

—we are satisfied that the sums spent on the house account are mostly just and necessary, with a single exception. That exception, however, is a serious one, being the profligate item of snuff; from twenty to sixty pounds for snuff! Surely the unsnuffing members have just as clear a right to meerschaums, knaster, and cigars. Why cannot the nose-titillators purchase their own nose-dust, as well as smokers their own tobacco? To stop the supply would be beneficial to the general purse, and merciful to the patients. Lord Chesterfield has shown, that the time spent by a thorough-paced nose-tickler, in thus unnaturally *polypus-ating* his oesophagus, is of no small moment. "Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker," he says, "at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes; every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half; one minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taker's day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, and one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half a-year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of a snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing of it!!!" We trust that the day is not far distant when this most unnecessary sum will no longer defile the Annual Reports. Decency solicits this reform, and Propriety must grant her request. The question must be strenuously agitated and well persevered in; for there is a formidable gang of snuffers to encounter, who must be defeated and rooted out. They have taken post as "vested interest" men, and vaunt the praises of Rappee, Lundy Foot, and their various mixtures, as though they were of the greatest national importance. Nay, they even assail Parnassus,—where, surely, snuff was never taken,—and thus the poet of their order whimpers,—

"Knows he who never took a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?"

"Oh, nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel that joy—
A Roman knows."

There is no doubt that this domestic system of clubbing is fast becoming a British characteristic; but still the intelligent observer will view the innovation as a national improvement, entirely free from the vices imputed to it by the superficial. Married men, whose families are absent, find it the nearest resemblance to the facilities of home; and bachelors of moderate means live much cheaper, in better style, and in much better society, than formerly. As an instance of the estimated effects of club-ism as a security to young men, we may mention, that most members of any standing in the Athenæum enter their sons' names as candidates, as soon as their age renders them eligible. 'Tis true that philosophers are agreed in the axiom, that man is "the creature of habit,"—and when ambition or vanity impel him, he is prone to put his best foot foremost. Such a spirit, elevated by education, is willing to believe that he deserves a larger income, that he could do credit to a higher station, and that the obscurity of private life unjustly

obscures his talents. Upon this man the united allurements of elegance, luxury, and grandeur, naturally act very powerfully, and may make him keenly feel the comparative discomfort and disquietude of a badly-managed home, of formal and laborious dinners, and of over-crowded and frivolous parties, the attendance upon which latter, men of sense soon find out to be a very degradation. But to meet and correct this case the remedial measure must be twofold; one part applied to the gentlemen, the other,—we are pretty bold thus openly to avow it,—the other part to the ladies! Yes, to the ladies. Their education ought to be more consonant to that of their future partners in life, instead of resembling, as it now does, that of the singing and dancing girls of the degraded eastern climes. Considering the scope of their capacity, how comparatively few are the brilliants of the sex to what they ought to be! The valuable hours daily consumed in trifling pursuits, during the early freshness of the mind, is as deleterious to the young female as a narcotic weed. Has not this baleful practice interfered with the substantial qualities of the British fair? Have they not practised the execution of music till they have killed the melody of all the simple airs? Has not their miserable deficiency in taste been evinced by all of them, —whether six feet high or four feet low; or whether fat, fair, dark, or lean,—in wearing, as a becoming fashion, bonnets as big as a Guinea-man's caboose one day, and then, *præsto!* changing them for others not larger than the scoop of a caulker's pitch-ladle? Out upon it: let there be more sense and method at home, and we will vouch that the domestic ties have nothing to fear from club influence. The ladies who cultivate judgment may safely trust to those powers which nature has gifted them with, and which, when properly directed, they cannot use in vain. In fine, they may rely on it as an incontrovertible axiom, that female society will never be neglected, and never can be, by any who are capable of appreciating it.

Before closing this lucubration, we are bound to notice another and an excellent class of clubs, in the dinner associations attached to the different learned and scientific bodies of London. They are mostly formed on the plan of that of the Royal Society, and therefore a mention of this may afford a notion of the whole. The society itself consists of about 700 members; but its club, which has had a lengthy and popular existence, is restricted to forty chosen Fellows and the President, Treasurer, and Secretaries, as *ex-officio* members. This club has a dinner at the Crown and Anchor weekly, on the days of the Royal Society meetings: and perhaps no fraternity of so limited a number can boast such a galaxy of rank and knowledge as is enrolled among its components, from its foundation to 1843. The Antiquarian, the Geological, the Astronomical, and other similar dining-clubs followed; the necessity of eating and drinking being a point wherein, according to Addison, “most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part.”

But the most interesting association of this description is the Royal Naval Club of 1765; which, as its name implies, is one expressly belonging to the Blue Jackets, and is really an honour to the Service which produced and supports it. It was originally formed by a few Admirals and Captains, seventy-eight years ago, with a view of old

companions in arms dining together, under such conditions that the poor, the burthened, and the rich could meet on equal terms. It is composed of Flag Officers, Captains, and Commanders; the annual subscription is one guinea, and there are twelve dinners in each season, usually so arranged as to commemorate our great sea-fights, as those of Rodney, Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, Nelson, and Duckworth. Every member who attends is charged a small sum, and the remainder is paid out of the subscriptions: but, notwithstanding this liberality, a surplus fund has gone on gradually increasing, until it now amounts to 14,600*l.* three per cent. Consols, producing a dividend of 438*l.* a-year. So far this professional conviviality was kind, considerate, and obviously useful: but we have now the gratification of recording a feature unexampled in the history of clubs. By the existing regulations, the interest arising from the surplus fund is applied by the Committee,—under special and truly delicate powers,—in assisting the widows and orphans of deceased members. It is certainly greatly to the credit of the Navy, that money collected in such small sums, and for merely convivial purposes, should have accumulated sufficiently to gladden the heart of distress, instead of being entirely consumed in additional luxuries for the dinner-table. The benefactions of the last ten years will show the working of this principle; some families having received from 20*l.* to 50*l.* each annually, according to their respective circumstances:—

	£.		£.
1833	245	1838	380
1834	210	1839	305
1835	265	1840	440
1836	330	1841	355
1837	290	1842	375

The distribution of these sums is unattended with that advertising philanthropy which proffers its honey on a thorn. One lady with a title has been most considerably relieved from time to time: and the blind widow of a Commander, with three imbecile grown-up children, has received 40*l.* or 50*l.* in each year since the death of her husband.

We are led to be thus particular, because we very sincerely regret that any qualified officer should be off the books of so admirable and so creditable a club. Although its lists have been honourably emblazoned with the never-dying names of Rodney, Howe, Hood, Nelson, St. Vincent, Collingwood, De Saumaurez, and a host of the country's best tars,—it is mortifying to observe that out of more than 1800 officers, who are now eligible to be members, only 540 belong to it. Now a society which at so small an expense combines charity with conviviality, and which often brings together old friends and messmates, who in such a city as London would otherwise never meet, ought to be supported by every member of the profession. Those who are rich, or who have no wife or child likely to be under the necessity of seeking assistance at a future period from its funds, ought to support it for the sake of their less fortunate brother officers; and every one who has a family, and but slender means of providing for them after his death (and we fear there are many such), ought to consider it an imperative duty not to lose the chance of such a benefit.

On personally "rating" one or two officers to this effect, we were surprised to hear, in justification, that they "knew nothing at all about

it." This was a singular confession, but we are assured that many others are in the same scrape. Should any one, therefore, on reading this concise statement, wish to know more, we take the liberty,—though quite unauthorized,—to advise him forthwith to write to the worthy and zealous secretary, Mr. D. Foggo; and, from what we have seen of that gentleman's deportment, we may safely predict that a full answer will be sent to the inquiry. Haste, therefore, to the poll!

CABOOL.

WRITTEN BY COLONEL BLACKER.

CABOOL! Cabool! thy name shall be
Synonymous with treachery.
Full long shall thy disastrous tale
Awake the Indian widow's wail;
Oft shall the weeping orphan tell
How in thy gorge a parent fell.
By Ganges' wave that tale of woe
Shall bid the frequent tear to flow;
While burns on Britain's cheek the flame
Alike of anger and of shame.

From the rude tomb, where low he lies,
My kinsman's blood for vengeance cries*.
"Yield, Briton, nor our wrath provoke—
('Twas thus the proud barbarian spoke,) Thy country's star has set in night;
Then tempt not thou the Affghan's might."
"We yield not," was the bold reply;
"Thy might, thy menace we defy—
"God and our cause!"—the felon blow
Has laid that gallant spirit low.
In ghastly train, lo! many a shade
Of those to slaughter foul betrayed,
Flits nightly round the fatal spot
Where treason fell destruction wrought,
Piling the vale with heroes slain,
While skill and valour strove in vain;
And shrieks for retribution's hour
From Britain's justice, Britain's power.

It comes, the rushing tide of war,
Its tempest roar is heard afar;
Already prescient of repast,
The vulture rides upon the blast;
The hurricane that briefly slept,
That Pass of Fear again hath swept.
It booms, the cannon's thunder crash,
It gleams, the sabre's lightning flash.
Burst on the quailing foeman's ear
The terrors of the British cheer,
Pealing from out the battle-cloud,
It wakes the mountain echoes loud;

Crag summons crag in challenge high
To swell the madd'ning revelry;
And India's swarthy sons are there,
Each glorious peril prompt to share,
And bathe in gore the reeking brand
Till sated Vengeance stays her hand.
By plains and gorge, and rugged steep,
I see the living tempest sweep;
And conquering names are on the gale,
Of Nott, of Pollock, and of Sale.

Amid his dungeon's gloom profound
The captive hears the gladd'ning sound;
And oh! the blissful hopes that rise
In visions bright before his eyes!
Freedom and home are his again,
And lighter grows the galling chain;
Raptured, he views the opening door,
And grief and durance are no more.

Is it the earthquake's mighty shock,
That bids the riven mountains rock?
No, 'tis the mine's concussive blaze,
That proud Ghuznee in ruin lays—
Ghuznee, of all the nations round,
The fortress-queen, for strength renowned
Its force the solid bastion feels,
As from its stance upheaved it reels,
And frowning tower and massive wall
Are rent, and totter to their fall.

Is that a meteor rising bright,
That streams o'er Bala Hissar's height?
No, 'tis the red-cross flag in air,
That proudly floats triumphant there,—
(That flag, where'er 'tis seen to wave,
Announcing freedom to the slave,)
And as it floats o'er thee, Cabool,
Proclaiming conquering Britain's rule,
Thy name synonymous shall be,
With Vengeance and with Victory!

* Sir W. Hay McNaghten, a near relation of the author of the above spirited lines.

LORD HOWE ON THE FIRST OF JUNE.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS," &c.

MOST aptly has the term "glorious" been applied to each returning anniversary of the grand triumph over Republican France achieved by the veteran Howe and his brave Commanders; and although the theme is far from novel, we feel that even those most familiar with its details will not object to our going once more over the ground, even though it is well trodden. The last Number of this Magazine contains a sketch of the proceedings of the British fleet on the 28th and 29th May; it will, therefore, be unnecessary to repeat here any other than the most prominent events which occurred on the day of victory.

At daylight on this memorable First of June the French fleet, consisting of one ship of 120 guns, two of 110, four of 80, and eighteen of 74 guns, being to leeward, was seen from the British fleet formed in line ahead on the larboard tack, and at 5 h. A.M. the signal was made from the Queen Charlotte to bear up north-west, and close the enemy. The British fleet, therefore, in line abreast, stood towards the French fleet in the following order, beginning from the westernmost ship:—*Cæsar*, *Bellerophon*, *Leviathan*, *Russell*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Marlborough*, *Defence*, *Impregnable*, *Tremendous*, *Barfleur*, *Invincible*, *Culloden*, *Gibraltar*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Brunswick*, *Valiant*, *Orion*, *Queen*, *Ramillies*, *Alfred*, *Montagu*, *Royal George*, *Majestic*, *Glory*, *Thunderer*. The frigates, *Phaëton*, *Latona*, *Niger*, *Southampton*, *Venus*, *Aquilon*, and *Pegasus*, and also fire-ships and smaller vessels, were, as usual, stationed in the rear, or as repeaters of signals.

The two fleets being, at about 7 h. 30 m. A.M., distant only three or four miles from each other, Lord Howe considerably made the signal for his fleet to bring to, in order that the men might have time to get their breakfasts. This was very needful; as for the three preceding days the people had not been in their hammocks. Their hasty meal over, at twelve minutes past eight the signal was made to bear up, and for each ship to engage her proper opponent in the enemy's line.

It was Lord Howe's intention that each ship should pass *through* the enemy's line, and engage to leeward; but, unhappily, this order was either not understood, or was, at least, disregarded by the majority of the Captains: for, had it been universally acted upon, the number of trophies must have been greatly increased. But to proceed. The Queen Charlotte, upon whose movements all eyes were fixed, at a little before half-past nine had reached nearly the centre of the French line. Steering a direct course for the Montagne, of 120 guns, which bore the flag of the French Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, the Queen Charlotte disregarded the fire opened upon her as she obliquely approached the object of attack. Desirous of setting the example of breaking the line, Lord Howe, finding the Brunswick (Capt. John Harvey) likely to rob him of the honour, ordered the Charlotte's topgallant sails to be set, and dropped her courses. This soon carried the gallant Admiral past the intervening ships in the French line, and brought him close upon the weather quarter of the Montagne.

We here beg to introduce the Master of the Queen Charlotte, an

officer whom Lord Howe did not scruple to own himself indebted to for services rendered upon this occasion. Sir John Barrow, in his *Life of the Earl*, thus notices Mr. Bowen:—"In a letter to Lord Chatham Lord Howe says, 'Though I don't know that the letter I now trouble you with is at all necessary, yet, as it regards the interests of a very deserving officer, who is apprehensive of being a sufferer in consequence of his readiness to leave a quiet and profitable, to engage in a laborious and active station in the fleet, I trust that no other apology will be requisite to justify the mention of the circumstance at this time. Mr. Bowen, the Master of this ship, whose merits I believe have been noticed to your Lordship by the Comptroller, was employed by the Navy Board, as their Agent in the Army transport business; an office deemed both advantageous and permanent, and in the discharge of which he gave the greatest satisfaction. Upon my being nominated to the command of the Channel Fleet *he made an offer* of his services for the important station he now occupies in the fleet, in the hope he would not be deemed thereby to forfeit his pretensions to be reinstated in his civil employment when his continuance with the fleet becomes no longer needful.' And he adds, 'If there be any obstacle to this I must forego the advantage I derive from his peculiar knowledge of the Channel navigation, and other services in the fleet, and part with him, that he may not lose the durable advantage of the employment he covets to retain.'" Lord Howe did not, it will be seen, make an imperfect estimate of the value of his Master.

Just as the Queen Charlotte, at about 10 h., had reached the weather quarter of the Montagne, and was on the point of putting the helm up, to pass under her opponent's stern, and take up the Admiral's meditated position on the lee bow of the French Admiral's ship, the Montagne's next second astern, the 80-gun ship Jacobin, was observed stretching ahead, and proceeding to occupy the station which Lord Howe craved. At this moment the greatest decision and coolness was required, and the brave veteran at once determined to fulfil his previous intention even should the Charlotte run on board the Jacobin in the attempt. Having communicated this determination to Mr. Bowen, that officer, says Sir John Barrow, "with the blunt and resolute tone peculiarly his own, called out, 'That's right, my Lord, the Charlotte will make room for herself.'"

The Queen Charlotte, in furtherance of the Admiral's design, was now, therefore, within a few feet only of the Jacobin, and from the course then steering she must very soon have run her on board; another minute and a tremendous collision would have taken place, but Mr. Bowen, with the quick sight of an accomplished seaman, at this moment observed that the rudder of the Jacobin was ported, and that that ship was in the act of bearing up. Immediately he ordered the Queen Charlotte's helm to be put hard down, but so near were the ships together that in luffing up the Queen Charlotte's jib-boom grazed the Jacobin's weather mizen shrouds. The two broadsides of the Charlotte were then discharged with terrific effect; the larboard into the lee quarter of the Montagne, and the starboard into the stern of the Jacobin. But Lord Howe was doomed to lose the reward of his valour by the fall of his ship's fore-topmast, in consequence of which the Montagne was enabled to range ahead of her, and bearing up across her bows made sail to leeward.

Singularly enough the *Montagne* did not fire a shot in return for the two or three broadsides she had received, which can only be accounted for by the fact that it was customary in the French Navy to clear for action only on one side, and not imagining that the British Admiral would so far depart from the ordinary rules of fighting as to engage to leeward, the larboard guns were alone ready for use. This omission was the more difficult to remedy in consequence of the awful carnage caused by the *Charlotte's* broadside; and so thoroughly stunned did the *Montagne* appear by this tremendous blow that she did not round to until nearly three miles to leeward.

