreamt of, had been made, in order, as the Emperor said, in a state paper, which afterwards fell into our hands—that, “the barbarians with all speed might be driven into the sea like rats, where they should swim about until they die.”

The attack upon Chinhae took place nearly at the same time, but was very inferior in resolution and vigour to that upon Ningpo. “Early on the morning of the 10th of March,” says Captain Hall, “the alarm was given that ten fire vessels were floating down the river towards the ships of war and transports at anchor off Chinhae. The boats of the *Blonde* and the *Hyacinth*, under Commander Goldsmith of the latter vessel, and Lieutenant Dolling of the former, immediately dashed at them, and drove them on shore, out of the way of the shipping, where they exploded.

“About the same time, a body of Chinese soldiers got up close to the west gate of Chinhae, without being discovered, until they opened a fire of gingals, and attempted to force their way in. But Captain Daubeny, with a company of the 55th, immediately sallied out of the gate, and pursued them into the suburbs, whence they

fled towards a joss-house, or temple, about a mile from the walls, where they joined the main body, about twelve hundred strong. Colonel Schoedde, with three companies of the 55th, now joined Capt. Daubeny, and immediately charged them, and put them to flight. But it was very difficult to follow, or come within musket range of them, owing to the peculiar nature of the ground, which was cut up in all directions by water-courses; although the labyrinths of paths and caseways were, of course, perfectly well known to the retreating enemy. About thirty of the Chinese and two of their officers were killed, but the number of wounded could not be ascertained. A quantity of military weapons and some powder were captured.

“The plans of the Chinese had thus signally failed at all points of attack; but it must be admitted that at Ningpo they showed a great deal of determination and personal courage, and their plans were, in reality, very well arranged.

“Information of these important attacks was immediately sent over to Sir Hugh Gough and Sir William Parker, who were at Chusan, and induced the General instantly to return to Ningpo. Sir William Parker also returned as soon as he had completed his examination of the island of Tai-shan; and he brought with him the *Phlegethon* and *Nemesis*, merely stopping at Chinhae on the way, to pick up a few marines and small-arm men from the *Blonde*. No time was then lost in pushing up the south-western branch of the river above Ningpo, whither the General had preceded him with part of the 18th and 49th regiments, and two guns, in order to learn if the enemy were in force there.

“Tidings had been brought to Sir Hugh Gough, that a strong body of several thousand Chinese troops were posted not far from Fungwah, preparatory to another descent upon Ningpo. But as soon as he had marched about six or seven miles up, the *Sesostris* steamer moving parallel with him by the river, with part of the 26th regiment on board, positive in-

formation was obtained that the enemy had retreated over the hills the preceding night, and that it would be useless to attempt to follow them.

"It only now remained to advance against the strong body of the Chinese who were known to be posted along the banks of the other branch of the river, and who were reported also to have thrown up strong entrenched camps upon the Segoa hills, at the back of the town of Tsekee, and to be commanded by three of their most famous generals."

It was justly considered, that after the severe reverses which the Chinese arms had suffered at Ningpo, Chinhae, and Chusan, that the present would be a favourable juncture for resuming the offensive, while the enemy was still smarting under the effects of his defeated attacks. The Commander in Chief Sir Hugh Gough and Admiral Parker accordingly resolved to make an attack in force on the Tartar army, which they received information had been for some time assembling at a place called Pickwan, about forty miles up the river of Ningpo. It was also ascertained that a numerous body of troops, of the amount of six to seven thousand men, were posted in a fortified camp, in a pass of the Segoa hills, about ten miles higher up than Tsekee, and that the money to pay the army was in charge of this division. These it was decided should be attacked without loss of time.

Our little army embarked on the 15th of March, 1842, the whole force consisting of about eleven hundred men, including seamen and marines, being conveyed on board three steamers, and a small flotilla of boats. The naval brigade was commanded by Captain Bourchier. There were four 8-pounder guns of the Madras artillery, for which Chinese ponies had been trained during the winter, and these useful animals were sent off early from Ningpo by land, in order to cut off a great bend of the river above the city. On reaching the nearest point above Tsekee, the artillerymen swam their horses across the river, and on the arrival of the steamers, were found ready drawn

up, about four miles from that town. The troops were landed at a sort of jetty, near a village, the enemy making no attempt to molest them. They then formed and marched up towards the city.

The steamers and boats then moved up the river above the town, with the intention of harrassing the retreat of the Chinese troops, when they should evacuate the place, and the *Phlegethon*, which was ahead of the rest, came at a sharp bend of the river upon five good sized gun-boats, fully manned and armed, at anchor close to a military station, used as a depôt for powder and arms; fourteen fire rafts ready prepared were also found: these warlike preparations were quickly destroyed.

As the army approached the city, a distant fire was opened from a few wall-pieces and guns. Our troops proceeded to take up a position on the side of a hill, whence the main body of the Chinese army was discovered encamped on the heights, northward of the city, before mentioned as the Segoa hills. The officers in command, decided that the most efficient method of attacking them, would be first to take the town by escalade, and as it was not apparently occupied in force, to march through it and assault the encampment, both in front and on the flank. The naval brigade were ordered to the assault, while the sappers, covered by the guns, and the 49th under Colonel Montgomerie, should blow open the south gate with powder bags, and join them on the ramparts. The 49th found the bridge over the canal near the gate recently destroyed, but as the water was shallow, and the canal at a little distance entered the town, the soldiers quietly got into it and wading along, marched *under* the walls and got quietly in, without opposition, having thus lost some time by the circuitous route, they formed, and upon marching to the ramparts found the naval brigade already there, drawn up, having escaladed the walls without opposition! The city of Tsekee lies in a sort of basin, commanded by hills, being open only towards the river; from the hills to the

north whereon the Chinese army was encamped, there is a small ridge running down to the city, and ending just *inside* the northern gate. The Chinese forces were encamped on the high hills, and a little to the left of the spar or ridge just described, but having yet higher hills to the left of their position, Sir Hugh Gough directed the 18th regiment, with a company of the rifle, to outflank this wing of the Chinese, by entering a ravine. This they quietly effected; and so soon as this point was gained, the naval brigade and body of the force were to attack the Chinese in front, while the 49th were to assail the right of their position, where they seemed here to have their main body, and most distinguished officers. It appears that the Chinese, although their forts and batteries were plentifully mounted with large guns, do not regard artillery as forming part of the composition of a regular army, for with the exception of some large rest guns of the gingal, and heavy matchlock sort, nothing that could be called field-pieces were used by them. Had they been possessed of a knowledge of the use of that formidable arm of a modern military force, they might in such a position as they here occupied, have inflicted terrible loss on our men. As it was, they opened a fire of gingals, so soon as they spied the naval brigade, which, with the Admiral at the head, marched boldly across some paddy-fields, towards the slope of their position. In the meantime, the general, with the 49th, covered the hill in front with great spirit, the Chinese fighting boldly up to the bayonets of the soldiers, and on the other side to the pikes and cutlasses of the seamen, and the bayonets of the marines. The conflict was severe; the 49th drove their opponents before them, the wing attacked by the seamen and marines wavered, when our guns opened a flanking fire, and at the same moment the 18th and the rifles, which had outflanked them on the left as before stated, crowned the height by issuing from the ravine and charging their extreme flank. At this juncture, the battle raging with fury and obstinacy, several rockets

were thrown by Lieut. Fitzjames and Mr. Jackson, of the *Cornwallis*, into the dense body of Tarter soldiery in the rear, with great precision; this completed the rout. They gave way on all sides, and the slaughter of them at the foot of the hill was unavoidably great. The 49th, joined by the 18th and the rifles, now began the pursuit across the plain, following the whole Chinese army, which fled towards the Chingkie Pass, before they could reach this, however, the unfortunate fugitives had to pass within range of the *Phlegethon* and *Nemesis*, anchored higher up the river; these vessels opened fire, and this put the finish to their panic. In all directions they threw away arms, clothing, and ammunition, and dispersing themselves in every direction, sought individual safety, or else died by their own hands. From eight hundred to one thousand of their best troops fell in this engagement, and although many attempts were made to spare them, or take them prisoners, they refused to surrender with a few exceptions. These men were Tartars from distant provinces, and several of the mandarins, only three of whom were taken alive, were observed deliberately to cut their own throats, when they saw that the day had gone against them.

(To be continued in our next.)

A MILITARY REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN CALABRIA.

(Continued from page 175.)

WILLINGLY assenting to the welcome proposition, we retraced our steps to his house; and, in a short time after our entrance therein, we were seated before a well-spread board. Soon a knock was heard at the door; upon opening which, Caterina ushered in a portly-looking monk.

"Benedetto, figlio mio!" exclaimed the latter to our host, as he approached him, and then bowing to us.

"Ben venuto, Padre Antonio!" replied the other; "come, be seated, and partake of our fare."

"Thanks, my son, for thy kind offer,

but the cravings of hunger have been already satisfied."

"Well, but at least you must drink to the health of these British officers," said our host, filling a bumper of fine old Gerace wine.

"That I will most willingly do," replied the monk, receiving the ample filled glass from his host.

Bowing to O'Shanlon, he was about doing the same to me, when he suddenly put down his uplifted glass, and started from his chair.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, with mingled surprise and pleasure strangely depicted on his countenance, "is it mio caro Don Riccardo that I behold?"

"What! Father Antonio!" I cried,—for I had scarcely looked at him before his exclamation.

In a moment we were in each other's embraces.

"Quanto sono felice de vedervi, mio caro Riccardo!"* he rejoined.

"And I equally so, my good friend Antonio."

During this scene of mutual and friendly recognition, our host and O'Shanlon looked on with surprise; and old Caterina, who was attending at the table, cried out,

"O che piacere d'incontrare un vecchio amico!"†

"True, Caterina; and I now feel that pleasure in its fullest extent," said the monk.

"But what brings you in this part of the world, good Father?" I demanded.

"Your question, my son, will be answered in a few words," replied Father Antonio, reseating himself. "Shortly after the French canaglia had entered Naples, I procured my removal from Castelamare,—where, you know, we first became acquainted with each other,—to a monastery at Monte Leone. Feeling a wish to visit some relations of mine at a village near this, whom I had not seen for some years, I demanded and obtained permission from the superior

of my monastery for that purpose, and here I have been for these ten days past."

"Your appearance, Antonia, recalls to my mind the merry days we passed together in our revels at Castelamare. You cannot have forgot the one where-in your angel, the lovely Sally, so enchanted you!" I exclaimed, laughing.

"Taci, caro amico, per carita,"* replied the monk, placing his fore-finger on his lips.

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed our host, "here lies some good story behind the scenes, which Father Antonio wishes to be concealed. Now, I remember of old," continued he, fixing his eyes on the monk, "that you always preferred frolics and revelries to paternosters and rosaries; so, lift up the curtain, and let us have a relation of this revel."

"Well, well," said the monk, rising, and carefully closing the door leading into the interior, and from which Caterina and her daughter had but just made their exit, "since you will have it, why, Don Riccardo must needs give it; but, for the love of our holy church, caro amico, parlate sotto voce."

"I shall attend to your desire, Father."

"Before you begin, Signor," exclaimed our host to me, "let us replenish our glasses, and drink to him, who, I suspect, was not among the most backward of the revellers."

"After the monk's health was drunk amid much merriment, I commenced my narrative.

"It was during the period of the Anglo-Russian expedition to the kingdom of Naples, that my regiment, being landed at Castelamare, my company, with two others, were quartered in the Dominican monastery which overlooks the town. A few days only was necessary to cultivate the good fellowship of the sociable monks, who daily furnished our board with plentiful supplies of lachryma Christi; in return for which hospitality we frequently invited most of them to dine with us, Among the many jovial evenings we

* "How happy I am in again seeing my dear Richard!"

† "Oh what a delightful thing to meet an old friend!"

* "Silence friend for the love of Charity."

passed together was the one of which I am now about attempting to give a relation. It was during this evening—wherein our devotion to the jolly god had been offered up with rather more fervency than usual—that an officer proposed to the monks an interchange of dress. The proposition was immediately acceded to, and in a short time the travestie was completed amidst much jocularly. Behold, then, the holy Fathers reseated at the mirthful board, no longer as mentors of peace, but as warriors gallant and bold, bedecked in all the glittering panoply of war, flourishing in each hand, unsheathed, the burnished instruments of death; while the officers, assuming a saint-like aspect, appeared arrayed with humble cowl, and tonsure, and holy rosary. The only delay that occurred during the adjustment of the habiliments arose from the difficulty of squeezing Father Antonio into one of the military jackets, and from the necessity of letting out some reefs in the sword belt, to fit his capacious waist. These difficulties having at length been surmounted, it was unanimously agreed that he should take the chair; and he was accordingly invested as president, with all due formality. No sooner had he seated himself in his official chair, than he gave us a high opinion of his fitness for his new dignity; for, filling his glass to the brim, and desiring us all to do the same, he then cried out in a stentorian voice, ‘Here’s a brindisi to the beautiful women of England!’”

“‘Bravo! bravo!’ exclaimed some of the warrior monks.

“‘Bravo, ‘Antonio!’ exclaimed others, ‘per Bacco! none knows better than thou where a pretty woman is to be found.’”

“The health of the new president was then drunk with three times three.

“After sacrificing some time longer to the jolly god, it was proposed by a wag of an officer that we should sally forth to the town. The proposition being assented to, away we went in pairs of travestied monk and soldier; and, as we entered the town, and passed along the streets, then illu-

mined by the bright full moon, several of the inhabitants exclaimed, ‘Cospetto! quanto sono allegri questi, ufficiali Inglese sta sera: come parlano bene nostro linguaggio!’* thus taking the monks for English officers.

“After reaching the end of the town, we struck down to the beach, when Father Antonio halted, and casting up his eyes to the moon, with his arms uplifted in a theatrical position, he burst out into a rhapsodical strain,—

“‘Oh! thou lovely queen of night, who’”

“‘Moon-stricken, by St. Antony!’ cried a jolly-looking monk, interrupting him.

“‘Well observed, brother Paulo,’ said another, ‘for Antonio is not wont to rhapsodize on such an object as a mass of ice.’”

“‘Ice!’ exclaimed the latter.

“‘Yes, ice, I say: for yon luminary, with its borrowed light, is nothing else. Didst never read the learned Bailly’s discourse on the subject?’”

“‘Baja, baja,—an idle story,’ replied Antonio; ‘so, prithee, don’t again interrupt me in my address to the glorious luminary.’”

“Resuming his former position, which he had relinquished in consequence of the interruption, he recommenced,—

“‘Oh! thou lovely queen of—’”

“‘We will have your address another time, most moon-stricken rhapsodist,’ exclaimed a waggish officer, taking the holy Father by the arm: ‘Come along with me, and I will show you an object quite as seemly, and of a warmer temperament than yon ball of ice.’”

“Saying these words, the jocund wag led the unwilling Antonio towards a fishing-boat then lying close to the beach, into which the former bounded, and insisted on Antonio, as well as the whole cortège, following his example. This command was speedily executed, and the bark pushed off from the shore with the

* “What pleasant fellows these English officers are—how well they talk our language too!”

whole party on board. Two fishermen, who were in the boat, were then directed by the leader of the expedition to row towards the fleet lying at anchor off the town.

"Now for the good ship the *Britannia*!" he exclaimed, and then explained to the monks that this vessel was the one he had sailed in.

"From it being night, and the numerous vessels that floated crowded together, we had some difficulty in finding the object of our search. At length, the well-known hoarse voice of the mate reached our ears, as he hailed us in the usual phraseology and demand of 'Boat a-hoy! are you coming here?'"

"Father Antonio was at this moment engaged in a duet,—an old and favourite Neapolitan one,—the Monk and the Maiden; he singing in a strong bass voice the part of the former, while one of his fraternity, a young Dominican, in a fine falsetto tone, sung that of the latter.

"Upon arriving alongside the good ship *Britannia*, I led the way up the ladder to the quarter-deck, followed by the whole cortege.

"The master, who, on our approach, had been called on deck, was standing at the gunwale, as were the whole crew, one of whom bore a lantern, and viewed us with surprise and curiosity as we were ascending the ladder. Taking the master aside, in a few words I made myself known to him, and whispered in his ear the story of our travestie. Laughing heartily, and putting his arm within mine, he led the way to his cabin, inviting the whole of the revellers to follow him.

"'Sally, my dear,' he exclaimed to his wife on entering, 'here are some old friends with new faces come to visit us.'

"The wife gazed on with mingled surprise and perplexity.

"'I see you have not discovered your friends yet,' resumed the master, laughing, as she continued gazing on us, 'so I must need introduce them to you in their new guise. This one, for example, is, or, I should rather say, was, Captain Monson. Does he not well become the monkish cowl?"

But I cannot pay the like compliment to him who bears his uniform.'

"Mr. Dawson, the master of the *Britannia* transport, was as good a sailor as ever stepped a quarter-deck. From his urbanity of manners, and kind attention to the wants of every individual on board, he had won the hearts of all during the voyage. His young wife, if she could not be called a regular beauty, was at least a handsome and fascinating woman. Lively and deep blue eyes, sparkling with joyous fire, and parted laughing lips, proclaimed her the very personification of mirth and good humour.

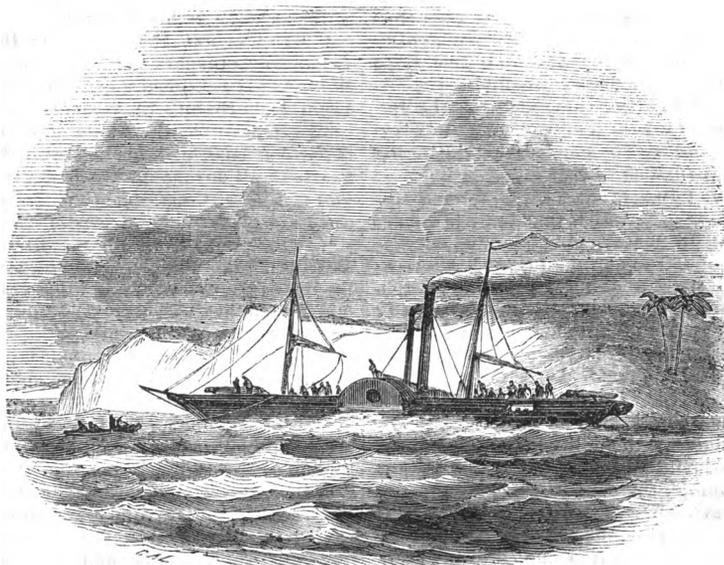
"'Well!' she at length exclaimed to her husband, 'this is the oddest scene I ever witnessed.'

"I now introduced the warrior monks to her and to Dawson, while the grinning cabin-boy, who was standing at the door, and chuckling at the scene before him, at a signal from his master quitted his position, and was soon busily employed in overspreading the table with glasses, and all the ingredients for punch-making, which was speedily manufactured by Dawson in a capacious bowl. Seated at the board, the merry glass and song soon began to circulate around. 'Black-eyed Susan' was first sung by the master, and followed by a Neapolitan duet between Father Antonio and the same young Dominican who had before sung with him in the boat.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PEACE AND WAR.

A three-act comedy was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, with but little success. On the third night there was but a very scanty house. The author remarked in the green-room, that "it must be owing to the war taking up everybody's thoughts." George Colman, taking a hearty pinch of snuff, replied, "Owing to the war, my dear sir, not a bit of it, 'tis owing to the *piece*."



The Nemesis.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 181.)

SOME very curious documents relating to the position and force of their armies, were found, and almost all the slain had small sums of silver upon their persons, as was observed at Ningpo and other places. In this army, which amounted to between seven and eight thousand strong, it was afterwards ascertained a picked body of infantry, from the emperor's body-guard was included; they were athletic, fine, and powerful-looking men; their arms and accoutrements being of a superior description, their guns were well made, and the bow and arrow, the favourite Tartar weapon, had been laid aside, their corpses were numerous among the slain on the spot of the first conflict. The night was passed by the English troops in the tents of the Chinese, where abundance of rice, bread, flour, and other stores were found.

This victory was not as might be expected, purchased without some expense of life. Two officers of the Royal Marines, two of the naval bat-

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talion, and three of the 49th, were severely wounded, Lieut. Lane, of that regiment, having his arm amputated on the field. Colonel Mountain was narrowly saved from being run through by a Chinese spearman, by a timely shot from a covering sergeant of the 18th, while seventeen privates also were wounded and five killed of the troops engaged.

At day-light the town was explored, and immense quantities of grain, arms, and ammunition discovered and destroyed. Among other curiosities, nine newly-invented brass tubes, calculated to fire a ball of between two and three pounds, were found. They had each of them two strong handles, and were very curiously bound round with catgut, from end to end. They seemed to be intended to be fired by one man, while held with both hands between two others, but how aim was to be taken is a puzzle; one of them was given by the Admiral to Captain Hall, and is now deposited, with other Chinese trophies, at Windsor. Forty cannon also were taken and destroyed.

The wreck of the enemy's army

had, as already related, gained the Chingkie Pass, and as it was reported that there was another strong military station there, Sir Hugh Gough determined to follow up this blow. Next day (the 18th) the troops again moved forward, and after a march of seven miles, reached the pass at the foot of the hills. The position was found to be entirely abandoned, although naturally a strong one. They had even left behind provisions and stores, the former being acceptable, after a march, our little force halted, regaled themselves, halted three hours for rest, and marched back to Tsékee the same night.

The engagement just described has been considered by military men generally, as one of the most brilliant, skilful, and well-conducted battles during the war; its success was indisputable, the effects it produced, very great. All the scattered forces and divisions of the Chinese army were now concentrated upon Hong-chow-fow, the capital of the province, where great alarm prevailed. Whatever idea might have been entertained by officers or men, the Commander-in-chief having received reinforcements from England and India, decided upon changing the theatre of operation, and there can be little doubt that this was done with judgment. The great river, called Yang-tye-Keang, was fixed upon as the principal centre of these movements. The reason which principally influenced this design, was, that thereby the main artery of trade with the capital of the empire, would be troubled or interrupted, for the grand canal, of which so much has been written by travellers, runs into this river, and by commanding its mouth the commerce of Pekin itself would be at our mercy. Nankin also, the second city in this vast empire, and its ancient capital, would fall within the sphere of our operations, and the presence under its walls of an imposing military and naval force was calculated as very likely to bring the haughty Chinese government to a sense of its true situation.

Horses for the guns, the 41st, the 2nd Madras Native Infantry, a com-

pany or two of artillery, and five small steamers, the *Tennassinna*, *Auckland*, *Ariadine*, *Medusa*, and *Little Hooghly*, belonging to the East India Company, all completely armed, and excellently adapted for river operations.

The signal defeats of the Chinese in open warfare, induced them once more to resort to their old and favourite plans of surprising our ships with fire-rafts, and kidnapping our men singly; and in pursuance of this, imperial and provincial proclamations were issued, setting forth the vast advantages of "taking your enemy unawares while he is sleeping, diving expertly under boats and ships so as to make holes in their bottoms at night, so that the water may rush in and the war-men be drowned," and the like. Large rewards also were offered in these somewhat comical documents for the capture of the high officers of the "fair-haired people from the outer land," several of them being specified by name. It was remarkable that in these later proclamations the English were not styled "barbarians" as heretofore—this might be taken as a sign that times were somewhat changed since the singular war with this most extraordinary people first began. There are no longer the positive "commands" to "annihilate, destroy, utterly discomfit and slay," and the like thundering and threatening passages of the "vermillion pencil;" nor is there such fun as the following, which we extract from an authentic document translated by Mr. Morrison, entitled "Instructions of the Council of the Empire to the General commanding the Army:"—

"Take notice of this in particular. You have to deal with a people that wear breeches so tight, that when once the soldiers fall they cannot get up by themselves. Your first endeavours must be to throw them down. Paint your faces as fantastically as possible, and when you approach the enemy shout, out and make the most hideous faces and grimaces possible to frighten them, and make them tumble down. Once prostrate, they are at your mercy."

This precious document was not

without result, for it was observed at Chusan and other places that hideous faces were painted on their shields, and horrid-looking grotesque carvings mounted on poles. Moreover, vile means were tried at Canton and elsewhere, men were seen with two swords, one in each hand, which they clashed furiously together, while others were marching to the combat. But to return to the kidnapping. Several men, during the months of April and May, were thus carried off and put to death in the most barbarous manner; indeed, it was not till after the taking of Chapoo, which we shall next relate, that the enemy began to treat their prisoners with any mercy.

About this period an accident befel the *Nemesis*, which had very nearly lost us the services of that valuable vessel. She had been beached near Trumball island, and repaired, and was ordered off to explore the passages between the various islands off Chusan, and the mainland for fire rafts, or other hostile preparations. In these excursions a large number of boats and rafts had been destroyed; but while navigating some of the shallow channels, her false rudder was carried away: owing to this accident, and the force of the currents between the island of Luhwang, and the rocky islets of its shore, the current caught her bows, and losing her headway, she was carried with great violence among the shoals, and finally sent broadside on to the rocks. Here she was for a short time in great peril, at length when got off, her starboard coal bunker was found to be stove in, and she had a rent in her side three feet in length. Her engine-pumps barely sufficed to keep the water under, and after several hours severe labour, during which the water gained on her so fast, that it was found the fires could not be kept in much longer, she was lucky enough to reach a flat sandy beach, near a village. Here she was immediately run ashore, and as the tide ebbed, the water ran out of the leak; by digging a deep hole in the sand it was easy to get at the vessel's bottom, and thus the repairs were begun from the outside. This

was effected by filling it up with stout wedges of wood, covered with oakum, and driven firmly in from the outside, as there was known to be a military force upon the island, a mandarin on horseback, having been seen observing our proceedings at a distance, a little stratagem *à la Chinoise* was practised upon the village. It was thought probable that they might (suspecting something was amiss) make an attack upon us at night; so Captain Hall, after posting a sentry or two on the neighbouring hills to give warning of the approach of any troops, marched towards the village, but halting some distance off, with as much display as possible, sent a Chinese messenger with a requisition addressed to the head men or officers of the place, demanding a supply of provisions, viz., a couple of bullocks, a dozen geese, two or three dozen ducks, and fowls and the like; and threatening a hostile advance thereon to gather the tribute himself, if it were not instantly forthcoming. This had the desired effect, the authorities promised the things; and so far from spending this time in organising an attack on our stranded vessel, they occupied themselves with gathering the supplies, and did not come near us till the next morning. Information of the accident having been forwarded to the Admiral by the *Clio's* boat, the *Phlegethon* and the *Cornwallis's* launch were sent down, but when they arrived, the vessel was repaired and ready to start for Chusan, where she arrived in the course of the day.

That very night the general attack on our shipping at Chusan, which had been so long in preparation, was made; it is thought that the activity of the steamers in searching out and destroying rafts, while in course of preparation, led to their hastening this attempt. Information of it had been communicated by Captain Dennis, the military commandant at Tinghae, but the *Nemesis* being away, as we have seen, was not warned of the danger.

"A little after eleven at night," says Captain Hall, "three divisions of fire-rafts were observed, drift-

ing down towards the shipping from the eastern end of the harbour, some from the direction of Sincamoon, close along the island of Chusan, some between Macclesfield and Trumball islands, where the *Nemesis* lay, and others again outside the latter, by the Sarah Galley passage. The first intimation of their approach was given by two lights being observed at some distance; this led to a suspicion of fire-rafts, and by the time the men had got to quarters, several of the fire-vessels burst into flames; others were gradually set on fire, and were seen to take the three different directions before described. Nearly twenty of them drifted down between the islands off which the *Nemesis* lay; and as they gradually came within range, her guns opened on them, to try to drive them on shore. There was a small boat a-head of each raft, under sail, and with men in it to tow the rafts in the required direction.

"The *Nemesis* was of course in considerable danger; for the rafts or fire-boats were chained two and two together, so as to hang across the ship's bows. Steam was got up as quick as possible, the cable was ready to be slipped in case of need, and the steamer's boats were sent out to tow the rafts clear, as they were rapidly bearing down upon her, with a strong ebb-tide. They were all in a complete blaze as they drifted past on either side of her; and so close were they, that it was necessary to wet the decks and the side of the vessel continually, on account of the great heat. Her guns continued to fire at them, in order to sink them, if possible.

"Other divisions of the fire-rafts which came down the passages before described, were driven ashore by the boats of the squadron, and blew up, without doing any mischief to our shipping. Altogether, between fifty and sixty of them at least had been sent down, from the eastern side of the harbour; but it was reported that another division of them was to come down by the western side, from the direction of Sing Kong, as soon as the tide turned; a division of boats, under Lieutenant Wise, of the *Cornwallis*, was therefore sent to endeavour

to find them out and destroy them at once. They were soon discovered, to the number of thirty, at anchor off a sandy beach, outside of Bell Island, and their destined work of mischief was frustrated,

"On the following morning, the *Nemesis* and *Phlegethon* steamers were again sent to search through all the adjacent islands; and the *Nemesis* succeeded in discovering many more fire-boats, which were now destroyed, upon the different islands; stacks of fire-wood and other combustible materials, which had been collected for the purpose, were likewise set on fire. In one village there were a number of boats half-filled with combustible materials; and the whole village was put into an uproar when the crew of the steamer began to set fire to them. It turned out that they had been pressed into service by the mandarins, and the people naturally wished to save their boats, on which their livelihood depended. Only one poor old woman, however, was permitted to retain her boat, for they might all have been pressed by the mandarins again."

(To be continued in our next.)

A MILITARY REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN CALABRIA.

(Concluded from page 184.)

"'Now, lovely Signora,' exclaimed Father Antonio, after the duet had terminated amid the applauses of the company, while his hand was placed on a well-filled glass of punch, 'let us, I pray you, hear the sound of your sweet voice in song; for, though the tinkle of bowl and glass is right pleasant, yet when charming woman's voice chimes in with them, it makes more enchanting melody.'

"A nod of encouragement, accompanied with a waggish wink from her husband, added to her own natural bias for frolic, induced Mrs. Dawson, after a short pause, to comply with the holy Father's request, and she sung the old and beautiful air of 'O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?'

"During the time she was chaunting forth her warbling strains,—for she

sung sweetly,—Father Antonio seemed lost in ecstasy; and when the last strain of the air died away he dropped enraptured on his knees before her, protesting that Saint Ursula, with all her eleven thousand virgins to boot, had not equalled her in beauty, nor Saint Cecilia in the sweetness of her enchanting tones.

“Now no woman more enjoyed a frolic than Mrs. Dawson, and, in the present instance, this enjoyment was augmented by a sly wink of encouragement from her husband, while he whispered in her ear, ‘Humour him, Sally, for I long to see a love-making monk.’

“‘Were thy titular saint now but present, what would he say to thee, holy monk, for thy profane adoration?’ demanded Mrs. Dawson, casting an arch glance on the kneeling Antonio.

“‘Why he could do no less than follow my example, sweet lady, and declare that thou art an angel!’ replied the latter, seizing her hand, and implanting on it an amorous kiss.

“The ‘sweet lady,’ conceiving that the ‘love-making monk’ had now proceeded quite far enough, quickly disengaged her hand, and broke forth into laughter, which was joined in by the whole party. How long the holy Father’s rhapsodies might have continued it would have been difficult to determine, as they were interrupted by the entrance of the cabin-boy, who announced the fishermen’s impatience to depart, as they wanted their boat to pursue their avocation. Rising, I broke up this second revel. Taking my leave of Dawson and his jocund Sally, I led the way up the companion-ladder, followed by the rest of the revellers. We found some difficulty in getting some of the holy tribe into the bark, as they were, according to Dawson’s nautical phrase, ‘more than half-seas over.’

“By the time we had landed and reached the monastery, the morning began to show its grey tints in the eastern sky, when each boon companion, disrobing, and resuming his proper costume, departed to his separate chamber, and thus terminated the revels of the night.”

“A thousand thanks for your narration, Signor,” exclaimed our host to me as I concluded.

“Bravo! Padre Antonio,” he continued, turning to the monk and laughing. “Per Bacco! I know full well, as I before said, that thou didst ever prefer frolics and revelries to rosaries and paternosters; yet the adventures I have just heard outrival all your past orgies.”

“Pieta—pieta, per carita!’ cried the monk, clasping his hands together entreatingly, “I wish to forget that unholy night.”

“As you wish me to believe you do others of the same sort, I suspect,” observed our host, again laughing; “let that be, however, as it may, here’s to thy health, Padre Antonio, and thy beautiful Sally,—the eclipser of Saint Cecilia, and Saint Ursula, and all her eleven thousand virgins!”

This toast was drunk in high glee in flowing bumpers, and, after a few more jests at the monk’s expense, I proposed drinking the health of our hospitable host, when I requested him to favour me with his name.

“O, bella!” exclaimed Father Antonio, “not know his name!—a name that make all Calabria tremble!”

“That may be true or not,” observed our host, “but, be it as it may, you behold in me, Signor, the man whom the world is pleased to designate under the sobriquet of Fra Diavolo.”

“The devil you are!” exclaimed O’Shanlon, with surprise and curiosity strongly blended in his countenance, as I am persuaded they must have been equally so in mine.

“I am,” replied the host; “but at the same time, the true friend of the sons of England, and the determined foe of those of France.”

“May I demand the cause of your extreme hatred towards the French?” I inquired.

“There are many causes, Signor:—but there is one—a never-to-be-forgotten one—that outweighs them all.”

“May we know it?”

“You shall, Signor; although I have hitherto kept the relation of it dormant within my breast; but its remembrance will cease only with life.”

First taking some wine, Fra Diavolo gave the following relation:—

“I shall begin my short story by acquainting you that I was present at the glorious battle which took place the other day on the plains of Maida. At the dawn of that brilliant morning I was watching the formidable phalanges of the enemy taking up a strong position on the height overlooking the plain. With what anxiety did I soon behold the little English army marching and advancing with bold front along the sandy beach to attack that position; and when, at this moment, I saw the too confident Regnier leaving it, and leading his overwhelming legions down to the plain, in contempt of your inferior force, to drive you into the sea, I trembled for the safety of the daring little army. What was my joy and admiration soon afterwards, when I beheld—and never shall I forget it—the intrepid light corps on the right of the English headed by their gallant leader, charge into the midst of the simultaneous advancing foe, and annihilate the body opposed to it. But how was this joy and admiration increased when I witnessed the effect of this gallant bearing by the general flight of the panic-struck Frenchmen, who, like terrified sheep pursued by wolves, overspread the plain in scattered confusion. It was then, like one of the latter, that I eagerly sought for my prey, which I hoped to discover among the dying and the dead, while I muttered prayers to the Virgin that my search might be successful. My prayers were granted.”

Here Fra Diavolo stopped in his narrative, and drew forth from his breast a miniature of a beautiful girl, which he presented to me, and then continued,—

“Behold the dear image of poor Ninetta. She was the only female that I ever loved. We were on the eve of being united, when a monster—a French colonel—who had been for some time teasing her with his addresses, as I afterwards learned, had her one night forcibly conveyed away from her dwelling, and then violated her. Poor Ninetta never held her head up afterwards,—she pined

away and died. This monster, was therefore, the prey that I sought for, and found, among the dying and the dead. The villain was lying on the ensanguined plain, mortally wounded. I sat myself down on the blood-stained sward at his side, and cursed him. How I glugged my eyes on his dying agonies! With what joy did I behold life oozing in drops of blood from a ghastly wound in his breast; and when his last moments came, I rung into his ears the name of Ninetta, my violated bride, until I became hoarse with uttering it. Nor did I cease my ejaculations while life remained within the monster; and when it fled how I grieved that his tortures were not prolonged, that I might have still longer glugged my revenge with the sight of his mortal agony!”

The varied expressions depicted in the countenance of Fra Diavolo during his narration were truly startling. When he described the battle his face lighted up with the most vivid enthusiasm; and, on presenting the miniature of Ninetta to me, his eye softened down even with a tear; but when he came to the narration of her abduction and violation, and the joy he felt at the discovery and agony of her ravisher, his look became indescribably terrific.

As I returned the miniature to him after the conclusion of his narrative, his eye was wildly wandering, as if seeking for some lost object, and he stamped his foot with violence on the floor, while a slight foam played upon his convulsed lips. I gazed on this extraordinary man with such intensity that I forgot every other object for the moment, and it was not until Father Antonia roused me from my abstraction by a loud call, that I returned to the recollection of my proposed toast.

“Here’s to the brave Fra Diavolo, our hospitable host,” I exclaimed, holding up my glass with a flowing bumper, “and may his hardy Calabrese ever follow him to victory against the invaders of his country!”

“Bravissimo! ben detto, mio caro Riccardo!” cried the monk, who then repeating the toast, drank to it an equal flowing bumper.

"By the powers!" said O'Shanlon, who was now become a little elated from frequent potations, and fixing his eyes on Fra Diavolo, "you are a boy after my own heart, that fears neither saint nor devil!"

"You are pleased to compliment me, signor," replied our host, smiling; for the wildness of his manner had now subsided.

"Not in the least. An Irishman not often does so."

"Then you are an Irishman?" observed the monk.

"I am, Father."

"And a Catholic?"

"Also."

"Benedetto, figlio mio!" rejoined Father Antonia, rising and embracing O'Shanlon.

"Come, signors, fill your glasses. Here's a brindisi to the brave Irish!" continued the monk, as he resumed his seat.

"To the brave Irish!" repeated Fra Diavolo.

The last rays of the setting sun now throwing its beams into the rooms, reminded me that it was time to depart. Expressing my regret to our host at being obliged to leave him, he insisted on accompanying us part of the way, as did likewise Father Antonio.

The evening was more than usually beautiful. The setting of the king of day was quickly followed by the rising of the queen of night in all her splendour, and beneath her soft influence we pursued our way. Fra Diavolo and I walked together, followed by the monk and O'Shanlon; the former delighted to have found a Catholic in my friend.

What a lovely night! The moon, waxing near her full, poured a tide of golden light over the extent of green leaves and boughs spread everywhere before our eyes. All was still and silent, and full of calm and tranquil brightness. Not a sound, not a motion was perceptible, save the slow gliding of the queen of night up the arch of heaven, and the glittering fireflies, like ambulating stars, wandering in magic pastime around us, and through the mazes of the forest. As we journeyed along each of us seemed

to feel the soft influence of the enchanting night and climate; and it was some time before the silence that reigned around us was broken by Fra Diavolo, who began recounting various and stirring incidents of his extraordinary and wayward life. Thus did he beguile the time till the fires of our bivouac appeared in view. I then reluctantly requested him and the monk to proceed no further; but still they would go onwards, and it was not before frequent and earnest solicitations, from both O'Shanlon and myself, added to a faithful promise to repeat our visit, that Fra Diavolo and the monk acceded to our request. Bidding us a happy night, they at length left us, and in a short time we reached our huts; when a sound sleep soon closed the adventures of

A DAY IN CALABRIA.

A MARTINET NOT ALWAYS A SOLDIER.

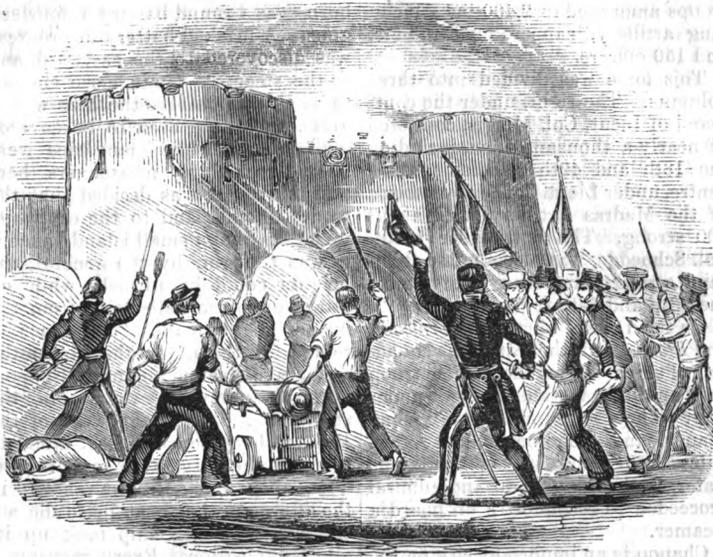
EVERY officer who has seen service must know the class of officers which I call magnified adjutants. They are formed of that exact *calibre*, and if they rise to the rank of Lieutenant-General will still be Adjutants, and no more. It is this order of people that has served to perpetuate the harsh portion of our military discipline; they are merciless floggers,—dogmatic and peremptory in their commands,—and cannot even grant the smallest favour in a way that it may look as such. A man of any feeling had better break stones in a quarry than serve under such persons, who have no consideration whatever for anything out of the pale of discipline, which they make as rigid as possible. Kind treatment, indulgence, or conciliation, are not of their vocabulary. Being in general men of uncultivated minds, one of their principal moral vices is listening to stories, which can only be effected through the means of some *toady*, who is universally hated. There was an officer of this genus some years

ago, whose regiment was quite a pattern to the army for discipline, order, and thorough drill. This man got by accident the command of a brigade, and a position to defend,—he was as helpless as a child. Most military men will recollect some individual to whom this description will answer. If historical examples are required I may give Whitelocke, and his second in command. I shall conclude with one other variety, fortunately very rare, the *fanfaron*,—a man who talks of nothing but himself and his regiment,—military copies of the excellent Justice Shallow, and “the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street.” My friend, the General, told me of one of these bragging gentlemen, who was always the hero of his own tale. He had known him on service, and after every general action this genius appeared with a handkerchief round his leg, or his arm in a sling,—contusions he called them,—the boys of the regiment called them *confusions*. He always reported that his regiment was cut to pieces,—scarce a man left; nevertheless, the dead men all came next day for their rations, as if nothing had happened. When he came home, after the peace, he went begging to every scarecrow in Europe for a badge or a riband,—which he does not hide under a bushel. “When I have seen him,” said the General, “enter a ball-room, with all these things dangling on his breast, I have often thought, what a nice man he would be to let loose in a nursery, for the amusement of the children.”

During the Peninsular War there was a large number of Lieut.-Colonels commanding regiments, whose presence would have done honour to any army of ancient or modern times: but this bright metal was alloyed with a considerable portion of the dross I have endeavoured to describe. Imagine, then, the astonishment, when, at the conclusion of the war, every man who commanded a regiment in the Peninsular, with, I think, one exception, was made K.C.B.!! Some of the ancient Trojans, who were aware that they had no other merit than that of being there, when they could not be any-

where else, were quite overpowered with the honour; but soon getting reconciled, they wore their feathers with great assumed dignity. It was subsequently remarked, as it is at the present day, that those who were the least deserving of the honour were the most ostentatious in showing it; they attended all meetings and balls, and did not even scorn a “tea and turn out,” where they thought they might exhibit their finery. I have seen of these who were the *lions* of the evening, who, in soldier’s phrase, were not “worth their salt.” But how did the men of merit and desert receive this boon? With pure and unmixed disgust; they considered it nothing less than a prostitution of honours. I had gone over to Paris to see the sights at the time of the Occupation, when the Order of the Bath had been extended in this uncouth manner. I happened to meet with one of the men of the right sort that had just received the K.C.B. “Well,” said I, “How do you like your honours?” “Honours!” quoth he, “to be placed on the same level of merit with—— and ——!! Had it not been,” said he, “for the fear of giving offence to my Sovereign, I would have returned the Order at once: as it is, I shall put it in my writing-desk, where it shall have a long repose.” “But,” said I in a jocular way, “will you have no ambition to marry, and make your wife a *Lady*?” “The very thing, of all others,” he replied, “that will determine me to remain a bachelor all my life. It makes me sick, the very idea of such ladyships as we shall soon see!”

Nothing possible to be devised that could more effectually render cheap and degrade a military order than this indiscriminate distribution. I have often wondered by what ingenuity it could be effected: at last I came to the conclusion that the *tapster* of the fountain of honour was drunk, and did not know what he was about.—*United Service Magazine.*



Captain Hal's and Colonel Tomlinson's Attack.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 188.)

ALTOGETHER not less than a hundred fire-boats were destroyed by the *Nemesis* and *Phlegethon*, in three expeditions, and there is little doubt but these active proceedings, on the part of the various steamers attached to the expeditionary force, must have greatly disconcerted the Chinese plans of annoyance: indeed, the "devil ships," as they emphatically named them, seemed to strike much more terror than even the formidable bulk and numerous guns of the less active men-of-war. On the 17th of May, 1842, the city of Ningpo was evacuated by our troops, as a preliminary to more active operations; indeed it would have been unadvisable to place so many troops out of active service, as would necessarily have been required to garrison so large a place. Neither was its occupation of much importance, since the possession of Chinhae, at the mouth of the river, fully commanded the city of Ningpo. The principal inhabitants, merchants,

and others, were called together by Sir Hugh Gough, and into their hands, in the absence of all the imperial authorities, the custody of the place was committed. The evacuation of Ningpo was unquestionably represented to the Emperor, as a great victory gained. The Chinese population seemed to look on in stupid astonishment, and our troops embarked on board the *Queen*, *Sesostris*, and *Phlegethon*, without the slightest demonstration of exultation on the part of the inhabitants.

Although large reinforcements had arrived in the Chinese waters, a great proportion had not yet joined the main body to the northward; nevertheless, Sir Hugh Gough, determined to proceed to attack Chapoo, without waiting their coming. The anchorage at the little island called, "Just-in-the-way," already mentioned in a former part of this work, half-way between Chusan and Chinhae, was fixed upon for the rendezvous of the shipping; and thither, by the 13th of May, all that could be spared from the garrisons of Amoy, Kolingsoo, Chusan, and Chinhae, were assembled. The nu-

merical strength of General Gough's troops amounted to 2,400 men, including artillery, sappers and miners, and 150 officers.

This force was divided into three columns. The right, under the command of Lieut. Col. Morris, consisted of nearly a thousand men, including the 18th and 49th regiments. The centre, under Lieut. Col. Montgomerie of the Madras Artillery, was about 500 strong. The left, under Lieut. Col. Schoedde, was also about a thousand strong, numbering in its ranks the 26th and 55th regiments.

On the 18th of May, the *Cornwallis* and *Blonde*, with the rest of the squadron of ships of war, the *Jupiter* troop ship, and several transports got under way. They soon made the Teshen islands, and anchored about seventy miles from land in eight fathoms water, while the general and admiral proceeded to reconnoitre on board a steamer.

Chapoo is an important city on the side of a broad shallow bay, into which the river Tshentang empties itself; this river flows past Hangchow-foo, the capital of the province, and it was rightly supposed that an attack upon this place would alarm them for the safety of the capital. However, no accurate information as to the real amount of the Chinese force could be obtained, but the general supposition was, that it was very considerable; and this was soon found to be the case. The view of Chapoo, and the hills in its neighbourhood is very striking. The town, with extensive suburbs, is situated on a promontory, extending east and west, beside the bay, for four or five miles. These suburbs were filled with shops and trader's houses, down to the beach, while the walled and fortified Tartar town stood in the rear, in such a position, that it was no easy thing to ascertain the nature and strength of its defences and works. On the heights, in the rear of this panoramic looking town, numerous breastworks were thrown up, and the like works were observed on the slopes, between the hills. Two small batteries, of five or seven guns, were seen on the side of the hill nearest the town, and upon

a small eminence in front of the suburb, was a round battery of fourteen guns. A masked battery in progress was discovered to the eastward, and as the steamers ran in close enough to be able to observe the hills with a glass, they were seen to be covered with troops, while mandarins were busy despatching messengers here and there. It was decided that the troops should land to the eastward, under cover of a small island, whence it was thought, by the general, the heights could be turned; while an attack upon the walled city, from the inside might make it no place of refuge for them. In the night, the anchorage ground opposite Chapoo, was well surveyed by the boats of the squadron, and on the morning of the 17th of May, the whole fleet stood in towards the city, and anchored at noon, about four miles from shore: in the afternoon they beat in to the anchorage, and each ship took up its allotted position. Every movement of the Chinese was visible from the decks of the vessels. The *Cornwallis* and *Blonde*, as the two heaviest ships, ranged opposite the strongest works, and a temple or joss-house on the hill side, where seemed to be the head-quarters of the enemy in very considerable force. The transports, with the *Nemesis*, *Queen*, and *Phlegethon*, were to land the troops near the little island before named, while the steamers, so soon as this was performed, were to take up the best positions they could for shelling the Chinese troops in their retreat. During the night the Chinese were all alive: they brought down several cannon and gingals to the hill side, opposite the *Nemesis*, but did not open fire. At daybreak next morning, the 18th Royal Irish, the 26th, 49th, 55th, and rifles, with the artillery (supported by the boats of the squadron, under commander Richards of the *Cornwallis*) made good their landing. Sir Hugh Gough, with the right column, taking up a position on a hill without opposition; for according to their imperfect tactics, the Chinese commanders had neglected their flanks, supposing, in their simplicity, that an enemy would, of course, take the bull by the

horns, and attack them in front, where their preparations were duly made. No sooner was the embarkation complete, and the troops formed, than Col. Schoedde was ordered with the left column, and Col. Montgomerie with the artillery and rifles of the centre, to move as quickly as possible round the base of the heights, in the rear of which there was a broken valley, and thus interpose themselves between the Chinese army and the walled town, while Sir Hugh Gough with the 18th and 49th regiments pushed along the crest of the heights, and drove the enemy from one point to another. No sooner was the advance sounded from this division, than the ships of war opened their fire upon the Chinese right flank, nearest to the town, and after a few rounds, so rapid and well directed was our gunnery, that the army fled from their works, and also from the joss-house on the top of the hill. The steamers were now signalled to close in with the *Cornwallis*, to cover the landing of the seamen and marines under Captain Bouchier, and commanded by the admiral himself, who was never behind in sharing the fatigue, honour, and danger of the forces afloat and ashore. Their right flank was thus completely turned, and luckily our troops carried their principal works before the Chinese had time to spring their mines, of which they had prepared several. The *Sesostris* threw some shells into the enemy's centre, as the troops advanced upon their left, and increased their confusion; in fact, their army was now defeated. The ground being very broken, and the hill sides covered with tombs, they kept continually rallying and making desperate stands, which added materially to the loss of life. Great numbers of the Tartars were seen deliberately stabbing themselves or cutting their own throats, as our men advanced upon them.

"But the most terrible scene," says Mr. Bernard, an eye witness of the engagement, "and the point at which we severest loss on our side occurred, was a large house partly enclosed with a wall, situated at the end of a little valley, about a mile from the walls of the town. About three hun-

ded resolute Tartar soldiers, finding their retreat cut off, took refuge in this building, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, expecting no quarter from their enemy. The defence of this large building was no part of their original design; but as they were driven into it, one after another, without any means of escape, they were forced to defend themselves. The number who might be inside was not at first known; and two small parties of the 18th and 49th, under Lieutenant Murray, of the former corps, and Lieutenant and Adjutant Browne, of the latter, attempted to follow them in, but were unable to effect an entrance. Of the 49th party, Lieutenants Browne and Mitchell were the only two who escaped untouched. One man was killed and the rest wounded.

"This little check was now reported to Lieutenant-Colonel Steves of the 49th, who soon came up. Perceiving that there were a great many of the enemy in the house, and that they were firing from the windows and doors, he ordered our troops to be withdrawn under cover, until the guns were brought up. Colonel Tomlinson, of the 18th, having overheard some injudicious remarks which he thought reflected upon himself, instantly put himself at the head of a few of his own regiment and of the 49th, and rushed in at the door of the joss-house. Scarcely a second had elapsed when he fell a corpse into the arms of his men, having received two balls in his neck. In fact, every man who attempted to enter was either wounded or killed, as he became exposed to the steady aim of the Tartars, in the narrow doorway, the light being full upon him, while the Tartars were themselves concealed from view.

"The failure of this second attempt to enter the building, added to the exasperation occasioned by the death of Colonel Tomlinson, rendered it very difficult to restrain the men from recklessly exposing themselves. Just at this time, one 6-pounder gun was brought up by Major Knowles, and some rockets were also thrown into the house, but did not succeed in ste-

ting it on fire. The field-piece made very little impression upon the walls; but it was important that the place should be destroyed and the Tartars captured. In the meantime, it was blockaded by two companies of the 18th Royal Irish.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SLAVER.

From the Note-book of an Officer employed against the Slave Trade.

Her Majesty's schooner *Fancy*, off the coast of the Brazils.

THIS is the thirty-first day of our cruise,—no sail to gladden our eyesight or excite our hopes! The dolphin refuse the bait, the turtle swim deep, and are “wide awake!” The wind still holds to the south-west. How wearily the hours drag their “slow length” along! and how the little hooker kicks about! Yes, friend—*little* I say. Don't despise her, I pray you! “We are not all born great—some achieve greatness”—and, though she is *but* a schooner, she may yet

“What does she look like?”

“A small sail, sir, standing towards us.”

“One of those eternal fishing-boats, I suppose. Take a look at her from the fore-yard, Mr. Smart.”

“A fishing-boat, sir, *only*,” exclaimed Mr. Smart, in a disappointed tone.

I descended the ladder, not in a very amiable mood.

“Be to my faults a little blind,” kind reader: I am one of the “new school.” I cannot help it, but the truth will out. I am not (I say again) a war officer, but, in comparison, a very youngster. I have no stories to tell of

“Hair-breadth 'scaper, Or dangers in the deadly imminent breach.” Ill-used, time-worn veterans! I cannot share your hardly-earned honours; and, although I do not feel *with* you your heart-burnings, nor the despair of hopes blighted and withered, yet, believe me, I feel *for* you. Don't pretend to despise us. Don't

say that we have degenerated from the gallant tars of old; for you know you don't mean it. No,—your sons are chips of the old block. These newfangled ways of ours have some meaning, after all—you confess as much. Well done, old Honesty! then, let me jog on with my note-book.

“Mast-head, there! Look well round, and come down.”

Another day has passed into night,—night again has passed into “peep of dawn.” It is the morning watch: the sun, about to rise, gives notice of his approach by the crimson-tinted eastern sky.

“A sail! a sail!” exclaim a dozen voices, “and, by St. Paul, a brig!”

I was dreaming of ancient times. I fancied myself Benbow's Flag-lieutenant, and he would persist (to my great horror) in making me chew tobacco. A voice (which I at first mistook for Admiral Benbow's) vociferated in mine ear—

“A sail, sir, bearing due east.”

I was on deck in a “quarter less no time.”

“Where is she? Ah! I see. Up with the helm—square the yards, Mr. Smart. Drop the topgallant-sail, and out reefs, quietly and slowly,—nay, slovenly, if you will, for he looks a clipper, and stratagem is our only chance.”

Steady—so! I don't think he observes us yet, for it is scarce day-break, and we are to the westward of him. Starboard a little—steady! Now for a good squint, and let me wipe the damp off my “Dollond.” He appears to be running *along* the land—odd, certainly! By Jove! he hauls his wind towards us. He takes us for a coaster. The long gun is quite ready?—Good! keep it covered with the tarpauline, and none of you show your ugly mugs above the gunwale.

“Put the red night-cap on, Sambo, and sit on the top of the fore-scuttle.”

We are nearing each other fast: a fine, taunt, rakish-looking craft, she appears three hundred tons, at least. I think she suspects us. She *does*, for she edges away, and up go her studding-sails.

“Dealers in human flesh—have you!”

Bang! goes the 32-pounder. Before the smoke clears away the schooner is under every stitch of sail. The breeze freshens—we are in hot pursuit. "Mind your steerage, Quartermaster, and keep her on with the larboard fore-rigging." Steady!—bang! again:—the shot falls short. Out bed, and let the gun down on the rear-axletree: now, then, fire with the rising motion. Bang!

"Slap through her mainsail, sir!" exclaims a man off the fore-yard.

She still carries on, and shows no colours; another shot, and another. She increases her distance; we shall lose her, by heavens! "Wet the sails!"—they draw beautifully, and stand like a board; the hammocks are hung up, and a couple of shot placed in each. We hold our own. "He has cut away his stern boat and his anchors. Villains! it is all in vain." "Take your time, No. 1, and bring down some of his flying kites." Bang! the smoke clears away; hurrah! his fore-topsail yard is shot away in the stays; down it comes, studding-sails, and all!—and—one shot more; she rounds to, and up go the Portuguese colours. "Out boats."

"Mr. Smart, go on board, take possession, and send the prisoners on board the *Fancy*."

"The brig is hailing, sir."

"She is from Quillimane in the Mozambique Channel," exclaims Mr. Smart; "sixty-two days out, 330 slaves, sadly in want of water."

Courteous reader, accompany us, I pray you, on board this slave-vessel—come and see the handy works of these blood-thirsty dealers in human flesh. What a nauseous smell as we approach—how slippery and dirty the vessel's side—what a clamour of voices—we are on board.

Look at that cool, villanous-looking scoundrel pacing up and down the deck smoking a cigar; his hands are in his pockets; he appears totally unconcerned about the number of murders he has committed, and the horrors that surround him. He is captain of the slaver, and a Portuguese; but he declares that he is only a passenger, and that the captain died at sea. He is even now calculating how much he

has lost by this unfortunate speculation. "Let me see," says he, "I own twenty of the *healthiest*, for my blacks *never die!*"—and he grins—"that would have given me twelve thousand cruzadoes, and Don Bernardino was to have given me four thousand for the trip—sixteen thousand clean gone—diabolo take the English picaroons! I wish h— would swallow up that island of theirs;" and he mutters "curses not loud but deep." "Well, well, I must be upon my guard now, however. Santa Maria! I wonder if they will rob me of these sixty half doubloons fastened round my waist; if they do, may they never receive absolution, the miscreants." He grinds his teeth, lights a fresh cigar, and continues walking the deck.

Behold that skeleton form!—the unfortunate breathes—her pulse still beats—her heart even yet echoes faintly to the touch of humanity. A few days since, an infant hung at her breast; thrice happy innocent, it died—it *was starved*—and she, the poor emaciated mother, *has been starved too!* she has existed, these last sixty days, on a few handfuls of farina, and two gills of putrid water per day; she has lived in the after-hold upon some hard planks all this time; look at her excoriated flesh! When she embarked, there were 200 of her sex stowed with her in bulk!—130 now remain. She might have saved herself, and sacrificed her child; but Nature gave her a mother's love for her offspring: she nourished and hugged it to her bosom, until the little corpse was taken from her by force, and thrown into the sea. Whilst we are looking, she is dying—she is dead!—"Oh, death! where is thy sting?"

Friend of humanity, turn to that nest of little ones, all in the last stage of the small-pox—in the confluent state—their bodies are one mass of putrifying sores: their tongues are lolling out of their parched mouths as begging for water; they cannot speak—they utter inarticulate sounds; but in a few hours they will be quite still—yes! they will be "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,"—they will die without a groan; watch them narrowly as you

may, you will not perceive the transition from life to death! The black, glassy eye is half-open, and almost transparent. It quivers!—it is fixed in death.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

WERE all, or only a tithe, of the instances of heroism displayed during the last war preserved and recorded, they would form, perhaps, the most interesting mass of matter ever brought together. An endeavour to string some of these pearls may, perhaps, find favour with our readers, and possibly, as we proceed with our task, we may be assisted by contributions bearing upon the subject.

The first illustration of the feeling which occurs to us is that of a marine, belonging to the *Proserpine*, Captain Charles Otter. This frigate was captured in February, 1809, by a French squadron of two line-of-battle ships and two frigates, after a spirited, but ineffectual, resistance, and carried into Toulon. Among the mortally wounded was a private marine; and, on the frigate's arrival at Toulon, orders came to convey the wounded on shore to the hospital. The poor fellow, feeling life fast ebbing away, prayed to be allowed to die on board the *Proserpine*, but his request was refused, and he was lowered into the boat, which was the *Proserpine's* cutter, to be taken on shore with the rest of the wounded. On passing under the stern of the French three-decker *Majestueux*, which ship bore the flag of Admiral Ganteaume, he observed a number of men and officers assembled on the poop, and looking down into the boat as it passed; when, though scarcely able to articulate, he made an effort to raise himself in his cot, and sang as loudly as he could:—

“You Frenchmen, don't talk of your fighting,

Nor boast of this deed you have done,
Don't think that Old England you'll frighten

So easy as Holland and Spain.”

The poor fellow then attempted to

sing “God Save the King,” but, from loss of blood, and from the exertion occasioned by the effort of singing, was unable to get through with it, and in a few hours afterwards expired.

Another instance of this feeling was shown during a most gallant boat attack in the Mediterranean, throughout which a degree of heroism was maintained rarely equalled. It occurred on the 9th July, 1810, when three boats, belonging to the *Alceste* frigate, Captain Murray Maxwell, were sent away to attack an enemy's convoy. The boats were in command of the master, Mr. Henry Bell, who was accompanied by midshipmen—M'Quean and James Adair. The vessels were under the protection of a large armed zebeck, and after the boats had driven five of them on shore, and had made prizes of three, it was found necessary to capture the zebeck also, to enable them to bring out the prizes. Leaving Mr. M'Quean, therefore, to cover two of the captured vessels, Mr. Bell in the barge, and Mr. Adair in the yawl, proceeded on this enterprise; and after again taking possession of one of the prizes which the zebeck had recaptured, they dashed alongside the armed vessel. A determined hand-to-hand conflict ensued, and, out of the twenty-two gallant fellows who boarded, sixteen were either killed or wounded. The remnant, however, did not quit the zebeck until she was hard and fast aground upon the rocks under the batteries of Alassio.

Captain Maxwell, than whom a better judge of a brave action could not be, thus reported this affair:—“It will give you some idea,” he wrote, “of the mettle these lads are made of, when I inform you that Mr. Bell, their leader, though severely wounded by a grape shot in the breast, while advancing to the attack, concealed his hurt, lest a knowledge of it might dishearten the men; and that Mr. Adair, his gallant young associate, though he had his left arm shattered to pieces in the act of boarding, kept his wound a secret, and went on.

But the “ruling passion,” which we are anxious to illustrate, was

marked, not in these heroic proceedings, but in what follows:—"John Giles," adds Captain Maxwell, "likewise a seaman, being mortally wounded, begged that he might be allowed to have *the last shot*, and as there could be no doubt about the aim, when the boat's carronade was touching the enemy's side, the match was put in his hand. He fired the gun—gave a faint *huzza*—and instantly expired."

A LEG FOR A BOOT, OR THE JEW OUTWITTED.

THE circumstance we are about to relate might, or might not, have occurred on board the Royal William (which ship it is well known nearly suffered shipwreck, by grounding on her own beef bones at Spithead), but if it did not take place on board that ship, it must, nevertheless, be treated with respect.

An individual of the Jewish persuasion, by name Isaac Isaacs, the lower extremities of whose face were distinguished by a beard of no mean pretensions, had established, by the good-will of the first-lieutenant, tolerably extensive premises on the middle deck of the ship above referred to, where he carried on a very considerable trade. Dead-eye buttons, scissors, and thread,—jackets, thick and thin,—shirts of all sizes, hats, caps, and looking glasses, for either sex,—watches, gold chains, stockings, shoes, and a mass of indescribables were there heaped together; in fact it was "a Jew's shop." Among other valuables exhibited in this Jewish collection, Mr. Isaacs had not forgotten to provide some fine large strong fishermen's boots, at that time in great request for washing decks. Being a sort of receiving ship, the Royal Billy was seldom without supernumeraries, some of whom had plenty of pay and prize money due, or in hand, so that Mr. Isaacs' shop, as we may call it, was very generally well attended. But it occasionally happened that articles, notwithstanding the lynx-eye and ubiquitous nature of

the owner, walked off without his being able to bring the proceeds to account. Such was the case with his wash-deck boots: *one* of a pair was missed from its accustomed place; but by whom removed no one was bold enough to say. To complain was useless, as no suspicion attached to any one; but the Jew did not forget it, and as if to keep the loss in his "mind's eye," the *solitaire* hung up in a conspicuous part of his shop.

Weeks, it might have been a month, waned away, but no clue to the boot robbery was obtained, and odd enough no offer was made for the one which remained.

While ruminating upon his profits and his losses one afternoon, Isaacs was aroused from his reverie by a smart young fellow, one of the supernumeraries, but belonging to a fine frigate, who had not been long on board, and who, after looking at various articles of outward garniture—none of which appeared to give him satisfaction, was suddenly struck by the *odd boot*.

"What, Isaac," said he "do you, sell odd boots?"

"I sells anything, my goot friend," replied Isaac, "ven I can get de monish: but you shupernumerys forgetsh to pay sometimes—but vat do you pleash to vant dis morning?"

"This boot here," returned the young sailor—"what do you ask for it?"

"Vat do you vant vid dat boot?"

"That is not your business," replied the sailor.

"But it ish my business," said the Jew, "for I tink you are de rashcal dat stole de oder, and I vill have you before de commanding offisher directly."

"Oh, that is it," said Jack, coolly; "well come along."

Mr. Isaacs leaving his shop in care of his faithful servant, ascended to the quarter-deck, with the seaman to make his complaint; and the first-lieutenant undertook to be the arbitrator. The Jew's case was, that there was proof presumptive that the sailor either had the missing boot himself, or else knew the thief; for what, he urged, could the man in

question want with an *odd boot*? The ingenuity with which Isaacs supported his charge, made the matter look very black against the defendant, who, however, quietly heard all that the Jew could adduce.

The first-lieutenant having heard Isaacs to an end, then turned to the man, and asked what he had to say in reply, when Jack, with very little hesitation, said, "You see, your honour, old Tom, the cook, since I've been aboard the *Royal Billy*, has acted the part of a father to me, in taking care of me like, and I wished to make him some return; so, seein' the odd boot hanging up in Isaac's shop, and knowing that old Tom had a wooden leg, and didn't want a pair of boots, I thought as how this would be a good chance, so I axed the price of it, and the Jew swore directly I'd a stole the other; and brought me afore your honour."

Isaac's beard dropped below his girdle, and the lieutenant's countenance evinced a strong disposition towards a broad grin. The former made the best of his way back to his shop, and the sailor remained in full possession of the victory. Overtures were shortly after made by Isaacs, and the sailor became possessed of a pair of boots for the price of one.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.

One of the most formidable engines of destruction which any vessel, particularly a steamer, can make use of, is the Congreve rocket, a most terrible weapon when judiciously applied, especially where there are combustible materials to act upon. The very first rocket fired from the *Nemesis*, in one of the earliest actions of the Chinese war, was seen to enter the large junk against which it was directed, near that of the admiral, and almost the instant afterwards it blew up with a terrible explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, the flame, and

thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling round, and even portions of dissevered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.

EFFECTS OF TRAFALGAR ON PITT.

On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November, 1805) I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings, when roused in the night to read Collingwood's despatches. Pitt observed that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life, by the arrival of news of various hues; but that, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced, brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but got up, though it was three in the morning.—*Lord Fitzharris's Note-Book*, 1805.

PHYSICIANS V. SOLDIERS.

It is related of Dr. Baylis, that when first introduced to Frederick II., of Prussia, the King observed to him, that "to have acquired so much knowledge as he was possessed of, he must necessarily have killed a great many people." To which the Dr. replied, "Not so many as your Majesty."

PRIZE MONEY.

A person asked an Irish seaman belonging to the coast-guard, at Hastings, if they got any prize-money? "Och, and indeed yer hanner, ye may well ask that; we take prizes, but the money's all sifted through a ladder: what falls through goes to the officers, and all that sticks to the steps is left for the men's share!"



Interior of the Joss-house.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 196.)

"WHILE this was going on, Sir Hugh Gough had marched on towards the city wall, and was joined there by Sir William Parker with the naval brigade. As soon as the Admiral had landed, Captain Hall, with three of his officers (including the surgeon) and sixteen men, (eight seamen, and eight of the Bombay artillery,) also landed as volunteers, and, after clearing a hill in the front of some straggling Chinese soldiers, they advanced directly up the hollow, at the extremity of which stood the large building just mentioned. Already Colonel Tomlinson was killed, and several other officers wounded; both the rockets and the small field-piece had failed to clear the house of its defenders. Captain Pears, the field engineer, had also come up, and proposed to endeavour to blow in a portion of the outer wall by means of a bag of powder.

"Seeing a small side-door open, Captain Hall, followed by Lieutenant Fitzjames and one of his own men

got close to it and fired into it, wounding a Tartar mandarin, but it was too hazardous to try to force a passage in; and, as the defenders kept up a smart fire from the windows above, it was necessary to retire under cover. An attempt was then made to set fire to the building, by throwing combustibles in at the principal door; and Captain Hall rushed in towards it, with a bundle of straw in one hand and his sword in the other, followed by several of his men and one or two officers. Scarcely had he reached the doorway, when a smart fire was opened from within, by which two of his men were shot dead close by his side, but he himself escaped as if by a miracle.

"The bodies were instantly removed to a place of safety, and this attempt failed, as the others had done. Three or four of the Tartars now made an attempt to escape, by rushing out of the doorway, and ran the gauntlet of ten or a dozen shots directed at them. They ran for their lives and escaped, although, from the traces of blood, it was thought that more than one of them must have been wounded.

"Captain Pears at length got a powder-bag fixed to the northern wall of the building, which blew it in; and a small party of the 18th again attempted to enter it, but one of them was killed, and two wounded, and the rest withdrew. In fact, it was so dark inside the building, and the space was so narrow, that it was impossible to make a rush at it.

"It was next proposed to set the place on fire, for on one side the upper part of the building appeared to be built of wood. Another powder-bag was fixed to that side of the house, just below the wood-work, in the hope that it would knock it all down together, or else set it on fire. The explosion was so powerful that it not only destroyed part of the wall, but brought down the wood-work above it, and thus many of the Tartars above became exposed, of whom some were shot, and others succeeded in getting down below. But, wherever a Tartar shewed himself at a window in any part of the building, several muskets were levelled at him; and, on the other hand, so well did the Tartars take aim with their matchlocks, that one of the Royal Irish, who *would* persist in merely peeping round the doorway 'just to see if he couldn't pick off a Tartar,' received a shot in his knee, before he had himself time to fire.

"The fragments of the wood-work, which had tumbled down, were now collected into a heap by the sappers, and set on fire, which soon communicated to the rest of the building. Gradually, as it spread, the matchlocks of the Tartars (probably of the fallen) were heard to go off, and loud cries were uttered. The rest of the defenders must evidently surrender; and, on entering the doorway, the poor fellows could now be seen stripping off their clothes to avoid the flames, and running about in despair from one side to the other. About fifty were taken prisoners, but two or three, who tried to escape, were shot; and so exasperated were the 18th at the loss of their colonel, and some of their comrades, that it was not without difficulty they were prevented from putting several of the prisoners

to death. These were now tied together by their tails, in parties of eight or ten, so that they could not well run away all together; and they were marched off, under an escort, to the walled town, which had already been taken possession of.

"If the loss of the Chinese was great on this day, so was it on our side, much greater than on any previous occasion. The high spirit of the Tartar soldiers, the descendants of the conquerors of China, and soldiers by birthright, could not brook a total defeat; and, when they were further stimulated by the excitement of opium, their self-devotion and stubbornness tended to increase their loss. When they could no longer fight, they could die; and the instances of mad self-destruction, both within the city and without, were perfectly horrible. Many of the Tartars were with difficulty prevented from cutting their throats, which they attempted to do with apparent indifference. On visiting the large building, or joss-house, which had resisted so long, and had cost so many lives, a number of dead and wounded men were found huddled together in a horrible manner, in one of the out-buildings attached to it. The ruins of the house were still smoking, and our object was to drag out the wounded and put them under cover until they could be properly attended to, for, on all occasions, the Chinese wounded received every attention that could be shewn them from our medical officers. Just as our men began to move aside the dead bodies, a Tartar soldier, who had until now concealed himself among them, literally rising from the dead, stood up suddenly and drew his sword. But, instead of making a dash for his life, or giving himself up as a prisoner, he began deliberately to hack his own throat with the rusty weapon, and inflicted two wounds upon himself before his hand could be stopped. Another man was found concealed in a deep hollow in the earth, where there was a sort of oven and could not be got out until some men were sent to dig him out, and he was then found to be wounded. Altogether,

the scene at this house was quite enough of itself to appal any man with the horrors of war. Many of the wounded were dreadfully mutilated, and the dead bodies were charred and disfigured.

"A large building in the city was specially set apart for the Chinese wounded, and the great kindness and attention they received at Chapoo produced important effects afterwards upon the authorities, and induced them to treat our prisoners with kindness, instead of torturing them to death, as had frequently been the case. The veteran Elepoo, who was, in fact, at that time governor of Chapoo, (having been partially restored to favour by the Emperor,) expressly thanked the general and the admiral for their humanity, in a letter written about a month afterwards. 'On inquiry,' said he, 'I found that you gave the hungry rice to eat, and allowed to the wounded medical attendance, and we feel obliged for your kindness and courtesy.'"

The Chinese army in action at Chapoo consisted of not less than 8,000 men, of which about 3,000 were Tartars; it was supposed, by military men of judgment, that not less than 1,200 to 1,500 of them perished in the action. On the side of the British, Colonel Tomlinson, of the 18th Royal Irish, and Captain Colin Campbell, of the 55th regiment, were killed; and Lieut.-Colonel Mountain, of the General's staff, severely wounded, having three balls in his back. Lieut. A. Murray, 18th regiment; Capt. T. Reynolds, 49th; Lieutenant and Adjutant W. P. Browne, 49th; Lieut. A. Jod-drill, 18th; and Lieut. J. G. Johnstone, Sappers and Miners, were among the wounded.

As the Commander-in-chief had no intention of holding Chapoo, the arsenals and government depôts, the iron guns, 82 in number, the wall-pieces, &c., were destroyed, ten brass cannons (which were very good) being all that were carried off.

On the results of this obstinate and decisive action it is here unnecessary to debate. Suffice it to say, that the alarm of the court at this utter discomfiture of their best and bravest

troops produced a corresponding change in its tone, and the generosity and lenity shown by the British to their prisoners and wounded, (every soldier being set at liberty before we left Chapoo, with a present of *three dollars in money*;) produced a favourable impression upon the people themselves. An attempt was then made to induce the admiral and general to suspend hostilities, but as the mandarin who was deputed to negotiate was of but low rank, it was clearly a mere attempt to gain time. A letter was addressed to the high-minded, humane, and venerable Elepoo, now restored to favour of the governor of the province, to the effect that "no treaty could be discussed until the arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger, who was daily expected."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SLAVER.

From the Note-book of an Officer employed against the Slave Trade.

(Concluded from page 198.)

Mark that living skeleton! lying with his face to the deck; one little month, and that man was a Hercules; but fearful of his strength, the villains have kept him in close irons; this is the first time he has breathed the air of heaven since he embarked. Look at his lengthy frame—his sunken eyes—his lank jaws—his attenuated limbs! the bones seem willing to burst through the frail covering of skin that surrounds them; you may count every rib. He was one of the brave men of his tribe; he was doubtless taken fighting hand to hand, defending his wife, his children, his home; even the rude hut in the wilds of Africa; but he was surrounded and taken prisoner, and driven with hundreds of others, like flocks of sheep, to the sea coast. See, he moves,—

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low

He is past all suffering: a few hours,
And he will cease to exist.

Yonder are some suffering from
ophthalmia—all more or less blind;

one is totally so; and every now and then he endeavours to throw himself overboard, and when he is restrained, he mumbles something and points to his eyes, as much as to say, "Why should I live? I am of no use—can only exist in utter darkness—let me put an end to my miseries!"

They are serving out the water!—See, what a rush there is to the after hatchway: men, women, children, how eagerly they watch their turn to grasp the little calabash which is half filled for each one. It holds just a pint: with what agony some of the little urchins regard the process!—afraid, dreadfully afraid—they shall be forgotten. How they creep between the legs of the taller ones to get nearer the tub! A dozen hands are thrust in at once: with what envy they regard the fortunate possessor! and how they watch every drop that passes down his poor parched throat, and snatch it from his grasp ere it is quite empty! Main strength here wins the day: they have little respect for friends or comrades in misfortune; and no wonder—each is endeavouring to save his own life!

Hark! what splash was that? They have just hove two unfortunates overboard: their bodies were yet warm, but they were encumbering the crowded decks; the flies were swarming around them, and even the air was becoming tainted: they are now food for the sharks: two of these ravenous creatures have followed the vessel across the Atlantic: they have been gorged with human flesh, but they are never satisfied: they will await the last victim, and then go in search of more.

Nine bodies have been thrown overboard to-day.

Just peep down into the men's slave-room: how close and poisonous the atmosphere! only three feet from the planks to the deck above; they must all squat down in one position; move they cannot. Immense leaguers for holding water are stowed away underneath; some little fellows manage to crawl between the planks—they find the bunghole of the casks. Necessity is, indeed, the mother of invention: they tear off a portion of the

rag that is tied round their waist, and is their only covering, fasten it to a rope-yarn, and lower it into the cask: lo! they draw it up, suck out all the moisture, and so again, until their insatiate thirst is somewhat abated. Some never come up again, perhaps cannot, and so die beneath the planks, and are not discovered until the confined air below becomes rank poison, and then a search is made, and a putrid body found and cast overboard.

I feel a hot puff of wind from the south-west—that dense cloud on the horizon is rising fast—a flash of lightning issues from it—it begins to sputter with rain: this portends a squall. Unhappy wretches! you must descend. With what reluctance they go!—the strongest shoving the weak before them. Look at the forest of human heads with the faces turned upwards, peeping through the barred-down gratings of the hatchway! What shoving, squeezing, cuffing, and yelling, to get the envied berth! Brute force again carries the day, and the weak squat down in despair—their breasts heave, and they gasp for a little air.

A short time before we captured her, they were all battened down in a gale of wind. Yes, they covered over the hatchways to prevent the seas that fell *in board* from filling the vessel. What screams of agony, what yells, must have been uttered, when they were suffocating. The weather moderated, the hatches were opened, and forty corpses were passed up and committed to the deep.

Thanks be to heaven for this fine refreshing fair wind: how the sun shines and the vessel flies! The port is in sight, and we shall anchor ere sunset.

Lo! we are at anchor. What cries of joy the unfortunates utter as they leave the dirty, nauseous vessel that has brought them across the Atlantic. Those that are dying for a while partake of the joy, and fancy their sufferings all over; and, indeed, so they are, for no earthly aid can save their bodies, and, alas! they are ignorant of their souls. And thus they die, casting a last envying look on their

comrades, who "eat, drink, and are merry"—on the cool, clean, spacious decks of her Majesty's receiving frigate *Crescent*. The healthiest are divided into messes, and are given beef-soup, and farina, and as much water as they can safely drink.

Some little urchins love to sit all day long by the side of the tank, and turn the water for every one who comes; that running stream being to them the dearest sight earth can afford. The sick are laid on beds, and have the best medical treatment; they are given nourishing food to re-animate their debilitated frames: some poor skeletons would drink all day long (if allowed), so great is their thirst. By degrees they recover and get merry, and dance their native dances, and sing their national songs, and so in time, by care and kind treatment, forget all their past sufferings. When they have sufficiently recovered another scene takes place; one-half of them are again sent on board the slave-vessel; they are about to proceed to the British colony of Guiana: for if they remain in the Brazils they will again become slaves.

How the poor creatures dread another voyage! How they cling to the sides of the frigate, as if to save themselves from a certain death! They recollect all that they previously suffered—the suffocation! the raging thirst! the burning heat of their bodies! comrade after comrade dying beside them! But their fears are vain; happily for them they are no longer in the hands of the Philistines. 180 are now put into a space where 500 were crammed on leaving the Coast of Africa. The water is pure and wholesome, and they are allowed a liberal quantity. They are all clothed; for the Guiana Immigration Society not only liberally provide clothing, but defray all the expenses of their transportation. Their provisions consist of hung beef, salt-fish, farina, rice, and lemon-juice; with tapioca, arrowroot, sugar, wine, &c., for the sick. Each one is provided with a mat, which they take the greatest care of. The officer who is sent with them is very particular in keeping the vessel pure and clean,

and regularly ventilated, sprinkling chloride of lime in the hold occasionally, and keeping the negroes as much on deck as possible. Twenty of the finest and strongest are selected to assist the seamen in working the ship. They keep regular watch, which they are proud of.

The passage is long and tedious, but they are merry and free from care, as the following extract from the prize-officer's private log will show:—

"The negroes this evening established a band of culinary instruments. Such a din I never heard; kettles, frying-pans, baking-dishes, tin-pots and spoons, &c., &c., all in concert! After the dancing, a kind of pantomime was performed, in which the actors imitated all the actions and stratagems of the elephant-hunter. One stout fellow appeared particularly excited, and for the moment, perhaps, fancied himself again in his native woods—he handled a stick (his gun) with the greatest dexterity, loading and firing quickly, and with great minutia of movement.

"The successful shot was attended with a yell of triumph, and a crash of pots, pans, &c. His movements were regulated by a song, in which all joined."

Thus, evening after evening, they amused themselves. At length they anchor in the river Berbice; they are landed, and are located near a plantation. They immediately demolish an acre of sugar-canes.

The men and women are divided, and made to form a line opposite each other; the men are told to select a wife from the opposite party, when, if the lady be nothing loth, they are married by a magistrate, and henceforth are husband and wife. Some are not contented with *one*, but want two wives, and appear much disappointed when refused, especially if the females are the more numerous. One fellow, a cook by profession, quite an *artiste* in his way, picked out *three*, and sadly wanted to keep them all; finding it impossible, he took two children, thus becoming a family man at once.

In a short time they begin to work at the different plantations, and gain

a livelihood, labour here finding a ready market; they are perfectly at liberty to change masters when they please; they are under the protection of a magistrate, responsible only to the Government; and they enjoy as much liberty in every respect as those of our own race. They become Christians, attend church, and, in the fulness of time, they depart this world,—not as worshippers of stones and serpents, but with a hope of everlasting happiness. And thus ends the liberated African's "strange eventful history."

F.

EFFECT OF MUSKETRY IN BATTLE.

About a century ago, a British general, named Gray, asserted in a military treatise, that only one musket-shot out of 400 took fatal effect in battle. This, at first view, seems absolutely incredible; but a regular investigation shows that he calculated judiciously. A battle is accounted very bloody where an army suffers a loss of one-fourth. At Vittoria, where Wellington, according to Napier, had 100,000, he lost 6000, which was only about a seventeenth, and the French with 120,000, though defeated, lost no more, which was but a twentieth. Ligny, though not much spoken of, was perhaps the most sanguinary European battle in modern times, for Blücher lost one-fourth of his force in the field; and so deadly was the mutual exasperation, that no mention is made of prisoners! Bonaparte, who could be hardly said to have gained a victory, since Blücher's main object was retreat, lost at least a fifth. At Waterloo, which is always classed as unusually severe, Wellington, if my memory serves right, lost about a fifth of the army under his immediate command. The French loss cannot be fairly mentioned here, for when an army flies in confusion, it is little superior to a panic-struck mob, and the carnage in the pursuit, added to that in the battle itself, must be immense.

Suppose now two hostile armies, of

12,000 muskets respectively, besides the officers, or non-firers, and some cavalry and artillerymen; and that one is defeated, after a contest of six or seven hours, with the heavy loss of 8000. We will suppose that the victorious side fires only thirty rounds, which low average is given to allow for the killed or disabled early, or in course of the battle. That would amount to 360,000 shots, and we are to recollect that "loss" includes wounded and missing; so that the killed are seldom more than a fourth, but we shall here set them down as 1000, which would be nearly a third. That would come very close to the general's calculations, but we must keep in mind that battles are not fought without cavalry and artillery, and that they had a good share in killing the 1000. Thus we find that, with all our improvements, the old general's estimate holds good to the present day, and is rather an understating than an exaggeration. Why so small a proportion of musket-shots tell effectively in battle would be both a curious and useful subject for investigation.

TOM STARBOARD'S LAMENT FOR HIS SHIPMATE LARBOARD.

"Poor Jack! so he's gone as last! I hear he's to be scratched off our purser's books, and discharged from the service, never to go afloat again. Many's the nor-wester and sou-wester toe we have encountered together, and green seas, more than I can number, have we shared betwixt us. Although shipmates as boys, it so chanced that we were always in different watches, and never messemates; but we always had a good heart towards each other, and whatever happened to hurt Jack was sure to grieve me. If we could not mess together, we could always manage to meet in midships over our grog; and and often on a calm night, when no work was going on, we used to sing our songs and tell long yarns on the fore-castle deck. Our men say that he is to be superseded by a lubber by

the name of "Port;" had they sent us "Grog," we should have liked him better. Port and I have been shipmates a long while, but he never was much of a favourite with the ship's company below; for we always had enough of him at the wheel.

For some years past some of the officers have shown a great spite against Larboard, and he never dared go upon deck; but we kept him below as quietly as we could, and found him very useful to us old hands. Nothing but "Port" goes down now; and to get to windward of poor Larboard, the Admiralty have, I suppose, ordered his discharge from the service altogether; so that now Larboard is left on shore. Perhaps their lordships may order him to be taken into Greenwich, or else into Haslar Hospital; and I suppose we shall hear next that he is no more. Poor Jack! well, who knows how soon Tom Starboard may have to follow you?

Tom brushed away drops of moisture from his shaggy eyebrows, and turned in. It is conjectured he must have been hearing the following Admiralty memorandum read to him, and which induced his melancholy:—

"It having been represented to the Lords Commissioners of the admiralty that the word 'port' is frequently, though not universally, substituted on board Her Majesty's ships for the word 'larboard,' and as the want of a uniform practice in this respect may lead to important and serious mistakes, and the distinction between 'starboard' and 'port' is so much more marked than that between 'starboard' and 'larboard,' it is their Lordship's direction that the word 'larboard' shall no longer be used to signify left on board any of Her Majesty's ships or vessels.

"By command of their Lordships,
SIDNEY HERBERT."

"To all Commanders-in-Chief, Captains, and Commanding Officers of Her Majesty's ships and vessels."

PRESENTIMENT REALIZED.

ON the 10th June, 1809, the *Northumberland* 74, Captain William Har-

good, being at anchor off Piram Point, near Venice, received intelligence that a large convoy was expected along the coast, which it was determined to intercept with the boats of the squadron, and accordingly at midnight the whole stood in towards the shore. Captain Hargood entrusted the command of the expedition to the first lieutenant of the *Northumberland*, Mr. James Leverick, an officer of experience and approved courage. The boats fell in with the convoy, and a very severe skirmish ensued, which unfortunately proved fatal to the gallant officer in command of it. The case of this officer is very remarkable from the firm presentiment he entertained of his approaching end. A day or two previous to this attack, while walking the deck, with one of his messmates, he remarked that if the ship got into action, he felt assured he should not survive it. He was rallied for such an observation, and his brother officers, who well knew his courage, did all in their power to remove such an impression, but in vain. When, on this occasion, the command of the boats was given him, his manner, on quitting the wardroom, was remarked by all present; and the purser of the ship in particular—who, sitting at the foot of the table, received from him a significant pressure of the hand at parting—was very much struck by the alteration in his appearance. It is evident that his presentiment was not removed; but, notwithstanding its existence, it had no effect upon his public conduct. The barge, which he commanded in person, pushed determinedly forward into the thickest of the fight, and bearded and carried one of the gunboats, in which having left some of the barge's crew, he proceeded to the attack of a second. While in the act of boarding the second boat he received a musket ball, which entered at the shoulder and taking a downward course lodged in the spine, from whence it could not be extracted. The convoy, which was the strongest that had been known for some time, succeeded, after much hard fighting, in beating off the boats, and they returned in the morning to the ship

bringing two other men who had been wounded, one mortally, in the action.

Lieutenant Leverick was placed in the captain's cabin, where he lingered twenty-four hours in a state of extreme suffering, when death put an end to his career, to the great regret of his captain, and the officers, and ship's company, by all of whom he was much respected. On his desk being opened a letter was found addressed to the purser, and dated on the night he received his death wound, giving to his sisters the small property which he had accumulated in the public service.

FEMALE HEROISM.

During a conflict at the farm of Rainerhof, in the Tyrolese war in 1809, a young woman, who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine to encourage and refresh the peasants: and had advanced in the scene of action, regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, with the cask upon her head, when a bullet struck it, and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident, she hastened to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb to the orifice caused by the ball; and encouraged those nearest her to refresh themselves quickly, that she might not remain in her dangerous situation, and suffer for her generosity.

ARTILLERY.

Artillery is not considered so formidable as is generally believed, nor does it deserve the respect which troops usually show it. Guns can only practise with success upon immoveable bodies—those in motion are difficult to hit. Six pounders work point blank from about eight to nine hundred paces; cavalry gets over six hundred paces at a trot in two minutes. How uncertain must be the line of fire against the body in continued motion. A line of cavalry, charging vigorously, will suffer very little from the fire of guns. "You furnished me with a noble spectacle!" said Napoleon, at the battle

of Eckmühl, to the Bavarian general, who, with his brigade of cavalry, had taken a battery of thirty guns.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TRANSPORTING A LARGE ARMY.

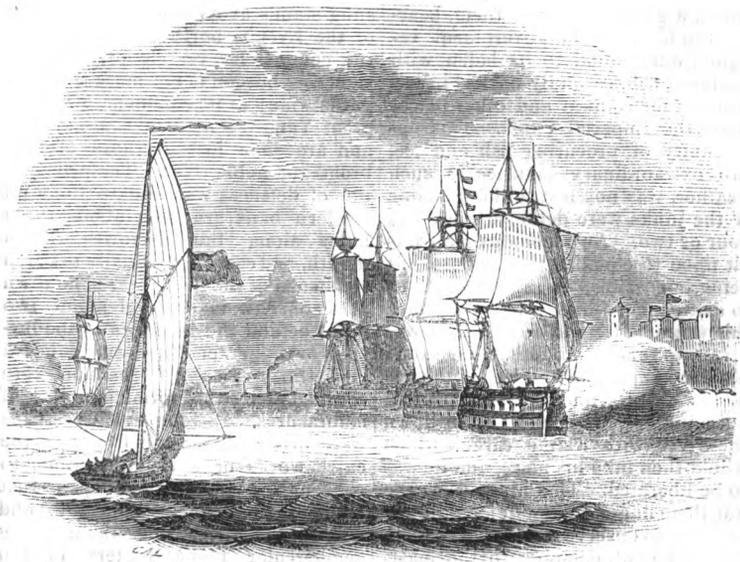
Napoleon started from the banks of the Oder in the month of May, 1812, with about 550,000 men, for the intended invasion of Russia. The main body of this army was under his own immediate command, and consisted, at the commencement of the campaign, of 295,000 men. On the 7th of September following, it brought only 120,000 into the field of Borodino, and allowing 30,000 to have fallen in the previous engagements, and this is much above the mark assigned by any of the historians, what had become of the 145,000 is still unaccounted for? Any one at all acquainted with warfare, will readily reply to this question—"they fell to the rear, or perished from want, misery or fatigue."

FIRST DIRECT INTERCOURSE WITH CHINA.

Among the conquests of the Portuguese, during the administration of Albuquerque, was that of Malacca, situated on the coast of the peninsula of that name, an important station, as being the centre of the commerce between India, China, and the principal oriental islands; a trade that is now possessed by Singapore, a British settlement at the southern extremity of the same peninsula.

ODD AND EVEN.

A sailor went into a doctor's shop to purchase some medicines, after he was served, he asked the price, "seven and sixpence," said the doctor. "Well, I'll tell you what," replied the tar; "take off the odds, and I'll pay you the even." "Agreed," returned the doctor, "we won't quarrel about trifles." The sailor laid down sixpence, and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake. "No mistake at all, my hearty," replied Jack; "six is even and seven is odd, all the world over; so I wish you good day."



British Fleet at Woosung.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Continued from page 203.

THE excellent Elepoo, determined not to be behindhand in courtesy, addressed a letter to the admiral and commander-in-chief, styling them the "Hon. General and Admiral," and informing them that in return for their good treatment of the prisoners, he had sent back all the English prisoners to Chapoo; he also said that he was "very desirous to negotiate and make arrangements to spare the lives of the people of both countries." By Elepoo's orders thirty dollars were paid to every white man, and fifteen to every Indian sepoy, or, as the Chinese called them, every "black man."

The commanders having been reinforced, resolved now on striking a blow at the very vitals of the commerce of the empire, and by an advance up the Yang-tse-keang, or Yang-tze river, a mighty stream into which the Grand, or Imperial Canal empties itself, which communicates with Peking, the metropolis and seat of government of this vast and singular empire.

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On the 5th of June, the whole fleet got under weigh and stood into the mouth of the river, but did not make much progress, on account of the great strength of the tides. On the 8th, the transports, steamers, and men-of-war rendezvoused off the Amherst rocks, having been compelled to anchor each night. The *Modeste*, with *Pluto* and *Nemesis* steamers, were despatched up the river to Woosung, the spot where the principal defences of the river were reported to be; a large fleet of junks was espied off that place, which the *Nemesis* was ordered to overtake and cut off. This she very quickly effected, and having done so, signalled them to anchor immediately; several, however, persisted in holding on, until brought to obedience by shot across their bows. Their crews, for they proved to be traders, seemed very much frightened, although Mr. Gutzlaff, the interpreter, assured them they would receive no injury, and would be allowed to depart so soon as their cargoes were examined, and it was found they did not contain warlike stores. The weather was horribly hot, and an unexpected lux-

ury was discovered on board these prizes, a great number of them, bearing the imperial, or government insignia, were found to be laden with the finest fish, carefully packed in ice, destined for Nankin and other places along the Imperial Canal. This opportunity of procuring fish and ice, two extraordinary luxuries in such weather, was not lost, although none of the junks were detained above an hour or two. An ingenious plan was hit upon to equalize this tribute. It being impossible, as strangers, for us to distinguish which junks contained this welcome freight, each captain was given to understand that he would have to supply fish and ice for the use of his captors until he should point out another junk coming up or down the river with a like cargo, which would then take his place, and he was to be liberated. This hint seemed to put them in good humour: and it was amusing to observe what a sharp look-out they kept, climbing to the mast-head every now and then to see if their unconscious substitute was approaching: thus one succeeded another, the last comer reconciling himself to his fate very easily, when assured by his predecessor that no harm would be done to him. They all, however, appeared rejoiced to get away, and uniformly refused any payment. On arriving at Woosung, Capt. Watson with the *Modeste* and boats proceeded to reconnoitre the river and take soundings, prior to the grand attack upon the batteries. This consumed three days; it was at this time that the little steamer *Ariadne*, being sent to ascertain the situation of a rock off the mouth of the river, ran right upon it, and was bilged; a sail was passed under her bottom, and she was towed by the *Sesostris* back to Chusan for repairs, where, owing to some accident, she went down in deep water, and could not be got up again.

It may be here necessary to observe the position of the Woosung river and the Yang-tze, to prevent the reader being confused in reading the descriptions which follow in the despatches. The Woosung, which falls into the right bank of the Yang-tze at the village of that name, is about a mile

wide, and the village or town of Woosung stands at its mouth; the course of the river is north and south, and the channel for vessels of any considerable burden is not more than 300 yards wide; at its confluence with the great Yang-tze its banks widen out, and are soon lost in those of that broad and noble river. The principal line of defences was situate along its western bank, running about three miles along the narrower river's mouth, and carving gradually towards the banks of the Yang-tze. The town of Paonshaw is situated about two miles behind the batteries at the further or upper end, and one hundred and thirty pieces of cannon were counted along this formidable line of embrasures. Strong, sharp stakes were driven along the fronts of the earth-works near the water-line, to prevent the landing of troops. Just above the village of Woosung, and along its northern side, was a strong semicircular stone battery of ten brass cannon (24-pounders). This was well placed, as from its position it commanded the whole mouth of the river, as well as the creek which ran by Woosung. On the eastern side of the river, opposite Woosung, stood a strong fort, built partly of brick and partly of stone, and calculated, from its elevation, to have a long range; it was flanked by a line of embankments, with embrasures mounting twenty-one pieces of cannon. Here the choicest Tartar troops were collected, and they, as we afterwards found, were well prepared to defend their trust with the most desperate obstinacy. They worked their guns with great spirit, and kept up a better sustained fire than on any previous occasion; and when their principal line of defence was turned by a column of marines and seamen, they boldly fought hand to hand, measuring the sword against the ship's cutlass, and charging with the spear against the bayonet. Pursuant to the plan we have laid down, we will here give the official despatch of Sir Hugh Gough, narrating their operations, reserving details and anecdotes of personal courage for the conclusion of the encounter:—

From Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Gough to Lord Stanley.

"Head-Quarters, Woosung, June 18, 1842.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to apprise your Lordship that the fleet, from various naval causes, which I am persuaded were unavoidable, only reached the anchorage of Woosung, within the bar of the Yang-tse-keang, on the evening of the 13th inst. The following morning I proceeded with his excellency the naval commander-in-chief to reconnoitre the long line of defences on both sides of the Woosung river, those on the left bank extending from five to six miles of the Yang-tse-keang, while the defences on the right bank consisted of a tower, with flanking batteries on a tongue of land formed by a bend of the river, which here runs from two to three miles parallel to the course of the Yang-tse-keang. The main object, therefore, was the occupation of the left bank with its defences, at the southern extremity of which the village of Woosung is situated, while the walls of Paonshaw appear a short distance in the rear of the embankments, on which the embrasures are constructed, about two miles from its termination to the north-west.

"We had failed to obtain satisfactory information as to the points of debarkation; one of the principal objects, therefore, of this reconnoissance was to establish the practicability of landing so as to turn the defences; one point alone seemed adapted for this purpose, about half way between Paonshaw and Woosung, unless we were to effect a landing some miles up the Yang-tse-keang, in which case it would be necessary to take Paonshaw before we could co-operate with the navy. It was, therefore, determined that this supposed landing-place should be examined during the night, and that, if not found practicable, the ships of war should silence the batteries that covered the regular landing-place near the village of Woosung, when the troops should land from the steamers, which, after towing in the ships of war, were to return for them to the transports. During the night, commanders Kellett and Collinson sounded along the shore, and reported

that the water shoaled to three feet about 200 yards from the banks, and that boats could not approach to land troops anywhere near the spot proposed. It was then decided to resort to the alternative already mentioned.

"The 15th was employed in examining and sounding the entrance into the Woosung river; and six o'clock on the morning of the 16th, the ships of war were towed in-shore by the steamers, under a heavy, and, for the Chinese, well-directed fire, not returning a shot until each ship had taken her appointed station, when they opened a fire that must have appalled the enemy, though he was not entirely silenced for a considerable time. The details of this very animating scene will no doubt be fully reported by his excellency Sir W. Parker, together with the deviation from our preconcerted plan of operation, occasioned by the steamers having all grounded, except the small steamer *Medusa*. The troops were thus prevented from participating with their gallant comrades of the navy in occupying the river line of batteries, which were by half-past seven in possession of the naval force. The troops were not landed until twelve, when having understood that a portion of the enemy, said to be about 1500 men, had retreated on Paonshaw, I immediately moved on that town in two columns, having directed Major-General Schoedde to move his brigade in rear of the place, so as to intercept the governor of the province, who was reported to be in that town. Upon reaching it by the sea-line, I found it was in possession of Major-General Schoedde's brigade, who had entered it without opposition from the rear, the Chinese troops and the greater part of the population having fled when they found their retreat likely to be cut off, leaving everything behind them, with about fifty guns, seventeen of which were brass.

"The enemy's force consisted of 4000 to 5000 men, under Admiral Chin, who fell in the batteries, in which from 40 to 50 dead bodies were found. A portion of this force is stated to have fallen back upon a city within ten miles of Paonshaw, and disbanded

themselves; the remainder, with the Governor, had fled to Soochoo. We have taken altogether, at Woosung and Paonshaw, about 250 guns, with quantities of powder, shot, gingals, and other munitions of war, all of which have been destroyed with the exception of the brass guns.

"Woosung is a wretched village, and Paonshaw, although surrounded by a wall and rampart in good repair, is a poor place, and the country around it by no means so populous or so fertile as we have hitherto found in China. The Yang-tse-keang is a magnificent river.

"Having arranged with the admiral to proceed to Shanghae, a large commercial town, about sixteen miles up the Woosung river, Sir W. Parker pushed on the light ships of war on the 17th instant. Captain Watson, who was in command, finding the batteries six miles up the river deserted, occupied them, destroying the iron and embarking the brass guns. I propose that one column shall move along the left bank of the Woosung, while I proceed myself in the steamers, with the remainder of the force. The 2nd Madras N.I., and detachments of Artillery and Sappers and Miners from that presidency, joined the fleet on the 17th; they will accompany the force to Shanghae.

"I am most thankful to be able to inform your lordship that sixteen of our kidnapped men, seven of whom are Europeans, have been restored to us by Elepoo, of whose letter in reply to the one addressed to him by the Admiral and myself, I beg to enclose a translation. This act of reciprocal good feeling portends well.—I have, &c.,

"H. GOUGH, Lieut.-Gen.

"Head-Quarters, Woosung, June 18, 1842."

The letter alluded to as enclosed, was addressed to the admiral or general, and expresses Elepoo's regret that the fleet "of *your honourable country* has sailed up the Woosung river, firing guns, and stirring up quarrels;" he then says, "that this war has lasted too long, many lives have been lost, and unspeakable misery produced. Is it not far better to enjoy the blessings of peace, than

to fight for successive years, and fill the land with the bodies of the slain? This displays an altered tone, but the English commanders required something more definite than fine speeches, and replied in less rhetorical style. They said, they were thankful to Elepoo for the return of the British subjects taken prisoners, and begged to assure him that they recognised gladly the good feeling which should always subsist between the two nations. They added, that "with the utmost desire to mitigate the calamities of war, it was their duty to proceed with the hostilities they were carrying on until they should be assured that a functionary, *duly empowered by his Imperial Majesty*, should be prepared to negotiate a peace on the terms originally submitted to his Imperial Majesty. With every respect for his exalted position and distinguished probity, therefore, the English commanders begged to remind him that they have not yet been made aware that he is *authorised to treat* on the conditions proposed by the British government." The tone of these letters utterly upset all ideas of Chinese ceremonious etiquette, the veteran Elepoo, and the Imperial Cabinet, who had been so long accustomed to treat with all foreigners, though inferior agents could not at once bring themselves to the idea of directly conducting negotiations, on a footing of perfect equality. It was contrary to every principle of Chinese punctilio. They accordingly set upon the ingenious expedient of sending to Canton, to order up some of the Hong merchants as mediators. The aged Howqua excused himself on the score of his age and infirmities, but sent his only surviving son in his place, accompanied by Samqua, another Hong merchant of the highest respect, together with two linguists as interpreters. This journey of six hundred miles, in the heat of summer, must have been a dreadful one; yet it is a proof of Chinese pertinacity in endeavouring to carry a point, that it should be undertaken. Of course Admiral Parker or General Gough flatly refused to treat with anybody but an Imperial Commissioner himself, and poor Mister

Hewqua, jun., and his coadjutor Samqua, went back as they came. The attempt was the more remarkable, inasmuch as Sir Henry Pottinger, had already refused to receive either the Hong merchants, or the Prefect of Canton long before.

In the despatch above given, the General speaks of the detailed account of Sir W. Parker, we shall here, however, in preference to that despatch, give the following lively and lucid description of the affair, from the pen of Mr. Bernard, and the notes of Captain Hall of the *Nemesis* :—

“Both tide and weather being favourable on the morning of the 16th June, the admiral ordered the ships to be towed to the attack of Woosung, by the several steamers attached to the fleet, so that they would be enabled to take up the exact positions assigned to each. There were five steamers ready for this service, besides the little *Medusa*, which was reserved to meet any unforeseen contingency. It was the first action in which the ships of war were *all* towed into their appointed stations. The little *Algerine* was the only exception, as she was directed to get in as near as possible under sail. Even the *North Star*, Captain Sir E. Home, which only came in sight just as the action had already commenced, was towed in by the *Tenasserim*, which, after placing the *Blonde* in her proper position, was sent out on purpose to fetch her.

“The *Cornwallis* and *Blonde*, being the two heaviest ships, were to take up their positions in front of the batteries, just below the village of Woosung, and the light squadron was then to pass them and proceed up the river to attack the village, and the battery at the mouth of the creek above it, and also the circular battery on the opposite or east side of the river. The light squadron consisted of the *Modeste*, *Columbine*, and *Clio*, towed respectively by the *Nemesis*, *Phlegethon*, and *Pluto*.

“The channel had been buoyed off the previous night, and two junks had been moored so as to mark the entrance, on the eastern side of which there ran out a long sand-bank.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF

CANDIA.

THE dominions of the Venetian Signory in the Levant, which had at one time comprehended, besides the scattered isles of the Cyclades, the three subject *kingdoms* (as they were proudly called), of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea, were confined, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to the first-named island—the last relics of the Morea having been wrested from the republic by the arms of Soliman the Magnificent, in 1540, and Cyprus having been subdued by the lieutenants of his son Selim, a few months before the destruction of the Turkish fleet at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571. The sovereignty of Candia had been acquired by purchase from the Marquis of Montferrat, to whom it was assigned on the partition of the Greek empire, after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1204, by the Latins of the fourth crusade: but the four centuries and a half of Venetian rule present little more than an unvarying succession of revolts, oppression, and bloodshed. Early in 1656 negotiations for peace had been made; but as the Ottoman pride absolutely refused to listen to any propositions which did not include the total and unconditional surrender of Candia, no pacification could be effected; and the war continued to linger till Ahmed-Kiuprili, secured on the side of Hungary by the peace with Austria, collected all the forces of the empire, to crush this last fragment of Venetian dominion in the Levant.

The advanced season of the year when the vizir disembarked in Candia, and the disorganized state of the forces which he found there, prevented the immediate commencement of offensive operations; but in the course of the winter, the arrival of the contingents of Egypt and Africa, as well as of a squadron with fresh troops from Constantinople, raised his army to between 40,000 and 50,000 effective men; and on the 20th of May, 1667, the trenches were once more opened in form on the western side of the city, while 300 pieces of cannon, thundering from the Ottoman lines, co-

vered the approaches of the pioneers.* Of the seven great bastions which formed the principal defences on the land side, those of Panigra, Bethlehem, and Martinengo, were the chief points of attack; the vizir himself taking post opposite the first, while the Beglerberg of Anatolia and the Pasha of Egypt were stationed against the Bethlehem and the Martinengo. The assault, as on former occasions, was conducted chiefly by the slow process of sap and mine; but the superior skill of the Christian engineers enabled them frequently to explore and countermine the works of the enemy; and the mining parties were thus surprised and blown into the air, while murderous combats took place under ground, from the accidental rencounters of the soldiers employed in these subterranean galleries. At length, after a desperate conflict on November 16, the janissaries effected a lodgement in the Mocenigo bastion and the Panigra; and the Ottoman banners, for the first time, were displayed from the summit of the works. But this valiant forlorn hope, in the moment of triumph, was hurled into the air by the explosion of a previously prepared mine; and Kiuprili, dismayed at this last failure, drew off his troops into their lines, where they lay inactive, till the inundation of the camp by the winter rains compelled them to withdraw to a greater distance.

Great was the rejoicing throughout Europe at the tidings that the pride of the Ottoman battle had once more been driven back discomfited, for the best and bravest of nearly every nation in Christendom were now to be found in the ranks of the defenders.

The vizir, however, recommenced active operations, but the plan of attack was now changed, and the Venetian commanders seeing the Turks preparing to pass the winter in their trenches, and sensible that (concentrated as the forces of the two contending powers were now for the attack and defence of a single fortress)

* The use of parallels is usually said to have been introduced at this time by Kiuprili; but they were certainly employed before Neuhausel, four years earlier.

they must eventually be overwhelmed by the ponderous strength of the Ottoman empire, once more made overtures for peace, offering an annual tribute for Candia, and the cession of the rest of the island to the Porte; but the vizir sternly rejected the proffered compromise; and his reply to the envoy, Molino—"The Sultan is not a merchant, nor does he need money—he has but one word, and that is—Candia"—showed that the long dispute could only be decided by the sword.

Promised succours were now at hand. On the 22nd of June, a French fleet appeared off the port, having on board 7000 of the flower of the French troops and nobility, who were commanded by the Duke de Noailles and Beaufort, and comprised in their ranks several princes of the sovereign houses of Lorraine and Bouillon, and others of the noblest and bravest in France, who had crowded to embark as volunteers. These gallant auxiliaries landed amidst the acclamations of the Venetians; and, on the night of the 27th, a general sortie was made; but, in the tumult of the fight, a large powder-magazine, between the Sabionera and Fort St. Demetrius, which had been occupied by the French, was accidentally blown up. The Duke de Beaufort, and many others, perished in the explosion, or were buried under the ruins; and the survivors, panic-stricken at the catastrophe, were driven within the walls with terrible slaughter by the Turks, who rallied and returned to the charge. The usual hideous trophies of Ottoman triumph—the heads of the slain, were laid at the feet of the vizir; but the body of the Duke de Beaufort, though anxiously sought for at the prayer of his comrades, who offered, through a flag of truce, to redeem it at its weight in gold, could never be discovered. The rest is soon told. Two officers were eventually dispatched to the vizir's head-quarters, to announce the submission of the garrison, and arrange the terms of capitulation. They were courteously received by Kiuprili, who appointed an officer of his own household, with Panayoti, the dragoman of the Porte, to confer with them; and

the articles were settled without much difficulty. Peace was concluded between the Porte and the Republic. Candia and the whole of Crete was ceded to the Sultan, with the exception of the harbours of Grabusa, Suda, and Spinalonga, which the Venetians were allowed to retain for purposes of commerce.

Thus ended this famous siege, the longest, and one of the most memorable, recorded in history. During its continuance, the Venetians and their allies lost 30,000 men, and the Turks more than 100,000; fifty-six assaults were made on the town above ground, and the same number through the mines; and nearly an equal number of sorties was made by the garrison; 460 mines were sprung by the Turks, and no less than 1,172 by the Venetians; and the quantity of missiles hurled into the town exceeded all calculation.

THE BAYONET.

The plug bayonet was the first form of this arm, being, in fact, nothing more than a dagger, with a handle or plug to fix in the muzzle of the fire-lock. The contrivance originated at Bayonne, and the instrument, thence called bayonet, was soon adopted throughout the whole of Europe. This was in the reign of Charles II.; and the new arm remained in its first form till the time of William III. In one of William's campaigns in Flanders, a French regiment advanced against the British 25th with fixed bayonets. Lieutenant Maxwell ordered his men to screw their bayonets into the muzzles of their muskets to receive the French *charge*, when the latter suddenly threw in a heavy fire, to the great astonishment of the British, who could not understand how it was possible to fire with fixed bayonets. They, however, soon recovered themselves, charged, and drove the enemy out of the line. And it was then that they learned how, by *attaching rings to the handles of their bayonets*, the French had been able to fire without displacing these weapons from their muskets. To the ring bayonet soon succeeded the socket bayonet and the sword bayonet for rifles, both of which remain in use to the present day.

"JACK ASHORE."

THE following humorous, but rather overdrawn picture of British seamen acting in the capacity of soldiers, and undergoing a drill, when landed on the disastrous island of Walcheren, was published some years back in the *Military Sketch Book*. "These extraordinary fellows delighted in hunting the *Munseers*, as they called the French; and a more formidable pack was never unkenelled. Armed with a long pole, a pike, a cutlass, and a pistol, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions, by their irregular and unexpected attacks. They usually went out in parties, as if they were going to hunt a wild beast, and no huntsman ever followed the chase with more delight. Regularly every day after breakfast (for they messed generally on a green, in a village of East Zuberger,) they would start off to their hunt. They might be seen leaping the dykes, by the aid of their poles, or swimming across others, like Newfoundland dogs; and if a few French riflemen appeared in sight, they ran at them, helter-skelter, and pistol, cutlass, or pike went to work in good earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish such opponents—and no wonder, for the very appearance of them was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones: tarred, belted, and cutlassed, as they were. Had we had occasion to storm Flushing, I have no doubt they would have carried the breach themselves.

"The scenes which their eccentricities every hour presented, were worthy the pencil of Hogarth. Amongst the most humorous of these were their drills, musters, and marchings, or, as they generally called such proceedings, 'playing at soldiers.' All that their officers did, had no effect in preserving either silence or regularity. Those officers, however, were part and parcel of the same material as the Jacks themselves, by whom pipe-clayed regularity of rank and file, was not understood, neither was it rated by them at a very high value. The object was not to subject them to that precision of movement by which sol-

diers are governed, but simply to keep them together when marching from one place to another. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement both to the soldiers and officers. The disproportion in the size of the men—the front-rank man, perhaps, being five feet one, and the rear-rank man six feet two; the giving the word of command from the midddy, always accompanied by an oath; the gibes and jeers of the men themselves. ‘Heads up, you beggar of a corporal, there,’ a little slang-going jack would cry out from the rear rank, well knowing that his diminutive size prevented his being seen by his officers. Then, perhaps, the man immediately before the wit, in order to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark, ‘I say, who made you fogleman, Master Billy? Can’t you behave like a sodger afore the commander, eh?’ Then, from another part of the squad, would be heard a stentorian roar, and—‘I’ll not stand this, if I do — me. Here’s this — Murphy sticken a sword into my starn.’ Then, perhaps, the midshipman would give the word, ‘right face!’ in order to prepare for marching; but some turned right, and others left, while others again came right round, and faced their opposite rank man. This confusion being got the better of, and the word ‘march’ finally given, off they went—some whistling a quick step, and others imitating the sound of a drum; every sort of antic trick followed, such as one man treading on another’s heels. I once saw a fellow suddenly jump out of the line of march, crying out, ‘I’ll be — if Riley hasn’t got spikes in his toes, and I wont march afore him any longer;’ when he coolly fell into the rear.

“Thus they proceeded to beat the bushes for the Frenchmen; but even when under the fire of the hidden riflemen, and the rampart guns, their jollity was unabated. One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle ball, which broke the bones, and he fell. It was a hot pursuit, which he and a few others were engaged in, after a couple of the riflemen; when, finding that he could follow no further,

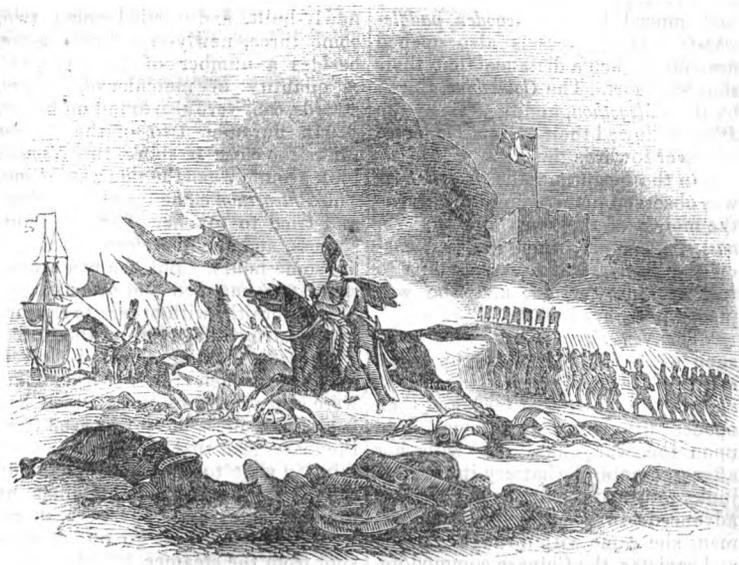
he took off his tarpauling hat, and flung it, with all his might, after them, adding a wish, ‘that it was an 18-pounder for their sakes.’ The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died. Such were the men who fought our battles; and who, if thoughtless and ungovernable when on shore, were silent and obedient enough when under proper discipline on board their own ships.”

CAVALRY.

Amongst the ancients, the commander of the cavalry was always the second in command in the army. This post was given to the most brilliant genius; and was looked upon as the school for Commanders-in-chief. Hannibal commanded the cavalry in his father’s army; and when he had himself obtained the chief command, he entrusted the cavalry to his brother Asdrubal. The greatest generals of modern times must have discovered this truth—for Seidlitz, in the thirtieth year of his age, was, by his great king, appointed general of the cavalry. Napoleon discovered and followed this maxim, but was less fortunate in his choice, for Murat was nothing but a *daring swordsman*, (“*bon sabreur*,”) without talent as a leader.

THE CRISIS OF BATTLES.

The actions after mid-day are, generally, hotter than those which begin with sun-rise; but the latter are more decisive. A battle decided about mid-day is, generally, dangerous to the defeated army; in proportion as the force is exhausted, the courage slackens. To him, who has found himself in such a situation, the miracle of Joshua is comprehensible; one really think the sun stands still. It might be interesting to the philosopher to observe the moments in which battles are decided. They take the young soldier by surprise, while the veteran sees them long before; aye, even often knows the issue of an affair before it has begun.



Storming of the Works at Woosung.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 213.)

“At the dawn of day on the 16th all the ships of war got under weigh, and by six o'clock they were in tow of their respective steamers. In this instance, and indeed throughout all the operations in the north of China, under Sir William Parker, the steamers were always lashed *alongside* the vessels they had to tow, instead of going ahead. This plan was found to answer remarkably well in the intricate navigation of the Yang-tze river, as the movements of both vessels were more easily managed. The *Blonde*, towed by the *Tenasserim*, led in towards the batteries; the *Cornwallis* followed, bearing the admiral's flag, and lashed alongside of the *Sesostris*. This post of honour was assigned to the *Blonde*, because, as soon as the light squadron had passed up the Woosung, she would have been nearer at hand to support them, if necessary.

“The *Blonde* and *Cornwallis* received the fire of the Chinese, which was opened with great spirit, without returning a shot, until they had an-

chored by the stern in excellent positions. The light squadron then passed them, except the little *Algerine*, which could not follow the rest under sail, and therefore brought up a little astern of the admiral's ship.

“The *Modeste*, under Captain Watson, who commanded the light squadron, was towed by the *Nemesis* up the river in gallant style, boldly dashing in towards the creek above the village of Woosung, and receiving a severe and well-directed fire from the whole line of batteries, but more particularly from the battery of ten brass guns situated at the corner of the creek, the approach to which, as before described, it commanded. Both of these vessels suffered a good deal in executing this bold manœuvre; and in order to shelter the men, they were all ordered by Captain Hall to lie down at quarters, on board the *Nemesis*, until the *Modeste* had been placed in a good position. The fire of the Chinese was severe and well directed, and the *Nemesis* suffered a good deal as well as the *Modeste*.

“Some way further up the river, fourteen war-junks were in sight, and

also five largely newly-built wheel-boats, each moved by *four wooden paddle-wheels*. These vessels also opened fire, but at such a distance that their shot fell short. The *Columbine*, towed by the *Phlegethon*, and the *Clio* by the *Pluto*, followed their gallant leader up the river towards the creek.

"In the meantime the *North Star* was observed just coming up towards the mouth of the river, and the *Tennessee* steamer, which had just cast off the *Blonde*, was now sent out to tow her into action, and she was placed just ahead of the *Blonde*.

"The *Nemesis* cast off the *Modeste* as soon as she had carried her up to the mouth of the creek, and within musket-shot of the ten gun-battery, and then opened fire with her foremost gun upon the war-junks, and with her after-gun upon the battery itself. The junks returned the fire as the *Nemesis* advanced towards them, but the moment she came within range of grape and canister, the Chinese commodore, or admiral, set the example of running away, which all the rest were glad enough to follow. They now made for the shore the best way they could, each trying which could reach it the quickest, but the wheel-boats had a decided advantage, and were moved through the water at the rate of about three and a half knots an hour. Grape and canister were now poured into them as fast as the guns could be loaded. The confusion among the Chinese sailers was great: some took to their boats or sampans, others jumped overboard, and tried to swim ashore, and a few of these must have been drowned.

"The wheel-boats were, as a matter of curiosity, the first boarded, and it was afterwards ascertained that they were each commanded by a mandarin of high rank: which marks the importance they gave to them. These wheel-junks were fitted with two paddle-wheels on either side, strongly constructed of wood. The shaft, which was also of wood, had a number of strong wooden cogs upon it, and was turned by means of a capstan, fitted also with cogs, and worked round by men. The machinery was all below, between decks, so that the men were

under cover. They were all quite newly-built, and carried some two, some three, newly-cast brass guns, besides a number of large gingals. A quantity of matchlocks, spears, swords, &c., were also found on board.

"In pursuing two of the largest junks too close in shore, the *Nemesis* took ground when the tide was falling. The *Phlegethon* came up at this time, and tried to tow her off, but without success, and she, therefore, stuck fast for some hours. But the boats were sent away manned and armed under Mr. Galbraith, with orders to capture and destroy the rest of the junks which were floating about the river, deserted by their crews. Other boats were sent to destroy those which had been run ashore, but it was seen from the mast-head that the Chinese were lying in wait to cut them off among the scattered trees and buildings by the river side; and they were, therefore, ordered not to go out of gunshot from the steamer.

"The *Phlegethon*, under Lieutenant M'Cleverty, took part in the destruction of the junks, and out of the whole fleet only two war-junks escaped. Three wheel-boats and one junk were afterwards towed down the river to the fleet, but the rest were set on fire and destroyed.

"To return to the advanced squadron. As soon as the *Modeste* was cast off from the *Nemesis*, sail was made, and she was carried alongside a wharf or small jetty within the creek, close to the village of Woosung. The ten-gun battery opposite kept up its fire upon her, but, under cover of a broadside, the *Modeste* was made fast to the jetty. In this position she soon silenced the fort with her larboard-guns and small arms, and received little damage from the fire of the enemy, because they could not depress their guns enough to bear upon her with effect, so close was she.

"The pinnacle was now sent ashore, manned and armed, to take possession of the fort, and there was some skirmishing with the rear-guard of the Chinese who were retreating. Mr. Birch, with a party of seamen, was at the same time ordered to spike the guns; and at this moment the *Colum-*

bine, followed by the *Pluto* steamer, came up, and poured in a well-directed fire upon the column of the retreating enemy.

"During all this time, the *Cornwallis*, *Blonde*, and *North Star* were hotly engaged with the batteries, abreast of which they were anchored, and soon made the Chinese slacken their fire. Perceiving this, Captain Watson boldly determined to land, with the marines and small-arm men of the *Modeste*, *Columbine*, and *Clio*, within the creek, in the hope of being able to turn the enemy's flank next the village, and also cut off their retreat. A body of the Chinese were observed lying down under cover of the embankment, apparently in readiness to meet their enemy. Captain Watson now formed his men, and gallantly dashed on towards the Chinese, but had to cross a deep canal, over which there were several small wooden bridges, in the rear of the works.

"The Chinese received them with a heavy fire of matchlocks and gingals, but gradually retreated as Captain Watson advanced, and fell back upon their main body, who now showed a most determined front, and deliberately planted their gingals directly in the only path by which they could be approached. Captain Watson had already ten of his men wounded; and, finding his own party getting a little straggled, he drew them outside of the line of embankment, in order to form them again. The Chinese now came boldly out, brandishing their spears in defiance; and threw a volley of hand grenades, which went over their heads.

"At this moment, Captain Bouchier, seeing Captain Watson's party hotly engaged with the Chinese, who were much their superiors in numbers, dashed on shore from the *Blonde*, directly in front of the battery; and at the same moment Captain Watson's party made a rush at the enemy, who stood their ground so firmly, that for the second time the spear and the bayonet were crossed, and no one who witnessed the obstinacy and determination with which the Chinese defended themselves could refuse them full credit for personal bravery. They

were now driven back under cover of some houses, where they rallied.

"By this time the marines and seamen of the *Blonde* and *Cornwallis* were landed nearly opposite those vessels, under Captain Bouchier, Captain Peter Richards, and Sir Everard Home, and joined Captain Watson. Sir William Parker also landed; and, as soon as the men were all formed, they succeeded in driving the enemy out of the whole line of batteries. A small party from the *Algerine*, under Lieutenant Maitland, boldly landed before they could be well supported, and were a little cut up.

"The *Sesostris* in the meantime had been closely engaged with the strong fort on the eastern side of the entrance of the river, where she took the ground in such a position that she was able to bring her guns to bear, so as soon to silence the enemy, when Captain Ormsby landed at the head of a body of small-arm men from the *Sesostris* and *Tenasserim*, and took possession of the fort."

We have already stated in the despatch, the taking of Paonsaw, by Major Schoedde's brigade; we shall now follow up the land operations, in the words of the General-in-Chief.

Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Gough to Lord Stanley.

24th June, 1842.

"MY LORD,—My letter of 18th June will have informed your Lordship of the entrance of the combined forces into the Yang-tse-keang, and of the capture of Woosung and Paonsaw, together with the dismantling of the forts which command the entrance of the Woosung river leading to Shanghai, and opening a very extended water communication into the interior of this province (Kanguan).

"On the 19th the troops were embarked on board the steamers, with the exception of one column, consisting of a detachment of Madras Horse Artillery, ditto Royal Artillery, ditto Madras ditto, 18th Royal Irish, 49th Regt., detachment of Sappers and Miners, four light field guns, and about 1000 men, which I was anxious should move, if found practicable, by a road that I understood to exist between Woosung and Shanghai, so as

to reach at the same time with the steamers this latter city, where I was informed that from 4000 to 5000 troops were stationed for its defence. By this movement I was in hopes to have intercepted their retreat, at all events to prevent the abduction of the valuable property as well as the public treasure. This column I placed under Lieut.-Col. Montgomerie, Madras Artillery, in whose sound judgment and practical resources I had every confidence.

"At eight o'clock the steamers got under weigh, and by two o'clock reached two small batteries within half-a-mile of Shanghae; these opened upon the steamers and the smaller ships of war which they had in tow, and, after a few shots were evacuated, some of the retiring enemy falling in with the flanking party of the land column were fired on, but from the country being one sheet of paddy cultivation, or swamp, they could not be captured. The steamers pushed on with the troops, and landed them close to the city, but we found Lieut.-Col. Montgomerie in possession of the place. This officer hearing the firing, and conceiving it was from the city on the shipping and troops, rapidly pushed forward with his advance, and found himself unexpectedly close to the city walls. No enemy showing himself at this point, he advanced to the north gate, which he entered unopposed, having got some men over the walls to open it. It appears that the Chinese authorities and troops evacuated the city the preceding evening, except a few men who remained to fire off their guns in the batteries before mentioned. Shanghae appears a rich commercial city, with good walls in perfect repair, on which but few guns were mounted, and these all at the gateways. The walls are three miles and a quarter in circumference; the population I understand to be from 60,000 to 70,000 souls. A very considerable trade is carried on at Shanghae. Its position as a commercial city nothing can exceed, being situated within sixteen miles up the Woosung river, up which, for several miles above the city, ships of large burthen can be brought with great facility.

"It affords me great satisfaction to perceive the unusual degree of confidence manifested by the people. It is true, a great proportion of the wealthiest inhabitants had left it, but the middling classes, and the great body of the shopkeepers remained, and freely brought in poultry and vegetables, so that I was enabled to give the troops a good portion of these necessary comforts, after living for some time on salt provisions. I have done everything in my power to prove that the confidence was not misplaced, and I am most happy to say the troops, by their orderly and forbearing conduct in the midst of that pernicious liquor sham-shee, with large stores of which we were surrounded, conducted themselves to my entire satisfaction, and I re-embarked the whole force, with its numerous followers, yesterday morning, without a single instance of inebriety.

"The only injury done at Shanghae was by the Chinese robbers, who had commenced their work of depredation before we entered it. I issued a very strong edict, which, before we left, produced, in a great measure, the desired effect, and I was enabled to induce many of the most respectable Chinese to take charge of large establishments (principally pawnbrokers), the proprietors of which had fled, with a promise they would protect them from the rabble. We have, of course, destroyed all the iron and embarked the brass guns, amounting all together, including those taken at Woosung and Paonshaw, to 406, about 100 of which are brass. The powder and military stores of every description have been also destroyed.

"By an extensive though necessarily rapid survey of the river, Sir W. Parker has nearly ascertained the practicability of moving on Lahoo by this route, but as I consider it an object of the most vital importance to reach the point of intersection of the Imperial Canal with the Yang-tse-keang as early as possible, and to take the strong fortress and important city of Chin-keang-foo, commanding that point, we have deemed it right to forego all other operations for

this most important one, after which I shall be anxious at once to move on Nankin. These commanding positions in our possession, as I before stated to your Lordship, both Soochoo and Hangchoo must fall.

"On my return here, yesterday, I found *Belleville*, and I understand that the *Apollo*, with the greater part of the transports, is at Chusan. Instructions will be sent for them immediately to follow us up the Yangtse-keang. With these ample means at my disposal not only to take, but to occupy whatever may be deemed most advisable, I hope to prove to the Chinese Government the extent of the power and resources of Great Britain, and the folly of persisting in rejection of the terms offered.—I have, &c.,

"H. GOUGH, Lieut.-Gen."

(To be continued in our next.)

CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

THAT British soldiers never lose the *bonhomme*—the good and kindly feelings of men, must be sufficiently manifested from the most cursory perusal of military annals; and this characteristic is rendered more distinctly evident in the works of Kincaid, Maxwell, and Lever. From the former we give the following animated account of the retirement from Salamanca, in November 1812:—

On the 15th, the whole of the enemy's force having passed the river, a cannonade commenced early in the day; and it was the general belief that, ere night, a second battle of Salamanca would be recorded. But, as all the French armies in Spain were now united in our front, and out-numbered us so far, Lord Wellington, seeing no decided advantage to be gained by risking a battle, at length ordered a retreat, which we commenced about three in the afternoon. Our division halted for the night at the entrance of a forest, about four miles from Salamanca.

The heavy rains which usually precede the Spanish winter, had set in the day before; and, as the roads in

that part of the country cease to be roads for the remainder of the season, we were now walking nearly knee deep, in a stiff mud, into which no man could thrust his foot, with the certainty of having a shoe at the end of it when he pulled it out again; and, that we might not be miserable by halves, we had, this evening, to regale our chops with the last morsel of biscuit that they were destined to grind during the retreat.

We cut some boughs of trees to keep us out of the mud, and lay down to sleep on them, wet to the skin; but the cannonade of the afternoon had been succeeded, after dark, by a continued firing of musketry, which led us to believe that our piquets were attacked, and in a momentary expectation of an order to stand to our arms, we kept ourselves awake the whole night, and were not a little provoked when we found, next morning, that it had been occasioned by numerous stragglers from the different regiments, shooting at the pigs belonging to the peasantry, which were grazing in the wood.

November 16th.—Retiring from daylight until dark through the same description of roads. The French dragoons kept close behind, but did not attempt to molest us. It still continued to rain hard, and we again passed the night in a wood. I was very industriously employed during the early part of it, feeling, in the dark, for acorns, as a substitute for bread.

November 17th.—At daylight this morning the enemy's cavalry advanced in force; but they were kept in check by the skirmishers of the 14th light dragoons, until the road became open, when we continued our retreat. Our brigade-major was at this time obliged to go to the rear, sick; and I was appointed to act for him.

We were much surprised, in the course of the forenoon, to hear a sharp firing commence behind us, on the very road by which we were retreating; and it was not until we reached the spot, that we learnt that the troops, who were retreating by a road parallel to ours, had left it too soon, and enabled some French dragoons'

under cover of the forest, to advance, unperceived, to the flank of our line of march; who, seeing an interval between two divisions of infantry, which was filled with light baggage and some passing officers, dashed at it, and made some prisoners in the scramble of the moment, amongst whom was Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Paget.

Our division formed on the heights above Samunoz to cover the passage of the rivulet, which was so swollen with the heavy rains, as only to be passable at particular fords. While we waited there for the passage of the rest of the army, the enemy, under cover of the forest, was, at the same time, assembling in force close around us; and the moment that we began to descend the hill, towards the rivulet, we were assailed by a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, while their powerful cavalry were in readiness to take advantage of any confusion which might have occurred. We effected the passage, however, in excellent order, and formed on the opposite bank of the stream, where we continued under a cannonade, and engaged in a sharp skirmish until dark.

Our loss on this occasion was considerable, but it would have been much greater, had not the enemy's shells buried themselves so deep in the soft ground, that their explosions did little injury. It appeared singular to us, who were not medical men, that an officer and several of our division, who were badly wounded on this occasion, in the leg, and who were sent to the rear on gun-carriages, should have died of a mortification in the limb which was *not* wounded.

When the firing ceased, we received the usual order "to make ourselves comfortable for the night," and I never remember an instance in which we had so much difficulty in obeying it; for the ground we occupied was a perfect flat, which was flooded more than ankle deep with water, excepting here and there, where the higher ground around the roots of trees, presented circles of a few feet of visible earth, upon which we grouped our-

selves. Some few fires were kindled, at which we roasted some bits of raw beef on the points of our swords, and eat them by way of a dinner. There was plenty of water to apologise for the want of better fluids, but bread sent no apology at all.

Some divisions of the army had commenced retiring as soon as it was dark; and the whole had been ordered to move, so that the roads might be clear for us before daylight. I was sent, twice in the course of the night, to see what progress they had made; but such was the state of the roads, that even within an hour of daylight, two divisions, besides our own, were still unmoved, which would consequently delay us so long, that we looked forward to a severe harassing day's fighting; a kind of fighting, too, that is the least palatable of any, where much might be lost, and nothing was to be gained. With such prospects before us, it made my very heart rejoice to see my brigadier's servant commence boiling some chocolate, and frying a beef-steak. I watched its progress with a keenness which intense hunger alone could inspire; and was on the very point of having my desires consummated, when the general, getting uneasy at not having received any communication relative to the movements of the morning, and, without considering how feelingly my stomach yearned for a better acquaintance with the contents of his frying-pan, desired me to ride to General Alten for orders. I found the general at a neighbouring tree; but he cut off all hopes of my timely return, by desiring me to remain with him until he received the report of an officer whom he had sent to ascertain the progress of the other divisions.

While I was toasting myself at his fire, so sharply set that I could have eaten one of my boots, I observed his German orderly dragoon, at an adjoining fire, stirring up the contents of a camp-kettle, that once more revived my departing hopes, and I presently had the satisfaction of seeing him dipping in some basins, presenting one to the general, one to the aide-de-camp, and a third to myself.

The mess which it contained, I found, after swallowing the whole at a draught, was neither more nor less than the produce of a piece of beef boiled in plain water; and, though it would have been enough to have physicked a dromedary at any other time, yet, as I could then have made a good hole in the dromedary himself, it sufficiently satisfied my cravings to make me equal to any thing for the remainder of the day.

We were soon after ordered to stand to our arms, and, as the day lit up, a thick haze hung on the opposite hills, which prevented our seeing the enemy; and, as they did not attempt to feel for us, we, contrary to our expectations, commenced our retreat unmolested; nor could we quite believe our good fortune, when, towards the afternoon, we had passed several places where they could have assailed us, in flank, with great advantage, and caused us a severe loss, almost in spite of fate: but it afterwards appeared that they were quite knocked up with their exertions in overtaking us the day before, and were unable to follow further. We halted on a swampy height, behind St. Espiritu, and experienced another night of starvation and rain.

I now felt considerably more for my horse than myself, as he had been three days and nights without a morsel of any kind to eat. Our baggage-animals, too, we knew were equally ill off; and as they always preceded us a day's march, it was highly amusing, whenever we found a dead horse, or a mule, lying on the road-side, to see the anxiety with which every officer went up to reconnoitre him, each fearing that he should have the misfortune to recognize it as his own.

On the 19th of November we arrived at the convent of Caridad, near Ciudad Rodrigo, and once more experienced the comforts of our baggage and provisions. My boots had not been off since the 13th, and I found it necessary to cut them to pieces, to get my swollen feet out of them.

This retreat terminated the campaign of 1812.

THE MIRACLE OF THE WIG.

Captain Cunynghame, in his *Recollections of Service in China*, says, in some instances they looked upon us as gods, in some as devils, in all as a very extraordinary race. As an instance of this, I will here relate a most absurd story which was told me by an officer at Nankin, and which will go far to show the fear with which we were looked upon by this superstitious race. After my friend had visited the Porcelain Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and, by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket: this operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and quickly executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honour of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process: no sooner, however, had the barber turned round and observed him, whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out, that he was visited by the Devil. No entreaties could induce him to return, until every Englishman had left the neighbourhood; so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calendar.

RETREATS.

The Duke of Wellington justly remarks, that—"In all retreats, it must be recollected, that they are safe and easy, in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps."
—*Despatches, Sept. 12, 1804.*

ARTILLERY.

Artillery, in the general acceptation of the word, includes all and every description of gun of greater power and dimensions than muskets and other shoulder guns. The term was, in olden times, applied to all engines used in the projecting of missiles of every description larger than *quarrels* or *arrows*.

Modern civilization, with its giant strides of improvement, has rejected the cumbersome and unsightly complication of springs, levers, wheels, &c. and given to us, in their stead, the light and handsome six-pounder, which is so easy of transit that it can accomplish the most complex and difficult movements, while the horses are at their fullest gallop. A single minute now suffices to stop from the greatest speed, unlimber, load, fire a couple of rounds, remount, and they are immediately at a distant point—while the eye can but follow, and the mind imagine, the destruction that must attend their evolutions, when the “deep-tongued gun” is fired in anger. The artillery of England comprises an immense variety of *weapons of war*, suited for various purposes and situations, as experience has dictated, or necessity required. The present state of our artillery requires *an advance to the front*, to be in a line with the march of science, as regards the knowledge of gunpowder and projectiles.

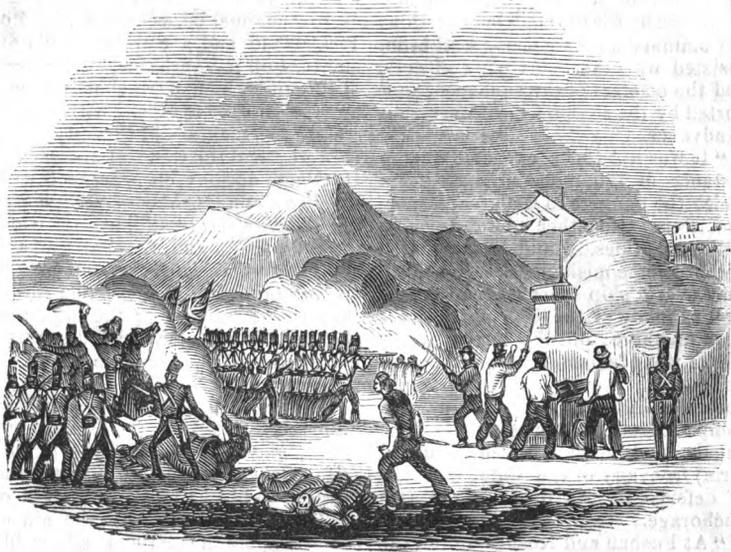
The guns of the British nation may be divided into four classes—the artillery of the park, besieging guns or battering train, garrison guns, and marine artillery. The number of different descriptions of rates, or *horse-power*, of guns, vary in all the different classes of the service. There are light, medium, and heavy six-pounders; long and short twenty-four-pounders; and two or more weights in all the varieties, even up to the ten-inch gun and thirteen-inch mortar. We have iron ordnance and brass. For long and short ranges. For small or great velocity.

A VETERAN OF THE TENDER SEX.

The widow of the late Thomas Hewett, a private in the 48th regi-

ment, has recently applied to the magistrates of Bury under peculiar circumstances. She had been married forty years, and had shared active service for twenty-seven years. Whilst in the service she bore seven sons, five of whom are dead; of the two survivors, one is in the Coldstream Guards, and the other in the 12th regiment, now lying in the Isle of France. This female veteran accompanied her husband in all his Peninsular campaigns, sharing all his hardships, and was present at ten general engagements. She had lived as servant to General Hamilton, and was at the battle of Albuera. She took care of Colonel Minto when wounded at the battle of Vittoria. She was taken prisoner by the French in the retreat on Salamanca, and made her escape disguised in man's attire. By the death of her husband she was deprived of all means of support, and having three daughters to maintain, she applied for relief, and wished to be forwarded to London to see the Duke of Wellington, who, she was confident, would assist her. Accordingly the deputy-mayor wrote a letter recommending her case to the noble duke, and the guardians agreed to allow her expenses to and from London, provided they were assured of the Duke of Wellington's being in town before she was sent there. The noble duke wrote to the Rev. J. D. Borton, to make inquiries on the subject; and, in the meantime, sent the poor woman a present of money.

Albuquerque died in 1515, to the great regret of all over whom his authority had extended; for although a great conqueror, he was a beneficent ruler, and had refrained from oppressing the vanquished by those exactions to which they were forced to submit under his successors. It was in the year following the death of Albuquerque, that the Portuguese made their first voyage to Canton; an important event in the history of the world, as being the direct intercourse between Europe and China.



The Assault and Capture of Chinkeang-foo.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 221.)

THE reinforcements mentioned in Sir Hugh Gough's despatch, entitled the Commander-in-Chief to dash onward, and by a series of bold attacks and judicious combinations to strike terror to the very heart of this mighty empire. And here one cannot help being struck by the vast energy of this little speck of earth we inhabit, and the spirit of enterprise of its brave sons: a spirit to which we owe our independence of foreign yoke. Here we behold a handful of English dictating to the most ancient, haughty and populous empire of the world at its own doors, and demanding and enforcing reparation for insults to our merchants and indignities to our flag.

We shall now resume the journal of the operations of the expeditionary force in its progress up the Yang-tse-keang, to the entrance of the Grand Canal, in the words of Sir Wm. Parker, and follow his despatch with the detail of the military operations under Lord Saltoun and Sir Hugh Gough.

Vol. V.—No. 29.

Cornwallis, off the City of Chin-keang-foo, at the entrance of the South Grand Canal, in the Yang-tse-keang, July 26, 1842.

“It is with great satisfaction that I announce to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the safe arrival of the China expeditionary force off the island of Kinshan, at the entrance of the Grand Canal, in the Yang-tse-keang, and that the city of Chin-keang-foo was taken possession of by her Majesty's combined forces, on the 21st instant, after vigorous assaults on the three points, and a determined resistance by the Tartar troops, who lined the walls for its defence on every part, comprising a circumference of four miles and a quarter.

“The squadron and transports, amounting altogether to 73 sail, left Woosung on the 6th inst., ascending this noble river in five divisions, preceded by the surveying vessels, small steamers, sloops, and my flag-ship.

“The intricate parts of the channel, delineated in Capt. Bethune's chart, having been previously buoyed by the surveying officers, the fleet succeeded in reaching the extent of that officer's valuable researches within two days and a half, and every subsequent diffi-

culty had been most commendably overcome by the unremitting exertions of Commanders Kellett and Collinson, assisted by other surveying officers, and the masters of the squadron, supported by the sloops which were sent in advance.

"It was not to be expected that a distance of 170 miles in a river, of which the dangers in the greater portion were altogether unknown, and with rapid tides, would be navigated without some mishaps, and I believe that every ship of the squadron, as well as many of the transports, have been on shore; but the bottom everywhere was of soft mud, and fortunately no damage resulted. We were favoured with fine breezes, and met with comparatively few impediments from shoals, and none (that deserve the term) from any of the Chinese works of defence in our progress to this anchorage.

"At Fushan and Keang-yin, on the right bank, two batteries of twelve and seven guns each were erected; but the guns were removed on our approach. At Seshan, however, about five leagues below the intersection of the Grand Canal, and where the river narrows considerably for some distance, the surveying vessels were fired at from three batteries mounting 20 guns, which were also discharged ineffectually at the advanced squadron, as they arrived off the spot three days afterwards; but they were abandoned on a few guns being opened on them by the *Modeste*, and the whole, together with the barracks and magazines, were completely destroyed by a party of seamen and Marines, which were landed for that purpose from the *Cornwallis* and advanced squadron under Commander C. Richards, of this ship.

"The fleet was detained some days off Seshan by scant winds; and at this point we lost the advantage of any run of flood tide, the stream constantly setting down at a rate varying from two and a half to three and a half miles an hour, with a rise and fall of water averaging two feet.

"On the 15th, Commander Kellett, in prosecuting his examination of the river with the *Phlegethon* and *Medusa*

was opposed at the entrance of the narrow channel between the island of Tscacoushan and a commanding promontory on its south side, by a battery of 12 guns, which were soon silenced by the steam-vessels, with much credit to Lieuts. M'Cleverty, and Hewett; and the same afternoon Sir H. Gough and myself proceeded with the *Vixen* and *Medusa* to reconnoitre the approaches to Chinkeang, when we not only found the battery and adjoining village deserted, but passed on without the slightest opposition close to the suburbs of the city, and above the island of Kinshan, carrying the whole way an ample depth of water.

"On the 17th, Capt. Bouchier was despatched with the *Blonde*, *Modeste*, *Queen*, and *Nemesia*, followed by the *Dido*, *Calliope*, *Childers*, *Plover*, and *Starling*, to blockade the entrances of the Grand Canal, and with the aid of the steamers he gained admirable positions for this object above Kinshan by which it is estimated that the traffic of not less than 700 junks has been intercepted. A party was also landed from the *Blonde*, and destroyed the guns which had fired at the *Phlegethon* and *Medusa*.

"On the 19th, the *Cornwallis*, towed by the *Vixen*, succeeded in reaching our present anchorage, when the island of Kinshan was immediately taken possession of by a small party of Marines, but it is entirely covered with buildings of a religious character, and altogether too insignificant for military occupation. The wind in the course of the day veered to a more favourable point, and I had the satisfaction of being joined the same evening, and the 20th, by the remainder of the fleet. The *Jupiter*, and some of the transports, however, got aground a few miles below us, which obliged me to detach the large steamers to their assistance.

"The Grand Canal on the south side of the river runs through the suburbs of Ching-keang, and no time was lost in making the preparatory arrangements for taking possession of that city. It was ascertained that a body of about 1500 Chinese troops were posted in an entrenched camp, about

a mile and a half to the south-west of the town, and on the hills beyond. The General, therefore, made his arrangements for landing the 1st and 3rd Brigades of the Army to the westward of the city, opposite the island of Kinshan; and the 2nd Brigade at a commanding position to the eastward, within 700 yards of the north-east angle of the walls; and so little was resistance expected against such a combination of force, that it was not deemed necessary to add the seamen and marines from the squadron.

"The disembarkation, which commenced on the 21st, at break of day, was judiciously conducted by Commander Richards of the *Cornwallis*, covered by the *Auckland*, the small steam-vessels, and armed boats, without opposition.

"The first brigade, under Major-General Lord Saltoun, as soon as it was formed, moved forward to attack the intrenched camp, which was gallantly carried about nine o'clock, after a short resistance; the Chinese precipitately retiring over the hills.

"Major-General Schoedde, with the second brigade, about the same time ascended the heights assigned him on the river-side, and after discharging some rockets into the city, and supported by a well-directed fire of shot and shell from the *Auckland* steam-vessel, he gallantly pushed forward, under a smart fire of cannon, gingsals, and musketry from the walls, and entered that point of the city by escalade about ten o'clock.

"Capt. Grey, of the *Endymion*, accompanied this brigade; Capt. Bourchier and other naval officers attached themselves to the forces which attacked on the land side, and I had the pleasure of accompanying my gallant friend Sir H. Gough during a greater part of the operations of the day.

"The city gates were all strongly barricaded, and as it was Sir H. Gough's intention to escalade the walls in the direction of the south gate, some guns were advanced on a height to dislodge the troops, with which it was now observed the ramparts were lined, but the canal was found to run close under its walls, which rendered an assault at this point impracticable; it

was therefore determined to blow open the west gate with powder-bags, and enter the city by the bridge at that point as soon as the third brigade, under Major-General Bartley (which was the last landed), could assemble.

"During these proceedings the boats of the *Blonde*, in an anxious desire to land the Artillery guns as near as possible to the west gate, unfortunately advanced by the canal, under the city walls, which were much obscured by buildings, before they were aware of the force to which they became exposed, and thus fell under a very severe fire, by which 16 men out of 24, which formed the crews of the *Blonde's* barge and flat boat, and two officers and eight men of the Madras Artillery, were wounded; and it was only by great presence of mind that Lieut. Crouch, of that ship, after receiving three wounds, succeeded in getting the men from those boats landed in the suburbs on the opposite side, and removed the other boats from a position in which it was impossible to use their guns.

"Not a moment was lost in communicating this casualty to the flagship, when Capt. Richards, with excellent judgment and promptitude, immediately landed with 200 Marines at the entrance of the canal, where he was joined by a detachment of 300 of the 6th Madras N.I., under Capt. Maclean, of that corps, and pushed through the suburbs to the city walls, while the whole of the boats of the *Cornwallis*, with their guns, under the command of Lieut. Stoddart, advanced by the canal on his right flank. This little flotilla having joined the boats of the *Blonde*, took up an excellent position, and opened their fire with good effect in checking that of the Chinese at the west gate.

"Capt. Richards had determined, if possible, to scale the walls, in the hope of forming a junction with Gen. Schoedde's brigade in the city; and having fortunately discovered a heap of rubbish from which his ladders could reach the parapet (about 30 feet high), he was in the act of rearing them, when Commander Watson, and Mr. Foster, master, with a boat's

crew and a small escort of Marines, joined him from the *Modeste*, which was stationed some miles higher up the river.

"Lieut. Baker, of the Madras Artillery, Commander Watson, Capt. Richards, and a private marine of the *Modeste*, were the first who ascended. The two former were wounded, and the latter killed by the fire from the west gate, in this intrepid achievement; the remainder of the gallant band, including part of the 6th Madras N.I., happily followed, without further loss, thus effecting an important lodgment in the suburbs of the city, between the outer and inner west gates, where they shortly afterwards communicated with the advance of Major-Gen. Schoedde's brigade.

"About noon the arrangements for forcing the west outer gate being completed, it was most effectually blown in; when the third brigade, under Major-Gen. Bartley, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, gallantly rushed in, sweeping all before them. The buildings above the gate, in which the Tartar troops had been posted, were at the same time completely enveloped in flames. The Tartars, however, within the city, were still un subdued; and having collected in a large body, the 18th and 49th Regiments, in advancing by the ramparts, about half an hour after the explosion of the gate, were suddenly fired upon, and unfortunately sustained a severe loss of officers and men, although their opponents suffered in a tenfold degree.

"The seamen and marines, under Capt. Richards, were at this time halted for temporary rest, on another part of the ramparts, but immediately advanced in the direction of the firing, and in passing along a narrow street in the Tartar city, received a volley from a considerable body of those troops, who had posted themselves at a gateway, where they seemed inclined to make a determined stand; but on the advance of our men, and the discharge of a few rockets, they retired, leaving several men dead; and many others who had the temerity to fire from the

houses as our men passed along the streets, shared the same fate. In this movement, I regret to say, that Lieut. Fitzjames, one seaman, and one marine of the *Cornwallis*, were severely wounded.

"The operations of this day were executed under a burning sun, with the thermometer above 90 deg., and the loss of life in consequence has been serious. In addition to those killed and wounded in action, I have to lament the loss of Brev.-Major Uniacke, an old and distinguished officer of the Royal Marines, and one private of the *Plover*, who died from the effects of the sun; and I fear the army did not lose less than sixteen from the same cause.

"The movements were so entirely military that I can but express my admiration of the energy and ability with which they were conducted by my gallant colleague, the General; and it is with renewed pleasure that I again report the zeal and gallantry evinced by every officer and man of the Royal and Indian Navy and Royal Marines under my command, which has been equally manifested in bringing the fleet up the river as in the subsequent operations on shore in which they have been engaged.

"I enclose a list of the ships present in the Yang-tse-keang, of the killed and wounded, and also of the names of the officers of the squadron who were from circumstances most conspicuously engaged on the 21st.

"It is unnecessary to speak farther on the share which Capt. Richards and his companions had in the assault on the outworks of the city. They will, no doubt, be properly appreciated by their lordships. Lieut. Tennant, my flag lieutenant, took a prominent part in the attack of the Tartar troops in the city. Lieut. Fitzjames (severely wounded), a highly deserving officer, has already distinguished himself on different occasions.

"Lieut. Stoddart showed excellent judgment and good conduct in command of the flotilla of armed boats. Lieut. Crouch, of the *Blonde*, I have already noticed, and the steadiness of Messrs. Jenkyn and Lyon, midshipmen of that ship, who were in the

advanced boats, is spoken of as highly creditable to them. Capts. Loch and Napier, R.N., who accompanied the expedition as volunteers, also participated in the active operations of the day.

"The loss of the land forces, I fear, is not less than 19 killed, 107 wounded in action, 3 missing, and 16 who died from the effects of the sun; that of the Chinese must be immense, as, independently of those who fell in action, incredible numbers of the Tartars (in some cases including whole families) have unhappily died by their own hands; their force within the city is supposed to have amounted to 3000 or 4000.

"Twenty guns were mounted on the walls, which, with numerous gings, match-locks, and other arms, and a considerable quantity of powder, have all been destroyed. About 50,000 dollars' worth of Sycee silver was also found in the treasury, which has been embarked.

"The troops intended for the operations higher up the river will be re-embarked as soon as possible; and, as the report of the navigation upwards is favourable, I trust the expeditionary forces will soon renew operations at Nankin, if not arrested by overtures for peace from the Chinese Government, which may be consistent with the terms intimated by Her Majesty's Government.—I have, &c.,

"W. PARKER, Vice-Admiral.
"To the Secretary of the Admiralty."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA, AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

IN order clearly to appreciate all the circumstances attendant on the Battle of Corunna, we must review briefly the Retreat by which it was preceded. The situation of Sir John Moore, (then at Toro,) when it was decided to attack Soult, was far from enviable; he had no corps to protect his flanks—no reinforcements to look forward to. His forces, brilliant to

appearance, were in reality weak in numbers.

During the advance of Moore, Lord Paget achieved a most dashing coup.

A corps of 700 French cavalry were lodged at Sahagun,—and, as this was some distance from the main body of the French army,—Paget determined, if possible, to cut them off.

It was in the middle of November (1808), at dead of night, that he put himself at the head of the 10th and 15th Hussars. The cold was piercing; and the ground was covered with snow. At about two-thirds the distance, he fell in with a picket of the enemy, and all were cut down or made prisoners, save one man; but the escape of this one was most injurious, for, alarm was given. The ground also was by no means so favourable as it had appeared—but nevertheless, all obstacles were overcome, and the British cavalry coming down at full speed, completely overthrew the enemy,—killing many, and taking 157 prisoners, including two Lieutenant-Colonels. Opposed to this force (700), our gallant countryman had but 400 men.

On the part of Sir John Moore every disposition was now (23rd November) made for the attack.

The army was to move in two columns—the right, on Saldanha—when disastrous news arrived. The French were in great force, and moving everywhere, so as to cut us off. Soult at Saldanha, the Duke de Treviso at Vittoria; Lefebvre near the Guadarama: Treviso on Sarra-gossa; Lannes on the Ebro; and Napoleon himself, at Madrid, with the Imperial Guard and the 1st and 6th corps d'armee.

The Retreat commenced on the 24th, the Hussar regiments behaving admirably on all occasions: always foremost to attack—always successful. In the meantime, Napoleon, in full pursuit, crossed the Carpenteras, though the route was considered utterly impracticable, and the weather was dreadful; and but for Lord Anglesea and the 10th, the affair at the Esla must have gone hard with us.

The British reached Astorga in six

days (on the 30th), and their appearance was already most disheartening—long marches, cold and tempestuous weather, bad roads, a poor commissariat, and the *idea of fleeing from an enemy*—had made terrible havoc, both moral and physical.

Attacks of the enemy, both at Cacabelos and Villa Franca, were arrested—and as the country was hilly, the cavalry was sent forward to Lugo,—the infantry and artillery following. The distance was forty miles, and occupied a day and night,—a period ever memorable for the horrors of which it was witness. Hunger, withering cold, despair, phrenzy—death—did their worst amongst that flying and disorganized crowd of men—no longer soldiers—women and children. Discipline there was none: drunkenness—robbery, were unchecked: oaths, prayers, and the moans of the dying were commingled. The French, though checked by the light troops, continued to harass our rear guard. The only marvel was, that Soult did not bring the matter to a close by some decisive action. Both at Constantino and Lugo this appeared probable; but no hostile movement was made, and the British reached Betanzos on the 10th Jan.* The march from Lugo to Betanzos had completely exhausted the soldiery—and they *rested*, as best they might, on the wet mud and beneath a soaking rain till evening. The ranks were then formed again, and the retreat continued on Corunna, which place was reached on the 11th.

The position was not a good one—more particularly to an enfeebled army—but Sir John Moore made the best of it, selecting, after a close examination, the neighbourhood of the village of Elvina.

Hope, Baird, the rifle-corps, and Freyre's division were variously placed; Paget's division being in reserve.

The fleet hove in sight on the 15th, and preparations were made to embark. The sick and wounded, the women and children, the artillery,

* The French were deceived by the fires which continued burning after the British left Lugo, and thus twelve hours were gained.

stores, and dismounted cavalry were got on board. On the 16th, all was quiet; the embarkation was proceeding; and Sir John Moore was about to visit the out-posts for the last time, when it was announced that the French were under arms.

This was confirmed by a fusillade between the French *tirailleurs* and English pickets. Four columns advanced—two upon the right, one upon the centre, the remaining one threatening the left of our line. The right was composed of the 4th, 42nd, and 50th, supported by the Guards, and was vigorously attacked—the French throwing out a host of skirmishers, supported by artillery. For a short time the enemy was in possession of Elvina, but the 50th soon after recovered it at the point of the bayonet. The action becoming general, the French were driven back by the 42nd and a battalion of the Guards; and when Soult attempted to turn our right, the reserve attacked and dashingly repulsed him. Soult had failed at every point, and began to alter his dispositions.

It was during the charge of the 42nd that Sir John Moore was knocked from his horse by a round shot, which shattered his left shoulder. The conflict continued till nightfall, when the French, beaten at every turn, fell back.

Thus was Corunna

“Lost and won!”*

a glorious, yet a melancholy victory! The embarkation continued after dark; and on the 17th, the fleet was under weigh for England.

To return to Sir John Moore. In spite of the excessive hæmorrhage of such a wound as his, he retained entire possession of his faculties. He was carried from the field in a blanket by six Highlanders, who, although a spring-waggon was provided, continued doing so, proposing, with affectionate respect, that “by keeping step it would be an easier conveyance.”

* The British forces amounted to 15,000; the French to 19,500 men. Our loss was 800 killed and wounded; that of the enemy, by their own account, 1,600.

Thus was he conveyed to the town, occasionally looking back on the field. He did not linger long, but while he lived, exhibited those traits of character which made him so universally beloved.

Wolfe's celebrated lyric—

“Not a drum was heard,” &c.

is circumstantially true to the circumstances attending his midnight funeral. He was buried in his cloak, in a grave dug by a party of the 9th, on the ramparts of Corunna.

It is an extraordinary fact that Sir John Moore was aide-de-camp to the brave Abercromby, and caught the dying hero in his arms when he received his death wound at Alexandria, March 21, 1801; and when the lamented Moore was mortally wounded at Corunna, he received the most affectionate attention from Sir Henry Hardinge, the present Governor-General of India.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER,

The Conqueror of Scinde.

THE following extract from a work of interest recently published, contains a succinct narrative of hair-breadth 'scapes which would almost induce the belief that the Conqueror of Scinde holds a charmed life. It is from the pen of the hero's brother.

On the 3rd of September, Cromwell's fortunate day, Sir Charles Napier embarked at Bombay in the *Zenobia* steamer, a coincidence which he did not fail to note with some satisfaction as a good omen. Scarcely, however, had the vessel, which was full of troops, gained the open sea, when cholera broke out in the worst form, and the hideous misery of the voyage is thus given in his own language:—

“In those six bitter days and nights we cast fifty-four dead into the sea, just one-fourth of our companions? One passenger, it happened, was a surgeon, and he was assisted by two native apprentices belonging to the hospitals; fortunately, only two of the sailors died, or we should have been lost for want of hands. The engineer perished the third day, but happily, there were amongst the passengers two others going to the steamers on

the Indus. Since landing, ten more soldiers have died, and one captain, making sixty-four in all? This pulls down the spirits of men. It was the worst description of blue cholera. The agonies, the convulsions, the dreadful groans, were heart-rending; and then the screams of the poor women who lost their husbands and children! And, amidst all this, in the darkness of the night, the necessity of throwing the dead overboard the instant life was extinct, to make room for the living! Then also, added to this scene of human wretchedness, the violent effects of the disease could not be cleaned, and extreme filth increased the misery. Well! God be praised! it has ceased, but more troops are on this voyage, and I dread to hear of similar sufferings, for most of it has been caused by neglect. I have made a formal complaint to Sir George Arthur, who, I am sure, will stir about the matter. The commander of the *Zenobia*, Mr. Newman, is a noble fellow I believe all that were saved owe their lives to him; and we, the officers, have given him a gold snuff-box in token of our gratitude. On making the land both mates got drunk, and such a night-scene of confusion I never saw. We were nearly as possible on a reef of rocks; we fired guns and rockets, but no help came. Had we struck, all must have perished; at least, all the sick, eighty in number: at last we cast anchor, and luckily on good holding ground.

“His first care,” proceeds the biographer, “was to provide comforts for the survivors of this dreadful voyage, which he effected by the 10th, but further mishap awaited himself. On the 13th, while observing the practice of a rocket train, one of the fiery missiles burst, rocket and shell together, and tore the calf of his right leg open to the bone; but neither the bone itself nor the great artery was injured; the wound was instantly stitched and dressed, and then a life of temperance, aided by a patient spirit of endurance, was repaid with a surprising cure. The hurt, jagged as it was, healed by the first dressing, and in four days he was out of his tent: the fifth saw him free from fever, on horseback, travel-

ling with an escort of wild troopers towards Hyderabad.

"Some superstition, the human mind, whether strong or weak, seems always to lean towards, and several of the greatest have rested thereon; those who deal in war seldom reject predestination, and Sir Charles Napier's life, one justifying Lord Byron's remark, that truth is more strange than fiction, encourages this sentiment, though reason should recoil. In infancy he was snatched, while at the last stage of starvation, from a vile nurse; while a young boy, attempting a dangerous leap, he tore the flesh from his leg in a frightful manner; a few years later he fractured the other leg. At the battle of Corunna, struggling with several French soldiers, he received five terrible wounds, and but for the aid of a generous French drummer would there have been killed; he was made a prisoner, and his fate being long unknown, he was mourned for as dead by his family. In the battle of Busaco, a bullet struck his face and lodged behind the ear, splintering the articulation of the jaw-bone, and with this dreadful hurt he made his way under a fierce sun to Lisbon, more than one hundred miles! Returning from France, after the battle of Waterloo, the ship sunk off Flushing, and he only saved his life by swimming to a pile, on which he clung, until a boat carried him off, half-drowned; for the pile was too large to climb up, and he having caught it during the recession of a wave, was overwhelmed by each recurring surge. Now, escaping cholera, and a second shipwreck off the Indus, and marvellously recovering from the stroke of that unlucky rocket at Kurrachee, he was again on horseback, and hastening to conduct with matchless energy a dangerous war—and he did conduct it to a glorious termination: for neither age, nor accident, nor wounds, had quenched his fiery spirit; but how the spare body, shattered in battle and worn by nearly fifty years' service in every variety of climate, could still suffice to place him amongst the famous captains of the world, is a mystery. His star was in the East."

EXAMPLE AGAINST PRECEPT.

A fire-eating hero in the late war, who was very fond of calling out, "Go along my fine fellows, go along!" had been more than once repulsed in a certain attack. The assault being taken up by another officer of a different mould throwing himself into the breach, he cried, "Come along, my lads; come along!" setting an example of vigour and determination, which insured success, and afforded a fine practical illustration of the distinction between following and leading. Another instance of a similar nature:—During a gale of wind, which had lasted so long that all hands were dead beat, it became necessary to shorten sail, and Captain, now Sir Thomas Hardy, gave the order for hands aloft to reef topsails. Worn out by previous exertions, not a man was found who would obey; when the Captain, instantly doffing his hat, and unbuttoning the knees of his *shorts*, which were worn in those days, himself ascended, and in the face of the roaring tempest laid out along the yard, and ran out the ear-ring. I need hardly add that he was followed by as many of the crew as the duty could require.

NAUTICAL WIT.

The following colloquy was overheard by a passer by, who vouches to us for its genuineness. A large hole having been dug for some purpose connected with the water pipes in the carriage way of Greenwich Hospital, it was partially fenced round, and a light in a lantern was as usual suspended over the hole. For further security an old pensioner was placed as a guard over this opening, in order to prevent blind or infirm men from falling into it. A brother tar just at the moment passing near our informant, hailed the guard with "Hallo, Jack! what keeping a look-out for the *"Gallopers."*" "No, no, messmate," responded the other; "don't you see I am watching the *"Sunk."*"*

* The *Gallopers* and the *Sunk*, two well known light vessels at the entrance of the Thames.



The Tartar General ordering the Conflagration of his own House.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Continued from page 229.

The Military Commander's despatch thus relates the same events, so far as that arm of the service was engaged:—

Head Quarters, Chin-keang-foo,
July 25, 1842.

“MY LORD,—It affords me great gratification to announce to your lordship that our progress up the Yang-tse-keang has, under Divine Providence, been most propitious, and our first operations upon the shores of this mighty river most successful.

“His Excellency Sir W. Parker, whom I will here beg leave to mention, accompanied me throughout all our operations before Chin-keang-foo until we entered the city, and from whom I have upon this, as upon all other occasions, experienced the most cordial and able support, will no doubt enter fully into detail upon all the subjects coming more particularly within the naval department; I shall, therefore, very slightly touch on them.

“We sailed from the anchorage off Woesung on the 6th. Many unavoid-

able delays occurred in bringing a fleet of upwards of seventy sail of men-of-war and transports up a river for the most part totally unknown, and we did not reach Suysshan, the first point where opposition, if it can be so termed was offered, until the 14th. A few shots were fired here from some small batteries, recently erected, at the leading ships, which landed their marines, when the enemy fled. The fleet anchored at this point, and the batteries and guns were destroyed. Unfortunately, the wind came more ahead the next morning, which, together with the strength of the current, and the further difficulty presented by a sudden bend of the river, prevented the ships from proceeding on the 15th. On the 16th, however, I accompanied Sir W. Parker, in the steam-frigate *Vixen*, and we made a very satisfactory and accurate reconnoissance of both Kin-shan and Chin-keang-foo. The steamer passed close to the shore, within musket-range of the Imperial Canal, which passes through the suburbs of the city, and without meeting the slightest opposition, hundreds of the inhabitants crowding the shore

to gaze on her as she passed. This, as well as all our accounts, led me to believe that little if any resistance would be made. Not a soldier appeared upon the city walls, nor could I perceive any encampments in the neighbourhood. We returned to the fleet that evening.

"On the 17th, some of the fast-sailing ships of war were enabled to pass the bend, and proceeded up the river. On the 19th the *Cornwallis* effected the passage, and a favourable change of wind enabled the whole fleet to reach Chin-keang-foo on the 20th.

"This city, with its walls in excellent repair, stands within little more than half-a-mile from the river; the northern and the eastern face upon a range of steep hills; the western and southern faces on low ground, with the Imperial Canal serving in some measure as a wet ditch to these faces. To the westward, the suburb through which the canal passes extends to the river, and terminates under a precipitous hill, opposite to which, and within 1000 yards, is the island of Kin-shan, a mere rock, rising abruptly from the water; a small seven-storied pagoda crowns the summit, and a few temples and imperial pavilions, partly in ruins, and only occupied by Chinese priests, run round its base and up its sides, interspersed with trees.

"The island is not more than a few hundred yards in circumference, and by no means calculated for a military position, being commanded completely by the hill on the right bank of the river.

"About a mile and a half lower down the stream there is a bluff height, connected by a narrow ridge, with a smaller hill, both capped with joss-houses, and both commanding the northern angle of the city wall. Here I determined to land one brigade. My first intention, when I reconnoitred this place on the 16th, was to land the other brigade near a range of low hills about two or three miles further eastward, so as to act against the eastern face of the city; but the fleet having come to anchor on the 20th so far up the river, I was induced to alter my plan of attack, and the more readily, as I perceived from the top of the

pagoda on Kin-shan three encampments at some distance, on the slope of the hills south-west of the city. It therefore appeared an object of importance to land a part of the force, so as to cut off these troops; and as I ascertained that there was a good landing-place below the hill, nearly opposite to Kin-shan, I determined to disembark there the two remaining brigades, with the brigade of Artillery.

"The necessary arrangements were immediately made for landing at daylight on the 21st. Major-General Schoedde's brigade (the 2nd), consisting of Royal Artillery, Capt. Greenwood; 55th Regt., Major Warren; 6th Madras N.I., Lieut.-Colonel Drever; Rifles, 36th Madras N.I., Capt. Simpson; 2nd Madras N.I., Lieut.-Colonel Luard; detachment Sappers, Lieut. Johnstone, was ordered to land at daylight, under the bluff height north of the city; and the Major-General was instructed to take and occupy the two hills that command the north and eastern faces, with directions to turn this diversion into a real attack, if he found it practicable without incurring much loss.

"The first brigade, under Major-General Lord Saltoun, was directed to land at the same time below the hill, opposite Kin-shan, occupy this hill with two companies of the troops first landed, 26th Cameronians, Lieut.-Colonel Pratt; Bengal Volunteers, Lieut. Colonel Lloyd; flank companies, 41st Madras N.I., Major Campbell; 98th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Campbell; and form on the first open space at its base, out of view of the city and encampments, so as to cover the landing of the brigade of guns under Lieut.-Colonel Montgomerie, of the Madras Artillery, and of Major-General Bartley's brigade (the 3rd); 18th Royal Irish, Major Cowper; 14th Madras, N.I., Major Young; 49th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Stephens. The first brigade, under Lord Saltoun, I destined to attack the encampments; while with the third brigade, and the brigade of Artillery, I proposed to operate against the west gate, and the western face of the city, taking advantage of such ground and circumstances as might present themselves.

"The brigades of Major-Generals Lord Saltoun and Schoedde commenced landing before daylight, but considerable delay took place in effecting the disembarkation, from the rapidity of the current, the scattered state of the ships—some of which were aground—and from some mistake on the part of one of the new steamers. The guns were next landed, and Major-General Bartley's brigade followed. I accompanied Major-General Lord Saltoun's brigade in landing, and from the steep hill already mentioned had a full view of the city and encampments. On the walls of the former but few men appeared, but the encampments were still occupied, though not more than from twelve to fifteen hundred men showed themselves; I therefore directed Lord Saltoun to move forward at once with the troops of his brigade first landed, the 98th Regiment, with some companies of the Bengal Volunteers, and the flank companies of the 41st Madras N.I., to attack and destroy the encampments, and if possible cut off their communication with the city.—I sent three guns under Major Anstruther, with this brigade, and a detachment of Sappers, in case difficulties should present themselves. Three companies of the Bengal Volunteers, under Major Kent, having landed some time afterwards, I sent Major Gough, Deputy Quartermaster-General, to accompany them, with directions to fall on the enemy's right flank, perceiving a path over some undulating ground which I thought might possibly lead them between the encampment and the city. These three companies first came in contact with the enemy, not having apparently been seen until they came close to the position, when the Chinese very gallantly rushed on them, and were not repulsed until they came into almost actual contact. Lord Saltoun executed his orders most satisfactorily, driving the enemy before him over the hills, and destroying the encampments.

"The 26th having landed, proceeded to cover the guns, which Lieut.-Colonel Montgomerie had placed in a strong position on a low hill to the

west of and commanding the walls, of which we could take a considerable portion in reserve. I could perceive that no strong body was in reserve at this point, although the embrasures and loop-holes were all manned, evidently by Tartar troops, prepared to defend their post. Here I determined to make the assault so soon as Major General Bartley's brigade should join me, as I felt assured that my guns would soon clear the ramparts of the Tartars; and I was given to understand that the canal was fordable, a ridge of earth evidently thrown up on the original excavation giving me perfect cover to within fifty paces of the walls.

"As soon as the 18th and greater part of the 49th joined me, the 26th being for the time attached to this brigade, everything was prepared for the assault; I directed, however, the Deputy Quartermaster-General, Major Gough, to ascertain the correctness of my information as to the canal. Three officers rushed down the bank with him, and I think it but right here to mention their names:—Captain Loch, Royal Navy, who, being an amateur in this expedition, has acted most zealously as my extra Aide-de-Camp; Lieut. Hodgson, of the *Cornwallis*; and Lieut. Heatly, Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General, who has ever been forward where he could be useful. These four officers swam the canal, thus ascertaining its impracticability and the incorrectness of my information.

"I was now equally distant from the west and south gates, but perceiving that suburbs would give me cover, I decided on forcing the former; we soon reached this point, and covering parties were pushed on close to the banks of the canal. Major Malcolm, of the 3rd Dragoons, who acted throughout the day as my extra Aide-de-Camp, and Brevet-Capt. Balfour, Brigade Major of Artillery, were very active in discovering the approaches to the gate. Two guns, under Lieut. Molesworth, of the Madras Artillery, were also judiciously placed, so as to take the works in flank.

"Under this cover, Capt. Pears, the Commanding Engineer, with great

spirit and judgment, placed the powder bags, and effectually blew in the gate, giving the troops a clear entrance through a long archway, not, as it proved, into the body of the place, but into an outwork of considerable extent. In this outwork we met Captain Richards, of the *Cornwallis*, who had most promptly landed the Marines of that ship, on hearing that two gun-boats, with artillery, in proceeding up the canal, had unexpectedly approached the walls, and were severely pressed. Finding, however, the attention of the enemy diverted, he escalated this work in the re-entering angle near a sallyport. All further difficulties at this point were cleared, as we found Major-General Schoedde in possession of the inner gateway.

"This officer, with his wonted decision, taking advantage of his discretionary power, converted his diversion into a real attack, escalated the city walls at the north angle, cleared the whole line of rampart to the westward, and carried the inner gateway, which was obstinately defended. I cannot too strongly express my approval of the spirited and judicious way in which Major-General Schoedde fulfilled my orders; nor can I better convey to your lordship the operations of his brigade than by forwarding his report.

"By these combined movements a body of Tartars was driven into one division of the western outwork, without a possibility of retreat; and as they would not surrender, most of them were either shot or destroyed in the burning houses, several of which had been set on fire by the Tartar troops themselves or by our guns. As soon as I could collect a sufficient body of the 3rd brigade, I directed Major-General Bartley to proceed with it along the west face, and occupy the several gates to the south and east of the city. The sun at this time being nearly overpowering, I was anxious to keep as many of the men as possible under cover until towards evening, when I proposed moving into the Tartar city, and occupying the principal positions; but the troops under Major-General Bartley, consisting of the 18th, and part of the 49th

regiment, were soon hotly engaged with a body of from 800 to 1000 Tartars, who, under cover of some inclosures, opened a destructive fire upon our men, as they were filing round the walls. The leading division of the 49th dashing down the rampart on their left, while the 18th pushed forward to turn their right; they were soon dispersed, although some of them fought with great desperation. It afforded me much satisfaction to witness the spirited manner in which Major-General Bartley performed this duty, with a small force of exhausted men. The Admiral, who was moving with the Marines of the *Cornwallis* along the line of wall which had been cleared by the 55th, hearing the heavy firing, with his usual anxiety to afford assistance, attempted to move across the city, and was strongly opposed at several points in the streets where the Tartars had collected.

"The sun now became so overpowering that it was impossible to move, with men already fatigued with their exertions, and I regret to say that several died from the intense heat. We remained, therefore, in occupation of the gates until six o'clock, when several parties were pushed into the Tartar city and to the public offices. The Tartar General's house was burnt; that of the Lieut.-General (Hai) it appears had been set on fire by his own orders, and he was destroyed in it; his secretary, who was found the next morning by Mr. Morrison, principal Chinese interpreter, related this event, and pointed out the body of the unfortunate chief. Finding dead bodies of Tartars in every house we entered, principally women and children, thrown into wells or otherwise murdered by their own people, I was glad to withdraw the troops from this frightful scene of destruction, and placed them in a commanding position, at the principal public offices in the northern quarter of the city. The following morning search was made for arms, ammunition, and treasure; about 60,000 dollars' worth of Sycee silver was found in public offices, and all the arms and arsenals discovered were destroyed.

(To be continued in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF TRAFALGAR.

The following interesting narrative, of the escape of a French woman from the perils of fire and water, has been kindly furnished us by an old naval officer, for whose veracity we can vouch. The facts have been previously variously given, and have been made a groundwork for fiction; but the subjoined may be looked upon as the genuine version.

"Towards the conclusion of the battle of Trafalgar, the French 80-gun ship, *Achille*, after surrendering, caught fire on the booms. The poor fellows belonging to her, as the only chance of saving their lives, leaped overboard, having first stripped off their clothes, that they might be the better able to swim to any pieces of floating wreck, or to the boats by the ships sent nearest at hand to their rescue. As the boats filled, they proceeded to the *Pickle* schooner, and, after discharging their freight into that vessel, returned for more. The schooner was soon crowded to excess, and therefore transferred the poor shivering wretches to any of the large ships near her. The *Revenge*, to which ship I belonged, received nearly a hundred of the number, some of whom had been picked up by our own boats. Many of them were badly wounded, and all naked. No time was lost in providing for the latter want, as the purser was ordered immediately to issue to each man a complete suit of clothes.

"On the morning after the action I had charge of the deck, the other officers and crew being at breakfast, when another boat-load of these poor prisoners of war came alongside, all of whom, with one exception, were in the costume of Adam. The exception I refer to was apparently a youth, but clothed in an old jacket and trousers, with a dingy handkerchief tied round the head, and exhibiting a face begrimed with smoke and dirt; without shoes, stockings, or shirt, and looking the picture of misery and despair. The appearance of this young person at once attracted my attention, and on asking some questions upon the subject, was answered that the

prisoner was a woman. It was sufficient to know this, and I lost no time in introducing her to my messmates, as a female requiring their compassionate attention. The poor creature was almost famishing with hunger, having tasted nothing for four-and-twenty hours, consequently she required no persuasion to partake of the breakfast upon the table. I then gave her up my cabin, for by this time the bulkhead had been replaced, and made a collection of all the articles which could be procured to enable her to complete a more suitable wardrobe. One of the lieutenants gave her a piece of sprigged blue muslin, which he had obtained from a Spanish prize, and two new check shirts were supplied by the purser; these, with a purser's blanket, and my ditty-bag, which contained needles, thread, &c., being placed at her disposal, she, in a short time, appeared in a very different, and much more becoming costume. Being a dressmaker, she had made herself a sort of jacket, after the Flemish fashion, and the purser's shirts she had transformed into an outer petticoat; she had a silk handkerchief tastily tied over her head and another thrown round her shoulders; white stockings, and a pair of the chaplain's shoes, were on her feet; and, altogether, our guest, which we unanimously voted her, appeared a very interesting young woman.