The *Queen Charlotte*, however, found a fresh opponent in the 80-gun ship *Juste*, which ship was engaged also by the *Invincible* from to windward, and continued engaging her until all three of her lower masts fell. The French ship was gallantly defended, and after being dismasted, hoisted a French jack upon a pike, wore round under her spritsail, and passing under the *Charlotte's* stern, fired a few shots, one of which, a 36-pounder, actually penetrated through the *Charlotte's* wing transom. The *Queen Charlotte* was now in a most disabled state; and at this juncture a large three-decked ship was observed on her weather quarter, under a press of sail, standing towards her. But just as a close exchange of broadsides was about to take place between this ship, which was the French 110-gun ship *Republicain*, and the *Queen Charlotte*, the three lower masts of the French ship went over the side. The latter then drifted slowly under the stern of the *Queen Charlotte* in great confusion, and without firing a shot.

In order to succour the *Queen*, which ship was observed in some danger from the movements of the French Commander-in-Chief, the *Queen Charlotte* soon afterwards, having lost both fore and main top-masts, with much difficulty wore round upon the starboard tack, and calling some of the fleet around her stood towards the *Queen*, upon which the French ships bore up and left her without further molestation.

To describe in proper detail the proceedings of each ship engaged on this eventful day would lead us far beyond our limits; nor is it essential that this should be done. It must, therefore, be taken as granted, that each British ship performed her part, as in most general actions, some most gloriously, and others with apparent lukewarmness; but every ship cannot be alike distinguished, and we are assured that no jealousy will arise at the few selections we shall make from among the number engaged.

The first on the roll of Fame, as connected with the glorious First of June, will ever be the *Brunswick*; whose brave Captain, by his heroism, earned a name second to none who on that day added to Britannia's laurels. The oblique mode of closing the enemy's ships, and the advanced position of the *Brunswick*, in fact, the latter being close abreast of the *Queen Charlotte*, led to her receiving much of the fire directed at the Admiral's ship. From this cause the *Brunswick's* cockpit was half filled with killed and wounded before she returned a shot, and her masts, sails, and rigging were much damaged. Captain Harvey intended, in obedience to Lord Howe's orders, to pass under the stern of the *Jacobin*, but the latter having ranged ahead, as before described, and the *Achille*, the *Jacobin's* next astern, having taken her place, he found this to be impracticable, and that he must pass through

the opening between the *Achille* and *Vengeur*. The latter ship, however, in order to frustrate this design, made sail ahead, and the *Brunswick* was left with no alternative but to run the *Vengeur* on board, unless, indeed, Captain Harvey disregarded his orders and rounded to, to windward. Putting her helm down therefore, to avoid the tremendous effects which must otherwise have ensued from the collision, the *Brunswick* fell alongside her opponent, and her best bower, sheet, and stream anchors hooked the *Vengeur's* weather fore, main, and mizen chains. The two ships then paid round off before the wind and left the scene of action.

It is reported that the Master of the *Brunswick*, Mr. George Stuart, asked Captain Harvey if they should cut adrift from the French ship, when the latter replied, "No—we have got her, and we will keep her." One of the most determined actions on record then took place, each individual of the crews of both ships fighting as if the fate of their respective countries depended upon their exertions; and fast and furious became the contest. Eight of the *Brunswick's* lower-deck ports being found jammed by the *Vengeur's* side were quickly blown off, and the muzzles of the guns touching each other vomited forth their deadly fire.

The *Vengeur's* musketry played, in the meanwhile, sad havoc upon the *Brunswick's* poop and quarter-deck, and having 36-pounder carronades on the poop, from which langridge was fired, the officers and men fell rapidly before it. A party of the 29th Regiment, doing duty as Marines, commanded by Captain Alexander Saunders, made a most effectual return by the steadiness of the fire; but at length their gallant Captain fell dead upon the deck. Captain Harvey was wounded by a musket ball, which tore away three fingers of his right hand, but binding his handkerchief round his hand he continued at his post as before. Several other officers also were killed and wounded about the same time.

At about 11 h. a large ship was observed on the larboard quarter of the *Brunswick* bearing down upon her, having her forecastle, gangways, and lower rigging crowded with men, with the apparent intention of boarding the *Brunswick* and of relieving the *Vengeur*. As many of the larboard guns as would bear were therefore pointed at the stranger, which was the *Achille*, and a double-headed shot, in addition to the round shot already in the gun, was put into each. The *Achille* having advanced to within musket-shot, these guns were fired with deliberate aim, and this being repeated four or five times, the foremast, being the only remaining mast of the *Achille*, fell over the bows. Some of the *Brunswick's* people, however, and also a writer in the *Naval Chronicle*, have contended that the *Achille* lost all three of her masts by the *Brunswick's* fire; but this is more than doubtful, as that ship had been for some time previously engaged by the *Valiant*, and also by the *Queen Charlotte*. The dismasted *Achille* being unable to clear away the wreck of her masts, which had fallen over the starboard side, could not make any adequate return to the smart firing of the *Brunswick*, and therefore hauled down her colours. Having, however, an opponent already attached to her, whose vigorous fire was as yet unsubdued, the *Brunswick* could not spare the men to take possession of the prize, which, after a time, re-hoisted her colours and bore up under her spritsail.

The firing, which had lasted between the *Brunswick* and *Vengeur* for
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an hour and a half, without a moment's cessation, continued as vigorous as before. By this time the quarter-deck of the British ship was nearly deserted, but the main and lower-deck guns were fired with great effect. Watching the roll of their adversary, the Brunswick's men depressed and elevated their guns so as to pass the shot upwards and downwards through her decks.

In the heat of the action Captain Harvey was knocked down by a splinter, which struck him on his loins, but he regained his legs, although seriously hurt, and continued to animate his men. Shortly afterwards, the crown of a double-headed shot, which had split, struck his right arm and shattered it to pieces. Finding himself growing faint from loss of blood, he was now obliged to leave the deck; and on assistance being proffered him he heroically refused, saying, "I will not have a single man leave his quarters on my account. My legs still remain to bear me down into the cockpit." "In this wounded and shattered state," says his biographer in the *Naval Chronicle*, "he essayed to go, when casting a languid yet affectionate look towards his brave crew he said, '*Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty! Continue the action with spirit for the honour of our king and country; and remember my last words: THE COLOURS OF THE BRUNSWICK SHALL NEVER BE STRUCK.*'" The command of the Brunswick now devolved upon Lieutenant William Edward Cracraft, who fought the ship with great bravery until about half an hour after noon. At 12 h. 45 m. the two ships, having been in contact three hours, separated, after tearing away the Brunswick's anchors from their fastenings. The *Ramillies*, (Captain Henry Harvey, brother to the Brunswick's Captain,) almost a fresh ship, now opportunely advanced to the Brunswick's assistance, and also in time to have saved the remnant of the Vengeur's devoted crew, but perceiving the *Achille* making off under her spritsail, "or," as says the writer in the *Naval Chronicle*, "another ship bearing down upon them," the *Ramillies* quitted the two exhausted combatants, and made sail away.

At 1 h. P. M. all firing between the Brunswick and Vengeur had ceased, the Vengeur having displayed a British union jack over the quarter in token of surrender, and as a means of procuring assistance. But the Brunswick had no boat to send, and could not afford the assistance which would then have been gratefully accepted. At 1 h. 30 m. the Brunswick's mizen-mast fell; and at this time the Vengeur had removed the union jack to the larboard cross-jack yardarm. Finding, from the Brunswick's disabled state, that it would be impossible to haul up for the fleet, Lieutenant Cracraft determined on bearing up to the northward; and accordingly her crew were soon busily engaged in fishing the wounded masts, and in securing the lower-deck ports, and stopping the shot-holes through which the sea was now rushing at every roll of the ship. We must now quit the gallant Brunswick, which fortunately reached Plymouth unassisted, and return to her brave antagonist.

Just as the Brunswick quitted the Vengeur, her fore and mainmasts fell, and the ship rolled a complete and sinking wreck. In this state, the crew became almost frenzied; and finding no ship—English or French—approaching to their capture or rescue, rushed to the spirit room! The English flag was also torn down, and the frantic wretches

rehoisting their flag, endeavoured to get the ship before the wind, in the hope of reaching a friendly port. Fortunately, the *Alfred* and *Culloden*, accompanied by the cutter *Rattler*, Lieut. John Winne, at about 6h. P.M., approached to their rescue, and the most strenuous endeavours were used to save the remaining crew of the sinking ship. The boats of the *Alfred* took off 213, and those of the *Culloden* and *Rattler*—which latter was most instrumental—as many more, so that when the ship went down, scarcely any but the badly wounded could have perished in her. The waving of the tri-coloured flag, and the cries of “*Vive la Nation*,” “*Vive la République*,” which some of the drowning wretches are described as uttering, might possibly have been used by those, who having imbibed most freely of the contents of the spirit room, were even at that awful moment to them, still under its maddening influence. Capt. Renaudin, whose conduct did unbounded honour to his country, and his son—a young Midshipman, were taken off in the boats of two different ships, and each believed the other to have perished; but both happily met at Portsmouth.

The *Marlborough*, Capt. the Honourable George Berkeley, also bore a conspicuous part in the day's victory. The station occupied by this ship was next to the *Royal Sovereign*, and shortly before 10 o'clock she commenced firing upon the 74-gun ship *Impetueux*. Passing under that ship's stern, the *Marlborough* brought her to close action to leeward, and after a most spirited cannonading for about a quarter of an hour, the *Impetueux* paid round off, and fell foul of the British ship with her bowsprit over the *Marlborough*'s larboard quarter. The *Impetueux*'s masts shortly afterwards came down. This was hardly done, when another 74-gun ship—the *Mucius*—having made sail ahead to avoid the *Defence*, attempted to pass ahead of the *Marlborough* and rake her; but from bad steerage, dropped foul of the quarter of the *Impetueux*, and fell with her bowsprit over that of the *Marlborough*. The three ships thus formed a triangle; but as from their position the broadside of the *Marlborough* bore obliquely upon each, that ship was enabled to deal well by both. But in addition to attending to the guns, it was necessary to resist boarders, and several vigorous attempts of this nature were made; these were, however, repelled by the steadiness of the troops, and the able working of the carronades. In a short time the lower masts of the *Mucius* fell, and the two dismasted ships received the well-directed shot of the *Marlborough*, almost without return, and without rehoisting their colours. The *Marlborough*, meanwhile, had lost all three lower masts, and her loss had been very heavy. Capt. Berkeley was severely wounded, and obliged to quit the deck, and Lieut. John Monkton took the command. The *Marlborough*, after dropping clear of her opponents—both of which were taken possession of by other ships—was fired into by the French Rear ships as they passed her, to which no adequate return could be made; but at length, the *Aquilon* frigate, Capt. the Honourable Robert Stopford, observing her helpless state, gallantly advanced to her assistance, and took her in tow, upon which the *Marlborough*'s crew gave the frigate three hearty cheers.

The *Queen* and *Defence* fought most gallantly, and the former lost her main and mizenmasts; and did our space allow, we might enumerate many more ships which nobly sustained the honour of the British flag.

That some ships, however, kept aloof, from whatever cause, is a

melancholy truth; and Lord Howe thought it incumbent upon him to make a distinction in his official letter between those ships which appeared to him to have acted meritoriously, and those which had failed in their duty. This was done by putting a dash under each ship's name of whose proceedings he approved; and in consequence of this step only the Captains of those ships thus marked were awarded medals for the victory. In one or two instances, the exceptions were unjust, and in others severe; while in some cases a court-martial ought to have been constituted the umpire and have passed a proper sentence upon real defaulters. With this, however, we will not presume further to interfere, but will only add, that Capt. Molloy, of the *Cæsar*, taking umbrage at a passage in Lord Howe's letter, had sufficient spirit to demand a court-martial upon himself, the sentence of which was a perfect exoneration as far as his personal courage was concerned, but dismissal from his ship for not having done his best to pass through the enemy's line on the 29th of May, and for not having taken a proper station on the 1st of June.

As the most acceptable tribute in our power to offer to the memory of those who fought and bled on this glorious occasion, we here present our readers with a list, compiled with considerable difficulty, of the Lieutenants and Masters of each ship present in the action, and also the most correct list of the killed and wounded, which is anywhere to be found.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

Captains Sir Roger Curtis and Sir Andrew Douglas.

		Date of Commission.
Thomas Larcom	1st Lieutenant	February 25, 1779.
Richard Rudsdell	2nd "	June 6, 1777. "
Walter Lock	3rd "	February 1, 1778.
Bernard Hale	4th "	September 21, 1790.
Roger Randall Rawlence ..	5th (killed May 29.)	October 28, 1790.
Richard Bagot	6th "	October 28, 1790.
Henry Raper	7th "	November 14, 1790.
Edward Codrington	8th "	May 28, 1793.
John Cochet		August 26, 1789.
James M'Farland	Acting, vice Rawlence.	
James Bowen, ...	Master	1779.

The Queen Charlotte on the First of June had Lieutenant John Neville of the Army, and eleven seamen killed; and Captain Sir Andrew Douglas, Mr. John Wentworth Holland, Midshipman, 22 seamen, and 5 soldiers wounded: total 41.

ROYAL SOVEREIGN.

Admiral Thomas Graves; Captain Henry Nicholls.
(See foregoing May Number.)

ROYAL GEORGE.

Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Hood; Captain William Domett.

		Date of Commission.
John Draper	1st Lieutenant	March 26, 1780.
Thomas Ireland	2nd "	May 25, 1780.
John Bazeley	3rd "	April 19, 1783.
James Newman	4th "	February 26, 1790.
Alexander Wilson	5th "	December 1, 1787.
Henry Richard Glynn	6th "	October 28, 1790.

		Date of Commission.
Archibald Collingwood	Dickson 7th Lieutenant	May 31, 1791.
John West	8th "	July 27, 1793.
Edward S. Reynolds	Acting*	
John Bamborough ..	Master	1779.

The Royal George, exclusively of her heavy loss on the 29th of May, had 5 men killed; and Lieutenant Ireland, (mortally,) the Master, Messieurs Thomas Boys and Thomas Pierce, Midshipmen, and 45 seamen and marines wounded.

BARFLEUR.

Rear-Admiral George Bowyer; Captain Cuthbert Collingwood.

		Date of Commission.
Adrian Renou	1st Lieutenant	May 9, 1777.
George Davey	2nd "	May 25, 1780.
Robert Lambert	3rd "	August 1, 1791.
John Mortimer	4th "	June 12, 1779.
William Prowse	5th "	December 6, 1782.
George Fowke	6th "	November 14, 1790.
Henry Carew	7th "	February 1, 1779.
Robert Young	8th "	January 22, 1783.
Thomas Fennell	9th "	Acting.
William Price	Master	1777.

The Barfleur had 9 men killed; and Rear-Admiral Bowyer, who lost a leg, Lieutenant Prowse, Messieurs George Fogo and William Clemons, Midshipmen, and 21 men wounded.

IMPREGNABLE.

Rear-Admiral Benjamin Caldwell; Captain George Blagdon Westcott.

		Date of Commission.
William Burgess	1st Lieutenant	October 22, 1779.
George Luke	2nd "	September 21, 1790.
Degory Facey	3rd "	March 8, 1782.
John Russell	4th "	November 20, 1790.
Richard Byron	5th "	October 1, 1792.
Robert Waller Otway	6th "	August 8, 1793.
William Warden Shirley ..	7th "	November 7, 1793.
William Buller	8th "	October 30, 1793.
Theophilus Garencieres ..	9th "	January 22, 1794.
David Caird	Master	1780.

This ship lost in the action the Master, and 6 men killed; and Lieutenant Buller, (mortally,) Mr. Thomas Patterlo, the Boatswain, and 22 men wounded.

QUEEN.

Rear-Admiral Alan Gardner; Acting Captain William Bedford, (in room of Captain Hutt, killed 29th May).

		Date of Commission.
Richard Dawes	1st Lieutenant	March 1, 1782.
Samuel James Ballard	2nd "	February 10, 1783.
James Oughton	3rd "	September 30, 1783.
John Miller	4th "	September 21, 1790.
Robert Lawrie	5th "	November 12, 1790.
John Wainwright	6th "	November 22, 1790.
Askew Pafford Hollis	7th "	January 22, 1781.
John Mason Lewis	8th "	November 2, 1790.
George Crymes	9th "	Acting.
Gilbert Bryce, Master, acting, vice Wm. Mitchel, killed 29th May.		