"It is now time that I should describe the events which preceded her being brought on board the *Revenge*, in the manner described. Jeannette, which was the only name by which I ever knew her, thus related to me the circumstances. She said she was stationed, during the action, in the passage of the fore magazine, to assist in handing up the powder; which employment lasted till the surrender of the ship. When the firing ceased, she ascended to the lower deck, and endeavoured to get up to the main-deck, to search for her husband; but the ladders having been all removed, or shot away, she found this impracticable; and just at this time an alarm of fire spread through the ship, so that she could get no assistance. The fire originated upon the upper-deck, and

gradually burnt downwards. Her feelings upon this occasion cannot be described: but death from all quarters stared her in the face. The fire, which soon burnt fiercely, precluded the possibility of her escaping by moving from where she then was; and no friendly counsellor was by with whom to advise. She remained wandering to and fro upon the lower deck, among the mangled corpses of the dying and the slain, until the guns from the main-deck actually fell through the burnt plank. Her only refuge, then, was to the sea; and the poor creature scrambled out of the gun-room port, and, by the help of the rudder chains, reached the back of the rudder, where she remained for some time, praying that the ship might blow up, and thus put a period to her misery. At length the lead which lined the rudder-trunk began to melt, and to fall upon her; and her only means of avoiding this was, to leap overboard. Having, therefore, divested herself of her clothes, she soon found herself struggling with the waves; and providentially finding a piece of cork, she was enabled to escape from the burning mass. A man, shortly afterwards, swam near her, and, observing her distress, brought her a piece of plank, about six feet in length, which being placed under her arms, supported her until a boat approached to her rescue. The time she was thus in the water she told me was about two hours; but probably the disagreeableness and peril of her situation made a much shorter space of time appear of that duration. The boat which picked her up, I have heard, was the *Belleisle's*; but her sex was no sooner made known, than the men, whose hearts were formed of the right stuff, quickly supplied her with the articles of attire in which she first made my acquaintance; one supplied her with trousers, another stripped off his jacket, and threw it over her, and a third supplied her with a handkerchief. She was much burnt about the neck, shoulders, and legs, by the molten lead, and when she reached the *Pickle*, was more dead than alive. A story so wonderful and pitiful, could not fail to enlist on her

behalf the best feelings of human nature, and it was therefore not praiseworthy, but only natural, that we extended towards her that humane attention which her situation demanded. I caused a canvass screen berth to be made for her, to hang outside the ward-room door, opposite to where the sentry was stationed; and I placed my cabin at her disposal, for her dressing-room.

“Although placed in a position of unlooked-for comfort, Jeannette was scarcely less miserable: the fate of her husband was unknown to her. She had not seen him since the commencement of the battle, and he was perhaps killed, or had perished in the conflagration. Still the worst was unknown to her; and a possibility existed that he was yet alive. All her inquiries were, however, unattended with success, for several days, during which I was so much busied in securing the ship's masts, and in looking after the ship in the gales which we had to encounter, that I had no time to attend to my *protégé*. It was on about the fourth day of her sojourn that she came to me in the greatest possible extasy, and told me that she had found her husband, who was on board among the prisoners, and unhurt. She soon afterwards brought him to me, and in the most grateful terms and manner, returned her thanks for the attentions she had received. After this, Jeannette declined coming to the ward-room, from the very proper feeling that her husband could not be admitted to the same privileges. On our arrival at Gibraltar, all our prisoners were landed by order of the Port Admiral, Sir John Knight, at the neutral ground, but under a mistake, as the Spanish prisoners only should have been landed there. Her dress, though rather odd, was not unbecoming, and we all considered her a fine woman. On leaving the ship, most, if not all of us, gave her a dollar, and she expressed her thanks as well as she was able, and assured us that the name of our ship would always be remembered by her with the warmest gratitude.

“Lest any painter should feel a disposition to pourtray the person

of Jeannette, the heroine of this true tale, I think it right to give a description, which I formerly gave to Mr. Northcote, who permitted a picture from it, which is still, without doubt, in existence. Jeannette appeared to be about thirty years of age, and of the ordinary stature; her countenance was of the Grecian cast, with dark blue eyes, dark eyebrows, and eyelashes, an aquiline nose, good set of teeth, and dark brown hair.

"Among the men taken up by our own boat was one, a tall, well-built fellow—a soldier—who, through all his struggles for life, preserved his cocked hat, that he might not be taken for a sailor, of whom the French soldiers thought rather contemptuously. When this man, who, with the exception of his hat, was in a perfect state of nudity, came up the side out of the boat, he took off his hat and made as elegant a bow as if he had been entering a ball-room. I begged him to be covered, and observed to him '*vous n'etes pas matelot,*' he answered: '*Matelot, bah!*' and spat upon the deck. His tone and manner amused us vastly."

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

As we continually have mistaken estimates of the strength of the American Navy, the following summary of their own official return for 1844, may be instructive:—The Naval and Military Force of the United States consists of 6 ships-of-the-line, 1 razeed, 14 frigates, 21 sloops-of-war, 16 brigs and schooners, 3 store-ships, and 8 steamers afloat. There are on the stocks, in an unfinished state, 4 ships-of-the-line, 3 frigates, 1 store-ship, an iron steamer at Pittsburgh, and 1 at the Navy-yard at Washington. The vessels in commission have been thus employed:—In the home squadron, under Com. Connor, the frigate *Potomac*, the sloops *Vincennes*, *Vandalia*, and *Falmouth*, the brigs *Somers* and *Lawrence*, and steamer *Union*. In the Mediterranean, under Com. Smith, the frigates *Cumberland* and *Columbia*, sloops *Plymouth* and *Fairfield*, and

store-ship *Lexington*. On the coast of Brazil, under Com. Turner, the *Columbus*, 74, frigates *Raritan*, *Congress*, sloops *John Adams* and *Boston*, brig *Bainbridge*, and schooner *Enterprise*. In the Pacific, under Com. Sloat, the frigates *United States* and *Savannah*, sloops *Cyane*, *Levant*, and *Warren*, schooner *Shark*, and store-ship *Relief*. The East India squadron is under Com. F. A. Parker. The squadron on the coast of Africa, under Com. M. C. Perry, consists of the frigate *Macedonian*, sloops *Saratoga* and *Decatur*, and brig *Passaic*. This squadron under intended changes will mount 83 guns.

THE FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.

The history of the 42nd Highlanders, from its formation in 1739 from the companies of the "*Black Watch*," is included in one series of heroic actions and victories; its heroic conduct at the battle of Fontenoy, the storming of Ticonderoga;—in the campaigns of Egypt, Portugal, Spain, the South of France, and Waterloo, were of the most glorious character.

The following extract from a speech delivered in the House of Commons, in the year 1766, by the Right Hon. William Pitt, (afterwards the Earl of Chatham), in praise of the Scottish Highlanders, contains a proud record of the value of this distinguished Regiment to the British nation.

"I sought for merit wherever it could be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister who looked for it, and found it, in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men: men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered, for you in every quarter of the world."—*The Historical Record of the 42nd Regt.: by R. Cannon, Esq.*

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A
BRITISH OFFICER.

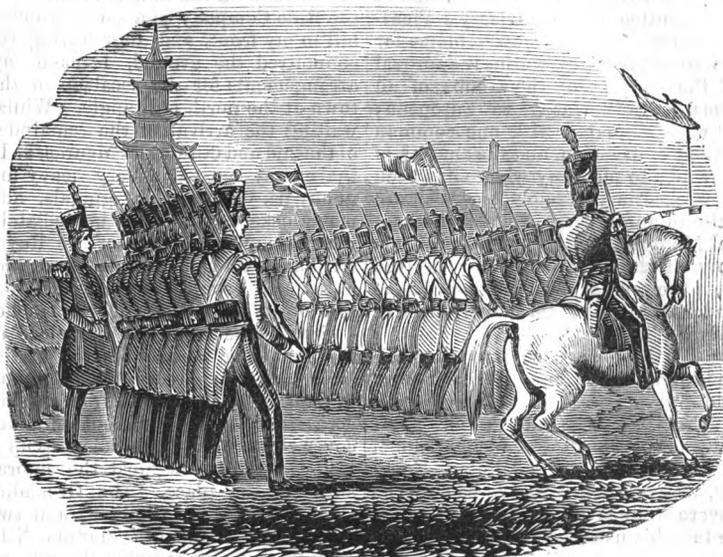
On the 12th of August, 1844, in lat. 15 S., long. 11 30 E., when off Fish Bay, Mr. J. F. Tottenham, mate of her Majesty's ship *Hyacinth*, was sent in a four-oared gig, with one spare hand, to communicate with the Portuguese governor. The weather having become thick, he missed the port, and being unacquainted with the coast anchored the boat for the night. On the following morning he pulled again to southward; and about noon, discovering a suspicious-looking brig without colours slip and make sail, he gave chase. There being but little wind, and the vessel entangled with the land, he was enabled to get within musket-shot of her, and fired wide of her to induce her to show her colours. This, however, was disregarded, and the officer observing them trim up a post, and run a gun out, pulled into her wake. Some of the brig's crew immediately commenced firing musketry, whilst the others got the gun on the poop and pointed it at the boat. Mr. Tottenham upon this fired as fast as the spare hand could load for him, and with such coolness and precision (as was afterwards proved), that almost every bullet expended was traced to the gun carriage or its immediate vicinity. Four of the crew having been wounded, to avoid being killed they ran the brig on shore and abandoned her—to the number of 18—leaving one man behind, who soon after died of his wounds. Mr. Tottenham immediately took possession of her, which proved to be a fine vessel of 200 tons, and fully equipped for carrying 1,000 slaves. Her decks were strewed with muskets, swords and bayonets, a barrel of gunpowder, and a quantity of ball-cartridges, besides two four-pounders, loaded. In the course of the afternoon she was discovered from the mast-head of the *Hyacinth*, which stood in and hove her off. The astonishment of Captain Scott and his crew, at finding so large a vessel captured by his four-oared gig, may be easily conceived.

SOULT AND WELLINGTON.

It is not generally known that Marshal Soult was compelled, against his inclination, to accept the command of the French army in the South of France, which was levied to oppose the triumphant career of the Duke of Wellington. While at Dresden with Napoleon, the news arrived of the defeat of the French at Vittoria, and threw the Emperor into considerable embarrassment. The Marshal was ordered to depart, and take command of the army of Southern France. The destination was not agreeable to himself, and was hateful to his wife. With all his strength of character, Marshal Soult was much under the dictation of his lady. She wished him to refuse the trust, and when she could not prevail on him to do so, she herself resolved to try what effect her representations might have on the Emperor. She sought and obtained an interview, in which she pleaded her husband's shattered frame, his need of repose, and complained of the injustice of sending him back to a country where blows only were to be found. "Madam," replied Napoleon, "recollect I am not your husband; but if I were, you would not dare to treat me thus." He then ordered her to assist, and not to thwart her husband in his duty. There was no remedy, and the Marshal was constrained to obey.

RESULT OF FEMALE MANAGEMENT.

In 1809 Trieste fell an easy prey to the French army. The following anecdote is related of the female cook of the British Consul. After her master had quitted the town, and as the French troops were entering, she took post at the gate, and making choice of the first general or field officer whose countenance she liked, she recommended him to make her master's (the Consul's) house his quarters. Her object was to preserve it from destruction; and in this it appears she was successful, for not only was the house uninjured, but she preserved a valuable cow from being slaughtered, saying, "What will your excellence do for milk if the poor cow is killed?"



British entering Nankin.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Concluded from page 236.)

“It would appear that the Tartar soldiers did not calculate on the rapidity of our movements, and considered the city impregnable; a great number of those who escaped our fire committed suicide, after destroying their families; the loss of life has been, therefore, appalling, as it may be said that the Mantchoo race in this city is extinct. As in all other places we have taken, the respectable inhabitants have fled, as well as the local authorities. The suburbs are larger than the city, which is about four miles in circumference; plunderers flocking in by hundreds from the country have joined the populace, and such is their systematic mode of proceeding, that in one instance which came to my knowledge they set fire to both ends of the street in the western suburb, where there was a large pawnbroker’s shop, (uniformly the first object of pillage,) in order to check all interruption, while they carried off their booty by the side-lanes.

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I was most anxious to put a stop to these scenes of devastation, but it would not have been practicable in so wide a labyrinth of streets and lanes, without constant harrassing exposures to the troops, during the hottest seasons of the year. Cholera has made its appearance; Ensign Weir, of the 49th Regt., died this evening, and several men of the same corps have been attacked by the disease.

“I propose to leave Major-General Schoedde with his brigade here. Two regiments and a detachment of Artillery will occupy the bluff height and a smaller hill, which command the north angle of the city walls, in which I have directed extensive breaches to be made, and the whole line of parapet will be demolished. Another regiment will occupy the hill above the mouth of the canal, and opposite to the island of Kinshan: Sir William Parker leaving a proportionate number of ships, with the remainder of the force, we shall advance on Nanking.

“The Mandarin who has so frequently visited us has again brought a joint despatch from Keying, maternal uncle to the Emperor, and Elepoo, which,

together with his answer, will no doubt, be submitted by Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary. It only now remains for me to express my warmest approval of the conduct of the troops of all arms, as well Native as European; all were animated with one common feeling of devotion, and the anxiety of all ranks to meet my wishes has been most cheering. Major-Generals Lord Saltoun and Bartley, and Lieut.-Colonel Montgomery, report most favourably of the assistance they derived from the several Commanding Officers under them, and from their respective Brigade Staff.

"To the officers commanding brigades and corps, as to all the general and my personal Staff, I am much indebted; and it affords me great satisfaction to add that Lieut.-Colonel Mountain, the Deputy Adjutant-General, was sufficiently recovered from the severe wounds he received at Chapoo to take his usual prominent share in every active operation.

"I regret to say that our loss has been considerable, but not more than was to be expected, from the desperation with which the Tartars fought for their homes, and from the strength of their positions. I inclose a return of killed and wounded, with a sketch of the town, and the operations before it.

"HUGH GOUGH, Lieut.-General.

"P.S. 29th July.—I am sorry to report that since the foregoing despatch was written, Lieut.-Colonel Stephens, commanding 49th Regt., has died, in consequence, I fear, of the great fatigue and exposure to the sun which he underwent on 21st inst."

We append the report of Major-General Schoedde, referred to in the foregoing despatch:—

"Chin-keang-foo, July 21, 1842.

"Sir,—Pursuant to the instructions of His Excellency Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., &c., directing me to land my brigade at the bluff point, overlooking the town, for the purpose of creating a diversion, but leaving it to my discretion to convert it into a real attack if I should deem advisable to do so, I have the honour to inform you that as soon as a sufficient number of men had landed, I took possession of the

joss-houses on the hill, detaching the Rifle Company to a small wooded hill in my front, and after having reconnoitred the ground, I made my arrangements for the escalade of the town at the north-east angle. Whilst waiting the arrival of the remainder of the 2nd and 6th Regts. Madras, N.I., the enemy opened a very heavy fire upon us, from guns, gingals, and matchlocks. This was immediately returned by the rockets of the Royal Artillery with considerable effect; and as soon as I could assemble such portion of the brigade as had been landed, I directed the assault of the place in the following manner:—Half of the Rifle Company, under the command of Capt. Simpson, rushed from the hill across the valley, and crept up under cover close to the walls, keeping up a well-directed fire against the embrasures of the place. The Grenadier Company H.M.'s 55th Foot, and two companies of the 6th Madras N.I., with the Sappers carrying the ladders, under the command of Brevet-Major Maclean, 55th Foot, advanced against the north-east angle. The Sappers, commanded by Lieut. Johnstone, with the greatest steadiness and gallantry reared their ladders, against the wall, and in a few minutes the grenadiers of the 55th had mounted, and, dividing into two parties, proceeded to clear the ramparts, one party turning to the right, under Brevet-Major Maclean, and another to the left, under Lieut. Cuddy, 55th.

"As we had only three ladders, reinforcements could not follow very quickly; and the enemy defended himself with the greatest gallantry, disputing every inch of ground, and fighting hand to hand with our men. Major Warren, commanding 55th Foot, after he was wounded himself, cut down two of the enemy, and was personally engaged with a third, whilst the 55th and Rifle Company 36th Madras N.I., were obliged to carry every angle and embrasure at the point of the bayonet.

"In the course of about an hour and a half we arrived at the west gate, where I shortly afterwards had the honour to meet His Excellency. In the mean time part of the 2nd and 6th

Regts. Madras N.I., and the Royal Artillery, having mounted the ramparts, followed that portion of the grenadiers which had turned to the left; and after a severe struggle cleared the walls on their side until they met the third brigade. I am particularly indebted to Lieut.-Colonel Drever, 6th N.I., whose death, from fatigue and exposure to the sun, I am very sorry to report; to Capt. Reid, 6th Regt., who succeeded Lieut.-Colonel Drever in the command of his regt.; to Lieut. Colonel Luard, commanding 2nd N.I.; to Major Warren, 55th Foot, for the manner in which he led his regiment, and who was severely wounded; to Brevet-Major MacLean, 55th Foot, who commanded the storming party; to Capt. Greenwood, commanding the Royal Artillery; to Capt. Simpson, commanding the Rifles, who I regret to say was severely wounded under the walls at the commencement of the attack; to Lieut. Cuddy, H.M.'s 55th Foot, the first man to mount the walls, and who was shortly afterwards severely wounded; and to Lieut. Johnstone, commanding the Sappers. Lieut. Elphinstone, of the Commissariat, afforded me most able assistance, as did also Capt. Sheriff, of the 2nd N.I., and the Assist.-Adjutant-General, to whom I am likewise greatly indebted. To my Major of Brigade, Capt. C. B. Daubeney, 55th Foot, my thanks are particularly due, for the zeal, intelligence, and attention with which the duties of the brigade were discharged.

"I must also beg to express my best thanks to Capt. the Hon. F. W. Grey, commanding H.M.'s ships *Endymion*, who superintended the disembarkation of the brigade, and who volunteered to accompany me throughout the day, for his able assistance, and prompt and kind attention to every request I made him regarding the landing of the men.

"J. H. SCHOEDDE, Major-General."

It has been stated in a previous page that Hai, the Tartar-General, when he saw that all was lost, set fire to his house, and burnt himself to death in it. His wife and Grandson shared the same dreadful fate: at least so it appears from a production of the Emperor issued shortly subse-

quent directed to Keying, the governor of the province, whersin he commands, "that he should despatch messengers to make diligent search for their bodies, so that great honours may be conferred upon them. Such loyalty and devotion," adds the Celestial Emperor, "are worthy of the highest praise. As soon as this war is done, a temple shall be erected to his memory upon which his name, as also that of his wife and his grandson shall be written, so that all may speak well of him." Furthermore the Emperor, in this curious document, ordains, that when "the hundred days of mourning shall have expired, all those who are of the blood of Hai, shall be diligently sought out, and brought into the imperial presence." Can we then wonder that with such rewards and honours to those who destroy themselves rather than survive defeat, that suicide, should be found so frequent among these extraordinary people? The following extract from the letter of an eye witness, which occasioned some sensation, in its appearance in the newspapers at the time, will, after this require little explanation or comment.

"The bodies of most of the hapless little children who had fallen sacrifices to the mad despair of their parents, after the storming of Ching-keang-foo were found lying within the houses, and usually in the chambers of the women, as if each father had assembled the whole of his family before consummating the dreadful massacre; but many corpses of boys were lying in the streets, amongst those of horses and soldiers, as if an alarm had spread and they had been stabbed whilst attempting to escape from their ruthless parents. In a few instances these poor little sufferers were found the morning after the assault still breathing, the tide of life ebbing slowly away, as they lay writhing in the agonies of a broken spine, a mode of destruction so cruel, that but for the most certain evidence of its reality, would not be believed. In one of the houses, the bodies of seven dead and dying persons were found in one room forming a group, which for loathsome horror was perhaps unequalled. The

house was evidently the abode of a man of some rank and consideration, and the delicate forms, and features of the sufferers denoted them as belonging to the highest order of Tartars. On the floor, essaying in vain to put food with a spoon into the mouths of two young children, extended on a mattress, writhing in the agonies of death, caused by the dislocation of their spines, sat an old decrepit man, weeping bitterly as he listened to the piteous moanings and convulsive breathings of the poor infants, while his eyes wandered over the ghastly relics of mortality around him. On a bed, near the dying children, lay the body of a beautiful young woman, her limbs and apparel arranged as if in sleep; she was cold, and had been long dead. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown, to conceal the gash in her throat which had destroyed her life. Near her lay the corpse of a woman somewhat more advanced in years, stretched on a silk coverlet, her features distorted, and her eyes open and fixed, as if she had died by poison or strangulation. There was no wound upon the body, nor any blood upon her person or clothes. A dead child, stabbed through the neck, lay near her; and in the narrow verandah adjoining the room were the corpses of two more women, suspended from the rafters by twisted cloths wound round their necks. They were both young, one of them quite a girl, and her features, in spite of the hideous distortion produced by the mode of her death, retained traces of their original beauty sufficient to shew the lovely mould in which they had been cast."

We turn from this abhorrent scene of the horrors of war, to pursue the steps of our victorious handful of brave countrymen, who on the 2nd of August, having completed all preparations, advanced upon the celebrated city of Nankin. The navigation was difficult, owing to strong currents; but on the 10th all was arranged: the ensuing events we shall give in the words of the commander in chief's despatch.

British Cantonment before Nankin, Aug. 31.

"MY LORD,—It has pleased Al-

mighty God to crown Her Majesty's arms with complete success, and compel the Emperor of China to recognise the claims of Great Britain, and, by accredited commissioners, to enter into a treaty of peace, dictated by the long, lightly-esteemed foreigners, whose power is henceforth acknowledged.

"The display of our military and naval force in the heart of the country, the interruption of all commercial intercourse by the imperial canal, the fall, within a few hours after our landing, of Chin-keang-foo, one of the strongest, and, from its position, one of the most important cities in China; and the investment by a victorious force of the ancient capital of this vast empire,—have, under Divine Providence, been the happy means of effecting this great change in the Tartar councils, and are, I have no doubt, destined to produce results of no less importance to the civilized world than to our own country.

"The movement upon the Yang-tse-keang, suggested by the British Government, strenuously advocated by the Gov.-Gen. of India, and which was fortunately undertaken by Sir W. Parker and myself, previous to the receipt of the instructions, has thus led to an earlier adjustment of the differences between India and China than could probably have been effected by any other line of operation.

"I will not enter into much detail of our movements since my last despatch of the 25th ult.

"On the 29th I embarked the force intended to act against Nankin, leaving Major-Gen. Schoedde with H.M.'s 55th, and one company of the 98th, the 2nd and 6th Regts., of Madras N.I., and a proportion of artillery and Sappers, to occupy Chin-keang-foo, or rather the heights commanding it, and the mouth of the imperial canal. The city had become uninhabitable, from the number of dead bodies in the houses that were occupied by the Tartar troops near the several gates, and in the whole of the Tartar town. From the decomposed and scattered state of these bodies, it would have been impracticable to bury them without much risk to the health of the troops employed, and without break-

ing into numerous houses, which might have led to consequences scarcely less objectionable. I regret to say, that notwithstanding every precaution, I have lost several officers and men by cholera.

“ From the prevalence of contrary winds, the fleet could not stem the current of the Yang-tse-keang until the morning of the 4th inst., when the transports, with Lord Saltoun's brigade, were enabled to proceed. The Hon. Company's steam-frigate *Queen*, having H.M.'s Plenipotentiary on board, towed up the *Marion* head-quarter ship, and on the 5th we anchored off Nankin; the *Cornwallis* having effected the passage on the preceding day. The whole of the ships did not reach the anchorage off this city until the 9th inst.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BATTLE OF BARROSA.

THE attempt of the Anglo-Spanish army to raise the Siege of Cadiz was the proximate cause of the battle of Barrosa.

In this affair, General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), acted under the command of the Spanish General, La Pena. Success appeared to be unattended with any difficulty; for the French had scarcely 11,000 men in their lines, while there were above 20,000 Spaniards in Cadiz and Saint Leon. The troops and artillery were assembled on the 27th March, 1811; and, with the 28th regiment, and flank companies of the 9th and 82nd, numbered about 4500 men—effective. General La Pena the same day joined with 7000 Spaniards; and the whole force moved forward through the Ronda passes, to within rather more than ten miles of the French outposts. The vanguard was commanded by Lardizabie; the centre by the Prince of Anglona; the reserve by General Graham; the cavalry by Colonel Whittingham. Victor was posted in observation on the Medina road, with about 10,500 choice troops.

At Casa Viejas, La Pena was reinforced with about 2000 horse and foot; and having had his advanced guard

roughly treated by a squadron of French dragoons, he halted near the heights of Barrosa: The plain on which this height stands, is bounded on the right by the forest of Chiclana; on the left by cliffs overlooking the sea; at the centre by a pine wood, and the hill of Bermeja.

It is impossible to conceive anything more irregular and slovenly than the force of La Pena; and, without waiting to remedy this, he sent on a vanguard to Zayas. Graham implored him to hold Barrosa; but the stubborn fool declined, and ordered him to march through the pine-wood to Bermeja. Leaving the flank companies of the 9th and 82nd to protect his baggage, and hoping that Anglona and the cavalry would continue in occupation of the hill, he obeyed the order. We may conceive his honest rage and disappointment when, on entering the wood, he perceived La Pena (with the exception of three battalions and a few pieces of artillery), moving his entire force from the height of Barrosa!

The worst of it was, that Victor, also, had observed the fatal absurdity of La Pena's movements; and determined to take advantage of them.—Villette covered the camp; Ruffin commanded the left; and Laval the centre. Victor pushed the latter against the British; and, having ascended the back of the hill with Ruffin's brigade, threw himself between the Spaniards and Medina. Graham immediately counter-marched to cooperate in the plain with—La Pena—but this most worthless and deceptive ally was gone—a fugitive, with all his followers, while Ruffin was on the heights; the French cavalry between us and the sea; and Laval on our flank. The situation was both perplexing and perilous. Victor's troops were fresh; our own were wearied; and Victor, also, held the key of the position.

But the brave old man was true to his trust.

He must dare all, or lose all!

The battle commenced. Duncan's artillery played with exterminating fury on Laval's column. Col. Barnard extended to the left with the Rifles

and Portuguese Cacadores; and the rest of the troops formed two masses—one, under Dilkes, marched against Ruffin; the other, under Colonel Wheatley, attacked Laval. The firing on both sides was most severe; and, as the lines approached, Wheatley came forward to the charge; drove the first line on the second; and routed both with great slaughter.—The British, still struggling to attain the summit of the hill, were met by their now disordered opponents. The combat was close and furious—but the impetuous valour of the British was not to be resisted; they never paused for an instant, forcing the French over the heights, with the loss of their guns. Ruffin and Rousseau were mortally wounded; and the divisions of Victor terribly cut up; nor could he rally, for Duncan's guns kept up a murderous fire; and he was, therefore, compelled to retire from a force not half his own—leaving that force in possession of the field. Of course, after having been twenty-four hours under arms*, and without food, our troops could not move in pursuit.

The battle did not last much more than an hour; but there never was a fiercer or more sanguinary conflict.—Our loss amounted to 50 officers, 60 serjeants, and 1100 rank and file.

According to the accounts of the French officers, who were taken prisoners, they had about 8000 men engaged. Their loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to 3000, including two generals. They lost, also, an eagle, and six guns.

Of the heroes, who still survive this hard-fought battle, justly considered one of the most severe of the Peninsular war, we have Major-General

* The troops had had to ford a lake, up to the middle—the undaunted Graham among the rest—and had bivouacked for the night, wet and cold, without the means of procuring sufficient firing. The achievement appears scarcely credible when all circumstances are taken into consideration. Napier says briefly, but most impressively, "The contemptible feebleness of La Pena formed a surprising contrast to the heroic vigour of Graham, whose attack was an *inspiration*, rather than a resolution—so wise, so sudden was the decision;—so swift, so conclusive was the execution."

Sir Henry Wheatley, G.C.B., (who commanded the Coldstream Guards), who headed the advance; and led them on to a most decisive charge against the enemy, taking an immense number of prisoners. Another veteran is Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Barnard, G.C.B., who, on this occasion, as on many others, commanded the gallant 95th, which was the first rifle regiment sent to Spain; and was hotly engaged in every battle and siege throughout that protracted war. After the peace of 1814, the 95th were converted into "the Rifle Brigade;" and the brave Sir Andrew Barnard is now the Col. Commandant. The last although not the least in fame, of the survivors, is the well-known Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Gough, Baronet, G.C.B., who was distinguished by his gallantry at Barrosa, as major of the 87th, or Prince of Wales's Irish regiment; and led the decisive charge of the 87th, which terminated in the capture of a howitzer, and the EAGLE WITH THE GOLDEN WREATH.* In commemoration of their distinguished bravery, the 87th bear on their colours, amid other noble tokens of honour, the words "Barrosa," and the representation of an "an eagle with a wreath of laurel." This eagle is the only one of that kind ever cap-

* The whole of the French army had on their best or *hunting* suits, and their arms were dazzlingly bright; the grenadier battalion of the 8th (French) regiment being further remarkable by its long waving red plumes. This battalion began to advance in close column, the drums beating the *pas de charge*, in defiance of the galling fire of the Rifles and Cacadores, who were compelled to give way; the regiments on the right and in the rear then opened out a destructive fire; and the 87th and Guards immediately after attacked them with the bayonet. Their discomfiture was complete. Ensign Keogh, of the 87th, made the first attempt to wrench the EAGLE from the officer who carried it, but was cut down; and Sergeant Masterson then gallantly dashing at it, secured it.—He subsequently received a commission.—There is another point of interest about this *Eagle with the golden wreath*. The 8th (French) regiment had some slight advantage over the 87th (!) at Talavera; and, as a reward of valour, Napoleon, with his own hand, placed the golden wreath of laurel round the eagle's neck.

tared by the English; and it may be seen, with several others, at the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The gallantry of Sir Hugh Gough is proverbial;—witness his noble bearing at Tarifa, Jan. 1, 1812, where the brave 87th, and the 47th, defeated the French, under General Laval, and actually put, *hors de combat*, upwards of 2500 men—a number exceeding that of the garrison! On the advance of a strong body of the French towards the breach, Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, of the 87th, drew his sword, and directed the band of his regiment to play “Garry Owen.” The soldiers immediately cheered; and, with the 47th, opened a most destructive fire, compelling the enemy to retreat, with great precipitation and immense loss. The services of Sir Hugh Gough in the recent war in China, are fully detailed in another part of this work. The brave old General is now commander-in-chief in the East Indies:—he has been for some time, Colonel of the 87th regiment.

THE LATE LORD LYNEDOCH.

THIS officer, better known as the brave Sir Thomas Graham, served as a volunteer and extra Aide-de-Camp to Lord Mulgrave, and landed with the troops at Toulon in 1793. On returning to this country, he raised the first battalion of the 90th regiment, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in 1794, and in 1795 he obtained the rank of Colonel. He was afterwards attached to the Austrian army of Italy, and was shut up in Mantua during the investment of that city; but mere defensive warfare not being to his taste, he quitted the city, made his way through the enemy's picquets, and joined the army of the Archduke Charles. In 1798, Colonel Graham attacked Malta, commanding as Brigadier the 30th and 89th regiments, and some corps embodied under his immediate direction. Malta was garrisoned by a French force, and held out two years, surrendering in 1800. From 1803 to 1805 he served in Ireland with his own regiment, the 90th; and in 1808 accompanied Sir John Moore to Spain, and served during the

campaign of that year. On his return to England, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and was shortly after appointed to command a division in the expedition to Walcheren. In 1811, Major General Graham, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General was sent to command the British troops in Cadiz, and on the 5th of March he fought the battle of Barrosa. In the same year he joined the army under Lord Wellington, of which he was appointed second in command. He was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but, suffering from a complaint in the eyes, he was compelled to return to England. In 1813, he again quitted England for the Peninsula, but was not in any engagement of importance until that of Vittoria, when he commanded the left wing of the British army. He was present at the different affairs that followed, and commanded the army employed in the siege of the town and citadel of San Sebastian. The left of the British army being directed to pass the Bidasoa, the natural boundary of France and Spain, General Graham, succeeded in making a passage in the face of a most determined enemy; but in consequence of ill health, was compelled afterwards to resign his command to Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope. In 1814, he was appointed Commander of the Forces in Holland; the same year, after receiving the thanks of Parliament for his services in the Peninsula, he was raised to the Peerage by the title of Baron Lynedoch, and attained the rank of General. Lord Lynedoch died in 1843.

COMPOSITION OF THE BENGAL ARMY.

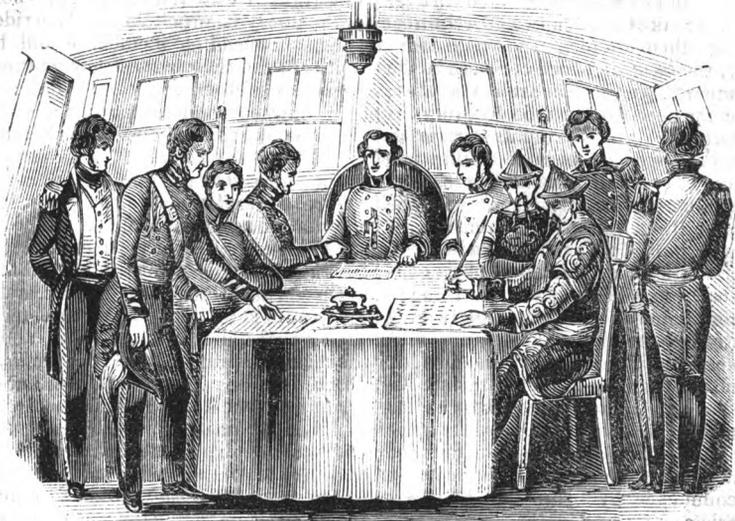
THREE-FOURTHS of the recruits for our Bengal Native Infantry are drawn from the Rajpoot peasantry of the kingdom of Oude, on the left bank of the Ganges; where their affections have been linked to the soil for a long series of generations. The good feelings of the families from which they are drawn continue, through the whole period of their service, to exercise a salutary influence over their conduct

as men and as soldiers. Though they never take their families with them they visit them on furlough every two or three years, and always return to them when the surgeon considers a change of air necessary to their recovery from sickness. Their family circles are always present to their imaginations; and the recollections of their last visit, hopes of the next, and the assurance that their conduct as men and as soldiers in the interval will be reported to those circles by their many comrades who are annually returning on furlough to the same parts of the country, tend to produce a general and uniform propriety of conduct that is hardly to be found among the soldiers of any other army in the world, and which seems incomprehensible to those who are acquainted with its source—veneration for parents cherished through life, and a never impaired love of home, and of all the dear objects by which it is constituted.

The Sipahes of the Bengal army, the only part of our native army with which I am much acquainted, are educated as soldiers from their infancy; they are brought up in that feeling of entire deference for constituted authority which we require in soldiers and which they never lose through life. They are taken from the agricultural classes of Indian society—almost all the sons of yeomen—cultivating proprietors of the soil, whose families have increased beyond their means of subsistence. One son is sent out after another to seek service in our regiments as necessity presses at home, from whatever cause—the increase of taxation, or the too great increase of numbers in families. No men can have a higher sense of the duty they owe to the state that employs them, or *whose salt they eat*; nor can any man set less value on life, when the service of that state requires that it shall be risked or sacrificed. No persons are brought up with more deference for parents. In no family from which we draw our recruits is a son, through infancy, boyhood, or youth, heard to utter a disrespectful word to his parents; such a word from a son to his parent

would shock the feelings of the whole community in which the family resides and the offending member would be visited with their highest indignation. When the father dies, the eldest son takes his place, and receives the same marks of respect—the same entire confidence and deference as the father. If he be a soldier in a distant land, and can afford to do so, he resigns the service and returns home to take his post as the head of the family. If he cannot afford to resign—if the family still want the aid of his regular monthly pay, he remains with his regiment, and denies himself many of the personal comforts he has hitherto enjoyed, that he may increase his contribution to the general stock.

It is a singular fact, which I know to be true, that during the great mutiny of our native troops at Barrackpore in 1824, the chief leaders bound themselves by a solemn oath not to suffer any European lady or child to be injured or molested, happen what might to them in the collision with their officers and the Government. My friend, Captain Reid, one of the General Staff used to allow his children five in number, to go in the lines and play with the soldiers of the mutinous regiments up to the very day when the artillery opened upon them; and of above thirty European ladies then at the station, not one thought of leaving the place till they heard the guns. Mrs. Colonel Faithful, with her daughter and another young lady who had both just arrived from England, went lately all the way from Calcutta to Lodheana on the banks of the Hyphasis, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, in their palanqueens with relays of bearers, and without even a servant to attend them. They were travelling night and day for fourteen days without the slightest apprehension of injury or insult. Cases of Ladies travelling in the same manner by *dak* immediately after their arrival from England to all parts of the country occur every day, and I know of no instance of injury or insult sustained by them.—*Sleeman's Indian Rambles and Recollections.*



Treaty of Peace signed on board of H.M.S. Cornwallis.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Continued from page 245.

“Previous to our leaving Chinkeang-foo, anxious to avert the calamities consequent upon an assault, and a repetition of the scenes of Tartar self-destruction, and universal plunder by a Chinese rabble, which we had witnessed with so much horror at that city, the Admiral and myself had forwarded, by the Secretary of the Tartar General who fell there, a summons to New Kein, Viceroy of the two Keang provinces. Had the terms been accepted, the fleet and army would have been disposable for the immediate prosecution of active operations, the army against Soochoo and Hangchow, while a portion of the fleet might have proceeded to blockade the Peiho, and stop the trade in the Gulf of Pe-che-le.

“Finding it unlikely that we should gain our object, unless some strong demonstration were made, and having carefully reconnoitred the river line of defences in one of the small steamers, the Admiral and I made our arrangements accordingly for such demonstration and for the assault, should

neither our terms be accepted, nor a negotiation commenced, which we had some reason to expect from the announcement of the approach of the Imperial Commissioners. I shall here beg leave to give some particulars of this demonstration, as I conceive that the alarm to which it gave rise hastened the event that we most desired.

“It would not be easy to give your Lordship a clear description of this vast city, or rather of the vast space encompassed within its walls. I shall, therefore, only observe, that the northern angle reaches to within about 700 paces of the river, and that the western face runs for some miles along the base of wooded heights, rising immediately behind it, and is then continued for a great distance upon low ground, having before it a deep canal, which also extends along the southern face, serving as a wet ditch to both. There is a very large suburb on the low ground in front of the west and south faces; at the south-east angle is the Tartar city, which is a separate fortress, divided from the Chinese town by high walls. The eastern face extends in an irregular line for many

miles, running towards the south over a spur of Chungsan, a precipitous mountain overlooking the whole country, the base of which commands the rampart. In this face are three gates; the most northerly (the Teshing) is approachable by a paved road, running between wooded hills to within 500 paces of the walls, whence it is carried along a cultivated flat; the next, (the Taiping) is within a few hundred yards of the base of Chungsan, and that to the south (the Chanyang) enters the Tartar city. There is a long line of unbroken wall between the Teshing gate and the river, hardly approachable from swamps and low paddy land, and the space between the Teshing and Taiping gates is occupied by rather an extensive lake. The neighbourhood of these last-mentioned gates was very closely and judiciously reconnoitred by Lieut.-Col. Montgomerie and Capt. Pears.

"The reports as to the amount of troops in the city, which is acknowledged to contain a million of inhabitants, have varied exceedingly. I am informed, however, that the fugitives from Chin-keang-foo have reached this place, increasing the Tartar garrison to about 6000, including the adults of that nation resident in the city, who are all trained to arms, and perhaps the most formidable opponents, as they fight for their families and their homes. The Chinese regulars amount, I have reason to believe, to about 9,000, besides the Militia. From the great extent of the walls, said to be twenty miles in circumference, although generally too high to escalate, (from about seventy to twenty-eight feet in the lowest part,) and from the canals, suburbs, swamps, and lake, in most places difficult to approach, it was evident that I could take the city whenever I pleased, by threatening it at such distant points as to prevent the concentration of a large opposing force, the very difficulties of approach affording the means of detaching small parties with impunity to create diversions; but I was well aware that the stand would be made in the Tartar city. My force consisted of 4,500 effective fighting men; most of the Europeans had been with me since the commencement of operations in China,

and would, I was well assured, at once place their colours unaided on the walls, whenever I gave the order, while all the new corps eagerly looked for a second opportunity of emulating their brother soldiers; but it was a great object to avoid a repetition of the horrors of Chapoo and Chin-keang-foo, and Sir William Parker and myself were therefore anxious to try the effect of a demonstration.

"Had active measures been called for, the north angle was the only point against which the ships could act, and I determined to approach or threaten the east face in its whole extent, and the north-east angle. The *Cornwallis*, *Blonde*, and heavy steamers, were accordingly placed in position, the first within 1000 paces of the Ifung gate, with her broadside bearing upon a sort of demi-bastion, which it was proposed to breach; the *Blonde*, so as to take the defences of that gate and bastion in flank; and the steamers, so as to destroy the parapet of the wall on either side the point to be breached. I instructed Major-Gen. Bartley to enter the city at this point with his brigade, consisting of H.M.'s 18th, and 49th, and the 14th Madras N.I., amounting to 1800 men, supported by 300 Royal Marines.

"On the 11th, and following days, the remainder of the force, consisting of Lord Saltoun's brigade, the flank companies of the corps at Chin-keang-foo, and the rifle company 36th Madras N.I., together with one troop of horse, and three companies of Foot Artillery, with the whole of the Light Field Train and Sappers, were landed at a village about five miles down a creek, from whence a good paved road leads to the Taiping and Teshing gates. I established the force in and about a large village, equi-distant from these two gates, and decided on my line of proceeding, in case we should be driven to active operation; this was to threaten the two flank gates, making the real attack to the right of the Taiping gate, covered by the concentrated fire of the guns from the commanding slope of the Chungshan hills. The point forced, the Tartar city would virtually be taken, as my guns, introduced by the Taiping gate, could immediately be placed upon an eminence

perfectly commanding the inner wall and town, at a distance of a few hundred yards, whilst the bulk of my force, by a rapid advance on the Drum Tower, in the centre of the Chinese city, might cut off the troops defending the north and east faces from the Tartar garrison.

"I have been thus circumstantial, my lord, in regard to my dispositions, in order to show what I could readily have done, ably supported as I am, had not my country's interests, and, I I trust, my country's honour, been equally maintained by a mere demonstration. On the 17th, I received the accompanying letter for the suspension of hostilities, from Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, who will no doubt fully report upon the various circumstances and communications that preceded the final happy result. I understand that full powers were sent to the Commissioners upon the Emperor's hearing of the fall of Chin-keang-foo, and from their anxiety to pay the first instalment, there can be little apprehension of the Emperor's refusing to ratify a peace which is called for by the general voice of the country. In the meantime, until the whole of the first instalment shall be paid, nothing shall be relaxed in our present state of preparation and precaution.

"To his Excellency Sir H. Pottinger, I am much indebted for his friendly readiness to aid me with every information in his power, and for his uniform forbearance from all interference in the slightest degree with military operations and movements. But it is not for me to enlarge upon the able public services of this high functionary.

"To Sir W. Parker I must be permitted to say, that I cannot too strongly express my sense of obligation. We have worked together for the common cause, and I have ever found him, and the powerful arm over which he presides, desirous to meet my wishes, and prompt and cordial in every conjoint undertaking.

"It is now my pleasing duty to bring to your Lordship's notice those gallant officers, and troops who, throughout the active operations in China, in a warfare new to the British arms, exposed in various instances to temptations of no ordinary kind, as-

sailed by sickness, which in some cases left but few effective men in strong corps, and often subjected to great fatigue, under a burning sun, have never in any instance met a check, not because their foes were few in number, devoid of courage, or slow to hazard life in personal contact, but because their own science, discipline, and devotion, made them irresistible.

"From the officers commanding brigades and corps, as from the general and my personal Staff, I have uniformly received the most ready and energetic assistance, and I shall beg hereafter to submit their names, with those of the several officers whom I have on different occasions felt myself called upon to mention. It will be a subject of no ordinary gratification to me, in after life, if I am permitted to feel that I have been the happy means of bringing to the notice of my Sovereign conduct so much redounding to the maintenance of the high character of Her Majesty's arms.—

H. GOUGH, Lieut.-General.

The Right Hon. Lord Stanley.

The venerable Elepoo, of whom honourable mention has been already made with Keying had arrived at Nankin, about the same time with Sir Henry Pottinger. Various writings had already passed between them, among which was an offer on the part of the hitherto haughty Chinese, to pay a heavy ransom for the safety of Nankin. But they had to deal with a plenipotentiary on the English part, of quite other stuff to "the barbarian Elliott," whose conclusion usually concluded nothing. Sir Henry took a broad and comprehensive view of the questions involved, and in reply to the solicitations of imperial commissioners, (for they now assumed this form,) that nothing but a treaty of peace, and that calculated to fix the intercourse of the two nations on a permanent basis, could by any possibility be listened to. All the cunning attempts of the Chinese to shirk the main question and gain time by a patched up armistice were unavailing, and every endeavour, and they were not a few, to save their own dignity and withhold that due to their opponents and conquerors was skilfully,

temperately, and firmly met. It would not be easy to follow all the curious and often puerile tricks resorted to by the Chinese, even after Elepoo and Keying had begun under the "full power of the vermilion pencil" of the emperor, in order to claim for themselves superior titles of distinction and precedence. Indeed they would not for a long time produce the sacred and important credential, and it was only when the troops were landed and earnest preparations made to storm the city, that they declared the extent of the powers they possessed.

"On the 17th August, it was announced by Sir H. Pottinger, that the negotiations warranted the suspension of hostilities. The high commissioners, of course professed to be confident that all the provisions of the treaty would be assented to by the emperor. They were extremely anxious to persuade Sir Henry Pottinger that the ships might safely be withdrawn from the river *at once*, even before an answer could be received from Pekin. Their great anxiety to have the blockade raised was by no means concealed; but the plenipotentiary was far too clever a diplomatist to think of foregoing, for a moment, the immense advantage which the position of our forces already gave him, and the commissioners were distinctly apprised that everything would still continue to be held in readiness for the resumption of hostilities, in the event of the emperor's confirmation of the acts of his commissioners being withheld.

The report which was sent up to the emperor by the two high commissioners was certainly remarkable for its clearness and simplicity, compared with the tone usually adopted in Chinese documents. Indeed, it has generally been accorded to Keying, that he was the first high officer who, since the commencement of the war, had dared to tell the naked truth to his imperial master.

The time which elapsed between the sending up of the draft of the treaty for submission to the emperor, and its return with the imperial assent, was partially occupied by visits of ceremony between the high commissioners and the British plenipotentiary.

On the 19th, the former paid their first visit on board the *Cornwallis*, having been conveyed thither from the mouth of the canal, on board the little *Medusa* steamer. They were received on board by the plenipotentiary, supported by the admiral and general, and after having partaken of refreshments, were conducted round the ship, every part of which they inspected, but without *expressing* any particular astonishment, which in China is considered ill bred.*

At length, on the 29th of August, three days after the previous visit, the emperor's full assent to the provisions of the treaty having in the meantime arrived, the ceremony of the actual signature of this most interesting document took place on board the *Cornwallis*. Every arrangement was made which could at all enhance the solemnity of the ceremony; and even the venerable Elepoo, though sick and very infirm from age and ill health, allowed himself to be *carried* on board, and into the after-cabin, rather than delay for a day the signature of the treaty.

A great number of officers (all those having a rank equal to that of a field-officer) were admitted into the after-cabin, in order to witness the intensely interesting ceremony. Captain Hall was likewise permitted to be present, as a mark of especial favour, although not then of the prescribed rank. Just at the eventful moment, also, Captain Cecille, of the French frigate *Erigone*, arrived from Woosung, having made his way up in a Chinese junk, hired

* I have heard it said by some who were present on this occasion, that the commissioners appeared more struck with the fact of *boys*, midshipmen, wearing uniform, and learning the art of war so young, than with anything else. I think it was Elepoo who had the curiosity to examine the dress of one of the youngsters; as much as to say, that he would be much better at school, imbibing the "doctrines of pure reason," than learning how to fight so young, on board a man-of-war. The same remark had also been made, on another occasion, by Keshen, at Canton, respecting the young Mr. Gray; and, I believe, a remark very much like it, was made by the grandfather of the present Emperor, to Sir Geo. Staunton, who was then a boy.—*Voyages and Services of the NEMESIS.*

for the occasion at Shanghai, and manned by a picked crew of his own men. He presented himself, uninvited, on board the flag-ship, and almost demanded to be present. It is said that his reception was not very cordial.

It was at first feared by many that the Chinese government would prove itself insincere in its professions, and would probably seek an early opportunity of nullifying the provisions of the treaty. By others it has been thought that even the people themselves would not only continue their ancient hostility to foreigners, but might urge, and almost force the government itself into renewed collision with us—that, in fact, nothing short of the capture of Peking itself, at some future day, would suffice to humble the nation, and compel them to hold reluctant intercourse with us.

Thus ended this most extraordinary war, by a treaty whereby the Emperor of the most populous and extensive empire in the world, humbled and brought to reason by the bravery of a handful of Britons, indemnity for the past, and security for the future, reluctantly wrested from the fears and interests of a semi-civilized and crafty people. Another extensive outlet opened for the commerce, the arts, and the influence of Great Britain, and territorial acquisitions made at Hong-Kong and elsewhere, which secure these advantages to this glorious land, on whose empire the sun never sets.

END OF THE WAR IN CHINA.

CAPTURE OF A TURKISH HAREM.

IN 1823, the Greeks, in one of their marauding expeditions, captured the entire Harem of the celebrated Cherchid pasha. The instant this affair was made known to Sir Frederick Adam, he sent to negotiate with the captors for their prize, and ransomed them for 10,000 dollars. With the kindest and most delicate attention, Sir Frederick had a house fitted up expressly for the reception of these fair infidels, and had them conveyed to

Corfu, and landed in the night unseen by the curious inhabitants. During their residence, the strictest privacy was observed with regard to them: not an individual in the island was allowed to see them except Lady Adam, and a very few of the ladies of garrison.

Sir Frederick lost no time in communicating with the pasha, and informed him of all he had done, and the scrupulous care which had been observed respecting the privacy of the ladies of his Harem. The pasha returned the most profuse acknowledgments to Sir Frederick for his kindness and attention, stating the satisfaction he should have in repaying the ransom, and requesting Sir Frederick to oblige him by sending them to Lepanto as speedily as possible. Sir Frederick Adam engaged the first merchant brig he was able, and had her fitted up for the reception of its fair freight with such care, that none of the people on board could, by any possibility, catch a glimpse of their passengers. Many of these interesting creatures had ingratiated themselves wonderfully with the ladies, who were allowed to visit them, by their entire artlessness and unsophisticated notions of the world and its ways. One was the favourite of the pasha, and was said to possess great influence over him. She was a native of Circassia, and was called Fatima, and possessed a greater profusion of ornament and rich clothing than the others. Lady Adam described her as the most decidedly beautiful creature she had ever beheld. She had large dark eyes with a peculiarly soft and pleasing expression, which could not fail to interest any one who looked upon her: her eyelashes were very long and black; her complexion was of the purest white, and her teeth like ivory. She was not more than eighteen years of age; and Lady Adam could not refrain from tears at parting with one so young and so beautiful, about to be secluded for ever from a world which she might, under happier circumstances, have adorned.

When the brig was ready for their reception, they were put on board without having been seen by a single individual, excepting the ladies already

mentioned. Captain Anderson, in the *Redpole*, acted as convoy; and Captain Gilbert, A.D.C., was sent from Sir Frederick Adam with despatches for the pasha, and to receive the ransom money. "I had been cruising," says the writer, "for some time with Anderson, and therefore accompanied him."

We had a most delightful trip from Corfu up the Gulph of Lepanto, where we had orders to deliver up our interesting charge. Some of the Turkish authorities, charged with the orders of his highness, the pasha, were there to receive them. They reiterated the pasha's acknowledgments for the kindness and care with which the ladies had been treated; and the ransom money was told into buckets of water to prevent contagion. The beautiful Fatima, at parting, left two handsome shawls as a remembrance, one for Captain Anderson, and the other for Captain Gilbert. They were conveyed from the brig so closely enveloped, that not even a figure was discernible; and on their landing, were surrounded by a troop of blacks, or guards, of the Harem, and conveyed in closed litters to the town.

The *Redpole* then sailed for Zante, whither Sir Frederick and Lady Adam had gone, to whom the captain gave an account of his mission, and truly delighted were they to hear that their proteges had been so kindly received. On our return to Corfu, the following most distressing intelligence awaited us. Scarcely had the two vessels sailed from the Gulf of Lepanto than the ruthless monster of a pasha, placing no faith in the honour of British officers, and deaf to all remonstrance, caused the whole of these unfortunate creatures, the beautiful and interesting Fatima amongst the rest, to be tied in sacks, and drowned in the waters of the Gulph! The horror and indignation with which this shocking intelligence was received at Corfu can hardly be described. Not a man but would have gladly volunteered to have burnt Lepanto to the ground, and have hung the dog of a pasha by his own beard. But we were powerless; we had no right to interfere, and were to smother our indignation as we best could. There was many a wet eye at

Corfu for the fate of poor Fatima and her luckless companions. But judgment speedily overtook the perpetrator of this most wanton deed of butchery, though it is strange how noble were the last moments of this man of blood.

By some means Cherchid pasha had incurred the suspicion of the Porte. There is but one way amongst the Turks of explaining these matters. A Tartar shortly arrived at the headquarters of the pasha, bearing the imperial firman and the fatal bowstring. The pasha no sooner read the fatal scroll than he kissed it, and bowed his forehead to the earth, in token of reverence and submission.

"Do your instructions forbid me to use poison instead of submitting to the bowstring?" calmly asked the pasha of the Tartar.

"His highness may use his own pleasure, answered the Tartar, "I have with me a potent mixture which, with his highness's permission, I will prepare."

The pasha then called together all his officers and his household. He was attired in his most splendid robes, and received them in his state divan, as though in the plenitude of his power. The fatal messenger stood by his side. In one hand he held a golden goblet all enriched with precious stones, and in the other he held the imperial firman! "I have sent for you," he said, addressing them in a firm voice,—"I have sent for you all, to show you by my example that it is the duty of a Mussulman to die at the command of his superior as well as to live for his service and honour. The sultan, our master, has no further occasion for his servant, and has sent him this firman. It remains for me only to obey. I might, it is true, resist, surrounded as I am by guards and friends. But no: I respect the will of God and our blessed prophet through the word of his successor. I value not life in comparison with duty; and I pray you all to profit by my example." With a firm and unflinching hand he carried the poisoned goblet to his lips, and drank it to the dregs, then shaking his head as one who has had a nauseous draught, he handed the

cup to the Tartar, and said,—“Keep it; your potion is bitter indeed: present my duty to our master, and say that his servant died as he lived, faithful and true. And you,” he added, turning to those who stood dismayed around him, “if ever it should arrive that any of you should have to undergo—the same—trial,” his voice faltered, and his face became deadly pale; “remember—Cherchid pasha!—Allah—Achar!—God’s will be—” but before he could finish the sentence, his head fell upon his breast, and he fell back upon the cushions of his divan and expired.

The Tartar took a bag from his girdle, and with a knife separated the head from the body: the blood staining the jewelled velvets. The head he deposited carefully in the bag, tied it round his waist, and in a few minutes was on his fleet steed on the road to Constantinople.

NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

GENERAL MENOÜ, second in command under Napoleon, in the great expedition to Egypt had conversations with his General Buonaparte which have never been explained. The destiny of this general was a singular one, and his name is associated with events in the history of that *epoch* which will long remain inexplicable. Never was there a man more fond of pomp and ostentation; and never was there one who had a greater repugnance to discharge his debts. On his return from Egypt, Menou succeeded Marshal Jourdan in the government of Piedmont. The Egyptian girl he had married, resided at Turin with his son, young Solomon; but he never took either of them to Florence. Among his singular freaks of extravagance, he once gave a grand ball at Turin, which lasted from Sunday evening till the following Wednesday morning. During that time the guests supped, breakfasted, and dined with him; the *buffets* and refreshments were permanent establishments; when one set of musicians was tired out, another took their

places. The company retired in platoons to snatch a little repose and to arrange their toilettes; but the ball itself suffered no interruption, and ended as brilliantly as it began. The Egyptian wife, however, did not make her appearance; and if report spoke true, the general was not so amiable in his domestic as in his public character. She was present on one occasion at a performance (by the French actors,) of “The Domestic Tyrant,” *Le Tyran Domestique*, the name of a very popular farce which has been translated into English, when she observed with great simplicity to her companions, on the resemblance of the principal character to her husband. Menou must have rendered some important service to Napoleon, who allowed him a pension for life of 300,000*l.* a year. He kept this allowance even when he left Florence for Venice, where he had but the shadow of an employment. Notwithstanding this pension, and the title of Count, together with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour, he never could obtain permission to return to Florence. At Venice he fell in love, at the age of seventy-two, with the *prima donna* of the opera. She, after a few months’ connexion, in her turn fell in love with a youth, and fled with him. Menou pursued and overtook them at Padua, but her lover would not bend to any interested propositions, and the general, after a long and not always inglorious life, finished his amorous fit and his life by the same melancholy catastrophe. At his death, seals were placed on *all his papers*, the greater part of which were at Turin. Napoleon sent a commissary, who, with the secretary of Prince Borghese, and an officer of the general’s *suite*, superintended *their entire destruction*. They were ordered to watch each other narrowly, and take especial care that neither of them should read any piece written or signed by Menou, but to destroy them without the slightest examination. There were, at least, sixty orders of the day, and letters addressed to Kléber, which, probably, had been intercepted.

Amongst his papers they found the

proofs of a laborious life. There were plans of the course of the Nile, taken on the spot, which exactly coincided with the old charts of D'Anville. That learned person, who, during a life of eighty years, had been occupied in arranging the geography of the world, had never travelled further than from Paris to Soissons. This is another remarkable instance that it is not always necessary actually to see things, in order to know them well.

AN AMERICAN COLONEL AND HIS SWORD.

A colonel of the United States army having refused to obey the commands of his superior officer, was sentenced by the court-martial, by which he was tried, to "be deprived of his sword for one month." On his weapon being demanded of him, the colonel arose, and, in the most grave and solemn manner, declared that "he didn't own one; that the sword he had been accustomed to wear didn't belong to him; but he had no doubt Mr. Baker, the jeweller, of whom he hired it on training days, would let it to the court for the required month on the most reasonable terms."

THE GORGON STEAM-SLOOP.

A letter from an officer on board Her Majesty's steam-vessel, Gorgon, Captain C. Hotham, states, on the 13th of October 1844, that ship was hove from off the beach of Monte Video, and during the following week was dragged through the mud, a distance of half a mile, in seven feet water. The perseverance and exertions of the officers and crew in this trial of seamanship and nautical skill, appear to have been truly surprising. During five months their work was continual, by night as well as by day, not only in forming a complete wet dock, but also in excavating a channel 100 fathoms in length, through which to haul the ship clear of the sand into the mud. It appears the Gorgon was left after the gale of the 10th of May, 1844, nearly dry. At a very high tide,

there were eight inches of water round the bows, and four feet on each quarter, she being buried in the sand to the depth of thirteen feet on the starboard, and nine feet on the port side. To extricate a 1,100 ton ship from this situation, and perfectly to fit her for active service, was an undertaking which reflects the highest credit on all connected with her, and will prove to the numerous foreign officers who were spectators of the undertaking, that thirty years of peace have not deprived the British navy of that energy and spirit, by which it has always been distinguished.

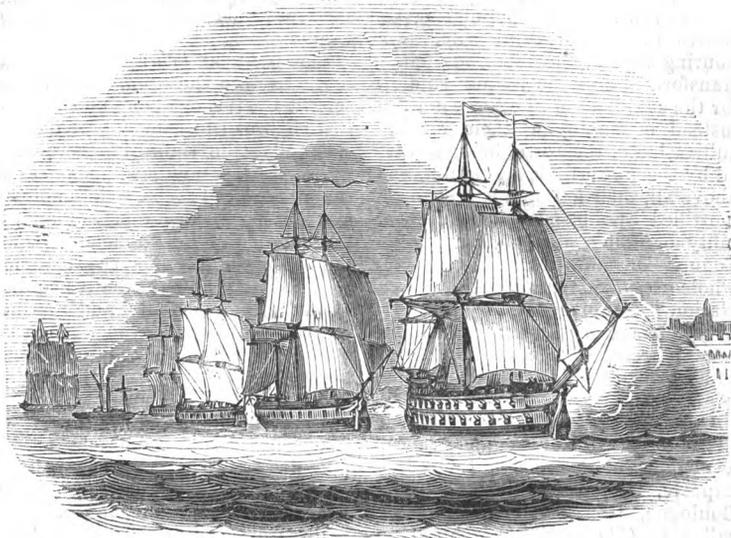
INDIA.

"The civil and military services of India open honourable sources of employment to many thousand Englishmen, all of them finding therein respectable means of subsistence, and some of them returning to their native land with decent competency for future years. Besides this, India remits annually a tribute of £3,200,000 to meet charges of various kinds defrayed at home."—*Speech of Sir H. Pottinger, G. C. B., at Liverpool.*

ARCHERY.

We are told incredible stories of the abilities of some of our by-gone archers; should it be true, as reported, that an arrow can be shot near 700 yards, we can easily conceive the immense velocity with which it must have left the bow, as this is quite equal, if not superior, to the range of the best rifles. Though we must bear in mind, that the peculiar shape of the arrow fits it to cut the atmosphere with less hindrance than the sphere of a bullet, and hence one reason of obtaining a more extensive range.

A Yankee, whose face had been mauled in a pot-house brawl, assured General Jackson, that he had received his scars in battle. "Then," said Old Hickory, "be careful the next time you run away, and don't look back."



The Bombardment of Beyrout by the British Squadron.

**THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA,
AGAINST MEHEMET ALI, in 1840.**

THE hostile position of our volatile neighbours across the Channel in the year that heads the events about to be recorded, must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers France, possessed of the territory of Algiers, had for years turned her longing eyes on the attractive chimaera of Eastern dominion, which has formed one of the day-dreams of every Gallic conqueror and ruler for the last hundred years. Algiers seemed then to offer a doorway, through which, *via* Egypt, the road to the East, which the victories of the Nile and the repulse at Acre had closed since the days of the First Consul, Napoleon le Grand; the only permanent idol of that fickle and vaunting nation, and who perchance owes that permanency to his fall, and his being no longer a denizen of this breathing world. Such, towards the close of 1840, are the views of France; her eager eye directed eastward, she had fomented the division, and widened the breach between the Porte and its powerful vas-

sal, Mehemet Ali; and disregarding the danger, to their ally, the Sultan, by weakening his resources and thereby strengthening Russia, selfish France aimed at making herself the directress of the storm she raised in the East; hoping out of the turmoil to gain advantages to the detriment of England, of whose good understanding with the Pacha, and facile communication with the East *via* Alexandria and Suez, she was most impotently and madly envious. That this dream, incoherent and wild as it was, held firm possession of those who directed public opinion in France is provable by the tone of their public speakers and writers, and the warlike breathings of the ministry itself; and its absurdity as an enterprise by no means detracted from its popularity with the French nation.

A convention for the more speedy adjustment of the Eastern question, concluded between the four Great Powers, Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia—France alone being dissentient or standing aloof—displayed the real feeling of the French towards this country. Their views upon Egypt—manifested in their interest-

ed support of the crafty despot Mehemet Ali, who was depopulating the shores of "the fruitful Nile," and pouring abroad the laborious fellahs transformed into burlesque soldiers for the subjugation of other countries instead of employing them for the cultivation of their own, being thwarted by this powerful combination, and, above all, their national conceit being mortified by this proof of the possibility of doing without them in the Council of European Powers, the whole press and tongue of the "Great Nation" employed itself in ringing every change of vituperation that innate hatred and affected resentment could inspire against the "perfidious islanders."

Opportunely too for this display of the ruling passion of "Young France," a nephew of Napoleon, Louis Buonaparte, landed at this juncture at Boulogne, from a London steamer called the *City of Edinburgh*, hired under pretence of a party of pleasure and commenced dispersing small handbills, and five franc pieces at that debtors' asylum.

To any rational man the whole affair would seem an incredible burlesque: but the sublime and the ridiculous are so intimately connected in the character of Frenchmen, that any extreme of absurdity becomes a possible contingency in their actions; thus, forsooth, they were taught to believe, and the mass do believe, that the English Government and people abetted, if they did not originate, this puerile plot and its abortive objects. The idea, no doubt, was suggested by, and connected with the silly clap-trap of removing the bones of Napoleon from their solemn and towering tomb in the Atlantic, to form a raree-show in the purlieus of Paris. How so staid a man of the world as Count Montholon could be induced to commit himself in this extra-Quixotic expedition is a marvel, and induces a belief that gross delusion, if not treachery, was practised on the crazy "Prince," and his credulous followers. The whole party were made prisoners,—conducted to Paris—tried before the Chamber of Peers and condemned. An *emeute* or an incursion, followed by a public

trial *en spectacle*, appears to be a necessary interlude in the State Drama of France.

The political *imbroglio*, known as the "Eastern Question," was at last settled by the eloquent pleadings of British broadsides in aid of our ancient ally, the rightful sovereign of Syria, against his rebellious Vassal, the protégé of France. Gallic bluster and bustle subsided, and England, by the decision of Lord Palmerston, and the bravery of a Napier, the steadiness of a Stopford and the native courage of her soldiers, sailors, and marines, secured peace for Europe, then seriously threatened by the restlessness of French ambition. It is our task now to narrate the military and naval movements by which Syria was taken possession of, Mehemet Ali humbled, and that territory restored to the Porte, the possession of which, France had hoped to use as an "apple of discord" between us and the Egyptian potentate.

Syria is connected with remarkable events strangely connecting the past with the present; it is renowned in Scripture as well as classic story. In every age, revolution, oppression, treachery, and plunder, have, at intervals, reared their heads in this romantic land; and now the scenes of another drama are opening: the strength of civilised Europe, aiding the pre-eminence of a Mussulman, as she had done some half a century previous.

On the 1st of September, the fleet anchored in the broad Bay of Beyrout. It was composed of the *Powerful* (84) bearing Commodore Napier's pendant, five other line-of-battle ships, two frigates, a corvette, an 18-gun brig, and two war steamers. Within the moorings of those ships were about forty Egyptian and Syrian craft, which had been captured and detained by the look-out frigates. The *Powerful* lay with her broadside close in upon the town, and the *Ganges*, 84, was placed in the same threatening position towards the Larazetto,—a large building about a mile along shore.

Suleiman Pasha was in command of Beyrout, and had around him, it was thought, about 10,000 troops.

Ibrahim and the Emir Beschir were also said to be somewhere in the neighbourhood, but with a less considerable body.

The news which the *Dido* brought from Alexandria, and which was to the effect that Mehemet had not hitherto evinced any symptoms of submission, but, on the contrary, had spoken in lofty terms of his independence, tended if possible to increase the warlike preparations which the Commodore had been making. The cruisers were now more than ever active in intercepting native or Egyptian vessels, with cargoes of provisions or necessary stores, and in preventing others from communicating with the ports. Amongst the most important thus detained, was a large frigate transport, laden with warlike provisions.

Nor were these the only measures undertaken during this period of apparent indecision on the part of the Egyptian authorities, and by which they intended merely to further their own ulterior views. Mr. Wood, who, from his acquaintance with the Arabic, had been sent to the squadron by the Ambassador at Constantinople, for the purpose of aiding the objects of the Porte in Syria, was indefatigable in promulgating amongst the natives of influence, the actual intentions and wishes of the Allied Powers. Under the direction of the Commodore, he rendered into Arabic an exhortation, as it was termed, for distribution throughout the country. The following is a copy of that document.

Given at Beyrout, from on board of Her Britannic Majesty's ship
Powerful.

"SYRIANS!—Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, in conjunction with the Sultan, have decided that the rule of Mehemet Ali shall cease in Syria; and I have been sent here with an advanced squadron to assist in throwing off the yoke of the Pacha of Egypt.

"You know that a Hatti-scheriff has been issued by the Sultan, securing the life and property of his subjects, and which is in full operation throughout the Turkish territories; in addi-

tion to this, the Allied Powers have engaged to recommend to the Sultan an arrangement which will render your condition happy and comfortable.

"Inhabitants of Lebanon, who are more particularly under my eyes, I call upon you to rise and throw off the yoke under which you are groaning; troops, arms, and ammunition, are daily expected from Constantinople, and in the meantime the Egyptians shall no longer molest your coast.

"Soldiers of the Sultan, who were treacherously led from your homes to the burning sands of Egypt, and have since been transported to Syria, I call upon you, in the name of the Great Powers, to return to your allegiance. All past events will be forgotten, and your arrears of pay discharged by the Sultan.

"(Signed) CHARLES NAPIER."

During the interval in which affairs were so proceeding, two ships were despatched to meet the Turkish Admiral, Walker Bey, who was expected from Cyprus with Turkish troops; and Commodore Napier, embarked in the *Gorgon* steamer, with the principal military officers, to examine the coast, with the view of ascertaining the best place for effecting a landing: after which he also proceeded to Cyprus, to hasten the arrival of the Turks.

On shore there was no appearance of other intentions than those of resistance. The streets leading from the sea had been entrenched in all directions; breastworks of sand-bags were placed at every angle, and a large park of artillery collected within the walls. Such was the report of the English Consul, who, with most of the Foreign merchants, still remained in Beyrout.

At midnight of the 4th, the *Gorgon* returned with the Commodore on board, and early next morning signal was made, "Marines, be in readiness for landing in heavy-marching order to-morrow at 2 p.m." This command was productive of lively ebullition throughout the squadron, but it was shortly afterwards given out that a descent was

not to be attempted unless in event of the previous arrival of the Turkish troops. In reality, I believe, the order was only intended to induce if possible, a greater degree of effectiveness in the preparations.

Several more ships were now despatched to look out for the expected reinforcements: amongst others, the *Dido*. On the evening of the second day, the *Thunderer*, 84, considerably out at sea, signalized "twenty-one strange sail in sight," and afterwards "extinguish lights" and "form close order." These were but precautionary measures, as the strange sail had not distinctly been made out; yet they naturally created some anxiety, it being for a short time a matter of doubt whether the amount of forces on near at hand was indeed friend or foe. France it was known, had nearly that number of ships assembled on a neighbouring shore, and, in the position of political affairs, it was to be presumed that the issues of war or peace had been by her committed to the casualties of a sealed inclosure. Had that contingency been realized, the force of France would have been, numerically, three times superior to the British squadron as it existed on the spot at the moment. Such doubts were soon relieved, as the *Phoenix* war-steamer shortly communicated the approach of the English Admiral, accompanied by several line-of-battle ships, and of other ships to windward under Turkish colours.

Daylight discovered no less than thirty-four sail bearing up for the bay of Beyrout. In the afternoon, when they were assembled with the others before the town, and when an interchange of salutes took place, the sight was most imposing. A fleet of twenty-three British, three Austrian, and five Turkish men-of-war, besides two other war-ships, American and French, who were there as spectators. Nearer the shore the Turkish transports and the numerous native vessels, their high kaik prows and Lateen sails adding by happy contrast to the beauty of the picture. Nor was the back-ground less striking: Lebanon's mountains rising from the water's edge, whilst, above all, extended far

in the distance, the loftier range, which has its origin in the plain of Baalbec.

In the afternoon of the same day (9th), it became known that an immediate descent was intended; operations being left by the Admiral under the guidance of the Commodore, since the latter had already had opportunity of completing his arrangements. Sir Charles Smith, Colonel of Engineers, who had been named in England to the command of the troops, had fallen into such a weak state of health as to be incapacitated from active duty, so that the farther charge of operations, after landing, also now devolved upon the Commodore subordinate to the Admiral.

Towards evening, the *Cyclops* war-steamer, by signal from the flag-ship, threw several shells at a body of troops observed in the outskirts of the town. There was then no longer question as to the proposed tone of proceedings. Signal was about the same time made for the marines to embark on board the *Gorgon* after dark; and instructions were also given that, of the 5,400 Turkish troops which had just arrived, as many as possible should be concentrated in the other three steamers. The *Dido* and *Wasp* were ordered to take up a position as near the extremity of the south-west cape as the depth of water would permit.

These steps being proceeded with, the *Dido* anchored within about 600 yards of the rock; but the *Wasp*, being a much smaller vessel, got in to about half that distance. The moon shortly rose, and we could see that our movements had been productive of considerable activity on shore. It soon became evident that the enemy were employed in taking up a position on the portion of the cape immediately opposite to us.

Dawn of day discovered the three steamers hanging off the cape, every portion of their decks, and even the paddle-boxes, covered with a dense mass of soldiery, of which 1500 red jackets on board the *Gorgon* were the most conspicuous. The *Dido* and *Wasp* were then ordered to weigh anchor, and to ride by a kedge.

All the other ships at once began to get under weigh, and to form a line, extending from abreast of the town to the portion of the cape where the *Dido* and *Wasp* were stationed,—a distance of about a mile. These evolutions were purposely performed slowly, and in a manner which made it evident that most of the ships were working up to the point, as if to cover a landing; and in that interval, as had been looked forward to, the enemy continued to pour in with increasing numbers upon the cape.

The shore opposite to us, was for the most part, rugged rock, intersected here and there with small patches of land, upon which were trees and several small houses. It had a gradual ascent also of about 200 feet. A ledge of rock, four or five feet high, arose at the water's edge, which must have rendered disembarkation tedious and difficult; at the same time that the advantages to be gained by the position were not at all appreciable.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE QUELLED MUTINEERS.

BY THE REV. JOHN YOUNG, M.A.

"Messmates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea."

THE STORM.

THERE is a certain nameless feeling possessed by every one, whether acquainted with the subject or not, when mention is made of the SEA!—the wide, deep *sea!* To gaze upon its mightiness for the first time, while its mountain undulations, crested with snow-like foam, seem to maintain dreadful conflict with the clouds into which they pierce, is to enjoy, as far as can be possessed, an idea of the sublime and terrible united. Or to float upon its bosom, far from the dwellings of man, when only a gentle ripple laves the sides of the buoyant flotilla with which you voyage, affords, to a contemplative being, such conceptions of immensity, as appear to enlarge while

they awe the mind. The eye strains itself in vain to discover anything, save "the blue above and the blue below;" every other object has vanished, excepting occasionally some inhabitant of the hoary deep rises its head in sport—or, pursuing or pursued, darts up a moment from its native region; or some solitary one of the feathered tribe skims through the yielding air, and rests its weary wing on the tackling of the ship. At such a period every man becomes a poet in feeling, and a philosopher in practice; he forgets, for a time, that he is a dweller in a world peopled by millions—he feels as if he had become the inhabitant of another sphere; and surveys, with admiration and wonder, the few objects which challenge his attention.

But who may attempt to describe the dangers of the ocean? They seem to grow as they are contemplated, and multiply in an almost infinite ratio. The loud bellowing storm, and the dead, dead calm—the insidious quicksand and the hidden rock—with a thousand evils natural to the sea in different latitudes and various seasons—spring up before the mind as the subject is thought on. But then there are other dangers equally to be dreaded; and which man himself, either wilfully or from carelessness, becomes the author. Among the long catalogue of dangers which might be enumerated, none can exceed in horror, and frequently in its effects, that of MUTINY! The perils of the ocean become doubly so when insubordination exists, or actual rebellion breaks out. But as a plain example, is in most abstruse subjects, better than a diffuse definition, and one simple fact exceeds in worth a hundred score of arguments, we shall proceed to supply one of comparative recent date, to support and make plain our statement.

The vessel on board which the mutiny in question took place, was a fine merchantman which traded between England and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her commander was a true British sailor—blending great personal skill and courage with kindness of manners and affectionate regard towards his crew. He had already spent between forty and fifty years at sea, exposed to all

its hardships and dangers, when the climax to the whole took place in the mutiny of his crew. Captain Manwaring had lost sight of land only a few days, when the effects of an alarming leak were discovered. Notwithstanding all the exertions which could be made, keeping the pumps going day and night, their jeopardy continued to increase; and the probability appeared, that she would either become water-logged or founder—as, for several days, the water increased upon them.

It became evident that, unless they could discover the leak, and so far stop it as to resist the increasing stream, the vessel could not long be manageable. In order to accomplish this important point, Captain Manwaring went into the hold of the ship, with the greater portion of his crew, in order to remove the cargo, leaving his mate upon deck, with a few hands, to attend to the pumps, and perform the regular duty of the ship. The men commenced their laborious task at the dawning of the day, and continued for thirteen hours actively engaged, cheered by the presence, and stimulated by the example, of their commander. At length, after removing the impediments, and cutting away a large portion of the ceiling, they discovered the leak, and succeeded in stopping it. This task performed, they replaced the cargo which had been removed, and went once more upon deck. Here Captain Manwaring was met by a sight which was likely to lead to consequences scarcely less fatal than the leak would have proved, if it had not been discovered. His mate, whom he had left in charge of the seamen at the pumps, was so completely under the influence of intoxication, that he appeared a senseless brute, rather than a reasonable being, and an officer in the ship. The captain immediately sent him to bed; and there he lay for twenty-four hours, like an animated lump of ballast.

Without encountering any other accident, the ship pursued her course, and arrived safe at Halifax, where she lay eight days, during which time, the propensity of the mate for drink increased beyond all bounds. Not one

day out of that period was he sober, and, consequently, could not render the captain any assistance; and, when he no longer possessed money with which to purchase spirits, he descended to the degrading recourse of pawning his clothes in order to procure it. Having finished their trading business, they weighed anchor, and steered their course towards St. John's, New Brunswick—the mate still continuing in such a state of inebriation, that for two days after they had sailed, he lay in his berth, the victim of his own degrading appetite.

The kindness of Captain Manwaring induced him still to bear with his unprincipled officer. He had hoped he might see his folly; and was unwilling by any measures he might adopt, to render it impossible for him in future to fill a post which, by nautical skill he was qualified to sustain, but which by his habits, he had entirely disgraced.

When kindness and good treatment are lost upon an individual, his case becomes next to hopeless. Here it was exemplified. All that a commander could consistently do, had been done by Captain Manwaring, in order to reclaim his mate. There was a line, however, over which his duty allowed him not to pass. No sooner had the ship reached St. John's, than the mate's inveterate habit was persevered in with invigorated ardour. It now became necessary that means should be taken to restrain him, and accordingly an application was made to the civil authorities for protection on the part of the captain; and, at mid-day, the mate was taken from the ship in a beastly state of intoxication, and conveyed to the town gaol: and there, until the vessel was prepared for sea, and a pilot taken on board, he continued in *durance vile*—supplied with ample opportunity to reflect upon his disgraceful and ruinous conduct, but destitute of that which he would greatly have preferred—strong drink.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE STORMING OF BADAJOS.

TWILIGHT came; the sun set gloriously; and many a hundred eyes looked their last upon him that evening. Soon after eight the regiments were under arms, and the roll of each called over in an under voice. A death-like silence prevailed. The division (the light) formed behind the quarry, in the front of Santa Maria; and, after a pause of half an hour, the forlorn-hope passed quietly along, supported by a storming party, consisting of three hundred volunteers. I was attached to the former. We moved silently—not a man coughed or whispered; and in three minutes afterwards, the division followed.

At that moment the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten. The most perfect silence reigned around; and, except the softened foot-fall of the storming parties, as they struck the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense—a horrible stillness—darkness; a compression of the breathing; the dull defined outlines of the town; the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points; the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn-hope in ruin, or make it the beacon light to victory; all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm; when wild success should crown our daring, or hope and life should end together.

On we went; one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The light division moved forward rapidly, closing up in columns at quarter distances. We reached the ditch; the ladders were lowered; on rushed the forlorn-hope—on went the storming party. The division were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled—a mine was fired—an explosion—an infernal hissing from lighted fuses succeeded; and, like the raising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, the English storming-parties descending the ditch, were placed, as

distinctly visible to each other as if the hour was noontide.

A tremendous fire from the guns of the place, which had been laid upon the approaches to the breach, followed the explosion; but, undauntedly, the storming-party cheered, and bravely the French answered it. A murderous scene ensued; for the breach was utterly impassable. Notwithstanding the withering fire of musketry from the parapets, light artillery was brought to bear immediately upon the breach; and, amidst the grape from every gun upon the works that could play upon the assailants or supporting columns, the British mounted. Hundreds were thrown back, and hundreds promptly succeeded them. Almost unharmed themselves, the French dealt death around; and secure in their defences, that even in daylight, and to a force unopposed, would prove almost insurmountable, they ridiculed the mad attempt; and while they viewed from the parapets a thousand victims in the ditch, they called in derision to the broken columns, and invited them to come on.

I, though unwounded, was hurled from the breach, and fell into the lunette, where, for a few minutes, I had some difficulty to escape suffocation. The guns of the bastion swept the place where I was lying; and the constant plash of grape, upon the surface of the water, was a sound any thing but agreeable. The cheers had ceased, the huzzas of the enemy, at our repulse, had died away; and, from the ramparts, they amused themselves with picking off any one they pleased. Fire-balls occasionally lighted up the ditch, and showed a mass of wretched men lying in the water, mobbed together, unable to offend; and, poor wretches, at the mercy of the enemy, for retreat was impracticable. As the French continued hurling cart-wheels, planks, and portions of the masonry of the parapet, which our own battering guns had destroyed, it was pitiable to see the feeble efforts of the wounded, as they vainly strove to crawl from beneath the rampart, and avoid the murderous missiles that were momentarily showered down. Now, and again, the gurgling noise of some

one drowning close beside was heard in the interval of the firing; while the groaning of those from whom life was ebbing, the cursing of others in their agonies, joined to the demon-laugh which was frequent from the breach above, gave the passing scene an infernal colouring, that no time shall ever obliterate from the memory of him who witnessed it.

Yet never was the indomitable courage of Britain more signally displayed than during the continuance of this murderous attempt. Although at dusk, when the English batteries ceased their fire, the breaches were sufficiently shattered to be practicable, during the three hours that intervened before the assault commenced, Philippon had exhausted his matchless ingenuity in rendering the entrance of a storming party by the ruined bastions utterly impassable. Harrows and planks studded with spikes, and bound firmly by iron chains, were suspended in front of the battered parapet, like a curtain; a deep retrenchment cut off the breach from the interior, even had an enemy surmounted it; and a line of *chevaux-de-frise*, bristling with sword-blades, protected the top. With these insurmountable obstacles before them, and death rained upon them from every side, even in handfuls the light and fourth divisions continued their desperate attempts; and many of the bravest, after struggling to the summit of the bastion, were shot down in their vain attempts to tear the bastions away, which no living man could clamber over. While the sanguinary struggle was proceeding in the bastions of Trinidad and Santa Maria, the castle was escaladed on the right, and the bastion of San Vincente afterwards, by the fifth division on the opposite quarter of the town. After a fierce contest of an hour, the third division mounted by their ladders; and driving all before them at the bayonet's point, fairly carried the place by storm, and remained in possession of the castle. Nothing could surpass the daring gallantry of the escalade; and the heap of dead and broken ladders strewn next morning before the lofty walls, showed how vigorously the enemy had resisted it.

Leith's division was unfortunately delayed, from their scaling-ladders not arriving for an hour after the grand assault had been made upon the breaches: but they nobly redeemed lost time: and while the Portuguese *caçadores* distracted the garrison by a false attack on Pardaleras, a brigade of the fifth overcame every opposition; and, supported by the rest of the division, drove all before them from the ramparts, and established themselves in the town.

It is astonishing, even in the spring-tide of success, how the most trivial circumstance will damp the courage of the bravest, and check the most desperate in their career. The storming-party of the fifth had escaladed a wall of thirty feet with wretched ladders, forced an uninjured palisade, descended a deep counterscarp, and crossed the lunette behind it; and this was effected under a converging fire from the bastions, and a well-sustained fusilade, while but a few of the assailants could force their way together, and form on the rampart when they got up.

To be concluded in our next.

THE MATE'S LAMENT.

I'm thirty-four,—a trifle more,—
Mate of the "Lower Deck;"
And there, mid scrubs and washing-tubs,
I'm buried to the neck.

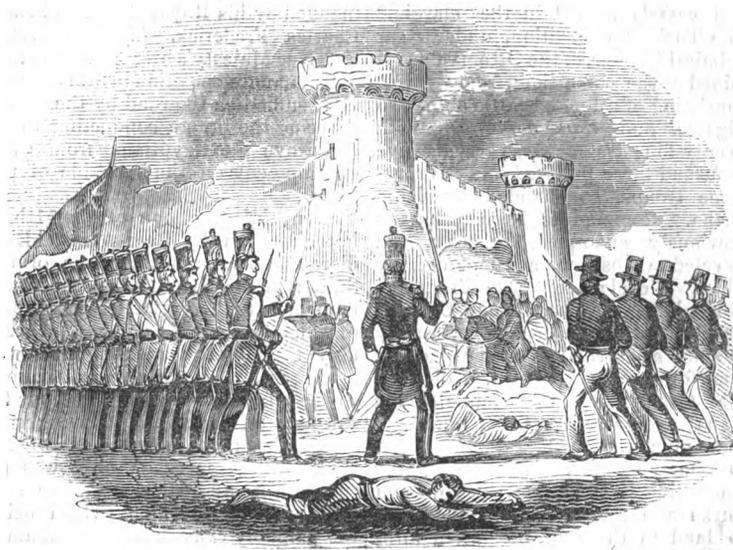
On Afric's coast I've had my roast,
In craft of every rate;
Mid slaves and knaves, and waves and graves,
I've serv'd too long a Mate.

What more annoys—I've seen mere boys,
Whom oft I've cobb'd for jaw,
In a few years mount o'er my ears,
Commanding ships of war.

Of course Lord Minto oft looks into
Your news of sea and state;
These lines he'll note, and then promote

"An old deserving Mate."

HOLYSTONE ORLOP.



The attack on the Castle of Gebail.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

Continued from page 261.

At about 10 a.m., the other ships having taken up their stations, the *Benbow*, seventy-four, neared in to our position, and, having anchored, immediately began to throw shell upon the portion of the cape where the greatest number of the enemy were assembled. In a short time she had so well ascertained the range, that her shells fell with the utmost precision. Fire was shortly afterwards partially opened from several other of the nearest ships.

The firing continued for about an hour and a half, during which period the destructive missiles fell more or less over the whole cape. The suffering enemy, however, apparently believing disembarkation every moment about to take place, continued to maintain their ground; when a little before mid-day, the sea-breeze having set in, signal was made from the flag-ship, "*Castor, Pique, Dido, and Wasp*, to follow Commodore." At that moment, as preconcerted, the steamers crossed

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to the other extremity of the bay (distant about ten miles). The *Powerful* and other ships mentioned who were nearer to that point, immediately followed.

Before the arrival of the *Dido* and *Wasp*, although the wind served, a great portion of the troops were already landed and drawn up upon the beach.

The *Castor* frigate and *Hydra* war-steamer bore up more to the southward, where, at the mouth of the Nahr-el-kelb, or Dog River, about two miles from the spot of general disembarkation, the steamer simultaneously landed her Turkish troops.

We shall here interrupt the course of narration for a page or two, in order to give the professional details of the first operations in the words of the official despatches of Admiral Stopford and Sir Charles Napier.—The following despatch is dated on board the flag-ship, *Princess Charlotte*, in Djouni Bay, near Beyrout, Sept 20th, 1840, being nine days after the commencement of hostilities:—

"I arrived off Beyrout on the morning of the 5th, where I found

Commodore Napier with the ships and vessels named in the margin.* The Turkish expedition, under Rear Admiral Walker, of the Ottoman navy, joined at the same time from Cyprus, consisting of a line-of-battle ship, two frigates, and two corvettes, with twenty-four transports, carrying five thousand three hundred and seventy-three troops, commanded by Selim Pasha. Commodore Napier, having previously examined the coast and selected a position, accompanied by Lieut. Aldridge of the Engineers (for I lament to say Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Smith has been so extremely ill since his arrival as to incapacitate him for any active duty), I directed the Commodore to complete his plans and arrangements; and the same night the Marines were removed to the steamers, and the whole amounting to about seven thousand Turks and allies, were in readiness to land in the morning; when after manœuvring some time before Beyrout, lined with Egyptian troops, in order to distract their attention the Commodore hastened to the point of disembarkation, and succeeded without opposition or accident of any kind.

"For a more minute detail of this operation I must refer you to the Commodore's letter of the 16th, a copy of which is herewith enclosed. Great praise is due to Commodore Napier, whose indefatigable zeal and activity in securing his position were well seconded by the officers and men under his command.

"In order to protect the landing, and insure the safety of the troops exposed to a sudden attack of an overwhelming force till the requisite defences were completed, I found it necessary to occupy the attention of the Egyptian army, which made a formidable appearance in armed masses along the hedges, and under cover of the gardens and broken ground between the town and sea, and opened a fire upon them from the shipping, taking care to avoid injuring the town, while the

Austrian frigate *Guerriera*, commanded by his Royal Highness Prince Charles Frederick, *Lipsia*, corvette, and Her Majesty's brig *Zebra* took up a commanding position in St. George's Bay, enfilading the road by the beach, covering the bridge conducting to it, and drove the Egyptians from their encampment on the land side of the town.

"On the afternoon of the 11th, a letter was sent by Rear-Admiral Baudiera and myself, in the name of the Sultan, to Soliman Pasha, the Commander of the Egyptian troops, (copies of which are hereafter given). Agreeably to his request, the letter was again sent, in French, with instructions to the officers to wait half an hour for the answer, much time having previously been lost. At the end of that time a verbal message only was returned, that an answer would be sent the following morning; which being too palpably evasive as circumstances then were, and that he might benefit by a night's delay, by which his troops might have been upon our quarters, and his powder and provisions removed without danger or accident from our fire, or otherwise profit by the interval, I ordered the fire to be renewed, and to be partially and sparingly kept up for the night, against the fort only, and principally against one having mounted guns, in order to disturb their movements, as well as to sustain the confidence of the people of the country in our protection, and aid in the resumption of their allegiance to the Sultan,

"The mountaineers have come in in considerable numbers, principally, I understand, Christians. Muskets, with ammunition, have been distributed with all possible discrimination and caution, and the demand for them is increasing. On being supplied, they generally return to their abodes in the recesses of the mountains; some skirmishing is said to have taken place between them and the Egyptians; and Captain Martin's letter of the 5th, of which a copy is enclosed, will show that good service had been done by a party of two hundred and fifty of them at Batrona.

"The line of operations taken up by

* *Powerful, Ganges, Edinburgh, Revenge, Benbow, Pike, Gorgon steam-vessel, and Hydra steam-vessel.*

the squadron extends from Tripoli to Caffa, beyond Acre, and several points commanding the road along the coast have been taken; but the Egyptian army, said to be fifteen thousand strong, is concentrated within a few hours march, and an advanced post of about four hundred men is seen on the brow of a hill near our camp. A new appointment of Pasha has taken place, and Isset Pasha has just arrived to take possession of his province.

"We have been now ten days occupied incessantly on very active and fatiguing service, and it is gratifying to me to be enabled to notice to their lordships the fine spirit with which it has been carried on, both on shore and on board. Commodore Napier's letter will speak for the former, and my own observation bears equal testimony to the other; but where the exertions of all are so conspicuous, it would be as impossible as invidious to particularise individual merit.

"The steam-vessels have been eminently useful in constantly moving along a great extent of coast with troops and arms, and taken part in the attack upon the different forts, which services have been executed entirely to my satisfaction. I have, &c.

"ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral."

The following is the letter addressed to Soliman Pasha, Governor of Beyrout:—

"We the Admirals of the British and Austrian squadrons, acting in obedience to the instructions of our respective Governments, and in the interests of his Highness the Sultan, consider it our duty to represent to your Excellency our earnest desire to stop the effusion of blood, and to call upon your Excellency to withdraw your troops from Beyrout, and to deliver the town to our united forces to be retained in the name of the Sultan.

"Your Excellency will have observed from the fire of the ships yesterday, a small specimen only of the course we shall be compelled to pursue.

"The fire has not been pressed this morning, that your Excellency may benefit by the pause, and upon reflection come to the decision, in consonance with our benevolent views to

spare the innocent inhabitants from the inevitable horrors which a few hours would inflict upon them.

"We request your Excellency will send an answer, as soon as you can, or at the latest by half-past one.

"ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral.
"BANDIERA.

"Off Beyrout, Thursday, 11, A.M."

Soliman's reply was a droll specimen of French conceit; the proposal of *Turkish* or *Arabic* as more intelligible than English is provokingly amusing:—

"Le General Soliman Pacha l'honneur de presenter ses salutations a Messieurs les Amiraux des escadres Anglaise et Autrichienne, et en meme temps il les previent, que ne sachant pas lire la langue Anglaise, il lui est impossible de repondre a moins que Messieurs les Amiraux ne veuillent bien lui faire traduire en Francaise, et en Turque, ou en Arabe, leur communication.

"EUJNT. Z. SULEIMAN.

"Beyrout, le 11 Septembre, 1840.

"A Messieurs les Amiraux Commandant les Escadres Anglaise et Autrichienne Levant, Baurriet."

In our own unintelligible tongue, this Egyptian — Frenchman's letter would run thus:—

"General Suleiman has the honour to present his compliments to the Admirals commanding the combined English and Austrian squadrons, and would beg to acquaint them that, being ignorant of the language in which their note is written, it is impossible for him to reply to it unless the Admirals will be so good as to have it translated either into French, or into Turkish, or into Arabic.

EUJNT Z. SULEIMAN.

Extract of a letter, from Commodore Napier, of her Majesty's ship *Powerful*, to Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B., dated D'jounie, Headquarters of the Army of Lebanon, 16th September, 1840:—

"In execution of your order of the 9th instant, I removed the whole of the Turkish troops from the transports and the marines of the squadron into

the steamers. The *Dido* and *Wasp* took up an anchorage well up to Beyrout Point, in order to draw Soliman Pasha's attention from the position I intended to disembark at. Soon after daylight the squadron and steamers you had put under my orders weighed—the Turkish squadron, under Admiral Walker, weighed also; and the whole, with the exception of *Zebra*, who flanked the Egyptian camp, worked up to Beyrout Point, where a considerable force of the enemy was in position.

“When the breeze freshened, the whole bore up for D'jounie. *Castor* and *Hydra* anchored close to Dog River, landed the Turkish troops, and completely blocked up the pass leading to D'jounie.

“The *Powerful* and *Pique*, *Gorgon*, *Cyclops* and *Phœnix*, followed by the Turkish squadron, ran into the bay of D'jounie, and landed the troops in an incredibly short time, owing to the excellent arrangement of Capt. Reynolds, who took charge of the landing. Admiral Walker put his troops on shore at the same moment with great celerity and order; a position was then taken up, and the artillery landed, the few Albanians stationed here retired without firing a shot. The *Carysfort* and *Dido* went off D'jebel about three leagues to the northward, to act against a strong tower, garrisoned by Albanian troops.

“D'jounie is a good-sized bay, with a promontory projecting considerably into the sea. A road from Beyrout lies along the shore, and is practicable for infantry, artillery, and cavalry: this road the *Revenge* covered. The road from Tripoli leads also along shore, and the *Wasp* and *Phœnix* covered a gorge, over which it would be necessary to pass. Two roads lead from Baalbeck by Antura, where an excellent position was taken up by two battalions of Turks, supported by five companies of Marines. The left of this is protected by an impassable gorge, the right rests on the sea, Dog River separates it from high ground in front.

“The first day the inhabitants, who had been driven into the mountains, came in slowly for arms, but these

few took them with great avidity, and hastened to the mountains to drive away the Emir Bechir's troops, and open the mountain passes—this done, the mountaineers have flocked in, in great numbers, with the Sheiks, who have crowded to the standard of the Sultan.

“I beg to enclose Captain Martin's reports of the occupation of D'jebel and Batroun, in which he speaks highly of Captain Austen, of the *Cyclops*, and of the officers employed.

“I regret the loss he met with, it was not to be avoided. Many Albanians have suffered by their severity. The inhabitants of this city are most warlike and determined.

“Ibrahim Pasha reconnoitred our positions the day before yesterday.

“I have sent a battalion of Turks in advance of Gaza to open the country, and give due notice, should he endeavour to turn our left by that road, which he will have some difficulty in doing, as the country is covered by the broadsides of the ships.

“I have much reason to be satisfied with the zeal of the whole of the officers and seamen employed: their exertions in completing our lines under Mr. Aldridge, of the Engineers, is beyond all praise.

“Permit me, sir, to congratulate you on the first success of the army of Lebanon. You, yesterday, were witness of the arrival of his Highness the Emir Abdallah, the Governor of the district of Kisroonan, and of the enthusiasm of the mountaineers; and if this continues, I have every reason to think that the Egyptian army will be obliged to retire from the sea-coast, and the mountains of Lebanon.

“I have, &c.

“CHARLES NAPIER,
“Commodore.”

THE QUELLED MUTINEERS.

BY THE REV. JOHN YOUNG, M.A.

(Concluded.)

There is a contaminating influence in evil of the most infectious order. He who has made himself vile, loves not to be so alone. Companionship is

essential to high enjoyment of any kind; and hence it is the delight of the fallen to pull others down to their own level, that they may, to adopt Milton's strong expression, like

"Devils with devils damn'd, firm compact hold."

Captain Manwaring's mate had diffused his own principles among the crew; and so far from feeling how much he owed to his commander in grateful feeling, for the forbearance he exercised towards him, he did all he could to spread insubordination through the vessel.

With the greatest possible secrecy, the mate and some of the men had laid in a stock of rum before they departed from St. John's; and they had only left the port a few hours, before the captain had the fresh mortification to find that the whole of them were in a state of intoxication. One man and the cabin-boy alone remained sober; and to their sobriety and faithfulness, in connexion with Captain Manwaring's fearless spirit, the preservation of the ship and the whole of the crew may justly be attributed.

The shades of evening were gathering fast, and night was rapidly coming on, when the captain gave orders to "furl topsails," and to get the ship under easy sail, to prevent accident; when, to his consternation, the whole of the crew, excepting those before mentioned, refused to attend their duty. Led on by the ungrateful and drunken mate, they boldly declared they would not leave the deck, or pay attention to any orders he might issue. Neither persuasion nor entreaty prevailed. Both the safety of the ship, and the preservation of their own lives, appeared altogether disregarded by them.

Captain Manwaring now proceeded to read the articles of the ship to the insubordinate crew, and once more strove to lead them to duty. He perceived, however, that to persevere in his present endeavours, would be of no avail. He now had to do with men (who, having renounced the dictates of reason, and therefore no longer under its influence,) who required to be dealt with as if they had been savage

beasts of the forest; and, by fear, to accomplish that which by other means he could not achieve.

Fearful as were the odds against him, he determined to maintain his authority; and secure, if possible, his owner's property from loss, by saving the ship. Accordingly, having entered the affair in the log-book, by which he declared the crew to be in a state of mutiny, and by that means gave full sanction to the course he intended to pursue, he directed that his loaded pistols and some cutlasses should be brought upon deck: his command was attended to by his faithful adherents; when he proceeded deliberately and calmly to equip himself for deadly strife—ordering, at the same time, the man and cabin-boy to follow his example.

He now stood before his deluded crew arrayed in the dreadful accoutrements of war; and beside him, in similar preparation, stood those who felt the obligations of duty, honour, and life leading them to espouse his cause. The yell of death might soon be expected to be heard—the blood of life and mutilated carcasses to cover the deck; but humanity and pity still held the arm of the noble captain. One last attempt was made by him to save the mutineers: he exhorted them in the kindest terms to return to their duty; and assured them that all they had done should, in that case, be passed over in forgetfulness by him: he closed his address by assuring them, that, however painful it might be to his feelings, or injurious to them, he should, unless his orders were obeyed, proceed to such measures as the necessity of the case required; and then, taking his watch from his pocket, he gave the time, adding that he should allow them five minutes for consideration, and at the end of that time, proceed to such extremities as their own conduct might compel him to.

Instantly he took his stand firmly in their front, and calmly gave his directions to those who were with him. In either hand he grasped a well-loaded pistol, ready primed and cocked. His finger was upon the trigger, and the slightest pressure of that spring would

send the swift-winged messengers of death among the deluded men. Minute after minute passed—still he changed not his attitude: his keen eye was fixed unblinkingly upon the stubborn crew. The last minute of the appointed time was come; a few more moments, and some rebellious spirits would writhe in the agonies of death. It was a period of dreadful excitement—breathing was almost suspended. The unmoving vision of the intrepid captain was fixed upon the self-devoted. At length a movement took place among the mutineers: their commander's warning awed, where a sense of duty could not influence. Wholly, one by one, they mounted the rigging; and after considerable delay, performed the captain's bidding.

Six weeks of deep anxiety were spent by Captain Manwaring, during which time himself, and those who were with him, slept with loaded pistols in their cots to prevent surprise; at the end of which period they arrived at Plymouth, where the drunken mate and his infatuated associates were delivered over to proper authorities to answer for their folly.

The simple narrative now furnished, supplies a variety of interesting points of instruction to commanders in such an hour of unparelled danger as that of mutiny is; and, at the same time affords a painful but striking evidence to our gallant seamen of the evils connected with intoxication.

THE MARINE'S LAMENT.

(From the *United Service Journal*.)

ALL other corps have many doors,
Through which they may advance, sir;
Promotion oft her favour pours

On Light Bob, Buff, and Lancer.

If money's plenty, soon—at twenty—
A company is got;

Whilst I must scrub, a hopeless Sub,
In station cold and hot.

In every clime, full many a time,

With foes I've had a rub,—

On sea and land I've made my stand,
Yet still I stand a Sub.

When, age-oppressed and gout-possessed,

Our companies we get, sir,
Some scarce can stand, much less command—

We are a luckless set, sir!!

“SLOW MARCH,” R.M.

THE STORMING OF BADAJOS.

(Concluded from page 264.)

But the leading sections persevered until the brigade was completely lodged within the parapet; and now united, and supported by the divisions who followed fast, what could withstand their advance?

They were sweeping forward with the bayonet—the French were broken and dispersed: when, at this moment of brilliant success, a port-fire, which a retreating gunner had flung upon the rampart, was discovered. A vague alarm seized the leading files; they fancied some mischief was intended; and imagined the success which their own desperate gallantry had achieved, was but a ruse of the enemy to lure them to destruction. “It is a mine, and they are springing it,” shouted a soldier. Instantly the leaders of the storming-party turned: it was impossible for any effort of their officers to undeceive them. The French perceived the panic, rallied and pursued, and friends and foes came rushing back tumultuously upon a supporting regiment (the 38th) that was fortunately formed upon the ramparts. This momentary success of the besieged was dearly purchased; a volley was thrown closely in; a bayonet rush succeeded, and the French were scattered before the fresh assailants, never to form again. The fifth division poured in; everything gave way that opposed it. The cheering was heard above the fire, the bugles sounded an advance: the enemy became distracted and disheartened; and again the light or fourth divisions, or alas! their skeletons, assisted by Hay's brigade, advanced to the breaches. They entered; and Badajoz was our own! Phillippon, finding all lost, retired across the river to Fort San Christoval, and early next day surrendered.

During this doubtful conflict, Wel-

lington, with his staff, occupied a commanding position in front of the Tete-de-Pont, that defends the great stone-bridge across the Guadiana.

The deep silence after the divisions moved to their respective positions, the chime of the town-clock, the darkness of the night, the sudden blaze of rockets and blue-lights from the garrison, followed by an interval of deeper obscurity, the springing of the mine, succeeded by the roar of artillery and bursting of shells, while musketry and grenades kept up an endless spattering; all this added to the uncertainty of the assault, must have tried even the iron-nerve of the conqueror of Napoleon's best commanders.

Presently an officer rode up at speed, to say that the attempt to force the breaches had failed, and the result had been most disastrous. Pale, but unmoved, the English general issued calmly his orders for a fresh brigade to support the light division; and the aide-de-camp galloped off to have it executed. An interval of harrowing suspense followed. Another of the staff came up in haste: "My Lord, General Picton is in the castle." "Ha! are you certain?" "Yes, my Lord. I entered it with the 88th." "Tis well: let him keep it. Withdraw the divisions from the breach." An hour after another horseman announced the fifth division to have completely succeeded in escalating San Vincente. "Bravely done! Badajoz is ours!" was the cool, half-muttered observation of the British commandant.—
From the Bivouac, by W. H. Maxwell.

THE NAVY OF SWEDEN.

The Swedes have good reason to regard their position and prospects in relation to Russia with anxiety, if not with dismay. Within scarcely more than a century the tables have been turned. It required all the energy of Peter the Great to defend his territory from utter subjugation by Sweden; and at the present moment Russia keeps a force in the Aland Islands, outnumbering any which Sweden could bring to bear upon a given point with-

out considerable effort. This is the motive which has impelled the latter to use great activity in placing her naval system on a correspondently strong footing. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries she had large fleets at sea, and she still possesses a yard in which several ships of the line and frigates may be annually constructed; but the Swedes have never been fortunate on the ocean, nor can they hope, in the present day, to cope with the Russian marine; they are anxious, therefore, to guard their coasts from a first attack. A considerable portion of the coast of Sweden is surrounded by what are called "Skaers,"—high walls of rock,—behind and between each of which are lines of deep channels; the natives also call them "skar-gards," or skaerholds. The defence of the passages lying between these ramparts of rock is the province of a particular division of the navy, called the "skaer-fleet," which is composed of galleys and gun-boats, the former carrying usually a 24-pounder both in the fore and after part of the vessel, and the latter carrying, in addition, four swivels along the sides. The skaers, especially those in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, admit of easy defence under such a system; but the Government has been unwilling to abandon its endeavour to keep up a fleet of ships of the line—hence what is called "the grand fleet," in contradistinction to the skaeren, or "minor fleet," consists at this time of ten vessels of the line, besides eight heavy and five small frigates. Many regard the larger ships as next to superfluous, and charge the Government with culpable remissness in not encouraging the more harassing and less brilliant service of the minor fleet, and with having no other end in view than the sordid one of having a host of commissions in their gift to inundate the greater. This charge was openly brought against them by M. Petre during the recent Diet; they were also accused of annually wasting hundreds of thousands of rix-dollars on useless camps for the display of their land forces, while they grudged the outlay of a tithe of the money towards exercising the naval force, which is of far

greater moment, and indispensable to the interests of the country.

The total number of vessels-of-war amounts to 440, inclusive, indeed, of the skaer-fleet, which comprizes 200 open galleys and 100 decked gun-boats, besides some few boats carrying mortars and swivel guns. Their entire crews are estimated, in round numbers, at 24,000 men. These, however, comprehend 6000 sailors, who like a portion of the army, have land assigned them near the coast, which affords them a livelihood, and 11,500 more, who form a sort of general levy for the naval service, but under the existing system, are scarcely, if ever, mustered for efficient exercise. The number of gunners and seamen in constant active service does not exceed 2000 men, and that of the first lieutenants, which is 100, is greater than the number of steersmen put together,—the latter being 80 only. There appears to be some ground, therefore, for the charge that everything is calculated so as to produce external effect, and little for the actual defence of the country. It should be observed however, that there exists a regulation in Sweden, which would cure many defects if duly brought into play; and it is this,—certain descriptions of merchant-vessels are when building, exempt from particular charges, while others are exempt from a moiety of them only. This privilege was granted at a time when ships were built of strength sufficient to carry guns. The practice has been discontinued; but, as the law is still in force it can be revived whenever the emergency arises, and it would supply Sweden with a considerable number of very useful vessels at a small expense. The number of merchant-ships is at present estimated at 1000 (all decked), and that of their crews at 7000 or 8000.

From her large iron-works, and her engineering and machinery establishments at Motala, Sweden also commands the means of building steam-vessels with much facility.—As far back as the year 1834 she had twenty-four such ships; it is to be lamented that they do not as yet constitute any part of the naval force

—a neglect of which M. Petre also made grievous complaint during the last Diet. A small fleet of steamers, which Sweden could construct at much less expence than any other country, is still wanting to make her marine defences respectable, and give them proper efficiency.

THE DYING SEA-BOY.

Mother, I have longed to see thee,
While sailing on the distant main;
I've longed to look upon those eyes,
And hear thee speak again :

How often have thy silvery tones
Come with the sounding voice of
waves,
And seemed to me like music soft
From ocean's coral caves.

I've thought of this sweet woodland
cot,
Those sweeping hills, and gentle
streams;
And each fond memory of home
Hath come to me in dreams.

And now that I have seen them all,—
Have heard thy last fond blessing
sigh'd,—
Oh! I would die upon the sea;
Yes—where my father died!

I love these scenes of early youth,
They're fair, and very dear to me;
But oh! they're not my spirit's home,
They're not my own blue sea!

Fair are earth's flowers—the cypress
bough
Around our native churchyard
wave;
And wild flowers spring, and daisies
grow,
On every quiet grave.

But I would sleep, my last long sleep,
Not where the roses bloom;
For shells, with coral branches red,
And sea-weeds weeping o'er my head,
Should form the sailor's tomb.

THE TIS.



The Attack on Sidon.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

(Continued from page 268.)

In the letter of Sir Charles Napier, given in the last chapter, allusion is made to the attack and capture of Djebel (or Gebail) and Batroun, by Captains Martin and Austen; the following is the account alluded to :—

“H.M.S. *Caryfort*, Gebail, Sept. 13, 1840.

“SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that, pursuant to your directions, I anchored yesterday off Gebail. The enemy have evacuated the town; the mountaineers are coming in fast for arms; and, as far as I can judge, from their words and professions, the most enthusiastic feeling prevails among them. I trust that these results will, in some degree, excuse the loss we have sustained. I shall now proceed to detail the circumstances of the attack.

“At noon I anchored, with springs, within musket-shot of Gebail. The *Dido* took a good position a-head of the *Caryfort*, and the *Cyclops* astern; groups of mountaineers immediately came down to the beach, and many

were brought off by the boats. Having given a sufficient time for the marines to prepare for landing, and for their commanding officer to reconnoitre the place of disembarkation, at 1 p.m., the ships opened their fire upon the castle, and upon the points which the mountaineers designated to us as occupied by the Albanians. This was returned by occasional musket-shots. When the fire had been continued with great precision, and apparently with some effect, for about an hour, the marines, accompanied by a large party of armed mountaineers, pushed off from the *Cyclops*, and to cover their landing the ships re-opened upon the castle. About half-past 3 p.m., observing the detachment formed upon the beach, to the south of the town, and believing all the effect likely to be produced by our shot was already done, and that the gardens had been swept by the launches' carronades, I made the signal to push on. The marines advanced briskly to the assault, but the cliff soon obstructed my view of their progress through the gardens in front of the castle. They reached within thirty yards of the tower, when a destructive

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fire was opened upon them from a crenelled outwork, having a deep ditch in front, which was completely masked from the fire of the ships. Finding his men were falling fast, that the wall of the castle was impracticable, that there was no gate accessible, and nothing but the muzzles of the enemy's muskets visible through the loopholes, Captain Robinson very judiciously drew his men off. The marines retired to the beach steadily and in good order. Captain Austen, who superintended the landing, and accompanied the marines, having sent to me to say that nothing could be done unless the tower was levelled, the ships again commenced firing upon it. Finding, however, that the immense solidity of the building prevented our making a sufficient impression upon it, at half-past five I ordered the marines to be re-embarked, and the firing to cease.

"An English flag, which had been planted on the garden wall as a signal to the ships, was accidentally left there by the pilot of the *Cyclops*, after the marines had retired; Lieut. Grenfell, and — Macdonald, a seaman of the *Cyclops*, volunteered to recover it, and brought it off most gallantly amidst the cheers of the ships.

"Having distributed all the arms, I now send to the *Cyclops* for a fresh supply. I think we may dispose of more; and I take the liberty of suggesting that they should be sent immediately, before the present enthusiasm has time to subside.

"The painful part of my duty is to enclose the list of killed and wounded in the attack on Gebail; I deeply lament that it has been so severe.

"Return of Officers and Men, belonging to H.M. Ships and Vessels, killed and wounded in the assault upon the fortified position of Gebail, September 12, 1840.

Bombay—Killed, 2 Royal Marines; Wounded, 4 Royal Marines, severely; *Hastings*—Killed, 2 Royal Marines; Wounded, Second Lieut. C. W. Adair, R.M., slightly; 7 Royal Marines, severely; 3 Royal Marines, slightly. *Castor*—Wounded, 1 Royal Marine, severely. *Zebra*—Killed, 1 Royal Marine. *Cyclops*—Wounded, Lieut. George Giffard, severely; 1 seaman, severely.

"Total killed, 5. Total wounded, 18.

"H. B. MARTIN, Captain."

We may here remark, that in this somewhat unfortunate, though creditable affair of Gebail, the friendly mountaineers who co-operated with our troops were more fortunate, because during the brunt of the affair they advanced no further than where they could find shelter: thus exhibiting the better part of valour, for that their prudence was not owing to any want of courage, they afterwards sufficiently showed.

The repulsed marines having reached the steamer, offensive operations were commenced, on a scale more calculated to ensure success. For four hours the fire of the ships, *Carysfort* and *Dido*, was poured upon the castle, yet such was its strength, that although the former fired 700, and the latter 600 rounds, little impression was made upon its thick masonry. Only the upper part, consisting of a large mosque-like cupola could be made to give way, the rest being a solid mass of ancient building. In the course of the night, several discharges of musketry were heard within the town, and when morning dawned, it was found that the Albanian troops had evacuated the castle, and that the place had been taken possession of by the friendly mountaineers.

"Upon entering Gebail," says Mr. W. Pattison Hunter, in his admirable account of 'Syria, during the Campaign of Mehemet Ali,' "it presented altogether a most miserable aspect: grass grew in the streets; and the empty condition of the houses and magazines proved that for some time it must have been almost uninhabited. It had been garrisoned for several months by the Arnauts, who had just decamped; and being to the amount of three hundred, their depredations had been carried to so great an extent as to cause the place gradually to become forsaken. A walk through Gebail, in its then desolate condition, presented, indeed, a sad picture of the effects of an arbitrary government, compelled to rely upon foreign mercenaries for the support of its extortions.

"On examination of the castle, it was found to be of such strength that had a whole fleet been em-

ployed against it for the same time, the troops within might have remained in safety. Not one of the garrison, as far as we could see, had been hurt by the bombardment. For many feet upwards the blocks of which the basement was composed were of the most astounding thickness: one that I measured at random was twenty feet in length and twelve in thickness. There were underground apartments capable of sheltering at least five hundred men. On the northern side it was separated from the town by a broad and deep fosse. The original construction doubtless belongs to a very early period: it bears evidence of Roman and Saracen repair, and stands now little injured, whilst neighbouring ancient remains are crumbling away.

It may be remembered, that for some time previous to this period, the mountaineers of Lebanon had evinced a spirit of undisguised rebellion against the Alexandrian government, and which hitherto had been kept in check by the fact only of their being unprovided with the means of resistance. No sooner, therefore, were the Turkish colours hoisted over the castle than a large amount of muskets and ammunition were transported into the town, and distributed to all who presented themselves. The joy of an oppressed people, groaning under a tyranny which they had hitherto been unable to oppose, and thus suddenly finding themselves supplied with arms for its overthrow, was, as may be presumed, of a character the most exuberant. A few days, and the town was thronged by a dense population, who had flocked from the mountains in search of the proffered boon: shouts, parades, and embracings, during the week in which their demand was being satisfied, continued without intermission. Capt. Austen, of the *Cyclops*, being charged with that service, remained daily in a man-of-war's barge alongside the rocks of the harbour directing the distribution, whilst fresh supplies were being brought in smaller boats from the steamer; but such was the anxiety of the people—fearing, apparently, that some ill fate might too soon deprive them of the good fortune which was

offering itself, that, not content to wait on the shore until their turn came, they pressed round the barge in a thick circle, standing for hours up to their breasts in water.

“I had many opportunities,” says the gentleman already quoted; “of admiring the spirit and organization brought about in that part of Lebanon by the arming of the peasantry. Bands of men, of from twenty to fifty, were constantly to be met ranging through different parts of the mountains. An incursion of the Druse peasantry was principally feared, as the Emir Beshchir had given that sect permission to ravage the district which had been armed against him. The labourer had his musket beside him in the field, and every village had its guard, who summoned you upon your approach at a distance. There were rendezvous also at night upon different outskirts of the mountains. I was much struck, also, with the degree of comfort to be met with in the abodes of those mountain peasantry. I had subsequently to learn, by more extended observation, that it is in the upper portion of the Lebanon range alone that the Syrian is comparatively unoppressed; a fact attributable to the bold and isolated nature of the district he inhabits.”

We shall now return from this digression of Gebail and Batroun, to look after the grand operations in the vicinity of Djounie and Beyroun. The reader will remember that on the 10th of September, the Turks to the amount of 5400 and 1500 marines were disembarked, and shortly after the artillery. On the 11th, several prominent positions were thrown out in a semilunar line upon the surrounding heights, composed solely of Turkish troops. The principal was at Zouk, under General Jochmus. On that day, also, commenced the labours of the marines and sailors in the clearing and fortifying of the main position. That duty was arduous and harassing in the extreme, to the marine soldiers more particularly, who during the first week were completely unhoused, and necessarily suffering under many privations. Their toils, at the same time, were of no ordinary description, that of carry-

ing bags of sand up the steep acclivity to the camp, or building rampart walls round the whole of its enceinte, under a Syrian sun at its most scorching season. The 200 Austrian marines who were landed from their squadron, along with the other troops, equally shared the labours of the fortifications. The portion of the rampart opposite their quarters, solely raised by their efforts, was remarkable for its massive and regular construction.

On one of the first few days of the new encampment a European stranger being observed loitering in the vicinity, attracted the attention of Capt. Mansel, then Beach Master, who immediately addressed him. In answer to various queries, the stranger stated himself to be a Frenchman—his name Count Lemont—and his object merely that of curiosity. The English officer politely informed him that (as he doubtless must be sufficiently acquainted with the cautions necessary to war) he need not be surprised at being told to consider himself in arrest. The French nobleman, on the contrary, hereupon put himself into a great passion, and loudly asseverated that if such were attempted, the signal vengeance of his nation would be the result. He was, however, at once conveyed to a neighbouring tent. The Admiral subsequently confirmed his arrest, and further directed him to be sent on board one of the English men-of-war, from whence only he would be at liberty when he chose entirely to quit the coast. It may be remembered that during the first popular outbreak amongst the Maronites, a few months previously, the above individual figured extensively in their proceedings. His latter conduct here described, and other considerations, fully warranted the stringent measures which he now experienced.

Next, as regards Beyrout; the firing at the Cape continued for a short time after the landing, when the ships neared in towards the town. The *Guerriera*, Austrian corvette, commanded by H.I.H. Prince Charles Frederick of Austria, and the *Zebra* brig, then took up a position in St. George's Bay, which covered the bridge leading to the northward, and

further enfiladed the road from Beyrout. The *Henbow* and *Ganges* anchored before Beyrout, and dispersed by their fire bodies of troops who attempted to defile from the north environs of the town.

On the morning of the 11th the English and Austrian Admirals despatched the letter we have already given to Suleiman Pacha, which produced the cold answer printed at page 267.

Ultimately, on the former letter being sent in French, Suleiman returned a verbal message—"That he was then engaged at a council of war, but that his reply would be ready next morning." Fire was immediately renewed, and continued at intervals during the night. The English Admiral remained anxious, as at first, to avoid injuring the town, still it was necessary to disturb the movements of the enemy, and to prevent them from making a sortie on the newly-landed body. The aim, therefore, was principally directed against the largest of the Beyrout forts (unless when troops were visible). So well were the humane intentions of the Admiral carried out, that when the Egyptians subsequently evacuated Beyrout, no other portions were found injured, after the long-continued bombardment, than the two forts and the Governor's house, so constructed as to flank the harbour.

Upon the following morning the answer from the Pacha, which had been requested the day before, was received. It ran as follows:—

"Admirals: You are acquainted with my orders, and after the refusal which, as was my duty, I returned to the proposals made me in the name of your Governments to betray my master and benefactor, it was impossible to suppose that I should act in opposition to his wishes.

"As you observe, I was enabled yesterday fully to appreciate all the extent of evil it was in your power to bring down on innocent families, strangers to the present misunderstanding.

"For the sake of killing five of my soldiers, you have ruined and brought families into desolation; you have

killed women, a tender infant and its mother, an old man, two unfortunate peasants, and, doubtless, many others whose names have not yet reached me; and, far from slackening the fire of your ships, when my soldiers (who during that deplorable day, did not once fire) fell back on the town across the inhabited country of Beyrout, your fire, I say, became more vigorous and destructive for the unfortunate peasants rather than for my soldiers. You appear decided to make yourselves masters of the town, notwithstanding that, in any event, the question will remain as before. If the fortune of war prove adverse to me, Beyrout shall only fall into your power when reduced to cinders. This town has not ceased being inhabited, and, moreover, it contains merchandise imported from Europe, the value of which is considerable. Under these circumstances, I have constantly endeavoured to justify throughout the grateful thanks which I have received from Europeans. Guards have been posted to secure respect to their habitations and their magazines. They would find them untouched on their return. It lies not in my power to deliver the town; my orders are for its defence, and I shall defend it come what may. I, therefore, am not the person to address if you are really desirous of sparing innocent persons from the inevitable horrors of warfare, which in a few hours you have power to bring down on them.

"Mehemet Ali alone can give you an answer on this question. If, then you attack Beyrout, and if its inhabitants are buried in the ruins, let me not be responsible for the blood that is shed.

"I have the honour to remain,

"GENERAL SULEIMAN."

"Beyrout, Saturday, two hours [after sunrise."

)To be continued in our next.)

CAPTAIN RIOU AT THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

As the record of the actions of a brave man, together with several occurrences on board the ship commanded by the much-lamented Capt. Riou,

may prove interesting, the following narrative is penned from the recollections of one who served on board with him at the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801.

When the invincible Nelson projected the attack on the Danish fleet, while it was safely moored in their stronghold, (until then supposed impregnable), he was aided by some of the ablest and most gallant officers and seamen that ever graced the annals of naval history. The names of Graves, Foley, Mosse, Hardy, Walker, Murray, Inman, and last, though not least, Riou, were in themselves a host; and thus supported, England expected great events, nor was she disappointed.

A league concocted by the hot-headed Emperor Paul of Russia with Sweden and Denmark, seemed to strike directly at the interests of the British nation. This powerful expedition was therefore fitted out in order to visit the Danish capital, and convince them that England was neither to be defied nor treated with impunity.

Admiral Parker was appointed to the chief command of the expedition, and Admiral Nelson second in command. Parker was well acquainted with the exalted talent and persevering bravery of Nelson; and aided by the host of eminent commanders of which the fleet was composed, he felt assured of success, notwithstanding the proverbial bravery of the Danes, as well as the advantages they derived from the natural difficulties of approach to Copenhagen through the Sound.

The fleet sailed from Yarmouth, March 12, 1801, and came within sight of land on the 18th; and on the following day made the Scaw.

Adml. Parker entrusted the glorious attempt to Admiral Nelson, who was to lead the van. I knew we should have hot work, for Captain Riou was a favourite of Nelson's, and he generally provided his friends with good warm quarters: for he judged others by himself, and Captain Riou was his counterpart, for like him he conceived nothing impossible to be achieved by the British Navy. If Riou had been ever so low-spirited during the day, only let him see the signal for bearing

down on the enemy, or let him hear the first gun fired, and he would be as merry as a schoolboy going to his playground. Often have I seen him when showers of shot and splinters would make a man think death was at his elbow, oft have I seen his eyes lighted up with satisfaction, and smiling at the scene of strife.

It has been said that Captain Riou was a strict disciplinarian, and that, by his severity on board, his crew feared more than respected him: I deny this. Captain Riou was an officer who expected every man to do his duty; and if he was prone to punish the disorderly, he was ever willing to reward the deserving.

The expedition had been manned rather hastily, and consequently the fleet had a number of impressed men on board. But our ship was well appointed, and there was not a man on board of her but what had seen service. There was a fine young fellow named Standridge, who had served with Admiral Duncan at the battle of Camperdown, but who had subsequently left the Navy and joined the merchant service: he had been pressed on his return to England from a West India voyage, and he was drafted on board our vessel. Poor fellow, he appeared quite heart-broken. It appeared he had placed his affections on a young woman, to whom he was to be married; but not conceiving he was rich enough to support a wife, he took another trip to the West Indies, in order to amend his fortunes by doing a little trading for himself; he succeeded to his best expectations; but on his return to England, the press-gang laid hold of him, and he was taken on board the Tender, and sent from thence on board the fleet without either seeing or being able to write to his dear Jane, as he called her. Our tempers and habits seemed to assimilate: and although I had no family to grieve for, I felt for his sorrows, and endeavoured to alleviate them; and before we quitted Yarmouth, I contrived that he should write to his intended wife, and he received her reply, full of the most affectionate expressions, previous to our sailing on the expedition; but more of this hereafter.

We remained at anchor at the Scaw, which might properly be called our rendezvous, until we learned the issue of a proposition which a member of the Government was entrusted to make to the Danish Government; however, as this fell to the ground, we all got under way on the 26th, and on the 28th March the order for battle was given, which was received by every ship's crew with three hearty cheers.

Our Captain, Riou, together with Captains Foley, Hardy, Inman, Mosse, and many others, went on board Lord Nelson's ship, the *Elephant*, to hold a consultation, and it was late in the evening before he returned, and even then he did not remain long; I could observe that his whole soul was engrossed by some great undertaking; his countenance bespoke intense anxiety, but his eye sparkled with delight as he turned to his coxswain and said, "Billing, get me my dressing-gown," (meaning his rough coat). He had good need of it, for it was a very cold night, and those who were on the watch were unable to prevent their teeth chattering. Captain Riou provided himself with a lead and line and a couple of long poles, which were placed in the boat, and as he was about to leave the vessel again, he said to one of his Lieutenants, "Mr. H——, I request you will see that all our sails are in good trim, and everything prepared for business: and I hope my lads—" continued he, as he looked towards the crew—"I hope you'll all keep steady and rest well to-night, for I expect we shall have a busy day to-morrow, and our ship must be well fought, or we shall not do credit to our gallant Admiral."

"Aye, aye, your honour!" shouted the crew.

Captain Riou appeared to be much gratified on finding that the alacrity and ardour of the crew kept pace with his own, and he joyfully descended into the boat. I wondered why our Captain should return to the Admiral's ship after the council had broken up; but I afterwards discovered that his confidence in the knowledge and experience of Captain Riou was such, that he consulted him on the plan of arranging the order of battle, which

was settled between them ; and when he returned on board, we soon ascertained that he had no settled orders given him ; but on the contrary, a squadron of frigates were placed under his command, and it was left to his discretion to act as circumstances might direct.

Yet none of us could guess why our Captain remained away from his ship so much during the night, at a time when much danger was to be apprehended to the boats from the masses of floating ice. But the morning's light told the grand secret. That path which but on the preceding night was trackless, was now distinctly marked out by buoys. This had been accomplished by Nelson in conjunction with Riou and a few of his nautical friends to whom he was particularly attached. The only point on which the masters and pilots disagreed was, the cast of the middle grand shoal, and the deep water line in St. George's Channel. Captain Hardy had taken soundings, and reported the channel practicable, and Captain Riou's opinion was the same. We had an old Scotchman on board who had often passed the Sound, and he declared that it would be a shame if Captain Hardy's track was not followed, as he was confident the pilots had mistaken their bearings, for he declared there was no fear of shoaling water on the larboard shore ; and he was right, for had the British ships approached nearer to the enemy's line they would have found deep water ; whereas, when the pilots found the lead at quarter less five, they refused to approach nearer, and ordered the anchor to be let go : we profited by Hardy's plan, as the sequel will show. At one o'clock the wished-for signal to weigh was thrown out, when a tremendous shout of exultation rent the air. There was not much wind, but it was favourable, and the buoys being accurately laid down, enabled the small craft to point out the course.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ALGEIRS.—THE PLAIN OF METIDSHAH

FROM A MILITARY NOTE BOOK.

I started from the "Maison Carree"* in company with a little bevy of naturalists, on my visit to the plain of Metidshah, which has been the scene of so many contests between the French and Arabs of late years. After wandering along the left bank of the Haratsh for some hours, in constant chase of insects, herbs, flowers, *id hic genus omne*, we sat down to take a survey of the scattered groups of long-legged flamingoes. The grave and stately tramping of these birds, which eyed us keenly from the top of their majestic necks on the right bank, might have served for a model to a drill-serjeant. They were better entomologists than my comrades, for not one specimen of amphibæ that caught their eye escaped capture. Had the splendid snow-white plumage of their bodies been of as brilliant a scarlet as their wings, there was enough in their appearance and orderly motion to have made me mistake them, at a distance, for files of British soldiers. Jackals and wild boars were prowling within fifty yards of us, and the swift-footed porcupine ever and anon darted across our path, close to our feet ; nay it was not many days ago, that some of the stray garrison of the Maison Carree, while collecting wood, pounced upon a panther, and carried him home to their quarters. He is a constant visiter in the neighbourhood of Belida ; the hyena, however, keeps himself in the caverns about Mount Atlas ; while the lion mounts guard

* A fortified camp, about five hour's march from the city of Algiers : it lies on the eastern range of hills, and looks down upon the beautiful bay, which extends as far as Cape Mattifu. The barracks consist of a quadrangular mass of buildings in stone ; but the garrison is at present reduced to a small detachment, the post having now become of little importance in a military point of view. The command is in the hands of an Arab Chief, who has sided with the French. The river Haratsh, which rises in the Atlas mountains, and waters the fertile district of Metidshah, flows into the sea near the Maison Carree.

in the desert wastes of Biledulgerid. The animal world of Metidshah, however, is not to be despised; for a Bedouin will sell you three or four tortoises, which make a soup fit for an epicure, for a French sous-piece. Of timber the plain is totally destitute; and nothing in the shape of a tree meets the eye, save a straggling date-palm, of which there are whole woods in the vicinity of Belida and Medeah. The soil is, however, exceedingly favourable for the culture of grain and vegetables; they spring up luxuriantly, and with unprecedented rapidity of growth; and wild flowers were so fine and plentiful that our herbarium grew ponderous under the weight of our gleanings. We could have filled a caravan with the innumerable varieties that greeted us. The aloe—the phenomenon-flower of our northern regions—annually blooms here in month of July. The flower is a clear yellow, and devoid of aroma; but it is a splendid object to contemplate, for its stem is of gigantic diameter and height, the latter frequently exceeding twenty feet; it divides off at top into a number of lesser stems, each of which is crowned with a bush of yellow flowers. Its specific gravity, while it is in the green state, is greater than that of the oak; its growth is surprisingly rapid; and when the flower expands at the point of the stems, the noise of its bursting is like the report of a pistol; this is accompanied by the emission of a shower of golden dust from the blossoms. Some of the officers at Kuba told me that they had often heard the report while taking their walks, and had only discovered the secret by mere chance. A beautiful white thread is spun from the leaf of the aloe, with which extremely delicate and handsome purses, reticules, hunting-pouches, &c., are woven by the prisoners. We were fairly done up by our day's walk and the sun's glare and heat, when we reached the Constantine Blockhouses, where our little caravan came to a halt. We showed our written order, were admitted, and luxuriated in the shade for some hours. These Blockhouses, which are placed at a distance of about two miles apart, are encircled

by a ditch eight feet deep, and armed with a single gun, rather for the purpose of giving alarm than for defence. The building is small and quadrangular, constructed with massive timber, well supplied with loopholes, and has no means of ingress or egress but by a ladder. Its garrison does not exceed fifteen men; but they are quite adequate to make head against an attack of hundreds of Bedouins, and the more so from their being certain to receive succours from all quarters in a very short space of time. The situation of the Constantine Blockhouse, on a little isolated eminence, which commands the whole vicinity, is, beyond description, beautiful. A delightful landscape lies at the foot of the eminence; the stone walls of Belida are discernible in the west; and the snow-clad peaks of Mount Atlas shine in all their soft and silvery glory to the south-east, at a distance of nearly a hundred miles. The gallant fellows in the Blockhouse shared their frugal meal with us; in fact we made no little havoc with it, for our appetites had been whetted by a long and toilsome march, which gave a savoury relish to their contract-bread and potatoe *potage*. The repast was enlivened by tales of ventures and "hair-breadths" encountered, sought, and achieved, during the campaign in Africa; and an ancient, hoary-headed serjeant of Napoleon's time added zest to them by pushing his brandy-flask incessantly round. We parted from them towards evening, leaving behind us a few five-franc pieces, by way of rubbing off the score which their hearty welcome had run against us. The ancient serjeant hereupon worked himself into a harangue in the name and on the behalf of his garrison, pledging them, in his peroration, on a soldier's honour, that every penny of our five-francers should be quaffed to the tune of "God speed you all."

NAPOLEON'S SCHOOL AT FONTAINEBLEAU'

It appears, from an official record, that out of the first 500 pupils, 202 died in battle, 5 rose to the rank of Lieut.-Generals, 28 to Major-Generals, and 57 to Colonels and Lieut. Colonels.



Ibrahim Pacha retreating before Sir Charles Napier.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

(Continued from page 277.)

The remark in this letter about the sacrifice of inhabitants to "kill five of his soldiers," is a bit of clap-trap. The same style was afterwards adopted by the Pacha, in cases where we knew accurately that he had suffered severely, and had even the names of high officers who had fallen. Nevertheless, during the partial bombardment of Beyrout, an incident occurred, which as a duty to an enemy, we cannot help recording, as it reflects honour upon General Suleiman, (who was a French officer known previous to his embracing Mahommadanism, as Colonel Sèves,) and shows him possessed of a mind that disdains in the duties of war unnecessarily to contravene the higher mutual usages of polite civilization—a feature honourable to the soldier. In the midst of the firing a white flag being seen hoisted in the town, hostile proceedings were instantly suspended, and, on a boat proceeding to the shore, the Indian mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad,

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was handed to the officer, with Suleiman Pacha's compliments to the Admiral. The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the Pacha, and accompanied it with a packet of foreign wine which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to Suleiman. Fire was then at once resumed.

The firing continued at intervals opposite Beyrout up to the 14th September, when an alteration in the disposition of the ships took place. The *Edinburgh*, *Hastings*, and *Bellerophon* line-of-battle ships only remained before the town. The *Benbow*, *Pique*, and *Castor* received back part of their complement of Marines; when the first ship sailed to the northward with 1700 stand of arms for distribution, and the other two were despatched in an opposite direction. The rest of the squadron were brought down to the Bay at Jouni.

During these four days affairs had been equally prosperous at the encampment. Several thousand muskets had been distributed amongst the mountaineers, who had flocked there, declaring in favour of the Sultan. Two

influential individuals, Sheikh Francis and the Emir Abdalla, the former a man of intelligence and influence in the district, and the latter a nephew of the Emir Beschir, or Prince of the mountains, had in the interim joined the allied party. Important services had already been rendered by the newly-armed mountaineers, who, in many skirmishes with the enemy's troops, tended to keep open the greater part of the range of country surrounding the outposts of the camp. A new Emir Beschir of the Shehab family had been appointed, *pro tempore*, to replace the former, who was at that time in arms in favour of the enemy.

Meantime Ibrahim Pacha had not been idle in his manoeuvres against the corps. He had already reconnoitred the camp, and was for the most part hovering within a few hours of its vicinity. He had strengthened also the army which was with him by reinforcements from Beyrout and Sidon, so as then to amount, it was said, to about 15,000 men; and he had advanced a batallion and occupied a strong position opposite Zouk, the village where the chief Turkish outpost was situated.

We will now take the reader on shore, and describe the camp at Djouni, near Beyrout; which former was now the head quarters of the "army of Lebanon."

When the fleet first anchored in the Bay, the eminence and village of Djouni, which now formed the encampment, was but a pathless rock, and rural scenery; yet on the 15th of September, ten days after, Mr. Hunter thus describes them—

"Great was the metamorphosis which now presented itself. Brisling ramparts extended around it in every direction, surmounted by nearly a hundred thousand sandbags. It was approached from below by a broad path, cut directly across the rock. It had its parade, and its hospital, tents, stables, and magazines; and, in short, every feature of a thoroughly organized, and strongly fortified, military position. It may be said that this is nothing extraordinary as a military operation; but let it be remembered, that it was the work of only 1700 men

in ten days, without other assistance than the working parties of a few line-of-battle ships, and landed on an enemy's coast, in the vicinity of a very superior force, and where, consequently, great vigilance was at the same time necessary. The chapel was occupied by the Commodore, the entrance to the camp being made to pass under its walls, whilst from its only window there peeped out a 6-pounder, which ranged an adjacent hill. On the ruined terrace, towards the sea, and elevated above the camp, had been placed a 5½-inch howitzer, protected with sandbags. Within the principal lines were two inner lines, facing the western or weakest portion. Farther on the western side, adjoining the combined English and Austrian divisions, were the Turkish quarters. In front of the latter a fieldwork had also been thrown up, extending about ninety yards. The artillery in position consisted of nine English field-pieces, three 5½-inch howitzers, and six small Turkish pieces. The camp was slightly commanded from the range of hills skirting it at distances of from 900 to 1500 yards, but the ascent to these heights would have been very difficult for heavy artillery, and they were at the same time within long range of the ships. The European portion of the camp was distinguished by the Commodore's blue pendant over his residence; and that of the Turks by their national standard displayed above the green tent of Selim Pacha. The active force, then, I believe, consisted of about 5000 Turks, rank and file, 1500 marines, 200 Austrians, and a company inclusive of British artillery, sappers and miners.

"The spot chosen by the Commodore upon which to plant the standard of the Sultan, and to form around it a nucleus of resistance from whence to retake Syria, would appear to have been, all things considered, a most favourable one. Regarded in a politic point of view, it was at the centre of Lebanon, and hence offered a ready communication with those disaffected mountaineers, whose assistance it was the first object to gain. Locally considered as adapted for contest, it was

equally advantageous. It was comprised on three sides within a bold and isolated rock, highly capable of defence, immediately contiguous to the sea, and offering, at its best-protected portion, peculiar facilities for embarkation, if necessary. It was bounded on the eastern side by a rugged line of heights, forming a wide semicircle, at the distance of a mile, where several good positions presented themselves. The descent from those heights to the camp was through a ravine, where the progress of even a single man was much impeded; or over a series of broken terraces, the whole of which were capable of being contested. North and south, along the sea shore, it was unapproachable; the only passage on the right wing, except under the cannon of the squadron, being across a circumscribed tract, to defend which two ships were stationed within moderate range; whilst on the left it was flanked by the torrent of the Dog River, which winding through precipitous mountains, was passable only at its embouchure, covered by a line-of-battle ship."

"The night did not often go by," continues Mr. Hunter, "with less excitement than the day. On almost the first that I passed there, the peal of the drums suddenly awoke me. Stumbling out, a minute afterwards, I saw the port-fires lit, the ammunition-boxes open, and every man at his station ready to serve the guns. The alarm had been occasioned by the discharge of a musket, from the separate Turkish portion of the camp, but which, after all had been under arms for about a quarter of an hour, was found to have been the effect of a groundless suspicion. If awake at other times, there was generally sufficient to attract attention;—the resonant and long-continued hourly cry of the Turkish sentinels; the never-ceasing wail of jackals, sometimes at our very ears; or the sharp challenge and responses of the English sentries, on the arrival of the rounds.

"We will review the camp, and undertake the task somewhat systematically. The nearest scene which would attract attention is at its entrance. There, at a sharp turning of

the road leading up from the beach, where the breastworks had been so constructed as to form an expanded angle, were to be found the bucksters to the soldiery; whose commodities generally consisted of abundance of grapes and a few fowls,—the former almost hidden by myriads of flies, and the latter in a fit condition to represent the misery and leanness of the land, under existing circumstances. In front of the whole paced an English soldier, stern in his resistance to any attempt made by them to pass into the interior. One corner of this entrance was formed by the Maronite chapel, now dignified as the residence of the Commodore. We will penetrate its precincts. Few objects within attract attention. At one end is a large painted canvass of the imperial arms of Austria, (in honour of our brave Ally,) whilst in the other parts, a simple tent-bedstead, a long table, a few chairs, and a 6-pounder carronade at the window, comprised its equipment. I shall not speak of its rightful occupant, for he was seldom there. At the farthest outposts, or in the neighbouring hills, overlooking the enemy, it is more probable he might be met with. But General Jochmus, it is to be presumed, would be sitting at the table; for he loved better the bustle of head-quarters.

"Continuing from the entrance which has first been described, a broad path, descending about an hundred yards across the side of the rock, conducted to the sea-beach. Soldiers might be seen toiling up the steep ascent, in the oppressive heats of those days, carrying bags of water, or provisions, to the cantonments; with here and there one who considered himself fortunate, in having gained the services of a jack-ass, or a mule, but with the labour of urging upwards, seemed almost equally fatiguing.

"Upon reaching the beach, a busy and crowded scene, highly characteristic of the enterprise upon which the Allies were engaged, ordinarily presented itself. In the angles of the cool rock, near the water's edge, knots of the most influential Sheikhs and relations of the Emir, in rich Eastern

costume, sat smoking the nahrgyley, or the Damascus pipe. Their humbler followers composed a throng in the vicinity, sometimes of many hundreds, armed to the teeth, but in a singular and medley manner. Some had English muskets, some Greek, some Turkish; all wore in their girdle the native *hanjar*, or broad knife, with a large wooden bottle of gunpowder, equally national, pendant behind. Others, who had met the enemy, added to their equipment, the short Egyptian sword, mounted with a white strap, or a gay sabre and pistols, acquired in the same manner. Those mountaineers of the Kisruan district, were universally tall, stalwart, and well-developed men; of bold expression of countenance, set off with an immense moustache; so that their warlike bearing contributed not a little to the general effect. Amongst them, also, were generally a number of the Druse sect, distinguished from the rest by a yellow black-bordered handkerchief, tied over the skull-cap, and falling upon each shoulder—further remarkable by their dark, gloomy, and forbidding countenances, and long raven hair. Such a crowd was not unfrequent, either after any skirmish had occurred in the mountains, or when the Sheikhs came to visit the camp for money or ammunition.

“Near the same portion of the beach, at about fifty yards from the commencement of the path from which we have just descended, was a large sail-tent, the abode of “the Beach-Master.” A commander from the fleet usually held that office: his ostensible and most important duty, was that of arranging, if such should be necessary, an immediate embarkation for the troops—boats being always held in readiness; and, further, in preventing any confusion in the ordinary communication with the camp, from the ships of the squadron. In another tent near at hand, were arms and ammunition, for distribution to the mountaineers. In front, a long line of ships’ boats extended at the water’s edge, no less varied than the former group, and comprising every build, from the light and elegant four-

oared gig, or whaling-boat, of the captains, to the ponderous twenty-oared launch of the ships of the line.

“Proceeding still farther along the beach which forms the interior of Jouni Bay, after a few hundred yards the noisy scene was left behind; but in the distance, about a quarter of a mile, another and nearly as busy a concourse would be assembled. At that spot were the numerous native boats, that brought fruit and grain from the few villages then opened towards Tripoli; and there also was a slaughtering-place for cattle, brought down for sale by the peasantry from the mountains. Both were interdicted from a nearer approach to the camp.”

Such is Mr. Hunter’s picturesque description of the British and Turkish encampment of Djouni, which formed the nucleus of the operations to deliver that interesting and romantic land from its turbaned tyrant. Ere we quit this spot, however, and proceed to describe the attack on Sidon, we must spare space for a slight but interesting sketch of a Turkish military execution, from the pen of the same critic:—

“I shall mention an incident which met my observation. Walking one evening, towards sunset, with Lieut. Christian, we gained the ruined terrace which looks directly over the Turkish quarters. A string of five men, proceeding along the sea-beach, under charge, apparently, of two soldiers, attracted our attention. They were all Turks; and the five, who seemed prisoners, had their hands bound behind them. From the down-cast look of these men, we were induced to remark proceedings from the height on which we stood. The party continued for a few hundred yards, until they reached the outside of the wall which limited, at the sea-side, the Turkish quarters; leaving the men there, one of the soldiers entered a neighbouring tent, and having brought out a large pitcher (it is presumed of water), held it consecutively to the prisoners’ heads, who seemed to drink with great avidity. A few minutes elapsed, after which three other soldiers arrived: the five bounten Turks were arranged in a line,

with their faces to the sea and their backs to their armed companions, who then retired some thirty paces. 'They are going to shoot the men,' I said. My friend exclaimed that such must be impossible—'Five soldiers only brought forward to execute the same number of people!' In another moment my surmise had been verified; a volley was discharged, but only *one* of the men fell. I cannot dwell upon the scene: it was the most barbarous ever my lot to witness. The muskets were loaded and reloaded several times, and full ten minutes elapsed before an end was put to the sufferings of the victims; whilst the matter was coolly regarded by a number of spectators, who had collected behind the neighbouring wall. Such is a Turkish military execution! The men had been caught, with many others, all soldiers, in an attempt to desert to the enemy, and every one suffered the same just, although most cruelly-executed, penalty."

.. (To be continued in our next.)

CAPTAIN RIOU AT THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Concluded from page 279.)

OUR ship led the way, and about dusk we came to anchor off Draco Point, within two miles of the enemy. There were thirty-two of our ships crowded together, for the anchoring-ground was of small extent, and the evening being calm, we might have been placed in an awkward dilemma if the enemy had thrown in a few shells from Amak Island, or from their mortar-boats; but probably they were too busily employed in manning their ships, not conceiving that so large a fleet would have attempted the passage through such a narrow channel. About eight o'clock, however, they gave us a couple of shells, which went completely over our ship and fell into the sea, on which Captain Riou exclaimed, "Thank you, my good fellows, you have solved a doubt for me; I am now convinced we are

within range of you, and you shall soon receive a visiting card from us." Our destination was to attack and silence the *Trekroner*, a formidable outwork, which it was well known would not be easy to accomplish.

It was now that each man who had ought to care for in the world, beside himself and his ship's duty, bethought himself what should be done with his little property, in case a fatal shot should discharge him from the Service.

My messmate, Standridge, came up to me, as I was leaning over the bulwark—

"Jack," said he, as he grasped my hand, "in a few short hours you or I may cease to live; should it be my fate to fall, and you escape, you must bear the news to my poor Jane. Look, Jack! here is a locket which I received from her, which I have ever worn next my heart;"—and he took from his neck the black riband which suspended it. "Give it to her, and with it this tin case; it contains a document which will make her mistress of the little property I made by my last voyage. My mother still lives; and to her I bequeath whatever wages may be due, as well as my share of prize-money."

"And that will be a good share, too," replied I, as I shook his hand heartily. "I will take your charge, and will execute your trust faithfully, and there's my hand upon it. Come, rouse, young fellow!" continued I; "the Captain's eye is upon us, and it won't do to be down-hearted at such a moment as this."

We separated: but I had guessed rightly.—Captain Riou's searching eye had singled out young Standridge. He beckoned to me: I approached him.

"Who is that man?" inquired Captain Riou.

"Sir, he is one of our pressed men, who joined us at Yarmouth," replied I.

"Has he been in the service before?"

"Yes, sir; he was with Admiral Duncan at Camperdown."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Captain Riou. "He's a fine active fellow: I have often noticed him. But I think

he seemed in earnest conversation with you just now?"

"Yes, your honour," replied I;—"he was making his will, for fear of accidents."

I paused. Captain Riou looked for a moment, and ejaculated—

"Ay, ay! accidents will happen when least expected!"—and as he spoke he moved towards the quarter-deck.

The *Bellona* and *Russell*, in going down the Channel, kept too close to the starboard, and got aground, but made good use of their guns, as they were within range of several of the enemy's ships.

Our Captain perceiving by this disaster that the original plan could not be acted upon, boldly pushed along the line with his squadron of frigates, and attacked the Crown Battery; but being deprived of the aid of the three ships of the line which had got shoaled, our small force proved unequal to the task, and we suffered severely from the showers of shot that fell upon us. Scarcely a man escaped without a wound. There was no flinching,—it was good earnest: and as Captain Riou was not a man who would easily be thwarted, he would have fought as long as his ship would float, had not the Admiral made the signal of recall, which saved our little squadron from certain destruction. I was on duty on the main-deck, and no less than thirty men were killed by the bursting of some of our guns. It was soon after this that the signal No. 39 was made from the *London*. One of the officers reported it to Captain Riou.

"Eh! what?" said he hastily. "Leave off fighting? It cannot be!—I cannot believe it! Why, we have only just begun to get warm in the action. What is shown on board the *Elephant*? What does Lord Nelson show?"

"No. 16," replied the officer.

"That's right!—that's right!" exclaimed Riou emphatically. "Close action,—close action! I have made up my mind to execute my orders to the very letter, or I will not outlive the failure."

Poor Riou! his words were too true. He had already been severely

wounded in the head by a splinter, but he would not quit the deck. A bandage was tied over the wound; and he reclined on one of the guns, and continued to give his orders. He could not conceal from us that his wound gave him great pain; but he had still more painful feelings when he found himself obliged to show his stern to the *Trekroner*. I could see the tear of agony tremble in his eye, as he exclaimed—

"What will Nelson say to us? Could he ever believe that I would retreat!"

He had now called his clerk to him, and as he approached a shot laid him low by the Captain's side. "Poor Benson," exclaimed Riou, "this is indeed hot work, and Death has given you but short notice. Haul in the main-brace there quickly," exclaimed he with warmth. "Come, marines, death has made our men run short, so give a helping hand there." The marines instantly obeyed, but a shell fell and exploded amongst them, killing several. Riou raised himself on the gun, and vehemently exclaimed, "Come my boys, if we must die, let us all die together." They were his last words; for at that moment a raking shot cut him in two. His remains were instantly folded in a sail-cloth, and carried below. This sad event drove our men to frenzy, and they fought like madmen; they loaded and fired so quick that the guns were dangerously hot: but all was of no avail, we had no alternative but to get out of the reach of the *Trekroner*, and save the ship, which was now severely mutilated, and what few of the crew remained alive.

Wounded, and bleeding to death, lay my poor messmate, Standridge. I lifted him in my arms, and placed him on a shattered gun-carriage. "How is it with you, Standridge?" said I; but he could only utter, "Alas! I am dying—remember!" "I will execute your charge faithfully," said I. He grasped my hand convulsively—"God bless you!" said he faintly, and death closed his eyes for ever.

A few minutes after this, part of the topsail yard, which had been shot

through, gave way, and fell with a tremendous crash, and one of the blocks, striking me on the shoulder and neck, laid me prostrate on the deck. I knew nothing further of what passed until, on my recovery, I found we were moored in deep water, and that the *Dannebrog* (Admiral Fischer's ship, which he had deserted,) was drifting before the wind in flames. The *Monsarch*, which had been engaged to the eastward of the *Trekroner*, was so disabled as to be towed out of the reach of the guns of this impregnable outwork. Her brave Captain (Mosse) was killed, and but few of her gallant crew were left alive. The action had now in a great measure ceased, as Lord Nelson had sent a flag of truce on shore, and, on the return of the officer, (Captain Sir Fredk. Thesiger,) accompanied by General Lindholm, hostilities were suspended, and the action ceased, after continuing five hours, four of which were nothing but hard fighting. During our attack on the *Trekroner* we had no less than three men killed at the wheel in less than an hour; and the unfortunate precision with which the shot were served upon us, rendered our situation most desperate. The carnage was dreadful; yet, amidst all this hot work, none of our crew seemed to droop, even though the extreme fatigue which they had undergone would at another time have overpowered them: but Captain Riou's heroic example had so animated them that their enthusiasm was unconquerable, and they seemed to vie with each other which should occupy the most dangerous stations. Captain Riou had frequently declared that the ardour of his crew was such that they seemed almost to anticipate his orders. While he lay bleeding on the gun he praised the great exertions of his crew, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Cheerily, my brave hearts, don't spare them, be steady—better to die in the smoke than fly before the enemy. Well done, my brave hearts." His whole soul seemed to be centred on the issue of this day, and he repeatedly inquired if No. 16 was still flying from Lord Nelson's ship, and, on receiving reply in the affirmative, exclaimed,

"Brave Nelson, keep it flying,—keep it flying for the honour of England." On the surgeon requesting he would rest in the cabin a little time, in order to calm the severity of his wound, he replied, "Never fear, doctor, perhaps *I shall be at rest on deck in a little time; at all events I will not quit this spot while my life is spared.*"

When the deaths of Riou and Mosse were reported to Lord Nelson he expressed the most extreme sorrow, and declared that the loss of two such valuable officers was a bitter to the sweets of victory.

On my return to England I hastened to execute the dying bequest of my messmate Standridge, and shortly after was pensioned off for my wounds. I have now reached three-score, and, although nearly forty years have passed, the memory of the battle is as fresh as if it had occurred but yesterday; and I never journey to London without paying a tribute to departed worth, by visiting St. Paul's, where stands a small tablet, placed there in memory of Captains Riou and Mosse—the two departed heroes of the Battle of Copenhagen.

AN OLD DRAGOON HORSE.

I do not remember that there occurred anything else of moment while I continued in Burgos, unless, indeed, the purchase of an Irish horse may be so regarded, which, when led in by a French groom, in a miserable state of squalor, I instantly recognized as having once belonged to one of my troop-mates in the 11th. He was so savage a brute that neither his new master nor his servants could ride him; for a French officer had purchased him of an Englishman, in Portugal, for ten napoleons, and the Count Golstein got him, in consequence, for the same sum that had been paid for him. But the horse knew me immediately: when I called him by his name, he turned his head and snuffed me all over, and became in my hands as quiet and as tractable as a lamb. With none else, indeed, would he condescend to be familiar, for even my master never rode him but once; but he followed me like a dog, and neighed and winneied whenever

he heard my voice even at a distance. The Count gave him to me, and I rode him constantly for two years; at the termination of which, his vicious humours wore out, so that the Count's son, to whom I ultimately transferred him, found him invaluable as a charger, and received the most satisfactory proofs of his hardihood. *Mush*, as he was called, carried the young Count Golstein through the whole of the campaign to Moscow and the retreat in which it ended; and, though much reduced in flesh, was still in excellent health when he came again under my care in his master's stables.

MILITARY OF EGYPT.

THE following may be relied upon as a correct statement of the existing force in the Pasha's service. Twelve regiments of Infantry, 39,300 men; two of the Guards, 6000; two of Veterans, 6000; nine regiments of Cavalry 7,700; three of Artillery, 7,200; each regiment being composed of four battalions: forming a total force of 66,200. To these must be added the irregular descriptions of infantry and cavalry, which comprise 12,000 Bedouin Arabs, Arnauts, &c.; 2,300 Turkish Artillery; and ten regiments of National Guards, mustering 32,000 men. The total number of land troops at Mehemet Ali's disposal amounts, therefore, to 113,800 men. And he has besides about 10,000 seamen and marines at his disposal. We should, however, subtract from the whole mass the Arnauts, Bedouin Arabs, and some other ineffectives, who are fit for nothing but light service, and of no value excepting where the enemy has already betaken himself to his heels, or a door has been opened for plunder and excess; and with these we may conjoin the National Guards, whose service is notoriously quite against the grain, and would be limited to running away at the first sight of danger; hence the actual numbers, upon whom the Pasha can place any reliance, do not exceed 70,000, or at the utmost 75,000 men. This force, fighting upon their own soil, when they are better fed and tended, and unassailed in their rear, as they were by us in Syria, would offer a more

efficient resistance than they manifested in that quarter; but there still remain many difficulties to surmount with them before Mehemet can reckon upon them with confidence, he is therefore wise in keeping quiet.

SONNET

Suggested by Haydon's Picture of the Duke of Wellington and his Horse, Copenhagen, on the Field of Waterloo, twenty years after the Battle, painted for St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

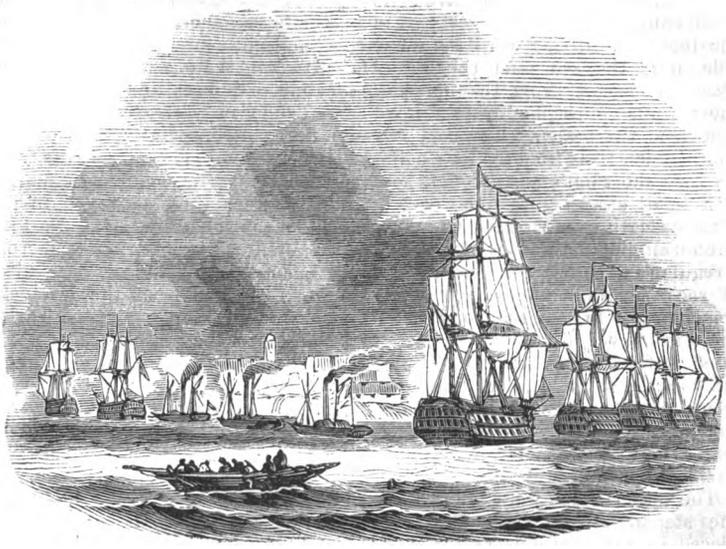
Through Art's bold privilege, Warrior
and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last
battle's wreck.
Let the steed glory, for his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious
neck.
But by the Chieftain's look, though by
his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword,
how firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human
pride!
Yon trophied mound shrinks to a
shadowy speck
In his calm presence: Him the mighty
deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the
grave's rest,
As shows his face time-worn. But he
such seed
Hath sown, as yields, we trust, the
fruit of fame
In Heaven: hence no one blushes for
thy name,
Conqueror! 'mid some sad thoughts
divinely blest.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Composed while ascending Helvellyn,
Monday, Aug. 31, 1840.

NOBLE FORBEARANCE.

In an action with the French fleet, Captain Killigren, on coming up with a French vessel, discovered that the whole of the crew were at prayers. He might have poured in his broadside with great advantage; but this he refused to do, saying, "It is beneath the courage of the English nation to surprise their enemies in such a defenseless posture."



The Attack on Sidon.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA,

AGAINST MEHEMET ALI.

(Continued from page 284.)

FROM the life-like description of the allied camp, given in our last number, we turn to the more active operations of the campaign. We shall pass the minor skirmishes and irregular affairs between outposts, and the mountaineers, who much annoyed the Egyptian army of Ibrahim Pacha, and proceed to the attack on Sidon, which took place on the 27th of September.

The allied forces having established a footing in the country, and, by the strength acquired in their position, gained a necessary degree of confidence, it had been considered fitting time to undertake some grander achievements, the success of which should place them beyond the mere first steps which hitherto only had been effected. Thus it was determined to attempt by storm the capture of Sidon, one of the three principal sea-coast positions of the enemy, and Commodore Napier was appointed to the command. A battalion of 500 marines, under Capt. Morrison, and a

Turkish battalion, the same force were embarked on the 29th, in the war-steamer, *Cyclops* and *Gorgon*. They were accompanied by the *Thunderer* line-of-battle ship, the *Guerriera* Austrian frigate, the *Gul Sefide* Turkish corvette, and the *Wasp* brig. At daylight those ships got under weigh; immediately afterwards, the *Stromboli* war-steamer hove in sight from England, having on board 280 marines, under Capt. Wylock; and she, also, with her troops, was ordered to join the expedition. The greatest secrecy was maintained as to the point of the intended attack: On their way to Sidon the ship were met by the *Hydra* steamer, on her return from Tyre with Admiral Walker. The latter, on hearing the Commodore's contemplated objects, determined to accompany him. In order better to explain proceedings, we shall attempt a description of Sidon. The town, for the most part, is built upon an eminence inclining upwards from the sea. It is circumscribed for the number of houses it contains, and the streets are narrow, numerous, and confused. It is enclosed on three sides within a wall of considerable height,

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but upon which the buildings inside have encroached so as to leave little intervening space. The largest gate in the line of wall, is toward the north side, near the sea, and capable of strong defence. From that quarter, the town is approached from a broad and smooth beach. Towards the south, Sidon rises from the level country by a short but steep ascent, where is a small citadel; an old work, of little strength. On the sea-front there is no wall, but the houses are built in a regular and compact manner; a reef of rocks extends opposite, and intrenchments had been constructed there to oppose a landing. A castelated fort, of considerable size, projects at the same portion about 100 feet into the sea, and is connected with the town by a bridge. At the land-end of the bridge, a large well-built barrack defends the shore.

The sailing-ships were towed in by the steamers from the offing, and placed in the positions assigned for them by the Commodore. The *Cyclops*, *Gorgon*, and *Hydra*, anchored close to the fort, or northern portion. The other ships extended thence, in a southerly direction, and in such a manner that their force was opposed to the south-west quarter of the town. The attack was arranged in three different directions simultaneously. The first, consisting of 500 marines, to assault on the north side from the beach; the second, of 500 Turks, to enter the town (after occupying the sea-fort) by the bridge, or north-west side; and the third, of 100 Austrians and 280 marines, to attack at the opposite, or south-western quarter.

The following peremptory summons was sent to the Governor, and as positively rejected:—

“ Her Britannic Majesty’s steam-ship *Gorgon*,
September 26th.”

“ SIR,—In the name of the Five United Powers, Turkey, England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, I demand that you immediately declare for the Sultan your master. Pardon for past offences will be granted, and the arrears of pay to the troops paid by the Sultan.

(Signed) “ CHARLES NAPIER,
“ To the Governor of Sidon.” “ Commodore.”

Fire was then opened, directed against the sea-fort and north front of the town generally. After the fire had continued for about half an hour, a breach in the fort was effected, and the line of houses and works considered sufficiently shattered, to enable the first column of attack to occupy their position. The 500 Turks, who had previously assembled round the *Cyclops*, were then conveyed in the boats of the squadron to the sea-fort. A heavy fire, however, followed from the enemy, who had not been altogether dislodged from the intrenchments in the vicinity; but the Turks, dashing into the breach, which was a little above the water’s edge, and also by a neighbouring entre-port, easily occupied the place.

Admiral Walker and Captain Austen, the latter of whom had charge of the landing, were amongst those who accompanied the Turkish soldiers; but that battalion was more immediately under command of Captain Laué, a Prussian artillery officer in the service of the Porte. A trait of individual merit in the enemy, perhaps worthy of mention, has been related to me by one of those officers. During the early part of the hour, in which the Turks were waiting until the other two columns should alike be prepared for the onset, the musketry from on shore continued to pour in at every outlet or crevice any way exposed; but after a quarter of an hour, the shot and shell of the shipping more and more took effect, until at length the intrenchments and buildings were deserted, nearly *en masse*, by the enemy. Two individuals, however, remained, who having chosen a favourable position amongst the ruins continued throughout to maintain fire. The heavy missiles of the ships, as well as the musketry of the Turks, fell around the brave opponents in every direction; but, remaining unhurt, they did not flinch from their posts. My informant, prompted by curiosity, examined with his glass the spot from whence this solitary opposition proceeded. He saw but a small portion of two negro woolly heads, behind the stock of their muskets, whilst instantly after firing, they were

both again under cover. It has often been remarked, that the blacks compose the bravest portion of Egyptian soldiery, and this incident so far corroborates it.

The bombardment had continued about an hour, when the marines of the *Stromboli*, and the Austrians, at the head of whom was their Imperial Prince, were landed by Commander Mansel of the *Wasp*, at the south-west side of the town. The position which that party had to occupy, was one which exposed the assailants to greater immediate danger than any other. They suffered under a sharp fire from a steep acclivity, in which were a number of small houses, strongly occupied by the enemy. Lieut. Hockin, R.M., newly arrived in the *Stromboli*, was at that time killed. He was much respected. In unison with the latter manœuvre, the main body of 500 marines were landed on the northern beach, under command of the Commodore. Their disembarkation was effected by Capt. Henderson, of the *Gorgon*, who subsequently accompanied them. Having been formed into companies, they were made to move in quick time upon the portion of Sidon directly opposite. At the same moment, the other two columns were rushing to the attack. The Turks, at their onset from the fort, were shown an inspiring example by the officers who accompanied them. Amongst the foremost was Admiral Walker, who, pointing onwards with his sword, cheered them in their progress over the bridge. He was accompanied by Mr. Cummins, then a mate of the *Cyclops*, and followed by Capt. Austen and Capt. Laué, all highly gallant in their conduct. That party then gained possession of the large barracks at the foot of the bridge, from whence they fired upon the enemy in the neighbouring houses, but who were not dislodged without obstinate contest.

Meantime the Commodore, and a large party of marines, broke into the barracks from the outer side. From thence the chief leader proceeded with his men, skirting the eastern wall, to the upper gate of the town; and, having burst it open, seized the citadel. The Commodore, then ascending one

of the turrets, held aloft his cap upon the point of his sword, as a sign of conquest; and the ships immediately answered the signal with three hearty cheers. Leaving a guard in the citadel, he again descended, with the rest of the marines; and a skirmishing with parties of the Egyptian soldiers, ultimately formed a junction again with the Turkish battalion. A sharp and rapid struggle then ensued with the enemy in the narrow streets, and which ended in a number of the latter being taken prisoners.

The different attacking parties, Turkish, British, and Austrian, now soon became further subdivided, and the contest was pursued by each throughout most of the streets of the city. The Commodore, in the short despatch which he wrote upon the occasion, mentions that those he met with were easily driven back, and, "finally," he says, "took refuge in a vaulted barrack, where we found upwards of 1000 men lying ready for a sortie should occasion offer, or to lay down their arms should they be discovered; the latter was their fate."

The enemy in most other parts seemed equally panic-stricken, and at a loss as to the conduct they should pursue. Captain Laué states, that accompanied by Mr. Cummins, he was proceeding with about 50 Turks along one of the principal streets, and where, in consequence of the continued firing of his soldiery, it was impossible to see distinctly more than a few yards in front, when suddenly the heavy tramp of a large body of troops was heard approaching in a neighbouring street, and which met the one they were in at a right angle. Fifty was the utmost number of Turks present, but Mr. Cummins at once proposed to maintain his ground, until Capt. Laué should hasten back and bring up a reinforcement. Hardly had the Captain returned with a few additional Turks, than the enemy presented themselves; and great was the surprise of the officers, when, instead of receiving fire, they saw dimly through the previous smoke, the ranks of the Egyptians, thickly serried, *but with their arms grounded!* The ready presence of mind of a Turkish soldier completed

their good fortune, before the enemy could discover the small number they were about to surrender to. Advancing to the Egyptian ranks, the soldier commanded them in the name of the Sultan, to lay down their arms and face-about; assuring them that a large amount of force, hidden by the smoke, was opposed to them. That counsel, being in accordance with their previous intentions, was at once obeyed; and marching before the few Turks, it was found that a whole battalion had been captured by their own fears, and the courage and wit of their opponents.

The good-generalship, self-possession, and confidence, wanting in the enemy, were possessed in an eminent degree by their attackers; what could result, but that the one must be defeated and the other victorious?

In five hours from the commencement of the bombardment (and which ceased immediately the two last columns landed) Sidon was in entire possession of the Sultan's troops. This achievement of storming, with 900 allies and 500 Turks, a town protected by a fort and citadel and a line of wall, defended by 2700 men, (who were all taken prisoners,) must ever be regarded as of no mean merit. It places the Commodore in a highly-favourable point of view, when he hence consider how comprehensive and correct were the views which actuated his conduct. The energy, too, with which he carried out the enterprise, was of a stamp rarely equalled.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CHASE.

AN INCIDENT OF AN OLD ADRIATIC
CRUIZER IN THE LAST WAR.

It was on one of those brilliant balmy mornings, known only to those who have had the exquisite pleasure of inhaling the fragrance which is wafted by the first breath of morn from the shores of Italy, that the frigate in which I served was standing along shore, between Ancona and the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, the magnificent dome of which contrasted beauti-

fully with the rich olive groves and luxuriant vineyards, in which it was embosomed—the sky was soft, clear, and bright, and of that transparent blue that is seen nowhere but in Italy, and, as we sailed gracefully along the flower-scented coast, the ship's bow had just way enough to part the rippling waves, but so gently that their murmurs stole on the ear with the soft persuasive sound of plaintive music, and harmonized delightfully with the scene around us.

At this moment everything promised a day of repose to the officers and ship's company of one of the most active cruisers attached to the Adriatic squadron. It was Sunday, and the spirits of all on board were in accordance with the placid scenery which greeted us on every side. The decks were washed and dried—breakfast over—hands piped up to clean for muster, and prepare for divine service, which on ship-board has a solemnity little dreamt of by those who only think of the sailor in his moments of reckless excitement; there is an attention, a deep devotional feeling apparent in the sun-burnt and weather-beaten faces of those children of the waves that is seen nowhere else, as if, at those moments, they were fully impressed with the truth, that there is but one frail plank betwixt eternity and them. It was at the moment of preparing for this most impressive scene that the voice of the look-out man at the mast-head was heard announcing a strange sail. The whole face of affairs was immediately changed, and nothing but excitement and stir were visible fore and aft, where an instant before all had been so calm and quiescent.

"Where is she? point to her," was heard from the mellow and sonorous voice of our gallant second lieutenant (who at that time had the watch).

"On the starboard quarter, standing in shore, sir," was the reply.

The captain was immediately informed of this, and as quickly came upon deck, when "Turn the hands up, make all sail in chase," was given to the officer, from whom it instantly reached the boatswain, whose shrill pipe, accompanied by the thundering

voices of his mates, forthwith proclaimed to those who were in the most remote parts of the ship that there was something to be done that day of a very different nature from attendance to the admonitions of our most excellent chaplain.

In five minutes every preparation for church had vanished; the pulpit, which was rigged under the half-deck, had disappeared, and the materials of which it was composed (chests, shot-lockers, &c.,) returned to their wonted places, and we were on the other tack, with every stitch of canvass spread, in order to prevent the stranger from getting in-shore, which we all perceived would be most difficult, if not impossible, as he was standing on with all sail set, and was not many miles from the land.

Every face on board now beamed with excitement; some of the guns were run aft to trim the ship, and, when all sail was made, the men were sent below, and ordered to keep very still and quiet on the lower-deck, as we always found this mode of trimming the ship with the living moveable ballast added much to her speed. In the meantime the breeze increased, and we were going six or seven knots through the water, and overhauling the chase fast.

Our life at this period was such a continued scene of activity and fighting that scarcely a day passed without our having an affair of some kind or other with the enemy, either with some of their gun-boats or the numerous armed trabaculos* which were employed in the coasting trade. This being kept constantly on the alert, had almost made us regret the interruption which had taken place in our day of rest; but it was momentary, and the feeling of annoyance of having our Sunday broken in upon had given way to that delightful and soul-stirring excitement which, to the British seaman, is ever attendant upon the chase of an enemy—for such we now made the strange sail out—and every countenance glowed with delight as she

was clearly discerned to be a very large armed brig.

The breeze continued, and every moment brought with it the increasing hope that we should either cut her off, or at least bring her under our guns before she could get far enough in-shore to receive any protection from the numerous batteries with which this part of the coast abounded. The enemy, aware of our intentions, and finding he could not cross us out of shot, had no chance of escape but by bearing away, and was thus obliged to run from that part where he would have been most effectually protected, could he have reached it. By this manœuvre he succeeded in getting out of the range of our guns; but it obliged him to run in-shore at a point where his only protection was a very old tower, mounted with four guns. Our chagrin, on finding he had so far escaped us, was soon dispelled, by hearing the boatswain pipe "All hands bring ship to anchor;" which assured us it was not the intention of our gallant captain to allow him to remain quiet, although he had run into shoal water, where the ship could not follow him.

It was manifest, from the determined look and manner of our commander, to which we were all so well accustomed, that he had resolved at all risks to bring the enemy from his anchorage, and thus prove to him that no superiority of numbers, or advantage of position, could daunt men who were daily accustomed to face danger and to despise it.

In ten minutes the boats were hoisted out, manned, and armed, and all those destined for the attack shoved off amidst the huzzas of those who were necessarily left on board, and who, from the distance, were to witness this boarding match. As the boats neared our opponent, it was evident that no means of resistance had been neglected—boarding-nets were traced up fore and aft, while a *cheval de frize*, composed of boarding-pikes, ran all round the brig, about three feet from the water, which rendered our chance of getting on board almost desperate; and we now perceived the soldiers in the old tower loading their

* A vessel peculiar to the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas.

guns, and preparing to do their part towards our destruction.

The boats were nearly within pistol-shot before the enemy opened upon us, and the silence that prevailed on both sides at this time, was awful. Just at the moment when his inaction left us in doubt as to his intention, his broadside, by means of a spring on the cable, was brought to bear, and a most murderous discharge of round, grape, and canister gave fearful proof to our gallant fellows that they had an enemy to deal with who was deficient neither in ability nor courage. The effect of this first discharge was appalling, and made sad havoc among us, causing a confusion and momentary resting on the oars; but it was only momentary — a wild, a fearful burst of defiance immediately succeeded this dreadful check, and one of those soul-thrilling hurrahs, which only those who have heard them can understand, broke from every boat at once, as, with body bent, eye fixed, and every muscle strained to its utmost bearing, the men, now desperate, replied to the cheering voice of our well-tried first lieutenant, as he repeated, in tones of the most determined coolness, "Give way, my lads, for the honour of the old ship give way, before the rascals can get another slap at us."

(To be continued in our next.)

TRAITS OF NELSON'S CREW

AT THE NILE.

ALTHOUGH many accounts have been published regarding the battle of the Nile, yet there are many anecdotes connected with that event which have not been made public. The battle has been accurately described, and the full and well-deserved meed of praise has been awarded to the brave Admiral and his captains. To be enabled to accomplish such a great victory, it is natural to suppose that the crews of each ship were composed of men of true courage and experience; and it is

chiefly to narrate some traits of these brave sailors that this slight sketch is penned by a brother tar.

In the year 1798, the French government had fitted out a powerful expedition, destined for the shores of Egypt, and Earl St. Vincent despatched Admiral Nelson to the Mediterranean in order to watch the movements of the enemy. This squadron consisted of the *Vanguard*, 74; *Orion* and *Alexander*, both 74; the *Caroline*, *Flora*, *Emerald*, and *Terpsichore* frigates, with one sloop, *La Bonne Citoyenne*.

On the 22nd of May, while in the gulf of Lyons a tremendous squall came on, which carried away the *Vanguard's* topmasts, as well as her foremast. During the squall the three line-of-battle ships lost sight of the frigates, and no signals could be either seen or heard, on account of the boisterous weather, which continued throughout the night. The French fleet, which had recently left Toulon, passed within a few leagues of Nelson's squadron unobserved, its escape being therefore mainly attributable to the storm.

The *Vanguard* being in want of repair, Nelson steered for Sardinia, and reached the road of St. Pierre on the 24th, where he expected to receive a friendly reception; but although a neutral, they refused to admit any English ship; but Nelson, in despite of this, anchored in the Road; and by the perseverance and industry of the seamen belonging to the other vessels who gave their assistance most willingly, the *Vanguard* was furnished with a jury foremast, jury main and mizen topmasts, and the bowsprit fished: so that within four days they weighed and put to sea again. Other commanders would probably have put into Naples, or some other friendly port, in order to get their ship properly refitted, but Nelson was so eager to execute his mission that he immediately steered for the appointed rendezvous, and he had the gratification to find that his ship worked and sailed as well as any of the squadron, although she appeared in a crippled state.

On the 5th of June Captain Hardy brought intelligence that Captain Trowbridge was on his way to join him,

with ten sail of the line and a 50-gun ship. The announcement was received with every demonstration of joy by the little squadron, and Nelson declared he was now sufficiently strong to attack any fleet in the Mediterranean that dared to meet him. One day passed in anxious expectation of the promised re-inforcement, but none arrived; intelligence was brought that several Spanish ships, laden with treasure, were within three leagues, but Nelson's resolve was to wait for his re-inforcements, as he was determined not a moment should be lost in endeavouring to find the Toulon fleet: and although the riches of the Indies might be placed within his grasp, he was determined nothing should wean him from his purpose. At length on the 8th of June, the wished-for squadron hove in sight, which was received with a burst of hearty cheers.

No instructions whatever were sent to Admiral Nelson, he was therefore left to act entirely at his own discretion. He felt proud at the trust reposed in him by Earl St. Vincent, and was determined the latter should have no reason to regret the step he had taken. He was, however, quite destitute as to any information regarding the course the enemy had steered; he took a survey of the ships which had just joined him, and loudly expressed his satisfaction at their order, every ship's deck being perfectly clear and ready for action at a moment's notice. The men too had been well exercised at the guns, and there wanted nothing to render the armament complete but the presence of the frigates which had separated during the squall.

Nelson's patience was now exhausted, and he determined to sail for Alexandria, under the hope of falling in with the French fleet; he arrived on the 28th, but to his great disappointment not a French ship was to be seen. His anxiety would not allow him to remain inactive, he bent his course to the northward of Caramania until he came in sight of the Island of Sicily, where, after some opposition, he got a supply of fresh water. Nelson had addressed a letter to Earl St. Vincent, regretting the loss of his frigates, through which circumstance

his chance of gaining tidings of the enemy had been much lessened. "Your Lordship deprived yourself of frigates, to make mine the first squadron in the world, and I feel I have both zeal and activity to do honour to your appointment, and yet to be unsuccessful hurts me most sensibly. But if they are above water I will find them, and if possible bring them to action." Certain information reaching the Admiral, he determined once more to steer for Egypt, and with hearts panting for the meeting, the British set sail. Some of the ships were chiefly manned by crews who had seen much service, others were of a more mixed nature, and many of the seamen had been pressed into the service; but notwithstanding they were novices they did their duty with great steadiness.

There was one young man (Joe Jameson) who had been pressed, and for the first month or two seemed completely overcome with a kind of torpor; he obeyed orders, and did his work without a murmur, but when his turn came to go below, he joined not in the converse of his messmates, but sat abstracted and alone, silent as a statue. Some of the crew thought it was pride which induced him to keep aloof, while others, who possessed more charitable feelings, attributed it to distress of mind. Those men, who expressed themselves so feelingly, had been pressed themselves, and knew the misery of that harsh method of procuring seamen. It appeared that Jameson had been a voyage to India, and having taken out a little venture of his own, had returned with a sufficiency to enable him to contribute in a great measure to the comforts of his aged parents and a much-loved sister. He stepped on shore with a heart gay and contented, he already pictured to himself the delight with which his relatives would receive him, but fate decreed his anticipations of happiness were not to be realised, for he had scarcely been ashore two hours before he was taken by the press gang, and conveyed on board the tender; entreaties were of no avail, he was quickly drafted on board, and it was not until some time after he entered

that he found means to inform his friends of his fate. When his tale became known among his messmates, their conduct was such as became brave and generous men; they gave him every consolation in their power, and after a time his reserve gradually abated, and he became more sociable with the crew. But spite of all his troubles, and the sorrow which seemed to oppress his mind, the moment the first gun was fired all his melancholy vanished, there was not a more active seaman on board the ship, he courted danger, death seemed to have no terrors for him; in the hottest of the fight Jameson was to be found, the gun at which he served was well pointed, and it seemed marked by the enemy's marines, for the men who served it were picked off with most murderous precision, yet Jameson remained unhurt, and although literally covered with blood, he had not received the slightest wound; his blood-stained appearance being occasioned by assisting to remove his dying companions.

(To be continued in our next.)

A FRENCHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE Rev. Cooper Wilyams, Chaplain of the *Swiftsure* records the following circumstance, which displays French volatility in its true light:—

“On the 10th, of August 1798, a square-rigged vessel was discovered in the offing. The *Swiftsure* was ordered by signal to chase; and in the evening we came up with her, and took her. She proved to be the French national corvette *Fortune*, of sixteen guns and seventy men, commanded by Citizen Marchand, Lieutenant de Vaisseau. On board her were several officers, and among the rest a Surgeon on the Staff, who, it seems, had suffered his sense of the dangers and difficulties he was exposed to by the expedition to get the better of his prudence, and had expressed his disapprobation of it with so much acrimony, that the Commander-in-Chief had, by way of pu-

nishment, put him in the corvette bound on a cruise off Damietta. When captured by us, he was ignorant of the event of the battle in Aboukir Bay; but, soon as he was informed of it, and that his brother was killed on board *L'Orient*, his grief knew no bounds. *He threw his snuff-box overboard*, and expressed the most lively sorrow, when suddenly recovering himself, with the observation, *C'est la fortune de la guerre*,” he turned to the spectators and said he would amuse them, and instantly pulled from his pocket a ludicrous figure of a monk, with which he so entertained himself and the company that, in a few minutes, all care for his brother, his country or himself (now a prisoner) seemed forgotten.”—*Voyage up the Mediterranean*, pp. 76, 77.