* In room of Lieut. George Heigham killed on the 29th May.

The Queen on this day had 14 men killed; and Lieutenants Dawes (mortally,) and Crymes, Mr. Francis William Kinneer, Midshipman, and 37 men wounded.

BELLEROPHON.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Pasley; Captain William Hope.

		Date of Commission.
George Burlton	1st Lieutenant	September 15, 1777.
Robert Savage Daniel	2nd "	September 29, 1783.
Philip Watson Launder ..	3rd "	November 3, 1790.
Primrose Ogilvie	4th "	November 21, 1790.
Henry Waterhouse	5th "	May 3, 1792.
George Scott (2)	6th "	November 4, 1780.
John Urquhart	Master	1790.

The Bellerophon had 3 seamen and 1 marine killed; and Rear-Admiral Bowyer (lost a leg), Captain of Marines, Walter Smith, Mr. James Chapman, Boatswain, and 24 seamen and marines wounded.

GIBRALTAR,

Captain Thomas Mackenzie.

		Date of Commission.
John Marsh	1st Lieutenant	March 17, 1780.
John Burrows	2nd "	November 15, 1790.
Francis Lloyd	3rd "	October 6, 1793.
John Smollett Rouett	4th "	January 23, 1794.
Daniel Southwell	5th "	February 11, 1794.
Peter Salmond	Master	1780.

The Gibraltar had 2 men killed and 8 wounded.

CÆSAR.

Captain Anthony J. P. Molloy.

		Date of Commission.
John Whitley	1st Lieutenant	September 3, 1779.
Edward Stirling Dickson ..	2nd "	July 9, 1780.
Thomas Pye Bennett	3rd "	May 9, 1781.
Nathaniel Charles Jones ..	4th "	February 22, 1791.
James Cleverley	5th "	March 16, 1791.
John Miller Ebdon	6th "	January 23, 1794.
Edward Hodder	7th "	February 5, 1794.
John Luckey	Master	1780.

The Cæsar had 14 men killed, and Lieut. Dickson and 23 wounded.

MONTAGU.

Captain James Montagu.

		Date of Commission.
Ross Donnelly	1st Lieutenant	September 27, 1781.
George Samuel Harris	2nd "	November 3, 1790.
William Green	3rd "	November 22, 1790.
William Birchall	4th "	June 18, 1793.
John Innes	5th "	November 21, 1790.
Spencer Smyth	Master	1770.

The Montagu's loss was as follows:—the Captain and 3 men killed, and 13, including the Honourable John A. Bennett, and Mr. Thomas Muir, Midshipmen, wounded.

TREMENDOUS.

Captain James Pigott.

		Date of Commission.
Francis Ross	1st Lieutenant	August 28, 1779.
Thos. Wittewronge Clayton	2nd "	August 20, 1782.

		Date of Commission.
John Micklam Halstead ..	3rd Lieutenant	November 19, 1790.
Henry Duncan	4th "	April 4, 1791.
Francis Russell	5th "	May 23, 1793.
William Lloyd	Master	1780.

The Tremendous lost her First Lieutenant, and 2 men killed and 8 wounded.

VALIANT.

Captain Thomas Pringle.

		Date of Commission.
George Rice	1st Lieutenant	October 2, 1777.
John Gardner	2nd "	December 1, 1787.
John Steven	3rd "	December 1, 1787.
Augustus Brine	4th "	November 20, 1790.
William Hicks	5th "	March 27, 1794.
John Russell	Master	1778.

The Valiant had 2 men killed and 9 wounded.

RAMILLIES.

Captain Henry Harvey.

		Date of Commission.
Joseph Eyles	1st Lieutenant	July 26, 1780.
John Ides Short	2nd "	November 27, 1780.
James Blake	3rd "	December 1, 1787.
Samuel Warren	4th "	November 3, 1790.
Charles Bullen	5th "	August 9, 1791.
Hector Macleod	Master	1778.

The Ramillies had 7 men wounded.

BRUNSWICK.

Captain John Harvey.

		Date of Commission.
William Edward Cracraft..	1st Lieutenant	October 29, 1790.
Rowland Bevan	2nd "	October 28, 1790.
William Gage Kemble	3rd "	November 18, 1790.
William Nazer*	4th "	January 10, 1794.
Charles Forth Wintour....	5th "	March 1, 1794.
George Allen Spencer	Acting.	
George Stuart	Master	1781.

The Brunswick's loss was very heavy, amounting to, Capt. Alexander Saunders, 29th Regiment; Messieurs Thomas Dalton, (Master's Mate); and James Lucas, (Midshipman); 30 seamen and 11 soldiers killed; and Capt. Harvey, (mortally†); Lieuts. Bevan and Wintour, Ensign Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Henry Hurdie, Midshipman, 91 seamen, and 19 soldiers wounded; — total, 44 killed, and 1 mortally, and 115 dangerously, severely, and slightly wounded.

ALFRED.

Captain John Bazeley.

		Date of Commission.
John Chesahyre	1st Lieutenant	July, 24, 1781.
Richard Dechamp	2nd "	September 12, 1783.
Thomas Hall	3rd "	November 3, 1790.
William Hugget	4th "	November 16, 1790.
James Watson (2)	5th "	January 23, 1794.
Thomas Love	Master	1779.

This ship had only 8 men wounded.

* This officer was on shore at sick quarters.

† Captain Harvey having undergone amputation of his arm, died on the 30th June.

DEFENCE.

Captain James Gambier.

		Date of Commission.
John Larkan.....	1st Lieutenant	February 14, 1778.
John Dixon	2nd "	September 10, 1781.
Thomas Twysden	3rd "	December 8, 1781.
Alexander Becher	4th "	August 9, 1791.
William Roberts	5th "	December 23, 1793.
William Webster	Master	1778.

The Defence had the Master, Boatswain Mr. John Fitzpatrick, 11 seamen, and 4 soldiers killed; and Messieurs John Elliot, (Master's Mate), and William H. Dillon, (Midshipman,)—(the latter slightly); Ensign Charles Boycott, 2nd Regiment, 25 seamen, and 9 soldiers, wounded.

LEVIATHAN.

Captain Lord Hugh Seymour.

		Date of Commission.
Robert Larkan	1st Lieutenant	April 28, 1780.
Samuel G. Warner	2nd "	December 4, 1781.
Jehn Seater	3rd "	May 23, 1793.
Cornelius Quinton	4th "	March 26, 1714.
Francis John Nott	5th " (Acting.)	
James Park ,..	Master	1779.

This ship had 10 men killed, and Mr. Nesbit Glen, Midshipman, 31 seamen, and 1 soldier, wounded.

MAJESTIC.

Captain Charles Cotton.

		Date of Commission.
Chapman Jacobs	1st Lieutenant	April 6, 1779.
John Thom	2nd "	December 8, 1781.
Bonamy Bradby	3rd "	November 19, 1790.
John Tresahar	4th "	August 19, 1793.
William Butterfield	5th "	April 11, 1794.
Andrew Tracey.....	Master	1777.

Two killed, and 5 wounded.

INVINCIBLE.

Captain the Honourable Thomas Pakenham.

		Date of Commission.
Henry Blackwood.....	1st Lieutenant	November 3, 1790.
William M'Guire	2nd "	March 18, 1793.
Marcus Samuel Hill	3rd "	July 17, 1793.
Hector M'Lean.....	4th "	October 22, 1793.
Daniel Hamline.....	5th "	April 2, 1794.
William Long	Master	1780.

Four men killed, and 10 wounded.

ORION.

Captain John Thomas Duckworth.

		Date of Commission.
Roger Meares	1st Lieutenant	October 21, 1790.
John Scott.....	2nd "	November 4, 1790.
Christopher Neville	3rd "	November 17, 1790.
Charles Tinling.....	4th "	July 27, 1793.
Edward Manby.....	5th "	July 28, 1793.
John Hunter.....	Master	1778.

Two men killed, and 24 wounded.

RUSSELL.

Captain, John Willett Payne.

		Date of Commission.
Henry Vaughan	1st Lieutenant	October 3, 1780.
Thomas Harrison	2nd „	September 16, 1783.
Jemmett Mainwaring	3rd „	June 24, 1789.
James Bradby	4th „	February 19, 1782.
George Steele (1)	5th „	February 27, 1794.
Edward Barker.....	Master	1779.

The Russell had 8 men killed and 26 wounded, including among the latter Messieurs John Stewart and Montagu Kelly, Midshipmen, and Mr. John Douglas, Boatswain.

MARLBOROUGH.

Captain, the Honourable George Berkeley.

		Date of Commission.
John Monkton	1st Lieutenant	November 19, 1777.
Alexander Ruddach	2nd „	December 25, 1781.
Andrew Sproule	3rd „	April 13, 1782.
James Edward Alma.....	4th „	December 25, 1783.
Michael Seymour	5th „	October 28, 1790.
Daniel Stewart	Master	1780.

The Marlborough lost in the action Mr. Abraham Nelham, Midshipman, 23 seamen, and 5 soldiers killed; the Captain, Lieutenants Ruddach and Seymour (the latter with the loss of the left arm), Messieurs William Pardoe (Master's Mate), William Fitzgerald, John Linthorne, Walter Clarges, and David Humphreys (the two latter mortally), Midshipmen, and 82 seamen and soldiers wounded. Total, 29 killed, and 2 mortally and 89 wounded.

THUNDERER.

Captain, Albemarle Bertie.

		Date of Commission.
Joseph Larcom	1st Lieutenant	December 7, 1782.
Abraham Wills.....	2nd „	January 7, 1783.
John William Spranger ..	3rd „	August 23, 1790.
Thomas Bristow Young ..	4th „	April 18, 1794.
John Derry	5th „ (Acting.)	
Bartholomew Jackson	Master	1780.

No loss whatever.

CULLODEN.

Captain, Isaac Schomberg.

		Date of Commission.
Edward Rotheram	1st Lieutenant	April 19, 1783.
Samuel Sutton	2nd „	April 21, 1783.
Tristram Whitter	3rd „	October 30, 1790.
Anselm John Griffiths	4th „	November 22, 1790.
Digby Willoughby	5th „	January 10, 1794.
Edward Loud	Master	1782.

This ship had 2 men killed, and Lieut. Whitter and 4 men wounded.

GLORY.

Captain John Elphinstone.

		Date of Commission.
William Ogilvie.....	1st Lieutenant	January 8, 1780.
Andrew Todd	2nd „	April 22, 1783.
Edward Ramage	3rd „	October 23, 1790.

			Date of Commission.
John Turner	4th Lieutenant		November 19, 1790.
Thomas Alexander	5th " 		November 19, 1790.
William Bainbridge	6th " 		August 31, 1793.
Peter Ribouleau.....	7th " 		August 31, 1793.
Daniel Oliver Guion.....	8th " 		April 18, 1794.
George Medcalf.....	Master		1775.

The *Glory's* loss in the action amounted to the Master, 1 Midshipman, Mr. Daniel Greig, and 11 men killed; and 39 men wounded.

The *Phaeton*, Captain William Bentinck, was the only frigate which sustained any loss, and this was caused by her advancing to take the crippled *Defence* in tow, when she was fired into by the *Impétueux*. The frigate gallantly returned the fire for ten minutes, in which time she had 3 men killed and 5 wounded.

The rewards which followed to those concerned in this victory are well known. Lord Howe never lost sight of Mr. Bowen, and under such auspices, at such a time, he rose in fifteen months to be a Post Captain. In these days to have attained to this rank would have occupied him, at the shortest possible period, three years; and it may be a question whether Mr. Bowen would have relinquished the lucrative situation he had left for the prospect which, under present circumstances, would have been presented to him. The Master did not do discredit to his Captain's commission, and still lives in the pleasing remembrance of many. The First of June action was a paralysing blow to *La Jeune France*, and the veteran Howe received an acknowledgement from his Sovereign's own hands never before made by a King to a subject,—we allude to the costly sword which was presented to him upon the Queen Charlotte's deck.

MILITARY STRENGTH AND CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

PART I.

Former efficiency of the Russian armies—Their vast increase and visible deterioration—Strength consisting in their Infantry—Character of the Russian Soldier at the present day—Serving to constitute a formidable Infantry, though physically weak and morally timid—Digression necessary to explain some technicalities of the military art—Officers of Russian Infantry inferior to the Soldiers—Treatment of the discarded Soldier; his pay and food—Amount of Infantry of the line.

To form an approximate idea of a state so essentially warlike in all its institutions as the Russian Empire, it is not only necessary to acquire a correct knowledge of its actual military strength, but we must also investigate the latent elements which may be called into action to increase it; we must consider how far its subjects are adapted for the purely military character with which its Government appears so anxious to invest them,—and to what extent they are, or may be, fitted for the mission of extensive conquest which its ambition probably destined, and which the apprehensions of Europe ascribes, to them.

In our endeavours to enable the reader to accomplish this object we must crave his indulgence for leading him through a mass of technicalities, on the plea of its being necessary to the elucidation of the subject before us, as well as for the retrospection of the past, in which he must resign himself to accompany us; for it is often only by reference to the history of the past that we can unravel the present, or find a key to the future. If we examine dispassionately and calmly the military history of Russia during the last century, we shall find, as we proceed in our task, more causes of alarm than have ever been admitted by the prejudice with which everything regarding this people seems to have been viewed. Yet, if we continue our investigation as far as the late Polish war, and combine its results with the observations which the aspect presented by the Russian army to the eye of an observer, we shall find our apprehensions rapidly disappearing before the researches which have led to the explanation of facts apparently anomalous and perplexing. We shall, then, at first find ourselves startled by the conviction that the Russian armies have been much more formidable than we had accustomed ourselves to believe,—we shall be forced to admit that in the public estimation their actions have been universally undervalued,—and to recognise that a due share of glory, which was justly their due, has never been awarded to them. We have learned to regard them as barbarians, whose victories were insured by the mere superiority of number, and only rendered memorable by the barbarities which tarnished them. In both judgments we should be wrong; for they have never been distinguished by any peculiar cruelty in the field, and, from the reign of Catherine I. to the decease of Paul, a period of almost uninterrupted success for the Russian arms, we shall find that when they were appealed to, to forward the ambitious views of the sovereigns in whose name they were wielded, they were in most instances opposed to the numerical superiority of their opponents. A careful perusal of impartial histories shows us that eighty years ago, of two great battles, fought with almost equal forces by the Russians against an army as highly disciplined as any which has ever been collected together in Europe, either before or since that period, and commanded by one of the greatest Captains of that or any other age, Frederick the Great, one remained undecided, and in the other they obtained the victory; it reminds us that under Suwarrow, whose armies never exceeded forty thousand, and often consisted of less than twenty thousand men, they drove out of Italy, in a series of successful combats, one hundred and twenty thousand of the troops of the French Republic, commanded by Moreau, by Macdonald, and by Joubert. When we reflect, therefore, on what the Russian soldier has proved himself, and consider that the empire which threatens to send him forth again to conquest, has now about a *million* of men under arms, there would appear to be in the conjunction of these facts most serious cause of alarm. Fortunately, however, for the independence of Europe, the Russian soldier is *no longer what he was*; and such as he was in the small armies of the Generals of Elizabeth and of Suwarrow, it will be impossible ever again to render him, in the overgrown masses into which Russia has diluted its military vigour, like most other continental states, since the fatal example of France in her revolutionary war.

Many causes have concurred to render the Russian armies less formi-

dable than formerly; as by a comparison of their former with their recent campaigns in Europe we shall very easily demonstrate: but we may readily understand the reasons of this unfavourable change, when we distinguish the peculiar features which at that time constituted their excellence. All their successes have been chiefly owing to a good and steady Infantry; and, probably, they have never had but one General, Suwarrow, who had a right to share with the private, triumphs which were solely due to the superiority of the soldier over those to whom he was opposed. To the talent of their Chiefs, excepting in the case of this remarkable man, they have seldom been indebted. This Infantry still continues to render the Russian armies respectable; but its officers, who have been at all times indifferent, even when their comparatively limited size allowed a more careful selection, are now most lamentably deficient both in personal gallantry and intelligence. The fanatic confidence in the holiness of their cause, the blind belief in fatalism which formerly animated the masses of the military, and supplied the place of a more noble enthusiasm, exists no longer. This feeling, which Suwarrow took such pains to keep alive, amongst their ranks, has been allowed gradually to subside. Its last flashes were seen at the battle of Borodino, where the levies just recruited from the peasantry, and still in their grey dresses, moved steadily and unflinchingly in the face of destruction,—trembling and crossing themselves, indeed,—but still pushing forward, in their first and last field, to the death which awaited them. It is not that the soldier has become sceptical, but there is a wide difference between that negative state of mind, the absence of doubt, and a fervent and vivid faith. It is the difference between the passive belief of the Moslem in the present day, who does not question his creed, and the enthusiasm of his ancestors, who strove to propagate it through the world of old, with the Koran in one hand and the cimeter in the other. It was in allusion to this powerful spring of action which the Emperors of Russia were neglecting, that Napoleon said that if a *Tsar who wore a beard* should ever arise he would give laws to Europe,—a piece of advice differing singularly from that which was offered by one of his contemporaries, who played as marked a part in the world of letters as the exile had done in the affairs of Europe. When speaking of the Emperor Alexander he said,—

Teach him to wash and shave his Bashkir hordes,
And into plough-shares turn their barren swords.