WRITTEN UNDER THE AUTOGRAPH OF
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE HAND, whose writing traced above
we see,
Long grasped its sword to set the fet-
ter'd free;
And, with a skill intuitive to sway
A kingdom's strength, and form its
firm array,
From victory to victory it led,
Whole nations, armed, with England
at their head;
Nor stayed its course triumphant till
it hurled
From Gallia's throne the Chief that
awed the world,
Whelming with helpless ruin, in that
hour,
The myriad bands that fenced the ty-
rant's power,
And closed its triumphs only to in-
crease
Their pride and worth—by crowning
all with peace!
And lo! THAT HAND, which thus such
glory won,
Could be but thine—IMMORTAL WEL-
LINGTON.



The Death of the Commandant of Sidon.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

AGAINST MEHEMET ALI.

Concluded from page 292.)

THE loss on the allied side was four killed, and twenty-one wounded. The Turks were still more fortunate, having none killed, and only one wounded.

The Commandant of the place, whose defensive measures were evidently faulty, and the cause of its comparatively easy capture, deserves, nevertheless, as a personally brave soldier, his memory to be respected. He was at the head of a large detachment of his troops when they surrendered, and although previously wounded by a bullet, used in vain every means of exhortation and example to prevent their disgrace. He died with two marine bayonets at his breast, fiercely refusing quarter. We can feel for the shame, which must have actuated the conduct of a brave man, at such a moment.

When the usual awards of gallantry, mentioned in the public despatch, became to be considered after the capture, it was found that as respected
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the esteemed point of placing the flag first on the walls, there was more than one applicant for the honour. The Commodore says, "It has come to my knowledge that there was a complete race between Mr. Hunt, midshipman of the *Stromboli*, and Signor Chinca, midshipman of the Austrian frigate *Guerriera*, who should first place the colours in the part of the town they were landed." On this Mr. Pattison Hunter observes; "certainly not wishing to detract from the merits of either of those gentlemen, I still am myself inclined to believe, from the concurrent evidence of several witnesses, that a union-jack flag was previously planted on the same spot by Lieut. Anderson, of the Marines, and subsequently removed by him to a higher portion of the town: a fact which, on being reported by the Captain of his company, did not come to the Commodore's notice until after his despatch had been forwarded. The midshipman, however, for his gallant 'race,' in honour of his country, well deserved the high reward which he subsequently received—that of being created Lieutenant by an order in

council; but Lieut. Anderson, I think, has at least an equal claim for distinction."

The loss of Sidon struck a severe panic into the Mehemet Ali's army, which still hovered in the neighbourhood; and on the 8th of October, it was resolved to follow up the blow; for this purpose an order was issued for the marines to embark on board the ships of the fleet, and a little after sunset, on the same day, they were on board their respective ships. It had been determined by the Admiral to attack Suleiman Pacha, and, if possible, occupy Beyrout. The Commodore, was ordered to co-operate overland, at the head of the main body of Turks.

Suleiman had around him about 6000 troops, including some cavalry; and two other bodies of the enemy additionally defended Beyrout. The one, that of Osmon Pacha, who still occupied the high chain of Lebanon immediately above the town, but had been considerably driven in by the Druse mountaineers, under the new Emir Beschir—the other under Hassan Bey, whose force, however, was not supposed to be above 800 men. The fleet arrived before Beyrout on the evening of the 9th of October. On the same night Suleiman, with his army, evacuated the town. Two thousand of those troops subsequently came to the walls, and surrendered themselves prisoners; and it was found that the enemy, in their precipitate retreat, had left behind the whole of their tent-equipage, with a park of twenty-six mounted field-pieces. Events fell out with the Commodore as unexpectedly as they had done with the Admiral; for whilst with the one the town of Beyrout was evacuated, with the other, on the same day, he found himself a few hundred yards from an opposite body of the enemy, at the head of whom was Ibrahim Pacha. But the issues on both sides, were destined to be equally fortunate.

The Commodore, in unison with the previous scheme of attack, had directed the new Emir Beschir to meet him with a body of mountaineers at a village on the heights of Leba-

non; as it offered a favourable point for rendezvous, and also for subsequent descent into the plains near Beyrout. The place was early occupied by a Turkish battalion; and on the 8th, General Jochmus had advanced with more battalions. The Commodore reached the heights on the morning of the 9th; but there was no appearance of the Emir, although he had promised to be there on the previous day. All eyes were anxiously directed to the route, along which lay the path of the mountain chief; when, towards mid-day, instead of the Emir—behold! a large body of Egyptian soldiers were seen advancing in their direction, who immediately attacked the Turkish outposts. The Commodore was not the man to flinch upon such an alarm. The drum beat cheerily to arms. Half a battalion only were in advance, and another half in the village; the remainder of the Turks were considerably in the rear. The second half battalion he sent to the assistance of the first, and the enemy shortly turned round. Upon examination of the matter, it was seen that the Egyptians had occupied three positions—one after the other—and each higher than the other. Several deserters, who were gained a little while afterwards, stated that Ibrahim Pacha was on the spot, and with him about 2500 troops.

Ascending from Jouni for several miles, you reach the village appointed, for the rendezvous, which is called Cornichovahn, which, from below appears as the summit of the range. The ascent is in an easterly direction, with your back, of course, to the sea. On reaching the village, it is found situate at the termination of a lower line of hills. From that height you look down over the expanse of neighbouring country; first upon the mountainous course of Dog River, and beyond that upon the Cape of Beyrout; the sea at the same time skirting the horizon. Ascending about one hundred yards from the village, you gain more completely the ridge of mountain, and there, at its abrupt termination, is a small convent, from whence the view mentioned is seen to the greatest advantage. Opposite (towards the

north) extends a route leading far along the range of hills: in that direction Ibrahim Pacha approached.

Six battalions and two cannon were united in Cornichovahn, a (battalion composed of previous deserters from the enemy, had come up from Jouni the same day.) The Commodore considered that the Egyptians positions were too strong, to warrant him in an attack from below, unless at the same time a diversion could be made upon their rear. Orders were consequently issued for two battalions from Jouni under Omar Bey, to depart secretly for that purpose during the night. It was expected that the desired manoeuvre, might take place by the 10th, at noon. Intelligence was received in the course of the day, of the Emir Bechir having crossed the Dog River. He was directed to march farther on the rear of the enemy, and there to join with Omar Bey's battalions.

The enemy had posted an advanced piquet on the opposite height overlooking Cornichovahn; and early on the morning of the 10th, General Jochmus was ordered to advance with a battalion against it, in order to reconnoitre the force of the enemy in its vicinity. That intention, although set on foot, was very imperfectly carried into effect.

At 2 p. m., on the 10th, firing was at length heard in the rear of the enemy; and the Commodore, who was in Cornichovahn, directly rode in advance, and ordered the attack. At that moment, by some misunderstanding, never rightly cleared up, the two battalions who had been intended as reserve in the village, moved upon the enemy's opposite piquet, which had been desired to be reconnoitred in the morning. The Commodore, having joined the four battalions which were in advance, with several hundred armed mountaineers, ordered that one of these battalions should move upon the first position of the enemy; and that the mountaineers should at the same time make a détour, and attack it on the left flank. The command of this battalion charged with the onset, was intrusted to Capt. Laué, who was attached to the Commodore's personal

Staff; but at the moment it had commenced its advance in close order along the ridge, General Jochmus, (then a Ferik Pacha, or General of Division in the Turkish service,) came up from the rear, and in right of his rank placed himself at the head.* Very shortly that column lost courage, and instead of ascending the first position in close companies, as had been intended, broke *entirailleur*; when the most advanced sheltered themselves behind some walls and a ruined house, at the base of the enemy's position, firing upwards; and the rest remained stationary in a long line along the ridge, extending for several hundred yards.

Meantime fire was opened on both sides, whilst that of the enemy, extended over the greater portion of the Turks' position. The same instructions which had been given to the first battalion, were now instantly issued to the second, but alike unfruitfully, and only tending to increase the line of stragglers. The third battalion was then sent, and the fourth, but with the same results. Thus had all four battalions been despatched, and hitherto not one soldier had placed his foot on the enemy's position. At this time an officer, who had been despatched to bring up the two reserve battalions in Cornichovahn, returned and informed the Commodore, that they were no longer there. It was a moment of extreme danger, which tested the prompt and sterling qualities of the leader. There were no fresh troops for him to lead on, but only a long quadrupled line of confused soldiery, extending between him and the enemy; men already suffering under a depression similar to that of defeat. Yet the Commodore's conduct was decisive. Advancing with his personal Staff, and further, accompanied by Colonel Hodges, who was there as a spectator, and by Selim Pacha, he by menaces, and example, compelled the readiest soldiers he met, to move along with him; by which means some 300 Turks, were literally

* General Jochmus at that time returned from accompanying the two columns, who made the unauthorised movement towards the enemy's opposite piquet.

driven on to the attack. Wherever one wavered, or was dilatory, he would stone or threaten him; and once in the anger of the moment, at an individual so offending, presented a musket: the piece missed fire, and the next moment was taken out of his hand by Colonel Hodges. Thus was the enemy's first position carried.

With the first few who reached the summit, the Egyptians precipitately fled, and many were taken prisoners; whilst the remainder sheltered themselves in the higher second position. From the latter, however, a galling fire was poured in upon the newly-conquered ground. For some time the party kept under cover behind the rocks, where they were soon reinforced by large numbers of the Turks. The Commodore and officers, then rapidly led the way across the exposed plateau, to the ascent of the second position. One volley only was discharged at the assailants, when the panic of the Egyptians being no longer controllable, a universal déroute took place. Ibrahim Pacha was distinctly seen, escaping on horseback from the second position, attended by several other mounted officers. The Commodore lifted his cap to the Pacha, and received from him an equally polite salutation.

The Turks were now rushing in great numbers, upon the enemy's forsaken ground. The battalion of Egyptian deserters, still wearing the white jacket, were the most valiant in pursuit. On the latter reaching the third position, they saw Omar Bey's troops, who had then only advanced; and mistaking them for a body of the enemy, opened fire from behind a line of breastwork which they found thrown up; the Turks, under an equally mistaken idea that it was the enemy, fired also upon them. Fortunately, the Commodore arrived at the moment, and enlightened both parties; when there ended the firing of that day.

The major portion of the enemy were now fast retreating, inland, over the mountains. Five hundred altogether were taken prisoners. The trophies gained were a camp arm-chair of the Pacha's, (in the second position), and a green Turkish standard, which

had been lost at the battle of Nezib; the latter sufficiently appropriate of the occasion.

The first position was found to have consisted of about 400 men; the second of about 1500; and the third of about 500. The loss on the Turkish side was very inconsiderable.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CHASE.

AN INCIDENT OF AN OLD ADRIATIC
CRUIZER IN THE LAST WAR.

(Continued from page 294.)

IN two minutes more we were alongside; and our tars, infuriated by the slaughter of their comrades, became like enraged tigers, demolished the *cheval-de-frize*, cut through the boarding netting, and carried everything before them. The enemy disputed every inch of the deck, but were ultimately cut down or driven overboard; and a small ensign, belonging to one of the boats (which a midshipman had wrapped round him, in the full persuasion and determination that he should have an opportunity of hoisting it) displayed at the peak, was a signal to those who had unwillingly remained on board the frigate, that British valour had, as usual, been crowned with success, and that their comrades were masters of the brig.

The vessel thus fairly in our possession, the tower began to blaze away at us; which being seen from the ship, the signal was made "to land and storm battery." To effect this, all the seamen who could be spared were placed under the command of the second lieutenant, who was ordered to land to the right, while the marines were sent to disembark about a mile to the left, and the two parties were to effect a junction in rear of the tower, and endeavour to storm it from that point. This manœuvre had the desired effect. The officer commanding, seeing he was likely to be hemmed in, both right and left, while the ship was in the meantime warping in to take him in front, bethought him that "discretion was the

better part of valour," and beat his retreat so very opportunely, that neither the blue jackets nor the marines could bring him to the charge and, upon meeting, the two parties proceeded to the fort, which they found completely deserted, and its late occupiers were seen, and saluted from their own guns, before they got clear of the olive groves to the right. Upon entering the old tower, we found it was furnished with four 12-pounders, and, besides other arms and ammunition, contained twelve barrels of powder, so that it might have made a much better defence than it did. We were just beginning to take measures to spike the guns, and carry off the powder, when a signal from the ship informed us the enemy were approaching in great force, and ordered us to blow up the fort and embark as quickly as possible. To effect this, all the powder was placed in the lower part of the building, the guns dismantled, which, together with their carriages, stores, and every other heavy material we could get, were placed upon it in order to create a greater resistance, and do the work more effectually. These preparations being made and completed as quickly as possible, the seamen were sent down from the hill on which the fort stood to the boats which had been brought to the foot of it. The second-lieutenant and the writer of this alone remained for the purpose of giving the *coup de grace* to the fort. For this purpose we had a sausage or canvass hose, about eight yards long, filled with powder, and a port-fire at the end of it, calculated to burn half a minute, which would have given us ample time to have got clear of the crown of the hill before the explosion should take place.

My companion, who was also my commanding officer, determined on firing the train himself. When everything, therefore, was in perfect readiness, I moved off towards the brow of the hill, expecting the second-lieutenant would immediately follow me, as he had nothing to do but apply the match, which he had already lighted in his hand. Just before beginning to descend, I turned to see

if he was near me, and at that instant a most awful explosion took place by which I was knocked down, and rendered completely senseless. On partially recovering from the stupor occasioned by this dreadful fall, I found myself covered with blood, and most severely bruised and lacerated. With regaining my senses came a confused recollection of my companion, tower, blowing up, &c.; and, on looking towards where the old fort had stood, not a vestige of it was remaining, so completely had the work of demolition been accomplished. I crawled towards the spot with a fearful apprehension for the fate of my comrade, which was too truly verified, for I found him lying on his face, bathed in blood, as I was myself, but, alas! without my power of moving. He was dead: every vestige of life had fled. The concussion had been so violent, that every blood-vessel in his body appeared to have burst. I managed to get again to the brow of the hill, within hail of the boats; and, having got some of the men up, the body of my late companion was carried to the beach, and we had just time to shove off, and get clear out of reach of musketry, when the enemy made his appearance in overwhelming force on the heights we had just quitted. In sorrow and sadness we pulled off to the ship, which had in the meantime stood out with our hard-earned and dearly-bought prize in tow. She had cost us some gallant spirits, and had made sad havoc among one of the finest and bravest crews our Navy ever boasted.

Among the numerous instances of gallantry on that day was one of heroic courage and coolness on the part of a foretop-man that deserves to be noticed. While pulling up to the attack, and when the murderous fire, to which I have before alluded assailed us, he was struck by grape, which smashed and shattered his left arm so dreadfully that it was left dangling by a piece of the skin, which alone prevented it from dropping off. With the utmost *sang froid*, he laid the mutilated arm on the gunwale of the boat, and, drawing his cutlass, severed the useless limb from his body. He was one of the first on

board the enemy; but, before any of us had leisure to think of him, his gallant spirit had fled for ever. He bled to death, and was found on the deck of the brig, where he had jumped on board, with the lanyard of his cutlass between his teeth, while using his right arm for mounting the vessel's side.

After hoisting the boats in, we made sail with our prize; and at six the same evening, the hands were turned up for Funeral Service, when more than one heroic spirit was consigned to the watery deep. Among them was our late gallant second lieutenant, one of the most promising young officers in the Service, who, had he lived, would have won for himself never-fading laurels.

There is something most peculiarly impressive and sad in the Burial Service at sea. The corpse, sewed up in a hammock, in which is put several very heavy shot, as well to secure its sinking as to prevent its afterwards rising, is laid upon a grating, covered with the union jack, which serves for a pall. The grating is placed just upon a balance at the lee gangway, and two quartermasters, one on each side, stand ready to give it a launch. As the Chaplain proceeds with the service, a death-like silence is preserved, which, when he comes to the words "We commit his body to the deep," is broken by the last cold plunge. A seaman's corpse has found a seaman's grave, and all is over.

As we moved slowly and silently from the gangway, where we had seen the remains of our departed messmate committed to the briny waves, the most unthinking and giddy among us was forcibly impressed with the awful truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

When we met at mess that evening, one was wanting. The light-hearted, the merry, the gallant F., the life and soul of the mess, had departed: and it was long ere the day of the Church and the Chase was forgotten.

TRAITS OF NELSON'S CREW

AT THE NILE.

Continued from page 296.

THERE was also an elderly man, who seemed a great favourite among the crew; Matthew Barlow (or "charitable Mat" as he was termed) had befriended a poor lad whom he found wandering in the streets of Portsmouth, and had got him a berth on board. The circumstances of the case were nearly as follows:—

This ship had just put into Portsmouth for repair, she having carried away her mizenmast while clawing off a lee-shore. Mat had then been at sea about five years, and had acquired such a thorough knowledge of the duties of a seaman, added to extreme attention to his work, that he was held up as an example to the rest of the crew. He had served on deck, and in the tops; but at the helm he was without a rival, and his knowledge of the English Channel was so perfect, that he acquired the cognomen of the "Coasting Pilot." Mat was never at a loss: in fogs, snows, or dark nights, he would bring his ship safely to anchor. He had become a great favourite with the officers on board, and the master would often call him to the wheel when he was not otherwise employed. His captain often questioned him on nautical affairs, and finding his answers were such as became a man of experience, he resolved that his good qualities should not pass unnoticed. He therefore interested himself in his behalf, and in the course of time had him rated as master's mate. In this capacity he gave ample satisfaction; and from the sound judgment he displayed on all occasions, Mat was looked upon as one of the ablest seamen on board, and was often left to act according to his own judgment with little or no restraint.

Mat Barlow had leave of absence for a fortnight. It was seven o'clock, p.m., when he went ashore, and as he had been absent full two years, he made up his mind to take a cruise through the town. During his stay at one of the small inns, a poor

little boy, barefooted and miserably clad, entered and solicited charity.

"We have nothing to give," bawled the landlady in an angry tone. "We want no beggars here."

"Avast, avast, missus," cried Mat, "Let's have none of that lingo here; you are not obliged to sail so close-hauled, seeing that the wind an't so much a head of you. Come here my little cock-boat, and let's overhaul your log-book. What's your name, eh? Where did you come from? Where's your father and mother?"

"I have no father,—no mother," sighed the little fellow.

"No father or mother!" exclaimed Mat. "How do you mean?"

"They are both dead."

"Aye, that's a pretty good reason, sure enough. And what was your father?"

"He was a sailor, sir; but one squally night fell overboard and was drowned."

"And your mother?"

"Died of a broken heart," replied the boy.

"Poor soul! poor soul!" ejaculated Mat. "Here my lad, here's a shilling for you; go and get some victuals, and get home."

"Ah, sir, I have no home!" sighed the little trembler.

"No home! d—n it, that's hard lines though!" exclaimed Mat. "And can't you work to get some clothes on your back?"

"Willingly," replied the boy, "if I could get employment."

"Come, that's good," said Mat. "I like to hear you are willing to work. Eh, missus, what do you think?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Maggs, "we have them here by dozens with the same story; but I don't believe a word of it."

"You may be right, missus," said Mat; but there's a something about this poor lad that tells me that he is bent on sailing on the right course if he can only get his anchor a-trip."

As he spoke, his eyes met those of the poor boy, who anxiously watched for the moment that was to decide his fate.

"I'll try you," said Mat. "Here, my lad, as you say you are willing to

work, I'll see if something can't be done for you. Here's a guinea, go across the street to that shop and get yourself a pair of shoes and stockings, and bring me the change."

The boy took the money, and darted out of the house in an instant.

"Why he's off as sharp as a shot from a twelve-pounder?" exclaimed Mat.

"Yes," added Mrs. Maggs; "and I don't think you'll see him again in a hurry. I wonder you could be so silly as to trust an urchin like that with such a sum of money."

"Why as to that, missus," remarked Mat, "you've got no reason to veer away so much of your lingo as all that: the money is mine, and I have a right to send it afloat in what way I think best."

At this moment the sound of several voices was heard in the street, and above the rest that of a Jew salesman, exclaiming: "I don't believe a word of it; bring him along, bring him along." Mat and Mrs. Maggs were at a loss to guess the reason of the disturbance, but were shortly relieved from their suspense by the entrance of the Jew dragging in the poor boy, aided by the constable.

"Now den, you young rascals," said the Jew, "point out de gentlemans vat vas give you de guinea."

The boy immediately pointed to Matthew.

"Dere's an impudent varlet to stick to de lie in dis manner."

"Why, what's the matter with you, old Cent. per cent.? What has the boy done that he is to be overhauled in this manner?" inquired Mat.

"Vy, mishter shailor, he vas stole a guinea, vat he vanted to pass for a pair of shoes and stockings at my shop, but I'm an honest man, and so vas my fader afore me, and I won't wink at such ways, and ven I taxed him with stealing it, he said it was given to him."

"Well; and so it was, old Moses in the bulrushes," replied Mat. "I gave him the money, and I am glad to find he has turned out to be an honest lad."

"Vell, mishter shailor, I only thought he might be a thief."

"There, stop your lingo," cried Mat; "give me the change and the shoes and stockings, you old second-hand swab, and then slip your cables."

Whereon the Jew did as he was bid, and departed with the constable.

"Now, Mrs. Maggs," said Mat, as he cast a significant glance at the landlady, "who was the best judge, you or I? He's an honest lad, and he shan't want a friend as long as Mat Barlow can carry a guinea in his pocket."

The landlady acknowledged she had been deceived; and, finding that Mat had determined to befriend the boy, interest dictated to her that she must be civil to him, and she therefore undertook to see all his wants supplied. At the desire of Mat Barlow, the boy had a good supper and a good bed. Mat was a careful fellow; and, fearing the boy might neglect to put out the light safely, went gently up stairs. He had not ascended above half-way before he heard a voice speaking in low murmurs. He drew nearer, and listened: the boy, was praying—"And oh, Divine Maker! may happiness wait upon that good man who has snatched me from want and wretchedness?"

"He's praying for me?" ejaculated Mat. "He's a grateful lad, and deserves my support: and, if I don't stick to him through life, I'll be——"

"Amen!" was the concluding sentence of the boy's prayer, and Mat's last words were lost by it.

Mat had made up his mind to serve the boy, and next morning he bent his way to the water-side. His ship lay near the middle of the harbour water: she was moored fore and aft. Mat leaned against the postern, and seemed lost in thought, while he feasted his eyes on his beloved ship. The boat was seen making for the Point, and the captain came on shore. One of the first objects that struck him was Mat Barlow, absorbed in deep thought.

"Heyday, Matthew!" said the captain, "you seem in a brown study. What's afloat now?"

"Please your honour," said Mat,

"I an't afloat at all, for I'm quite aground."

"What's the matter?" said the captain: "are your pockets shoaled?"

"No, please your honour," replied Mat; "I an't in want of shot; but I met with a strange adventure last night, and I'm rather puzzled how to shape my course. Please your honour, I've got a boy!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the captain, in surprise. "I didn't know you were married."

"No more I an't, your honour; only, you see, I got this boy by accident,—that is to say, I *didn't* get him,—but I— But, if your honour will only listen a moment, I'll make a short cut of it."

Mat then related the whole history of the past night's adventure; at the conclusion of which the captain said,—

"Matthew Barlow it does you credit, and shows you are as well versed in the duties of humanity as in the duties of a ship. What do you mean to make of the boy?—a mariner?"

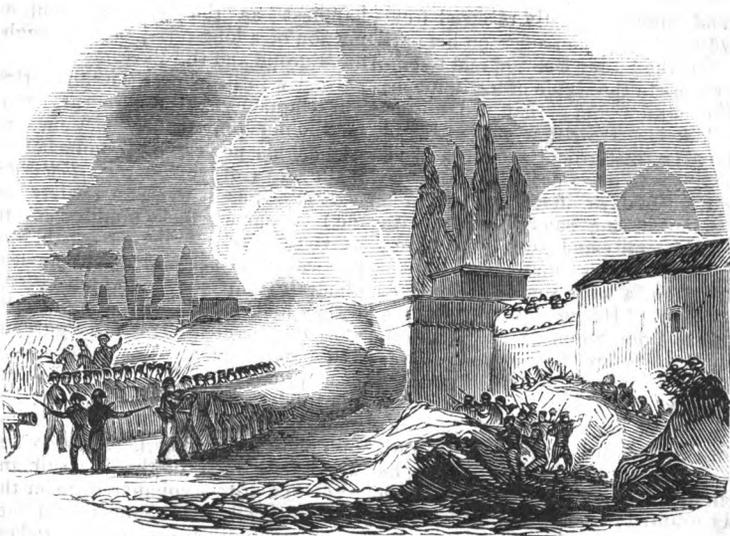
"Why, yes, your honour," replied Mat, "if your honour will allow me to take him in tow."

"Well, Matthew, you are a credit to the Service," said the captain, "and I am always willing to encourage those whose good conduct entitle them to favour. Bring the boy on board, and we'll see what can be done with him."

"Thank your honour!" cried Mat; "Thank your honour a thousand times! I'll be off to my quarters and get the boy ready, and trice up all his new rigging, and be aboard in the springing of a luff tackle."

So saying, Matthew made his best bow to the captain, and steered right away for the Green Dragon. Mat soon got the boy in a fit state to go on board; and the captain, being pleased with his appearance, consented without hesitation to receive him.

(To be continued in our next.)



Battle of Calat-Meidan.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

AGAINST MEHEMET ALI.

(Continued from page 300.)

THE taking of Sidon and victory of Cornichovahn, added to the fame of the active commander, was enough to terrify the Egyptian levies from again attempting to make a stand against the Commodore; indeed this "forward merriment," as Sir Charles called it, appears to have been fraught with the best consequences to the cause, for within a short period we shall see every portion of the Syrian coast, hitherto unconquered, from Arabia Petrea to Asia Minor, wrested from the hands of the Egyptians. At the same time, its effects on the enemy in the interior were alike injurious. Ibrahim had lost the spell hitherto attached to his name—he could no longer be considered by his soldiery as personally invincible: he had been attacked and routed by nearly an equal number of men, and those composed solely of *Turks*, whom he ever affected most to despise. The consequences, also, of his divided and

weak scheme of defence, still farther embarrassed him at that moment. The flower and bulk of his army, were far away in the Passes of the Taurus, and he was surrounded only by men driven in by defeat from the coast. The large interior towns, from whence he drew his principal provisions and supplies, required now the additional assistance of his troops to prevent their rebellion. Damascus, Homs, and Aleppo, at once showed signs of open revolt. At this moment, also, he was forsaken by his former firmest adherent—the old Emir Beschir: who had watched with a cautious eye the influx of evil fortune, and at the moment when the scale turned, saved himself by enrolling himself in the ranks of the opponents. Ibrahim, little less shrewd than the Emir, had for a long time seen symptoms of this defection. Spies were at that time placed round the person of the Emir, to watch his correspondence; and put him out of the way at the proper time, if intentions of defection were made evident. But the old man was too crafty thus to be entrapped; and the talents, which had often before supported his unjust master, were

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with equal effect employed against him in personal defence.

The Admiral secretly received from the Emir Beschir, an offer on his part to join the Sultan's cause, and to employ therein the whole of his influence on condition only that the former would give a written guarantee of safety for his property and person. This was at once accorded, and the Emir, a few days afterwards appeared at Sidon, having safely brought with him his family and suite; moreover, what was of more importance in his estimation, a large sum in money and in jewels. He was conveyed in a steamer from Sidon to the Admiral, who was before Beyrout, and was brought on board the Flag-ship (Oct. 14.) As the result of his interview with the Commander-in-Chief, he was shortly afterwards sent to Malta, with his property and family: where he desired an honourable asylum, which was granted; as he was forbidden to remain longer in Syria, a legitimate successor having previously been appointed.

For the life-like description of the proceedings before Acre, we shall again considerably trespass on the lively and well written narrative of Mr. Pattison Hunter; the following sketch of the internal economy of a Turkish line of battle-ship, being that bearing the flag of Walker Bey, the Turkish Admiral, is so admirably penned that we cannot resist transcribing it: the writer is on board the vessel he describes sailing towards the renowned fortified Town of Acre to take part in the operations, we are shortly about to narrate.

"We are at sea with the squadron, bound for St. Jean d'Acre. I had the honour at the time to be on a visit with Walker Bey, in his flag-ship. The occupants of the cabin included, besides the Bey and his Secretary, Mr. Walton, Selim Pacha, Captain Laue, (of the Prussian Artillery,) and myself. It may be pardoned me if I dwell with more than ordinary lengthiness, upon the few incidents which presented themselves on board previous to the battle; for I look back to my visit with unmixed interest, affording me, as it did, from the very kind disposition of

our host and the great event which we all became participators in, as well the happiest as the most momentous portion of a long pilgrimage throughout Europe and the East.

First we will inspect the ship. Her Turkish name I will not repeat, lest it tax too much my reader's patience, as well as his powers of pronunciation. "The days of yore," (*la félicité des jours passés*, as it was first rendered to me,) a name which would seem to prove the Turks to be as capable of poetical retrospection, as others less obdurate and more enlightened. As if they looked back with a sigh to the storied times ere yet the fairy gardens and palaces of the Bosphorous, had been profaned by the armed heel of the Infidel. Ere yet the western seaman dared to brave the monster-cannon of the *Dardanelles*; whilst Asia was the garden of the Mussulman; when her armies conquered under the banner of their Prophet; and her navies annually swept up the richest freights of the Mediterranean. Whether or not such a fancy dictated the name, the vessel which bore it was a fit emblem of Turkey in her fallen condition—patched up, old, lumbering, and leaky; none, in fact, but a most daring sailor would have risked himself to sea in her for any time. She was then almost the only line-of battle ship actually in possession of the Sultan; every one which had been considered fit for service having previously been brought forward, and carried into Egypt, by the treachery of the Capitan Pacha. She was found by Walker Bey, lying in the old docks of Yanegney, in the Marmora, where, being considered unseaworthy, she had been suffered to remain dismantled for many years. At the late crisis of affairs the latter officer had her repaired and refitted, and in a very few weeks, with a crew gathered from the rabble of Constantinople, she appeared off Beyrout.

"As to the crew—such a motley, strange-looking set, never met human eye before, so narrowly congregated together. The Eastern traveller, who has seen Stamboul the medley of strange figures and costumes, to be met with amongst the lowest orders in the populous quarters of that city,

alone can comprehend the spectacle. Emaciated queer-looking Turks—ice-sellers—sponge-sellers—spice-sellers—*et genus omne* of that order; or with such, to the amount of 800 and upwards, had the ship in a few days been manned. Besides these, were perhaps, another hundred of more robust build and of fiercer appearance, who, it is to be presumed, had previously been *kaijjees* (boatmen), or country villagers. But not more than twenty, of the whole complement, had served in a ship before. How can I describe things below decks! Coming, as I did, from an English flag-ship, where everything is clean and in the perfection of order; where the healthy and stalwart crew have their 'mess-tables,' their 'kits,' and their 'hammock,' the contrast to the present spectacle was, of course, rendered more striking. Heaps were squatting and lolling in every direction—some smoking, some eating, some quarrelling, and some (not a few) engaged upon a process of desirable extirpation, which * * *

"But we will examine what of organization it had been possible to introduce amongst this ship's company. A few essential points only had been aimed at by Walker Bey. The crew were divided into the several watches maintained in the English service; so that there was always a known and regular relief of duty. Next, in the most important evolutions, as tacking, wearing, shortening and making sail, certain stations and duties had been taught and assigned to particular portions of the crew, who thus knew, without confusion, their required place upon hearing any of those orders given. As regarded the fighting part of the business—their lessons had been solely confined to working and manœuvring the guns; 'small arm men,' 'boarders,' and the rest of the *finer accomplishments*, it would appear they had never been troubled with. The abundant washing of every deck in the ship, at a fixed early hour in the morning, was the principal internal regulation enjoined. With these few duties to be performed, they were wisely left, in other particulars, to do as they were wont.

"What I have described, is the main and lower-deck (the latter particularly). In the Admiral's cabin, on the poop, and on the quarter-deck, a scene of as much order and propriety was beheld as on board a British man-of-war. Walker Bey had too long been celebrated as the Commander of the finest and smartest ship in the British Navy, (the *Vanguard*), to be able, it would seem, even to exist on board, unless everything that met his eye, at least, was ship-shape.

"The two days in which we were approaching Acre, afforded me so much pleasurable employment, as not to allow for a moment of gloomy sentiments intruding themselves. I then had the pleasure of forming an acquaintanceship with Capt. Laué, a circumstance destined afterwards to afford me no small degree of satisfaction. That gallant soldier, a veteran in the former wars of Europe, did me the honour of studying with me the Admiral's plans of Acre and its roadstead. The happy impressment with which he weighed the whole scheme of attack—the defences of the enemy—and the dangers and probabilities on either side, could not fail to impart a degree of the same ardour and interest he so fully experienced. On the other hand, there was sufficient in the proceedings of the ship to occupy attention. Preparations for the approaching conflict were everywhere observable. The cabins on the maindeck were cleared away, so as to afford an open space from stem to stern. The brass railings and pillars which, with a view of ornament, had been placed on the poop and quarter-deck, were, necessarily replaced with rope. This was done in order to avoid the dangerous splinters which would have occurred, had they been struck with shot; but the proceeding occasioned much amazement to the Turks—ever improvident. The leisure hours of the crew were devoted to other, and what they considered more important, preparations—the ordeal to be gone through previous to admission into the society of the *Houris*, whom they seemed firmly to believe they had every chance of visiting within a short period. Several Dervishes being on board, the men were tutored by them

in a long list of prayers yet in arrears. Throughout the lower decks this was universal. Between every gun, fore and aft, groups of Turks were assembled on their knees—their faces towards the East—their eyes closed—their lips rapidly moving—and, at intervals, prostrating themselves, breast and bellies, on the deck.

“Admiral Walker’s lot in the ship, was the only feature which might occasion sadness. On him the care of this strange crew devolved; on him at that moment, the dread issues to be feared with such a mass in action. Had the ship even to be put about, it was necessary for him to be on deck, or probably the manœuvre would not have been executed safely. It was seldom, the vessel being at sea, he considered his duty would allow him to take his clothes off!—This, for an officer, generally regarded as amongst the most distinguished in our Naval Service!!”

(To be continued in our next.)

TRAITS OF NELSON’S CREWS AT THE NILE.

(Concluded from page 304.)

THE boy, who was now a youth of about sixteen years of age, was one of the most active in the ship; and his good conduct, strengthened by the knowledge that he was a *protege* of Mat Barlow, gained him the goodwill of all on board. A fleet which could boast of having such men as these among her crews, must stand unrivalled; and, much to the credit of the British seamen, it is well known that both French and Spaniards, who had the misfortune to be made prisoners, always preferred falling into the hands of the English, on account of the good treatment they experienced.

On the 1st of August the *Pharos*, of *Alexandria*, appeared in sight, and at noon they made for the harbour; and to the great joy of the squadron, the French fleet was discovered at anchor in the bay of Aboukir, ranged in line of battle. Admiral Nelson hauled his

wind, which was immediately imitated by the rest of the squadron. The wind was at this juncture blowing a top-gallant breeze at N.N.W.

The Admiral made the signal to prepare for battle, according to the plans which he had previously arranged, and of which each Commander was aware; for he had frequently had them on board the *Van-guard*, and explained to them the various dispositions he intended to make, as circumstances might be. Little time was therefore lost in giving them to understand that he meant to keep on the outside of the enemy’s line, and endeavour to station his ship’s on the outer bow, and others on the outer-quarter, of their ships, as far as circumstances would allow.

This plan had once been tried (though unsuccessfully) by Lord Hood: but Nelson deemed it practicable in this instance, and did not hesitate to give the credit due to his old commander. Captain Berry was so enraptured with the plan, that he exclaimed, in a transport of joy,—

“What will the world say of us if we succeed?”

“There is no if in the case,” rejoined Nelson. “We must—we shall succeed: though it is difficult to say who will live to relate the story.”

The position of the enemy presented the most formidable obstacles; but Nelson did not waver an instant. It immediately occurred to him, that if there was room for an enemy’s ship to swing, there must be room for his ships to anchor. His mind was made up: he was determined to conquer, or perish in the attempt: and, as a proof of his determination, he went into action with no less than six flags flying in different parts of the rigging saying that he considered it would be impossible to carry them all away by random shots, while to strike them was out of the question. The *Goliath* and *Zealous* had the honour to lead and receive the first fire from the enemy’s van, as well as from the batteries and gun-boats with which they were strengthened. This gave the French great advantages, as they served their artillery with great skill: and to the superiority of which may.

be attributed the greater part of their land victories. But in this instance they had to deal with men whose obstinate courage would not be checked by powder or shot. And the enemy were surprised to find that none of our ships condescended to return the compliment, the men being busily employed aloft in furling sails, while the rest were tending the braces and making ready for anchoring. A French brig endeavoured to decoy the fleet towards a shoal: but Nelson, suspecting something, did not swallow the bait. The moment all was ready, the *Vanguard* opened a most tremendous fire, which covered the advance of those in her rear. All the British ships anchored by the stern, by which means the whole line became inverted.

The *Goliath*, Captain Foley, having outsailed the *Zealous*, kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of the water would allow; but his anchor drifted, and having opened his fire, he found himself alongside the *Conquerant* before it was clear, but he shot away her mast in less than ten minutes—a compliment which he had intended for the *Guerrier*, had not this obstruction occurred.

The brave Captain Trowbridge, in the *Culloden* although sounding as he proceeded, suddenly found himself aground: this was in a great measure owing to the darkness which was then rapidly increasing. And although the *Leander* and the *Mutine* brig-of-war came to his assistance, their united exertions could not get him off; and he had the severe mortification of witnessing the action, without the power of joining in it. This ship, however, had the good effect of warning the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander* of the danger, who would otherwise have gone much farther on the reef, and would probably have been lost. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of *L'Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from her fire; but she at length got clear and engaged the *Heureux*, receiving at the same time the fire of the *Tonnant*. The *Undaunted*, Capt. Darby, had the boldness to drop her stern anchor on the starboard-bow of *L'Orient*, of 120 guns,

commanded by Admiral Brueys. She sustained the fight with unexampled courage, against an enemy whose weight of metal was at least seven to three her superior, until her lights had gone overboard, nearly 200 of her crew killed and wounded, and all her masts and cables shot away; and she was met by Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, drifting out of the line towards the bay. Captain Hallowell immediately occupied the station from which she had drifted, and Captain Ball, in the *Alexander*, coming up at the same time, kept up a severe fire on the *Franklin* and *L'Orient*, until the *Leander*, Captain Thompson, who intended to anchor athwart-hawse of *L'Orient*, finding there was not room to pass between the two, took his station athwart-hawse of the *Franklin*, in such a position as to enable him to rake both at the same time. It is impossible to award sufficient praise to the skill and judgment with which this effective manœuvre was accomplished. About this time, the brave Captain Westcott received his death wound;—after exhorting his first lieutenant to fight the ship, as long as she would float, breathed his last.

All was now in total darkness, except the occasional flashes of light caused by the incessant firing of the hostile fleets. Before half-past eight in the evening, *Le Guerrier* was dismantled; and soon after, *Le Conquerant*, *Le Spartiate*, *L'Aquilon*, and *Le Souverain Peuple*, shared the same fate.

During the heat of the battle, Admiral Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot; he staggered and would have fallen had not Captain Berry caught him in his arms. Consternation filled every breast, while even Nelson himself conceived the wound to be mortal, he was carried down below instantly; a large piece of the skull hung over his remaining eye, and thus reduced him to a state of temporary blindness. One of the surgeons instantly came to attend him: but he absolutely refused to let him examine his wounds. "No," said he, "I will take my turn with my brave companions." So certain was he that he had received his death wound, that he was attended by his

chaplain, by whom he sent his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson, personally thanked Captain Louis for his exertions in the *Minotaur* during the time the *Vanguard* was engaged with a superior force, and appointed Captain Hardy to the command of the *Vanguard*. But when the surgeon examined the wound, and declared it to be superficial, the joy of the crew was excessive, each had forgotten his own sufferings, and seemed only to be anxious for the safety of his beloved commander. Nelson acknowledged that it was impossible to express the gratitude he felt at the devoted affection of his crew. A cry being raised on deck that *L'Orient* was on fire, Nelson, who had been left alone, found his way on deck unassisted, and to the astonishment of the crew appeared in the midst of them, giving orders that the boats should be sent to the assistance of the enemy. The fire on board *L'Orient* was now raging with terrific fury. But the brave Brueys, the Admiral, would not quit his ship, or strike his flag. He had received three desperate wounds in the early part of the battle, but would not be persuaded to quit the deck. His captain fell dead by his side, while receiving orders, which Brueys continued to give with amazing firmness, until he was nearly cut in two by a cannon ball. The expected explosion rendered it necessary for the other ships to keep aloof, and she shortly blew up; the whole hemisphere seemed convulsed, and every ship was shaken by the terrific explosion; a death-like silence followed and both parties seemed to have forgotten their hostile fury. The *Franklin*, however, which now bore the Commodore (*Blanquet*), resumed the fight until victory declared in favour of the British. It was more deserving the name of a conquest than a victory; for out of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken, and two burnt; of the four frigates, one was sunk, and the other deserted by the crew, who set her on fire.

Part of the mainmast of *L'Orient* happening to fall into the possession of Captain Hallowell, he ordered a handsome coffin to be made of it which

he sent to Admiral Nelson, with the following letter:—

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin, made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, that when you have finished your brilliant career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

This present, although of a strange nature, was received by Nelson in a true spirit of friendship; and to show that he had no fears of meeting his last hour, he had it placed upright in his cabin; but at the entreaties of his old servant and many of his friends, he had it stowed out of sight, with strict orders that it might be taken care of for the purpose intended.

The *Victory* was now complete; but could the Admiral have obtained a few frigates, or have availed himself of the powerful assistance of Captain Trowbridge, who had so unfortunately got ashore, he would have destroyed all the store-ships and transports in the port of Alexandria; and in his despatches he complained loudly of this misfortune. "Were I to die at this moment," said he, "want of frigates would be found stamped on my heart." Nelson, however, achieved a victory which eclipsed all others: rewards and honours were heaped upon him from all quarters; his officers were promoted, and his brave seamen were not forgotten.

A LIGHT DRAGOON AND A FOOT SOLDIER'S POSITION CONTESTED.

I AM induced to think that the change from home service to real campaigning is much more striking, as well as far more difficult to master, in the case of the light-horseman, than in that of the infantry soldier. The infantry soldier finds himself, it is true, deprived, when he takes the field, of his comfortable barrack-room; while his provisions, instead of being served out daily, and by measure, may fall short,

from time to time, or utterly disappear. Then, again, he mounts guard—not over a stout brick building, which nobody dreams of assailing—but in the open fields, where all his wits must be about him, in order to prevent an active enemy from passing his line, cutting himself and his picquet off, and bringing ruin on the army. In every other respect, however, his life is pretty much what it ever was. He must keep his arms and accoutrements clean, himself tidy, attend parades, perform marches, and fight battles as often as to his own leader, or to the leader of the adverse hosts, a battle may be desirable. But, except in the matter of fighting, he must do all this at home likewise; and if his bed be often the wet ground, and his canopy the lowering sky, why there is no help for it; he must make the most of them. The light horseman, on the contrary, has not only his own wants, but those of his charger, to attend to; and the difference to the horse in the sort of life, which on service he is required to lead, is infinitely greater than the difference to his rider—supposing both to have been reared in England. In Portugal, for example, we had Indian corn served out as forage, which our horses would not taste, and which we could not get them to taste till we tried the experiment of soaking: moreover, we had to seek the litter where we could find it, to cut for them green meat, and train them to sleep picketed and in the open air, under which not a few broke down; and to bestow upon them in general a much larger portion of our care, than we had ever been taught, in the process of home duty, to consider requisite. In like manner, it was new to us to go on picquet, and to sit on horses as videttes, for two hours on a stretch. It was equally new to our horses to have their saddles and housings fastened on for twenty-four hours together, and to receive their food with the bits hanging at their chests, and everything prepared for action at a moment's notice. I do not mean to say, that where men's feelings or imaginations are interested, all this is not very delightful; on the contrary, there springs up between

the rider and his horse, a companionship, to which there is no parallel in any one of the many varied connexions which human life in its progress enables us to form; and such companionship is always pleasant, whether the cord binds us to a brute, or to our fellow-man. But some imagination is requisite in order to carry us into this train of feeling: and hence you invariably find, that in the light cavalry, at least, your imaginative people make the best soldier. Moreover, as the light cavalry are always employed, wherever the nature of the country will allow, at outposts, both men and horses are forced to acquire habits of vigilance, such as, to be rightly understood, must have been both witnessed and experienced. The cavalry soldier sleeps, like his charger, with one eye and one ear always open. Both must be quick to perceive the first flash of a carbine, or the first blast of the trumpet; and both must be in a condition to take their places in the ranks within a minute or two after the alarm is given.

Then again, patrolling, which is an especial duty, puts the mettle both of men and horses to the test. You must move forward as if you had a hundred eyes; you must be cool and collected, and prepared for every conceivable adventure. Neither hedges nor ditches must offer insuperable obstacles to your progress, whether you be required to take ground to the front or rear; and you must be quite as ready and as willing to gallop off, when to convey intelligence is your business, as to fight with carbine or sword, where you are desired to delay an enemy's progress. In a word, both the light dragoon and his horse are called upon, as soon as they take their station in the front of an army, to acquire, as if by intuition, new ideas on every subject; for except in the formation of column or line, and the art of breaking up into order of march, and closing into squadrons again, the home drill—at least in 1809 and 1810—had not taught us much of our real duty.

The light horseman who lays himself out to become a useful member of

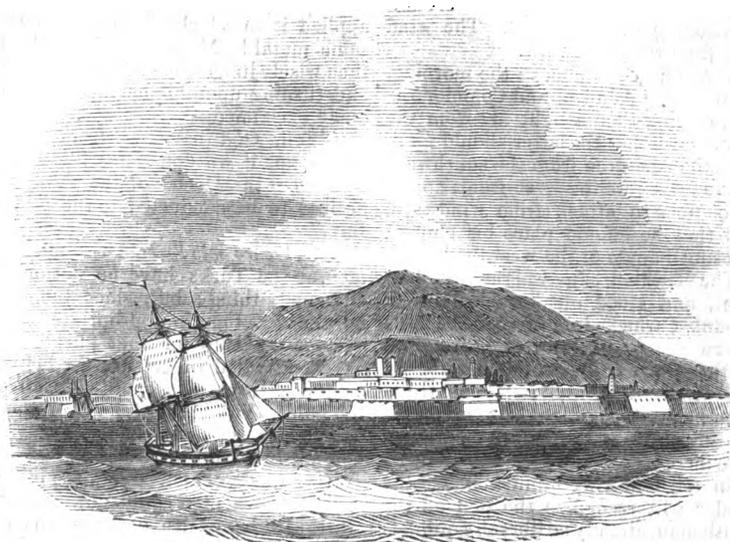
his profession is sure to succeed. He will first of all devote himself to his horse; and then his horse, as if grateful for the kindness shown, will do for him in return innumerable services. Thus, during a night march, when the dragoon, overcome by fatigue, drops asleep, the faithful animal will slacken his pace, or sway from side to side, in order to prevent his master from falling. In like manner, if they be passing in the dark through broken and dangerous ground, the horse will often refuse to obey either spur or rein; his superior instinct directing him to avoid the perils, into which the ignorance or over-anxiety of his master was about to hurry them. Moreover, the horse knows his master's voice; it eats out of his palm, lowers its head for the well-known caress, and licks his hand like a dog in acknowledgement. And when it comes to this, let not the light dragoon be afraid to trust his charger in every thing. If they be the attacking party, his horse will carry him bravely on; if it be necessary to fly, there is no fence which he will refuse, or which, unless it actually exceed his physical powers to surmount, he will not by some means either overleap or scramble through.

I was always fond of a good horse; and no sooner became aware of the necessity for exertion that was imposed upon me, than I gave up my undivided care and attention to the noble animal which I rode. He was young, but full of spirit; and though like the rest he soon fell away in flesh, I had the happiness to see, from the condition of his coat, and the spirit and alacrity which on all occasions characterised him, that his health was excellent; there was plenty of muscle and bone in him, with a fair portion of blood; so that, set us to what work they would, I always got well through it. It was not so with many of my comrades: not a few of whom seemed to regard their horses as incumbrances, always except at the moment when the use of the horse was most felt, and when, of course, theirs, in nine cases out of ten, failed them. Let me not, however, be understood as applying this reproof to a majority, nor indeed to any large

number of the men of the 11th; on the contrary, it was only among the drunkards and other bad characters that this difference to the animal, on whose efficiency their own depended displayed itself; and such men place them in what situation you might would have been sure to disgrace themselves. Still, I think that there were few who took so much pains with their horses as I did, and that I lost nothing by this superior knowledge in grooming, which this fondness for my own beast gave me.

"LOOK ALOFT."

In the tempest of life, when the wave
and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footstep
should fail;
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy
caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm and be fear-
less of heart.
If the friend who embraced in prosper-
ity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear
for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows,
like clouds are array'd,
"Look aloft," to the friendship which
never shall fade.
Should the visions which hope spreads
in light to thine eye,
Like the tint of the rainbow, but
brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of re-
pentant regret,
"Look aloft," to the sun which is
never to set.
Should they who are dearest, the love
of thy heart,
The friend of thy bosom, in sorrow
depart—
"Look aloft," from the darkness and
dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever to
bloom.
And oh! when death comes, in wild
terrors to cast,
His fears on the future, his pale on
the past—
In that moment of darkness, with
home in thy heart,
And a smile in thy eye, "Look aloft
and depart."



Acre, with Mount Carmel in the distance.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA,

AGAINST MEHEMET ALI.

(Continued from page 306.)

WE now come to the crowning achievement of the war, the capture of Acre; a fortress which had defied Napoleon in the pride of his success. The squadron of Commodore Napier, accompanied by the Turkish Admiral, and the Austrian frigates arrived off Acre on the 2nd of November. The four war-steamers, which had arrived there the day before, were employed at intervals throwing shell from long ranges into the fortress, and had been similarly engaged throughout that day and a part of the previous night. The enemy had returned fire from their mortar at those vessels, but hitherto ineffectually. The *Pique* and *Talbot* frigates, and *Wasp* brig, (having come up from Soor and Sidon,) were then in the offing. Towards sunset the whole of the squadron arrived: the wind, during the few previous hours, had increased from the northward. Line-of-battle ships anchored, well out; frigates and small craft kept under weigh.

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A council of war was held the same night, at which it was determined that the bombardment of the fortress should take place on the morrow, and at as early an hour as the wind would permit of the squadron approaching the batteries. The Commodore was to lead in the van of the squadron to the attack. The English Admiral determined to embark in one of the steamers, as he believed he could from thence better direct by signal the further movement of the ships. Admiral Walker (who had the choice of his position) determined to place his ship at the south-eastern or inland angle of the south line of battery, as offering the best point for effecting a breach*. The *Edinburgh* was chosen to assist him in that latter service. It would appear that the above were the only naval arrangements concluded at that council. The respective Chiefs, Captains, and Commanders, of the Allied squadron, were furnished with a map of the soundings of the Bay, drawn out from

* Admiral Walker was induced to choose that point from having remarked that a portion of the wall there was dilapidated and under repair.

a previous survey of the shoals by Capt. Boxer of the *Pique*, and Capt. Codrington of the *Tabot*. The wind was from the northward.

It was agreed upon, in the morning, between the Admiral and Commodore, there being then a light air from the southward, that the latter should go in with the squadron from the southward to the attack of the west front, so as, of course, to attack from windward, and that he should place his ship at the south angle of the west line*.

The Turkish ship weighed at daylight, and stood out to the point of Mount Carmel, in order to be able afterwards to bear up to her station on the southern line. Soon, however, the wind lulled, and it fell nearly a calm; but what light air remained continued from the before-mentioned quarter.

In the following minute sketch the reader will recognize the pen of the gentleman, already so liberally quoted:

"In the course of the forenoon, Mr. Walton was directed by Admiral Walker to go round the ship, and to report to him her state of preparation for action. I accompanied the latter officer in his inspection. We first proceeded to the powder magazine. Woollen screens, as is usual, were placed round the passages, where sparks might have been communicated during the serving out of the powder: but, beyond that external precaution, no other measures had been thought necessary to avoid the numerous dangers of ignition during action. As to a well, by which the magazines of other ships can be sunk if necessary, it was a precaution amongst Turks not perhaps to be expected; but farther than this I was not prepared to see the fatalism of the nation carried. In the first place, the old Turk who had the principal charge of the powder department, when he brought us to the door of the maga-

* In order to understand the different details of the attack, it will be merely necessary to bear in mind, that the fortress presents at its sea-face two lines of defence; and it will be sufficiently correct if we suppose these two lines to describe a right angle, which looks west and south to the sea. A shoal of considerable length extends before the western line, commencing at its sea-

zine, coolly produced from his pocket an iron key, and, to our horror, roughly applied it to a lock which was of the same metal! My friend Mr. Walton, then wisely judged he had seen enough, and turning upon his heel, conscientiously exclaimed—

"Well, God save us from being blown up, if we don't sink!"

We met the Doctor of the ship, and desired to be conducted to the "Sick Bay."

"Ah! *caro mio!*" said the medical man, "the Turks have no notion of any such thing; but, since the Admiral ordered me to appropriate some part of the ship for that purpose, I have succeeded in getting my instruments laid out in a small portion of the hold. Yet, Signor," he continued, "the place smells so badly, I advise you not to go down."

Here was a comfortable piece of intelligence,—a man could not, consistently with his health, enter, when hale and sound, a place where, perhaps half an hour afterwards, he might have to be carried with a leg or an arm off! It must needs be seen. We descended through a series of holes and dark passages, whilst at every step the heat and confined odour became more and more oppressive. At length we reached a small stow-place, in the bow of the ship, just above her keel. Its dimensions might have been twenty feet in length, by fifteen in width. It was lit by several large ship lanterns; and mattresses, on casks and tubs, covered it in every direction. The heat and confined air was such as to cause the breathing to be most oppressive; and the place having previously been fumigated with ammonia and chloride of lime, rendered its surcharged atmosphere still more painful. Huge sponges, a large bottle of ammonia, a number of tourniquets, and several bright glancing knives, were displayed on a small table appropriated to the Doctor. Such was the Turkish "cock-pit."

On our way again to the upper decks, groping and stumbling along the dark passages which conducted from the locality just described, I saw several individuals together in another small store, dimly lit, and, prompted by curiosity, at once entered. I found

there the several Dervishes of the ship, with truly most woe-begotten visages. Their Chief was lying on his back on the floor, having thus cunningly, as he thought, got as far under the surface of the water as possible, whilst his teeth were chattering, and his eyes rolling, in the most singular and extraordinary manner.

When we were standing-in towards the batteries, the Admiral sent down his Dragoman, to enquire, from the Gunnery Lieutenant, whether the men were all at quarters, and everything ready at the guns. The Dragoman returned, after some little time, and informed him that the main-deck guns were not yet cast loose.

"Send the Lieutenant here instantly," said the Admiral.

After some delay, that officer made his appearance. I should premise that the latter spoke English very well, having been brought up in our Service; but that in the conduct of his duty, he was almost on all occasions remiss and negligent. As, however, he was the only Turk in the ship who spoke English, he had in several minor instances been pardoned, with many exhortations. On the present occasion, being taxed with disobedience, he replied sulkily, and alleged some very foolish excuse. Admiral Walker at once turned to Osman Captain, who was standing beside him, and, through his Dragoman, ordered him to take from the man's neck his decoration in diamonds (the insignia of his rank,) and to place him in strict arrest. The good-natured Osman hesitated, and looked astonished, discrediting, it would seem, his ears—for the ship was almost under the guns of the enemy. But the Chief's stern eye at once was fixed upon him; and, rushing towards the condemned Lieutenant, he seized the decoration, and hurried him below. This was one of several lessons which the Turks experienced, of the temper and decision of their Frank Bey; and whom, although I believe they all sincerely loved, they did not the less heartily fear.

To resume again the story of general proceedings.

The rest of the squadron did not get under weigh from the offing, until

about seven bells in the forenoon watch (half-past eleven). Every ship then stood out to the southward, towards Mount Carmel. The sea-breeze was just setting in again from the northward. This was unexpected as the wind before, in the morning, had been throughout light from the southward, and that wind, it was thought would have increased and prevailed during the day. Under this idea, it had been determined to go in from the south to the attack of the west front; and, as regarded the south line, to approach that also in the same manner.

The ships at first made but little progress. At noon, the wind had increased to a light steady breeze, and, shortly afterwards, drew round still more to the northward. At about one o'clock, signal was made by the Commodore for the squadron to tack. The ships performed that evolution readily and with precision; and, from hence-forward, the squadron in approaching the batteries formed more and more in order of battle.

The war-steamers began throwing shell immediately that the squadron were standing-in to the fortress; but, from some unforeseen accidents, connected with the fuses, at least one-third burst before they reached their destination. The unprecedentedly bad shelling at this moment is the more extraordinary, when compared with the good service which had been rendered in the same department by the steamers in other operations on the coast.*

The Commodore was now standing-to

* The heavy guns used in Her Majesty's steam-vessels, are said to be admirably adapted for coast operations, as regards the precision of their fire, and their great length of range. But it is also generally observed, that a decided improvement is requisite in the structure and composition of the metal fuzes at present supplied, to insure their burning uniformly. Mr. Turner's method of preventing fuze composition from loosening by concussion, was tried by the *Benbow* and *Edinburgh* at Beyrout, and found perfectly to answer. However, in the *Nydra's* shell practice, at long distances, the wooden fuzes, or those generally used with mortars, were principally employed, and found to be very sure,—that is, with a charge of not more than 8 lbs. to 68-pounders, a large charge seeming to loosen or blow them out.

with the ships, on the larboard tack, in the west front of the fortress, when he signalled "*intend attacking north batteries*," and immediately hauled up more to the northward. The Commodore's general explanation of this alteration in the plan of attack (instead of attacking the south angle) was, that the change of wind from the southward incapacitated him from following out the original determination. That the wind, which drew from the northward, induced him to alter his course; and, having weathered the opposite end of the shoal, to bear up to the other extreme of the west front, the *Powerful* leading for the attack. It had previously been determined, when the wind was from the southward, that the leading ship, *Powerful*, having anchored, the *Princess Charlotte* should pass outside of her, the others passing and anchoring in succession,—a manœuvre obvious, with ships attacking a long line of battery.

The *Powerful* now approached from the north extremity of the west front; the *Princess Charlotte*, *Bellerophon*, *Thunderer*, and *Pique*, following. The *Powerful* came to about midway along the west line. The other ships took up their positions astern of her. (The *Revenge*, which had been kept as a reserve ship, was some time afterwards, ordered by the Admiral to station herself ahead of the *Commodore*.)

(To be continued in our next.)

CASTES IN THE ARMY.

THE army of France, before the Revolution, was composed of two distinct classes,—the soldiers, who were doomed to deserve everything and to obtain nothing; and the officers, who were called to fill the higher ranks without doing anything to deserve that distinction. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side,—the rich having the pleasure, and the poor, the inconveniences, that result from them. This sentiment is admirably illustrated by Goldsmith in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, by the fable of the giant and the dwarf:—

A giant and a dwarf made a bargain, that they would never forsake each other but proceed to seek adventures. After several combats, in which the allies were victorious, the giant had become rich from the booty he had acquired but the dwarf had lost an arm, a leg, and an eye; while the giant, who was without a single wound, cried out to him—

"Come on, my little hero! this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever."

"No," cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser,—"no; I declare off, I'll fight no more; for I find in every battle, that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

The British army has always been composed of two classes,—rich and poor; and it is deemed most imperative that the line should be very strictly drawn between the officer and the soldier. Commissioned officers serve under laws of a much more lenient character than those which regulate the conduct of non-commissioned officers and soldiers. They are tried by a differently constituted court,—by their peers, in fact. They receive honours, emoluments and rewards, which the laws and usages of military service scarcely permit a common soldier to entertain a hope of ever enjoying. This distinction of classes appears to be an inseparable consequence of an army raised by voluntary enlistment, more especially when the ranks are partly filled with men who have been condemned to become soldiers in consequence of their reputed vices, thereby converting a regiment into an ambulatory bride-well. Under the regulations which then existed in the army, there was no encouragement for provident men to enlist,—men whose talents, virtues, and attainments, qualified them for the rank of commissioned officers. "In proportion," says Foy, "that a numerous preferment of non-commissioned officers is good and useful in an army entirely recruited by military conscription, it is improper in an army raised from the dregs of the population."

MILITARY RETRIBUTION.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 9th of December, 1813, the inhabitants of the little town of St. Jean de Luz were roused from their sleep by the drums beating to arms, and the merry bugles of the Light Infantry sounding "the assembly" in the streets. All now was bustle and military preparation, which, to an inexperienced eye, might seem to partake of considerable confusion, as the soldiers of the different corps were seen hurrying to their respective parades.

In about three-quarters of an hour our rolls were called, three days rations served out, and the first division on its march towards the outposts. As soon as the different corps had taken up their ground, the attack was commenced by the whole of the light troops. But it is not my intention to give an account of the operations of the Army during the first day of the passage of the Nive, but to confine myself to the events that occurred to the Light Infantry company to which I belonged. After a sharp but successful skirmish over about four miles of country, we were stopped by a large force of French, posted behind an embankment. Just at this moment, a young Staff-Officer rode down on a fine well-fed horse, with a white flowing plume in his hat, and ordered me instantly to cease firing. I listened to him with infinite surprise, looking at the same time with the greatest admiration at the neatness of his dress and general appearance; my unfortunate regimentals being considerably the worse for wear, and my nether garments nearly in rags and much patched. But not feeling the same respect for his military talents that I did for his spruce turn-out, I positively refused to obey his orders. Nevertheless, he rode down my line of skirmishers and stopped their fire. One blast, however, from my bugles set the company at work again; and then, much to my delight, I saw him ride on to the next light company, commanded by Captain Burnet, where I well knew he would meet his match—for a better soldier or a funnier fellow you will not meet with "on a summer's

day." What passed between them I know not, but the result was that Burnet continued his fire.

Our Staff friend, finding that he could make nothing of us, rode up to Col. Alexander, and the following conversation took place between them:—

"Pray, sir, do you command the light companies in the road?"

"Certainly," replied Alexander.

"Well, then, sir, I have ordered the two officers there to cease firing, and they will not obey one word that I say to them."

"Of course they did not," said Alexander, "and they were quite right."

"Right!" replied the Staff man; "why, sir, they are firing upon our Fifth Division!"

This, Col. Alexander knew to be nonsense, and he replied—

"I do not care who we are firing at: they have been firing at us for the last three hours, and I do not care a d—n who they are!"

The Staff-Officer rode off. Very shortly after he was gone, I heard the bugles in the rear sounding the advance, and I repeated it upon mine; but still the company did not move. The fact was, that it was very difficult to do so, for in our front was a strong quickset hedge, which was no trifling obstacle to tired soldiers, with knapsacks on their backs and three days' rations in their havresacks; and the fire from the enemy at this moment was very severe. Col. Alexander galloped down to know why his orders were not obeyed; but his quick military eye instantly saw the difficulty as well as the remedy, and he ordered me to get through a hedge on my left with the left subdivision, and carry a house from which we had been considerably galled. With some difficulty I forced myself through, cheerfully followed by the men, who gave a good British cheer, and the house was soon in our possession, with very trifling loss on our part. The Fifth Division was now seen steadily advancing over the crest of the hill. This settled the business, and the French fled down the Bayonne road.

It may readily be conceived that, after a long skirmish over an inclosed

country, a light company is not quite in such good order as when it started, and our pursuit now very much resembled a pack of fox-hounds running into a fox after a long run. One fine young soldier, of the name of Holmes, outstripped the rest of the company with the speed of a greyhound, and dashed by himself into the rear of the retreating French. A scuffle and two or three shots had taken place before we reached him, when we found him, panting for breath, with one French soldier in his grasp, whom he had knocked down with the butt of his musket, and two others lying dead at his feet: one of these he had bayoneted, and the head of the other was blown to atoms. Poor Holmes was himself badly wounded in the knee three days afterwards. I was standing by him when he received his wound, and upon my saying that I hoped he was not badly hurt, he replied, "Yes, Sir, I am, very; but I do not care: I have just shot three officers." I have no doubt in my own mind but that this was perfectly true: he was one of the best shots in the company; and the French were so near that their officers were easily distinguished. I believe that Holmes is still living on his pension, with his family, in Staffordshire.

But to return to the Bayonne Road. A few minutes after Holmes had been sent to the rear with his prisoner, much against his will, we passed some wounded French lying by the road-side; one of whom raised himself on his elbow, and said, in English, "Is there no d—d Light Bob here who will give me a drink of water?" A man of the name of Jones, who had been many years in the company, looked him hard in the face, and then without a moment's hesitation, drove his bayonet through him, saying, "Give you a drink of water; you shall have my bayonet, Mr. Evans!" This, of course, appeared to Colonel Alexander, who was out of hearing, to be a savage act of wanton cruelty towards a poor helpless French soldier. He rode up, burning with indignation, and said, "You scoundrel, what do you mean by bayoneting a wounded man?" It was well for Jones

that his answer was prompt and Alexander's sword in the scabbard, or he might have felt the edge of it. "This man," replied he, "is Evans, sir, who deserted from this company the night before the battle of Corunna!" This proved to be the case. Evans lived for two days in our hospital, and was fully identified. It is but justice to say that I verily believe, had the like appeal been made to Jones by a French soldier, he would have given him the last drop of water in his canteen; and it may be as well to mention, for the benefit of those who are not military, and who may, therefore, feel a little queamish at such summary justice as that which Jones administered with his bayonet, that Evans would equally have died without his assistance. His thigh was dreadfully shattered by a musket-shot, and too high up to admit of amputation. The enemy retired into the intrenched camp in front of Bayonne, and thus ended our skirmish.

In the evening reports were spread that the 1st Division and Lord Aylmer's Brigade were to return to their former quarters, the 1st Division to St. Jean de Luz and its neighbourhood, and Lord Aylmer's Brigade to its cantonments higher up the river. But this report seemed so improbable, because it was evident that Soult would make every effort the next day to oblige the Duke to recross the Nive with the right of his army, that Alexander actually betted ten guineas that we should not move to the rear.

About dusk we were delighted by the sight of Jem Hughes (Alexander's batman) coming down the road with the piquet canteen on his shoulders. Jem was employed unpacking it in a cow-shed, which we had promoted to be our dining room, when I observed him stop short in his proceedings, and saw plainly by his countenance that something was wrong. I trembled for our supper; but one comfort was, that there lay the beef and the four snipes which we had killed a few days before, on the banks of the Bidassoa. "Confound the fellow, (thought I,) he has forgotten the cigars and the grog bottle!" But my anxiety was

soon relieved. "If you please, sir," said Jem, "I have left the candles behind; but I can easily make one while the beef is boiling." Now both Alexander and myself entertained the highest respect for Jem's ingenuity, but we thought that this effort of genius was beyond even his powers of contrivance. He, however, proved as good as his word. By the time that the beef was boiled, and the snipes grilled, Jem produced his candle, and not a bad one either. He had twisted some dry rushes together, and saturated them with grease, which afforded us plenty of light to eat our supper by. As soon as we had discussed the good things before us, and had smoked our cigars, and finished a comfortable tumbler of grog, we repaired to the company fire. It was a fine starlight night, and we had just curled ourselves up in our cloaks, with the prospect of a good snooze after all our fatigues, when the rascally bugles were heard sounding the assembly, and in a short time we were retracing our steps towards St. Jean de Luz, leaving the 5th Division to take charge of the outposts. Our night-march, and the subsequent operations of the army, are to be found in the pages of *The Subaltern*.

I know no sight more affecting than that of a military hospital after a general action. There lies a gallant soldier, who, a few hours before had stood by your side in the full enjoyment of health and youthful vigour, now a poor mutilated wretch on his death-bed, with the cold drops of perspiration standing on his brow, and occasionally may be heard a suppressed groan, wrung from him by intense suffering. He has, however, the proud consciousness of having done his duty by his country as a brave and faithful soldier, and dies respected and regretted by his comrades.

Far different are the feelings of that miserable renegade to his country, Evans. Writhing in mortal agony, with his French Voltigeur uniform by his bed-side, he has no one to pity him! He knows that he is regarded with abhorrence and contempt by all

his fellow-sufferers in that melancholy room. Even the hospital orderly, in giving him the necessary medicines, turns from him with disgust. You will often see a rough but kind-hearted soldier, seated for hours by the bed-side of a wounded comrade, administering to his wants, smoothing his pillow, and tending him with all the gentleness and affection of a woman.

A soldier's life is a merry and a happy one; but such scenes as these will force deep reflection, and graver thoughts, even upon the most light-hearted.

THE ARMY IN 1777.

Those who know the army in its present condition can have but a faint idea of the privations and discomfort which a soldier had formerly to endure—their daily pay during the American war being about sixpence three farthings; and, as alleged, it was the usage of the service for them to obtain their necessaries through the Quarter-master and Sergeants, at an extortionate rate, and of inferior value. When the men were billeted on the inhabitants, in most cases they were wretchedly lodged "often in open, tiled garrets with an unglazed window, or in dismal vaults fit only for pigs." Incredible as it may appear, there was an Irish regiment in which, when stationed at Perth, the men were under stoppages that left them only threepence half-penny a day. Their common breakfast was a halfpenny roll and a half-penny-worth of Suffolk cheese.

Hunger impelled the men to commit depredations, which were frequently followed by unwarrantable punishments. "It was no uncommon thing to see six or even ten of these unfortunate wretches suffer from one hundred to five hundred lashes each." At length a circumstance occurred which put an end to these public inhuman and disgusting exhibitions, but not to the private punishments. "A soldier, who had a wife and four chil-

dren, stole a few potatoes from a field. He was tried, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. It so happened that seven men were brought out for punishment the same evening that the man in question was to be punished, and several of them were tied up before this man. Some of them cried out terribly, which greatly roused the feelings of the multitude. When it came to his turn, he bore part of his punishment, with considerable fortitude, but afterwards his cries were loud and piercing. His poor wife, who had lingered in the neighbourhood in the hope of getting some remission of his sentence, could restrain herself no longer. Setting down her child, she rushed into the square, and laid hold of the drummer's hand. She was seized, and dragged forth screaming. This was the signal for the washerwomen, who, backed by the multitude, broke through the line, and liberated the prisoners. Most of the officers escaped unhurt: not so the Adjutant, for he was laid on his belly, in which position he was held by some scores of vigorous hands, till he got a handsome flogging on the bare posteriors, in the presence of thousands, inflicted with an energy that would remain imprinted on his memory till the day of his death.—*Penny's Traditions of Perth.*

THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

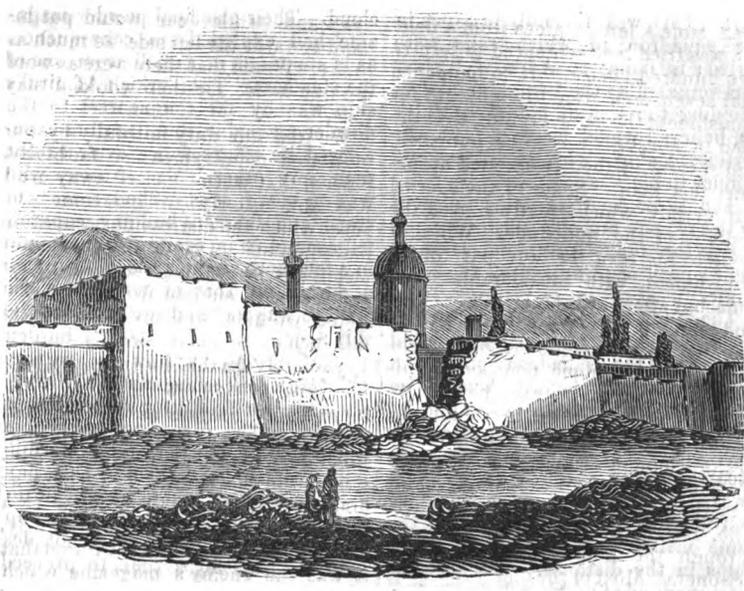
The following is from the journal of an eye witness, who served in the Peninsular Campaigns:—One pair of wretches I particularly remember, an Irishman and a Frenchman, who travelled in the same car, both of whom had lost their legs—not partially, but entirely—and who yet ceased not to abuse and revile one another from morning till night, it was melancholy to hear them railing, in their respective tongues, and threatening one another in a manner strikingly characteristic of the two nations. Paddy doubled his fist from time to time, and shook it at Jean

Crapeaud, while Jean would put his hand towards his left side, as much as to say, "Would that there were a sword in mine hand, for then would I lay thee."

We did our duty faithfully by our mutilated countrymen: so faithfully, indeed, that weeks passed away ere I was able utterly to overcome the effect which the distressing occupation had upon me. I could neither eat nor sleep, for everything seemed to be tainted with effluvia from these cankered wounds, and my dreams were all such as to make sleep a burden. Fortunately for us, however, we were not long condemned to the torture; for war must be fed for ever with new victims, and we turned our backs upon those already smitten, on the morning after we had met them. Our next stage was Elvas, where, in a beautiful olive plantation, we formed our camp; and beyond which we were not destined at least for a time, to proceed. Moreover as if fate had determined to console us in some sort for the distressing rencontre of the preceding day, we met this morning, while on the march, about 500 French prisoners; who, under an escort of Portuguese were proceeding to the dépôt at Lisbon, and ultimately to the hulks. Poor fellows, we pitied them too; for the Portuguese ceased not to insult and abuse them—flourishing their swords over the captives, heads, and heaping all manner of abusive epithets upon them. Beyond this, however, they did not venture to go, because by this time English discipline, was in some measure established in the Portuguese army; and English discipline, as well as English feeling, sanctions no act of cruelty towards a discomfited foeman.

WAR WITH AMERICA.

A pleasant announcement appears in a Liverpool paper. A packet-ship from America has brought to England 2447 hides and 10 casks of shoe-pegs. The war, therefore, between the two countries has begun, as the Yankees, are not only "pegging" into us, but "leathering" us.



The Breach in the Land-wall.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

AGAINST MEHEMET ALI.

(Continued from page 316.)

WHEN the Commodore made his signal, "Intend attacking north battery," Capt. Stewart, of the *Benbow*, who was then abreast of the sea-angle between the two lines, made signal, "Shall I attack south battery?" (instead of following the Commodore,) and was immediately responded to with permission by the Admiral (from the *Phoenix*). This prompt conduct by Capt. Stewart is looked upon, in the Navy, with the greatest admiration; as tending to prevent any momentary confusion which might have arisen, and being the means of bringing the rest of the squadron more readily into action. The *Benbow* bore up, followed by the *Edinburgh*, *Castor*, *Carysfort*, *Talbot*, *Hazard*, and *Wasp*. The *Castor* frigate was then astern of the *Benbow*, but, being the faster sailer, soon got a-head of the line-of-battle ship, and further in towards the batteries. Capt. Stewart then made signal to Capt. Collier, of the *Castor*,

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"Pray amuse enemy whilst I anchor." The *Castor* took up her position within about 400 yards of the batteries, in the most gallant manner possible.*

Capt. Boxer, of the *Pique*, who had previously served as Midshipman at Acre, under the revered Sir Sydney Smith, and who had latterly surveyed the Bay, along with Capt. Codrington, of the *Talbot*, now went on board several of the ships, and piloted them into their positions.

Meanwhile, the Turkish ship stood in to her originally-designed position, at the east end of the southern battery, but being in advance, was compelled to heave all aback, waiting until the other line-of-battle ships came up; it being necessary they should all occupy their berths relatively, the one to the other. The anchor was let go when within 500 yards of the fortress, and not more than seven inches water under her keel. The hands were then sent aloft to furl sails; a duty which was performed with alacrity and cool-

* All the other British ships averaged from about 800 to 1000 yards distance from the batteries.

ness. This was the only instance in the squadron in which sails were furled: in doing so Admiral Walker was actuated by the twofold motive of avoiding the risk of hot shot, which he believed would be fired from the fortress, and of giving steadiness and temper to his Turkish crew.

The three Austrian ships followed in the rear of those vessels extending along the south front, and took up their positions opposite the sea-angle.

The four war-steamers were then at the angle between the two lines. And thus, was the squadron placed, in order of battle, before Acre.—The time, a little after two o'clock; p.m.

The *Castor*, who was then ahead, and inside of us, opened fire with great gallantry, and was at once answered by the cannon of the batteries. Our fire also opened, and nearly at the same instant was heard that of the ships in the distance. The singular hissing sound of passing shot, was now whistling around us in all directions. Many of the enemy's shot were seen to fall short in the water, and as many heard to pass over and above us. The *Castor*, who maintained her fire in the most splendid style, had already been struck several times, and evidently had attracted (as was her design) a more than ordinary portion of the enemy's attention. After about five minutes, the line-of-battle ships being well engaged, she moved out to a further distance of 150 yards. Soon observation was confounded by the continuous roar of cannon, and by the masses of smoke, which, in many-piled wreaths, began to envelop as well the ships as the fortress. When the smoke, at short intervals, cleared away, we got a glimpse of one or more of the embrasures, but, for the most part, the only object seen to mark their locality, was the blaze of lurid fire issuing from the pieces at the moment of discharge.

During the second hour the din seemed, if possible, to have increased. Thus affairs continued until a little after four p.m., when the east end of the fortress was, for a moment, in a blaze of light, in the next was enveloped in a dense and impenetrable

cloud. Their principal powder-magazine had exploded—in consequence, as is supposed, of a shell from one of the steamers. The Turkish Admiral's ship was by far the nearest to the powder-magazine, and therefore experienced its effects to a greater extent than any other. Mr. Hunter, who was on board, says, "Shell, masses of stone, and debris of building material, fell around us in every direction; and in a few more seconds the vast volume of dark cloud that overshadowed the fortress was wafted directly across the ship:—

. . . The thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood . . .

It suddenly became as the blackest night, and the sulphureous odour and small dust, caused great pain and constriction in the chest. The Turks at first were much appalled, but after a little exhortation continued steady. The joyful news soon went round that it was the enemy's magazine which had exploded, and, almost amidst the darkness, firing again commenced with renewed vigour. The enemy, after the lapse of a minute or two, were also again at their guns.

"The shades of evening were now approaching, and the immense body of thick cloud which hung around the squadron, and through which was seen the red disc of the declining sun, deprived of its force, rendered the hour apparently much later than it really was. Not until the orb was sinking below the horizon, did the English Admiral make the signal, "Cease firing," and the ships proceeded to obey it, one after another, as it became visible to them. The enemy for half an hour previously had greatly slackened their fire, and at that time, I should think there was not more than a dozen of their guns directed against the squadron.

"It was found that our particular loss had been five killed and two wounded. The whole loss sustained was very trivial; in all twenty-two killed and forty-four wounded. The only officer killed, was the much-respected Lieut. Le Mesurier, of the *Talbot*. A shell burst on the quarter-deck of the *Edinburgh* before she

anchored, wounding four of her officers, and killing several of the crew. The *Powerful* had her maintop-mast wounded, the Turkish flag-ship her main-mast, the *Edinburgh* her mizen-mast, the *Castor* her bowsprit, the *Hazard* her mizen-mast, the *Wasp* her fore-mast.*

"Honest Osman Captain, that night, was allowed to enjoy his glass of wine after dinner without hinderance, even Selim Pacha overcoming his scruples in the joy of the occasion. The morrow was looked forward to as promising another hard day's work, and all were gay and happy, contented with present good fortune.

"Admiral Walker, in the course of the evening, personally sounded for a passage by which his ship might approach nearer the batteries. The English Admiral ordered the *Edinburgh* and *Benbow* to prepare to warp closer in, so as to be able to effect, along with the Turkish ship, a breach in the walls. A reward of promotion and money was offered throughout the Turkish ship to any of the crew who would go on shore, and after nightfall enter the fortress in disguise, in order to ascertain its condition and the state of the garrison. The offer was accepted by two men, but the boat which subsequently attempted to land them declared there were too many troops in the vicinity to allow of the men being disembarked with safety.

"At about half past two on the following morning, voices were heard stoutly hailing our ship from the

* "Some have asserted," says Mr. Hunter, whose account of the action we are now quoting; "the enemy previously pointed their guns at several buoys which were laid down the night before, for the squadron to go in by, fancying that those buoys were intended to mark the stations of the ships. For myself, I am not inclined to give credit to this surmise—when it is remembered that they had such an intelligent officer as the Polish Engineer Colonel, Shultz, at their head. That a good deal of their fire was ill-directed, will hardly alone account for the little damage which the squadron suffered. In our own instance such was the varied direction of the shot, that Admiral Walker more than once remarked, 'if this ship had been a fathom or two either way she must have sunk. We were indebted to a kind Providence,'"

nearest portion of the fortress, and a boat proceeding to the spot brought off two individuals—a colonel and the captain of the port—who communicated that the Egyptian troops struck with the greatest panic from the effect of the late bombardment, were at that moment evacuating the place. Upon this intelligence, Admiral Walker despatched a platoon of soldiers to secure the neighbouring entrepote gate, and with a promise of reward to those amongst them who should proclaim throughout the streets, in the name of the Sultan, that all who laid down their arms would receive a free pardon. He next sent Mr. Walton to communicate the news to the English Admiral, who perfectly approved of the proceedings adopted. It will be seen, from a portion of Admiral Walker's private despatch to Constantinople, how highly the latter officer appreciated at that moment the energetic assistance afforded him by his Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick, who throughout distinguished himself on all occasions of service. Selim Pacha landed at the earliest dawn with the 300 Turkish soldiers which were on board.

"We must pass over the scenes of slaughter which presented themselves along the ramparts throughout, the town, and near the locality of the explosion. It was one of those spectacles truly designated as "the horrors of war." The captain's object was that of examining the actual condition of the batteries, after the bombardment; and, as such a fact is important, I shall at once proceed to the result. We counted about 100 cannon defending the two sea-faces. Of their hundred embrasures *seventy-six* had been more or less struck, *twenty-four* of which were rendered utterly ineffective for the working of the guns. Proof of the enfilading fire was not less evident, *thirteen* of those cannon having been thus shattered. In several instances the *breach buttons* of the guns had been shot off. Of sixteen 13 inch mortars *four* were injured.

"Many traverses had been laid along the lines, and most of the

embrasures and approaches were additionally strengthened with gabions. Small magazines were everywhere distributed, and beside every gun were abundance of destructive missiles, particularly of chain and bar shot.

"At the angle between the two lines was a large mortar bastion, upon which, besides five 13-inch mortars, were mounted seven long 24-pounders. It appeared that two of the steamers' shell burst in the midst of that battery, and had the effect of chasing every man from his gun.

"The explosion occurred in a portion of the fortress farthest from the sea, and did not, consequently, in any way injure the portion of the defences against which the fire of the squadron was directed. It threw down a large portion of the wall of the principal inner fosse on the opposite or land side.*

"We quitted the fortress, and proceeded across the plain in a northerly direction. Following the course of the aqueduct towards the mountains, the bloated dead still strewed our path. At the same time we met troops of mountaineers gaily advancing towards Acre, having been employed in driving back the soldiers who had attempted to escape. At the nearest village the country people were busily employed in burying the slain, a fierce attack having been made upon them during the past night by the Druses. Here an Egyptian soldier, lying under a wall, with his leg sadly shattered, demanded of us, in touching tones, to procure him a drink of water,—“Moy! moy! maēt ana!” (Water! water! I die!) It was with great difficulty we persuaded the country people to assist him; and at length only succeeded by force in getting him carried into the hospital of the fortress. On our return to Acre, we found several thousand Egyptian prisoners collected outside the walls.”

I shall make a few quotations from the official despatches relating to the

* A large number of camels and other animals had been placed behind the most inland portion of the works, but were nearly all killed or maimed by the effect of the explosion.

action which I have been describing; and first, from that of Admiral Walker, of which I have been favoured with a copy.

Extract from the private despatch of Rear-Admiral Walker Bey to Said Pacha, High Admiral of the Ottoman Empire:—

“Ottoman ship-of-war, *Mookad-aimay-i-hire*,
Of Acre, Nov. 5th, 1840.

“It would be presumption in me to point out to your Highness the gallantry, zeal, and ability evinced by the distinguished Chiefs of the Allied Forces, Admiral the Honourable Sir Robert Stopford, and Rear-Admiral Baron de Bandeira, on this occasion; their deeds must, therefore, speak for themselves; but I cannot refrain from informing your Highness how much I feel indebted to His Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick of Austria, for the handsome manner in which he so promptly rendered assistance, when I was under the impression that the troops we had landed in the town were likely to be overpowered. I had no sooner applied to him for aid than he was on shore, at the head of his men, accompanied by Colonel de Cher Sityitoni, (who has on all occasions shown the greatest zeal,) marching to the citadel.

“I am greatly indebted to Lieut. General Selim Pacha, who was on board this ship during the action, and who set a noble example to those around. His conduct, when we gained possession of the town, deserves great praise, for it was mainly owing to his judicious arrangements that the public stores and provisions, as well as the military chest, said to contain two millions of piastres, remained untouched.

“I need not point out to your Highness that Commodore Napier, the captains, officers, and ships' companies of the Allied squadron, behaved most nobly.

“To Osman Captain, the officers, and crew of this ship, my best thanks are due; all acquitted themselves bravely, and their cool conduct after the explosion deserves great credit; for being to seaward, and only six hundred yards from the Magazine and

Arsenal when it blew up, this ship was for several minutes enveloped in utter darkness, and it was with great difficulty we could breathe.

"I beg to recommend to your Highness Mr. Charles I. Walton, Mate of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, who has for some time acted as my Aide-de-Camp, and who, upon the present occasion, behaved gallantly, and rendered important services. May I, therefore, hope that you will cause a request to be made to the British Government for his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant.*

"I enclose, for the information of your Highness, a list of the killed and wounded, as also a copy of a letter received from the Commander-in-Chief the day after the action, by which your Highness will perceive how much Admiral Sir Robert Stopford was pleased with the part this ship took in the action.

"Allow me to congratulate your Highness on the restoration of so important a fortress to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, and which is a death-blow to the cause of Mehemet Ali in Syria. Three thousand prisoners, one hundred field-pieces, and a large quantity of stores and provisions, have fallen into our hands."

Copy of enclosed letter:—

"*Princess Charlotte*, off St. Jean d'Acre, Nov. 5th, 1840."

"SIR,—Having observed the very eligible position you took up so gallantly in the attack upon the forts of Acre, I congratulate you on the success of the expedition, and request you will signify to the officers and men under your command, my thanks for their exertions.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"(Signed) ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral."

"Rear-Admiral Walker Bey,

"Ottoman ship-of-war, *Mookad-dimay-i-hire*."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Mr. Walton's promotion was, of course, immediate.

A SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF A CAVALRY MELEE.

WHILE we lay in the vicinity of Elvas, the enemy began to show in and around Badajos a large force, of which a considerable portion were horsemen. It was our business to watch them; and as the 11th, with a detachment from the 3rd German Hussars constituted the entire amount of cavalry then on the spot, our vigilance as well as hardihood was more than once put sharply to the trial. For the most part we came pretty well out of these affairs; but in the end the troop, of which I was a member, suffered all but annihilation. It happened that when we were on picquet, a trooper belonging to the Germans deserted to the enemy; and carrying with him accurate information relative both to our position and our strength, enabled them, without hazard, to arrange a plan for cutting us off. They marched, after nightfall, with the greater part of their cavalry, —threw a strong body into a wood on our extreme right,—and, keeping it there concealed, made their appearance at dawn in our front, with a force greatly superior, indeed, to ours, in point of numbers, yet nowise so formidable as to justify us, in our own eyes, were we to flee before them. Accordingly, a smart skirmish began; which lasted without intermission three hours, and the excitement of which hindered us from paying any particular attention to what was going on all the while in our rear. At last, however, some of us chancing to look back, beheld a formidable line drawn out, in such order as to bar our way completely, were we to think of retreating upon the regiment; for the left of the line rested upon a river, and the right leaned upon the wood from which the whole had, during the progress of our affair, emerged. It is marvellous how slow men generally are to perceive that they have got into a scrape. We never for a moment supposed that these were Frenchmen; we took it for granted that they were Portuguese, brought up, we did not care to inquire from what quarter, but placed where

they were, manifestly for our support. On, therefore, we went with our amusement, till the enemy in our front suddenly called in their skirmishers, and with four squadrons advanced to charge. We were quite incapable of making head against such disparity of numbers; so we gave ground, section after section, turning to check the advance, and all keeping up a warm skirmishing fire as opportunity offered. "Retire upon the Portuguese, men," exclaimed the Captain; "when they perceive that we are overpowered they will advance; and then, ho! for another push at these rascals."

We did retire upon what we believed to be Portuguese; neither did we discover our mistake till something less than a hundred yards of ground divided us; and then, what was to be done. The odds were out of all calculation; yet we were nowise disposed to be taken; so at the Captain's orders we closed our files, and rode right at them. Never were men so entirely confounded. It was clear that they expected nothing of the sort; for they sat still, looking us in the face, and never made a movement to meet us. The consequence was, that coming upon them at speed, with all the weight and activity of our more powerful horses, we literally knocked them down like nine-pins. Over they went, the horse and rider rolling on the ground; while we, cutting and slashing as we rode, broke through. But, alas! for us, there was a second line behind the front, which behaved differently. We in our turn were charged, and the battle became in a few seconds a mere affair of swords, where there was no room to move either to the front or the rear. The result could not be doubtful for five minutes. Outnumbered and hemmed in, we were almost to a man cut off. Eight were killed on the spot, twenty were wounded, and sixty-three good soldiers on the whole, lost to the service. The only man, indeed, who escaped to tell the tale, was one of our officers, who, being particularly well mounted, made a dash at the enemy's line; and laying about him, opened a way for himself, though not

till he had received a severe wound in the shoulder.

In the course of that *mêlée*, many feats of gallantry were performed; indeed, the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was far greater than ours, inasmuch as not fewer than fifty, belonging to the latter class, were brought to the hospital of which we became inmates. But there was one man in particular, who died so nobly, that I feel myself bound, as an act of justice to his memory, to speak of him. His name was Wilson. In temper and disposition, he was the quietest and most inoffensive creature in the troop; who never had a cross word with any one, nor ever, as far as I could perceive, was put even slightly out of his way. Nothing could induce Wilson to lose his temper—nothing put him into a hurry; whatever he did, was done as if the doer were a piece of clock-work, and the matter to be arranged something which could not possibly miscarry. Wilson was, besides, remarkably sober: he never drank even his allowance to an end. But if he did not drink, he ate with a voracity which I have never seen equalled. Bread was his favourite food; and before his single pair of jaws whole loaves would disappear, as often as he succeeded in laying hand upon them. But Wilson's career, both of fighting and eating, was destined this day to end; and he fell thus:—

I saw him engaged hand to hand with a French dragoon: I saw him—for I was by this time disabled by a severe wound, and stretched at length beside others of my suffering comrades—give and receive more than one pass, with equal skill and courage. Just then, a French officer stooping over the body of one of his wounded countrymen, who dropped at the instant on his horse's neck, delivered a thrust at poor Harry Wilson's body; and delivered it effectually. I firmly believe that Wilson died on the instant; yet, though he felt the sword in its progress, he with characteristic self-command, kept his eye still on the enemy in his front, and, raising himself in his stirrups, let fall upon the Frenchman's helmet such a blow,

that brass and skull parted before it, and the man's head was cloven asunder to the chin. It was the most tremendous blow I ever beheld struck; and both he who gave, and his opponent who received it, dropped dead together. The brass helmet was afterwards examined by order of the French officer, who, as well as myself, was astonished at the exploit; and the cut was found to be as clean as if the sword had gone through a turnip, not so much as a dent being left on either side of it.

The fighting was now over, and there began a scene, of which I cannot now think without blushing for the chivalry of our adversaries. Not content with taking our horses and arms, or even the purses and watches of such as possessed them, they proceeded to strip us of our jackets, boots, and even of our overalls; apparently bent, as it seemed to me, on leaving us nothing whereby we might be distinguished as British soldiers. I do not know how far the system might have been carried, had not our Captain, who spoke French fluently, remonstrated with the officer in command; upon which an order was given to put a stop to plunder; and to most of us our jackets, at least, were restored. But of watches, money, and boots, no account was taken; and we were marched off, some of us in a very sorry plight, to the rear.

The wounds inflicted in this trifling affair, were all very hideous. Being inflicted entirely with the sword, and falling, at least among the French, chiefly upon the head and face, the appearance presented by these mangled wretches was frightful; neither were we, though in almost every instance pierced through, one whit more presentable. It is worthy of remark, that the French cavalry, in nine cases out of ten, make use of the point, whereas we strike with the edge, which is in, my humble opinion, far more effective. But, however this may be, of one fact, I am quite sure, that, as far as appearances can be said to operate in rendering men timid, or the reverse, the wounded among the

French were thus far more revolting than the wounded among ourselves. It is but candid to add, that the proportion of severely wounded was pretty equal on both sides; indeed, I suspect that there was a greater number of our people than of the enemy, whom it was found necessary to transport to the hospital, by slinging them over the backs of horses.

I was somewhat surprised at the moment, and I confess that the feeling has scarce left me yet, that the French should have been permitted to carry off a whole troop of dragoons, in the face of a corps, with infantry and cavalry at least strong enough to interrupt them in the operation. I dare say, however, that the reasons which dictated so much supineness to the lookers-on were adequate,—at least I am bound to suppose so; but, be this as it may, we were, after the fashion which I have just described, carried off under the noses of our reserves; the whole of which had turned out, and now stood quietly to observe the issue. We did not go, however, without misfortune having wrought its accustomed changes in the moral positions of those who partook in it. When I was lying wounded, for example, near the spot where the Captain stood, (a lucky accident for me, by the way, inasmuch as it saved me from undergoing the same process of plunder with the rest,) I saw not far from me, my old enemy, Serjeant Waldron, covered with his own blood, and so disfigured that, till he spoke, I could not recognize him. He knew me, however, and calling me by name, besought me to lift him up. I plead guilty to the crime of having allowed the remembrance of ancient wrongs to come across me even then; and, in the height of my indignation, I answered him with an oath, and told him that I would have nothing to say to him. But my better feeling gained the mastery immediately afterwards; and I was in the act of moving towards him, when a number of the enemy pushed in between us, and I was hindered from fulfilling my intention. He recovered from his wounds, and died the following year at Briangon,

in France. My friend the corporal too, who reported me on the march, fell in this skirmish. He was endeavouring to force his way through the interval between two French squadrons, when one of the enemy's officers, perceiving his intention, thrust at him with his sword, which entering under one ear, and coming out at the other, killed him on the spot.

Finally, it may not be out of place to record, that the Lieutenant, who, to say the least of it, showed me no great kindness, lost his arm. Thus, the only three men in the corps whom I found austere, suffered in this war, which with the exception of a severe wound in my sword-arm, I escaped unhurt.

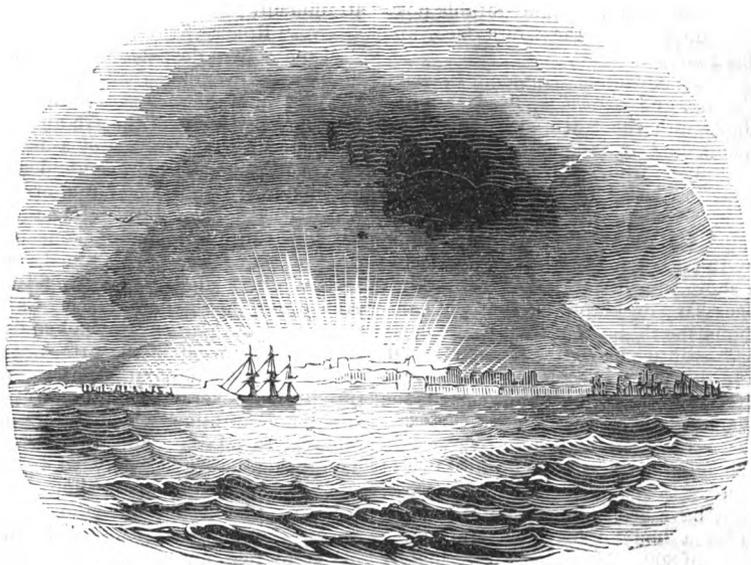
FRENCH SHARP SHOOTERS FOR AFRICA.

A new corps, called the "Tirailleurs de St. Omer," has recently been added to the French ranks. The first step was taken two or three years ago, by the formation of a battalion of sharpshooters, who were armed with rifles on a new construction, which have an extraordinary distance of range. The battalion was sent to Africa, where it justified the expectations entertained of it; and the experiment having so far succeeded in all points of view, it was determined to carry it out on a broad scale. Ten battalions were, therefore, enrolled; and the whole of last winter was devoted to drilling, exercise, and manœuvres, on the spacious plateau of Hellefont, near St. Omer, and under the immediate orders of the Duke of Orleans. He has certainly brought them to a high degree of perfection,—no less in respect of the agility and precision of their movements than the rapidity and correctness of their firing. The rifle they use is Delvigne's. It carries the ball to a point-blank distance of six hundred metres, about six hundred and fifty-five yards—which is the general range of field pieces. The ball is moulded to the bore, and percussion caps supercede the common ock. The cap is fastened to a little

knob of wood at the lower extremity of the cartridge; and the loading is effected with extraordinary celerity and preciseness, whether the soldier be a novice or not. His uniform is adapted to the service on which he will be employed when called on active duty in the field. The shako is black and low; the belt is likewise black, and confined by a girdle of the same colour; and his havresack the same. The jacket and trousers are dark green, with yellow cuffs. The rifle is short; and the sword—which, on emergency, may be employed as a bayonet—is long and light. The men wore a pointed beard on their chins, and moustachios over the upper lip. The battalion, which did duty in Africa, was, in consequence of the havoc they occasioned in the enemy's ranks, designated "The soldiers of death" by the Arabs.

EXTENT OF INDIA.

At present our possessions in India cover an extent of country amounting to about one million three hundred and fifty thousand square miles. With regard to their value, we can only say that human calculation would tire in the attempt to assign a limit to their capacity. Nature in her prodigal goodness, seems to have conferred her richest beauties on this sunny land. What she has partially and sparingly bestowed on other countries, she seems to have lavished in profusion on this. She invites the husbandman to reap from her generous bosom an abundant harvest of the most wholesome and nutritious fruits; the adventurous diver to fathom her ocean waves, and bring up the costly pearl to glisten in the coronal of beauty; the miner to explore her hidden treasures, and find the reward of his labour in the possession of the precious metals, and of useful minerals; the navigator to ascend her rivers, bestowing and receiving benefits as he goes. The sagacious elephant, the patient bullock, the laborious camel, and the warlike horse, are among the unreasoning servants she has provided for the use of man.



The Explosion of Acre.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA.

AGAINST MEHEMET ALI.

(Continued from page 325.)

SUCH is the graphic and stirring account of Mr. Hunter from his point of observation, the Turkish flag-ship. We shall merely add an extract or two from the official despatches of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, the British Naval Commander-in-Chief:—

“ *Princess Charlotte*, off St. Jean d’Acre, Nov. 4.

“ Sir,—You will be pleased to acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the town and fortress of Acre were taken possession of by the allied forces under my command this morning in the name of the Sultan.

“ The circumstances which led to this result occurred on the 3rd, when a heavy cannonade from the ships and vessels, beginning at 2 p.m. and ending at 5, completely demolished the town, and materially damaged the fortifications, inducing the Egyptians to evacuate the place in the night. A tremendous explosion of a large maga-

zine of powder took place about 4 p.m. on the 3rd.

“ The attacks were made upon the west lines and the south face of the works, the former composed of the following ships:—viz., *Princess Charlotte*, *Powerful*, *Bellerophon*, *Revenge*, *Thunderer*, and *Pique*, under the immediate command of Commodore Napier (as I thought it advisable to accompany Colonel Sir Charles F. Smith in the *Phoenix* steamer, to be ready to take advantage of any breach that might be made in either of the two sea faces of the walls of the place for an immediate assault). The south face, being a more contracted anchorage, was occupied by the *Edinburgh*, *Benbow*, *Castor*, *Carysfort*, *Talbot*, *Wasp*, and *Hazard*: the destruction caused by the fire of the ships on both sides sufficiently proves its rapidity and precision.

“ Rear-Admiral Baron de Bandeira, in the Austrian frigate *Medea*, and the *Guerriero*, under the command of His Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick, with the Arabian corvette *Lipsia*, rendered much assistance. Rear-Admiral Walker Bey in the Sul-

tan's ship *Mookuddimay-i-hive*, of 74 guns, took up a most favourable position opposed to the south face, and did good service.

"The steamers *Gorgon*, *Vesuvius*, *Phœnix*, and *Stromboli*, fired shot and shells into the town with much precision, and it is generally supposed that shells from the *Gorgon* occasioned the destruction of the powder magazine.

"A flag of truce having been offered by the Turkish Admiral, and rejected a short time before, I did not think it necessary or becoming that the summons should be repeated, particularly as hostilities had already commenced, and the ships and steamers had been fired upon as they approached the walls.

"I have not been able to ascertain the numbers of troops in the town of Acre at the commencement of our fire: they have been estimated at 4,500, besides a body of cavalry outside the town of 800. Many lives were lost by the explosion of the magazine. 700 Egyptians and two officers of rank came in this morning with their arms, and surrendered themselves as prisoners.

"To Colonel Sir Charles Smith devolves the task of putting the town and fortifications into a posture of defence, and I am happy to find that his health enables him to perform his duty with his usual intelligence.

"A great quantity of arms and ammunition was found at Acre, and the fortifications were fast getting into a state of preparation against attack.

"I am much indebted to Captain Edward Boxer, of the *Pique*, and to Captain Codrington, of the *Talbot*, for the excellent surveys which they made of the shoals round Acre, which enabled the ships to go in without risk of getting ashore.

"I return a list of the killed and wounded in the allied squadrons, but the damage to the masts and rigging can be made good without the ships being sent off the station.

"The success of this enterprise, so important in its results, has called for my acknowledgments in general orders to the officers and men of the combined squadrons, whose united exer-

tions had so much contributed to its attainment.

"ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral."

A subsequent despatch bearing date the 8th of November, gives the following account of the second explosion:—

"Since my letter of the 4th another explosion has taken place of a magazine of live shells, from a smouldering fire under the rubbish of the former, which it had been found almost impossible entirely to subdue; one marine of the *Benbow* was killed, and several others slightly hurt; but I regret to say that gallant officer, Capt. Collier, of the *Castor*, who had so distinguished himself in the attack, was severely wounded, having his leg fractured, and, several other hurts of a slighter description, which require his removal to Malta; and the *Castor*, having her bowsprit badly wounded, and other masts and spars shot away. I have ordered her and the *Wasp*, having her foremast disabled, into Malta to refit, and rejoin me with all despatch.

"One thousand prisoners have been sent away in the Turkish flag-ship, 18 officers, and a party of soldiers, by the *Talbot*, to Constantinople, and 2,000 to Beyrout, by the *Bellerophon*, *Thunderer*, *Revenge*, and *Edinburgh*; and the garrison being placed in a state of order and tolerable security, under Sir Chas. Smith, is to be left with 3,000 Turkish troops, under Selim Pacha, and about 250 marines, under Lieut.-Colonel Walker, with the protection of the *Pique*, and *Stromboli*, and occasional visits of other ships, as circumstances require.

"The *Hasard* resumes her station at Tyre, and Commodore Napier proceeds from Beyrout to take charge of the squadron off Alexandria—*Benbow*, *Magicienne* and *Daphne*, at Scanderoun and the neighbourhood.

"The people of the country seem very firm in the cause, and keep the neighbourhood clear of Mehemet Ali's troops. Abundance of ammunition and stores have been found in the place, and arms have been sent in the *Benbow* and *Powerful*, for distribution to the inhabitants to the northward. Among those who surrendered themselves was the Polish Colonel Schultz,

the chief engineer, who has been sent as a prisoner to Constantinople; he was wounded, and says it was quite impossible to withstand such an incessant stream of fire as was poured from our guns, which I found, on going round the ramparts with Sir Charles Smith, had torn and almost demolished many of the embrasures, and disabled the guns in such a manner that it did appear extraordinary that the garrison should have made so good a defence; for the state of devastation was beyond description.

"When I see the effects of our fire upon so formidable a fortress, I cannot help feeling the greatest obligation to every officer and man engaged in this enterprise. The cool, steady, and beautiful style in which the ships and vessels, through shoals and banks, came into their positions, and the noble spirit that animated the whole, in the destructive fire opened and maintained against a very smart return from the forts and batteries, were most gratifying, and drew forth my admiration, being enabled in the steamer to observe the simultaneous attacks on both faces; but where all were animated with the same spirit, and each did his duty to my heart's content, it cannot be possible for me to single out cases of individual merit.

"I am, &c.,

"ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral."

"Return of killed and wounded in the squadron under the Orders of Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, Commander-in-Chief, in the Attack of the Fortifications of St. Jean d'Acre, on the 3rd of November, 1840.

Princess Charlotte.—Killed, 1 seaman.

Powerful. — Wounded, 1 seaman severely, 2 seamen and 1 royal marine slightly.

Bellerophon.—None killed or wounded.

Revenge.—Killed, 1 seaman, 1 drummer, royal marines; wounded, 3 seamen severely, 1 royal marine slightly.

Thunderer. — None killed or wounded.

Castor.—Killed, 4 seamen; wounded, 1 seaman severely, 3 seamen slightly,

2 privates royal marines severely, 1 private royal marine slightly.

Edinburgh.—Killed, 2 seamen, 1 drummer royal marine, 1 private royal marine; wounded, Commander F. D. Hastings, slightly, Mr. John Davies, master, slightly; Mr. Joseph Plimsoll, assistant surgeon, slightly; Mr. Henry Boys, midshipman, slightly; 1 seaman, 1 boy, slightly; 1 sergeant royal marines, slightly.

Benbow.—None killed or wounded.

Pique.—None killed or wounded.

Carysfort.—None killed or wounded.

Talbot.—Wounded, Lieutenant G. B. Le Mesurier, since dead; Mr. Henry Haswell, mate, slightly; 1 seaman severely.

Gorgon.—None killed or wounded.

Wasp.—Wounded, 5 seamen, severely, 1 private royal marines.

Stromboli.—None killed or wounded.

Phoenix.—None killed or wounded.

Vesuvius.—None killed or wounded.

Hazard.—Wounded, 1 private royal marines, 1 boy slightly.

Turkish flag-ship, Rear-Admiral Walker.—4 killed, 3 wounded.

Medea, Austrian flag-ship, Rear-Admiral Bandedira.—1 killed, 4 wounded.

Guerriero, Austrian frigate.—1 killed, 2 wounded.

Total killed, 18.—Total wounded, 41."

Thus ended the most remarkable bombardment of these modern times of peace, if we except the singular performances of the Prince de Joinville, and his line of battle ships, off the old walls of Tangier. The moral effects of the fall of Acre soon showed themselves, in the retreat of Ibrahim Pacha from Zahlé, and its neighbourhood, before the irregular forces of the mountaineers, under the Emir Beschir of Labanon. We shall not dilate on these marches and occasional counter-marches, as neither of the armies, unless when assisted by Europeans, exhibited much alacrity in their movements, or indeed any intention of serious attack or defence. The Emir said, "he wanted a thousand of the Admiral's ship soldiers," ere he attacked the enemy; but the opinion of a French officer, present in the Egyptian camp, will be sufficient excuse for passing over the details. His remark

was, "Either after the combat of Cornichovahn or the fall of Acre a single volley fired in the heights above Zahlé and the Pacha's army would have retreated *pêle-mêle*." His opinion of the mountaineers by the way was not more flattering, for he added, "And had any third party discharged their arms midway between Zahlé and Homanah, whilst the former would have retreated upon Damascus, I believe the mountaineers would have fled to Beyrout!"

Affairs in Syria at this period, suddenly assumed an altogether quiescent aspect. The paralysed enemy, shut up in the interior, were without aggressive force—dismembered and impoverished—requiring only a blow to complete their destruction. The condition of the Lebanon mountaineers we have lately had an insight into—unwilling of themselves to infringe upon the temporary *status quo*. On the other hand the Turkish conquerors, whose ranks now contained nearly 15,000 men, were resting upon their laurels, and had even less belligerent features than either of the former. Instead of the previous hourly movements—sudden expeditions, skirmishes, bombardments, and such like, which kept every one alive—when great ends were achieved with small and unassuming means—there was the gay pomp of war, but divested entirely of its fiercer attributes.

But we turn from Acre, and its neighbourhood, to Alexandria, whither Sir Charles Napier, with five line-of-battle-ships, had repaired. The result of this glorious, but brief campaign, we will relate in the words of the gallant commodore himself.

"The Turco-Egyptian squadron, consisting of twenty-one of the line, and numerous frigates and corvettes were, when I arrived, lying in the harbour, with the yards and topmasts struck; but at noon on the 24th of November, being the first day of the Bairam, an unusual movement was observed on board the ships, and they began to sway their masts up, and before sunset, their royal yards were across, and after dusk they were brilliantly illuminated.

"On the morning of the 25th, I entered the harbour of Alexandria in the

Medea steamer, passed through the Turco-Egyptian fleet, and anchored off the Palace. I then landed and proceeded to the house of the British Consul, Mr. Larking. As the Pacha was receiving visits from his officers and the principal inhabitants of Alexandria, he appointed the following day at noon to receive me. In the afternoon we walked about the town, and there appeared much satisfaction in the countenances of the inhabitants of all nations and all religions at being released from the apprehension they entertained of having their town knocked about their ears.

"Alexandria is a tolerably good town, and is fast improving. The naval establishments of the Pacha are wonderful, and whatever may be said against Mehemet Ali, it must be admitted, that no man of ordinary abilities could have in so short a time accomplished what he has done. I am not sure that the means employed were justifiable, but judging him by an Oriental standard, which is the only fair way of judging him, he must be considered an astonishing man. In less than twenty years he has created an army and a navy, and a dockyard that would do credit to any nation; he has constructed nine or ten sail of the line, and some of them very fine ships; he has made officers and sailors of his Arabs, and has instilled some of his own activity into the minds of the indolent Turks in his service.

"His dockyard is very complete; there is a large basin capable of holding all his squadron; his storehouses are well built, and full of stores, and the whole establishment is well arranged. Everything is done in the arsenal. He builds his ships, makes his masts, yards, sails, rope, cabin furniture, compasses, quadrants, clothing for the crews, (out of his own manufactures,) shoes, &c.; he paints oil-cloths for the cabins of the officers, and even the sealing-wax and wafers they are supplied with are made in the arsenal. He is now constructing a dry-dock, which is, however, getting on very slow, and I do not think they are going the right way about it. His principal officers, and, indeed, many of the inferior ones, have been brought

up in our arsenals, and appear perfectly to understand their business. Outside of the dockyard is a tolerably well built village for the wives and families of the crews, half of which are allowed to be on shore every night.

"At noon on the 26th I proceeded to the Palace, accompanied by Captains Maunsell, Martin, and Warden. Sir William Eden, who was on board the *Carysfort*, did me also the honour of accompanying me, and Mr. Larking, the British Consul; and I must take this opportunity of stating how much I am indebted to Sir William Eden for some valuable suggestions; as also to Captains Maunsell and Martin. A battalion of Egyptian troops was drawn up in the court-yard of the Palace, and presented arms, the band playing martial airs.

"On entering the reception-room of Mehemet Ali, which is in the old palace, we were most graciously received. The Pacha, in a short dress, was standing surrounded by his officers, and free admission seemed to have been given to Franks of all description. After a few compliments on both sides, the Pacha walked to a corner of the room, and seated himself on his Divan. Pipes and coffee were called for, and we smoked away for a considerable time, as if we had been the best friends in the world. The palace was too crowded to enter into business; and it was arranged I should again see the Pacha in the evening, after communicating with Boghos Bey, and give him in writing the terms I wished him to comply with.

"The Pacha is a man of low stature, is a good deal marked with the small-pox, his complexion sallow, his eyes quick and penetrating. He wears a fine white beard; and when in good humour, has a most fascinating manner; but when out of temper, his eyes sparkle, he raises himself up in his corner, and soon convinces you he is much easier led than driven. He is easy of access, and indeed fond of gossiping; and seem to be informed of every thing that is either said or done in Alexandria. He has many friends amongst the Franks; and when he takes a liking, the man's fortune

is made. He has built a very handsome palace, and furnished it with taste. Opposite the palace is the harem, where his wife resides; but the old gentleman has given up his visits to that establishment."

Some letters passed between the Commodore and Boghos Joussof, the secretary of Mehemet Ali, which ended in the signature of the following convention, whereby Syria was evacuated, the tribes of Lebanon liberated, the Porte vindicated, and the object of England's interference obtained:—

"CONVENTION between COMMODORE NAPIER, commanding Her Britannic Majesty's Naval Forces before Alexandria, on the one part, and his Excellency BOGHOS JOUSSOUF BEY, specially authorised by his Highness the VICEROY of EGYPT, on the other part; signed at Alexandria, the 27th November, 1840.

"ART. I.—Commodore Napier, in his above-mentioned capacity, having brought to the knowledge of his Highness Mehemet Ali, that the Allied Powers had recommended the Sublime Porte to reinstate him in the hereditary government of Egypt, and his Highness seeing in this communication a favourable occasion for putting an end to the calamities of war, he engages to order his son Ibrahim Pacha to proceed immediately to the evacuation of Syria. His Highness engages, moreover, to restore the Ottoman fleet, as soon as he shall have received the official notification that the Sublime Porte grants to him the hereditary government of Egypt, which concession is, and remains, guaranteed by the Powers.

"ART. II.—Commodore Napier will place a steamer at the disposal of the Egyptian Government, which will convey to Syria the officer charged by his Highness to carry to the Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army the order to evacuate Syria. The Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, Sir Robert Stopford, will on his side appoint an officer to watch over the execution of this measure.

"ART. III.—In consideration of what precedes, Commodore Napier engages to suspend hostilities on the

part of the British forces against Alexandria, or any other portion of the Egyptian territory. He will, at the same time, authorise the free passage of the vessels appointed for the transport of the wounded, the invalids, or of any other portion of the Egyptian army, which the Government of Egypt might wish to return to that country by sea.

"ART. IV.—It is well understood that the Egyptian army shall have the liberty of retiring from Syria with its artillery, arms, horses, ammunition, baggage, and in general everything that constitutes the stores of an army.

"Done in duplicate, each contracting party to have an original.

(Signed) "CH. NAPIER, *Commodore*."

"BOGHOS JOUSSOUF."

This convention formed the basis of the treaty signed by Sir Robert Stopford, in conformity with the TREATY of LONDON, of July 15th, 1840.

END OF THE WAR IN SYRIA.

EXECUTION OF ROBESPIERRE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE guillotine was erected near the colossal statue of Liberty, the pedestal of which had formerly borne the equestrian statue of Louis XV. Here I climbed, waiting hour after hour, as the Place filled around me. The terrace of the garden of the Tuilleries was crowded on one side, principally by well-dressed females, with the foliage of the trees, in all their variegated richness, for their back-ground; and on the opposite side lay the Champs Elysées, in the freshness of its beauty. I was seated on the pedestal, some twenty feet above the ground; and a complete sea of heads undulated beneath me, from which issued sometimes the gentle swell of voices, and then burst forth into roars of approbation. Some carts appeared: the noise increased: they forced through the crowd to the deadly instrument, and shouts rent the air, as many believed that Robespierre and his agents were amongst the number of the victims. Oh! how galling must the shouts have

been to the poor creatures themselves; for it was afterwards discovered that the unfortunates had been decreed to suffer by the orders of those whose rule was now at an end. They were aware of the fact; and yet, through some treachery or mistake, were sent forth to death.

A great number of the spectators fancying they had witnessed the execution of the confederates, departed, but others quickly supplied their place. Whilst looking on the guillotine, I could not forbear calling to recollection the names of those who had suffered on that very spot. There had died the King, the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and others of royal descent; the Duke of Orleans, Petion, Chambon, the Hebertists, the Maratists, the Dantonists, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Duranthon, Danton, Vergniaud, Manuel, Barnave, Desmoulins and his wife, and hundreds of others,—the innocent confounded with the guilty,—neither age nor sex spared,—the destroyer and his victim. And now the grand mover of cruelty himself, with his myrmidons, were shortly to be added to the catalogue.

It was some time in the afternoon that tremendous shouts, and the waving of handkerchiefs, shawls, and scarfs, proclaimed the advance of the procession. First came a mounted guard, to clear the way; then followed the carts with the condemned, having horsemen and gens d'armes on either side, and a troop of dragoons brought up the rear. In the first cart were St. Just, Henriot, the younger Robespierre, and a few of minor consideration. St. Just died the first, and a faint shout arose. Next came Henriot, already nearly dead, and in the same dreadful plight in which I had last seen him. He was recognised, and struck by one of the executioners as he showed him to the populace. The shouts were loud and long; and the women near the scaffold were vehement in their imprecations: The younger Robespierre and Couthon had but little life in them when placed beneath the axe. Fleuriot (Mayor of Paris) was firm. Dumas (President of the Revolutionary Tribunal) appeared much dejected. The body of

Lebas, who shot himself, was brought in the cart, and thrown amongst the dead.

Robespierre was the last to suffer. He remained in the cart whilst his adherents were decapitated. His head was bandaged up by a bloody cloth; and, as he sat down, his eyes were closed, and he seemed utterly insensible to all that was passing around him. The yells and curses of the women were horrible. They grinned at and would have torn him to pieces, but for the guards. Still he took no notice whatever. His faculties were laid prostrate and benumbed. I had seen the man, in the height of his vain conceit, attired most elegantly, and with a rude jest consigning his fellow-creatures to the very death he was then about to die; and oh! what a contrast did he present, as he was raised in the cart to ascend the scaffold, and beheld the mound of bodies that, but a few hours before, teemed with life and animation! His coat was ragged and dirty; his waistcoat, shirt, and small-clothes, were soiled and stained with blood: his stockings were down about his heels; and a more perfect semblance of wretchedness could not well be seen.

On the scaffold the executioner tore the bandage from his head; and oh! what a yell of agony arose—even above the shouts of the deriding multitude—as his tormentor turned him round, that all might behold “the monster.” His jaw, which had been broken by an attempt to blow out his brains, dropped down upon his chest; and even the fiercest vengeance, yielding to the force of retributive justice, must have quailed whilst beholding this terrific spectacle of suffering humanity. My heart sank within me: tears gushed from my eyes. I did not see the axe fall, but the thunders of approving triumph that shook the air told me it was over; and, when I next looked, women were struggling to get near the body, that they might stain their garments or their handkerchiefs with his blood. The shout was repeated, long and continuous, from the roof and windows of every house and building along the Rue Honoré—from the terraces of the

Tuilleries—from the Champs Elysées—down the Rue Royale—and even the prisons echoed with the sounds of joy. That night was indeed a festival.

A MARCH THROUGH THE
PYRENEES
BY A FRENCH DETACHMENT.

It was not accounted safe to undertake the threading of those dangerous defiles, except under the protection of a stratagem. Thus there came out an order from the commandant, warning the travellers, that at a certain hour in the morning of the third day subsequently to the issue of his proclamation, they should be ready to begin their journey. As might be expected, intelligence of this arrangement spread far and wide through the provinces, and, without doubt, the guerillas were everywhere on the alert, to intercept and profit by the movement. But we stole a march upon them. On the day immediately succeeding that on which the Governor's handbill took its place at the corners of the streets, there appeared a supplementary command, by which we were directed to pack our baggage, and hold ourselves in readiness to move in one hour.

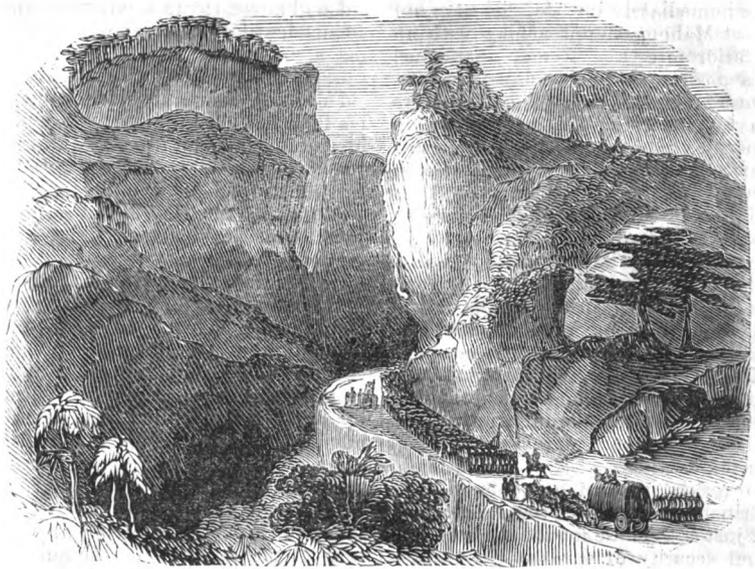
Never was the wisdom of any arrangement more distinctly proved than this. We had scarcely cleared the outskirts of the town, ere groups of brigands began to draw near us, which seemed to accumulate strength in proportion as we penetrated deeper and deeper among the mountains. But they never acquired such a power of numbers as to justify them to their own eyes in making a serious attack; and we, in consequence, suffered nothing from first to last, except from an occasional and very desultory fire of musketry. At the same time there was enough, in the whole progress of the journey, to divert my attention for the moment, and to make a very deep impression upon my memory. In the first place the scenery surpassed, in point of grandeur, all through which I had previously passed. So

bold, indeed, were the ascents, and so steep the paths by which we regained the depths of the valleys, that over and over again I used to wonder how cars, and waggons, and even horses, contrived to traverse them. And then the wood was gorgeous in the extreme: the magnificent cork-tree overshadowing the base of mountains, on the sides, and here and there the brows of which, waved far and wide whole forests of oak, and pine, and hazel. But that which gave to our journey its most engrossing interest was the constant proximity of bands of robbers, who, like the vultures that hover over a battle-field, seemed to track our very course, and seize every opportunity that offered of molesting us. Repeatedly were we fired upon from the summits of inaccessible crannies, and repeatedly threatened with more serious interruptions, which, however, our great numerical superiority, aided by the excellency of the device which had hindered them from assembling in force enough to meet us, effectually prevented. Yet the very knowledge that danger was constantly at hand failed not to produce its effect upon the imaginative, as upon the timid, though of course in different forms. And, finally, the bracing nature of the climate operated upon our nerves and spirits to an extent which I have no language adequate to describe. But the case may be judged of so soon as I state, that when, towards sunset on the second day, we arrived in sight of Irun, there were comparatively few among us who did not experience a sensation not very far removed from regret that their perils were surmounted.

BURGOS DURING THE FRENCH OCCUPATION.

It is well known, that the hatred borne by the Spaniards towards the French, had become, in 1812, bitter in the extreme. Taught by experience that they were no match for the invaders in the field, they waged war upon

them by private assassination,—inso-much that the French armies, victorious everywhere, except where the might of England encountered them, were no where, throughout the Peninsula, masters of a foot of ground beyond the limits of their different encampments. In like manner, the garrisons which occupied the towns of Spain, were always in a state of siege. There might be no organised force within many leagues of them, nor the smallest reason to apprehend the arrival of any such. But each cottage in the suburbs, if not in the heart of the town itself, contained a little band of foemen, in their own peculiar way more to be dreaded by far than if they were openly in the field, and banded together in companies and battalions. In and around Burgos, I soon discovered, that this was peculiarly the case. At first, indeed, the manners of the people deceived me quite; for I fancied that they were content; because of the gentleness and deference with which they appeared to treat not me alone, but every Frenchman with whom they came openly into contact. But the experience of a few days taught me, that this air of meekness was put on, for the sole purpose of enticing victims into their power. There was scarcely a day passed without bringing in reports of assassinations attempted, if not perpetrated, upon our people. No man could walk half a mile beyond the town without being fired at; and even in the grand promenade, which extends along the bank of the river, and is shaded on either side by rows of noble trees, the same scenes were constantly enacted. I have ridden over and over again with my master, to enjoy the refreshing breezes in that shady spot, and been driven out again by showers of bullets, which knocked the leaves about us, and came, we knew not from whence. In a word, the French were, both in camp and in quarters, prisoners at large, with the comfortable assurance continually forced upon them, that even within their own lines they could not count on escaping the knife of the assassin.—*From a French Soldier's Journal.*



The Pass of Bolar.

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

OF all the countries of Central Asia, Afghanistan is the one the name of which excites in the mind of a Briton the saddest reflections, coupled, as it is, with the most melancholy reverse that ever befel the British arms, although its plains have also witnessed many glorious feats of our prowess and valour.

As the conduct and military operations of the war, rather than the policy which dictated it, or the circumstances which compelled it, will form the subject of our brief history, we shall merely condense a few events which may be necessary to the right understanding of measures which have been much misrepresented, much canvassed, and little understood in this country.

So long back as 1824, the Chiefs of Balk, Scinde, Beloochister, and the Affghan possessions in the Panjaub, taking advantage of the weakened state of the once powerful kingdom of Cabool, and the weakened state of the Dooranee monarchy, had thrown off their allegiance and asserted independence. Mahmood remained in

possession of Herat, Dost Mahomed in Cabool, while Candahar and Peshawar were held by his brothers, who, however, governed independently of him. Such was the state of things from 1824 to 1833, during Dost Mahomed's sovereignty, when some of the Dooranee and Ghiljie Chiefs disgusted with his rule in Cabool, determined on a counter-revolution to restore Shah Shoojah to the throne of which he had been deprived nine years before under circumstances too intricate and tedious to find a place here. Shah Shoojah was invited by them to resume offensive operations, and he was further encouraged by the celebrated Runjeet Sing (the old lion of the Panjaub), who offered him his good officers and a considerable sum of money; stipulating however, for the wily old chief had ever an eye to the increase of his territories, that he should receive Peshawar, as the price of his alliance, in the event of success. At first, Shah Shoojah was successful; he defeated the Ameers of Scinde in a pitched battle, and pushed on towards Candahar with an army of sixty thousand men.

He immediately invested the city; but Dost Mahomed approaching with an inferior force, the former abandoned his position. On the day following, Dost Mahomed relieved his brothers in Candahar, and a general action ensued: the battle raged with great fury, Shah Shoojah at first seeming successful, but the energy of Dost Mahomed carried the day. His gallantry restored the confidence of his troops, and the Hindostanees, of whom Shoojah's army was principally composed being dispirited by the fall of their commander, Mr. Campbell, who had entered the service of the exiled King of Afghanistan, the rout became general. Dost Mahomed remained master of the field, and the unfortunate Shah Shoojah was once more a fugitive and an exile. This was his last attempt to regain his lost kingdom, till the British government in India considered it just and politic for the maintenance and security of our Eastern possessions, to espouse his cause, and again put him forward in 1838, as a claimant to the throne of Cabool.

But while Afghanistan was thus convulsed by faction and civil war, and weakened by the struggles of one or other competitor for the crown, a power was rising on its Eastern frontier which threatened to become a formidable rival. This was the Sikh power, on which (as up to the present hour it continually appears in our Indian affairs) the reader will excuse a few lines.

Originally a peaceful sect of Mohammedan dissenters, founded in the 15th century by a Mussulman priest named Nanak: they have gradually grown into an united and warlike people: and though defeated by the victorious Ahmed Shah in his expeditions into the Punjaub, they had always returned and grown strong whenever he withdrew from the country. Their numbers and strength had gone on increasing during succeeding reigns, and of late years they had taken advantage of the troubles of the once-great kingdom of Cabool to free themselves entirely from Afghan dominion. Under their celebrated chieftain Runjeet Sing, they had gradually acquired extent of territory and organization,

and had now become a powerful and independent kingdom. Their monarch was a man of extraordinary talent, courage, and ambition, with an activity and decision which gave these qualities their full effect. Having subdued the various chiefs of the Punjaub, and created that country into a sovereign state, he turned his eye (he had but one) towards the Dooraanee possessions bordering his dominions, and wrested the important province of Cashmere from them. He next formed the design of adding Peshawar to them, (as we have already seen) but this failing in consequence of the defeat of Shah Shoojah, he hit upon another scheme to attain his object, worthy of his invention and unscrupulous genius. He engaged the British government, by a treaty, containing some concessions and advantageous stipulations in our favour, not to interfere in any way with his acquisitions of territory beyond the Sutlidge: this effected, he soon proceeded in his design. He sent No Nabal Sing, his grandson, with a polite request to the authorities to view the town, it was granted, and he entered it accompanied by an unusually numerous retinue of followers, all secretly armed, and of tried and trusty valour. Other ambuscaders were also at hand. No sooner was the young prince and his escort safely within the walls, than they seized the authorities and kept forcible possession of the place, evading all Dost Mahomed's demands on the part of his brother, for its restoration. At length the two latter resorted to arms for its recovery, but were unsuccessful. In this almost hopeless condition, with a just claim, but conscious of his weakness and want of funds, Dost Mahomed had long cast his hopes towards the government at Calcutta, his solicitations had not, however, been favourably received in that quarter; non intervention in the affairs of Cabool being deemed at that period the best policy on our part. But another acting power was shortly to appear on the already bustling stage of Afghan politics; one which the government of British India could not view with indifference and apathy. This was

Russia; not indeed physically and in the form of Russian troops and artillery, but in a not less effective though more insidious shape. A few words will explain the cause of this change of policy.

Disappointed in his attempt to move the British to interfere in his favour, the dethroned King of Cabool repaired to Persia, a country whose connexion with Afghanistan had been formerly intimate: and chose attempts (prompted and urged by Russia) to possess itself of Herat, an important city of Shah Shoojah's rightful dominions, had attracted some attention even in European discussions.

The result of the exiled Shah's application to Persia was an immediate activity on the part of the great, powerful, and intriguing power of Russia. The envoy of that empire at the court of Ispahan immediately urged the Persian monarch to lay claim to Herat; and fit out an expedition against that place in spite of all that Mr. Ellis, the British minister at this court could urge against it. When Mr. Ellis discovered that the influence of Russia was paramount, and that the young Shah of Persia had become a mere tool in the hands of that great and formidable power, which stimulated and encouraged his ambitious views, and pandered to his hopes of territorial aggrandizement, to the extent even of holding out hopes of farther Indian conquests; he lost no time in representing the real state of affairs to the British government: and showed clearly the perils with which these designs of Persia, backed by Russia, were fraught. A few extracts from his despatches will show the position of this menacing coalition:—

He wrote on the 8th of January, 1836, "that the Russian minister at this court (the Persian), had expressed himself in very strong terms respecting the expediency of the Shah losing no time in undertaking the expedition against Herat, and had assigned, as a reason for the immediate urgency of his doing so, the probability of the British government discouraging the attempt, in pursuance of their known wish to see a restoration of the Afghan monarchy." Soon afterwards, he

writes: "I feel quite assured that the British government cannot permit the extension of the Affsian monarchy in the direction of Afghanistan, with due regard to the internal tranquillity of India; that extension will, at once, bring Russian influence to the very threshold of our empire; and, as Persia will not, or dare not, place herself in a condition of close alliance with Great Britain, our policy must be to consider her no longer an outwork for the defence of India, but as the first parallel, from whence the attack may be commenced or threatened." And again: "I am convinced that every effort will be made by the Shah to obtain possession of Herat, and to extend his dominions in the direction of Afghanistan, and that, for this purpose, no opportunity will be lost of forming connexions with the chief of Cabool and his brothers. I cannot refrain from most earnestly calling the attention of his Majesty's government, and of the East India Company, to the danger of the Shah of Persia approaching, either by direct conquest or by the admission of his right of dominion, the frontiers of India; for I can conceive no event more likely to unsettle the public mind in the North Western provinces, and to disturb the general tranquillity of our Eastern empire."

It was with these powers, then, thus inimicably intriguing against the interests of England, that Dost Mahomed and his three brothers who governed Candahar, entered into those negotiations which appeared to threaten the security of our Eastern empire, and ultimately induced the British government to send the late ill-fated expedition to Cabool, for the purpose of placing upon the throne a sovereign more friendly to our interests.

Such was the state of Afghanistan, and of our relations with the rulers of that country, Persia, and the monarch of the Sikhs, when Lord Auckland, in 1836, was appointed to the government of British India.

Immediately upon the arrival of the new governor-general, Dost Mahomed addressed a letter to him, setting forth the danger in which he was placed

between the Persians on the one hand, and Runjeet Sing on the other, and soliciting advice and assistance. Lord Auckland replied in a friendly spirit, and the result of the correspondence was the mission of Captain, afterwards Sir Alexander Burnes to Cabool, for the purpose of negotiating a system of commercial intercourse between the countries of Central Asia and Hindostan; but whose powers were afterwards enlarged, so as to include questions of a more political nature. In the meantime, an active correspondence had been carried on between the chiefs of Candahar and the Persian court, who sought to engage them in its designs upon Herat. Into these, Kohun Dil Khan and his brothers entered the more readily, conscious that their power was founded on usurpation, and from the animosity they consequently bore the chief of that principality, who was the head of the only branch of the race whom they had not succeeded in expelling from sovereign power. The governors of Candahar, therefore, notwithstanding the danger that might result to themselves from the ulterior designs of Persia, felt more inclined to listen to the overtures of that power than to look for support from England, and a promise of the possession of Herat was held out to them as the price of their co-operation in its conquest. These negotiations were no secret to the Ameer of Cabool, and between the appointment of Captain Burnes' mission and its arrival at its destination, he had received communications from the Persian envoy at Candahar, which tended in some measure to cool his ardour for the British connexion. He, however, still professed to desire it in preference to any other alliance, and Captain Burnes was received with much apparent cordiality upon his arrival at Cabool.

In the various interviews which ensued between them, the British envoy represented to the Ameer the advantage of cultivating improved relations with England, both commercial and political, and subsequently tendered the mediation of the Indian government for the settlement of his differences with the Sikhs. To this was annexed

the condition that he should renounce all further communication with the courts of Russia and Persia, a preliminary, which was absolutely essential to render the alliance of any value to England, as he had recently made overtures to the latter power, which if embodied in a treaty would have subjected him so entirely to Persian influence, as to compel him to assist in whatever design that government might form, and consequently to aid the views of Russia. Dost Mahomed at first listened attentively, and with apparent good faith to the representations of Captain Burnes. He had good reason to suspect his brothers at Candahar, of negotiating with Persia for the advancement of their own interest independently of, and even in opposition to his. He had a higher notion of the power and importance of the British government than is usually entertained by the semi-barbarous and inflated monarchs of Asia, and deemed that they might be exerted beneficially for his interests at the court of Lahore. These, and other considerations, induced him to wish the alliance of England in preference to that of any other state, supposing it equally ready to forward his designs; and there appeared good grounds for anticipating a favourable result to the mission.

But it soon became evident that the desire of obtaining possession of Peshawar, for which he was about this period engaged in a contest with Runjeet Sing, was uppermost in the mind of the Ameer of Cabool. In his first interviews with Captain Burnes, he expressed himself anxious to do everything that could promote the interests of commerce, but that he was involved in difficulties most unfavourable to such a course. His hostilities with the Sikhs, he said, narrowed his resources, compelled him to take money from the merchants, and even to increase the duties to support the expenses of the war. It was useless, he further remarked, to think that peace could be established while Peshawar was controlled by the presence of the Sikh troops, and that Runjeet Sing's relinquishment of that city could alone secure permanent tranquillity. He also desired the assistance of England, on

the condition of furthering her views, in preserving the independence of Candahar, and otherwise defending Afghanistan from the attacks of the Persians.

These demands it was, of course, impossible for the British government to accede to with any regard to justice or sound policy. Peshawar had never belonged to Dost Mahomed. At the dissolution of the Dooraanee kingdom, it had fallen to the share of one of his brothers, and could no more be claimed by him as part of his possessions, than its governor could lay claim to the city of Cabool. Runjeet Sing had taken advantage of the troubles of the country, and a treaty he had entered into with Shah Shoojah to take possession of it. It had, therefore, become his by right of conquest, and to have compelled him to give it up, leaving out of view the injustice of such a step, would have been highly impolitic, as tending to alienate a firm and powerful ally, at a time, too, when we needed all the influence we could secure among the native princes of India. Dost Mahomed was, nevertheless, greatly disappointed at the refusal of England to comply with his wishes. He closed the correspondence with irritation, and immediately entered into close communication with Captain Vicovich, the Russian agent, who had arrived at Cabool during the progress of the negotiations with Captain Burnes.

The mission having thus failed of its objects, it became necessary for the British envoy to leave Cabool; and having applied for, and received his dismissal, he returned to India, representing to the government the necessity of taking immediate measures for the counteraction of the intrigues carrying on against us.

During these transactions, matters in the west were advancing towards a crisis. The Shah of Persia, at the head of a large army, had marched to the siege of Herat, and had publicly announced his determination of adding it to his dominions. In this design he was assisted by Russian advice, and with Russian money. His first operations were attended with success. He advanced as far as Ghorian unopposed,

and that formidable fortress, regarded as one of the most inaccessible strongholds in the country, capitulated after a siege of only ten days. The victorious Persian army then proceeded to invest Herat, and arrived before that city to the number of forty thousand men.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of this memorable siege, interesting as it was upon every account. It was carried on for several months with unflagging spirit, and greater courage and military skill was displayed on both sides, than is usually looked for in the records of Asiatic warfare.

The Heratees, notwithstanding the disheartening effect of the fall of Ghorian, defended themselves with invincible bravery, under the leadership of their daring and talented minister, Yar Mahomed Khan. But it was the brilliant conduct of our heroic countryman, Major Eldred Pottinger, then only a lieutenant, who threw himself into the beleaguered town, while returning to India by that route, which was chiefly instrumental in preserving it from falling. His skilful arrangements foiled the whole power of Persia, and eventually compelled the Shah to retire from before Herat in disgrace.

The designs of Persia were made evident, beyond the possibility of doubt, by the march of her troops to the siege of Herat, in spite of the remonstrances of England. Every effort had been made to dissuade the Shah from the prosecution of that enterprise, but without avail; it was quite clear he intended to act in opposition to British advice and British interests. The Persian minister explicitly stated to Mr. Ellis, that he considered the dominions of his sovereign justly extended as far as Ghuznee, while the emissary from the rulers of Candahar, declared that Afghanistan was ready to submit to the authority of Persia. It became, in consequence, imperatively necessary that the government of India should adopt some decided and energetic course, with relation to affairs in that country.

The British empire in the East is

founded upon a basis, the very nature of which, renders her naturally averse to the neighbouring influence of any foreign power, which could by any means become her rival. The policy of England has, therefore, always been to form such connexions and alliances with the native states in her vicinity, as might serve for a protection to her interests in that quarter of the globe. Russia was the country from whose position and resources, coupled with her well-known activity and love of territorial acquisition, the most danger was to be apprehended. It was not, therefore, without a feeling of well-grounded alarm, that the Indian government had beheld the approaches of that ambitious and grasping power to our frontier through the influence it exercised over the intervening countries of Persia and Afghanistan. That this alarm was, as has been said, well-grounded, and not entertained hastily and without consideration, there is abundant evidence to prove. Mr. Ellis and Mr. McNeill, ministers successively at the court of Persia, both men of ability, and well fitted for coming to a right judgment upon events passing around them, united in representing the peril to our interests, arising from the intrigues being carried on between Russia and the court at which they were resident, and the necessity of erecting Afghanistan into a barrier against their designs upon India.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CAPTURE OF TWENTY-EIGHT FRENCH DRAGOONS BY EIGHT ENGLISH.

BY SERJEANT MAJOR HANLEY, 11TH DRAGOONS.

IT was about one o'clock, p.m., 25th July, 1812, that the brigade, consisting of the 1st German hussars and 14th light dragoons, arrived at Arevola, where it halted and bivouacked. Pa-

trols were sent out on the several roads; one that I was ordered to command, consisted of four men of the 1st German hussars, and four men of the 14th dragoons, with orders to proceed on Blanchez Sanchez, and ascertain whether the enemy occupied that town or its neighbourhood. As we journeyed, we passed through a small village about two leagues on the road. Here I halted, and inquired of the alcalde for any information he might have obtained respecting the enemy. He replied, that he knew for a truth, they were in Blanchez Sanchez, from which we were then distant about two leagues. Finding our horses rather fatigued, and the distance greater than had been expected, I felt anxious to feed before we proceeded further; and as the alcalde expressed himself with much warmth in favour of the British, I requested if it were possible, he would be so good as to procure us a feed of corn for our horses; he replied, we should have it immediately. It was accordingly brought into the *praga*, where we then sat. Having placed a sentry on the church-top as a look out, we unbridled and fed; after which, mounted and moved off, sending forward three men in advance, one fifty yards in front, a second fifty yards to the right, and the third fifty yards to the left front, with orders to halt as soon as they should come in sight of the enemy, town, or any suspicious object.

The advance moved on in this order until they reached the summit of a hill from which could be seen the town of Blanchez Sanchez, and halted; I beckoned them to fall back and join the patrol, when all dismounted. I now walked up to the brow of the hill, and observed to the east of the town a column of infantry on parade. We remained dismounted about fifteen minutes, during which time the troops were undergoing an inspection, after which the column took ground to its right, broke into the Madrid road, and totally disappeared behind the hill on which it had assembled. I mounted the patrol, and galloping over their camp-ground, the fires of which were then cheerfully burning, having piled on broken furniture which they had

carried from the village. We made for that side of the town whence they had marched, hoping to secure any stragglers or followers of the column. I should here observe, that Blanchez Sanchez is a small village of only one street, and stands on the open plain, without either hedges, walls, or inclosures. We rode cautiously down the street, when turning to the right, three dragoons were observed running from a barley-field, in which they had been cutting forage, and making for a house that stood isolated on the plain: we gave our horses the reins, galloped after and secured them. The house had a high wall, extending from its gable-ends, forming a yard or fodder-shed for feeding cattle in its rear, and into which there was but one means of ingress or egress, and this by the door of the house through a narrow passage. We found this door closed, but by firing into it, it was soon blown open. It so happened, that at this time the dragoons were feeding their horses, and attending to their stable duties for the night.

I ordered the men to keep up a brisk fire down the passage, as I considered by so doing, to impose a belief that our strength was greater than it really was, while it also prevented the enemy from getting more than an occasional shot at us up the passage.

As I sat in front of the house giving orders, my right shoulder parallel with the bed-room window, which was on the ground-floor, the officer who commanded, suddenly sprang up and fired his pistol through the window in my face, dropping down again, he concealed himself beneath the window-sill. I instantly thrust my arm through the broken frame, pistol cocked, and pointed it directly down upon him, when, he exclaimed, "Prisoner Anglaise." I desired him to arise, and bring me his sword and pistol, which he did. I must not omit to observe, that his bed-room door opened into the passage, so that had he made an attempt to escape, he must have been that instant shot. I ordered one of the German hussars, who spoke French fluently, to dismount and accompany the officer into the yard, and summon the picquet to surrender, assuring them that the

cavalry brigade was close at hand, and that I insisted upon an immediate surrender before its arrival: in case of refusal, I should immediately fire the premises (which were thatched), and that no man should escape. In the course of a few minutes the hussar and officer returned, acquainting me that the men would surrender—allowing them to retain their valises—to which I consented. There existed an old understanding between both armies, that had been established by long practice, that once a prisoner, all effects were relinquished; of course this surrender was an exception to the rule, and was strictly observed.

The prisoners were now ordered to leave their swords in the yard, each man to lead his horse up the passage, which could admit but one at the same time; and on arriving at the door to deliver over to a dismounted dragoon his arms, who broke the butts, throwing them some distance from him, each followed in succession, until the whole, in number twenty-eight horses, passed out. As they passed the door, they were formed in ranks of fours, stirrups up across their saddle-seat. My patrol I divided on each flank, with one man and myself in the rear. The Lieutenant I allowed to ride by my side, part of his horse's reins being placed on my bridle-hand.

We had just moved off, when a French Colonel, mounted on a plain saddle, rode up on my right, and, giving me a slap on the shoulder, accompanied it with "Bon jour Anglaise." I turned quickly round, and, seizing his sword, drew it from the scabbard, telling him he was my prisoner. He appealed, with a look of astonishment, to the officer in charge, with a "Mon Dieu!" and, as I had neither time nor inclination to parley, ordered him to proceed. His servant coming up at the same time with two mules and baggage, numbered with the rest, and all marched on. It was about 7 p.m. when we left Blanchez Sanchez. The Colonel told me afterwards that he had mistaken us for prisoners,—that he had preceded a column then on the march for Blanchez Sanchez; the dust arising from its march we could plainly distinguish.

The officers and men expecting to meet the cavalry brigade, as I had said, expressed their astonishment at the disappointment. I told them that no doubt the brigade had fallen back for the night to a village not far distant; and I persuaded the men to increase their pace, so that they might get in before dark. My chief object was, however, to weary them as much as possible, and hurry them onwards to the village. On arriving within a short distance of which I sent a dragoon forward to acquaint the alcalde that I was marching in several prisoners, and to request he would open the chapel for their reception for a short time, and also to have lights placed within.

It so occurred, that high mass had been celebrated that morning. The candles at the altar, &c., were all lighted, and in marched men and horses, producing a most singular contrast with its congregation, in less than twelve hours. The prisoners complained that they were hungry, not having had any supply of rations since Salamanca. I once more called upon the goodness of the kind alcalde, who immediately ordered the villagers to collect bread, and wine was brought from his own house. The alcalde, priest, and self, distributed to each his portion—the wine very sparingly. The old men, young women, and children, all vied, wishing to do most.

It was at this village I fed our horses on going up. Having rested and refreshed the men, I told the officers that we must again move on until we reached the brigade, which I was certain was near at hand. We accordingly turned out, formed in the same order as before, and moved off with the repeated *vivas* of the villagers; and—what cheered us most—conducted by a beautifully bright moonlight.

At length we arrived within sight of the advanced videttes of the 14th light dragoons, who challenged. The reply, "The patrol," being satisfactory, we proceeded; but on our closer approach, the videttes, discovering by the moon's light such a numerous group of long-tailed horses, supposed the enemy were playing off some stratagem, and fired, and retired towards their picquet,

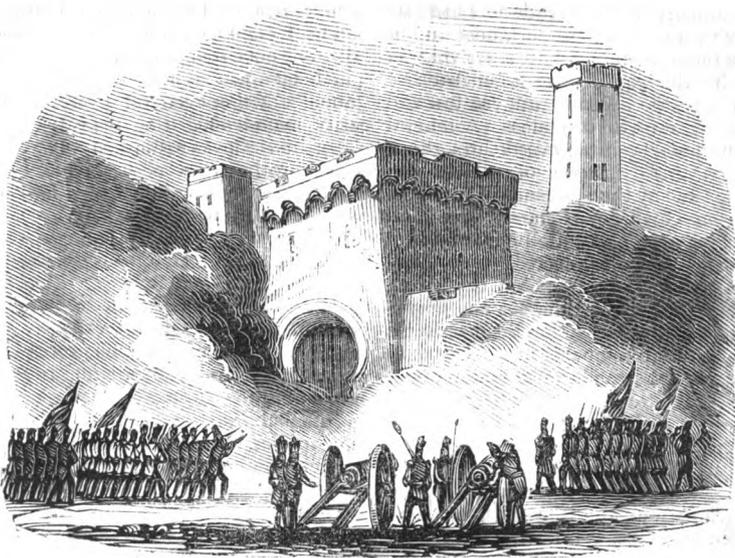
which came off with drawn swords, at a brisk trot, led by Lieutenant Ward, to whom I explained how matters stood. He congratulated one and all on our good fortune, and accompanied the patrol to Major-General Baron Alten, who commanded the brigade, with whom the officers remained. The dragoons and horses were lodged in a chapel close to our bivouac, where we were all received by the cheers of officers and men. The prisoners were marched, dismounted, to headquarters.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington was pleased to order that the cavalry regiments then in front should take a proportion of these horses fit for duty on their strength, paying the general regulation price, viz. 25*l.* for each, which was divided among the men of the patrol. The Duke was also further graciously pleased to express his approbation by a donation to each man of twelve dollars, and twenty-four to myself, when at Madrid, and also condescended to mention this capture in his despatches to England.

Thus, I have endeavoured faithfully to relate the capture of the enemy's picquet at *Blanchez Sanchez*, consisting of one officer and twenty-seven dragoons, with their arms, accoutrements, &c., complete, and also Lieutenant-Colonel (mounted), his private servant, with two mules and baggage, by the patrol under my command; and, as an honourable testimony of which, I was presented with a medal at the head of the regiment.

A DRAWN BATTLE.

As we were going in the Admiral's barge, the other day, looking at the ships and talking of the victory, Sir William Hamilton could not be pacified for the French calling it a drawn battle.—"Nay, it was a drawn battle," said the Admiral, "for they drew the blanks, and we the prizes."—*Life of Lord Nelson*.



Storming of Ghuznee.

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 342.)

THE aspect of affairs was sufficiently alarming; the approach of a hostile Mahommedan power towards our Indian frontier, attended with the moral impetus derived from a victorious career through Affghanistan could not be viewed with indifference; on the contrary, it was calculated to diffuse very general apprehension among those who were desirous of maintaining intact our power and influence in Hindostan. The Mahommedan portion of the population, even although they might not be previously disaffected, would not be disposed to regard with very inimical feelings the approach of a nation believing in the same religion as themselves, who would proclaim it as their object to free them from the yoke of the Christian infidels; and the least reverse on our part would probably be the signal for rebellion. It should not be forgotten, that although our government may be popular amongst our Hindoo subjects, there is not a native prince, from the great-

est to the meanest, whether professedly friendly, or openly hostile, who would not view with satisfaction, our defeat and expulsion from the country.

The majority of these Asiatic rulers are so ignorant of the powers and resources of other states, so inflated with notions of their own immeasurable importance, pampered as their vanity is by the grossest flattery, and the bombastic style of address usual in Eastern countries, that nothing but occasionally striking a strong blow, and inflicting military chastisement, can bring them to their senses, or keep them in check; and the states of Ava and Nepaul, taking advantage of the apparent difficulties which beset us, were already evincing hostile dispositions, and endeavouring to stir up disaffection amongst our Indian subjects. Rumours of foreign invasion were artfully spread, and had been so far successful as to have considerably weakened the confidence of the native population in the stability of the British rule. There was an universal impression that some imminent danger was about to assail us on the north-west; that some powerful confederacy, in

which Russia invariably held the most prominent place, irresistible in its might, was about to pour down upon our territories, and whose arrival was to be the signal for a general rise amongst the neighbouring states, and even in our own provinces. A general feeling of alarm prevailed throughout India, the existence of which was confirmed by the representations made to the Governor-General, from all parts, by the most intelligent and best informed men connected with the administration of affairs. To such an extent had this feeling become prevalent in some places, that the merchants hesitated to embark in their usual commercial speculations, and many of the inhabitants actually commenced burying their valuables, to preserve them from the enemy. The probability of an early and important change was everywhere the engrossing topic of conversation, and the best mode of defending our Eastern empire from the intrigues and threatened attacks of foreign enemies, instead of being merely a speculative question, had become a practical and deeply important one.

The public writers of the day discussed it earnestly, and as an evidence of the prevalent feeling, it was stated by one, that in case a formidable contest should ensue, the whole of the British force in India would amount to 500,000 souls, with a reinforcement of 60,000 from England, and 72 pieces of artillery. These might be serviceable in a pitched battle, but if enemies are to start from all sides, and begin to attack every point, the story of the English will be short, and they must sell their lives as dearly as they can. A cloud has arisen from the west, and surrounded the whole of India, and the lightning of the sword flashes in the air.

Under circumstances so urgent, it became absolutely necessary for the Indian government to be prepared to repel aggression, and prudence seemed further to dictate the necessity of forming closer connexions with Afghanistan than had hitherto been considered politic. It would of course have been better to have accomplished this object, with the assistance of the

existing rulers of the country and by pacific means, if possible, but these had been tried to the utmost and had failed. Negotiations, as has been seen, had been opened with the chiefs of Cabool and Candahar, but the insincerity manifested on their part, especially in the proceedings of the Candahar brothers, destroyed all hope of dependence upon their good faith, even had they been brought to enter into a treaty.

But there are people who were, and still are, or pretend to be, sceptical of the part played by Russia in the important drama which was enacting in the east at this period; who pretended and still pretend, that all our Indian statesmen, the ruling powers, as well as the subordinate agents, military men, and civilians, were under a grand hallucination with respect to the designs of that power, and that they alone could see clearly what was going on. This is silly trifling, or it is worse. The intrigues of the Russian agents in Persia and Afghanistan were as notorious in the East as any event of modern history, and are as capable of proof from the public documents of the time. By these, it is made clear that Count Simonich, the Russian minister at the Persian court, used every exertion to prevail on the Shah of Persia to attempt the subjugation of Herat, employing as an argument, that England would be likely to oppose it if delayed, and eventually accompanied him and afforded him assistance in the siege—that he entered, in conjunction with Persia, into all the intrigues being carried on at Cabool and Candahar, guaranteeing the fulfilment of the treaties contracted between them, and allowing it to be understood that the interests of his own sovereign and the Shah were the same—that a Russian army did actually advance to Khiva, doubtless for the purpose of co-operation, but was driven back by the severity of the season—that a Russian agent was sent direct from St. Petersburg to negotiate with the chiefs of Afghanistan, whose object, to quote the words of Dost Mahomed's agent at Tehran, was "to have a road to the English (India), and for this they (the Rus-

sians) are very anxious," and part of whose instructions, were according to the same authority to assure Dost Mahomed, "that if the Shah does every thing you want, so much the better, and if not, the Russian government will furnish you (the Ameer) with every thing wanting."

Notwithstanding, however, these manifestations of the designs of the Muscovite court, it is absurd to talk of its conduct, constituting a *casus belli*, which would have justified England, in commencing hostilities against Russia, and risking the probability of plunging Europe once again into all the horrors of warfare. The ministers of that astute power could, as they did, declare solemnly that the intrigues of their agents were carried on without their knowledge or connivance,* and these are times when, thanks to the improved tone of public morals, and, perhaps, still more to the pecuniary necessities of the different courts, governments are unwilling to incur the opprobrium of entering without the strongest grounds, into such a war as must inevitably ensue between two powers of such magnitude as England and Russia. All, therefore, that could be done was for the Indian government to keep a watchful eye upon the proceedings of that country in the east, and prevent her intrigues taking effect by every means in its power, even to the ejecting of hostile neighbours from their territories, if necessary for self-preservation.

This necessity having arrived, as is sufficiently proved by the foregoing statements, the Governor General of India resolved upon an armed intervention in the affairs of Afghanistan, and as the best means of doing so, without offending the national prejudices of the people, and their jealous love of independence, the cause of their exiled sovereign, Shah Shoojah-Ool-Moolk, was espoused.

There were many circumstances,

* It is a significant circumstance that the most active of these agents, Captain Vicovich, was recalled, in consequence of the remonstrances of England, and that he died immediately after an interview with Count Nesselrode, it is said by his own hand.

which warranted the British government in supposing their adoption of the cause of Shah Shoojah would be a popular measure in Afghanistan, and most successfully achieve the object they had in view; and there were others which made it a matter of comparative necessity, supposing an interference in the affairs of that nation determined upon. In the first place, the country was torn to pieces by internal dissensions, the people groaned beneath the exactions of their governors; and although Dost Mahomed, by his energy and determination maintained tolerable order in the immediate vicinity of Cabool, the whole country was overrun with bands of armed plunderers for whose depredations it was useless to seek redress.

It has been said that the attack upon Herat was the ostensible cause, and the only justification of the warlike intentions of the Indian government, and that when the siege of that town was raised, all motive for hostilities on our part had ceased. This is absurd: the siege of Herat was neither the real nor the ostensible cause. It was merely such a revelation of the designs of Russia and Persia, as roused England to a sense of immediate danger, and convinced her of the necessity for energetic action. The true reason was, that the intrigues of those powers in Afghanistan had rendered it absolutely necessary for us to interfere in that country, if we wished to prevent it from being converted into a hostile position on our frontier, from which Russia could assail our oriental dominions; and it is idle to pretend that because the attack of Persia, in concert with Russia upon Herat had failed, there was no farther need of warlike proceedings on our part. The designs of those powers were the same, although their first attempt at carrying them out was defeated, and what England had to look to, was security for the future. The warning had been given and was she to relapse into inactivity, till roused again, and perhaps too late, by danger at her very doors, because the enemy had at the outset sustained a temporary and scarcely looked-for repulse.

Such were the motives, which upon

a candid review of all the circumstances, appear to have influenced the British government in resolving to support the claims of Shah Shoojah to the throne of Afghanistan, and in resorting to the extreme measure of sending a British army across the Indus.

War being resolved upon, the Governor-General of India, preparatory to commencing operations, issued a manifesto in which he set forth his reasons for proceeding to such an extremity. This document, has been so frequently made public, that there can be no necessity for repeating it here.

The British troops selected by the government to support Shah Shoojah in regaining his lost throne, were to consist of three divisions, two contributed by the Presidency of Bengal and one by Bombay. The whole denominated the "Army of the Indus." The first infantry division of the Bengal force was placed under the command of Sir Willoughby Cotton, and consisted of the first, second, and third brigades; the fourth and fifth brigades constituted the second division which was entrusted to the care of Major-General Duncan. Brigadier Sale was placed at the head of the first brigade, in which were H.M.'s 13th Light Infantry, commanded by its junior Lieutenant-Colonel, the gallant and lamented W. H. Dennie, and the 16th and 48th Regiments of Native Infantry. Major-General Nott commanded the second brigade containing the 31st, 42nd and 43rd regiments of Native Infantry, and Brigadier Dennis the third, which was composed of the Buffs, and the 2nd and 27th Regiments of Native Infantry. The fourth and fifth brigades were placed under the direction of Brigadiers Roberts and Worsley, and consisted, the former of the Bengal European Regiment, and the 35th and 37th Native Infantry Regiments; the latter of the 5th, 28th and 53rd. Brigadier Graham was placed at the head of the Artillery, and Captain George Thompson presided over the Engineer department with two companies of sappers and miners and an efficient siege train.

The troops furnished by Bombay were placed under Lieutenant-General

Sir John Keane, the Commander-in-Chief of that Presidency, and consisted of two troops of horse, two companies of fort artillery, and a brigade of cavalry consisting of two squadrons of H.M.'s 4th Light Dragoons and the 1st Bombay Light Cavalry. The infantry were H.M.'s 2nd and 17th foot, and the 1st, 5th, 19th and 23rd Regiments of Native Infantry. This force was also accompanied by an engineer department and siege train. The artillery was placed under the superintendance of Brigadier Stevenson; Brigadier Scott commanded the cavalry brigade, and Major-General Willshire the infantry, having under him Brigadier Gordon, and at a subsequent period Brigadier Baumgardt. The united forces of the two Presidencies may be estimated at about sixteen thousand, ten thousand of which were comprised in the Bengal Contingent. This force was afterwards increased by the addition of another brigade, which consisted of the 1st, 2nd and 4th Regiments of local Cavalry under the direction of Colonel James Skinner. The whole was placed under the command of Sir Henry Fane, Commander-in-Chief of India.

The route decided upon, by which the "Army of the Indus" was to enter Afghanistan was the Bolan Pass, (*see engraving, page 337*) although there were other lines which appear at a first glance to offer equal or even superior advantages. The most direct course for the Bengal force to have adopted, would undoubtedly have been through the Punjaub by way of Peshawar, and so on to Jellalabad and Cabool through the Khyber and Khoord-Cabool passes. But at that time, great apprehension was entertained of the difficulties which beset that line of march, especially of the terrible Khyber Pass and the robber tribes which infest it. These apprehensions were much strengthened by the knowledge that they had never been forced, even by the greatest conquerors; but on the contrary, that they had invariably purchased a peaceable passage through them for their armies with large sums of money. Nadir Shah in 1739, had paid £100,000 to be allowed to occupy them unmolested, and the subsequent sovereigns

of Afghanistan, granted these wild mountaineers an allowance of several thousand pounds annually to secure a free passage and protection for the kafilas trading between the country beyond these passes and Cabool. A stronger reason, however, for not adopting the route in which lay these formidable defiles, was the objection entertained by Runjeet Sing against his territories being traversed by the British army.

Preparatory to carrying out this plan, the various corps composing the Bengal division of the army had received orders to concentrate at Ferozepore, where a grand interview took place between the Governor-General of India and the Maha Rajah of Lahore, on the 28th of November, 1838, when Runjeet Sing paid his visit to Lord Auckland at his camp, which was pitched about four miles from the banks of the Gharra.

While the army was preparing to assemble at Ferozepore, the most important intelligence had arrived from the West. The Shah of Persia, intimidated by the energetic proceedings of England, suddenly raised the siege of Herat and retreated, by hasty marches, towards his own capital. This event led to considerable changes in the military plans of the Indian government. In consequence of Persia having retired from the contest, it was deemed unnecessary to have so large a force as had been contemplated. It was, therefore, announced that a diminution of its numbers would immediately take place; that there was no longer any necessity for detaining Sir Henry Fane, who had previously tendered his resignation, in consequence of ill health, and a wish to return to his native land; and that Sir Willoughby Cotton would take charge of the troops, till their junction with the Bombay division, when Sir John Keane would assume the command of the whole army: this arrangement gave Major-General Nott the command of a division, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dennie that of a brigade.

When the arrangements, consequent upon the change of plan in the destined military operations were concluded, and the pomps and festivities

of Ferozepore over, Sir Henry Fane, previously to quitting the command, issued his instructions for the advance of the army; and on the 10th of December, the leading column of the Bengal force debouched as far as the town of Mendote, in the direct line to the territories of Nuwab of Bhawalpore, whose friendship and assistance were reckoned upon in its passage through his country. By this route it was to enter the Scinde territory and march onwards to the Fort of Bukkur, an important position on the Indus, which Sir Alexander Burnes had in the meantime been sent on a mission to Meer Roostum, the Ameer of Khyrpore, to secure possession of, and also to request an unmolested passage through his dominions. These demands were acceded to formally, but under such circumstances as made it evident that the troops could expect to meet with nothing but treachery and opposition at every step. These expectations were afterwards fully verified by the difficulties and privations they were compelled to undergo, and a foretaste of which they had even already begun to experience. The camp followers were beginning to desert in great numbers, carrying away with them the camels which had been hired for the service of the army. The example had been set by the Hindoos and Sikhs, and the evil increased in a terrible magnitude during the progress of the troops through the Scindian territories.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE YARN AND THE SHARK.

“Well, one day—’twas a fine un—I remember it very well, the sun was up above all, burning as hot as possible, the sea looked so shiny that you could scarcely bear to look at it, and it was so dreadful close that all on deck got quite drowsy. I and another man, named Tim Dowling—by-the-by, he was a bit of an Irishman, at least his father and mother was Irish; they kept a crockery-shop at Cork,

very 'spectable people; Tim's grandfather had a post in the Excise, with good wages, and now and then a good deal of condemned wares. Pass us the grog, will ye, Bob? Well, as I was saying, Tim Dowling an' I—he was a short, sturdy-looking chap, with a devil of a brogue—was a stretching over the starboard bulwark with what we called our haggling-rods in our hands, and a bit of sheep's heart a-piece on the hooks. I said afore that the day was very sultry. Well, I was a shutting my eyes, and feeling a little inclined to fall asleep over my fishing, and Tim was agoing off in downright earnest. By-and-by, out slipped his rod out of his hand, and over he fell—aye, right overboard, head foremost, by George! But I forgot to tell ye that he had lost one of his pins—the larboard one it was—and wear'd a wooden one. I'll tell you how it was: he happened to fall in a gale from the fore-yard when he'd been sent up to help in taking in a reef: the doctor spliced it as well as he could—a clever feller he was too—I could tell you a dozen antidotes of what wonderful things he did: but a inflammation comed on, and nothing could be done but it must be lopped off, so — But I'm steering a little wide, arn't I? Let's see: where did I leave off?"

"Why you'd just got Tim overboard."

"Ay, now I've got it. Well Tim fell smack over; and a devil of a fuss there was aboard when I sing'd out. I cocked my eye over the bulwark, and what should I see but a perdigious great shark rising out o' the bottom o' the sea, as he seemed, and making way directly for poor Tim. Poor devil, he screamed like I don't know what. Down went the swings o' the jolly through the david blocks like lightning, and the crew pulled out hard for him; for by this we had made some way, you know, and he had drifted astarn. They warn't in time, for the shark had got hold of his leg—but it was *the wooden one* though, and master shark had no soft morsel with it. He looked as if he couldn't make out for all the world what he'd got in his throat. Well, the shark tugged at Tim's pin, till there was such a splash-

ing and tumbling in the water never was seed. You never seed such fun. But they got the shark at last aboard, and he begin'd to beat about on the deck with his tail like a fury. A hatchet soon bringed him to his senses; and a'ter Tim had been brought aboard again, and the boat was run'd up, we had leisure to cut him open and see what was inside of him. A mighty fine feller he was indeed; I don't know how many feet long. We found inside of him a boat's rudder, a straw hat, a baccar-box, a spirit-flask, a sugar-box, compass, and beer-barrel, all in a very undigested state. We got off his skin, and throw'd him overboard. And there's my story.—*My Marine Memorandum Book.*

THE VICTORY OFF CAMPER-DOWN.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF
"THE GREENWICH PENSIONER," &c.

On the 9th of October, 1796, early in the morning, the exhilarating tidings were brought by the hired armed lugger, *Black Joke*, that the Dutch fleet had put to sea. Immediately all was bustle and preparation; and at noon on the same day, Admiral Duncan, accompanied by his Vice-Admiral in the *Monarch*, and nine sail of the line, was under way, and standing over with a fair wind for the coast of Holland. On the next day the remainder of the fleet followed; and, together with those which had been left to watch the enemy's movements, the British force under Admiral Duncan's command, amounted to seven ships of 74 guns, seven of 64 guns, two 50-gun ships, one 40-gun, and one 28-gun frigate, and six smaller vessels. Captain Trollope, who in the *Russell* had maintained his post in the teeth of the Dutch fleet, and had continued manfully to watch their motions, at 7h. a.m., on the 11th of October, got sight of the British fleet, and made Admiral Duncan acquainted with the position of the enemy. At 8h. 30m. the Dutch fleet, under Admiral de Winter, was

in sight from all the fleet, consisting of four 74-gun ships, seven of 64, and four of 50 guns, four frigates, two corvettes, and four brigs.

The object of the Dutch Admiral in putting to sea, was no less than to fight the British; and his desire in this particular was fulfilled to the utmost. In pursuance of this design, he had endeavoured to gain the British shores, in sight of which so many renowned battles had been fought by his brave ancestors, but the strong prevailing westerly winds kept him back. There was probably another motive existing for this bold proceeding of Admiral de Winter. Intelligence of the unhappy state of disorganization, which had only recently prevailed in the ships of Admiral Duncan's fleet, had in all probability reached Holland; and however much British valour might have been respected by the Dutch, yet a fleet manned with discontented seamen was scarcely in a condition to be feared. If such was the motive which urged on the Admiral, and we can scarcely conjecture any other which should have induced him to seek an engagement with a fleet so superior, he had most egregiously miscalculated upon the extent of the quarrel, which was, in fact, little more than a family jar.

When discovered by the British, the States' fleet was off the Wykerdens, which bore east, distant about ten miles. The British fleet being at this time much scattered, the leading ships, at 11h. a.m., by signal from the Admiral, brought-to on the starboard tack, to enable the sternmost to close. This was not properly effected, when Admiral Duncan observed the Dutch fleet, which was hove-to on the larboard tack, to be edging off the wind; and fearful that the enemy was meditating an escape, he did not wait to complete his arrangements, but at 11h. 30m., made the signal for the fleet to bear down and commence the action.

At this time the centre of the Dutch fleet bore from the *Monarch* about east-south-east, distant four or five miles, and for this point the gallant old *Monarch* steered. Always a very fair-sailing ship, she was now some distance in advance of the division and of the whole fleet, and had the distin-

guished honour of commencing this decisive action.

At about noon, the *Monarch*, setting a glorious example, broke the enemy's line: passing under the stern of the *Jupiter* of 74 guns, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral (of the Blue) Reyntjis, and ahead of the 64-gun ship *Haarlem*. Pouring a tremendous broadside into each, the *Monarch* rounded-to, and brought the former ship to close action, and a most gallant and determined fight ensued. In taking up this position, the *Monarch* was raked by the 40-gun frigate *Monnikendam*, and also by the *Atalanta* brig; and the latter continued her annoyance until disabled, some say sunk, by the *Monarch's* fire. About twenty minutes after the *Monarch* had thus broken the Dutch line, the *Venerable* commenced the action, and in a short time the cannonading was pretty general.

The *Monarch* was closely followed and supported by Captains Wm. O'Brien Drury in the *Powerful*, and Trollope in the *Russell*, by whom the enemy's rear was in a short time completely disabled; but the ships ahead of the opponent of the *Monarch* (with the exception of the *Cerberus*, which continued firing upon that ship), having no immediate antagonists, owing to the unfortunate lukewarmness of some of the British ships, were enabled to push on to the support of their Admiral, and, in consequence, Admiral Duncan, and those ships which seconded him, became exposed to a most severe fire.

At about 1h. 45m. p.m. the *Monarch* compelled the *Jupiter* to surrender, and Lieut. Charles Ryder was sent with a party of men to take possession of the shattered prize; he soon afterwards returned, bringing with him the Dutch Vice-Admiral. Shattered indeed was she in hull; besides which, she had lost both main and mizen masts, and her decks were covered with killed and wounded.

The Dutch had fought well, as indeed they ever have done; and although the effects of their fire were not observable in the sails and masts of the British, yet the lists of killed and wounded proved that their guns had taken a more fatal aim. The total

loss on board the British ships was 203 killed and 622 wounded. From viewing the two fleets at a distance after the action was over, the belief would have been formed that the British ships had had all the firing to themselves; for only one ship, the *Director*, whose foreyard was cut in two, showed any proof of their having been fired at. The Dutch ships, on the contrary, were nearly all dismasted, and their loss in men had been commensurate with their damages. Out of 7175 men with which this fleet commenced the engagement, no less than 540 had been killed and 620 wounded.

The victory of Camperdown was truly a glorious event, and it was felt throughout England to be a great national triumph. The recent proceedings in the North Sea fleet had spread a general alarm over the country; for those to whom all looked to preserve Britain's shores from invasion, considered the seamen's disaffection as an augur of what would be the result of a hostile meeting. The fear was, however, happily unfounded: deluded as they had been by artful and scheming men, British sailors only wanted the sight of an enemy's flag to eradicate from their minds all thoughts of domestic grievances; and there is little doubt that, had the Dutch fleet made its appearance, even while the rebel Parker was in full power, their officers would all have been recalled, and the enemy would have been fought and conquered by those very men who, only a few hours previously, had set at defiance their legitimate rulers.

The gale of wind which succeeded the night of the action caused much loss: one of the prizes, the *Delft*, of 50 guns, sank, and the frigate *Monnikendam* was wrecked: the *Monarch* rendered all the assistance possible, herself leaking like a sieve, and the remaining eight shattered hulks reached England on the 16th. The *Jupiter* was added to the British Navy under the name of *Camperdown*—a *Jupiter* being already in the service; but she never, it appears, went to sea afterwards, and was only employed as a prison-ship. Vice-Admiral

Onslow's services on this occasion were recognised by his having a baronetcy conferred upon him, and by the present of a sword from the City of London, valued at one hundred guineas.

THE BURIAL IN THE SEA.

“The next morning we buried those who had fallen. O. F.—— was a fine young man—brave as a lion. He would have made a good officer, had he been spared.”—CAPT. MARRYAT.

We did not lay our shipmate
Within a sacred wall,
With all the pride of mourning state,
Banner, and sable pall.

No anthem proud was rolling
In deep notes, sad and slow;
No passing bell was tolling,
When we laid our brother low.

He sleeps not with his kindred,
The fathers of his race;
Far, far from those illustrious dead
In his last resting-place.

Not on some bright green island
Beyond the Southern seas,
Where the proud palm-tree, lightly fann'd,
Waves to the sea-born breeze.

No cedar-boughs above him sweep,
In a land of sun and wood,
Where mighty forests, dark and deep,
Stretch forth to meet the flood.

Far from his father's ancient home
He lies in dreamless rest—
Beneath the spray and snowy foam
Of the blue wave of the West.

Had he but lived the brave to lead,
Laurel had crown'd his brow;
But the coral branch and green sea weed
Will gather round it now.

Yet sleep on, gallant comrade,
In the bosom of the sea;
No sorrow now that brow can shade;
From grief and pain thou'rt free.

Sleep on, beneath the heaving waves
That wander o'er thy head,
Till the green depths of ocean's caves
Deliver up their dead!

E. J. A., *Bantry*.



'Akhbar Khan shoots Sir W. M'Naghton.

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 349.)

GREAT, however, as were the difficulties with which the Bengal force had to contend in their passage through Scinde, from the treachery of the natives, the troops from Bombay, under Sir John Keane, had to endure still greater hardship and annoyance. This division of the Army of the Indus landed at Vikkur, which is situated on the eastern bank of the Indus, in the latter end of November, after a voyage up that river, seriously crippled by the want of necessary supplies and the means of conveyance for the armies. These the Scindians had promised to provide, but upon the arrival of the troops at Kurrachee it was discovered that nothing whatever had been done towards relieving their necessities, and so far from entertaining any intention of doing so, the people manifested towards us strong feelings of jealousy and hostility. Every kind of petty opposition was practised to delay our progress, and the crafty Ameers beheld with satis-

faction the results of their policy, when day after day passed by and the head quarters of the British army still remained stationary. They further commenced a levy *en masse*, calling out the whole of the population able to bear arms, while the Hyderabad rulers assembled a numerous force of mercenary Belloochees on their side of the river to defend the capital.

Meantime, intelligence of the critical situation of the Bombay division had reached the Bengal force, and Sir Willoughby Cotton resolved immediately to proceed with a detachment of 5,500 men to the assistance of Sir John Keane. A portion of this force was ordered to take up a position near Roree, to act as a reserve to the rest, and also to the Shah's contingent, which had been ordered to rendezvous at Shikarpore, and had advanced in a parallel line with the Bengal army, but on the opposite bank of the river.

Another consequence of the proceedings in Scinde, was the detention of Sir Henry Fane, who would be unable to continue his progress down the Indus while Hyderabad remained

in possession of the enemy, and whom the government, from the serious complexion of affairs, ordered to remain for the present. His Excellency accordingly landed from his flotilla, and announced his intention of accompanying Sir Willoughby Cotton to Lower Scinde.

The detachment advanced in high spirits, in the anticipation of capturing Hyderabad, a city celebrated for its wealth, and which was supposed to contain treasure to the amount of eight millions sterling; but the golden expectations of the troops were doomed to disappointment, for on the seventh day of their march, despatches were received from Sir John Keane, announcing that all differences with the Scindian government had been amicably arranged, and commanding them to halt and await his further instructions.

While these operations were being carried on, a reserve force of 3,000 men, under the command of Brigadier Valiant, which had been ordered up from Bombay to occupy Kurrachee, arrived in the harbour of that place. This is a most important station upon the Indus, both in a military and commercial point of view, and in the opinion of Sir Alexander Burnes, was the first that ought to have been occupied. Sir John Keane was subsequently of the same opinion. A portion of the troops with Colonel Valiant, were embarked on board her Majesty's ship *Wellesley* of 74 guns, the flag ship of Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, and upon their arrival in Kurrachee harbour, the insignificant garrison of the fort had the temerity to fire upon them. It was immediately summoned to surrender, but the commandant replied in the true boastful spirit of his country, that he was "a Beloochee, and would die first."

The Admiral and Colonel Valiant had been informed by some fishermen on the coast who had been captured, that the fort was one of the most impregnable in the whole country, and that one of the Ameers had a short time previously arrived at the head of three thousand men to defend it. These representations were, however, disregarded as they deserved by the

gallant Sir Frederick, and preparations were immediately commenced for the attack; the troops and artillery were prepared and the ship brought to, ready for action. Everything being ready, the *Wellesley* opened her broadside and speedily dismantled the breastwork of the fort; but the garrison being observed attempting to make its escape, the firing ceased and a party of troops was despatched to take possession of the place. Upon entering the fort, they found it quite deserted; its flying defenders were pursued and all captured, when they were found to amount to the formidable number of twenty!

While the Bengal and Bombay portions of the army were thus occupied, Shah Shoojah's contingent had reached Shikarpore. From thence, he had despatched a body of troops to take possession of Larkhanu, a considerable town on the right bank of the Indus, in which it is supposed he obtained a valuable treasure. By this time, Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Mac-Naghten having accomplished the objects, for which his visit to Lahore was undertaken, had arrived at the Shah's head-quarters. Upon the deviation of the Bengal force from the original line of advance to support the Bombay division, the envoy's mind was filled with much inquietude as he was apprehensive the result of the expedition, of which he had been one of the principal advisers, might be seriously compromised by the delay occasioned by the diversion in Scinde. He accordingly wrote urgently to recommend an immediate return to Bukkur, but Sir Willoughby Cotton could only reply, that being now under the command of Sir John Keane, he must wait his instructions, before he could comply with the Envoy's wishes. These soon after arrived, and the Bengal troops commenced their countermarch upon Bukkur and proceeded thence to Shikarpore, which they reached on the 20th February, while Sir John Keane prepared to advance up the right bank of the river by Sehwan and the Sukkee pass.

On the 23rd of February, the Bengal division began its march towards Dadur, and great as had been the

hardships the soldiers had already met with, their sufferings in reality may be said only to have commenced. During their march back upon Bukkur, after their advance into Scinde to support Sir John Keane had been counter-ordered, the carriage cattle had begun to suffer severely from the effects of fatigue and insufficient food, and haddied in great numbers; while the abandonment of private baggage consequent upon the loss of the means of conveyance, had become a serious evil. This afforded anything but a pleasing prospect in commencing a march across a country of almost unexampled sterility and difficulty. Such necessaries even as were provided them upon their route, were frequently carried off by hands of marauding Beloochees, and they were compelled to traverse many miles together of dry sandy desert, in which scarcely, a bush, a herb, or a blade of grass were to be seen, nor even so much as a puddle of water to quench the burning thirst of man or beast. To add to their other misfortunes, the Beloochees began to evince their plundering propensities with the utmost audacity, hanging about their rear, and attacking and robbing them at every convenient opportunity. To such an extent were the sufferings of the army carried, that a retreat began to be openly talked about; but through the strenuous personal exertions of Sir Alexander Burnes in procuring water and otherwise providing them with supplies, they were still enabled to hold on their course, though but slowly, and at length arrived at Dadur after having endured great hardship, but without meeting with any very serious calamity.