The principle which either of these pithy but antithetic sentences conveys might have equally led to greatness if carried out in its fullest extension—the greatness of the Mogul conqueror—or that which the happiness of a people can bestow upon its author.

The Russian peasantry, who when disciplined constitute some of the best Infantry in Europe,—superior in steadiness to any excepting the English, the Swedes, and the Swiss,—are naturally a most pacific race, and, of all others, would seem least calculated for the career of arms; timid in their disposition—feeble in constitution—they can neither endure long marches nor resist the hardships of a campaign. Like the inhabitants of many other European countries, accustomed to a watery food, of which they require great quantities, they soon fall victims to famine, and diseases and epidemics rapidly thin their numbers when exposed to scarcity or fatigue. How different in reality from the picture

we have been accustomed to contemplate of bold and enduring barbarians, whose iron frames set at defiance all privations and fatigue! In what, therefore, consists their superiority? Only in this,—that they obey; that servitude has taught obedience without a murmur. A Russian regiment, if destined for a long march, cannot go more than 25 wersts, or $16\frac{1}{2}$ English miles per day, marching two days and resting the third. If this distance be augmented it leaves too many men upon the road! With sour black bread-biscuit for his food, and upwards of 80 lbs. English, in arms, cartridges, and equipments, to weigh down a frame which has no stamina to support it, it is not surprising that 75 miles in six days should be the limit which the soldier cannot pass with impunity. But, nevertheless, if he should be ordered to perform ten times that distance, he would at least *try it*,—and try it without repining. We thus find in the annals of Russian campaigns accounts of long and painful marches performed by Muscovite troops. We find them submitting indeed to every hardship without complaint, but marking their track as they went by the dead bodies of those who succumbed to fatigue and to disease. In two campaigns in the last Turkish war the Russian army lost 150,000 men from sickness and fatigue alone; and although their European tactics and discipline rendered them every where, in a fair and open field, more than a match for the Turks, who appear not only to have lost all their military skill, but not even to have perpetuated in their armies traditionally the system of attack so peculiarly applicable to the wild and desultory forces of which they are composed, which once rendered them so formidable, and of which Montecuculi, in his military memoir, has left us so spirited a description, yet, notwithstanding these advantages, so much was the strength of the invaders reduced that it is probable that a little more firmness, or a little further prolongation even of a passive resistance on the part of the Ottoman Porte, would have led to results most disastrous to the Russian arms.

When the Russian soldier, who, as we have stated, is little fitted *physically* for his profession, since he is so ill calculated to brave those hardships which, compared to the mere resistance of the enemy, must often constitute nine-tenths of the obstacles which armies have to overcome in active warfare,—when, therefore, at last, having survived the marches, the privations, and the inclemency of the seasons, he finds himself before the enemy, and stands trembling and timid in the place which discipline allots to him in the ranks, behind which he sees his officers, insensible to any feeling of honour, too often shamelessly hiding themselves from the adverse fire, the reader may be strongly inclined to doubt the opinion we have expressed that this identical Infantry, constituted of component parts so despicable, is yet, *as a whole*, comparatively formidable, and what we were about to add, that probably, in a continental struggle, notwithstanding its deficiency of proper officers, it will always show a marked superiority on the day of battle against that of Austria, Prussia, and many other continental nations. Yet so it is; for the simple reason that experience has proved that these Russian troops, whatever may be the individual feeling which animates them, will preserve their line, or continue to move in unbroken column, where the Austrians and the Prussians give way. We must observe that the conduct of the bravest troops in Europe, if witnessed by the great mass of the public, who have derived their notions of actual warfare from

reading the accounts, or listening to the narration of those who have been engaged in it, would offer to the disappointed eye of cool spectatorship little to applaud or to admire. But courage, whether of individuals or of collective bodies, like every other quality, is comparative; and for this reason an Infantry which will steadily maintain its order, and continue its fire in the face of an advancing column, or remain without breaking up when threatened by impending masses, though every man in its ranks should be maintaining his post with cheeks blanched, and lips quivering with terror, is yet so rare and valuable in the present condition of European armies, as to give those which possess this advantage a marked superiority over any other to which they may be opposed who do not, even though accompanied by decided inferiority in the intelligence and bravery of officers, and in the efficiency of their Cavalry and Artillery,—and such, in a few words, is the history of the Russian troops, compared to those of most of their continental neighbours.

The steadiness of Infantry, indeed, is so important a feature in the present state of the art of war, that it may be said to constitute the very soul of military strength, and that the other arms, though both necessary and useful accessories, are still only accessories of which the *mere inferiority*, if there be no *actual deficiency*, may be more than compensated by it. This steadiness neither the Austrians, the Prussians, the French, or the Poles have shown in the same degree as the Russians, though their officers are surpassed by those of all these nations in intelligence and conduct, and that the French and Poles have over them the further advantage of the fiery valour of their masses, and the peculiarly military genius which characterises both these people. Yet, notwithstanding, if we judge of the future by the past, we may conclude that probably the Muscovite armies will always prove more than a match for those of all the German States, and that numerical superiority will enable them to triumph over the French, as it has over the Poles. Even during the least brilliant period of the Russian military history, that which has elapsed since the recel of Suwarrow by the Emperor Paul, from which date up to the present time a visible deterioration is discernible in Russian armies, we shall still, if we follow them step by step in their campaigns, everywhere distinguish their superiority over the Prussians and Austrians, with whom we find them fighting so constantly side by side, and be forced to acknowledge that defeat may be always traced to the conduct of their allies, their joint success mainly attributable to themselves. The French, if they repulsed and out-manceuvred them, and carried their positions, displaying everywhere the superiority of their fiery courage and of their martial talent, could yet, in the full tide of success, obtain few of those *marked and decisive victories which signalized their contests with the Germans*.

After denying to the Russian soldier both the warlike spirit and the bravery which is often supposed to animate him, the reader, whose thoughts recur to charges at the bayonet, of which so much is spoken in all accounts of modern wars, will deem the assertion paradoxical which states that an Infantry composed of such elements as are here described, and in which we have allowed personal valour to constitute so trifling an ingredient, can possibly be very formidable. To explain satisfactorily this apparent discrepancy, as well as to furnish a key to

many subsequent observations which we shall have to make upon this subject, we must endeavour in a few words to point out, to such of our readers as may be ignorant on this subject, the actual condition of the military art,—an art the history of which is enveloped in so much mystery and contradiction, and which offers such limited interest as often to escape the research, or to weary the patience, of those who have no especial object in view to induce them to the prosecution of a study so ungrateful. There are few, however, who are not aware that the science of war is divided, besides all that part which relates to the preparation for it, into strategy and tactics. The former, which relates to all the movements a General must make, from the beginning to the end of a campaign, with his army, both before and after the battles he judges fit, or finds the opportunity to fight. Its *true principles*, since the most remote antiquity, have never changed; and the ancients appear to have been quite as well acquainted with them as the moderns. The tactical part, which concerns the method of disposing of troops preparatory to and during the battle, has undergone considerable modifications since the introduction of the use of fire-arms: but, notwithstanding, some of its main features continue still the same, and the question of fighting in *deep* or *extended order*,—or otherwise, in line or in column—the phalanx or the legion—is just as much the subject of controversy now as it was in the time of the Greeks and Romans. Both systems have been successively adopted and abandoned by all European armies, and they usually appear to have been so after the example of some successful General who has made use of one or other of these orders of combat. The distinctive character of the extended order is, in modern times, *chiefly its reliance on the physical effect produced by the musketry of an army ranged in line*, so that every fire-lock may be rendered available, and of the consequent influence produced on the enemy by the destructive result of its fire.

Its application on this principle (for the ancients in their extended order sought their advantage in elasticity, and the effect of reserves,) was the invention of the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus,—and his system was carried to its greatest perfection by Frederick the Great. It has been subsequently adopted as the order of combat of all the armies of Europe, and has remained so in the British to the present day. The system of profound order, or of attacking in columns, that of the Macedonian phalanx, and of the degenerate legions of the declining Roman Empire, was the first used in modern warfare, before the innovations of Gustave Adolph. It is based on the *moral effect* produced on an enemy by the sight of masses advancing rapidly to charge either the line or the columns opposed to them; but masses which have relinquished all the advantage of their fire-arms by the very nature of their formation, in which one rank masking another to a considerable depth prevents the possibility of its firing. It was employed with great success by the galaxy of brilliant and talented Generals which sprung from the French Revolution, amongst others by Napoleon, who resorted to it in all his battles. It was found that invariably the Prussian, the Austrian, the German, and the Spanish lines gave way whenever a French column came *within a certain distance of them*, and the French Generals never experienced much difficulty in *bringing up their columns to this critical point*. At last the superiority of the

system of profound order was, for a time, triumphantly established, by the victories of the children of the Revolution, who had revived it, and its universal adoption by the vanquished.

But when the Generals of the Empire, and, lastly, Napoleon himself, came to try this method of attack against a really steady Infantry,—that of the British,—they were surprised to find that, when their columns had come nearer to these adverse lines than they had ever approached the Germans without seeing these give way, the British line still remained as steady and immovable as before, and from their increased proximity the effect of the musketry grew every second more deadly, until, since the line did not break up, it became evident that the column must do so. In all the long wars of the French, in Germany and in Spain, since the close of the last century, scarcely an instance was ever seen in which the German, Austrian, and Prussian lines did not *give way before the French masses long before these came up with them*, and, on the other hand, no example was afforded of these same masses ever *breaking through a line which waited for them*,—as the British did. We thus see that the bayonet, which national prejudice considers as the weapon on which the armies of England peculiarly rely, is, on the contrary, characteristic of the system of tactics which the French have always opposed to them since the Revolution, and which continues to be used both by the French and by all the continental nations who, after being vanquished by them, had adopted it.

Although these columns of attack were set in motion with the sole view of breaking through the opposing line, or shattering at the point of the bayonet the adverse columns against which they were directed,—a charge with this weapon, such as it is commonly understood, where bayonet crosses bayonet in the “tug of war,” is a thing which has never been known, excepting partially, or where a dense smoke has brought troops unconsciously close upon each other. It has never taken place premeditatedly, or to the extent of a whole corps being thus engaged; because either one or other party has invariably given way before an actual contact has taken place, and when the victors have only had to strike at flying men. Thus, when in the numerous battles fought between the French and English in the Peninsula of Spain, the bayonet proved destructive only to the former, though it was upon this weapon they principally relied for success, against the British, who placed their chief confidence in the musket, it was because the French columns were thrown into confusion by the close and deadly fire of their opponents, who used their bayonets at that propitious moment to prevent them from rallying, or to pursue their flight.

It has always been the same where column has been opposed to column,—the *contest is merely a moral one*,—for long before they meet, one wavers,—halts,—and is lost. It is a contest of which the decision is influenced by the greater resolution displayed by one or other of the adverse bodies, in approaching nearer than its opponent dares to do, to a danger which, probably, the bravest army of the present day could not be brought in reality to face,—the hand-to-hand combat of large masses, such as formerly took place when men wore defensive armour, and were protected by shields,—a struggle in which their now defenceless breasts would be exposed to a deadly weapon, which must, when such an encounter took place, mow down all the front

ranks as soon as they met. The least reflection, in fact, will dissipate the popular illusion on this subject, and show that anything like a contest, such as took place in the good old times, when men thought themselves comparatively safe within their iron shells, and which the name of *charge at the bayonet* suggests to the imagination of the vulgar, could never now be possible without reducing the contending forces in a few minutes to the unenviable condition of those two Kilkenny cats, who fought in a saw-pit, according to their Irish historian, till only the tail of one of them remained. At the first shock of bodies armed with a weapon so deadly to destroy, so powerless to defend, one-half the combatants opposed to each other must perish; at the next stroke of the survivors half of these must fall, and thus, by the rapid process of geometrical diminution, both sides must, in a few brief seconds, be almost utterly destroyed. To return to the gravity which our subject merits,—since what can be more serious than the contemplation of a science in which the common children of Adam have reduced to rule the crime which branded Cain?—whenever two bodies of Infantry meet, it is, therefore, the least daring *mass* which gives way. Now as it may perfectly well happen that individual courage does not suffice to constitute the courage of the mass, so the courage of the mass may exist without individual courage. Of the former position innumerable examples have been afforded us. We see warlike tribes of savages, the meanest of whose warriors shows a fearlessness and contempt of death which is not possessed by the bravest in the disciplined armies which his tribe unsuccessfully endeavoured to oppose. Yet, when formed into a body, we have seen these crowds of heroes swept away like chaff before the wind, by these civilized masses,—an aggregate of comparative cowards, united into a strong and daring body, against valorous individuality forming a body cowardly and timid. It was thus that in the Peninsular War the regiments of Portuguese, a people, beyond, all question, inferior in personal courage to their Spanish neighbours, when commanded by British officers, and under British discipline, became some of the most efficient in the Duke of Wellington's army,—the Spanish regiments, on the contrary, notwithstanding every effort to improve them, remained so unsteady that, according to the universal testimony of our Peninsular veterans, they continued worse than useless. Of the second the Russian soldier furnishes the most remarkable instance; for the Infantry of which he forms a part is brave, though he, generally speaking, is not so. Uninspired by any military enthusiasm, or any patriotic feeling, or even by the spirit of natural pugnacity, which for its own sake invests the very act of strife and contention with charms in the eyes of certain races of men, the Russian private will do his duty,—he will stand passively to be cut to pieces, or he will advance as he is directed; his arm may be unnerved, indeed, by his individual terrors, but still he *keeps his place*—the man is there, at his post, forming part and parcel of a *brave and formidable whole*,—a whole which stands unawed by danger, or which itself advances threatening. We have shown that this passive valour is all that the soldier, a component atom of the mass, which never acts except as such, is likely, in the present state of European warfare, to be ever called upon to display.

Lightly as we might be induced to hold this negative quality, it
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becomes of importance, from the fact that so few European nations possess it, and that it is one of which the fitful starts of no irregular valour can ever supply the place. But if the Russian infantry soldier does his duty,—no matter from what motive,—this is seldom the case with his officer, particularly in all the subaltern grades of the profession. Equally devoid of patriotism, or of any passion for military glory, and naturally as little courageous as his men, his very ambition does not lead him to conquer his fears, nor any sense of honour, or any public opinion, to conceal them. He knows well, from the state of things which prevails in the armies, as everywhere else, notwithstanding the efforts of the Emperors to remedy the evil, that flagrant cowardice is just as likely as bravery to secure the recompence intended for the latter. To this must be added, that everything in his early education, and the circumstances in which he afterwards finds himself placed, contribute, as far as possible, to damp and suppress that slender portion of animal courage with which nature may originally have endowed him; and thus he too often offers to his soldiers a lamentable spectacle of his cowardice in the field. These remarks allude chiefly to the officers of the Line, though, in some measure, they equally apply to those of the Guards.

The soldier, whether Infantry or Cavalry, of the Guards, or of the Line, is taken almost invariably from the class of serfs, though all who are not noble are liable to the conscription; but the freeman and trader always exempt themselves by the payment of a tax, which forms a branch of revenue. Every proprietor of slaves is bound to furnish a yearly per centage on the number he possesses, a proportion which varies according to the exigencies of the State. He generally selects the most idle and worthless of his peasants; but they are seldom admitted if incapacitated by any physical infirmity for the Service. It is not uncommon for the Moujik, as it was with the French conscript, to knock out some of his front teeth, (which prevents his biting the cartridge,) or to chop off the forefinger of his right hand, which prevents him from pulling the trigger of a musket, for the purpose of rendering him unfit for service.