They now entered upon the passage of the terrible Bolan Pass, a huge chasm, running between precipitous rocks to the length of seventy miles, and rising in that distance to the height of 5,637 feet above the plains below, which are here about 750 feet in height above the level of the sea. The dangerous defiles which abound in these mountains are infested by the poorest and wildest tribes of the country, who live entirely by plunder; but they fortunately refrained from

molesting the troops to the extent they might have done, and it was not till they were about to emerge from the Pass that any opposition was offered to their progress, when a few light skirmishes took place unattended with any serious result. It was an immense relief to the toil-worn troops to find themselves once more upon a plain country after the harassing passage of the Bolan Pass, and they proceeded on their march somewhat revived by the prospect of its termination, but still their difficulties increased at every step. Among the miseries they had to put up with, was the constant loss of despatches, and the consequent suspense and uncertainty they were frequently left in, and while halting at Siriab, a terrible proof was seen of the fate their communications so often met with. A packet was brought which was completely soaked in human blood, and bore the following inscription in the handwriting of one of the deputy postmasters of the army: "The *suwar* who carried this packet was shot dead within two marches of Shah Shoojah's camp, and the envelope is stained with his blood."*

At length, on the 27th of March, they reached Quettah, the capital of the province of Shaul, at which town they had been ordered to await the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief. Here they were doomed to meet with the bitterest disappointment they had yet had to endure. In accordance with the promises and engagements of the Chief of Khelat, they had expected to find, upon their arrival at Quettah, an abundance of food, and it was with feelings of the deepest despondency that the already half-famished troops discovered that nothing had been provided for them. The situation of the army was now most alarming. Major Craigie, Deputy Adjutant-General of the Bengal force, had been despatched by Sir Willoughby Cotton, on the 25th, to the head-quarters of Sir John Keane, which it was supposed he would find at Dadur, to represent to him the deplorable state and prospects of the advanced force, and to request

* Captain Havelock.

his excellency's specific instructions as to the course to be pursued. But in consequence of the destitution at Quetta, the situation of the troops was growing hourly more and more hopeless, and it became absolutely necessary that their commander should adopt some prompt and decisive measure to meet the exigencies of the occasion. He accordingly issued orders for the reduction of the daily rations of each soldier to one half. The loaf of the Europeans was diminished to that extent, the native troops received only half instead of a full seer of ottah, and the camp-followers were compelled to rest contented with a quarter of a seer. These measures were severe, and their severity was perceptible in the famished looks and fearful countenances of the suffering troops, but they were absolutely necessary, and Sir Willoughby Cotton deserves high praise for his energetic adoption of the only course by which the army could have been saved from the horrors of actual starvation, or a disastrous and ignominious retreat. But blame must attach somewhere for reducing things to such an extremity. There appears to have been a great want of foresight in planning and providing for the subsistence of the army in its advance, and this was made evident from the very commencement. The expedition ought never to have been left wholly dependent for its supplies upon the will of a set of barbarous and capricious chieftains, but means at least should have been resorted to, to compel immediate compliance with the engagements they entered into, instead of leaving their punishment, if they deserved it, to a future opportunity, and the chapter of accidents in their favour.

Notwithstanding the stringent measures Sir Willoughby Cotton had been compelled to resort to, even at the reduced rate of meting out the rations, they had only sufficient to last for a few days, and the necessity of an immediate advance upon Candahar became hourly more pressing. The villagers, too, daily committed the most atrocious outrages. They would frequently come among the soldiers with articles for sale, and induce men

to come out under the pretence of selling them provisions, and then cruelly butcher them. At length, on the morning of the 3rd of April, Major Craigie returned from the Commander-in-Chief, whom he had found at Dadur in company with the Shah and the Envoy, and announced that they would reach Siriab on the following day.

While the Bengal column had been thus painfully pursuing its way, Sir John Keane had arrived at Larkhanu, and assumed the command of the whole army.

Upon arriving at Dadur, he found his Majesty, Shah, Shoojah, and Mr. MacNaghten, who had encamped there the day before, to both of whom he was now introduced for the first time, and they all moved on together through the Bolan Pass, the Shah's camp continuing during all the subsequent operations with the Commander-in-Chief. On the 4th of April they had arrived at Siriab, where an interview took place between Sir John Keane, and Sir Willoughby Cotton who rode over to meet him; and on the 6th, his excellency's head-quarters were established at Quetta. The drooping spirit of the soldiers were now raised by the excitement of preparation, as orders were immediately issued for the re-commencement of the march, and on Sunday, the 7th of April, the Cavalry and the 1st Bengal Brigade of Infantry proceeded with the Shah, Sir John Keane, and Sir Willoughby Cotton, *en route* to Candahar. Still our difficulties continued, nor could we look for much relaxation from them till our arrival at Candahar; and it is wonderful how the troops, and especially the camp followers were enabled to endure the fatigues of each harassing march upon so small a portion of food as they were compelled to subsist on. The mortality among the horses of the cavalry was very great, and yet withal, numbers had to be destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, from the utter impossibility of being able to procure food for them, while the camels perished in still larger numbers. We were also perpetually annoyed by the cowardly

and murderous Beloochees, who never dared venture to attack us boldly; but seized every opportunity of plundering our baggage, murdering the camp-followers and stragglers, and intercepting our convoys. The rascals were in many instances pursued and overtaken, and invariably hung or shot, as no quarter was given them; but their death never seemed to deter their companions from following their example, and risking their fate.

"The severe privations we were thus compelled to undergo, had at one time created a feeling of discontent among the troops, from which some of the officers, also, were unfortunately not entirely free. Despondency was the order of the day. Whisperings of retreat were heard throughout the camp which gradually swelled into murmurs, and Sir Willoughby Cotton himself foreseeing the difficulties of a further advance and the spirit pervading the troops, was, at one time, seriously apprehensive of the ultimate necessity of such a step. This feeling had been increased by the injudicious advice of Major Leech, one of the political agents, who had written to Sir Willoughby Cotton recommending him to fall back with the army upon Shikarpore. But the energetic demeanour of Sir John Keane upon his arrival, accompanied by the order for an immediate advance, had re-inspired the force with confidence.

As we drew near to Candahar, our sufferings, from want of water, were extreme. It was pitiable to see the poor, jaded, starving horses dragging one leg after the other with obvious effort, and panting with excessive thirst; while even the severe restraints of discipline scarcely sufficed to keep the almost frenzied men in order. At a village named Killah Puttoolah, we at last found water, and nature levelling all distinctions in the burning desire to cool their parched throats, the well-born officer and the humble private might, in many instances, be seen sharing together such scanty portion of the stream as they had been able to procure. At length, on the 25th of April, after almost unexampled difficulties, borne

upon the whole with most praiseworthy fortitude by both Europeans and Natives, the head-quarters of the British army arrived under the walls of Candahar, the metropolis of Western Afghanistan."

We must now glance at the proceedings of the Bombay column of the army of the Indus, which from the insufficiency of its equipments, was reduced from 5,500 to about 3,600, composed half of Europeans, and half of natives, Brigadier Gordon with three native regiments being left at Bukkur to cover the advancing column, and keep open the communication of the army with the Indus. It had been arranged that while the Bengal division should advance to Candahar by the route that has just been denoted, the troops of the other Presidency should proceed by the Gundava Pass in order to avoid the impoverished track of the first division of the army; but this intention was departed from, from an apprehension of its impracticability.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE TWO NUNS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. SALVADOR.

"We were all very sad on board the *Rattler* after the death of our Commander. Poor fellow! he ought to have been a Post-Captain on the deck of a frigate," said Lieutenant Charlton, to the ensign; "only he was neither a sprig of nobility, nor related to a Member of Parliament. On board our little sloop-of-war he died as we were coasting along the shores of Portugal; and the First Lieutenant immediately made his report to the proper authorities, at whose command we took up our station off C—— for a time. Winston and I had always been on friendly though not intimate terms; circumstances, however, now brought us more closely together. Our dispositions were unlike, but contrast is not unfrequently the chief cement of

friendship; and we became sworn and inseparable allies. I believe the grand secret of the commencement of Winston's regard for me lay in my being useful to him. He knew that, if absent from the ship, the duty would be more strictly done than if he were present; and he, loving gaiety and excitement, was constantly ashore. There were several villas scattered about the sea-coast, inhabited by the families of rich merchants from Lisbon, and among these Winston soon became popular. He would bring large parties on board to see the ship (there is no sight, you know, that women love so much); and, long before I had banished the memory of our dead captain from my mind, we had merry meetings and dances, which ill accorded with my regrets for the lost. These at last were banished by a radiant pair of eyes, and a voice whose merriment was like the gentle ringing of a silver bell. I think I hear her laugh now, (murmured poor Charlton, soliloquizing again,) as I translated as well as I could the Midshipman's report of the ball room being ready in his own nautical mode of expressing it, by informing us through the skylight of the little cabin where we sat over a repast of delicious fruits and the purest vintage, that 'the guns were all sluiced.' She had a pale, pensive cousin at her elbow; and, as I led out the lady of the radiant eyes to dance, Winston turned unwillingly, I thought, to the grave beauty, and offered her his arm; but she gave a pretty denial on the score of not having strength to join our English country dance, which we had introduced among them, and so sat down at the stern of the vessel, on a couch we had framed for the ladies, covered with the union-jack. She said she was content to look at us. And when the dance was ended, and Winston claimed my gay beauty for the next, I took my station beside the mournful cousin. I had heard her history previously, and she reminded me of it as we sat together apart from the dancers. It was well known: she had been betrothed to a wealthy widower, and he had died ere the nuptials could take place, to the great delight of his

son, who came into the whole of his fortune, and the no less delight of his betrothed, which was somewhat abated by the declaration of her father that she should take the veil. I had often heard of such stories: nay, I had seen girls whose destiny was thus sealed; but to hear this poor melancholy creature speak of her past sorrow (for she had hated the old widower) and her future prospects,—to hear her sighing over this while the brilliant band set the feet of others bounding on the deck, and while the boundless expanse of the "perpetual sea" seemed as it were the very type of freedom,—to see her large, melancholy eyes looking far beyond all that was passing before her, even into silence, and gloom, and despair, melting at last into a mechanical existence,—created a sudden and powerful interest in me. I looked up at our graceful and tapering masts, our delicately-shaped and dainty-looking ship, then at the vast waters, and lo! again at our streaming pennant. Strange, undefinable, but resistless thoughts crossed each other through my brain. In imagination I had borne Isidora—so was she named—from her enchantment of bigotry and despotism. 'Under the shadow of our flag,' thought I, looking proudly up at the standard that floated over our heads, 'she might be saved.' Of thoughts beyond this I had none: a rescue for the oppressed was all I dreamt of: and, embodying that dream as well as I could, I made her understand my hopes, my wishes, and my fears. She trembled, shuddered, and knew not what to say. The loud band called forth the dancers afresh: we had scarcely remarked its previous cessation. The young, gay laughter of girls and merry-hearted midshipmen rang a chorus to the light airs and harmonious symphonies as they preluded, in uncertain beauty, ere the dance began; and the voice of Winston, calling upon all to join some giddy measure, forced us from our place of dreams and doubt.

"Hitherto my love had been given to the lady of the laughing eye. That night, or rather the next morning, I went to my berth with a mind torn by

perplexing emotion; and I could hardly have fallen asleep ere I was aroused by Winston shaking me, and telling me that he had received sailing orders, and that we were to start with the first fair wind for the Mediterranean. The wind—shall I say—favoured us. Isidora and her gay cousin had departed from the water-side to a villa some miles in the country, and close alongside of us lay a newly arrived man-of-war, with a crusty old commander on board, who was likely to report all our doings, if they were by any means inconsistent with our duty. Had they been beyond necessity correct, he would have allowed them to pass without praise from himself or others. Furthermore, he sent a sick governor's son on board, to be taken to Malta forthwith. In short, in three hours we had fairly lost sight of the wooded declivities and ornamented villas in which Winston and I had passed many pleasant hours. Far away were we from Isidora and Maria,—far away, while they supposed us near them.

“Fortune—the fortune of war—sent us back again to the beautiful neighbourhood from which we had been so suddenly banished, in fifteen months. Isidora had already taken the veil; and Maria's parents being dead, her guardians had also placed her in the Convent of St. S—— for a time.

“Strange memories come over me sometimes,” said Charlton, in his musing, melancholy voice, after pausing in his tale for a minute or two: “strange recollections of gentle and eager voices; for, by the contrivance of an old nun, long since disgusted with the convent thralldom, and a priest, who could not withstand the glitter of our gold pieces, we frequently met in an adjoining vineyard,—Winston and Maria, I and Isidora; for I had yielded up, if not my affections, at least my pity to the latter. Sometimes I am so lost in thoughts as to be again among the clustering vines: again I am looking into loving eyes; and, at last, I am called back again to life and present times by these waves, sounding at my feet, and warning me of where I am, and of the lapse of

years between; those times and these.”

Rising with an abruptness that startled the Infantry Officer, Charlton said:—

“Not to-night! not to-night! Wait till to-morrow, at this time, and I will tell you the rest.”

(To be continued in our next.)

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

It is a curious fact, that the earliest and best treatise on NAVAL TACTICS was written by a *French Jesuit* (!) Father Paul Hoste, born in 1652, a period when some old men yet recollected the Spanish Armada. The following striking extract is translated from his work:—

“History does not furnish anything more distressing than the loss of the fleet of Philip II. King of Spain. This prince having resolved to conquer the kingdom of England, constructed 140 galleons of an extraordinary size, arming them with a great number of machines, and 2,500 pieces of large cannon, with nearly 30,000 sailors and soldiers, and the greater part of the Spanish noblesse. The ships of war were accompanied by a prodigious number of store-ships, carrying stores, and six months' provisions. All Europe watched with anxiety to see on what place it was destined to act; but it is of little matter to send a great fleet to sea, if officers of talent are not appointed to conduct it; the experience of officers is more necessary than the size of the ships, or the number of guns. Philip failed in this essential, and gave the command of his fleet to the Duke de Medina Sidonia, who had no experience whatever; he took but little trouble to provide good sailors and clever pilots; forgetting that he might as well have sent his galleasses without sails or oars, for these are useless, if it is not known how to em-

ploy them; thus, they began with such blunders in leaving Lisbon, that the fleet had nearly perished before reaching Cape Finisterre. They entered the Channel with a S.W. wind, and were before Plymouth on the 30th of July, where they might have defeated the English, who were in disorder, and were little disposed to receive an enemy they did not expect. Recaldi, Lieutenant-General of the Spanish fleet, urged the duke to attack them, but it requires a clever man to follow good counsel. The Spaniards stood out, followed by the English, who molested them greatly, and even carried off a galleon that had been disabled by running on board some ship. He anchored the 6th of August before Calais. It was represented to him, that he must begin by making himself master of some port, to return to in the event of bad weather, and that the coast of Calais was not a roadstead where a great fleet like his should anchor, where it would be exposed to many accidents; but nothing could make him comprehend the peril by which he was menaced. The night of the 7th of August, the English, who had anchored sufficiently near to observe him, sent down eight fire-ships. Those who remembered the infernal machines of the bridge of Antwerp, were in such consternation, that, after having cut their cables, crying everywhere 'Fire of Antwerp!'^{*} they made sail with a confusion that passes all imagination; at the same time, the wind which was high, with a great sea, now blew a gale; the obscurity of the night, and the disorder of the Spaniards, greatly augmented the horror; no one thought of giving orders, or of executing them; the ordinary rules of pilotage were no longer observed;

^{*} As some of Captain Boswall's readers may not recollect the meaning of this outcry, it may be proper to remind them, that, during the famous Siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards, in 1585, an attempt was made to destroy a bridge built by the besiegers, by means of fire-ships, which, with a most horrible explosion, blew up all the outworks, set fire to the whole bridge, and buried above 500 Spaniards in the ruins. The shout, therefore, of "*Fire of Antwerp!*" must have been appalling.

every one did at hazard what caprice or fear suggested, some going at the mercy of the wind that threw them on the coast, where they were wrecked, others stood out, and separated in several little squadrons, falling on board, and sinking one another. The wind having ceased a little at break of day, the English perceived the horrible condition of the Spanish fleet: they saw, everywhere, ships dismasted, and so dispersed, that it was easy for them to attack; they took, sunk, and burnt a great number who were unable to defend themselves. There was only Ricaldi, Pimentel, Toledé, and Moncade, who having rejoined their admiral, formed a small squadron, and sustained, with inconceivable vigour, all the efforts of the enemy: but the bad weather having recommenced, they were soon separated. Moncade was thrown, with his galleasse, on the coast of Calais, where, being attacked by a great number of English frigates, he defended himself like a lion, till having received a musket-ball in the forehead, he fell dead on the bodies of those who had already been killed around him. Toledé was more fortunate, for seeing himself forced into his galleon, which was quite exposed, he jumped into a boat with some of the bravest of his crew, and cutting his way through the enemy's boats, who pursued him, succeeded in reaching the shore, while his galleon sunk under the feet of the Dutch, who boarded her. Pimentel alone, during six hours, engaged the Dutch squadron, and surrendered at last, with a great number of Spanish nobles. The duke seeing, when it was too late, how necessary it is to a fleet to have a place for shelter, collected the remains of his fleet, and resolved to return to Spain by the north of Scotland; but he again learnt, that the sea was everywhere fatal to those unacquainted with it. The greater part of the ships that accompanied him perished on the coasts of England and Scotland. He arrived in Spain, almost alone, bringing with him the worst news, and the least expected, that was ever received."

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 357.)

On the 23rd, Sir John Keane, as has been related, proceeded to join the advance of the army; and the command of the Bombay troops consequently devolved upon General Willshire. It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon the progress of this body. The difficulties it had to contend with were of much the same nature as those which the Bengal force had encountered, but the number of the troops being smaller, they were less severely felt. Their greatest sufferings arose from the intensity of the heat, the thermometer frequently standing at 110 deg. and upwards, and this rendered infinitely more offensive, the horrible effluvia arising from the dead bodies of the camels which had been left behind by the Bengal division, and in such numbers as almost to line the whole course of their march, polluting the air all around. The horrible sights which frequently met their view were also most revolting. Half-decomposed bodies of murdered camp-followers lay constantly in their path, with sometimes a slain Beloochee, whose companions had failed to carry him off. They were much annoyed the whole way by the native robber tribes, and some terrible examples were made of such as were unfortunate enough to be captured, without, however, curing the rest of their plundering propensities; but they accomplished the passage of the Bolan Pass in security, not having been attacked, till nearly out of its terrible jaws, when they easily repulsed the assailants.

It is surprising that measures were not taken by the chiefs for defending this and the other passes. With no more knowledge than they may well be supposed to possess, they might have effectually blocked up the narrower parts of this formidable defile, and with a comparatively small body of the mountaineers, have annihilated the whole of our troops.

Emerging from the Bolan Pass, the Bombay contingent proceeded on to

Quetta, which they reached on the 12th of April. Here a company of foot artillery was directed to remain to re-inforce General Nott, who had been left to occupy the town with one of the Bengal brigades; the rest continued their route to Candahar, where they arrived on the 4th of May, and became once again united to their Bengal brothers in arms.

While the two grand divisions of the army of the Indus were thus making their way to Candahar, Colonel Dennie was performing one of those gallant actions which, while General Sale may be considered as the hero of the retreat, gives the other a claim to be regarded as the hero of the advance. This brave man had been left in command of two native regiments of the second Bengal brigade at Shikarpore, where he was detained for want of the means of conveyance, Sir John Keane having deprived him of nearly all his camels and stores to equip his own force. This was, perhaps, to a certain extent, necessary to enable the Bombay division to advance at all; but it fell very hard upon an officer of Colonel Dennie's rank and merit, especially when detention at Shikarpore was looked upon at the time as almost tantamount to destruction, and the very plea put forth for robbing the native troops of their carriage cattle, to push forward the European regiments, was the preservation of the latter from the dangers of the climate.

Even here, however, his active spirit found fitting employment. Captain Stockley, an officer of the Bengal Commissariat, while proceeding on his way to the *dépôt* at Dadur, with a convoy of cattle and various stores had been attacked by a strong party of Beloochees, and compelled to retire for safety into the fort of Janneedera; the enemy had captured 350 of the camels, and a number of his men were slain in the conflict. Colonel Dennie, directly he had intelligence of the event, aware of the insecure position occupied by Captain Stockley, and of the immense importance of the convoy, hastily equipped 200 sepoy of the 42nd regiment, and advanced to his relief. He made a rapid march of

150 miles, a great portion of the distance over the desert, succeeded in rescuing the captain and his convoy from their perilous situation, and delivered it over safely to the commissariat authorities of Dadur.

So uncertain had been the communication between the different stations, that it was here he learned, for the first time, of the commander-in-chief's general order of the 4th of April, directing him to join his regiment, (the first Bengal brigade,) and consequently now advancing on Candahar. He therefore, immediately proceeded with his little escort to brave the dangers of the Bolan Pass. At the same time, Captain Anderson, who was in command of two newly raised troops of horse artillery with tumbrils, ammunition waggons, and other accompaniments, was about to set out from Dadur to join the army by the same route, and claimed the protection of Colonel Dennie. Their march commenced under a burning sun, and they suffered most severely the whole way from the intensity of the heat, the thermometer frequently rising in their tents alone to 120 deg. Some of the men went mad, and others died upon the road-side from the fearful severity of the weather, and to add to their trials, they had to fight their way along the whole route.

At length, having surmounted the difficulties of the march, Colonel Dennie and his little band, which had been augmented by three companies at Dadur, arrived at Quetta with their charge, and proceeded thence to Candahar, where they arrived at the beginning of June, with treasure to the amount of twenty-two lacs of rupees, which they had escorted from Quetta.

No sooner had the British army appeared before Candahar, than the governors of that city, brothers of Dost Mahomed, fled with their families and followers to Ghirisk, a fortress once possessed by their celebrated brother Fulteh Khan. On the 25th of April his Majesty Shah Shoojah took formal possession of this capital of his dominions, amidst general rejoicing; the chiefs came in from all directions to tender allegiance,

the whole British army amounting to above 14,000 men, was paraded before him, and nothing but shows and festivity prevailed. The army, after resting two months at Candahar, to recruit its strength, and augment its resources, again took the field; and on the 17th of June, our brave soldiers with their oriental allies, began their march on Ghuznee. Little of moment occurred on the march, although parties of marauding Affghans hung about the outskirts of the camp, and on the 21st of July, after much suffering from want of water, and insufficient supplies of provisions, the lofty towers of Ghuznee greeted the eyes of our wearied troops.

This renowned fortress stands on the northern extremity of a range of hills running east and west. Three sides of the town are protected by a broad and deep moat, supplied with water from the adjoining river. The citadel is a square of irregular form, and is situated on an eminence commanding the whole city. The garrison was commanded by Gholam Hyder Khan, one of Dost Mahomed's sons, and consisted of between three thousand and four thousand men, a large portion of whom were well-mounted cavalry; they had provisions sufficient to last for eight months, and such was the strength of the place, in the opinion of the Affghans, and, indeed, of the people throughout the East, that they believed it capable of holding out against us for a year. The number of inhabitants in the town was about equal to the garrison.

It was against this town, then, that on the 21st of July the united army directed its march. The British troops now amounted to about eight thousand fighting men fit for duty, and the Shah's contingent to four thousand, making in all an effective force of about twelve thousand, with forty pieces of artillery. This body the Commander-in-chief divided into three columns, to be prepared to give battle in case of an attack, and moved over the plains to the west of the city, halting after a march of twelve miles, within a mile of the walls of the fort.

Sir Willoughby Cotton had gone on in advance to reconnoitre the principal approach to the fortress, and a party of Afghan horsemen who had been observed hovering about some walled gardens, hastily disappeared as he drew near. While the General was proceeding on his reconnoissance, however, the advanced guard was fired upon by some skirmishers from the gardens, and the three regiments of the first brigade received orders to move up towards the walls in separate directions. This movement on our part was answered by a shot from the ramparts, which whistled harmlessly over our heads; and a brisk fire from the gardens around the fort was commenced at the same time, but the party from which it proceeded was speedily dislodged.

Sir John Keane was anxious to ascertain what strength of artillery the Affghans could bring to bear upon us; with that view he ordered a battery to be formed of eighteen horse artillery guns of the Bombay force, together with the camel battery of nine-pounders, which was got into position seven hundred yards from the walls. These opened a sharp fire, and the enemy, nothing daunted, replied by bringing about half a dozen of their guns to bear upon our columns which were directed with a precision highly creditable to their skill. The Commander-in-chief having gained the information he desired, ordered the troops and artillery to be withdrawn; and the Affghans, we afterwards learned, taking our retirement for a repulse, were highly delighted at the success, as they imagined, of their operations. During these proceedings, a demonstration was made on the part of the enemy's cavalry with the design of attacking the rear of the army, whereupon Captain Outram was despatched to stop the advance of the Bombay force; and the cavalry and infantry brigade of that division were halted within about three miles of the fort, to prevent our flank from being turned.

The result of Sir John Keane's reconnoissance of the fortress was a total change in the position of the army. The error of leaving the bat-

tering train at Candahar was now made fully apparent. Ghuznee, instead of being, as had been represented, almost defenceless, was a place of remarkable strength; it was found by the engineers to possess a high rampart in good repair, built on a scarped mound, about thirty-five feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a *fausse-braye* and wet ditch. The irregular figure of the "enceinte" gave a good flanking fire, whilst the height of the citadel covered the interior from the commanding fire of the hills to the north, rendering it nugatory. In addition to this, the towers at the angles, had been enlarged, screen-walls had been built before the gates, the ditch cleared out, and filled with water, stated to be unfordable, and an outwork built upon the right bank, so as to command the bed of it. The gate on the side of Cabool, however, had been left in such a state as to admit of ingress and egress, reinforcements being expected to arrive in that city. It was, therefore, arranged that the attack should be made on that, the weakest point of defence, and the troops were accordingly ordered to take up a new position on the opposite or Cabool side of Ghuznee, and occupy the whole frontier space ranging between north and south east. This movement was commenced at four in the afternoon, the garrison firing the whole time, and the rest of the day was taken up in accomplishing it, the cavalry marching round the fortress, out of reach of the enemy's cannon, to the right, and the infantry to the left. This change of situation had the effect also of cutting off all chance of escape on the part of the garrison, who, on the other hand, in their fatuitous ignorance, beheld it with immeasurable satisfaction. Gholam Hyder Khan and the other chiefs, regarded it as an evidence of our intention to abandon Ghuznee and proceed at once to Cabool, which would enable them to harass our rear, while Dost Mahomed, who was supposed to be advancing from Cabool, hemmed us in, in front.

At break of day the following morning, the commander-in-chief, accom-

panied by Sir Willoughby Cotton, ascended the heights commanding the eastern front of the works, to make a fresh reconnoissance, and resolve upon the plan of attack. It was quite evident that the strength of the fortifications was such, that our army could not venture to attack it in a regular manner with any prospect of success, as we had no battering train, and the great command of the parapets from 60 to 70 feet, with the wet ditch, were insurmountable obstacles to an attack, either by mining or escalading. It was, therefore, determined that the brilliant and daring expedient (suggested by Captain Thompson in the previous day's reconnoissance,) namely, to make "a dash at the Cabool gateway, blowing the gate open by bags of powder," should be adopted. It was further resolved that everything should be got in readiness during the night, and that the attempt should be made on the following morning. Sir John Keane then issued his instructions as to the manner of carrying the plan into effect. This was to be done by drawing off the attention of the garrison to a false attack on the opposite side, while under cover of this, the engineers were to carry on their operations as secretly as possible.

While arrangements connected with the coming night's proceedings were thus occupying the mind of the commander-in-chief, a spirited little affair was going on in another part of the field. About noon, the enemy was observed mustering in considerable strength upon the heights to the southward of the camp, and displaying several banners. They were a body of fanatical Mussulmen, termed Ghazees, or Defenders of the Faith, whose enthusiasm had been enlisted by Dost Mahomed against the Kafir, or infidel English, and their renegade King, as the Shah was represented to them. Their position commanded his Majesty's camp, and it was evident from their movements that they were about to pour down in that direction, as if their animosity were chiefly directed against him. The whole of the Shah's horse, supported by the lancers and a regiment of Bengal cavalry,

moved out immediately with two guns to oppose them. The enemy had already begun to descend into the plain, when they were met by the Shah's cavalry under Captain Nicolson, and driven back with some loss, leaving one of their standards in our hands.

Captain (now Colonel) Outram, one of the bravest and most active officers in the service, who, whenever any out-of-the-way duty was to be performed, seemed always ready in a moment to undertake it, and has since gained so much distinction in connexion with the affairs of Scinde, arrived at the scene of action just previous to the occurrence of this incident. Finding no other European officer on the spot, he prevailed on a body of the Shah's horse to accompany him round the hills in the enemy's rear, where he stationed them so as to prevent the latter retreating. Intimidated by this manœuvre, and the repulse they had met with, the Ghazees ascended the heights beyond the reach of the horse, and Captain Outram meeting at this moment a small detachment of native infantry and matchlock-men under an English officer, proposed to him an immediate attempt to force the enemy from their new position. They ascended the rocks in gallant style, Captain Outram at their head, advancing steadily under a galling fire, and at length, step by step, attained the topmost peak, over which floated the Ghazee consecrated banner of green and white, which was supposed to confer invincibility upon its followers. At sight of this, the whole party rushed forward, cheering vociferously. The standard-bearer was brought to the ground by a chance shot, the sacred standard itself fell into our hands, and the hopeless Ghazees fled panic-stricken at the loss of their charmed banner, and its inefficacy to protect them. The loss on our part in this affray, was about twenty killed and wounded; the Affghans lost between thirty and forty, and about fifty of them were made prisoners.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE TWO NUNS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. SALVADOR.

(Concluded from page 359.)

A word or two apart with the "look-out," (how mechanical is the sailor's or the soldier's duty!)—a silent pause while he swept the horizon with his night-glass,—an expressive pressure of the Ensign's hand in his own hard palm,—and Charlton, toiling up the steep shingled beach, stood awhile on the embankment, giving one last look upon the outstretched ocean; and, soon afterwards, Charles heard the gate of the little paddock close, and finally the cottage door. So, with thoughts all stirred by the old sailor's recital, he wandered up and down the coast for an hour or two before he retired to his quarters for the night.

On the following evening the pair met again in the dim twilight, and Charlton continued his recital. To avoid the accusation of tediousness I may as well leave some of the scenes on which he dwelt with melancholy interest to the imagination of my readers, (doubtless they can fill them up at will from various passages of their own early times,) and proceed to the final detail of that event which had flung that shadow on his path which neither time nor circumstance had ever removed.

"The outer walls of the convent were washed by the ocean, and by degrees our vessel had been removed from her first anchorage to one almost opposite. Everything had been arranged for the reception of Donna Isidora and Maria; the priest was to accompany them on board to perform the marriage ceremony, since we having no chaplain of our own, had resolved on profiting by such an opportunity till we could be re-married by a clergyman of our own church. A boat, manned by steady and tried men, with muffled oars, lay off the shore, awaiting our signal—of a momentary light—that all was ready. The priest had provided a ladder, and the hour fixed for the escape was that appropriated by the inmates of the

convent to private prayer. My heart seemed to echo back every stroke of the booming bell, as it swung backwards and forwards in its archway on the top of one of the convent towers. A long pause of suspense ensued—Winston and I looking on each other in silence; in truth, our thoughts were too deep for words. At last, a stone was thrown gently against the other side of the old wall. In less than a minute, Winston and I were on the top of it, looking down upon the trembling group below. Ah! methinks I see Isidora's uplifted face, more than usually whitened by the effects of moonlight. Then the moon became obscured, and we were in comparative darkness. "Proceed!" I heard Isidora whisper to the old nun, "we owe it to you that we are here." The priest was already below the outer side of the wall to assist the females in their descent. The nun, nowise inclined to refuse precedence on such an occasion, did as she was bid. A veiled and trembling figure followed her; from her terror, I felt convinced it was Isidora, and giving her into Winston's arms, I entreated him to hasten to the boat that there might be less delay, while I awaited Maria's ascent. "Hush!" said the startled girl, with one foot on the ladder. "Be quick, in mercy be quick!" I exclaimed too loudly in my terror—(for the first time in my life I felt an unequivocal sensation of fear). Suddenly I felt her spring upwards on the ladder—then there was a sound of coming voices, a hurried tread of footsteps, lights flashed from various windows, the old bell kuelled forth angry and appalling tones—words of doom; and the terrified creature fell back upon the turf beneath. A shriek of anguish—it were a mercy if I could banish it from my memory and my frequent dreams—a cry for mercy uttered by a nun in her behalf, as she raised the senseless form, were all I heard: the tall priest, a man of great power, frightened for his own sake as well as mine, dragged me down, and carrying me off in his arms as though I had been a weak child, jumped into the boat with me in which sat Winston and the rest. They laid me at their

feet, almost powerless from terror and reflection, and yet fearfully alive to all that had passed, all that was passing. She, whom I imagined my bride-elect, lay moaning in Winston's arms, while he bent over her, kissing her lips, and calling her by a thousand endearing names. My bride-elect!—God help me! I heard at last, not Isidora's, but Maria's, voice; she it was whom I had delivered to Winston's care. My bride-elect—bride, indeed, of the grave!—was that poor miserable and devoted victim I had seen surrounded by human bloodhounds beneath the old convent wall.

"Have I courage," continued Charlton, clasping his hands convulsively, "to recall the history that I drew from the old priest in after years! Oh, my gracious and merciful Father!" cried the unhappy man, looking up to the calm heavens, where the placid moon and lustrous stars kept their untiring and eternal watchings—"merciful and just Creator! can such things be done in thy name without retribution in this world? Dost thou not goad the evil-doers of such works with thy curse? What though they seem outwardly unpunished, have they not moments of remorseful agony, unmatched for horror in this world or the next? I trust, I trust, they have" he exclaimed, tossing his arms high above his head, from whence his cap had fallen—"I trust"—and he clenched his teeth—"I trust she is revenged."

"They buried her alive," he added, at last, in a low, hoarse whisper, and with brows knitted so closely together, in their agony of thought, that his dark eyes blazed from beneath them—"They doomed her to a slow and frightful death; they bricked her up by degrees, and left her to die with a gap between her eyes and the green spot where last I had seen her and heard her shriek. * * *

Merciful Heaven! why are the waters of Lethe a fable? Wherefore can they not be granted to such as would resign all else on earth for them? Her upturned, whitened face—her shriek!"

The veteran seaman's breast heaved like the tossing billows before him—

for the very sea seemed as though it participated in his miserable and angry recollections; and then, once more clasping his hands earnestly together, he breathed a heavy curse upon her executioners. Pacing up and down beside the advancing billows, Charles could hear his unfortunate friend weeping aloud; and, when the violence of his tears had brought their own relief, he once more sat down beside the youth, who had sorrowfully listened to his miserable recital, and concluded it.

"I can call to mind," he said, "their laying me down in my berth. I remember the sensation of my stone-cold face, my chattering teeth, my moist hair clinging to my cheek, my rigid lips, my wild weak cries of agony, my clasped imploring hands. Onward, onward we were sailing. I sat up, and looked wildly through the port-hole: the shore was no longer visible. I forgot whither we were bound: but the night was calm, and I could hear low whispering voices on the deck above me, Winston and his bride, leaning over the ship's side that bore them away from anguish, and me from hope— * * * * *

"One day, a man-of-war came alongside of us: she was homeward bound. I was ill enough, God knows, to be justly reported incapable of duty, and I was carried on board her. Winston and I shook hands, in silence, on the deck of the *Rattler*, as I was leaving her; and I fancied I saw the figure of Maria looking at me from the distance as though wanting courage to approach and bid me farewell. I never saw either of them again. The romance soon became public, with the addition of a duel scene, for which there never was the slightest foundation. My terrible illness unfitted me for the service for many years; and, on my recovery, this appointment, which I might long ago have exchanged for what the world calls a better one, was offered me. It suited my lonely habits: here I am unmolested. Since that fatal night, which well-nigh shook my reason for ever from its seat, I have shunned society. I hear of Sir John and Lady Winston frequently. They are looked

upon as gay people, (she not having taken the veil was entitled to her fortune, and established her legal right to it,) and as such are sought by the world.

"I wonder," continued Charlton, after one of those thoughtful pauses with which his painful narrative had frequently been interrupted, "I wonder if Maria—Lady Winston—ever thinks of Isidora!" He locked his hands in earnest prayer again, and looking upwards to the clear calm heavens, Charles saw his lips move visibly, but inaudibly, and calling to mind the frequent recurrence of such voiceless aspirations, felt how truly the memory of Isidora was with him undying. How little; oh! how little do we know of one another's inner life; how little can we judge of what things pass through the minds of others from what is outwardly visible! To common observers, Charlton was nothing but that almost dreaded person—an oddity. Ah, if they could have looked through the closed windows of his solitary dwelling on winter nights, and seen him walking up and down the confines of his narrow room, with lips moving in hurried prayer, and with hands wrung together in agony!—ah, if they had seen this, they would not have passed him by with the unconcerned eyes usually turned on him by those even who were familiar with the incidents I have related. "Poor old Charlton," he was called generally; some did not know—other scarcely recollected why. Adversity flings a heavy pall over her victims, which few care to raise. People go about the world seeking feasting rather than mourning."

A DISINTERESTED TESTIMONY TO BRITISH VALOUR.

In Lieutenant Colonel Poulett Cameron's work entitled "Personal Adventures in Georgia and Circassia," we find the following observations of a Polish officer, on the conduct of the British infantry at Albuera.—My host's history was an eventful one: by birth a Pole, of a high and distinguished family, he had served in the army of Napoleon, in the Lancers of

the Guard, during which period he was present in the earlier part of the campaigns in Spain, and subsequently in those of the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian. After the battle of Leipsic he quitted the army, in which he had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, having been wounded and taken prisoner on that eventful day, so disastrous to the Imperial arms.

Although engaged in several minor affairs with the British forces, the only one of a general nature he had ever come in contact with, was that of Albuera, (two reminiscences of which he still carried in the shape of a sabre-cut and bayonet-stab,) his regiment forming one of those who made such desperate havoc among our ranks on that brilliant and sanguinary day,—a day, he candidly informed me, well calculated to make a lasting impression upon an enemy, relative to the strength, energy, and prowess, as well as dogged resolution, of the British soldier in the field.

"In that charge," he said, "so admirably and faithfully delineated by your gallant English historian, (Colonel Napier,) when the lancers crashed among the infantry, spearing, and apparently bearing down all before them, it was something new to see an array, as they thought broken and discomfited, instead of either seeking safety in flight grounding arms, and surrendering, or submitting to be sabred, with all the complacency of military law, according to custom, now that the rear was gained, or flank turned, which would assuredly have been the case with the troops of any other power, it was as new as unexpected to hear on every side nothing but one strong and emphatic, though somewhat coarse and vulgar, national execration, whilst bayonet and musket butt continued in full and vigorous play upon the assailing horsemen, (thus exhibiting the practical utility of the good old English custom of boxing and cudgeling,) and finally to view the annihilated foe, as if by magic, once more arrayed before them like a pillar of iron, fearfully diminished in number it is true, but still firm and unyielding."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The following curious and providential occurrence is related by Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, when that vessel was blockading Bourdeaux, during the late war:—"As the coasting vessels" (which had been detained in the course of the blockade) "were not worth sending into port for condemnation, I was in the habit of using such captures as marks for the men to practice firing at. The *Cephalus* had a chasse-marée in tow for that purpose, when the letter was received; and I detached her so shortly afterwards that Captain Furneaux had no opportunity of destroying the prize, but was obliged to cast her off. After he had left me some time, I observed the vessel drifting out to sea, and determined to run down and sink her. While approaching her in this view, I was sweeping the horizon with my glass, when I discovered at a considerable distance a small white speck on the water, which had the appearance of a child's boat with paper sails; but I could plainly perceive something that had motion in it; and after firing or and destroying the chasse-marée, I stood towards the object which had engaged my attention, and found it to be a small punt about eight feet long, and shaped more like a butcher's tray than a boat. In it were a young man about eighteen years of age, and a boy about twelve, who had got into the punt to amuse themselves, and happening to loose one of their oars, were drifted to sea. They had been thirty-six hours without refreshment of any kind, and with only one oar and a piece of board which they had formed into something like another. They were quite exhausted with fatigue, and their hands very much blistered; and when we picked them up, there was a strong breeze blowing off the land; so that there cannot be a doubt, had not Providence sent us to their assistance, they must have perished. I kept the boys on board two or three days for the purpose of recruiting their strength, and then landed them, with the punt, close to their village, to the great joy and wonder of their parents and countrymen."

MILITARY PROMPTITUDE.

It will not, I dare say, be forgotten by any who visited Lisbon in 1810, that the river was night and day crowded with country boats; the owners of which made a harvest by landing passengers from the ships as they came in, and would not make way for the ships boats; which on the contrary they obstructed. It chanced on a certain occasion, that an officer, charged with important despatches, endeavoured, in a man-of-war's boat, to make good his landing at Belem Slips. The Portuguese watermen, as usual blocked up the passage, and neither his threats nor entreaties, nor the assurance that he was proceeding on urgent duty, could prevail upon one of these people who had placed himself directly between the boat and the shore, to move aside. The man insolently refused, and, grasping a boat-hook, made signs that he would resist the further advance of the Englishman by force. The officer lost all patience, and, drawing a pistol, shot the man. There was no delay after this. To the right and left the panic-struck boatmen drew aside, and in landing, proceeded on foot unmolested, to the place of his destination. But though the watermen were too cowardly to resent the death of their companion when it occurred, they made a prodigious fuss about it immediately afterwards. The corpse was carried in procession, unwashed, and in the dress in which it fell, through all the streets of the city; and money was collected from every passer by, in order to defray the expenses of the funeral. I never heard that consequences more serious than this ever arose out of an affair which, in almost any other town in Europe, must have produced a bitter feud between the strangers and the natives. At the same time it is but fair to add, that there is no reliance to be placed either in the forbearance or the generosity of a Portuguese. If you happen to offend him, and a convenient opportunity offer, he will thrust his knife into your body without scruple; and where the odds in number are much against you, the sooner you take to your heels the better."

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 364.)

THESE minor operations, though strikingly exhibiting the gallant spirit of our troops, by no means interfered with the active preparations making for the storming of Ghuznee, on the ensuing morning. The road which led to the Cabool gate, was decided upon as the direction of the real attack, and towards midnight, the 16th Native Infantry, were stationed in the gardens bordering on the town, while shortly after, Captain Hay, with three companies of the 35th regiment, took up a position on the northern face of the fortress, with instructions to distract the attention of the garrison, by keeping up a continual fire of musketry on the works.

The artillery, under Brigadier Stevenson, was placed in a commanding situation on the heights opposite. Meanwhile Captain Thompson, with the officers and men of the engineer department, crept down to the works with their terrible apparatus, protected by a detachment of H.M.'s 13th regiment, who sought what cover they could on either side of the road, and endeavoured to keep down the fire from the ramparts, which became very heavy on the approach of the party.

The tempestuous state of the weather was exceedingly favourable for the concealment of their movements, the wind blowing in such violent gusts from the east, as frequently to drown all sound among the devoted garrison, of the operations going on for their destruction. The explosion party consisted of Captain Peat, Lieutenants Durand and McLeod, three serjeants, and eighteen men of the Sappers, carrying nine hundred pounds of powder, in twelve sand-bags, with a hose seventy-two feet long. Behind these the storming party stood ranged in anxious expectation of the signal for action, and was composed as follows :—"An advance," consisting of the Grenadier Companies of H.M.'s 2d and 17th regiment, the Bengal European regiment, and a company of H.M.'s 13th, under the heroic Colonel Dennie, who had been solicited to take the leader-

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ship. A second body was placed under the immediate command of Brigadier Sale, which was made up of the rest of H.M.'s 2d and Bengal European regiments, with the whole of the 13th, excepting the company attached to Colonel Dennie's forlorn hope. H.M.'s 17th regiment, under the guidance of Colonel Croker, was added as a supporting column, and directed to follow the storming party into the fort. Another body, denominated the reserve, was commanded by Sir Wiloughby Cotton in person, and consisted of the unemployed companies of the 16th, the 35th, and the 48th; while Colonel Stalker, with the 19th Bombay Infantry, to prevent a surprise, took up a position on the Cabool road, in support of a division of cavalry stationed there for the same purpose, the enemy having threatened an attack from that quarter. None, however, was made. The rest of the cavalry, under Major-General Thackwell, were distributed in various situations round the fort, to be employed as circumstances might require.

It was now three o'clock in the morning, and every thing was in readiness for the grand attack. So admirable had our various operations been conducted, that no sign of the garrison's being at all aware of our intentions was manifested, until the commencement of the false attack by Captain Hay, with the three companies of the 35th Native Infantry, roused them to a sense of danger.

At the appointed time these troops opened a brisk fire from the southward, and the batteries began playing vigorously upon the walls. This was answered from the ramparts with a spirited return fire from the juzails, and such artillery as they possessed; and every time that our skirmishers of the 13th, who were ranged along the whole northern face of the works, showed themselves to the enemy, they were saluted with a hail-storm of musketry. The scene became intensely exciting. It was still dark, and the Affghans exhibited on their walls a succession of blue lights to aid them in getting a clearer view of the efforts of their adversaries. Everywhere the cannonade and fire of musketry grew

fiercer; the northern rampart especially, became one vast sheet of flame. The dusky fortress looked like some huge monster, indignant at the attacks of its enemies, belching forth masses of fire and smoke, as if to consume its audacious foes. The scene was dreadfully beautiful. But the catastrophe was approaching. The party to whom the important duty of blowing up the gate was entrusted, now advanced to their task silently and rapidly, led by Lieutenant Durand. The besieged were conscious of the troops being in the gate-way, but had no conception of the terrible process going on, if they had had, by throwing over a few of their blue lights, they might have prevented the placing of the powder-bags. The success of the whole scheme depended upon the nicest calculation of chances, and the event proved how skilfully this had been done. On going up to the gate, Lieutenant Durand distinctly saw, through the chinks, lights and a guard behind it. The poor devils were smoking their pipes with Mahometan imperturbability, quite unconscious that the next moment would hurl them into eternity.

The powder-bags were now piled against the huge portal, the hose laid, and the train fired; the explosion party quickly retiring to such cover as they could find in the short space of time available. The whole was accomplished in less than two minutes. The enemy were still ignorant of the nature of our proceedings, but their attention was attracted at that moment by the commotion about the gate, and a large and brilliant blue light was brought to the spot that they might see what was going on. It was too late. The powder-bags had ignited, and exploded with a tremendous crash, shivering the massive barricade to pieces, and tearing away solid masses of stone and wood-work from the main building. Not one of the party was hurt by the explosion; but Captain Peat, in his anxiety to witness the success of the operations, not keeping sufficiently under cover, was, for a time, stunned by the concussion.

After a short pause the bugle sounded the signal for the advance of the storming party, and the heroic

Colonel Dennie, at the head of the forlorn hope, sprung over the black and smoking ruins that impeded the gateway, and rushed into the fortress. The surprised and terrified Afghans, for a moment, lost their self-possession, but speedily recovered themselves, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter ensued. They contested the entrance with great bravery, but the gallant and impetuous Colonel dashed forward with invincible courage, bearing down all opposition. Although day-light had broken, it was still so dark in the narrow entrance as to be impossible to distinguish any object clearly, and the soldiers as they came up had to grope their way between the yet standing walls, and pour in their deadly volleys when almost close upon the enemy, for there was no time nor space for regular firing. It was at first feared that the gate had been bricked up behind, a sudden angle in the passage causing that appearance; but as they pressed on, the leading files caught a glimpse of the sky above the heads of their receding foes, and felt assured that the town was before them.

The conflict though severe, was not of long duration. The gallant little band, inspired by their daring leader, whose commanding figure was seen ever in advance, and whose voice cheered them on to the attack, forced their way along, overbearing all resistance, and at length a long, loud, exhilarating cheer announced to the whole army without, the triumphant issue of the contest.

Meanwhile that portion of the 13th which had been acting as a skirmishing party, was closing up at the sound of the bugle, and Brigadier Sale was promptly and steadily advancing with the rest of the storming party, to the assistance of the forlorn hope. While moving on, he was informed by Capt. Peat, who was stunned and bewildered by exposure to the explosion, that although the gate was blown down, the passage was choked up, and Colonel Dennie had been unable to effect an entrance. This was disastrous news, and the brigadier knowing the uselessness of proceeding under such circumstances, was compelled to order a re-

treat. This backward movement was actually commenced, when Captain Thompson becoming anxious at the non-appearance of the main column, hastened himself to ascertain the cause of its detention, and informed General Sale, that so far from being repulsed, Colonel Dennie had already won his way into the fortress. The brave brigadier now pressed hastily forward, and entered the gateway; but the delay occasioned by the erroneous intelligence he had at first received, had nearly proved fatal. Instead of the main column following up quickly, as it should have done, the advance, too great an interval was left between them, and Colonel Dennie, who had by this time got well within the walls, was driving headlong before him a large body of the Affghans. These were rushing down towards the opening, in the hope of making their escape, just at the moment that Brigadier Sale's column was entering. The conflict which ensued was terrific. The Affghans, rendered desperate at finding themselves hemmed in between the two bodies, and their egress thus barred, rushed upon the British with the impetuosity of men, who, seeing death inevitable were resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Bayonet and sabre clashed together in deadly strife—and so impetuous was their onset, that, for a moment, our troops began to give way. One of the foremost of the enemy, a man of powerful frame, threw himself upon the brigadier, and brought him to the ground by a sabre-cut in the face. As the gallant Briton was falling, he dealt him a second blow, but missed his footing in the attempt, and both men fell to the ground. A fearful struggle now ensued between them for the mastery. They grappled with all the energy of despair, each conscious that life was the prize contended for. The wary brigadier endeavoured to gain possession of his adversary's sword, but failed, and wounded his hand in the attempt. His situation was now most perilous, faint as he was from the loss of blood, and the future hero of Jellalabad might have ended his days in the broken portal of Ghuznee, but for the opportune ap-

proach of Captain Kershaw of the 13th, who, seeing his leader's danger, plunged his sword into the body of the Affghan. Still the frantic wretch continued to struggle, and it was not till Sir Robert Sale, who for a moment got uppermost, with one blow of his sword cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows, that he succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of his desperate enemy. Upon regaining his feet, the leader of the column refrained for a short space from personal conflict with the enemy, but remained directing his troops, who had now driven back the Affghans, and established themselves within the town. Meantime, Colonel Croker was advancing with the support without encountering any other obstacle to his progress than was afforded by the surgeons, who were conveying away the wounded men of the storming party. The reserve force had also been closing up to the walls as speedily as the progress of the advanced columns would permit it, sustaining every now and then, a galling fire from the ramparts, in consequence of their exposed position, and it was not till Colonel Croker's division had made its way into the town that the reserve was enabled to march steadily forward.

Thus far, all had proceeded well, but more yet remained to be done before our victory could be said to be complete. The citadel had not yet been assailed, and it was reasonable to suppose that the enemy would now turn their efforts in that direction, and make a determined stand there. In anticipation of this, Sir John Keane ordered every gun of the batteries upon the heights to be aimed at that point; and Brigadier Sale speedily regaining his strength, and disregarding his wound, gallantly hastened on in the same direction.

The governor of the city, astonished by the sudden apparition of the storming party within the walls, abandoned the contest in despair, and secreted himself in a distant part of the fort; so that when the British, led on by their commander, nothing daunted by his recent danger, reached the citadel, scarcely any resistance was offered,

and in a few minutes more, the colours of the 13th and 17th regiments were floating proudly above the ramparts. By this time, the reserve had penetrated into the town, and was driving from their hiding-places on the ramparts the enemy, whose galling fire had so annoyed its men upon their approach. Unable to make head against their disciplined assailants, the desperate Affghans rushed madly down from the works, distributing themselves over the town, and cutting furiously at everything in their way, while our troops now assembled within the walls in great numbers, blocking up all escape, hunted them down like so many wild beasts. It was now no longer a struggle, but absolute slaughter.

The darkness which had prevailed during the conflict, increased the horror of the scene, and being more favourable to the besiegers than the besieged, the latter suffered most severely. Every street was strewed with the mangled bodies of the dying and the dead. One fortified house had held out with desperate valour, and fifty-eight of the Affghans perished in its defence alone. Five hundred and fourteen dead bodies were picked up within the walls, and buried by the British; sixteen hundred became prisoners, and the number of the wounded was probably about the same. One hundred more, it is supposed, were cut up by the cavalry, who scoured the plains in all directions; and, for weeks afterwards, dead bodies were found in various parts of the town, in narrow streets, and the recesses of private buildings, mostly those of men who had since died of their wounds; so that the total loss of the Affghans in slain, was probably little short of a thousand. Such are the harrowing details of these scenes of glory.

One fact, however, must be recorded to the honour of the captors of Ghuznee, which places their conduct in the most favourable light, and to which history cannot probably furnish a parallel. It is confirmed by the testimony of all, that their exploit was unstained by even one solitary act of peculiar atrocity. Those scenes of horror which generally follow the cap-

ture of a town by storm, and at the bare idea of which the heart sickens, were refrained from here. With the close of the fighting, all unnecessary violence ceased, and throughout the city not a single female was exposed to injury or insult. These good dispositions on the part of the soldiers, were, doubtless, assisted by their abstinence from liquor, the spirit stores of the army having been exhausted for some time previously. To this cause, also, was attributed by the medical men, the rapid recovery of our troops from their wounds, many of which were very severe.

As an instance of the spirit which animated the men, Dr. Kennedy mentions, that on visiting the hospital of her Majesty's 2nd and 17th regiments, he was surprised to find them cleared of sick! The gallant fellows had all but risen in mutiny on their surgeons, and insisted on joining their comrades! None remained in hospital but the hopelessly bedridden, who literally could not crawl; and even of these, a portion, who could just stand and walk, were dressed, and made to look like soldiers, to take the hospital guard: no effective man could be kept away.

All resistance was now overborne, with the exception of a few infuriated men who continued throughout the day, after the town had surrendered, to fire upon our soldiers from isolated positions, killing and wounding some, but who were at length secured, and their leader afterwards executed. Gholam Hyder Khan, the governor, was still at liberty. It was for some time supposed that he was concealed somewhere about the harem, but he was at length discovered in a house near the Candahar gate, attended by a body of Affghans. Captain Taylor, of the Bengal European regiment, was the first to discover his hiding-place, and upon approaching it, he was saluted with earnest cries for quarter. One of the treacherous barbarians, however, fired upon him as he advanced, and slightly grazed his breast; but, with the aid of a small detachment, he penetrated into the room where Gholam Hyder was concealed, and took him prisoner. He was taken

before the Shah Shoojah, but upon being brought into his presence, appears to have exhibited anything but courage. The king, behaved towards him with much generosity, and after mildly rebuking him, allowed him to depart.

As soon as all was quiet in the town, the commander-in-chief conducted Shah Shoojah and Sir William MacNaghten over the citadel and a greater part of the fortress. The king expressed much admiration of the skill and courage of the British troops, and was astonished at our having made ourselves masters of a place hitherto considered impregnable, in so short a space of time. We had gained possession of the citadel in less than an hour, and in two hours and a quarter the artillery had ceased firing.

The chief merit of the brilliant achievement just recorded, fairly belongs to Captain Thompson, who conceived the daring plan by which the capture of Ghuznee was accomplished; but he, upon whom the most depended in its execution, was undoubtedly Colonel Dennie, who, at the head of his devoted little band, gallantly rushed into "the imminent deadly breach" as soon as it was practicable, and may be said to have been actually in possession of the fort before he received any assistance. Had he faltered at all in his course, or had any misgivings as to his success upon discovering the appearance of the gates being barricaded behind, and given way, the whole scheme would have failed, and the British army have probably met with a similar fate to that which overwhelmed its unhappy remnant at a subsequent period at Cabool.

The importance of the capture of Ghuznee was soon made apparent by the arrival of Nawab Jubbar Khan in the British camp, on the 28th of July, with terms of submission from his brother Dost Mahomed. This chief was the personal friend of Sir Alexander Burnes, and was celebrated for his frankness, amiability, and generosity towards Europeans, and for his regard for the English in particular; and our travellers were always

sure of meeting with hospitality and kindness from "the good Nawab" as he was called. The purport of the proposals with which he was entrusted was that Gholam Hyder Khan, the late governor of Ghuznee, should be set at liberty, and that Dost Mahomed should resign the sovereign power into the hands of Shah Shoojah upon condition of his being appointed his vizier, an office he laid claim to by right of descent.

It was of course impossible for the British government, consistently with its views, to consent to these terms; and the Nawab, who, from his character, was treated with much respect throughout the conference, was given to understand that no proposals could be listened to which did not include the absolute resignation of all power on the part of his brother, the Ameer. He would, however, be provided with a safe asylum and a liberal allowance for himself, family, and dependents, in the British dominions. This, the Nawab said his brother would never consent to, and nothing satisfactory resulted from the negotiation. He was further offered for himself the continued possession of his own estates, with additional favours at the hands of the Shah, but he honourably declined, and announced his determination of clinging to his brother's fortunes, let his fate be what it would. This conduct on the part of the good Nawab, contrasted favourably with that which would have been pursued by most Affghans under similar circumstances, for the Ameer of Cabool, in the days of his power, had stripped his brother of much of his property, and treated him with great harshness.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE ASSAULT ON FORT ERIE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

IN the month of August, 1840, a select, although rather a numerous, party of pilgrims and votaries to the beauties of nature, had collected, as

is usual at this season, at the Cataract Hotel, in the small village of Niagara, with a view to gratify their anxious curiosity by a visit to the celebrated Falls bearing that name.

Having contemplated and admired, almost to satiety, the diversity of beautiful scenery—the vast combination of natural wonders—this great phenomenon never fails to impress on the mind of every visiter, and having been reinforced by some handsome ladies and gay militaires from Buffalo, they determined at length to relieve their fatigued imagination by a change of recreation, and to devote a few hours of the evening of the 13th of August to the charms of the goddess of grace and pleasure, the fascinating Terpsichore.

The place selected for the consummation of this festivity was built on the margin of the river, and romantically situated close to the roaring precipice; and so strongly and poetically were they still inspired from what they had witnessed in the course of their rambles, that, in their extacy, they actually fancied the melodious notes intended to enliven and accompany the evening's fête, as well as the tender accents that gallantry would bestow on beauty and youth, would be re-echoed from rock to rock among the rushing rapids, till lost at length in the immeasurable abyss. Of such lofty elements was our agreeable circle composed?

My friend, Colonel H—— and myself had taken up our residence at this hotel several days previously, and, of course, formed a component part of the *assemblée dansante*. We had fixed on the following morn to cross under the Falls to the Canadian side, visit Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and Fort Erie—then re-cross the river at the village of Waterloo, opposite Black Rock, and take up our night quarters at the thriving and rising city of Buffalo. This project in view, the *réunion* was *très à propos*, and led to our making the acquaintance of the American militaires.

After the ladies had retired from the *soirée dansante*, which they only did when Phœbus again threatened to walk the heavens and illumine the

earth, a few choice spirits—Major S——h, Capt. R——, and one or two younger officers, belonging to the garrison at Buffalo—proposed that we should finish the evening, or rather, begin the morning, with a *petit souper*; and, accordingly, we ensconced ourselves into a *sanctum sanctorum* on the opposite side of the hotel, as far from the noise of the rushing waters of the cataract as we could, there to regale ourselves with deviled becasins, iced champagne, and Havannah cigars—to discuss and descant upon the fair faces and fine forms our eyes had been gratified with in the course of the evening. Eyes (with arched eyebrows) of all kinds and sorts were commented upon—the bright blue, the black, the grey, the hazel, the weeping, the smiling, the sleepy. Some of the young aspirants even congratulated themselves on the manner in which such and such eyes had been *rubbed over* them; others hinted at a certain pressure of the hand—at the number of times he had the honour of dancing with the same fair lady, and how he had, preferably, been selected as her cavalier, to the no small discomfiture of some less favoured swain, &c.

And when these personal observations and topics had been disposed of, the conversation became general; military subjects connected with the last war, became the engrossing topic—Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and the attack on Fort Erie, came on the *tapis*.

A *partie de pêche et de chasse* was proposed for the approaching morn; and it was agreed that we should all start for the battle-ground—fish and shoot on the banks of the Chippewa Creek—and each party give his version of the deeds of valour performed on these ensanguined plains.

My friend, Colonel H——, had been present at two of these hard-fought days, when Saxon was opposed to Saxon: there could be little jealousy when the same blood was streaming in the actors' veins, although the battles were fought for different interests.

Captain S——, a fine old fellow, with rather a nasal twang, and with an occasional "guess" and "calculata," told us, between each glass of

the sparkling liquor we were sipping, that he had been at all the three battles just mentioned. He commenced with a description of that of Chippewa; fought the 5th of July, 1814; talked a good deal about Sir Phineas Riall, Bart., but much more about Generals Scott, Ripley, and Porter. He said the forces were pretty nearly equal—that the attack was begun by Gen. Riall, and that the battle was fought on the plain, south of the Creek, where we were going to fish—that he was very young at the time, but remembers the exultation produced by the announcement of the British regulars having suffered a defeat, but more especially that of the sanguinary fight that followed on the 25th of the same month, called the battle of Lundy's Lane, and which, as the loquacious captain observed, was won over the veterans of Wellington. He got very eloquent, when touching on the ardour displayed by Scott's Brigade at both battles, and when stating how, at Chippewa, he forced the British to flee behind their batteries; and at Lundy's Lane, he recounted the deeds of a Colonel Miller with great spirit, who, when annoyed by a British battery on a commanding height, was asked if he would attempt to carry the position, to which he laconically replied, "I guess I'll try;" and off he set, with his corps, at double time, and, in the twinkling of a bed-post, carried the same. The battle commenced in the evening, and finished in the dark.

"Yes," said Colonel H——, "and the corps were so near one another, you actually clapped your limbers to one of our guns, and carried it off, thinking it your own; this was your only trophy*."

"But the sun is up," said some keen sportsman, "let us be off."

The landlord furnished each of us with a jacket, a fishing-rod, and a fowling piece†; our Buffalo friends

had come prepared with these accessories. We now proceeded down the spiral stair to the ferry-boat, and crossed under the foaming and glittering cataract, lighted up by the rays of a rising sun. What gorgeous splendour was here exhibited to the astonished sight!

We halted at Clifton House, the hotel on the Canadian side—got an excellent breakfast, whilst the landlord went in search of some Rosinantes for our excursion. Shortly after, we started through Lundy's Lane—a very strong and well-adapted ground to fight on. The enthusiastic Captain proceeded to point out to us the different points of attack and defence.

We got to the Chippewa Creek, or River, as it was called; ascended it a considerable distance, and had tolerable sport. We caught, principally, a kind of white fish, the flesh of which was very delicate. Some of them weighed from two to three pounds: they fought well, and afforded good sport. It was a kind of trawling operation we performed, with a piece of dead bait, much in the style of pike-fishing. We also shot some plover and a few wild ducks. This over, we passed across the Field of Chippewa, and came to the *debris* of Fort Erie, near which stands the village of Waterloo. We here found a snug and comfortable inn. We pulled out our prog, with which we had taken care to provide ourselves; but our American friends had forestalled us by having sent an express to Buffalo, and servants, wines, and viands, awaited us!

When our appetites were satisfied, and whilst whiffing our cheroots, the spot on which we were sitting naturally turned our conversation to the scene here enacted a little later in the same year in which the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane were fought; and Major S——, an actor and ocular witness, stated as follows:—

"That before the war, it was but a flimsy affair, and that after the capture of Fort George, by the Americans, it was abandoned by the British and occupied by the Americans: that it was again occupied and again sur-

* The reverse was the case; when the Americans were driven back, they limbered up one of our guns, and left theirs in its place: a pretty convincing proof of how close the combat was.

† We had determined to leave our servants and baggage here.

rendered; and, finally, put into a more formidable state of defence by the Americans. Sir Gordon Drummond, after the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, came here, and undertook to carry it by a regular siege; but, after the most strenuous and persevering efforts, was repulsed with considerable loss, and had to effect his retreat. It was on the memorable 15th of August," he added, "that Sir Gordon Drummond attempted to storm it in three columns—the right led by Colonel Fischer, the centre by Colonel Drummond, and the left by Colonel Scott. The night was dark and stormy: Fischer's column advanced cautiously on the right battery, bayonets fixed, and scaling-ladders ready; but he was met by the Americans, under the gallant Wood, who, after a desperate fight, drove off the assailants. A second attempt having also been repulsed, the determined foe attempted to turn the flank by passing the point of the abbatis, to do which required the assailants to wade breast-high in the waters of the lake. A deadly conflict at this point, which cost the lives of nearly two hundred of the column, terminated in its utter dispersion and defeat. Colonels Drummond and Scott were no less determined to conquer. Twice they were repulsed in their assaults; but at length, having gained possession of the bastion where Captain Williams, Lieutenants M'Donough and Watmough were stationed, for a time the battle seemed doubtful. Lieut. M'Donough, being badly wounded, demanded quarter of Colonel Drummond, who refused it, and shot him down. The latter, however, was himself killed while crying out, 'Give no quarter!' By a determined effort, the bastion was at last recovered by the Americans, and the enemy was entirely defeated and driven from the field. Their loss was 900—that of the Americans but 84.

"Disappointed in this attempt, General Drummond thence undertook to surround the fort, and compel it to surrender at discretion. An advanced line of batteries, from the river to the lake, at five hundred yards' distance from the fort, was formed, while the

reserve lay at a distance beyond the reach of its fire.

"General Brown, who now succeeded the gallant Gaines in command, feeling uneasy at this position of affairs, planned a sortie, which took place on the 17th of September, and was one of the most brilliant feats of the whole war. The troops were led out in two divisions, under Colonels Wood and Gibson; and, though these brave men fell in the conflict, the expedition was crowned with success. Three batteries, two blockhouses, and the intervening line of intrenchments, were destroyed, and 390 prisoners were captured. Forty-seven days' labour of the enemy was thus rendered useless. This action was of a new character so far as the Americans were concerned, and was considered a very gallant one. The result of the affair was the retreat of General Drummond, a few days afterwards, down the river. On the approach of winter the fort was dismantled, and the troops went into winter-quarters on the American side. I am thus particular in my narrative," concluded Major S—, "because, in the splendour of the victories of Bridgewater and Chippewa, the sortie of Fort Erie is too often forgotten. . . ."

(To be continued in our next.)

A CONTRAST OF DISCIPLINE IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH SHIPS OF WAR.

"During the time we were heaving the anchor up, and setting the sails, Bonaparte remained on the break of the poop; and was very inquisitive about what was going on. He observed, 'Your method of performing this manœuvre is quite different from the French,' and added, 'what I admire most in your ship is the extreme silence and orderly conduct of your men, On board a French ship every one calls and gives orders; and they gabble like so many geese.' Shortly before leaving he also said, 'There has been less noise in this ship, where there are 600 men, during the whole time I have been in her, than there was on board the *Epervier*, with only 100, in the passage from Isle d'Aix to Basque Roads.'"

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 373.)

Dost Mahomed was now fully aware of the dangerous situation of his affairs, and having refused the conditions held out to him, it behoved him to employ all his energies in preparing to defend himself. His first efforts were directed towards concentrating his means with the view of making one grand attempt to re-establish his declining power. He accordingly sent to his favourite son, Mahomed Akbar Khan, (afterwards so notorious,) directing him to fall back upon Cabool with his whole force immediately. Akbar had been stationed in the vicinity of Jellalabad, of which place he was governor, with a body of two thousand five hundred men, and fourteen guns to oppose the passage of Colonel Wade through the Khyber pass. This officer, (now Sir Claude Martin Wade,) had been placed in command of the troops, which, as part of the original military arrangements of the expedition, were directed to be levied, and to enter Affghanistan, in conjunction with our Sikh allies, by the eastern passes. He had assembled near Peshawar, at the beginning of the year, an army of four thousand eight hundred men of the Shah's Contingent, besides a body of six thousand Sikhs. These troops were to advance on Cabool by the route above mentioned, accompanied by Timour, the eldest son of Shah Shoojah, while another body of Sikh troops was to be stationed at Peshawar as a corps of observation.

Colonel Wade, having from time to time been informed of the progress of the grand army, proceeded into the Khyber Pass on the 22nd of June. Continuing to advance, on the 27th, he obtained possession of Ali Musjid, a stronghold previously occupied by the adherents of Dost Mahomed, upon which Akbar Khan relinquished all opposition and fled precipitately towards Cabool. He left behind him near Gundamuk the whole of his artillery and camp equipage, so that twelve guns, seven hundred rounds of ball artridges, camp appointments, horses,

draught bullocks, and swivels, with ammunition and equipments, fell into our hands. This, at once, opened the way for Colonel Wade through the passes, and on the 2nd of September he arrived at Cabool. General Ventura was to have taken the command of the Sikh Contingent; but in consequence of the death of Runjeet Sing, whose decease took place on the very day the grand army broke up from before Candahar, he remained behind, and Colonel Wade was left in charge of the whole force, amounting to nearly eleven thousand men. The manner in which he conducted his advance, won him general applause, and the special thanks of the Governor-General were given to him.

Meanwhile, the various arrangements connected with the capture of Ghuznee having been completed, and a garrison left in possession of the place, the Army of the Indus resumed its march on the 30th of July, and proceeded to Cabool, leaving the Bombay brigade, with the Shah and his Contingent to follow. On the 3rd of August the troops halted, to permit of his Majesty's overtaking us, and on the same morning received intelligence of Dost Mahomed having been deserted by nearly all his followers, and compelled to flee. It appeared to have been the intention of the Ameer to advance to Muedan on the Cabool river, and amidst the difficult defiles of that valley, to attack our troops, and endeavour to effect their destruction. His purpose, however, was frustrated by the disaffection apparent in his army. The Kuzilbashes, in particular, showed evident indications of their intention to desert him. This unstable and faithless people were waiting an opportunity to go and make their peace with the party they deemed most powerful, and all their leader's spirited efforts to retain their allegiance, and his appeals to their national and religious feelings, were vain. He went amongst them with the Koran in his hand, conjuring them not to insult the creed of their forefathers by joining a man who had brought the Christian infidels to desolate their country. He endeavoured to rouse their gratitude

by recapitulating the benefits they had received from him. "You have eaten my salt," he said, "these thirteen years. Since you are resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour for that long maintenance and kindness—enable me to die with honour. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan, whilst he executes one charge against the cavalry of those foreign dogs; in that onset he will fall; then go and make your own terms with Shah Shoojah." But all the exhortations of the Baurikzye chief were lost upon men already treacherously bent upon forsaking his cause; and seeing the hopelessness of being able to secure their allegiance, he gave them their dismissal, and, at the head of about three thousand followers, who still clung to him in his adversity, he fled to Bameean.

This intelligence being fully confirmed, it was resolved to send in immediate pursuit of the Ameer, and the service requiring both talent and daring, Captain Outram seemed, as a matter of course, the officer selected to command the pursuing party. With him were associated nine other British officers, followed by one hundred and fifty chosen horse, fifty of the 2nd Bengal light cavalry, fifty of the Bengal 4th local, and fifty of the Poonah Auxiliary horse. To these one hundred of the Shah's cavalry were afterwards added. Insignificant as this little force would have been alone, they would have stood a better chance of succeeding in their object than they did when backed by the allies that accompanied them. These were a body of two thousand of the Shah's Affghans, under the command of Hadjee Khan Kakur, a man notorious throughout the country for his unparalleled treachery. In early life he had been nothing more than a humble melon vender, but he was a man of enterprise and courage, and had raised himself to the highest rank by his crafty talents, invariably changing sides when his interest prompted him to do so. He had intrigued even in favour of the heretic Sikhs during their hostilities with Dost Mahomed, and afterwards quitted the service of that chief to join the rulers of Canda-

har against him. Upon the approach of our armies to Candahar, he again changed sides, and deserted, with all his followers, to the cause of Shah Shoojah, for which piece of well-timed service he received a thousand pounds from us. But nothing could secure the fidelity of this designing chief, who seemed to love treachery for its very sake, and upon our march to Ghuznee, he hung aloof in the most suspicious manner, evidently waiting, as was afterwards proved, to see the result of our operations upon that fortress, in the hope that our defeat would give him another opportunity of changing his party. Our glorious success, however, confirmed his wavering fidelity for the moment, and the day after the fall of Ghuznee, he arrived at the British camp with congratulations, and protestations of his earnest attachment to our cause.

Such was the man injudiciously chosen to accompany Captain Outram in the pursuit of Dost Mahomed. He was appointed to the duty under the foolish supposition that he was too deeply committed against his former master to join him again; but such an opinion showed very little acquaintance with human nature, as men of the stamp of the Kakur chief always have it in their power to make their peace again, in times of political convulsion, by a timely return to the party they may have deserted.

His very first operations were calculated to rouse suspicion. The whole pursuing force had been directed to assemble at 4 p.m. at the Envoy's tents, but although the British party waited till dark, not more than 300 effective men of the Affghans had assembled, the rest consisting of from four to five hundred Affghan rabble, mounted upon half-starved ponies. Hadjee Khan was extremely anxious to take the high road as far as Muedan, in order, as he pretended, to pursue the route of the flying Ameer thence; nor was it till Captain Outram represented the impossibility of ever overtaking Dost Mahomed by such a course, who had already got twenty-four hours' start of his pursuers, that the Kakur chief would consent to provide guides. These were instructed to lead the

party across the hills by the nearest route, so as to intercept that of the Ameer about three marches beyond Muedan.

During the first night the party marched about 30 miles, and reached Goda, a little village situated in a valley, at seven, a.m. on the 4th; but although they had halted several times in the course of their march to enable the stragglers to overtake them, not more than 100 of the Affghans arrived at Goda at the same time. In the course of the day, however, the remainder made their appearance, and the cause of their delay was sufficiently conspicuous in the plunder with which they came in laden. In the evening, the troops resumed their march, but much against the inclination of the traitorous Hadjee, and after a harassing journey over a difficult country, they encamped again at a village called Kodur-i-Suffeid, scarcely fifty of the Affghans keeping up with them, but straggling in again, as before, in the course of the day. Information was here received that Dost Mahomed was at the village of Yourt, one march in advance of his pursuers; whereupon Hadjee Khan became exceedingly desirous to proceed no further without reinforcements, as he declared the Ameer had upwards of 2,000 followers with him. The brave Captain Outram, however, resolved to push on at all risks, in the hope of being able to overtake the fugitive at Hurzar, the next halt beyond Yourt; but it was with extreme difficulty, and not till after much altercation, that he was able to prevail upon his unwilling allies, not more than 350 of whom were suitably mounted to accompany him.

At length they got upon the road; but before they had proceeded four miles, the guides, who were under the charge of Hadjee Khan, were reported to have deserted. It was then quite dark, and they were surrounded by dangerous precipices and ravines. Captain Outram had, therefore, no alternative but to await the approach of daylight before their journey could be resumed, which prevented them from reaching Yourt until the following morning, the 6th. Here the party

was compelled to make another long halt, as nothing would induce the crafty Kakur to advance sixteen miles further to Hurzar, where Dost Mahomed was reported then to be; at last, he promised that he would certainly move on in the evening; and there still appeared a chance of being able to come up with the Ameer in the course of the night. When evening came, however, instead of being ready to fulfil his engagements, Hadjee Khan commenced a long story about the hardships endured by his men, and the impossibility of their being able to face Dost Mahomed, even if they should overtake him, until assistance should arrive. He continued in this strain till night, and ended by promising that he would make up for the delay by a forced march of double the distance in the morning. To this arrangement Captain Outram was reluctantly compelled to accede, as he was not empowered to act independently of the Affghans. Thus did the arch-traitor Hadjee continue to throw impediments in the way of the Ameer's capture; but Captain Outram being further informed that the progress of the fugitive was delayed by the sickness of one of his sons, resolved, at all events, to proceed on the morrow, and if the Kakur chief would not accompany him, to push forward alone. Of this determination Hadjee Khan was duly informed, and he did all in his power to shake it, representing the extreme rashness of such a proceeding, but in vain. The night set in very inauspiciously for the next day's progress. It rained and hailed violently, and the soldiers had had nothing to eat for two days, except a little parched unripe corn.

At day-break, on the 7th, they again started forward in quest of their flying foe, and on arriving at Hurzar, discovered traces of his encampment on the previous day. Upon observing these, our worthy ally, under the pretence of resting his men, again endeavoured to retard Captain Outram's progress, but without effect, as the gallant leader of the British party now advanced alone. But upon his learning that Dost Mahomed was only a short distance ahead at Kalloo, and

riding back to apprise Hadjee Khan of the intelligence, the Kakur chief actually endeavoured to restrain him by force, protesting that he was madly rushing on to inevitable destruction. The captain, however, broke from the wily Affghan, and pushed hastily on to Kalloo with his little party, but had the mortification to find that the object of his pursuit had departed so long previously that he must, ere then, have surmounted the Kalloo Pass, the highest of the Hindoo Koosh.

Every one of the Affghans had now fallen off from the pursuit, and the little party of British were left to pursue their route alone; they had been nine hours in the saddle, their horses were quite worn out; they had crossed the Hajee Guk Pass, twelve thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and were gazing down from its bleak summits upon sheets of snow, 1500 feet beneath them. Night too was fast approaching, and the men having had but little food throughout the whole march, were knocked up with hunger and fatigue. It was, therefore, determined to halt here, and during the evening they were fortunate enough to obtain a scanty meal of flour. The next morning, they were reinforced by Captains Taylor and Trevor, with 30 troopers, and about 300 Affghans. Hadjee Khan also now made his appearance, but as it seemed, only for the purpose of resorting to his old schemes to delay the pursuit. He once more urged upon Captain Outram the necessity of waiting the arrival of fresh troops, averring that it was impossible for the Ameer to escape beyond Bameean, as he had caused all the roads to be blockaded to intercept his progress. The pertinacious chief was, however, after all induced to proceed another march in advance.

After travelling all day, during which they crossed the Pass of the Shutur-i-Gardan, or Camel's Back, three thousand feet higher than the Hajee Guk Pass, which they had traversed the previous day, they arrived after dark, at a deserted village at the foot of the mountain, and halted on the banks of a stream flowing into the river

Oxus, to allow the straggling Affghans to rejoin them. They now found it impossible to place any dependence upon Hadjee Khan, who pretended to be afraid of his own followers, and flatly refused to march with them by night. "In broad daylight," he said to Captain Outram, "I may be able to take them on; but if you do encounter Dost Mahomed Khan, not one of the Affghans will draw a sword against him, nor will I be responsible that they do not turn against yourself in the *mêlée*."

In this state of affairs a council of war was held, when it was agreed, that considering the smallness of the party, their only chance of success lay in being able to effect the destruction of the Ameer, whose death would probably confirm the wavering fidelity of their Affghan allies. It was, therefore, resolved, that in the event of his being overtaken next day, and offering resistance, the thirteen British officers should unite their efforts, and charge in the centre of the little band, every one directing his individual attack against the person of Dost Mahomed, whose fall would thus be rendered almost certain. With this exciting prospect before them on the morrow, they passed the night cheerfully and merrily, although they had little to eat, nothing whatever to drink, and no other bed to lie on than their sheep-skin cloaks.

But all their anticipations of glory were frustrated, for whilst in the act of mounting their horses at break of day on the 9th, intelligence was received that the Ameer, instead of remaining at Bameean, as prognosticated by the treacherous Hadjee Khan, had pushed forward to Akrabad, and that long before he could be overtaken he would be safe in the territories of the Wallee of Kheoloom, an Usbek chieftain, favourable to his interests. Upon arriving at Bameean, this information was confirmed by a party of Affghan horsemen, who had been a short time previously dismissed by their fugitive leader. Under these circumstances it was, of course, useless to proceed any further in the pursuit; and after halting for a few days to obtain supplies, and give

time for the arrival of fresh instructions, during which Captain Outram wrote to inform the envoy of the Kakur chief's treasonable conduct, the party returned to Cabool, where they arrived on the 19th of August. The perfidy of Hadjee Khan was now fully established. It was proved that he had entered into a league to fight against the king, in the event of any reverse happening to his cause; and that while employed in the pursuit of Dost Mahomed, he was actually engaged in a correspondence with him during the whole time. He was, therefore, immediately arrested, and has since been detained a state prisoner at Chunar.

The policy which dictated the employment of a man so notoriously bad and faithless, as was this Kakur chief, in an object so important as the pursuit of the ex-ruler of Cabool, has already been slightly touched upon; and its ill effects were made apparent in the Ameer's escape, and the subsequent trouble he gave; not to mention the immense influence it might have exerted over future events, had he fallen in the struggle, which would have probably followed between his own troops and his pursuers, had he been overtaken. He would unquestionably have been so, had Captain Outram been entrusted with a sufficiently large force, and with authority to act without Hadjee Khan, who, merely as an *attaché* to the party, would have been a valuable auxiliary; but instead of this, the chief power was vested in the renegade Kakur, and the British leader's instructions were only to act along with the Affghans, and second them if necessary. His subsequent energetic determination to act by himself, when the treachery of his ally was too evident to mislead the blindest, was adopted upon his own responsibility.

In the meantime, while Captain Outram had been sent in pursuit of Dost Mahomed, another party, under Major Cureton, had been ordered to advance on the road towards Cabool, and take possession of the artillery which the Ameer had left behind him at Urghundee. It consisted of twenty-eight guns, of various calibre, made of

brass, and all of the most indifferent construction as to mounting and carriages. The ground they were placed upon, according to Asiatic notions of warfare, was well adapted for an action, but was ill chosen for an engagement with civilized troops as it afforded great facilities for our attack, had the enemy waited to receive us. A great quantity of ammunition and other military stores were also captured; after securing which, Major Cureton, as he had been directed, pushed forward his reconnoissance to the very walls of Cabool, the rest of the army, in the meanwhile, advancing steadily, without interruption, and arriving before the city on the 6th of August.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE ASSAULT ON FORT ERIE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

(Continued from page 376.)

DURING the recital of these military feats, in which high colouring and gross exaggeration were not omitted by the narrator, I perceived my friend Colonel H—, (who had been on active service during the whole of the Canadian campaign, and had actually been present at the assault of Fort Erie,) observe, with one or two exceptions, a marked silence, accompanied by a smile, bordering on incredulity, and clearly indicative of dissent.

On the following morning, to my no small and agreeable surprise, he had prepared a detailed statement of the assaults on Fort Erie, which, from its interesting and authentic character, I cannot omit here to subjoin, in contra-distinction of the American account. It is as follows:—

Statement of Colonel H—, (of the British Service.)

“We assaulted Fort Erie about two o'clock on the morning of 15th August, 1814. The plan of attack, as nearly as I can recollect, was as follows:—

“The right column of attack, under Colonel Fisher, of DeWatteville's Regiment, was composed of 8th Regt., light

company 100th Regt., and De Watteville's; destined to attack that part of the fortress called Snake Hill.

"The centre column, under Colonel Drummond, of 104th Regt., composed of a party of seamen, flank companies of the 41st and 104th Regts.; to attack the angle of the fort nearest the river, or, indeed, the lake.

"Left column, under Colonel Scott, of the 103rd Regt., was composed of the 103rd Regt., and was destined to attack at the water's edge, break through the breastwork; and enter the fort, if possible, by the gate fronting the water.

"On the night previous to the assault, Capt. Dobbs, of the Navy, with a party of seamen, carried some boats from the river in the rear of the fort, and hauled them above Snake Hill into the lake. Taking advantage of a dark night, they actually dropped down with the current, and captured two small schooners, anchored in front of the fort, and armed with long guns, which had been placed there to annoy the flank of the besiegers. This surprise and capture was well conceived and gallantly executed. A lieutenant of the navy, Ratcliffe, was killed, with a very trifling proportion of men. Next day Sir Gordon Drummond issued an order, eulogising Capt. Dobbs and his seamen, calling upon the army to volunteer to storm the fort, and to emulate the conduct of the naval party. Accordingly, the army did volunteer, with the exception of Colonel Gordon and the Royals, Colonel Gordon remarking that his regiment was ready for any service they might be wanted for, and, therefore, their volunteering was useless. This, I have heard, was not very well received at head-quarters; but I merely write from report current in the camp at the moment, not vouching for its truth. There was also an order that the flints were to be taken out of the muskets, and that the troops were to move to the assault with the bayonet, of which they were recommended to make free use. Alas! if this absurd order had not been issued I have no sort of doubt that we should have carried the fortress.

"The right column of attack was to have been commanded and led by Major-General Conran; but his horse having, unfortunately the day previously, fallen with him, his leg was dreadfully fractured, and he was taken to the rear. Colonel Fisher, of De Watteville's regiment, the next senior, consequently fell into the command.

"The forlorn hope of this column was led by Major Powell,* then on the Staff, and Lieut. Brooke Young, of the king's Regt. These gallant officers, after a good deal of difficulty, got into the fort, and, after having done so Powell called out, 'Now, my men, open your fire.' To their horror the flints were wanting. The consequence was, that although they were gallantly supported, particularly by the king's and 100th, (De Watteville's giving way,) the whole party was forced back, and a fire sent amongst them which they could not return, nor stand against. The loss this column sustained I am unable to state.

"The centre column was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, of the 104th Regt. The seamen and some soldiers proceeded, carrying the ladders. We were received with a heavy fire, and most of the men carrying the ladders were knocked down. Capt. O'Keefe, of the 41st Regt., a volunteer, and not belonging to either of the flank companies, succeeded in getting a ladder up to the battery, and it was shortly carried, by this single ladder, by the seamen and the 41st Regt., in a most determined and gallant manner. The order for taking out the flints was countermanded by Colonel Drummond; at least, I know that the companies I belonged to went into the action with them.

"Colonel Drummond was killed very early in the affray, and the command of the column devolved upon Brevet-Major Glew, light company, 41st Regiment; but this officer being wounded, Captain Bullock, 41st Grenadiers, became the senior of the second column. Some time after getting into the battery, Captain Bullock

* Powell died as Lieut.-Col. in command of the 40th Regt., in Bombay Presidency.

observed to the writer of these notes, 'You, as well as myself, have been quartered in the stone buildings; collect what men you can of the light company, join me, and attempt to get possession of the barracks,' which, as I have before observed, were of stone, and strongly loopholed. We succeeded in getting into the lower part of the building, but met with such a violent resistance that we were quickly driven out, the captain having been seriously wounded in the head, and obliged to leave the fortress. Shortly after this, I was myself wounded, and taken to the rear.

"The third column was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, 103rd Regiment, and was called the water column, it being destined to break through the breastwork which was carried from the battery to the water's edge; and if they succeeded, they were to push for the gate of the fortress fronting the lake. Failing in this, Colonel Scott made for the battery already carried by the second column, and a scene of great confusion ensued. The colonel entered the fort, and, of course, assumed the command. We had already got in rear of the breastwork, and had opened a fire on the Americans, by which they must have been driven from their entrenchments; but the colonel rebuking the officer, the firing was ordered to cease*. Almost at this moment, this gallant soldier received a wound which was mortal, and which deprived his country, in a very short period, of his valuable life and services.

"When I quitted the principal battery the fort was in our possession, and I perfectly recollect saying, as I passed to the rear, to some of the Staff, 'For God's sake push on the reserve, (consisting of the Royals and Glengarry Riflemen,) and the fort is yours.' Shortly after this the battery was blown up, and a tremendous loss of life ensued. Of the 8 officers of the 41st regiment that went to the assault, 2 captains and 2 subalterns were wounded, 1 subaltern killed, and 1

taken inside the fort after the explosion. The two companies, out of 160 rank and file that went into action, scarcely mustered 50 men afterwards, and the total loss of the whole amounted to nearly 800 men killed and wounded. From this period the general commanding made a close investment of the place; but the breaching batteries were at too great a distance, and several sorties were made by the enemy. The first, if my recollection serves me right, was about the 4th Sept., in which they signally failed: the second was on the 17th of the same month, when they were equally unsuccessful, and the work of destruction was complete. The batteries were in the keeping of De Watteville's regiment and the Royals. The former regiment, composed of vagabonds from the hulks, and in no way to be depended upon, gave way, and the Royals, a weak regiment, were overpowered. Their much-beloved colonel (Gordon) fell. This was greatly to their disadvantage: he was a gallant soldier, and much regretted by the whole army.

"The Americans boast of upwards of 300 prisoners; but this is not the fact. A number of De Watteville's regiment deserted, as also some of the Royals; but they took very few, if any, prisoners. Those batteries were nobly retaken by the gallant old 6th and 82nd regiments; and the American attacking party was severely and roughly handled by these two regiments.

"I must here remark that, if any other corps in the army had had the charge of the batteries, except the De Watteville's, the disgrace of losing them would never have occurred. Shortly after this event the army retreated to the Chippewa, where I rejoined from sick quarters. There was subsequently little or nothing done on either side, and late in the autumn we embarked on board the fleet, and sailed for Kingston and Montreal, where we arrived before the navigation closed, and mustered at Trois Rivieres. In the following spring we embarked at Quebec for Europe, peace having taken place with America; and, in consequence of the use-

* How cool, how beautiful; he was only endeavouring to carry out, to the letter, the ill-judged order of his superior!

less loss of time in lying 'and waiting at Quebec, the army arrived too late for Waterloo."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

"AMONG the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of the world, we may undoubtedly reckon the origin and progress of the British power in India, which, within the period of a single century, has risen from the humble rank of a trading factory to the sovereignty of an immense empire inhabited by 100,000,000 of people, subject to the British crown, and an equal number of 100,000,000, who, though still governed by their own native princes, but as stipendiary, subsidized, or protected states, are more or less dependent on the British power. It extends over 1,250,000 English square miles, of the most fertile part of the surface of the earth, from 8 deg. to 30 deg. North latitude, and from 68 deg. to 92 deg. East longitude,) and consequently extends in latitude as far as from Messina to Tornea, and in longitude as far as from Lisbon to Smolensk, which shows that it cannot be compared with any single state in Europe, either as to extent or population, any more than in difference of climate and temperature, but that it must be compared with Europe itself.

"It has for its defence a standing army, excellently disciplined, and nearly as great as that of Austria, and a revenue half as large again as that of Russia.