The recruit takes his leave of his family as if he was quitting them for ever, and departs amidst mutual lamentations. The law tells him, that from the moment he has entered the service of the Emperor, he is become a free man; but, nevertheless, it is found necessary to forward him to his regiment, chained to some other unfortunate, like a desperate malefactor. Once arrived at the place of his destination, he soon becomes reconciled to his fate, as men are apt to do to a fate that is hopeless, especially when his greatest trial is over—the separation from his beard and his long dense locks of hair. If of unusual size, he is usually drafted into the Guards or the Cavalry—for the Russians indulge in the error common to all other countries, of selecting the tallest and heaviest men for horsemen, though there are few countries possessing horses fit to carry even troopers of a moderate size, with all their paraphernalia. The duration of his service, which was formerly fixed at 25 years for the Line, and 22 for the Guards, has been since reduced by different stages to 20 and 15. At the expiration of this term, he ought therefore, according to law, to be freed from service; and so he is whenever he proves no longer fit for it; but so long as he

continues to be of any value, he is retained in the ranks much as if no ukase on the subject existed. When too old or too worn out to answer his purpose, he is dismissed, after being obliged to take oath that he will never beg, and never allow his beard to grow. Formerly, being turned adrift without the slightest provision, precisely because he was no longer fit to work, though the option was his of escaping perjury as regarded the first article of his oath, by starving, for want of a razor he could very often not observe the second. The present Emperor has done much to ameliorate the condition of the discharged soldier, who now receives some succour from Government, and for whom every place that can possibly be filled by a retired veteran, is reserved. The porters and domestics of every Government establishment in the Empire, are old soldiers, even to many of the servants of the Imperial palace. But still the relief which he is able to afford to so numerous a class, is inadequate for the purpose, and their general condition is miserable in the extreme.

It is true that the soldier receives his manumission from private servitude, but it is unfortunately for him only when he can no longer turn this partial freedom to account; he has become independent precisely at the only moment in which slavery is exhibited in a favourable light, at the moment when he would often willingly exchange his independence for a servitude which would have ensured him bread, and have obliged the master, for whose advantage his vigorous years had been spent, to bear the burthen of his old age and decrepitude.

The average pay of the Russian soldier is about 12s. per annum, in some corps it is more, in others less, but the difference is only a few pence per month, it is not worth detailing. He is, however, allowed to go out to work, and has also facilities for learning a trade, which considerably ameliorate the condition of many of his class. What he can earn by out-door labour is not much, because during the short summer he is kept hard at work exercising and manœuvring, and during the long winter labour is at a discount. His food consists of sour rye bread, fermented cabbage, and buckwheat grits, to which a little hempseed oil is added. In the regiments of the Guards, where the soldiers are considered to "live like fighting cocks," they receive half-a-pound of meat either twice or thrice a week. They are supplied with quass, a beverage not very intoxicating, as may be inferred from the fact of a couple of slices of sour rye bread allowed to ferment in half-a-bucket of water being the usual recipe, though where carefully made for the use of the oily and luxurious merchant it has been known to approach the strength of very small beer. Of this we are incessantly told that the Russian is so passionately fond that he cannot live without it; for our own part, we must confess we have always seen him shew good taste enough to prefer any other liquid he could get hold of, excepting water, unless it be warm water which has passed over some attenuated tea-leaves, which though they have long ceased to yield, extract and colour, or at least any that is discernible to the naked eye, still in his imagination confer on the beverage qualities which render it preferable to quass. The fondness of the soldier, the same as that of the peasant, for *voodika*, or corn brandy, is less apocryphal; in this he spends all his scanty pay.

Some enthusiastic philanthropists lately proposed to establish tempe-

rance societies both amongst the military and the people, but they found in the Emperor Nicholas too determined an enemy to all "societies" to tolerate such a thing for a moment. The soldier has also the prospect of rising from the ranks to the rank of officer: a large proportion indeed of the Infantry officers of the Line have either attained their present station thus, or are the children of men who have done so; others amongst them are the sons of shopkeepers, merchants, and employés, and a very small portion belong to the families of the aristocracy of birth or of office, and these occupy principally its higher grades, being men who have exchanged from the Cavalry, the Artillery, and the Guards, to obtain the command of battalions and of regiments. The Russian infantry of the line consists on paper of 450,000 men. Its regiments, which are six battalions strong, each battalion of a thousand men, leave two of the number at the dépôt as reserves; but it is very difficult to guess what number of soldiers are actually embodied, since it is the interest of the commanding officer to reduce it as low as possible. Still as the framework of all these corps is effective, whenever required for active service the gaps in their ranks would be speedily filled up, and must be so at the responsibility of the chiefs of these corps.

ON THE ERRORS AND FAULTS IN OUR MILITARY SYSTEM.

BY COLONEL FIREBRACE.

Nullius apud te gravis auctoritas? Nullum exemplum quod sequi velles?

CICERO.

THE RECRUIT.

I HAVE already denounced our Army as a monopoly, of which I am ready, if required, to bring forward the clearest and most decisive proofs. I have now further to state that it is the most *mercenary* army, in the fullest and most odious meaning of the word, that ever did, or that perhaps ever will exist. Numberless examples will be brought forward in the sequel; for the present I shall only quote one instance by way of contrast, and to serve as an example. During the late ministry of M. Thiers, in France, when the war party was dominant, means were used to call forth the warlike passions of the people, easily excited. The moment these stimulants had produced their effects, and the mass became impressed with the idea that the honour of the country was compromised, thousands of young men came voluntarily forward to enrol themselves in the ranks of the army. It may be said that these were merely anticipating the call of the conscription, which sooner or later would have reached them. Even in that point of view there was some degree of virtue, in giving their services, without fee or reward, before they were due; but a very large portion of these volunteers had already served their time, and consequently had no fear of the conscription as a motive. When the rupture of the peace of Amiens took place, and when this country was placed in a state of extreme danger by the expected invasion of Bonaparte, there was certainly no lack of courage or national

spirit; we had our thousands to come forward in defence of their country, who were prepared to make every sacrifice to resist an enemy. But did any one of these persons, actuated by the best motives of patriotism, enrol himself in the Army? I may venture to answer, not one. So far from this being the case, we could not get the ranks of our regiments filled up even by increasing the bounties, and were forced to have recourse to a conscription!—yes, a conscription! The different parishes were, *by law*, forced to produce a certain number of men, according to the estimated amount of the population, and substitutes for those drawn by lot received as much as 50*l.* or 60*l.* When these people were laid hold of, they were regimented, drilled, and called the Army of Reserve. The cream of this conscription was bribed off by further bounties to volunteer into the line; and the refuse, or sediment, was allowed to settle down into the form of garrison battalions. This being the way we increase our force in any great emergency, surely it is time to call out that “there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.” We affect to despise our transatlantic descendants for their sordid habits and insatiable love of gain, and yet we allow our noblest profession to lie steeped and soaked in the cesspool of mammon, from its germ, the acorn, and as the tree is developed through all its gradations of root, stem, and branch, until it reaches its greatest elevation.

How much this has degraded and sunk the Army in public estimation, requires little trouble to point out; or how imperative it is on every well-wisher of his country to call for a total change of our pernicious and false military system. In order to prove it so, let us begin with the fair side of the question, and exhibit the advantages.

At the commencement of the war of the French Revolution, the condition of the British infantry soldiers, morally and physically, was, perhaps, lower than that of any other troops in Europe, and was scarcely a step higher than the Russian or Polish serf; the pay was altogether inadequate, and they knew no other motive for good conduct than the fear of the lash. Notwithstanding these depressing drawbacks, the soldiers remained true to their duty in that ever memorable and trying period, the year 1797, when their loyalty was sorely tried in every possible shape. Their conduct, at this time, was the subject of general praise; and the Duke of York, taking advantage of the feeling in their favour, put himself forward as the champion of the soldiers' rights; their pay was raised to a shilling a day, and a penny beside in lieu of beer, which used formerly to be served out to them in barracks and quarters. They had beside a small allowance yearly for cleaning their arms, usually called oil and emery money. The men's accounts were made up every month, and the balances, after completing them with necessaries, were regularly paid. If we take into account that they were well lodged, supplied with light and fuel, comfortably clothed, and had a good dinner of meat every day of the year, which, let the price of that article be what it might, would never cost the soldier more than 6*d.* per pound; if we put together all these, it will not be difficult to prove that no labourer or artisan could be provided with these advantages for 2*s.* 6*d.* a day. We therefore boldly ask the reason, why it is so difficult to procure soldiers, and whence arises this dislike of the profession, that induces thousands of shoeless vagabonds to wander over our roads, on the chance product of theft or beggary, rather than enlist. Surely there

must be more than one cause, that does not meet the eye, to create this repugnance, which nothing but high bribes will overcome.

When the peace establishment of the year 1793 was expended in two campaigns, no one knew where or how to get soldiers, when some sapient person recommended giving rank to officers who would raise men. Without considering the demoralizing effect of such a proceeding, the Government consented to it; chiefly because it would save money in the bounties. Then such a scene opened of fraud, seduction, bribery, and villainy, as never disgraced the annals of any nation. Crimps were notoriously employed, who scrupled at no means to entrap the unwary, and brought reproach and stigma on the whole profession. I knew at that time a young officer, who, from motives of boyish vanity, went one night to Drury Lane in his uniform; he had the clothes nearly torn off his back, was hooted as a crimp, obliged to quit the theatre, and happy to take shelter in a hackney coach.

This notable expedient entirely failed. The regiments were multiplied in number, but were mere shadows; the lame, the lazy, the deformed, the vilest wretches that disgraced the name of man were found in our ranks. So far of benefit to the country, it was cleared of these people, and they were disposed of in St. Domingo and elsewhere. But in the year 1797 the Army was still so weak in numbers, that the first *conscription* was had recourse to, under the softened name of "requisition" on the parishes. The product was small, and a considerable portion of this forced levy deserted on the earliest opportunity; so that we had an army without soldiers until the year 1799, when volunteering from the Militia first took place. This has been, ever since, the mainstay of our force in war—even that latterly had begun to fail; the Militia had seen too many of their former comrades return from the wars, minus a leg or a wing, and they drew in their horns; in consequence, the usual means all failed. At last, some spirited officers of Militia came forward and induced the regiments to volunteer under their own officers. These were called provisional battalions; they were embarked, and landed at Bordeaux. Fortunately their services were not required. I say this without meaning to throw the slightest doubt that these battalions would have done their duty, but from the reflection, that if they had been "*expended*," there were no means of replacing them.

Now all this is nothing more or less than a circuitous conscription; we raise the Militia by ballot; and after they have attained the shape and form of soldiers, we tempt them, with a bounty of ten guineas, to volunteer for the line. As these men were chiefly drawn from the agricultural labourers, they were far superior, both in physical energy and moral instruction, to the general run of soldiers; this will bear out the assertion, that the Army was never previously so respectable, with regard to the soldiers, as they were when raised under the combined influence of "conscription" and bribery.

So unpopular is the Service in the ordinary mode of recruiting, that we can never depend on a supply of men on an emergency. I need not go further back than the late disastrous affairs of Afghanistan for proof. No other mode could be devised by the authorities for procuring men, than to hold out a trifling bribe to all the discontented men, already soldiers, to volunteer into the regiments under orders as reinforce-

ments, or those actually in the scene of action. Nor could we get men to enlist even for the regiments in China, where there were the inducements of prize-money and plunder. It appears, therefore, very clear, that we have not the means at our disposal of procuring any immediate increase of our Army, even on the greatest possible emergency that might occur; in fact, nothing short of embodying the Militia, that is never drilled or even organized, and this in the midst of jealous and rival nations, and in the days of steam-boats. Surely this is a consideration that ought to enter into the mind of every well-wisher of his country, and make him join with others in insisting that our military system should be thoroughly revised, and placed on such a footing as to be made available in the hour of need. Leaving this to the military authorities, as now constituted, is of no use; they cannot move hand or foot in their present confined organization; and they are, at all times, averse to any changes liable to peril the permanency of their offices, or which have a tendency to increase their trouble. If any proof was required of this, it will be sufficient only to mention corporal punishment—flogging.

Many humane and right-thinking officers had deplored the necessity they were under of inflicting the lash to the extent which was justified by the sentence of courts-martial, and endeavoured, according to their discretion, to mitigate the severity; as bound by the strict rules of discipline, they were prevented from remonstrating on the nature of the punishment itself. Others, on the contrary, less imbued with the "milk of human kindness," had no scruples in carrying out the sentence of a court-martial to its extreme letter.

Under such circumstances did the authorities of the Horse-Guards take any measures to reduce these extremes to a more rational standard, and soften this part of our military code? most certainly not. It was the sympathy of the people for the sufferers that first, through the means of their representatives, drew attention to this subject. Whatever his late or present friends may think of Sir Francis Burdett, it is no doubt mainly to be attributed to his exertions that the abuses of this portion of military law have been checked, previous, I hope, to the entire abolition. I shall hereafter treat this subject more at length; at present it is only introduced to show that any reform that is required must be produced by "pressure from without," and that if left to the discretion of those who are supposed to have the power, it will be postponed *sine die*; they may "reform their tailor's bills," but will never reform themselves or the system over which they preside. When the cry was raised against the infliction of flogging, and it appeared certain that some abatement at least was necessary, the whole ingenuity of the officials was put forth to invent something that should be a substitute for this unequal punishment.

Whilst the upper servants, who are called the Staff, were racking their brains for the solution of this problem, their master was differently employed; the idea came across his mind that there might be other means found of obtaining the same object. It will do more honour to Lord Hill's memory than all his military achievements, that he was the first person in this country who endeavoured to secure the good conduct of the soldier by offering him a *reward*. How exceedingly he must have astonished all his satellites! In order to show how much this was

required, and that still more is wanting, it will be proper to explain why the Service is *unpopular*, and this cannot be done without describing the process of manufacturing soldiers as practised in Great Britain.

As Mrs. Glasse has it, "first catch your hare," you must first catch your recruit. To effect this, a number of the smartest-looking and best Corporals are chosen to form recruiting parties; generally with a fife and drum; at the head of each party is placed a Serjeant, on whom the weight of the task generally falls: beside being good-looking, he ought to possess some experience in his craft, and be well endowed with that quality called at the other side of the water, "presence of mind," which nothing can disturb: his value will also rise in proportion to the number of impossible lies he can tell in the shortest given time: thus provided, he marches into a country town, in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and takes possession of his billet; here he is surrounded by all the hangers-on at country inns, farm labourers out of employ, and servants out of place; the idlers, the drunkards, the seedy and needy.

Amongst these our Serjeant thinks he has discovered at least one chap that will answer his purpose, and to draw him on, he opens his budget. He tells his wondering audience that his regiment is the oldest *corpse* in the world; that they did duty as Marines on board of Noah's Ark; that they were employed when General Titus O'Donnell besieged Jerusalem, and that every man got half-a-pound of solid silver as his share of the plunder of the Temple; that they went afterwards to *Ingey*; and that when the Great Mogul's subjects broke out into mutiny, they stood his friend, and put down the rebellion; that as a reward, every man got a solid gold chain; and that ever since the regiment had been called the Great Mogul's Own; that they had served in all the wars since that time; were foremost in every battle in Spain and Portingale, and were noticed at the battle of Waterloo by the Duke, who told them he owed the victory to them; and double allowance of medals was served out on that account. While this palaver creates evident thirst among the party, the Serjeant gradually opens his fire against the one, whom his past experience has taught him to be the most accessible to his arts; he flatters him, by saying, "what a pity it is that such a fine handsome lad should be buried in an obscure country town, in place of being an ornament to Her Majesty's Service; that he would himself be proud of bringing forward such a dashing fellow, that would soon be the right-hand man of the Grenadiers;" to all these hints Johnny Raw seems for a time to be obtuse; gives his *na, na*, with considerable energy, talks of his poor mother for whose sake he works, and who would die if he was to *list*. Gradually his opposition in this point begins to flag, under the heavy doses of flattery and lies that are administered to him. The Corporal is appealed to, "if he ever had seen a handsomer fellow, or one more sure of obtaining promotion;" his imagination is gradually excited by the details of battles that were never fought, until he thumps the table with his fist in the energy of admiration. The Serjeant then asks to be allowed to stand a glass of something hot to treat his new friend; brandy and water is called for, and military zeal rises as it pours down the throats of the party. The Serjeant relates of a very great friend of his, a man whom he himself enlisted, who at the storming of Badajos found a sack full of doubloons; which

he explains as being gold pieces, each worth three sovereigns and a half; that it was as much as he could carry on his back; that he first bought his discharge, and then purchased a fine estate in the north of England, where he lives like a gentleman; the Serjeant himself having been lately on a visit to him for a week; where he had the best of eating and drinking.

In describing the qualifications of this seducer of youth, I should have said, that he ought to be a well-seasoned vessel, capable of taking in any quantity of liquor without being much affected by it; or if his head should unfortunately be weak, he ought to *shirk* his glass as much as possible; for this purpose, a seat near the fire is desirable, as affording the means of throwing his liquor into the ashes without being perceived; in either case, it is quite essential that he should retain his senses, while all his *friends* are stretched under the table.

As the evening advances, the intended victim becomes gradually more excited by the wonderful stories and drink; until the Serjeant sees that the favourable moment is arrived; when he says, in a jocular way, "Come, my fine fellow, I am sure you mean to be one of us, here, take hold of some of the Queen's money;" he takes out a handful of gold and silver and picks out a bright shilling, which he presents to his interesting new friend. The latter, who thinks it is all meant as a good-natured joke, takes the money, tells the Serjeant that he has a great mind to keep it, and then puts it into his pocket, with a sort of knowing horse-laugh. He is now booked, and at least all the brandy and water, past, present, and to come, is secure; no time is lost in *sewing up* the youth, who is, in due course, carried off to bed *gloriously* drunk.

The next morning Mr. Chawbacon wakes with a dismal head-ache, his mouth parched, and tolerably miserable; he has no time to reflect on what passed the night before; for there is a wet nurse in close attendance in the shape of a Corporal, who hearing the complaints of the neophyte as to his suffering, recommends immediately "a hair of the dog that bit him," goes down and soon returns with a foaming tankard of warm beer, with a glass of gin in it, which the patient finds a most grateful remedy for his present sufferings, and the dose is repeated; the Corporal assisting at the *toilette*, the new son of Mars is soon able to descend to breakfast, where he again meets the Serjeant, and a plan is laid for passing the day with their new friend. If there are any shows in the town the youth is carried there, if not, an excursion is planned to go to some country village in the neighbourhood, to enjoy "rural felicity," that is, to get as drunk as on the preceding night. Nothing is hinted during the day by the red coats of the engagement he has entered into, but if he brings it up himself the matter is turned into a joke, and the subject is changed directly. The youth is supported home between his friends and again put to bed, with some mulled beer for a night-cap; he is thus kept in a state of maudlin delirium until the time has elapsed within which he might repent of his engagement; when the Serjeant assuming a grave look, takes out his watch, remarks that they have had a pretty long *lark*, and it is time to proceed to business; to this remark the recruit gives a look of half consciousness, and ask what business he means? "Nothing," is the cool answer, "beyond what concerns yourself; you know you belong to Her Majesty's — Regiment, and all we want now is to have you examined by the Doctor, attested, and passed."

At this succinct account of his immediate prospects, the new-made soldier starts as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and for the moment he cannot speak; when he first finds words, it is to expostulate with the Serjeant, and to swear that he considered the whole a mere joke about taking the shilling.

"Possibly you might," answers the Serjeant drily, "but there is no joke at all in the matter; here is Mr. Timmins," pointing to the Corporal, "who saw you take the money in the Queen's name, and all the rest of the gentlemen as was in the party that night saw the same; it's no use getting into a passion about the matter, so come along."

"Stop," says Mr. Chawbacon, recollecting himself, "you know I can get off by paying the smart, and the old woman will borrow the money for me."

"That would have been all very well, my fine fellow, if you had thought of it yesterday, but it is now too late."

The last hope has disappeared, and the victim is led off between his two military supporters, with his small stock of ideas probably in the same state as the survivors of the earthquake at Point-a-Pitre the moment after the catastrophe. He is led or carried to the Doctor in a passive state, to ascertain if he is of "sound wind and limb;" and from thence to the magistrate to be attested. Here, for his special pleasure and amusement, are read to him some choice extracts from a book facetiously called the Mutiny Act; not a word of which, in the confusion of his thoughts, can he comprehend. The oath is then administered, and he is led off to the recruiting-office, where he is planted under the standard, (neither the royal standard nor the newspaper of that name,) but an instrument for measuring his longitude. He is then introduced to the Inspecting Field-Officer, and having received the approving nod of that Pasha of blue tails, is again given over to the charge of his guides. As he leaves the office the Serjeant gives him a whack over the shoulder,—"I wish you joy, my hearty, of being one of Her Majesty's glorious —th; come, don't be down-hearted. The Queen must have soldiers, and you will be one of her best. Why, man, I was *listed* just as you were, and was all in the dumps, but I soon got the better of it, and I have never had a sad hour since I went as a soldier." With arguments such as these, aided by "hot with," the mind of the juvenile regains its balance, and he begins to be reconciled to what appears inevitable.

It may easily be imagined that the recruit has had very few lucid intervals since first meeting with the Serjeant at the Green Dragon; when next market-day comes about he is fresh primed, a parcel of many-coloured ribands are pinned to his hat, and he has the honour of marching with the party through the streets, bearing the Serjeant's drawn sword in his hand. This is done partly to gratify his vanity, but more especially to let all the town's-people see that he is *booked* as a soldier, and thus have another guarantee that he may not suddenly disappear. He, good easy fellow, takes it as all done to please him, and readily gives his services as a decoy-duck to entice others within the net, into which he so lately repented having been drawn himself.

It would be unfair to say that persons under these circumstances were the only ones that entered the Service; many young men come into the country towns with a sort of dogged resolution of enlisting,—

some of them prompted by anger, disappointment, or fear,—none of them by hope. A young fellow has quarrelled with his father or his master, or has been jilted by his sweetheart,—for this reason country coquettes ought to be patronized. Under the old Poor Law certain clauses might have had the same effect, in a different sense,—persons might rather commit soldiership than matrimony. Then there were poachers in danger of discovery, and, indeed, others who had committed greater offences, desirous of screening themselves from the pursuit of justice; for this reason men coming to enlist in a regiment about to embark for foreign service should be looked on with much suspicion. These cases were, and are, rather exceptions to the rules above laid down; but a very large majority, during the war and high bounties, were procured in the manner I have described.

Thus, seduction, debauchery, and fraud combine their efforts to procure the largest portion of our soldiers; and we have the extreme modesty to expect that persons so entrapped for life should be endowed with every virtue under the sun, and be occasionally shot at, for a shilling a day. Very reasonable, truly! I wonder, if all the people were to become teetotallers, how we should manage to carry on the Service, without introducing the Chinese opium-smoking, or having recourse to a *conscription*, which would include every man! Let “the gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,” ponder on this.

We left our recruit buoyed up with the high distinction conferred on him of being sword-bearer to Serjeant Shuffle. He has also, in his rare moments of reflection, began to consider the life of a soldier, as Andrew Fairservice said of the weather, “no that bad.” He finds himself lodged, free of expense, in another man’s house; has his dinner cooked for him every day,—a good substantial meal; has money to spend in his amusements, and nothing in the world to do. This pleasant life continues until a sufficient number of recruits have been collected, and then the order is received to march to join the regiment. This is the first break in the newly-acquired happiness of the neophyte; he is all in despair about leaving his mother and Peggy, and even feels a degree of regret in parting with Serjeant Shuffle, the author of all his pains and pleasures; but go he must. He is now handed over to the charge of a Staff Serjeant, who differs from his late patron, so far that his stories have no reference to this or that regiment, but all relate to himself; and are of such a nature as would entitle his adventures to rank with those of Munchausen himself. These are served out by Serjeant Bounce on the march as occasion requires, when his recruits are either too much given to thought or suffering from fatigue. Surely this is very kind, as the only return the worthy Serjeant requires is to be able to pass his evenings *comfortably*, by the help of any remains of the bounty-money still lingering in the pockets of his charge.

Marches, like other things, must have an end; this one is accomplished, and Serjeant Bounce hands over his batch of unbaked soldiers. This is an immediate transition from a life of illusions to one of reality. The recruits are drawn out in a row,—they don’t yet know what a line means,—for the inspection of the Commanding Officer, who takes a survey of their persons, and marks such as he thinks fit for the grenadiers or light bobs,—the rest to be divided among the other companies that are short of numbers. From thence they are forwarded to

Surgeon, the opinion of the country Esculapius requiring confirmation. Samson Chawbacon is then taken to his future abode, the barrack-room, and peeled of his smock-frock and galligaskins; his hair is cropped, and he is inducted to his slop-clothing and drill-trousers,—drill-trousers in more senses than one. He has the complement of his necessaries completed out of his money, and is put into a mess. In the course of these proceedings he probably, with the others, has the Articles of War read over to him by the Adjutant or Serjeant-Major, in a laudable voice. This second reading he begins to understand a little better than the first, being now wide awake; but he is very much astonished and alarmed when he hears a whole list of new offences, that never before entered his previous knowledge of crimes. He is told that he may not sell what he has bought,—his necessaries; that he is not allowed to sleep on a post; and that he may not “draw, or offer to draw.” If he does any of these things “he shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a general or regimental court-martial may award.” It does not appear quite clear whether death is the maximum or minimum of the punishments; “or such other,” as coming after death, may appear to have reference to another world. But his ideas on that subject are enlightened the first time he has the pleasure, as the French say, to *assister* at a punishment parade. Being cropped and docked, Chawbacon is handed over to the Drill-Serjeant,—a mighty different sort of customer from those he has been acquainted with. In place of hearing “my brave lad,”—“my fine fellow,”—“gallant young soldier,”—it is “Hold up your head. Turn your toes out thus. Keep down your hands. Come, Mr. What’s-your-name, I’ll trouble you to mind what I say. It’s no use your trying to look sulky; for it will do you no good,”—this latter exhortation being accompanied with certain motions performed in the air with a cane, that can leave no reasonable doubt on the mind of the drillee what are the intentions of Serjeant Rattan. Of all the peasants in Europe there are none on whom so much time must be expended in transforming them into soldiers as the English agricultural labourers. When growing lads, they are often forced to perform tasks beyond their strength,—lifting weights, carrying sacks of different kinds of produce, &c. This makes them round-shouldered, stooped in the back, and not unfrequently knock-kneed. When at work in the fields they wear boots laced above the ankle, made of the thickest leather, with the soles an inch thick, covered with iron plates and hob-nails; beside what Professor Fordyce would have called “the intrinsic ponderosity” of these articles, they are frequently loaded with half a stone weight each of clotted mud or tenacious clay. In drawing out their legs, and the boots at the end of them, from these *adherents*, growing lads and boys gain gradually a side-way motion, resembling the movement of a ship in a calm and ground-swell; and this becomes so far confirmed, that if they do not enlist before they are twenty, they seldom shake it off. I have seen men march very well on a parade, keeping the perpendicular, but when they got into the town, or on a march, they gave way to the early habit, and rolled away at ease. To such persons the drill must appear a sort of everlasting torture, which they almost despair of ever getting rid of. To this rough initiation to the realities of a military life, after the nonsense that induced them to enter it, very few submit with a good grace at first; but the jokes of

their comrades, custom, and habit gradually reconcile five out of six ; but the sixth,—he may possibly have been better brought up than his fellows ; of more susceptible and irritable disposition ; or of confirmed habits of idleness,—to such the present state of existence seems nearly insupportable, and this more so if they have not in the regiment some former companion or comrade in whom they can confide.

We may suppose this person to be an apprentice who has given the heels to his indentures ; or he may be one of those whose parents could not afford to send him to school when young, and planted him there late in life. In the first case, the youth will find that he has changed an engagement of seven years into one for life, as no soldier—let him live as long as he pleases—is ever looked on as master of his craft ; and the scholar will discover that his school is eternal, and no holidays. To such persons, the idea of desertion occurs ; first surrounded with the terrors of punishment that follow its detection, these fears gradually lose their force as often as the image presents itself, the desire gains strength, and a harsh word from a superior puts the seal on the resolve ;—the man disappears : his description gets into the Hue and Cry, while he wanders away, far from all those that know him, living in constant apprehension, and scared out of his senses at the distant sight of a red coat.

I have spared the reader and myself the pain of entering into a history of all the atrocious acts, infamous frauds and robbery of the Government, that took place during the period when regiments were created, and rank gained, by raising men. Many anecdotes of that time, if related now, would not be thought worthy of credit ; so marvellous was the amount of villainy practised by all concerned, and with the most unblushing confidence. What I have written, is an unexaggerated picture at the present time, of the way in which men are brought into our Service ; and it forms a fragment of the system that has been described or glossed over by its friends, with the specious phrase of, “constituted as our Army is,” &c. ; the greatest faults, the most gross partiality are excused, on the ground that no remedy can be applied, “constituted as the Army is ;” and if any special amendment is pressed by way of hint or suggestion, an official with a long and solemn face steps forward, and applies a muzzle-stopper, by saying, that “it is contrary to the rules and regulations,”—which rules and regulations they break through themselves whenever they find it convenient to assist some friend who *has interest*.

I have thought it necessary to give an outline of our mode of raising men, in order to form a pretty just opinion of the description of persons who enter, or who are rather dragged into the Service ; and it will be seen how small the portion is of those who offer themselves under the feelings that ought to fill the breast of every soldier,—love of his country, or a pure martial spirit. In place of these, we see some who are urged by sulky contradiction towards their friends and relatives ; a few who are apprehensive of the results of youthful frolics ; a considerable number that make the Army a place of shelter to conceal their offences or crimes ; while the large mass is enticed in the way I have described, and embraces a great variety ; a few who are still free from the commission of any offence, and a very large portion that is composed of idle, reckless vagabonds, and not unfrequently absolute idiots.

would seem very extraordinary how the latter class can find their way into our ranks, after the inspection of two Field Officers, but more particularly after being double doctored! Surely the medical men, in their inspection, should ascertain whether the recruit, beside being free from bodily blemish, is furnished with as much common sense as will carry him through his work; a few simple questions would decide the point;—a thing most desirable, as these unfortunates create a great deal of trouble and infinite confusion: they are in general only remarkable for enormous appetites, being excessively dirty, lazy, and can never be trusted. There are at least half-a-dozen in every regiment, where the poor wretches only serve as butts or laughing-stocks for their comrades, who often thrust them into mischief for their own purposes, knowing that the poor simpletons will escape punishment.

If these are the materials of our Army, and this the way they are procured; if we further consider, that these men, who are engaged for their whole life, have but the slightest possible chance of ever bettering their condition; that until lately nothing was ever offered as an encouragement or reward for good behaviour; and that even now, they are deprived of any token of their past services, it will appear a little surprising, that for the maintenance of proper discipline, there has been for a long course of years no other stimulus than the fear of punishment, the infliction of which being easily obtained, and creating very little trouble, has caused it to be perpetrated, and in many instances to have been grossly abused. I may with some confidence assert, that those who advocate the abolition of corporal punishment, will have an up-hill task of it, unless they can have influence to abolish entirely the present vicious mode of procuring recruits, and to limit the period of the man's engagement. We have put down, in our colonies, at no little cost, the practice of one man selling another for money; but at home, we have never raised any objection to persons *selling themselves*. On the strength of that contract, and the consideration that they have thus made over all right and title to their own souls and bodies, we flog them up hill and down dale all the days of their natural existence. We go all over the world *philanthropizing*; one day lecturing Brother Jonathan on his Virginian slaves; another, sending an expedition, that cost 60,000*l.*, up the Niger, to persuade the savages of Central Africa to become market gardeners, and have a rural police; and in this experiment lose nearly all the Europeans employed; the factory children must learn their A B C; and dog-carts are shocking to the feelings of humanity; but the false and degrading position in which the defenders of their country are placed, produces no sympathy, and scarcely elicits a remark; or if it does, something ungracious is pretty sure to come out. I have heard the question put, What will you do to remedy these supposed evils? You must have recourse to a conscription. Odious as that word has become, from its abuse, I fairly confess that it is even better than our present system; and although I have no wish to advocate the measure, I shall throw out two or three reasons to show that it is better than our mercenary and cruel method of recruiting the Army.

The forced levy of troops is common to all the continental nations, modified by customs and use. In France it was resorted to by the Republic, when surrounded by enemies threatening the existence of the country. It became an excellent instrument in the hands of Buona-

parte, when he assumed supreme power, as with the force of consent of a Senate, the whole male population of France and its dependencies was placed at his disposal; this was the *abuse* that rendered the name so odious, but regulated by a representative government, this could not occur. The idea is founded on the principle, that in case of war or danger, every male inhabitant is bound to defend his country. In England, when we go to war, we take the money out of a man's pocket with which it is to be carried on. On the Continent, they take the man himself; but in place of making him a prisoner for life, they let him off with a few years' servitude. In France it is now reduced to eight years, and in Prussia to three. Under a constitutional government, it would have a tendency to abate a propensity for war, when a man knew that he must either march himself, or procure a substitute; and there cannot be a shadow of doubt, that it would render the Army infinitely more respectable than it is at present. Great as our pretended horror of the word is, we do not hesitate occasionally to make use of the measure itself. The impressment in the Navy is the most arbitrary and cruel conscription that ever was enforced by any nation, because it is so sweeping in its nature, making no allowance for age or infirmity, and extending over a man's whole life, during which he is *de facto* a prisoner, unless he enters *voluntarily*, and this under the sanction of a nation, that delights in prating about "the liberty of the subject."