"We seek in vain, through the annals of the world, for anything that can be compared with this state of things, or with the rapidity with which this power has raised itself from nothing, to its present colossal height. Rome required nine centuries to attain the summit of its grandeur: the British power in India has risen to an almost equal height in less than one; but still more remarkable does the rise of this power appear when we consider that it is not indebted for its advancement, like that of the Tartars in China, to the superiority of armies, nor, like that of the Huns, Goths, and

Vandals in Europe, to the effects of immense masses of people overwhelming others; nor has its success been owing to any such causes as that of the Arabs in Asia, when the fanaticism of religion wielded the sword; nor that of the Spaniards in America, where the simple people took the followers of Pizarro for centaurs, and the fire from their arms for the lightning of heaven.

"No, to no such cause is it indebted. We see here a small number of Englishmen, first by means of a few judicious mercantile enterprises, gain access to the distant country, then spread themselves, then fortify their factories, and, lastly, with the Roman motto, *divide et impera*, make war on the kings and princes of India, conquer them, and, with the most trifling means, within the short period of about sixty years, establish one of the mightiest empires of which history gives any example.

"But who, then, is the conqueror, who the sovereign of this immense empire, over which the sun extends so gloriously his glittering rays, that has risen on the continent of Asia, as if by enchantment, and now rivals in extent that of Alexander, Tamerlane, or Nadir Shah?

"Why, on a small island, in another quarter of the globe, in a narrow street, where the rays of the sun are seldom able to penetrate the thick smoke, a company of peaceable merchants meet; these are the conquerors of India, these are the absolute sovereigns of this splendid empire."
—*Count Bjornstjerna's History of Asia.*

LORD COLLINGWOOD

Went to sea at eleven years old. He used himself to tell, as an instance of his simplicity at this time, "that as he was sitting crying for his separation from home, the first lieutenant observed him; and pitying his tender years, spoke to him in terms of such encouragement and kindness, which so won his heart, that taking the officer to his box, he offered him, in gratitude, a large slice of a plum cake, which his mother had given him."

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 381.)

THE army of the Indus now arrived, without further impediments, at the capital of Affghanistan, and Shah Shoojah was repossessed of the throne of his ancestors by British prowess. His reception was by no means cordial, the people preserving a cold silence, though exhibiting a few outward signs of respect. The monarch, thus reinstated, it was resolved, that such of the troops as were not required to occupy the country, should return to our own territories. Meantime an exploit of that gallant and active officer, Captain, now Colonel Outram, demands an incidental notice.

Shortly after the arrival of the Shah at Cabool, certain insurrectionary movements among the Ghiljie tribes attracted his attention, and an expedition was resolved on to attempt their reduction. A cold-blooded murder had also been perpetrated upon the person of a British officer, Colonel Herring, of the 37th Native Infantry, by a party of these desperate marauders. Captain Outram was, therefore, placed in command of a body of troops, British and Affghan, commissioned to depose the refractory Ghiljie chiefs, to punish the people of Maroof for their horrible and wanton destruction of a kafila of Hindoos in the previous May, and to avenge the assassination of Colonel Herring. After some inquiry he ascertained that the perpetrators of the last-mentioned foul deed, were a tribe of freebooters called Kanjuks, whose stronghold was situated some distance to the north-east of Ghuznee.

On the 21st of Sept., Captain Outram made a night march, in order to surprise these banditti, and arrived at break of day, at a deep dell occupied by the gang. His dispositions were made so skilfully that he succeeded in completely surrounding them, but they defended themselves with the greatest obstinacy, and maintained their position until their ammunition was nearly expended, when, upon our men rushing in upon them from every quarter, they were com-

pelled to throw down their arms. Sixteen of their number were left dead upon the spot, and one hundred and twelve were taken prisoners. Not one was permitted to escape; and forty-six of the most ferocious were immediately transmitted to Cabool for execution.

All their camels and property also fell into the hands of Captain Outram's party, the former bearing marks by which they were discovered to have been stolen from our troops. He fulfilled his other instructions with equal celerity and success, blowing up the fort of Maroof, which was found to be a place of remarkable strength, and taking several of the people prisoners, and on the 30th of October, overtook the Bombay column at Koochlak.

It has been already stated that General Willshire had received orders, ere quitting Cabool, to chastise Mih-rab Khan of Khelat, whose treacherous conduct occasioned our troops so much annoyance upon their march into Affghanistan. This was to be accomplished by his deposition from power, and the substitution of his cousin, Newaz Khan, as chief of Khelat. Preparations were accordingly made to depose him; a brigade consisting of H.M.'s 2nd, and 17th regiment, and the 81st Bengal Native Infantry, with six light field pieces, the sapper corps, and one hundred and fifty irregulars, proceeded to invest Khelat. General Willshire with his staff followed them the ensuing day.

Little opposition was offered to the progress of the troops; but upon their arrival before the fortress on the 13th of November, they discovered the enemy drawn up upon some small hills in front ready to receive them. They had five pieces of artillery posted upon the heights, and as the head of the British column came within range of their fire, a general discharge was opened. It was quite evident that the Khelatees far exceeded in numbers the little army of General Willshire which could not muster a thousand bayonets. In order, therefore, to avail himself of the services of every efficient man in the force, he commanded a halt to admit of the baggage

closing up, which, along with the sick, he assigned to the charge of the *Tread Horse*. The determined aspect of the enemy betokened that our troops had a task before them, worthy of their utmost exertions, and the cool and resolute demeanour of the General, inspired every one with confidence. Captain Outram says, that he never shall forget the obvious feeling of delight with which the deep-toned word of command, "Loosen cartridges," was received by the soldiers, evincing, as it did, that an immediate attack was intended.

General Willshire then arranged the details of as brilliant a little achievement as ever conferred glory upon the British arms in Asia. The three redoubts on the heights were first to be carried by four companies of each regiment. Two companies were to advance through some gardens on the left, and the remaining ten companies were to form the reserve. The heights once in possession of our troops, would serve in a great measure to cover their camp from the artillery of the fort, and would afford a commanding position from which to annoy the garrison. Everything being in readiness, the three columns of attack steadily advanced, preceded by the artillery, which opened a cannonade upon the enemy with such admirable precision, that they were driven from their position long before the infantry had reached the heights. The *Khelatees* were now observed endeavouring to draw off their guns, and General Willshire sent Captain Outram, who had volunteered upon the expedition, with orders to the column which was nearest to the gate to pursue the fugitives, and if possible to enter the fort with them; but, at all events, to prevent their taking in the guns. The captain overtook the advancing column, and galloping on, reached the redoubt just at the moment that the enemy were vacating it, and engaged in attempting to carry off one of their pieces of ordnance. He dashed forward, calling upon Captain Rait of the *Queen's Royals* to accompany him with his party, and succeeded in compelling the enemy to abandon their gun, although they were

too late to enter the fort with them. The whole of our troops were now upon the heights, and the guns were in process of being dragged up.

As soon as the latter could be got into position, two of them were directed to play upon the towers commanding the gateway; two others opened fire upon the gate itself, while the remaining two were stationed upon the road leading direct to the gate, for the purpose of blowing it in, which was effected in the course of a few discharges. Upon observing this, General Willshire rode down the hill, and gave the signal for the advance of the storming parties. The troops instantly rose from their cover, and rushed in; those under the command of Major Pennycuick, being the nearest, were the first to gain an entrance, headed by their gallant commander. They were quickly followed by the rest of the column, who pushed in to their support under a heavy fire from the works, and from the interior, the enemy making a most determined resistance, contesting every inch of ground up to the walls of the inner citadel. Meanwhile, the General despatched Captain Outram, who had been actively employed the whole time in various parts of the scene, with a company of her Majesty's 17th foot and a portion of the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, to storm the heights, and secure the gate on the opposite side of the fort. This movement was spiritedly performed. They ascended the rocks, dispersed a party of matchlock-men occupying their summit, then rushed down again to the fort, driving in a party of the enemy with such precipitation, that they had not time to secure the gate behind them, possession of which was thus obtained, and the escape of the garrison entirely cut off. At this moment, they were joined by another party, under Major Deshon, who had been sent by the eastern face of the fort with two guns, to blow open this gate also, if necessary, as well as the gate of the inner citadel. The first having been gained as described, the guns were placed in position for bombarding the latter, and their fire was kept up with destructive effect until the place was car-

ried, and the enemy utterly required.

On their arrival at Baug, the troops were severely attacked by that most formidable foe, the Asiatic Cholera, and between the 17th and 30th of November, this gallant little division lost out of seven hundred men, two officers and fifty-six European soldiers. While during the halt of the troops at this fatal place, accounts were received of the fall of Khelat, and of the advance of a Russian force upon Khiva. This power had taken advantage of the depredations and annoyances its merchants were exposed to, in passing through the Khivan territories on their way to and from Bokhara and other Asiatic countries, to advance an army of thirty-two thousand men, besides an enormous park of artillery, into the countries bordering on Afghanistan, under the pretence of maintaining the rights of its own subjects in that part of Asia. Whatever may have been the intentions and destinations of this force, it is absurd to suppose that so large an army would have been assembled for the insignificant purpose of repressing the depredations of a few plundering tribes of Toorkistan. But its real designs were never developed, as it was driven back by the natural difficulties of the climate and countries it had to pass through, its men and cattle having perished in great numbers from cold, hunger, and disease.

In consequence of the intelligence of this movement on the part of Russia, the Bombay column had been directed to halt, until the receipt of further orders; but from the critical situation in which the army was placed, with cholera raging among its ranks, Brigadier Scott upon the recommendation of the head of the medical department, had continued his progress to Sukkur which he reached as before stated on the 29th of November. Meanwhile, General Willshire had been returning homeward by the Gundava Pass, into Cutchee, the route which had been pronounced impracticable when the expedition started, but which was now ascertained to be even better than the one that was adopted. On the

18th of December, he arrived at Larkhanu, whither the officers of the general staff proceeded from Sukkur to meet him, and on the 24th, he received orders from the governor-general for the breaking up of the Bombay division of the Army of the Indus which was forthwith carried into effect. The Bengal force, upon the departure of the other troops, still remained at Cabool. And such was the satisfactory appearance of things, in the view of the authorities, that it was at first confidently hoped a single brigade of British troops in Western, and another in Eastern, Afghanistan would, in addition to the Shah's own army, be sufficient to preserve the tranquillity of the kingdom.

Sir John Keane, accordingly, on the 15th of October, took his departure from Cabool, with the lancers and horse artillery; while Sir Willoughby Cotton, with the rest of the cavalry under General Thackwell, left shortly afterwards, carrying with them Hyder Khan, the Governor of Ghuznee, and Hadjee Khan, the detested Kakur chief. Their progress was unattended by any remarkable event and they reached Ferozepore on the 1st of January, 1840.

Thus closed the first campaign in Afghanistan, by the seeming establishment of the power of the Shah Shoojah, our ally. We shall not dwell on the interval which occurred between it and the second, which was marked by insurrectionary movements on all sides, aggravated by the escape of Dost Mahomed from Bokhara, the king of which place had imprisoned him. Daily reports were received of disorders and skirmishes. Sir Robert Sale, who commanded at Jellalabad making continual excursions against the rebel chiefs.

After a brilliant attack of cavalry on our force situated at Purwan Durrah, wherein Captains Frazer and Ponsonby were severely wounded, and Dr. Shot, Lieutenant Broadfoot, and Adjutant Crispin, killed on the spot, owing to the flight of their troops. Dost Mahomed (ruined even by his partial success) found his resources exhausted, and to the surprise of Sir William MacNaghten, surrendered

himself prisoner the following day. Towards the middle of November, Sir Willoughby Cotton, was, in consequence of the troubled state of affairs, recalled to the command of the forces in Afghanistan. All Dost Mahomed's sons had now surrendered, except Akhbar Khan, who continued to hold out vigorously, and who, as we shall see, subsequently took such revenge for the disasters of his family. Dost Mahomed was permitted to remove to Calcutta, and was there assigned a pension of 30,000*l.* a year; he never after took any share in the commotions of the country.

We shall now hasten forward with the course of events. Shah Shoojah was evidently unpopular, he was looked upon as a tool of the English, and supported by British arms; thus affairs progressed till April, 1841, when Sir Willoughby Cotton, having resigned, Major General Elphinstone succeeded him at Cabool. As the season advanced, fresh troubles broke out on every side, and our troops were employed in innumerable desultory actions, many of which presented brilliant traits of individual gallantry.

In the meantime still more formidable disaffection was springing up in other quarters. In October, the leading Ghiljie chiefs stealthily quitted Cabool, retired to their mountain strongholds in the Khoord country, raised an insurrection there, robbed the dowks (or expresses) and intercepted our communications. General Sale's brigade, which had been ordered home, and had marched for Zoormut, was ordered to chastise the rebels, and force the Khoord Cabool pass. This was gallantly effected. On the 9th of October, the 35th Native Infantry, under Colonel Monteath, one hundred of the Shah's sappers, a squadron of cavalry, and two guns were sent on in advance to Bootkhak, at the entrance of the pass, where, on the following night their camp was attacked by a number of the rebels. A severe fire was maintained by them for several hours, and thirty-five of our troops were killed and wounded. On the 11th, General Sale followed up the advance with the 13th, and on the

following morning, the whole force proceeded to expel the enemy from the pass. They were found posted most advantageously, behind a strong stone breast-work, thrown up across the narrowest part of the valley, and also crowning the heights in great numbers, whence they poured down upon our troops a well-directed fire. General Sale was wounded in the ankle at the commencement of the affair, and shortly afterwards obliged to resign the command into the hands of Colonel Dennie, who immediately pushed on his advance column, with the view of driving the enemy from the above-named breast-work. He found, however, that they had deserted that position, and retreated to the heights, whither he sent up a party of skirmishers to dislodge them; these, with desperate bravery ascended the precipitous rocks in the face of the Affghan fire, and at length succeeded in clearing them. The 35th regiment then encamped at Khoord-Cabool, while the 13th, in obedience to their previous instructions, returned to Bootkhak, not however without frequently being fired upon by parties concealed amongst the rocks. The force remained in these positions for several days, awaited the return of the Zoormut expedition to Cabool, during which time occasional night-attacks were made upon both camps, and considerable loss sustained.

On the 20th of October, General Sale resumed his homeward march, and again advanced as far as Khoord-Cabool. Here they halted for two days, and then proceeded on to Tezen, accompanied by Captain MacGregor the political agent, having to fight their way throughout the march. The Affghans continued to harass General Sale, and his little force throughout the whole way to Jellalabad. At Jugdulluk especially, they met with the most determined opposition. The nature of the country was such as greatly to favour the mode of warfare adopted by the mountaineers; our troops having to pass through a long winding valley, hedged in between lofty and precipitous mountains, partially covered with bushes and dwarf trees, from behind which the enemy,

with their long juzails, could pour down upon us a deadly fire.

On these terrific eminences, the insurgents had collected in great numbers, and fortified their positions with strong breast-works, evincing a determination to dispute with the utmost obstinacy the progress of our flanking parties. Upon observing this, General Sale, whose wound still confined him to a dhooly, detached companies from every corps, and ordered them to scale the lofty heights. This was done in the most gallant style; the enemy having neglected to guard the main outlet of the pass, the vanguard pushed on, and established itself upon all the most favourable points, to protect the advance of the rear.

The enemy now seemed to decline all further resistance, and the march was resumed; but as the cumbersome train of baggage filed over the mountain, they again appeared from behind the most distant ridges, and renewed the contest with increased numbers, and the most savage fury. So fiercely and suddenly was their onset made, that our troops were for a moment thrown into confusion, and some baggage fell into the enemy's hands. The cool and determined conduct of the officers, however, in a little while restored confidence, and the force reached Gundamuck on the 30th of October. Their loss during this march was severe, amounting to one hundred and thirty, killed and wounded. At this station the troops remained till the 11th of November, when they again moved forward, still subject to the harassing attacks of the exasperated Ghiljies, who constantly hung upon their rear, and galled them from their mountain fastnesses. Upon approaching the open country, Colonel Dennie, who commanded the rear-guard, resolved, if possible, to draw them from the rocks into an action on the plains; and with that view, pretended to retreat, still keeping his men together in good order. The feint succeeded; the enemy boldly pushed on, as they imagined, in pursuit, when Colonel Dennie suddenly wheeled round, impetuously charged the advancing foe, and entirely routed them. They fled precipitately to the hills, leaving in the

course of the whole affair, one hundred and fifty dead upon the field, and Jellalabad was reached by our troops on the 12th, without further molestation.

In the meantime, events of the most appalling character were transpiring at Cabool, and the insurrection had broken out, the fatal results of which have excited so mournful and intense an interest throughout Great Britain.

Taking advantage of the feeling produced by the imprudent proceeding of lessening the annual sums paid to the Ghiljies for safe passage through their mountains, the Cabool chiefs incited the citizens to revolt, making use of the king's name as an authority for their actions. Sir William Mac-Naghten has left behind him a memorandum, thus setting forth his view of the matter.

"The immediate cause," he says, "of the outbreak in the capital, was a seditious letter, addressed by Abdoollah Khan to several chiefs of influence at Cabool, stating that it was the design of the envoy to seize and send them all to London. The principal rebels met on the previous night, and, relying on the inflammable feelings of the people of Cabool, they pretended that the king had issued an order to put all infidels to death; having previously forged an order from him for our destruction, by the common process of washing out the contents of a genuine paper, with the exception of the seal, and substituting their own wicked invention."

It has been supposed that the document was really a *bona fide* one, and that the Shah had treacherously joined the league against us. But there does not appear to be sufficient evidence to warrant such a conclusion. He was a man of weak and vascillating character, and in the difficult position in which he was placed, some of his acts bore an equivocal appearance; but he must have known that he depended entirely upon our assistance for the preservation of his power, and would scarcely have lent his willing support to any schemes that contemplated the removal of his chief safeguard, especially in the first instance. But to proceed to the catastrophe.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of

November, the troops stationed in cantonments without the city, received the astounding intelligence, that the populace of Cabool had risen in insurrection and were plundering and murdering the British within the walls. About eight o'clock, the news was confirmed by a note from Sir Alexander Burnes, who, however, stated—confident, poor man, to the last—that he was in hopes of shortly being able to quell the disturbance; but it was soon known that Sir Alexander himself had fallen a victim to the popular fury, and that the treasury chest of Captain Johnson had been plundered by the rioters. Flames, also, were shortly afterwards observed issuing from the British quarter of the town, and the report of fire arms was incessant.

Sir William MacNaghten now called upon General Elphinstone to act; and Brigadier Shelton, then encamped at Seeah Sung, a short distance from cantonments, was directed to proceed immediately to the Bala Hissar, with one company of the 44th, a wing of the 54th Native Infantry, the 6th Shah's infantry and four horse artillery guns. The remainder of the troops stationed at Seeah Sung were at the same time ordered into cantonments. The 37th Native Infantry, which had accompanied General Sale to Khoord-Cabool were likewise immediately recalled.

At the same time that Brigadier Shelton was ordered to occupy the Bala Hissar, Captain Lawrence, the Envoy's military secretary, was despatched to prepare the Shah for that officer's reception. Taking with him four troopers of the body guard, he was galloping along the main road, when a desperate cut was made at him by an Affghan assassin, which he fortunately avoided; but almost immediately afterwards, a body of men sallied out from the city to intercept his progress, and fired upon him. Their bullets whistled harmlessly by him, however, and he reached the citadel in safety, where he found the king in a state of great agitation, he having been a spectator of the whole affair. His Majesty expressed himself willing to act in accordance with

the Envoy's advice in every particular.

While the King and Captain Lawrence were yet in conversation, an attempt had been made upon the life of another British officer, Lieutenant Sturt, who rushed into the palace, the blood streaming down from three desperate gashes in his face and neck. The wounds were fortunately not mortal, and he was conveyed back to the encampment in the Shah's own palanquin, under a strong escort to protect him.

Soon after this, Brigadier Shelton arrived with his detachment, but the miserable imbecility, which seemed like a spell to fall upon every one having authority upon this fatal occasion, prevented anything effectual being done, and the insurgents were permitted to revel uncontrolled in the murder and spoliation of our countrymen, in the face of an army strong enough for ten times the exertions as yet demanded of it. In consequence of this want of energy on our part, the rebels were inspired with increased confidence, and those who might have been inclined to support us, received no encouragement to do so, and fell into the ranks of the enemy.

Still, however universal the feeling in favour of a change, the first outbreak was so insignificant as regarded numbers, that the slightest decision, and exertion of force in repelling the attack, would probably have succeeded in restoring quiet; but so confident was the ill-fated Burnes in the good dispositions of the people, that he actually restrained his guard from resisting the rioters and attempted to pacify them with words. The result was such as might have been anticipated from the infuriated rabble, they rushed in and murdered every living being in the place, not even sparing women and children. Along with Sir Alexander, fell his brother, Lieutenant Burnes, and Lieutenant Broadfoot who were breakfasting with him. The latter defended himself with the most desperate valour, and slew six of the ruffians with his own hand before he was shot down.

The numbers of the insurgents now rapidly increased, and the king, who was in the Bala Hissar, began to be

seriously alarmed. He sent one of his sons with Campbell's Hindostanees, and two guns to quell the tumult, but they were driven back with great slaughter, and their guns with difficulty saved from falling into the hands of the rioters. We, instead of supporting them, were doing literally nothing, for we were encouraging the rebels by our inactivity and apparent cowardice. Our leaders seemed completely paralysed by the event, and yet, with singular inconsistency, pretended to regard the affair as incon- siderable.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, similar scenes were enacting. Captain Trevor, with his family occupied a large and strong tower on the banks of the Cabool river, near the Kuzzilbash quarter; while, on the opposite side, was situated the fort appropriated for the stores of the Shah's commissariat, in which resided Brigadier Anquetil, and at that time, Captain Colin Mackenzie, Assistant Political Agent for Peshawar. Close by, stood the fortified house of Captain Troup, Brigade Major of the Shah's contingent. Upon these positions, a large body of the rebels came rushing down, and commenced a sharp fire. Brigadier Anquetil, and Captain Troup had gone out for their accustomed morning's ride, unconscious of the proximity of danger, and Captain Mackenzie had to take upon himself the defence of the place, with the small party of troops which constituted the guard of each fort.

After maintaining his post, the whole of the 2nd, and up to the night of the 3rd, with the greatest bravery against overwhelming numbers, and under every disadvantage of shortness of ammunition, and mutiny amongst his men, which latter, he quelled by his courage and determination, he was compelled to evacuate his fort, and retreat to cantonments. This was no easy matter, encumbered as his little force was with women and children; and before he had proceeded far, the rear missed the advance, upon which some of the enemy had begun to fire. All the Sepoys had crept a-head with the Juzailchees, and Captain Mackenzie found himself alone with a servant

and two troopers, in the midst of a helpless and wailing crowd of women and children. As he rode on by himself to try and pick out the way, he was suddenly surrounded by a body of Affghans, whom he at first supposed to be his own men; but was quickly undeceived, by their immediately attacking him with their long sharp knives and swords. Dashing his spurs into his horse's sides he wheeled round, and cutting desperately, right and left, succeeded in parrying most of his assailants' blows, and lopping off the sword-hand of the foremost of them, eventually effecting his escape with only two slight sabre cuts. Proceeding cautiously along, he again perceived to his horror, a dense body of Affghans in his path. Retreat was impossible, so putting his trust in God, as he says in his own account, he charged into the midst of them, in the hope that, the superior weight and strength of his horse would carry him through, and reserved his sword-cut for the final struggle. It was fortunate that he did so, for after overthrowing about twenty of them, by the impetuosity of his onset, he discovered them to be his own men, and then reached cantonments without further adventure.

Thus every defensible post was sacrificed, and the rebels allowed everywhere to gain head for want of sufficient energy and courage in our commanders, to reinforce the one, or stop the other.

Poor as were the British cantonments in point of defences, every preparation was now made to secure them against the anticipated attacks of the insurgents. All the available guns were placed in position, round the works, and of these there was a fair supply; but they were very inefficiently manned, as we had but eighty Punjaabee artillerymen to attend to them all, upon whose fidelity very little reliance could be placed.

The night of the 2nd was passed in great anxiety throughout cantonments, as a night attack had been threatened, and double sentries were stationed on the walls. But all passed off quietly till three o'clock a.m., on the 3rd, when an alarm was sounded

in the eastern quarter, in consequence of a brisk file-firing in the direction of Seeah Sung. This, however, was found to proceed from the 37th regiment of Native Infantry, which had been recalled from Koord-Cabool, and was now approaching, closely followed up by a large body of Ghiljies, about three thousand in number. These had hung upon their rear the whole way, but from the admirable dispositions of Major Griffiths, their commander, the troops had made good their retreat, in capital order, and without any loss of importance. They formed a most acceptable addition to our beleaguered garrison, and in consequence of their arrival, a reinforcement was sent into the Bala Hissar. The rest of the day was spent in continual skirmishing, without any particular result on either side, further than our non-success gave additional advantages, and increased spirit and numbers to the insurgents.

Ensign Warren, of the 5th Native Infantry, at this time occupied the Commissariat Fort, with one hundred men; and having reported the danger he was in of being cut off, General Elphinstone, apparently forgetful of the important nature of the fort's contents, sent Captain Swayne, with a detachment of the 46th, to bring off Ensign Warren in safety to the cantonments. As they issued from the works, so deadly a fire was poured upon them from Mahomed Shereef's Fort and the party in the King's Gardens, that they were compelled to return. Another attempt was made, for the same purpose, by a party of the 5th Light Cavalry, but with no better success.

In the meanwhile, it was represented to the general that the maintenance of the fort was of the utmost consequence; that, in fact, the very subsistence of the troops depended upon it, and if lost, the Commissariat officers had no prospect whatever, under existing circumstances, of being able to procure fresh supplies. The general, thus reminded of the importance of Ensign Warren's post, sent off orders to him to hold out to the last extremity, with an assurance that he should be reinforced as speedily as possible. In

the meantime, a council of war was held as to what was best to be done. The envoy urged, that unless Mahomed Shereef's Fort was taken that night, it would be impossible to save the Commissariat Fort from falling into the hands of the enemy. A spy was sent to reconnoitre the place, who represented, from all he could gather, that it was weakly guarded, and unable to resist a sudden and determined onset. The debate was recommenced, but time passed away without the general being able to make up his mind. After much proing and conning, Lieutenant Eyre, a most intelligent and brave young officer, who presided over the artillery, was sent to Lieutenant Sturt, who was still suffering from his wounds, for his opinion. This was to the effect, that the attack should be deferred till morning, in consequence of the gate being watched by the enemy, who could prevent the placing of gunpowder bags to blow it in, thus rendering it necessary to employ the artillery for the purpose. Accordingly, early on the following day, preparations were made for storming the fort, and the troops were got under arms, and ready to march, when Ensign Warren, with his little party arrived in cantonments, and the commissariat stores were all lost. He had held out until the gates of the fort were actually set fire to, and the enemy were upon the point of rushing in, when he led his men out through a hole in the wall, ready prepared for the last extremity. The conduct of this officer occasioned some animadversion, and he was called upon to explain his reasons for abandoning his post; but he did not receive General Elphinstone's order to hold out till he received reinforcements, and none arriving, he was compelled to retreat.

The loss of this fort was an irrecoverable blow. The rest of the drama was one continued scene of disaster, relieved occasionally by individual traits of heroism, but, upon the whole, detracting terribly from the glory which had hitherto attended the British arms in India.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

(Continued from page 392.)

No sooner did it become generally known among the troops that their supplies had fallen into the hands of the enemy, than the most determined wish was evinced to be led out for their recovery. The 37th, especially, burned with the greatest impatience to sally forth against the foe, whom they could see from the ramparts, carrying off their spoil.

Observing this favourable spirit among the troops, Lieutenant Eyre urged upon General Elphinstone a renewal of the attempt to capture Mahomed Shereef's Fort, volunteering himself to clear the way for them with two guns. The attack was accordingly resolved on, and every preparation made, the storming party being placed under the direction of Major Swayne. For twenty minutes the artillery played away with spirit and effect; but the stormers failing to take advantage of the best opportunity for advancing, they were recalled by the general, who feared that the gun ammunition was running short. Upon the failure of this attempt, it was resolved to take the fort by regular breach and assault; and on the following day, the guns being got into position commenced a brisk cannonade, under Major Griffiths, rushed into the breach, overthrew all before them, and speedily gained possession of the place. The enemy had, however, now been taught that we were not invincible, and a fierce and protracted conflict was maintained outside, in the gardens, and the neighbouring hills. In the course of this, a gallant hand-to-hand encounter took place between the Afghan cavalry and our own, headed by Anderson's horse; during which, Captain Anderson slew in single combat the brother-in-law of Abdoolah Khan, and the enemy were driven back with much loss. But any advantage we now gained, was attended by no permanent good result, and serious apprehensions began to take possession of the force respecting their

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means of procuring supplies. The enemy, too, evidently perceived that it was their best policy to starve us out, and our situation was becoming daily more perilous.

It was now the eight day of the rebellion, and affairs had assumed a most gloomy aspect. To make matters worse, General Elphinstone's health, previously bad, suffered severely from his late anxieties and fatigues.

The enemy were indefatigable in their attempts to annoy us, and the evil effects of the different forts in our neighbourhood, now became terribly apparent. A large body of Ghiljies came down the Seeah Sung hills upon the 10th, took possession of all these forts on our eastern quarter, and commenced pouring a deadly fire into our cantonments. One of them called the Rika-Bashee Fort was especially troublesome, and it was resolved to attempt its capture, at Sir William MacNaghten's earnest solicitation, who took the responsibility of the movement upon himself. Captain Bellew, who was entrusted to blow open the gate, unfortunately missed it, and only blew down a small wicket, scarcely large enough to admit two or three men to enter at a time, and that only in a stooping posture. The signal, however, was sounded, and the storming party advanced, headed by Colonel Mackerell, who notwithstanding the heavy fire opposed to him, and the disadvantageous nature of the breach, forced his way in with Lieutenant Bird, and a few Europeans and Sepoys. The affrighted garrison fled upon their entrance, and escaped out of the opposite gate; but, in the meanwhile, a cry of "cavalry" having been raised outside, a panic seized our troops, and a general flight commenced.

It was now that Brigadier Shelton appeared to advantage. He stood firm and undaunted amidst the thickest of the enemy's fire, and earnestly exhorted the flying troops to return to their duty. At length, he succeeded in re-inspiring them with confidence, and he led them on himself to the charge. Twice was this disgraceful scene repeated, twice did the brigadier thus gallantly conduct himself and at

the third charge we became masters of the fort. But all this time the gallant little party inside were sustaining alone the whole brunt of the Affghan attack. The garrison, who had at first fled out at the opposite gate, encouraged by the reverse we had met with in front now returned, forced open the gate which Colonel Mackerell has fastened as securely as he could with a bayonet, and rushed in again. The unfortunate Mackerell was cut down, and almost hacked to pieces, by the brutal Ghiljies, who are never satisfied with an enemy's fall, but even cut at the dead bodies of their foes with insatiate ferocity. Lieutenant Bird, with two Sepoys, concealed themselves in a stable, whence through a small opening they kept up a most destructive fire upon the Affghans as they appeared. At length they were discovered, and an attack commenced upon the door of their retreat, which, however, they succeeded in barricading, so as to prevent the entrance of their maddened assailants. By this time, one of the Sepoys had fallen, but still the brave lieutenant and his companion poured in their rapid volleys upon the thronging foe, and when they were relieved by our troops, who had by this time got possession of the place, more than thirty of the enemy were found to have fallen before this gallant pair. Our loss upon this occasion was severe, amounting to about two hundred killed and wounded; but in consequence of our success, the enemy allowed four of the neighbouring forts to fall into our hands. From these some supplies were procured, but it was found impossible to maintain permanent possession of them, as all the troops were necessary to man the cantonments.

Thus, even if a slight advantage was obtained, it could not be followed up, and the enemy observing this, even when driven back still hung about us, and immediately upon our retirement returned to the attack. The following day, the 13th, they re-appeared in great force upon the hills, and commenced a vigorous fire with two guns, upon the cantonments. But no pre-

ns to resist them were made,

till Sir William MacNaghten urgently requested that a detachment might be sent to dislodge them, and attempt the capture of their guns. This was done, and a severe action again ensued, in which the enemy behaved with the most determined bravery, charging on to the very bayonets of our infantry. We were, however, at length successful in capturing one of the guns and spiking the other, which from the cowardly conduct of the men of the 44th, it was found impossible to bring off.

While these events were transpiring at Cabool, our military station in Kohistan was exposed to even greater dangers. On the 3rd of November, a number of the Nijrow chiefs, under the pretence of aiding in preserving tranquillity, inveigled Major Pottinger, into an interview, during which Lieutenant Rattray, his assistant, was treacherously murdered by their followers. This gave the signal for hostilities, and Major Pottinger's guard opened fire upon the assassins, and bravely defended themselves, till reinforced by Lieutenant Houghton, and a party of his Ghoorkas, from Charekar, the military station, about three miles distant. A sharp skirmish ensued, at the conclusion of which the enemy were driven back, and Captain Codrington, the commandant of the station, promised to send a further reinforcement the next morning. This was accordingly attempted, but the Kohistanees mustered in such numbers, that in spite of the brilliant gallantry of Lieutenant Houghton, who commanded, and with a mere handful of his men, and one gun, protected the rear of the rest of his force from the enemy's cavalry, our troops were compelled to retire back on Charekar. Thither, also, Major Pottinger, unable to hold out longer, now resolved to retreat, which he did in safety, deserted, however, by all his Affghan followers. The deserters had been much disgusted a short time previously, by the sudden reduction of a portion of the Major's escort, which led them to suppose that their dependence upon the British service was uncertain. Thus, at the very moment that we stood most in need of the

good feeling of the natives, we were alienating them by ill-timed schemes of economy and retrenchment.

On the morning of the 5th, the enemy surrounded the barracks at Charekar in great numbers, and a desperate contest ensued in which Captain Codrington was killed. Day after day, the courageous Pottinger, who had previously covered himself with glory at Herat, maintained himself with his little party against the overwhelming masses of the enemy. During the whole time, they suffered terribly from thirst, and on the 10th the officers drew their last pool of water, serving out half a glass to each fighting man. This wretched state of things continued until the 13th, when all hope of relief from Cabool, for which Major Pottinger had repeatedly written, being given up, it was thought best, as the only chance of saving any of the force, to attempt a retreat towards that city. This was a task of great difficulty from the disorganised state into which the men had fallen, encumbered too as they were with their families, and after proceeding with them for some distance, finding few of them willing to proceed, and rendered unfit to command by exhaustion, from a severe wound he had received, the Major with Lieutenant Houghton, resolved to push on alone to Cabool. The latter officer had also been desperately wounded in the neck and left arm, and had lost one of his hands in endeavouring to restrain some of the Punjaabee artillerymen from seducing their companions from their duty.

After their toilsome journey, abounding with hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures, they at length, on the 15th of November, arrived safely within cantonments, to the joy and surprise of all.

After the engagement of the 13th, the force in cantonment passed several days unmolested by the enemy, but so extensive and ill-contrived were the works, that from the constant toil of protecting them, the men enjoyed no repose, although unharassed by opposition from without. Winter too, was now approaching with rapid strides, and threatened to increase ten-fold the severity of their sufferings.

We had for some time obtained our supplies from the village of Beymaroo, which commanded part of the works; but the enemy now assembled there daily, preventing the approach of our foraging parties, and continuing to annoy us. It was, therefore, resolved to attempt its capture, and preparations were accordingly made. This was the most disastrous of all our affairs with the enemy, and may almost be said to have sealed the ruin of the force. A series of lamentable errors was committed, which ended in the total discomfiture of our troops, who, unable to stand against the immense masses of the enemy, were driven back into cantonments with fearful slaughter, the infuriated Ghiljies almost entering with them.

At length, on the 11th of December, chiefs having again manifested a disposition to negotiate, Sir William MacNaghten, accompanied by Captains Lawrence, M'Kenzie, and Trevor, went out to meet them on the plain towards Seeah Sung. The terms of the treaty were discussed and acceded to by all the chiefs, after some slight opposition on the part of Akhbar Khan, and were to the following effect:

That the English should evacuate Afghanistan, including Candahar, Ghuznee, Cabool, Jellalabad, and all the other stations absolutely within the limits of the country so called; that they should be permitted to return, not only unmolested to India, but that supplies of every description should be afforded them on their road thither, certain men of consequence accompanying them as hostages; that the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, his family, and every Afghan now in exile for every political offence, should be allowed to return to their country; that Shah Shoojah and his family should be allowed the option of remaining at Cabool, or proceeding with the British troops to Loodiana, in either case receiving from the Afghan government a pension of one lac of rupees per annum: that means of transport for the conveyance of our baggage, stores, &c., including that required by the royal family, in case of their adopting the latter alterna-

tive, should be furnished by the existing Affghan government: that an amnesty should be granted to all those who had made themselves obnoxious on account of their attachment to Shah Shoojah and his allies, the British; that all prisoners should be released; that no British force should be ever again sent into Afghanistan, unless called for by the Affghan government, between whom and the British nation perpetual friendship should be established, on the sure foundation of mutual good offices.

During the conference, large bodies of Affghans had issued from the city, and were surrounding the scene, and many circumstances occurred to give rise to a suspicion of treachery. All passed off quietly, however, except a single shot being sent flying over the heads of some of the gentlemen of the Envoy's escort; but it was afterwards ascertained that Akhbar Khan had actually intended upon this occasion to seize Sir William's person, and carry him a prisoner to Cabool, and would have made the attempt had he not been restrained by the other chiefs.

At this time the troops were driven to extremities for the want of provisions and forage. The camp followers had no other food than the flesh of the dead animals which perished daily, from cold and starvation, having nothing to subsist on, but the bark of trees, and even their own dung, which was regularly collected, and spread before them. A small portion of grain still remained in store for the fighting men: but in two days more, this also would be exhausted. Under such circumstances, it was thought best to accede to the demands of the Affghan chiefs, and the forts were delivered over to them, the British leaders not reflecting that every gratified request only increased the disposition of this perfidious people to grasp at more. When this was done, a few supplies were sent in, with promises of more, but, as might have been expected, fresh demands were made, and they now insisted upon our resigning a portion of our arms and ammunition; Brigadier Shelton was also required as an hostage.

Our situation was now indeed hu-

milating, compelled to listen to, and still worse, to submit to, the disgraceful propositions of these barbarians. One spirited suggestion was however made, but only made to be rejected. The gallant and unfortunate Lieutenant Sturt, who was afterwards killed in the retreat, a worthy son-in-law of the heroic Sale, we might add, of his heroic lady, indignant at the dishonour heaped upon the English name, proposed to break off all further communication with the treacherous foe, and fight our way to Jellalabad; but there was something too startlingly energetic in this proposal for our feeble-minded leaders, and it was accordingly rejected. The Affghan terms were again acceded to, two hostages (Captains Conolly and Airey), out of the four demanded, were given up, and a selection of military stores of their own choosing. Brigadier Shelton having a very strong, and certainly, not unnatural objection, to put himself in their power, the chiefs did not press that point.

But the darkest and foulest catastrophe of the whole war was now preparing. These insidious people, not yet contented with the terms they had obtained from us, formed a plot for securing the person of the Envoy, to whom, as a prisoner, they hoped to dictate what conditions they pleased. Accordingly, a communication of pretended secrecy was made by Akhbar Khan, to Sir William MacNaghten, in which it was proposed to abandon the former treaty, and enter into a new one between themselves, upon the following basis. Amenoolah Khan, the most influential of the rebel chiefs was to be seized on, the following day, and delivered up as a prisoner. Mahomed Khan's fort, and the Bala Hissar were to be immediately occupied by our troops, who were to remain in their present position until the ensuing spring; and Shah Shoojah was to continue King, with Akhbar Khan as his minister.

Propositions so favourable might have led the Envoy to suspect an intention of treachery, especially from his correspondent's notorious possession of that quality; but this, perhaps, misled him, as, aware of the faithless

character of the men he had to deal with, he knew that they would betray each other without remorse, if by such means, they could but secure an advantage to themselves. It must be confessed, that in acting upon such views, Sir William MacNaghten himself was not setting an example of good faith, and there is something humiliating in the reflection, that the representative of Great Britain should have perished in an attempt to overmatch a half-barbarous nation, with their own weapons of cunning and deceit.

It had been arranged that a conference should take place between them, on the plain towards Seeah Sung, and on the fatal 23rd of December, about noon, Sir William MacNaghten, attended by Captains Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, left cantonments to attend it. Previously to his departure, he had requested the general to have a strong party of troops, and two guns in readiness for secret service, and the walls strongly manned also, as the interview would be of a critical nature. This, however, like every other useful or spirited measure, was left unexecuted; and Sir William, as he quitted the works, expressed his chagrin at this fresh proof of inertness on the part of the military authorities.

The British party now approached the scene, attended by a few of Sir William's body-guards, and were soon met by Mahomed Akhbar Khan, Mahomed Shah Khan, Dost Mahomed Khan, Ghiljie, Khooda Bux Khan, Azad Khan, and the other chiefs of the party. After the usual interchange of civilities, the Envoy presented Akhbar Khan with an Arab horse of great beauty, which had been purchased for him that morning for three thousand rupees. The whole party then sat down upon a small hillock to commence the conference. Meanwhile a number of armed Affghans were observed gradually closing round them, which was not calculated to allay their suspicions, but upon attention being drawn to the circumstance by Captain Lawrence, Mahomed Akhbar remarked that, "It was no matter, they were all in the secret." Scarcely had the trai-

tor uttered the words, when everything being ready for his purpose, he again called out "Begeer! Begeer!" (seize! seize!) and Sir William MacNaghten and his three companions were suddenly pinioned from behind, and deprived of their arms. Akhbar Khan himself and Sultan Jan seized the poor Envoy and dragged him in a stooping position down the hillock, the only words he uttered, being, "Az barac Khooda!" (for God's sake!) while a mingled expression of horror and astonishment was depicted on his countenance. He struggled, however, to free himself from the grasp of his assailants, when the ferocious Akhbar losing all patience, discharged his double-barrelled pistol into the body of his victim, who had only presented his murderer with the weapon the previous day, and immediately afterwards he was cut to pieces by a band of inhuman Ghuznees.

Meanwhile Captains Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie were dragged violently along, compelled to mount on horseback, each behind a Ghiljie chief, and hurried away in the direction of Mahomed Khan's fort. In their progress, it was difficult for their captors to preserve them from the fury of the savage populace, who rushed after them, calling loudly for their blood and aiming at them desperate blows with their long sharp knives. Poor Trevor, who by some accident, lost his seat and fell to the ground, was instantly cut to pieces. Mackenzie narrowly missed a similar fate, just as he reached the fort, a desperate ruffian having made a furious cut at him; but Mahomed Shah Khan behind whom he rode, warded off the blow, receiving it upon his own shoulder. Upon arriving within the fort, they were placed in a small room, but even here they were in great danger, for it was with the greatest difficulty the chiefs, who certainly did all they could to protect their prisoners, were enabled to restrain the fanatical ruffians who longed for their blood, from shooting at them through the window. At midnight they were removed to Cabool, to the house of Mahomed Akhbar Khan. Thus ended this day of horrors.

On the death of Sir William Mac

Naghten, Major Pottinger was requested, by General Elphinstone to assume the office of Political Agent; and unenviable as that situation now was, the gallant defender of Herat shrunk not from the duties it imposed. The negotiations entered into by the late envoy were renewed, and three more clauses proposed by the Affghans. The first, that all the guns should be left behind, except six; secondly, that all our treasure should immediately be given up; thirdly, that the hostages should be exchanged for married men with their wives and families. The latter condition was rejected, Lieutenant Eyre being the only officer who consented, from a sense of public duty, to be one of them. Many of the others declared, that they would rather put their wives to death with their own hands, than commit them to the tender mercies of such treacherous monsters as the Affghans had proved themselves to be. Captains Drummond, Walsh, Warburton and Webb were eventually accepted, and the treaty was signed.

At length, after many subterfuges and delays on the part of the chiefs, everything was prepared for the retreat of our hapless army, and on the 6th of January, 1842, their fatal progress commenced. The force at this time, amounted to about four thousand five hundred fighting men, and the camp followers to twelve thousand, exclusive of women and children. Scarcely had they moved out of the cantonments, when they were filled by vast numbers of infuriated Ghazees who rent the air with their exulting yells of triumph over the deserted stronghold of the Kafir Feringees. A scene of plunder and savage devastation ensued, as they spread themselves over the works, butchering such of our hapless people as they could lay hold of, and who had not yet moved out. The rear-guard unable to restrain them, was obliged in its own defence, to take up a position on the plains without, but the Affghans, who had hitherto been too much absorbed in the work of plunder, to take much notice of the troops, now began to man the lines we had lately occupied and pour in amongst our men a gall-

ing fire of juzzails, in many instances with fatal effect.

At length the whole force got upon the road, but it was impossible to preserve anything like order in their march, as the camp-followers pressed forward among the troops, and the whole became mingled in inextricable confusion. It was now night, but their progress was illuminated by the burning cantonments which the Affghans, having satiated themselves with plunder had afterwards set on fire. Never did an army commence a march with such gloomy prospects as did this devoted force. The weather had been daily increasing in severity for some time, and the snow was lying thickly upon the ground, and the cold was intense. The men had been kept on insufficient diet throughout the siege, which had grown gradually less, and they were worn out and half-starved; the cattle were in a still worse condition. As they toiled laboriously along upon their dreary way, their trail was marked by numbers of the poor, exhausted Sepoys, and camp-followers, who sunk numbed and frozen upon the ground, and perished in the snow. Night only added to their horrors, and many laid down to sleep upon the cold earth who never rose again, while their surviving companions set forth upon their day's march, wondering if it would be their turn next.

Upon the second day of their march, a number of Affghans were seen clustering upon the heights, and an attack was made upon the rear-guard, which consisted of the 44th, and a squadron of irregular horse, with two guns, under Brigadier Anquetil. A short and severe struggle ensued, in which the two guns were unfortunately abandoned, and the Affghan Horse charged down into the very midst of the baggage column, carrying off large quantities of plunder. Numbers of our men fell from wounds, but many more from sheer exhaustion, produced by cold, hunger, and fatigue. Two more of the guns were shortly afterwards abandoned, the horses being found utterly incapable of dragging them further through the snow. The General, who, with the advance

had reached Bootkhak, was now informed that the rear was in much danger, and he sent a detachment to their assistance under Brigadier Shelton, who immediately scaled the nearest heights, drove the enemy back, and kept them in check for upwards of an hour. Meanwhile, it had been ascertained that Akhbar Khan was in the neighbourhood, and Captain Skinner, upon making his appearance before him, was told that our troops had been attacked in consequence of their having marched contrary to the wishes of the chiefs.

These conditions were agreed to, and the troops halted at the entrance of the Khoord-Cabool pass, where they passed another night of horror. All confidence in the promises of the Affghans was now at an end, and it was with no great surprise, although with much disgust at their persevering treachery, that the force beheld them on the following morning drawn up for an attack. They had begun to pour in their fire upon the camp, when Major Thain, putting himself at the head of the 44th, and calling on the men to follow him, rushed forward to disperse them, which was speedily accomplished. Captain Skinner again sought an interview with Mahomed Akhbar, and remonstrated against this faithlessness on the part of his followers, upon which the wily chief demanded, that Major Pottinger, and Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie, should further be delivered up to him as hostages. This was assented to as readily as all his other outrageous requests, and hostilities again ceased for a time.

The toil-worn troops now proceeded to thread the dangerous defiles of the Khoord-Cabool Pass. As they advanced towards a part of the valley where it gradually narrowed, they observed the precipitous heights above them crowned with masses of the enemy, who commenced a hot fire upon them as they came up.

The ladies who rode with the advance-guard were here in great danger; but seeing that their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, they galloped forward at the head of the whole force, while the bullets

whistled around them, and stopped not until they had escaped from the jaws of the pass. Lady Sale, alone of the whole, was wounded, and that only slightly in the arm. The troops were less fortunate. The Ghiljie fire took terrible effect amidst their ranks; the deadly effect of the long juzail was apparent in the numbers that fell, and terrified by the slaughter they beheld, the whole mass of soldiers, camp-followers, women and children, scrambled forward regardless of every consideration but their lives. The rear-guard fared no better; and finding that their only safety consisted in speed, they hurried forward in the same manner to the front. Another horse-artillery gun was abandoned here, and all its artillerymen slain. Upwards of three thousand souls perished in this fatal pass, amongst whom, the gallant Sturt received his death-wound. After passing through the thickest of the fire, and reaching a place of comparative security, he saw Major Thain's horse riderless, and struggling in the agonies of death, the poor animal having received a shot in the loins. Supposing his master wounded, or in danger, Lieutenant Sturt galloped back to render him assistance, if not too late, when his own horse was shot under him, and before he could rise, he himself received a frightful wound in the abdomen, which stretched him beside his dying steed. Here he would have been left to be hacked to pieces by the merciless Ghazees, if Lieutenant Meyne, of the 13th, had not run back to his aid, and with generous gallantry, stood over his fallen friend for several minutes, at the imminent risk of his own life, imploring assistance from each passer-by. He, at length, found a coadjutor in his benevolent task, in Sergeant Deane, of the Sappers, with whose help he conveyed the wounded Sturt, in a quilt through the remainder of the pass.

It is in such acts as this, of individual heroism and self-denial, which throw a brightness over these scenes of horror, and which, indeed, these scenes alone give rise to. Were it otherwise, the sickening details of war would not bear contemplation. The

dying officer was laid upon a bank, between his poor distracted wife, whose delicate situation at the time makes one's heart shudder at the loss she sustained in him, and his wounded mother-in-law, Lady Sale. His wound was then dressed by Dr. Price, but all medical skill was in vain; he lingered only to the following morning, when he died; and it may have been some alleviation to the grief of those he left behind, that they were enabled to give him Christian burial, the only one of the thousands who perished on this fearful march who received it.

On the force reaching Khoord-Cabool, the snow began to descend heavily. Only four small tents were saved; of which, one belonged to the general, two were set apart for the ladies and children, and one was devoted to the use of the sick. But this could accommodate but a few, and numbers of poor wounded wretches wandered shelterless about during the night, till they fell down to perish in the snow. Death, indeed, was a release, and many of the wretched survivors as they set out upon their morning's march, gazed upon the stiffened and snow-covered corpses which marked the place of encampment, with feelings of envy for their happier fate. Never was an army exposed to more fearful sufferings. Not that of the celebrated "ten thousand"—no! nor even that which perished in the fearful retreat from Russia. These both appal from their length of endurance, and the latter from its magnitude; but for the time they lasted, the miseries of the Cabool force were equal.

Having passed the night at Khoord-Cabool, when morning came the troops once more commenced their hopeless march. It was General Elphinstone's intention that they should commence moving at ten o'clock, but a number of the soldiers, and nearly the whole of the camp-followers set off without orders at eight, and were obliged to be recalled, in consequence of a communication from Akhbar Khan, recommending the force to wait until he could make preparations for protecting their march. The order to halt was received with general satisfaction.

Every one had had sufficient experience of the treacherous dealings of the foe to know that their only chance of escape lay in moving forward as fast as possible; and so disgusted were the native soldiery by the delay, that they now, for the first time, began to think of deserting. This feeling first made its appearance among the Shah's native cavalry, who had hitherto behaved with the utmost fidelity, resisting every attempt made by the enemy to corrupt them: but the love of life at last overcame all other considerations; and it cannot much be wondered at, considering the desperate situation in which the force now was.

Akhbar Khan's next proposition was that all the widowed ladies and married families should be placed under his protection to preserve them from further hardship and danger; and Captain Skinner strenuously advised the general to accede to the proposal. Up to this time, scarcely one of the ladies had tasted food since their departure from Cabool. Some had infants only a few days old at the breast, and others were approaching their confinement. What they had undergone upon this fatal march has been seen, and every hour added to their difficulties and dangers. How, in fact, they were able to bear up as they did so long, is wonderful; and it is more than likely that most of them would have perished before they reached Jellalabad, even if any of the troops succeeded in doing so, which now appeared extremely problematical. Faithless, therefore, as the Afghan chief had proved himself, it seemed the least dangerous alternative of the two, for the ladies to put themselves under his care. The general, accordingly, consented to the arrangement, and ordered the married officers and ladies to prepare for their immediate departure, who bidding their friends a long farewell, joined the party of Afghan horse deputed to escort them, and were quickly out of sight. It was also intended that all the wounded officers should accompany them; but this not being gene-

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

rally known, only two had time to do so, Captain Troup, and Lieutenant Meyne, who went to protect Lady Sale. Akhbar Khan's object was doubtless, to get a number of prisoners into his hands, that he might hold the threat of taking their lives *in terrorem* over our heads, to prevent our revenging the massacre of our troops, which he was then contemplating; but his motive was not so apparent at the time, and it was thought best to make a display of confidence.

The force now resumed its miserable march, the soldiers and camp-followers mingled confusedly together, and each struggling eagerly forward to the front to escape the dangers of a rearward position. The Europeans were almost the only effective men left, the Hindoostanees having suffered dreadfully from the intolerable severity of the weather. Few of them were even able to carry their arms, and to use them with effect was wholly beyond their power. The whole were sunk in a state of hopeless despondency, and terror and despair were stamped in every line of their haggard countenances.

The advanced guard of this miserable remnant of the Army of the Indus, consisted of H.M.'s 44th foot, mustering now about one hundred men, about fifty troopers of the 5th cavalry, and the only remaining gun. After marching some distance without being molested, they came to a narrow gorge of the pass, upon the rocks commanding which, had assembled a large body of Ghiljies to oppose their progress. As they approached within shot, the enemy with their long, far-reaching juzalls, poured in a tremendous fire, every bullet of which seemed to take effect. The men fell like grass beneath the mower's scythe, and the Pass was literally choked up with the bodies of the dying and the dead. The unfortunate Sepoys, unable to defend themselves, flung down their useless muskets, and, feeble as they were, attempted, along with the camp-followers, to escape, which the Afghans observing, rushed down the heights, sword in hand, and cut them up most

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mercilessly. This fatal conflict, if conflict that can be called where the fighting was all on one side, completed the destruction of the Native Infantry regiments; nearly the whole of the main and rear columns were cut off, and all that remained of the force that quitted Cabool, four thousand five hundred strong, were about fifty horse artillerymen, with one gun, seventy files of the 44th, and one hundred and fifty cavalry troopers. The camp-followers, however, in spite of the slaughter that had taken place amongst them, still constituted a considerable body.

They had now reached Kubber-i-Jubbar, where they halted; but observing a party of Affghan horse approaching, Poor General Elphinstone drew up his little force in line, in expectation of an attack; and bitter, indeed, must have been his feelings as he surveyed it, to note the frightful havoc a few short days had sufficed to bring about. It was, however, discovered to be Akhbar Khan and his followers; and Captain Skinner was sent to remonstrate with him for the treacherous attack which had been made on our troops, in defiance of the treaty.

In reply, he pretended to regret that we should have been molested, but said that he had found it impossible to restrain the Ghiljies, whom nothing could prevent from indulging their animosity, against the Beringees. He then recommended that the remaining troops should resign their arms, and place themselves under his protection, in which case he would guarantee them a safe arrival at Jellalabad, but that the camp-followers must be left to their fate. To these terms the General felt that it would be disgraceful to assent, and the desperate march was resumed.

After journeying a few miles unmolested, they came to the Huft Kotul, a steep and dangerous defile, and a ghastly spectacle here presented itself. A number of the camp-followers, with whom were several of the wounded officers, had preceded the rest of the force. Upon reaching the foot of the hill, they had been assailed by a party of the enemy, and all massacred.

Their bleeding bodies now lay in the path of their companions, and the remorseless foe crowned the heights in readiness for their next victims. As the troops pursued their way down the defile, they poured in a destructive fire upon them, and fresh numbers of dead and wounded were added to those already covering the ground. Here Brigadier Shelton again gave evidence of his unflinching personal courage when in presence of the enemy, and with a few of the Europeans still capable of action, he kept the Ghiljie masses at bay, till the whole force had cleared the pass. The miserable remnant reached Tezeen shortly afterwards where they halted; having lost during the march from Cabool, upwards of twelve thousand men, including camp-followers.

In spite of its proved uselessness, another attempt was now made at negotiation, and Captain Skinner was again despatched to Akhbar Khan for the purpose; but that insidious chief merely proffered the same terms as before, which were, of course, as then, rejected. All dependence, therefore, upon him being at an end, it was resolved to push on at once, under cover of the darkness, to Jugdulluk, a distance of twenty-two miles, word having been previously sent to Mahomed Akhbar that it was the General's intention to move only as far as Seh Baba, seven miles in advance of their present position. On moving off, the last gun was abandoned, and poor Dr. Cardew, who had been lashed to it, in the hope of saving him, was left to his fate. Dr. Duff, the superintending surgeon, fared no better, having dropped down in a state of utter exhaustion upon the road shortly after the re-commencement of the march. Upon reaching Seh Baba, which they did without resistance, they again encountered the opposition of the mountain-tribes; at Burik-ab, also, a little further on, a heavy fire was poured in upon them, from some caves by the road-side; and by the time they arrived at Kutter-Sung, still ten miles from Jugdulluk, the enemy had begun to crown the surrounding heights in large numbers.

Everything now seemed to portend

the entire destruction of the little force. The neighbouring hills were literally alive with Ghiljies; every peak had its cluster of marksmen, who sent in volley after volley with terrific effect, and the whole route to Jugdulluk was one continued conflict.

Prodigies of valour were performed by our hapless troops and their officers, whom desperation seemed to inspire with renewed energy, worn and faint as they were, but still, nothing could avail them against the deadly fire of the foe, and man after man fell, till the road was lined with bleeding carcasses. At length, about 3 p.m., the skeleton of the advance reached Jugdulluk, and took up a position behind some ruined walls, upon the summit of a hill, by the road-side. From this eminence they cheered their comrades in the rear, who, with Brigadier Shelton at their head, continued obstinately to contest every inch of the ground, although against overwhelming numbers, until they won their way up to the advance.

The pangs of thirst were now added to the other distresses of the force. Many sought to cool their burning throats by swallowing handfuls of snow, which they eagerly clutched from the ground, but this only enhanced, instead of alleviating their sufferings. For food, they fared somewhat better, and the raw flesh of three bullocks, which had fortunately been saved, being served out to the soldiers, was ravenously devoured.

Another attempt was now made by Akhbar Khan to inveigle the British general into his power, and this time with success. He sent to him, earnestly desiring his presence at a conference, and demanding Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. His insidious purpose was evidently to rob the little force of its chiefs, the more securely to effect its destruction. General Elphinstone, anxious to do anything which offered the least chance of saving his few remaining men, consented to the arrangement, and temporary command was made over to Brigadier Anquetil. But Akhbar's scheme was soon apparent; the general, on wishing to return to his

troops, was put off with vexatious delays, until it was ascertained that they, impatient of further detention, and alarmed by the deliberate murder of Captain Skinner, who was shot in the face by a Ghiljie, while riding over towards Mahomed Akhbar's camp, had actually recommenced their march.

Upon the departure of their leaders, the deepest despondency pervaded the whole force. The miseries of their situation increased momentarily;—many of them were suffering from wounds, and all alike were enduring the extremes of hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The first day passed, and the second, both in cruel suspense, during the whole of which, the Affghans kept up a galling fire upon them from the neighbouring heights. Still their general came not. Sally after sally was made by the little handful now remaining of the 44th, but as fast as the enemy were driven back, they returned again to the attack. Night came again with its attendant horrors, and deeming all further stay now useless, the despairing troops quitted their position, and resolved, at all risks, to pursue their way to Jellalabad. The sick and wounded were necessarily abandoned to their fate.

As they toiled wearily along the Jugdulluk valley, the remorseless Ghiljies still pursued them with their fire, and masses of them were observed hastening forward to block up the pass. This formidable defile is about two miles long, very narrow and walled in by lofty and precipitous rocks. The wretched soldiers continued their way, returning the enemy's fire as well as they were able, when suddenly they found their progress suddenly obstructed by strong barriers, formed of bushes and branches of trees intertwined, and stretching completely across the defile. This was disheartening enough, and the men set to work to clear themselves a passage; but in the meanwhile, the Ghiljies were gathering around in great numbers, and now poured in a destructive fire from all quarters. The soldiers and camp-followers were crowded thickly together at the barrier; the slaughter amongst them was terrific. The mountaineers, after discharging their

juzails, rushed in amongst the bewildered mass, knife in hand, and a complete massacre ensued, Brigadier Anquetil and eleven other officers were slain on this bloody occasion. About forty others pushed their way through with a miserable remnant of the troops, who hurried on as well as they were able, towards Gundamuck, their rear still harassed by the enemy. On reaching the Sourkhab river they found their progress again opposed by the foe, who had taken possession of the bridge, and they had to ford the stream under a heavy fire, by which many of them were killed.

The morning of the fatal 13th had now dawned, and they were approaching Gundamuck, while the enemy beheld with returning day-light the utter insignificance of their numbers. At this time, the whole Cabool force comprised only twenty officers, some fifty men of the 44th, half a dozen artillery-men, and about as many sepoys. Amongst these but twenty muskets could be mustered. The enemy emboldened by their weakness now assailed them with increased fury, and the hunted little band were obliged to quit the road, and take up a position on an adjoining hill where they resolved to stand firm, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. Here one more attempt was made to put an end to hostilities, and Lieutenant Hay having communicated with a party of Affghan horsemen, Major Griffiths proceeded to a conference with the chief.

A number of the Affghans soon ascended the hill, and entered into friendly communication with the British party; but the truce was of short continuance. Our soldiers, enraged by some attempts of the insidious ruffians to gain possession of their arms, made a vigorous charge, and drove them fiercely down the height. This was the signal for their destruction, and the death struggle commenced. The enemy stationed themselves upon the surrounding hills, and poured in volley after volley with deadly effect, while bands of them below rushed up to complete the work of slaughter. Several times did they attempt this, but were as often driven

back by the frantic bravery of our men, who seemed inspired with almost superhuman energy. Officers and privates fought like lions. Captain Hamilton, who was suffering so severely from two wounds received at Jugdulluk as scarcely to be able to sit his horse, behaved with remarkable gallantry, and slew five of the enemy with his own hand before he was cut down; while all that the most desperate valour could do, to redeem the lost credit of the 44th, was done by the last sad remnant of that hapless regiment on this fatal day. But nothing could avail against the overpowering numbers of the Affghans, and when the heroic little band was reduced to about thirty, the enemy rushed in upon them, bore them down at the point of the knife, and slaughtered the whole party, except Captain Souter, and a few privates who were made prisoners.

After the conflict at Jugdulluk, about a dozen of the officers, better mounted than their companions, had pushed on in advance of the rest, intending to make the best of their way to Jellalabad. Six of these, Captains Bellew, Collier, Hopkins, Lieutenant Bird, Drs. Harper and Brydon, arrived at Futteabad in safety, the others had fallen off on the road, and been cut up by the straggling parties of the enemy. Deceived by the friendly professions of the people, the six officers above mentioned, halted near Futteabad, to allay the cravings of hunger, which gave the inhabitants time to arm and sally forth upon them. Captain Bellew, and Lieutenant Bird, were shot down directly; Captains Collier and Hopkins, and Drs. Harper and Brydon, rode off at their utmost speed, but worn out as themselves and their animals were, they could make but little head. They were pursued, and the three former overtaken and slain a few miles from Jellalabad, but Dr. Brydon contrived to evade his pursuers, and at length reached that town in safety.

Such was the miserable fate of the British army stationed at Cabool; an event which viewed in all its aspects, and in connexion with the circumstances which led to it, cannot but be

regarded as perhaps the most disastrous and disgraceful recorded in our military annals.

The mind turns with delight from the contemplation of these sad events to the contrast afforded by the conduct of General Sale at Jellalabad. Placed in a situation of equal, or even greater peril than the Cabool force, this brave and resolute officer demonstrated, by his brilliant successes, what could be effected in circumstances of the utmost difficulty by the exercise of energy, ability and determination; and was upholding the honour and glory of his country in the midst of the defeat and disgrace which everywhere else overwhelmed us.

Sir Robert Sale reached Jellalabad with his brigade on the 12th of November. He found the walls of the city in such a state as might have justified a feeling of despair as to the possibility of defending them. Their extent was so great, embracing a circumference of upwards of two thousand three hundred yards, that his force was insufficient to man them effectively, and there was no parapet, excepting for a few hundred yards, and even there, only two feet high. Earth and rubbish had accumulated to such an extent about the ramparts, that there were roads in various directions across and over them into the country, affording the greatest facilities to the approach of the enemy. At one part of the works there was a space of four hundred yards together, on which none of the garrison could show themselves, excepting at a particular spot; the population within was disaffected, and the town was surrounded on every side by ruined forts, walls, mosques, tombs, and gardens, from which a fire could be opened on the defenders, at a distance of only twenty or thirty yards.

For twenty-four hours the Ghiljies, under cover of the gardens and old buildings, kept up an incessant fire on the working parties, but indifferently protected behind the rapidly advancing field-works. The range was short, and our men suffered severely. In addition to the galling opposition of the enemy, provisions

were getting scarce, and disaffection spreading within the city. To obviate the danger to be apprehended from these sources, the women were first ordered to withdraw themselves; strangers and suspicious persons were next excluded, and finally, the whole male population, save the shopkeepers, were got rid of.

On the morning of Sunday the 14th, was determined to dislodge the Ghiljies from their vantage-posts in our vicinity. For this purpose three hundred of her Majesty's 13th, three hundred of the 35th Native Infantry, one hundred sappers, three guns, the whole of the cavalry, with two hundred of the Khyber Corps—about one thousand two hundred in all, were detached under Colonel Monteath. These sallied from the town, and immediately carried the walled garden in front of the southern gate, and the walled enclosure to the westward. The troops appointed for this duty having established themselves, a sortie was made from the southern gate for the purpose of storming the heights in front, where the insurgents had assembled themselves in masses. Two hundred men from her Majesty's 13th and the 35th Native Infantry having been posted on the heights, the cavalry and artillery, with a nine-pounder gun under Captain Backhouse, stationed themselves in the plain to watch the movements of the enemy, once more collecting on the heights beyond. Colonel Monteath, at the same time, moved the rest of the troops and guns round to the right, for the purpose of driving off the insurgents, still occupying the northern and western faces of the town. A well-directed fire from the guns, under Lieutenant Dawes, dispersed them in every direction. The juzailchees sallying out of one of the gates, cut up great numbers of them. About three hundred janbazees, who had deserted at Gundamuk, seeing the hopeless state of matters, now descended from the hills, and made off in the direction of Cabool, being saluted on their retreat by some well-directed rounds from a gun under Captain Backhouse, within whose range they had imprudently come.

Meanwhile Captain Oldfield had been stationed with a party of cavalry, with directions, that as soon as he saw the infantry debouche upon the plain, he was to move forward as expeditiously as possible and take the enemy in the rear. This movement was prevented by a change in the enemy's situations, and the cavalry had to maintain themselves against a heavy fire poured in upon their front and right.

So much discouraged were the enemy by this defeat, that for the next fortnight nothing serious was attempted against us; and the operations of the assailants were confined to attacks on the working parties. A desire to spare the scanty supplies of ammunition made the General bear these, until they began seriously to interrupt the progress of the fortifications. On the 1st of December, accordingly, a column of six hundred Europeans and Native Infantry, with two guns, some sappers and juzailchees, and all the cavalry, rushed from the Cabool gate under command of Colonel Dennie, and diverging to the left, swept the space in front of the walls round to the rocky mounds on the main road to Cabool. A series of brilliant movements were now executed with great rapidity, and in uninterrupted succession, upon which we will not here dwell, further than to say that nothing could withstand the bravery of the little garrison.

By the 29th of December, the wells were cleaned out, and the walls so thoroughly repaired that no grounds of apprehension remained for any attack the Affghans could attempt against them. Supplies became plentiful, a small additional stock of gunpowder was provided, and the men recovered the high and gallant spirit which the events of the beginning of the month were well-calculated to have shaken.

¶ Meanwhile, as soon as intelligence of the Ghiljie insurrection reached the government, a brigade was ordered to be got immediately ready to move from the banks of the Sulejon to Jelalabad.

On the 19th November, Brigadier Wild, with the 60th and 30th Native Infantry, endeavoured to force the

Pass, and relieve the regiments in the fort. He was, however, attacked in the defile, and beaten back with the loss of the greater part of his baggage and treasure. He himself was wounded. On the 23rd, another attempt was made, but without success. Meanwhile the garrison, suffering from cold, and threatened with famine, without the hope of being joined by their companions, or the chance of being of service in any way by themselves resolved to attempt returning to the mouth of the Pass. On the 24th, accordingly they got under arms, and, after a very severe encounter, succeeded in rejoining their companions at Jumrood, with the loss of two officers and about one hundred and seventy Sepoys. The re-united force now retired on Peshawar to await the arrival of the brigade with Europeans, cavalry, and guns, under General Pollock, which had also been ordered on the same service.

In the meantime, the gallant Sir Robert Sale had been summoned on the 19th of January by the leaders of the Affghan rebellion, to give up Jellalabad, in fulfilment of the convention entered into by the political and military authorities at Cabool; but aware of the treacherous disposition of the enemy, he refused to comply, and on the 13th he received intimation of the disasters which had befallen the troops in their retreat from the capital. On that day, as has been seen, Dr. Brydon arrived at Jellalabad, wounded and wayworn, and at first scarcely able to give a distinct account of what had occurred. A rumour spread rapidly among the garrison that the remains of the Cabool force were in full retreat upon them, and that the enemy were cutting them to pieces. The bugle sounded, and the men were instantly got under arms. Every glass was pointed in the direction of the passes; but nothing could be seen, save some smoke, and a few horsemen in the distance. The cavalry were ordered out to scour the country; trumpets were sounded; and for three nights beacon-fires were kept burning. But no army made its appearance. Those fatal passes had been its grave. The mangled bodies

of the three officers who were cut down in their flight with Dr. Brydon, from Futteabad, were found, some days afterwards, a few miles from the gate, and were the sole relics of the Cabool force which presented themselves to the view of the Jellalabad garrison.

Almost at the same time, it became known to the besieged that the brigade of four regiments, marched to their succour from Hindoostan, had been driven back upon Peshawar.

But an unforeseen and most terrible foe now suddenly assailed the city, overthrowing all its brave defenders' hopes, and rendering their past labours vain. On the 19th of February, a tremendous earthquake shook down all the newly raised parapets, injured several of the bastions, cast to the ground all our guard-houses, demolished a third of the town, made a considerable breach in the ramparts, and reduced the gate on the Cabool side to a shapeless mass of ruins. "It savours of romance," says the brave General in his despatch, "but it is a sober fact, that the city was thrown into alarm, within the space of little more than one month, by the repetition of full one hundred shocks of this terrible phenomenon of nature."

Disheartening as was this appalling visitation, the troops turned with alacrity and indefatigable industry, to the reparation of their defences. But, at the moment of the great convulsion, Mahomed Akhbar Khan, flushed with the success of his schemes, which were consummated by the tragedy at Gundamuk, having collected a considerable body of troops, advanced to Markhail, within seven miles of Jellalabad. He attacked our foraging parties with a large body of horse on the 21st and 22nd of February; and soon after, fixing his head-quarters to the westward, two miles from the place, and a secondary camp to the eastward, about one mile distant, invested the town, and established a vigorous blockade. The enemy now continued incessantly to harass the garrison, by throwing swarms of skirmishers into the ravines and hollows round the walls, and behind the numerous remains of mud forts, which it had been

found impossible wholly to destroy. On the 10th of March, the efforts of the Affghans were particularly directed against the northern face of the works, and with greater force than usual; and towards evening, spies brought intelligence, that they were driving a mine in that direction.

Although Sir Robert Sale saw reason to doubt the accuracy of this information, he resolved on making a sortie to ascertain the fact, and check the boldness of the enemy. On the morning of the 11th, three hundred of her Majesty's 13th, under Colonel Dennie, with three hundred of the 35th Native Infantry, and two hundred sappers and miners, at daybreak, sallied out from the Peshawar gate, and swept steadily round the low ground to the spot where the enemy was said to have broken ground. The cavalry, under Captain Oldfield, at the same time, appeared upon the plain, towards the south, to distract the attention of the Affghans. The post where the enemy were expected to have been met, unexpectedly proved to have just before been abandoned; but a strong piquet in the neighbourhood was gallantly driven in, and pursued to a considerable distance, by Captain Broadfoot, at the head of the sappers and miners. An attempt on the last-named body by a heavy force of the enemy's cavalry, was also repelled, and the troops having accomplished the objects of the sortie, in examining the ground around the wall, where neither mine nor gallery could be found, retired in perfect order into the fort, without serious casualty of any sort.

The beleaguered garrison were now anxiously looking forward to the arrival of General Pollock's force to their relief. From the time that the brigade threw itself into Jellalabad, the native troops had been on half, and the followers on quarter rations; and for many weeks they had been able to obtain little or nothing in the bazaars, to eke out this scanty provision. The Europeans had also been exposed to many and severe privations; and both officers and men, British and Hindoostanee, of every arm, had been compelled to remain fully

accounted at their alarm posts, from the 1st of March, to the 7th of April.

Their disappointment may be imagined, therefore, when, after all their sufferings, on the evening of the 5th of the latter month, information was received, in the most positive terms, from spies in the enemy's camp, that General Pollock had been defeated in the Khyber Pass, and forced to fall back upon Peshawar. This disastrous news seemed to receive confirmation on the following day, by the Affghans causing a *feu-de-joie*, and salute of artillery to be fired, as was said, in honour of the event. It was afterwards found that the assassination of Shah Shoojah had been the cause of this demonstration. It was also announced on the same day, through similar channels, that the Affghans were sending re-inforcements to aid in defending the frontier passes, and obstructing the advance of General Pollock's force.

General Sale, on a full consideration of the various rumours, resolved to anticipate the last-mentioned event by a general attack on the Affghan camp, in the hope of relieving himself from blockade, and facilitating General Pollock's advance. He accordingly gave directions to form three columns of infantry, the centre consisting of the 13th Light Infantry, five hundred rank and file, under Colonel Dennie; the left, of the 35th Native Infantry, also five hundred strong, under Lieutenant-Colonel Monteath; and the right, of a company of the 13th Light Infantry, another of the 35th Native Infantry, and the detachment of sappers and miners, under Lieutenant Orr, three hundred and sixty strong, commanded by Captain Havelock. These were supported by the fire of the guns of No. 6, light field battery, under Captain Abbot, to which Captain Backhouse was also attached, and by the whole of the cavalry force under Captain Oldfield and Lieutenant Meyne. The troops issued from the Cabool and Peshawar gate, at break of day, on the morning of the 7th; and so far from Akhbar Khan having made dispositions to avoid the encounter, his whole force, not falling short in all of six thousand men, was

formed in order of battle for the defence of his camp; the right resting on a fort, its left on the Cabool river; and even the ruined works within eight hundred yards of the place, were filled with Ghiljie marksmen, evidently prepared for stout resistance.

The attack was led by the skirmishers and column under Captain Havelock, who pierced at once the enemy's line of works, drove them from their intrenchments, and proceeded to advance into the plain. Meanwhile the heroic Dennie with the central column dashed forward against a strong square fort, which had been repaired by the Affghans, and now maintained an obstinate resistance; but, when within only five yards of it, a ball from one of the enemy's guns, struck him on the hip, lacerating his side fearfully; and before he could witness the success of the attack he was so valiantly leading, his gallant spirit had passed away. The troops, however, continued their progress, and the rear of the fort having been gained by passing to its left, General Sale gave orders for a combined attack on the enemy's camp. It was in every way brilliant and successful. The artillery advanced at the gallop, and directed a heavy fire on the Affghan centre, whilst two of the columns of infantry penetrated their line at the same point, and the third drove their left back from its support on the river, into the stream of which some of their horse and foot were forced. The Affghans made repeated attempts to check our advance by a smart fire of musketry, and throwing forward heavy bodies of horse, which twice closely threatened the troops under Captain Havelock, and by opening against us three guns from a battery, screened by a garden wall, and said to have been served under the superintendence of Akhbar Khan himself; but in a short time, they were dislodged from every point of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration. The battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat in the direction of Lughman, by about seven p. m.

Two of their cavalry standards fell into our hands, the whole of their

tents were destroyed, and, chief trophy of all, we captured four guns, lost by the unfortunate Cabool army, the recovery of which was the source of especial exultation to the whole force. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded in this brilliant action was severe, while our own was very insignificant, as regarded numbers: but the victory could not be called cheaply purchased, which cost his country the life of Colonel Dennie.

The defence of Jellalabad will henceforth take its place in history as one of the most brilliant military achievements upon record; and if a peerage is to be regarded as the highest honour which a British officer can aspire to, and Sir Robert Sale's conduct does not deserve one, it is difficult, it might be said impossible, to pronounce what conduct does.

After the glorious victory of the 7th, the "illustrious garrison" entertained no further apprehensions of the enemy, who were effectually dispirited and dispersed; and nothing further, of importance, occurred from that time, till the 15th, when General Pollock arrived to their relief.

While Sir Robert Sale had been thus heroically maintaining the honour and glory of his country, and laying the foundation of a lasting renown, the Government of India had been making active preparations for his relief, and the rescue of the English captives who had fallen into the hands of the Affghans, since the breaking out of the insurrection.

Towards the end of March, the force assembled at Peshawar amounted to nearly eight thousand men, under the command of General Pollock; but their situation was anything but satisfactory, nevertheless the urgency of Sir Robert Sale's situation became so pressing, that, insufficient as was the number of his troops, and doubtful as was the fidelity of some of them, General Pollock resolved, at all hazards, to attempt the dangerous passage of the Khyber mountains.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

This defile, one of the most formidable and impenetrable in Asia, as a line of military defence, extends from Jumrood upwards in the direction of Jellalabad without interval for the space of twenty-eight miles, throughout twenty-two of which it had hitherto been considered impassable for an army, when the inhabitants had determined to oppose them. From Jumrood, where the pass opens on the Peshawar side, to Ali Musjid, the dell is deep and uninterrupted; and the celebrated fort just named, which stands on an isolated hill in the narrow near the middle of the defile, completely commands it.

At half-past three o'clock on the morning of the 5th of April, the troops were got under arms, the camps struck, the treasure, ammunition and baggage placed on the road leading from Jumrood, and everything was in readiness for the perilous advance. The hills on both sides, were rocky and precipitous, presenting formidable obstacles to the progress of our troops; and the enemy had for some days past, appeared in great numbers upon these heights, and at the mouth of the pass, which they had fortified with a strong breast-work of stones and bushes. It became of the utmost consequence to dislodge them from their commanding position; and at the same time, that the main column proceeded to assault the entrance, a column was despatched to the right and left, to drive the Khyberes down. Both columns, after considerable opposition, which they overcame in the most gallant style, succeeded in routing the enemy, and gaining possession of the crest of the hills on the other side. While the flanking columns were in progress on the heights, General Pollock ordered Captain Alexander, in command of the artillery, to throw shrapnel among the enemy, which assisted much in their discomfiture. As Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, from the opposition he met with, was some time in reaching the summit of the hill on the right, the General next detached a

party under the command of Brigadier Wild, to assault it in front; it was, however so extremely steep near the top, that notwithstanding the undaunted gallantry of both officers and men, they were unable to gain a footing on the summit; and the enemy were enabled to hurl down stones with fatal effect upon some of the grenadiers. Finding the heights in our possession, General Pollock now advanced the main column to the north of the pass, and commenced destroying the barrier which the enemy had erected on perceiving their position was turned; a portion of the right and left columns being left to keep the heights, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Mosely and Major Anderson respectively. Major Huish and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor continued their advance to crown the hills in front on each side, which were covered with the enemy, who appeared determined to combat every inch of ground; but nothing could resist the gallantry of our troops, who carried everything before them. A position of considerable strength above the bridge now remained to be carried, and again the juzailchees were conspicuous in forcing the enemy to relinquish their strong-holds.

At length, all opposition on the part of the Affghans was overcome, and the heights being occupied by our troops, and the defile cleared by the guns, the principal columns with the baggage moved along the dell, and reached Ali Musjid the following morning with very trifling loss. The remainder of the march was accomplished with scarcely any opposition from the enemy; and on the 16th of April, General Pollock and his army, reached Jellalabad to the great joy of the beleaguered garrison, who were drawn up on the ramparts, with streaming banners, and their bands playing, to welcome their approach. The scene of the meeting of the two forces, was most animating, and full of interest; and for a time, all was festivity and delight; but General Pollock having marched with the smallest possible amount of stores and baggage, that he might be enabled to force the passes unencumbered, he was

obliged, after a few days, to put the whole force upon half rations.

Lord Ellenborough's order for the evacuation of Afghanistan, which has occasioned so much discussion, arrived at Candahar; and General Nott was desired to send a force to bring off the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghiljje, and reduce the fortifications of that place to ruin. Colonel Wymer was accordingly despatched with a strong detachment of five thousand men for that purpose. Meanwhile the insurgents had collected in great strength, and surrounded Khelat-i-Ghiljje, and at day-break on the morning of the 21st of May, they commenced an attack upon it in two quarters. The enemy advanced to the assault in the most determined manner, each column consisting of more than two thousand men, provided with thirty scaling ladders; but after an hour's hard fighting, they were repulsed by the brave little garrison, and driven down the hill with the loss of five standards.

General Nott after many brilliant and hard fought triumphs, advanced in the direction of Ghuznee. This important fortress had again fallen into the hands of the Affghans, who had risen in rebellion, in this district, about the same time that the outbreak had taken place at Cabool. It had been left with a garrison of upwards of a thousand men, under the command of Colonel Palmer, and had the authorities acted with promptitude and decision, they might, perhaps, have held their post, till reinforced by General Nott. But they seem to have been paralyzed by the intelligence of the Cabool events, and neglected to do much that might have bettered their condition. Instead of acting as Generals Sale and Nott had done, in expelling the hostile inhabitants from the town, a foolish wavering feeling prevailed, that it would be an act of unnecessary cruelty to drive them from their homes; and, at length, after holding out for several months, and enduring almost unparalleled hardships, frequently repelling the attacks of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, with the most undaunted bravery, these townspeople treacherously

admitted the enemy within the walls, and Colonel Palmer was obliged to capitulate in the beginning of March. The terms of the treaty guaranteed honourable treatment to the garrison, and safe escort to Cabool, solemnly sworn to by the chiefs, but the same treachery marked the conduct of these men, as their countrymen had exhibited at the capital, and several of the hapless garrison were murdered, and Colonel Palmer with others, made prisoners.

Though occasionally annoyed by small parties of the enemy, General Nott had met with no serious opposition in his progress towards Ghuznee, till he arrived at Gonine, thirty-one miles south-west of the town. Here, on the 30th of August, Shumsoodeen Khan, the Affghan governor of the fortress, marched out against him with an army of twelve thousand men, and posted himself in the vicinity of the British camp.

General Nott resolved to give him battle, and moved out with half his force, the enemy at the same time, advancing in the most bold and gallant manner, each cheering as they came into position. Their left was placed upon a hill of some elevation, their centre and right upon a low ridge, until their flank rested upon a fort filled with men; and they then opened a fire of small arms, supported by two six-pounder guns, directed with admirable precision. Our columns now advanced upon the different points boldly and steadily, pouring in a deadly fire upon the opposing ranks, and after a short, but spirited contest, completely routed the enemy, capturing their guns, tents, ammunition, and baggage, and dispersing them in every direction. Shumsoodeen himself fled, with about thirty horsemen, towards Ghuznee, and had it not been for the friendly cover of night, which was fast setting in, and aided their escape, the whole Affghan army would have been destroyed.

After this glorious victory, General Nott moved on against Ghuznee, before which he arrived on the 5th of September. He found the city full of men, and the range of mountains running north-east of the fortress,

covered by heavy bodies of the enemy's horse and foot.

It was resolved that the principal assault by battery should be supported by two other attacks; one an attempt to blow in the water-gate, (both the others having been strongly built up, and the causeways in front of them cut through,) another to escalate a weak point near the Cabool gate, which would have been greatly aided by the fire of the artillery from the hill.

Early on the evening of the 5th, a brisk matchlock fire was kept up from the citadel on the hill, but this gradually slackened, and at 4 p.m. had entirely ceased. The enemy's infantry had been observed at dusk, crossing the river near the water-gate, with the intention, it was supposed, of attacking the working party during the night; but, as the day broke, the fort was discovered to be evacuated, the garrison, alarmed by our preparations, having fled under cover of the darkness. The citadel and all the defences of the once formidable Ghuznee, were then destroyed, and General Nott proceeded to Cabool, which he reached towards the end of the month, after another triumphant conflict with Shumsooden, and a large army of Affghans.

Meanwhile, General Pollock had advanced upon the same point from Jellalabad, where he had been detained upwards of four months by the indecision of the Indian government, as to its future intentions in Afghanistan, and his inability to move for want of the necessary means. This period had been employed in sending occasional expeditions against the surrounding tribes, and negotiations for the release of the Cabool prisoners, which, however, came to nothing; and an advance upon the capital having at length been decided upon, General Pollock, on the 20th of August, commenced his march. Prior to this, however, General Sale had moved forward to Futteabad, with his gallant garrison, the 3rd dragoons and other cavalry, a party of sappers, and artillery. Immediately upon his arrival, he commenced operations against one of Akhbar Khan's principal forts,

which had recently been much strengthened; the party charged with the office of reducing it, was placed under Captain Broadfoot, and so well did he make his dispositions, that the place was taken, and razed to the ground, without any bloodshed.

Meanwhile rumours prevailed, that the enemy were gathering in great force in the passes ahead of us, with the determination of resisting our further progress. On the 8th of September, General Pollock moved out of Soorkhab in progress to Jugdulluk, and on approaching the heights which commanded the valley, they were found to be occupied by large bodies of the enemy, apparently under different chieftains; each having a distinguishing standard. On a nearer view, their position proved to be one of remarkable strength, and most difficult of access. The hills they occupied formed an amphitheatre, inclining towards the left of the road, on which the troops were halted, while the guns opened, and the enemy were thus enabled on this point to fire down upon the column, a deep ravine preventing any contact with them. Our artillery began to play upon them, but with little effect, while the mountaineers poured in their fire from every point unremittingly. The general observing this, detached Captain Broadfoot, with a party of sappers, to the extreme left of the enemy's position, and his men began ascending a hill on the top of which the enemy were entrenched behind a strong breastwork. The 9th foot, under Colonel Taylor, were at the same time directed to cross a deep ravine, and assault the hill on the opposite side, where the enemy held a ruined fort, and were assembled in great numbers. Captain Wilkinson, with the 13th, and other corps under Lieutenants Boileau and Trench, and Captain Gahan, respectively, were despatched to other points, and the whole, bursting into an animated and enthusiastic cheer, rushed up the heights simultaneously, and drove the scared Ghiljies before them, who fled precipitately down the hills. A large body of their horsemen still remained on the summit of a high mountain, and on this apparently

inaccessible height, they planted their banners in defiance. This was not to be borne, and the gallant 13th, with a few companies of Native Infantry, rushed up the lofty heights with undaunted resolution; but the Ghiljies waited not for the onset, and our troops took quiet possession of their last and least assailable stronghold.

On entering the Pass, our infantry mounted the heights, to drive off the enemy; but the Affghans encouraged by the presence of their eminent chief, instead of giving way, as in previous instances, advanced to meet us, and a desperate encounter ensued. So obstinate, indeed, was their defence, that the contest, in many cases was only decided at the point of the bayonet. Throughout the field of action the same spirit prevailed; all the neighbouring heights were alive with desperate combatants, and the enemy seemed especially eager to prevent our ascending the Huft Kotul. But nothing could withstand the determination to conquer evinced by our troops; one by one, they forced the different positions of the enemy, and, at length, scaled the sides of the Huft Kotul, giving three cheers as they reached the summit. The fighting continued throughout the day, and the enemy, who mustered the formidable number of sixteen thousand men, left several hundreds dead upon the field.

This brilliant and decisive victory opened the way for General Pollock to Cabool. The troops pursued their march through this series of terrific passes, without further molestation; but at every step, some harrowing spectacle presented itself to their eyes, some dismal relic of the tragedy enacted there in the preceding January, which goaded them to fury, and urged them to vow vengeance upon their treacherous foes. Before them, and behind them, in huge heaps, the unburied skeletons of their murdered fellow countrymen lay bleaching in the mountain winds, and when we read of the excesses which, it must be confessed, were committed on some occasions, during the second advance and retreat, it should be remembered how strongly such scenes as the

above were calculated to rouse the passions of untutored men, whether Europeans or Hindooostanees.

On the 16th of September, General Pollock and his victorious army arrived at Cabool.

The tale of the Affghan war is told. Negotiations were opened for the release of the surviving prisoners yet in the hands of Akhbar Khan; the fate of these unfortunate individuals excited universal commiseration. They were hurried about from place to place by their captors, and it is surprising how delicate females and children were enabled to bear up against such hardships. The noble fortitude of Lady Sale was, however, a vast support to them in their afflictions. On the 11th of September, it was announced to them that they would be carried to Kholoom, and distributed among various chiefs; but the victories of General Pollock, had weakened the attachment of Akhbar Khan's subordinates, and the approach of Sir Richmond Shakspeare, with a large party of Kuzzilbash cavalry, together with the offer of a large bribe from Major Pottinger, decided Ahmed Khan to allow his charge to be re-captured. On the 17th of September, the prisoners were released. On the re-union of Lady Sale and her daughter with her gallant husband, and the other captives and their friends, we will not dwell. Suffice it to say, that the issue of the second campaign in Cabool was as triumphant and joyous, as the former had been disastrous and heart-rending. On the 12th of October the British army, having achieved every object for which the expedition was undertaken, turned their backs on the scenes of so many memories of disaster and glory, and proceeded on its homeward march. At Ferozepore, the Governor-general met Generals Sale, Nott, and Pollock, the second named commander bringing the celebrated gates of Somnauth, as a trophy. Festivity and rejoicings were now the order of the day, and it may not be too much to affirm that our sway in the East, was more firmly consolidated than ever, by our TRIUMPHS IN AFFGHANISTAN.

THE END.