I have shown, that in the land service we have had two regular *conscriptions*, one in 1796-97, and the other in 1803, and that the means by which our Army was kept up, and fought its battles in the Peninsula, were quite of the same nature; carried into effect by a clumsy and very expensive mode of drawing elegant extracts from the Militia, which force was raised by ballot, *alias* a conscription. I have thought it necessary to say so much, to diminish a little the odium of the word, by showing that it is not unknown to us in practice, and that it must be resorted to in case of serious invasion, or other dire calamity; but at the same time I disclaim all advocacy of it as a measure in ordinary times; and as long as we can avoid it, surely there are other "ways and means" that may be discovered as a *mezzo termine*, between forced servitude and the mercenary and fraudulent means now used. I have considered this subject long and seriously, and in a future paper I shall endeavour to point out certain means by which we shall avoid the discreditable charge of seducing and entrapping our soldiers; and suggest some measures that I think would answer the purpose, be attended with less expense, would elevate the soldier in his own esteem, and consequent respect of others, and place the Army in the position which, all those who love and respect it, would approve and applaud. I shall leave my suggestions to the consideration of my brother soldiers, with the confidence gained by finding, that none of my former statements have been controverted, or even disputed.

NARRATIVE OF THE OVERLAND JOURNEY OF SIR JOHN AND LADY FRANKLIN AND PARTY FROM HOBART TOWN TO MACQUARIE HARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND
POLITICAL."

THE reader, interested in the enterprising and romantic antipodean shores of Tasmania, if he casts his eye upon any of the charts will perceive a considerable portion of the convict's land styled Transylvania. It is a belt girdled on its west by the vast Pacific Ocean, with which it runs nearly parallel, in an almost north and south line, and embraces an area of probably a third or fourth of the entire island. This territory, although here and there penetrated, has never been officially, or even superficially surveyed. The several tourists, who, in different points, have entered its unknown region, have given varying and conflicting statements, and, although all have agreed in investing it with a general character of inhospitality and impracticability, still the amount of knowledge gleaned has just been sufficient to render the former darkness visible.

One of the earliest pieces of intelligence that greeted my return from England in November, 1841, was the intimation that his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by Lady Franklin, and a few friends, had resolved upon an overland journey from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbour, a tour which, of need, must lead the party through a large section of this unknown western land, thereby establishing the fact if any immediately available territory existed, whilst, at the same time, it may make the chief authority personally cognizant of the general features of this obscure portion of the island.

Anxious to embrace every opportunity to enlarge my knowledge of a country in which I have long felt the liveliest interest, I lost no time in waiting upon his Excellency, preferring my eager request to be permitted to form one of the exploring group. Serious difficulties, as will, hereafter, be more fully shown, existed in provisioning the remote and desolate halting stations of this labyrinthine wilderness, and as many persons were at first named, the *cortège* was swelled to such a considerable numerical amount, that where supplies were limited and precarious, it became a matter of serious consideration to add even one additional mouth to the group. Notwithstanding these reasonable difficulties, my solicitation experienced the most kind and courteous compliance, and for many weeks I was ready at eight and forty hours' notice. The period of starting had been calculated to be late in January, or early in February, but the compulsory suspension of the late Colonial Secretary, and the various official changes consequent thereupon, delayed the journey for many weeks. During this necessary interval, a portion of the local press, remarkable for scurrility and low personality, poured forth its hebdomadal tirades in loud and savage invectives, and in the hope of wounding in the tenderest point, a ribald malignity was indulged; a malignity as innocuous to the amiable lady against whom the envenomed shaft was aimed, as it was disgraceful to every generous or honourable feeling. The *liberty* of the press is a blessing

of most inappreciable value: its *licence* is sometimes too contemptible even for restraint. A large portion of the Tasmanian press has long obtained an unenviable celebrity, so much so, as to have subjected it to the severe, reiterated, and merited castigation both of its Australasian and British contemporaries. The calumnies of the present occasion are merely glanced at because of the laboured attempt to impress the world with a belief that the laudable expedition, of which the Secretary of State had been duly advertised, had its origin in idle whim, and useless private gratification, as if it was not the peculiar and praiseworthy province of a Governor to render himself personally and practically conversant with the territory under his rule.

From this expedition no great results were ever anticipated, but surely sufficient to have entitled Sir John Franklin to the thanks rather than the abuse of the directors of such an engine as the press. This journey has placed in his Excellency's hands a vast deal of local information. He has traversed a region which, hitherto, has remained all but a sealed book. With his own eyes he has viewed a vast and diversified extent of country utterly unknown, and he has had an opportunity of determining, in a great degree, the merits or demerits of the abandoned settlement of Macquarie Harbour. It ought always, moreover, to be borne in mind, that this knowledge was neither smoothly nor delightfully acquired, but purchased at the expense of weary limbs and an empty stomach. The largest and most laborious portion of the journey was achieved on foot, over watery marshes, nearly impracticable swamps, through tangled forests, across precipitous mountains, boisterous torrents and flooded rivers, which rose in angry turbulence to bar his passage, whilst rain, hail, sleet, and snow, descended upon his head. There were no savoury meats, no luxurious viands, no racy wines, no sparkling cordials, to pamper the appetite or tickle the palate of the wet and weary traveller. Salt mess-pork, flour cakes baked in a frying-pan, with a panakin of tea sweetened with brown sugar, this was the sumptuous fare which served his Excellency for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and well would it have been, too, if plenty of the homely diet had always been comeatable, but the general restriction, eight, and frequently three ounces of animal food was, of necessity, the daily issue; Lady Franklin, and her female attendant, partaking of these limited, uninviting rations with cheerful, uncomplaining spirits.

Her Ladyship was borne part of the route in a rude sort of palanquin, but in the roughest and most inaccessible parts she was compelled to wade through miry sludge, or scramble the mountain passes, encamping upon the damp cold ground, the green fern leaves her bedding,—blankets her seat,—and earth her table. Repeatedly were the tents soaked through and through by the deluging rain. Upon one occasion, the overflowing creeks reached within a few feet of the entrance.

The strife of elements,—the flooding of rivers,—and exhaustion of supplies, caused six or seven days' journey to occupy two and twenty, and when the schooner that was to convey his Excellency and suite by sea to Hobart Town was at length reached, it will be seen that a long prevalence of adverse winds precluded the passage of the dangerous bar which shuts in Macquarie Harbour, and that, too, at a time when an impoverished commissariat rendered the getting to sea not merely a

matter of deep anxiety, but an almost life and death affair. The tour, therefore, whatever the amount of information acquired, was certainly not one of ease or pleasure, unless, indeed, it be that description of pleasure invariably afforded to the ardent explorer of nature.

Enough of peroration.—I need only further add that a track had been cut by a party under the superintendence of Mr. Calder, one of the Colonial surveyors, and that his Excellency and suite left Hobart Town on the 24th of March, reaching New Norfolk that day; Hamilton, the 26th; and Elendhu, River Ouse, on the 28th. Here, my property lying in the immediate vicinity, I joined the party, at a moment of considerable inconvenience to myself, because I was compelled to quit the superintendence of my affairs, and that within a month of re-occupation of my estate.

Having recently given a detailed account of the penal settlement at Port Arthur, together with a glance at the coal mines and Probation stations on Tasman's and Forester's Peninsulas, I am inclined to hope the present narrative may experience as favourable a reception as many of my former sketches elicited from the British press and British public.

Should aught like monotonous sameness pervade these pages, the reader must be pleased to bear in mind the dreary solitudes the object of our travel, and pardon the lack of incident in the fidelity of the description.

As I conceive the form of a diary, which exhibits the prevailing sentiments of the moment, to be the manner most likely to give a life-like reality to the narration, I shall without further preamble proceed to transcribe each day's transactions from the pencilled records of my rude note-book.

Tuesday, 29th March, 1842.—His Excellency Sir John, together with Lady Franklin and party, having arrived at Mr. Clarke's the previous evening, at 8 A.M., I bid adieu to my family and Rotherwood, crossing the undulating hills that skirt the lovely Ouse, on my pedestrian saunter to Elendhu, at which hospitable abode I joined the Governor at an early breakfast. Here his Excellency was for some time detained by public business, but at 3h. 30m. P.M., after a superb luncheon, the party set out for Victoria Valley, accompanied for some time by a numerous cavalcade assembled in honour of his Excellency's presence. We reached the valley at dusk, and found all the arrangements perfectly comfortable. Victoria Valley, *alias* the Nine Mill Marsh, may be said to be the commencement of a tract of territory made known to the colony in 1834, under the extensive appellation of "the New Country." Victoria Valley is some eleven or twelve miles distant from the Ouse Bridge. It is a very beautiful, but limited piece of extremely fertile marsh land, of which about 400 acres are, naturally, free from timber, and about 400 acres moderately wooded. A stream, called the Native Hut Creek, or, more recently, Kenmare Rivulet, flows through its centre, the surplus waters rendering the marsh an extensive lake in winter. To avert this evil, and render the land available, a drain, twenty-one feet wide and nine deep, is in anticipation. At the same time, a reservoir is to be formed at the head of the marshes for the beneficial purposes of summer irrigation. To accomplish these objects, a Probation

station has been formed at Victoria Valley, where, at the period of our visit about a hundred men were quartered*. One of the Wallaces, of ship-sinking notoriety, is among the probationers domiciled here. He is reported as a quiet, orderly young man. When I saw him he was cutting up a sheep by the storekeeper's orders, and weighing rations for his fellow-prisoners. His elder and more designing brother is under like surveillance at Salt Water River, Tasman's Peninsula. The soil of Victoria Valley is exceedingly rich, well worth 40s. an acre, and yet some few years since it might have been purchased for 5s.

Wednesday, 30th.—The early stages of the tour were equestrian, and the baggage was conveyed in a couple of carts. During the night the cart horses broke their picket, and Mr. Bagot, A.D.C., a constable, and my poor mare, had a weary chase ere the runaways were retaken. At 11h. 40m. A.M. the line being formed, we bid adieu to Victoria Valley, winding the edge of its fertile plain, ascending a gentle hill, and crossing some good open marshes, named, after the late Surveyor-General, Frankland Township. A short ride brought us to a small stream rejoicing in the euphonious appellation, Duck Creek. This stream issues from wet land, to which the former presence of one or two wild ducks has been sufficient to perpetuate the title Duck Marshes. At 1 P.M. the Dee was forded. This river, although it generally presents a rapid and ample stream, was then "shrunk to a petty measure," the water barely trilling through its semi-stagnant channel. Immediately upon crossing the Dee we found every tree dead and leafless, giving a very uninviting and unpicturesque appearance to the country; nevertheless the numerous droves of sheep and sleek cattle gave most satisfactory evidence of the excellence of the pasturage. About 3 we reached a spot called Seven Mile Creek. Here we found a working party constructing the necessary barracks for a Probation station, the men of which are to be hereafter employed in rendering the road between Marlboro and the Ouse more open and accessible. Within a short distance of Marlboro we entered a deep rugged defile, where the forest was on fire, and several stupendous trees verging rapidly towards their fall. Pushing hastily past the impending danger, we emerged from this dreary pass, entering a magnificent marsh of considerable extent and of the richest soil. This land, the property of Messrs. Dixon and Thomson, is substantially enclosed. Despite its approved excellence, it wears an air of desolation sufficient to tinge the imagination with chill and gloom. This impression is caused by forests of dead trees that entirely mar the charms of a landscape otherwise a lovely one. In 1835, all those trees were in full leaf and vigour, but in 1837, every symbol of life and verdure was gone. This destruction is attributed to the long and severe frosts experienced during the last-named year,—a problematical conjecture,—seeing that different individuals have their different hypothesis of the same cause and effect. Proceed from what it may, the *death* of the trees is said to have given *life* to the pasture; the absence of foliage permitting the sun's rays to penetrate and warm the soil, exhaling the superincumbent waters, and sweetening and refreshing both grass and herbage. Mr. John Clark, District Con-

* These have from time to time been augmented, and now (July,) exceed 300.

stable of Marlboro, was in waiting at the extremity of this pass to receive Sir John and Lady Franklin, to whom, as well as to every individual of the party, he courteously rendered every possible attention. Passing through Mr. Dixon's grounds, (named Bronte, by their original possessor, Lieut. Arthur Davies, R.N.,) we ascended a gentle slope, upon whose brow an obliging finger-post, nailed to a gum tree, politely pointed "To Marlboro Township," a piece of information essentially requisite, seeing that Mr. Clark's cottage and outhouses were the sole existing indices of the future village, although, incipient as it yet is, Marlboro is doubtless destined, at no very distant date, to take honourable rank amid the country towns of Tasmania; it is forty-five miles from Hamilton; ninety from Hobart Town. At the present moment there exists an eager desire to acquire summer runs in its vicinity, and the quantity of excellent pasture land, combined with its advantageous site on the fine river Nive, are circumstances likely to render Marlboro a thriving place.

Thursday, 31st.—His Excellency having various documents to prepare for transmission to Hobart Town, we were unavoidably detained at Marlboro during this day. Mr. John Forster, Police Magistrate of Hamilton, who had thus far accompanied us, returned. To beguile the tedium of Sir John's busy hours, Lady Franklin projected a trip to Lake Echo. The cavalry prepared, we set out with the least possible delay, crossing an extensive marsh, named by its proprietor, Mr. U. Sharland, "London Plains." Such, however, was the impracticable character of the intervening mountain ranges, on one of which Lady Franklin happily escaped injury when her pony fell, and such the slowness of our progress, that the late hour at which we set out rendered it imprudent to persevere. Her Ladyship, therefore, having had a glimpse of the lovely lake, (previously known to me,) from some three miles' distance, we retraced our course, making the best of our way to our comfortable quarters.

Friday, April 1st.—Morning opened with an inauspicious drizzle; whilst the heavens wore a lowering aspect. Nevertheless, accompanied by Mr. Clark, and joined by Mr. Lafarell, surveyor, we bid adieu to Marlboro at 10 h. 30 m. A.M., fording the Nive, on horseback, near its point of junction with the Nivelle rivulet. Although then so easily passable, the Nive is a broad, rapid, and important river, not rashly to be adventured in ordinary, and utterly impracticable in rainy weather; when it swells to a raging impetuous torrent, tending to the augmentation of the majestic Derwent, whereof the Nive is a splendid tributary. Even in his present shrunken state we were compelled to be wary, as we crossed its rude rocky channel. Marlboro township lies on either bank, 1800 acres being reserved upon the left, and upwards of 1100 on the right. For several miles we "*progressed*," amid forests of dead timber, precisely similar in character to those already traversed; these forests, as usual, being skirted with the customary marshes, intersected by creeks, watercourses, and winter torrents, now, however, dwindled into tiny scarce perceptible threads. After an eight-mile ride we crossed in safety an ominously-sounding spot, called Clarence Bogs, leading directly and immediately to the Clarence, a very pretty moderate-sized river. Here the New Country may be said to terminate, and here Mr.

Clark tendered his adieus. Quitting "the bogs," the country improved in picturesque beauty, and as the sun broke forth with dazzling brilliancy, the numerous distant majestic promontories stood out grand and glorious against the azure vault. About two miles from the encampment of the evening we were joined by Mr. Calder, our road-maker, purveyor, and guide. Crossing a stream, hight Reeve's River, we shortly after halted upon the banks of the Derwent, at a spot about a mile below the issue of that river from Lake St. Clair. Two bark huts had been prepared for the reception of the Governor and his lady, and Stewart, the female attendant who had accompanied her Ladyship in her previous excursions in New Zealand and South Australia. A refection of salt pork, tea, and damper, (bread baked without yeast or leaven, in ashes,) having repaired our exhausted energies, we proceeded to view the lake, distant about a mile. Although infinitely less extensive than the Great Lake, St. Clair is much the finer sheet of water, the former being a comparative shoal,—the latter a basin of vast depth, no soundings having been struck close inshore with a one-and-twenty fathom line. The stupendous mountains that environ this lake, prevent its being seen from any distance, so that the tourist scarce catches the sparkle of its wave ere the mass of waters are spread before him. A magnificent mountain rises abruptly from a north-west angle of the lake, its summit presenting the appearance of a gigantic castle, with donjon, battlement, and curtain wall, its rugged front frowning a proud defiance to every wintry blast. This mountain received from Mr. Frankland, the late Surveyor-General, the absurd name, "Mount Olympus,"—singular perversion of taste to give a Greek title to the hill, and (oh, how anti-podean!) a Scotch one to the water. Upon the heavenly evening during which our delighted eyes drank in the beauties of Olympus, the slanting beams of a cloudless sun fast speeding to his ocean-couch bathed every pinnacled steep with a glorious flood of purple dye. Each crag, each hollow shone bright with gold, else were lost in the mighty obscurity of fathomless shade, filling the mind with vast imaginings too great for words. The form and mountain-girdles of St. Clair cause it in a slight degree to resemble Loch Lomond, but it lacks the picturesque islets of the Scottish lake, to which it is inferior in magnitude. Nevertheless, it is a superb sheet of water, one, indeed, pronounced by Sir John Franklin to be the most beautiful he had ever beheld. It is 3239 feet (according to Count Streleski,) above the level of the sea; and, upon the same authority, Olympus is some 2000 feet above the level of the lake. It was his Excellency's intention to have ascertained its mean depth, for which purpose a couple of lead lines had been brought up from Hobart Town; but the boat having been moved into the Derwent, in order to the passage of our party across that river, and its stream having so greatly diminished in consequence of the long prevailing drought, too much time, it was feared, would be consumed in dragging the boat (a heavy one,) over the numerous shoals betwixt the lake and the bend of the Derwent, where she then lay. Moreover, the drought so unpropitious to this investigation of the lake, was peculiarly favourable to our advance, the track to Macquarie Harbour lying across a marshy country, in general covered with an infinity of standing pools, or flooded by furious mountain rills, rendering the footing boggy and unsafe. These creeks were now unusually dry, but the season rapidly

verged towards winter; and as the party might get jammed between deep and rapid rivers, in a region where nought convertible for human sustenance exists, it became not merely judicious but imperative to press forward with the utmost promptitude. On our return from visiting St. Clair, we found the baggage-cart had arrived. The tents were pitched: the meal of pork, damper, and tea, was discussed, and we sought repose in slumber, from the fatigues of the day.

Saturday, 2nd.—On proceeding to the ablutions of the morning, we found the water in our basins thickly coated with ice. The sharp frost caused our fingers to tingle, although our spirits were exhilarated; and as the sun uprose in effulgent splendour, causing the morning vapours to wreath the mountains with fantastic draperies, the fancy revelled, the bosom heaved, and the pulse thrilled with life and pleasure.

Breakfast over, to reduce the baggage from heavy to the lightest possible marching order, became the earnest and anxious task. The horses had travelled as far as it was deemed prudent to take them: they, and much superfluous clothing, were now consequently to be sent back. From the cart our necessities had to be transferred to a dozen large heavy knapsacks; these to be borne by as many sturdy carriers, each pack averaging 66 lbs. Besides these, four men had volunteered to be bearers of Lady Franklin's palanquin, two to carry, and two to relieve every half hour. The sounding-lines were left in charge of Mr. Lafarell; that gentleman, the carter, and two of the orderlies accompanying us no further. The tents were struck, the cavalcade was formed, and we prepared to bid adieu to this the Ultima Thule of settlement and civilization.

Our party comprised his Excellency Sir John and Lady Franklin, Lieut. Bagot, 51st K.O.L.I., A.D.C., Mr. Joseph Milligan, Surgeon, Mr. Calder, Surveyor, the Writer, O'Boyle, the favourite Orderly Corporal, and Stewart. We set forward and crossed the Derwent at 11h. 45m. A.M., a little distance above a fallen tree, which in all probability had been thrown across the stream by some runaways whilst Macquarie Harbour was a penal settlement. At the point of our transit, the Derwent is comparatively sluggish, but rocky, yet although now shrunk in dimension, there are ample evidences of its might when in a state of flood. Here we received the adieus and good wishes of our former companions, they returning to the haunts of social man, we plunging deeper and deeper into the primeval solitudes. Lady Franklin feeling considerably indisposed, she was borne onwards by the parties who had previously undertaken that office. The sky was one of intense blue, the atmosphere of the purest ether—the sun shone brightly, fervidly, and universal nature rejoiced. The mean course, by compass, lay south by west, across the prevailing stony rises and marshy plains, such features, as I have had occasion to remark, being characteristic of the entire mountain region of Tasmania. An extensive hilly range, its points broken into bare and sharply-scarped craggy peaks, caught our eye in the southern quarter. In honour of the then reigning monarch, it received the appellation of "King William's Mount." In the west-north-west, the classic Olympus dares the sky. Some five miles south of Lake St. Clair, we entered an extensive marshy plain which, hitherto, has remained unnamed; but, skirting, as they do, the base of the regal mount, it was decided that henceforward they should bear the title of

“King William’s Plains,” even although another marshy track, nearer to the Derwent, had already been similarly styled. From the newly-named plains, “Mount Hobhouse,” another lofty, craggy, picturesque tier bears south-west; whilst at the point from which we now beheld them, “Mount Charles” began to open on the eastern board. Shortly afterwards, we crossed “Six-Mile Creek,” a beautiful and ample stream of most pellucid water—a stream infinitely more deserving the name of river than many of the petty brooks which Tasmania has thus dignified. In two miles more we reached the encampment of the evening, which was situated immediately at the base of King William’s Mount. From some pools of water near this spot, the encampment was called “The Ponds,” by Mr. Calder’s men. It was the first provision depôt, eight or nine miles from Lake St. Clair, a distance performed by us in three hours and three quarters. The tents were pitched in a position to which the grandeur of the landscape and the surpassing loveliness of the day imparted an inexpressible charm. The sun, however, went down with a lurid, murky glare—the horizon gleamed wild and watery, and we retired to rest far more doubtful than hopeful of the morrow.

Sunday, 3rd.—Between 3 and 6 A.M., it blew a perfect gale, which moderated but to be succeeded by mizzling rain.

A rainbow in the morning,
Is the sailor’s warning.

And upon this morning we were duly warned by one of very unmistakeable appearance, with the unwished-for accompaniments of a lowering sky and humid atmosphere. By 8 A.M., every tent, save Lady Franklin’s, had been struck, most of the knapsacks packed, and breakfast speedily thereafter despatched. His Excellency very shortly summoned the men, and in a thrilling tone of most impressive earnestness, read the morning service, to which he added a short but very striking sermon on the edict of Darius which consigned Daniel to the den of lions. In many a gorgeous temple have I listened to the soul-reviving promises of the Scriptures, but I much question if ever the language of sacred truth was more generally or attentively heard, than whilst delivered amid drizzling rain in the wild bush, to some who had proved most reckless violators of their country’s laws. May the truths of that holy hour live in *their* hearts, and sanctify our own. The weather becoming worse and worse, with every indication of an unfavourable continuance, Lady Franklin, too, remaining considerably indisposed, the tents were once more pitched, and our quarters reoccupied for the dreary uncomfortable day. Price, a police constable, here overtook us with despatches from Marlboro, and by this opportunity I was gratified with a communication from my family. The day wore away in squalls of rain, night setting in clear and starry.

Monday, 4th.—During the early part of the morning, rain fell thick and fast, and when day dawned, it looked sufficiently dark and dismal. As time wore, these threatening symptoms grew less, betokening at least occasional glimpses of fair weather. His Excellency’s despatches having been made up, Jones, another constable, started with them for Marlboro, and by noon we ourselves were again on the advance. Sir John and Lady Franklin’s visit to King William’s Mount will long be called to the recollection of future exploring Tasmanians, the date of

their arrival there being deeply graven in a large gum-tree, close by our bivouac fire, thus :—

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the mere date being, it is conceived, sufficient record to perpetuate unwonted events. In this vicinity, Mr. Calder, some time previously, discovered fragments of a human skeleton, doubtless that of some hapless runaway who had thus perished in the fruitless attempt to attain the settled districts from Macquarie Harbour, which was abandoned as a penal settlement in 1834.

Our course from King William's Mount lay south-west by south, through a small marsh, which we crossed immediately thereafter, winding a stony rise, and debouching upon open rough marsh land, uncumbered with trees, but white with small chips of pebbly quartz. Here we found a small shrub of delicious fragrance, called the Lemon Tea Tree, a portion of which mingled with the Chinese juice, imparted a very agreeable flavour. The plains which we now traversed, and which Lady Franklin, in compliment to the writer, requested his Excellency to name the "Burnian Plains," command an extensive prospect, the large expanse of bare hills to the right, left, and front, affording by the absence of wood a great relief to eyes so much habituated to seemingly interminable forests. Having passed about a mile and a quarter over these plains, the range of King William's Mount opens out into a variety of splendid dingles, vales, and peaky promontories. In one we traced a lively similitude to Arthur Seat,—the lion-shaped guardian of Dun Edin. These peaks bore south by east, whilst in the southern quarter a magnificent towering range, the base beautifully fringed with "gay green wood," the bare, craggy, sharply-serrated cliffs piercing the heavens, gave added boldness to a very bold and imposing landscape. "Burn Ridge" was the name again most kindly and courteously conferred upon mountains whereon I could not gaze without admiration. In the south-south-west "Mount Cheyne," so named by Mr. Calder, reared his naked, soaring peak. The ascent of the first bare hill in front was now commenced, and it tried the soundness of wind and limb of most of the group. Facing round when the summit had been won, we were gratified with one of the most extensive and magnificent panoramic pictures, bounded on the right and left by the mountains just named, and by the Wentworth range in the far north-west-by-west. The ascent of a second bare hill almost immediately succeeded to the first; the soil of both is loose and boggy, large quartz rocks everywhere projecting. These hill-sides recalled vividly to memory the mountain tracks of well-beloved Connaught; but the Hibernian come far short in altitude of the stupendous Tasmanian tiers. A slight vale intervened; but at 2h. 15m. we crowned the third bare eminence, which was more lofty and arduous than either of its fellows. From its nearly perpendicular western descent, Mr. Calder's men most appropriately designated this towering acclivity, "Fatigue Hill." It transcends the power of the most gifted pen; mine is wholly incompetent to convey the faintest idea of the

scene that here meets the traveller's gaze. Its magnificent grandeur—its boundless extent—its infinite variety—its romantic loveliness—its pictorial wildness—the enchanting graces of its innumerable panoramic beauties, astound and delight, fresh subjects of admiration wooing the eye at every turn. Water alone is wanting to render this the most imposing scene the world could probably produce; perhaps, even as it is, it may fearlessly challenge such competition. At one glance, the eye surveys nature in endless assumption of her most attractive forms—the grand and the gay—the rich and luxuriant—the soft and the pastoral—the savage and the sublime. Far away south, a mighty gorge discloses its cloud-capped, shivered points, one of the south-by-east angles surmounted by three strongly-defined peaks, distinguished, from their similitude to the chalky points of the Isle of Wight, by the appropriate title, “The Southern Needles.” The range of the Frenchman, whose centre bears west-south-west, was visible; but the peculiarly distinctive cap which confers the name to this mighty tier, was most unfortunately enveloped in clouds, thereby divesting the landscape of one of its grandest and most majestic features. How shall I feebly attempt to paint the charming plains beneath? Broken into countless varieties of hill and dale, of floral mead or grassy knoll, of verdant copse or sunny bank, glowing in fine, with every attractive attribute of pictorial loveliness or romantic fascination, they must be seen to be conceived; description fails me. At 2h. 45m. P.M., not half satiated with gazing, the descent of the Fatigue, estimated by Mr. Calder at some 1800 feet, was commenced. Its semi-perpendicular sides put the elastic quality of our muscles to a severe ordeal. More than once we embraced our mother earth; but as the Scotch song says,—

When we fell, we aye got up again.

Half-way down, the valley in which King's River finds a channel is discernible, but the stream winds its covert course amid deep impenetrable gleus in the north-west. An hour sufficed to carry us safely to the base of Fatigue, which rests on a rotten, spongy bog. Here, in a hollow tree, a shingle hammer, some tea, and a few more articles, gave unequivocal token that runaways had been able to get thus far from the fatal Harbour; whilst further on, fragments of jackets and other felon clothing bore plain and fearful testimony to the relentless character of the inhospitable death-dealing region. From this, a short mile conducts to “Wombat Glen,” so called from the number of those animals there abounding. This was the second provision depôt, the spot of the night's encampment, and eight miles from King William's Mount. It is a lonely, yet lovely mountain dell, running north-north-east and south-south-west. We arrived at 4h. 30m. P.M., and found our tents ready to receive us, after our short but toilsome march. Mr. Calder offered me a share of his blanket tent, of which I gladly availed myself, becoming his chum for the rest of the tour.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BRUSH ON THE COAST OF NORWAY.

BY ONE ENGAGED IN IT.

It was not one of the least remarkable features of the determined conflict in which England was engaged for the preservation of national honour with almost every power in Europe, that the immense commerce carried on with different parts of the world was frequently transported through the very heart of an enemy's dominions, whilst our royal fleets, in the pride and defiance of supremacy, lay snugly moored in some of the best harbours and ports of the kingdoms with which we were at open and active hostility. This was more especially the case in both instances with respect to Denmark, which country was unhappily forced into warfare by circumstances that are not necessary to be entered upon here, but merely to mention that a more brave, enterprising, and watchful opponent England never had. It is true that the Danes had been deprived of their fleet, and could show no commanding force at sea in the line of battle; but it must be well remembered by all who were employed as convoys to our immense commercial marine, that more vigilant cruisers never floated on the ocean, than those carrying the swallow-tailed ensign,—red, with a diagonal white cross. Nor was it in large craft alone that this extreme activity prevailed; there were gun-boats and row-boats constantly on the alert, and the masters of merchant ships, unable, through the apprehensions of capture, to spread canvas to the breeze, daringly ventured out in small boats to dog the convoys, under the expectation of making a dash upon some straggler and bearing her off as a prize.

I remember a remarkable incident of this nature that occurred in the neighbourhood of Nyborg, in 1812. One of the hired cutters, commanded by a Lieutenant, was dodging about the rear of a convoy all night, but it fell calm towards the morning, and at daylight, a six-oared Danish yawl, with seven men, (six at the paddles and one steering) was discovered about three miles from her, pulling eagerly and vigorously for a brig that lay becalmed at some considerable distance from any of the English men-of-war, but there was about the same space intervening between her and the cutter as there was between the brig and the Danish boat. The master of the hired vessel informed the Lieutenant, who instantly made his appearance; and whilst carefully scanning the enemy through his glass, his second in command manned a long Deal galley, pulling the same number of oars as the Dane, into which he also ordered two seamen to act with small arms. A smart five-oared boat was likewise prepared, the men in both all well armed, and awaited the Lieutenant's command.

"They are fine daring fellows," said the latter, as he kept his glass steadily fixed upon the yawl, "and they shall be equally as bravely met." He turned round and exclaimed, "Six volunteers for the galley. I will go with you. Seven Englishmen should be a match for seven Danes any day in the year. Come, bear a-hand! six volunteers,—and send the two extra hands out."

The crew of the galley would not yield up their oars to the many who offered; and the two men who had been ordered to quit the boat

did so very reluctantly. The Lieutenant jumped in; the bowman shoved off; the oars dropped in the water, and away went the galley propelled by stout nerves and bold hearts. It was a beautiful race: the Danes saw the object, and were excited to increased energy, especially as the delay of getting the galley ready had given them the start. But the admirable construction of the Deal boat rendered her of greater speed than the yawl, and she seemed literally to fly like an arrow through the yielding element. They were not long in nearing each other, as they pulled obliquely for the brig. The Lieutenant observed the Danish steersman to rise, and point a musket towards the galley. "Give way, my lads," he shouted, "we shall beat them hollow." The next instant, whilst the smoke was curling above the yawl, one of the galley's men fell from his thwart, his oar caught the water and retarded the stroke, and he himself lay stretched out lifeless in the bottom of the boat.

"Lay in that paddle," said the Lieutenant, as a sternness came over his features. "Bear a hand about it, my boys,—there's odds against you; but sit steady fore and aft, and we shall make all square again directly."

Whilst giving these directions, the officer poised a musket in his hands; then quickly rising, he took steady aim; whilst the Danish steersman, who had been watching every proceeding, again stood up in the stern-sheets of the yawl; the white smoke enveloped both boats at the same moment of time; the ball from the yawl flew harmlessly over the galley, but the Lieutenant's shot told upon the Danish strokesman, who made a few feeble efforts to retain his position, but, suddenly swaying from side to side, he dropped his oar and sank down.

"Hurrah! my lads, I knew we should soon be on an equality again," said the English officer; "hurrah! and stretch out, they have had enough of it, and are pulling in for the shore."

This was the fact, for the Danes saw the impracticability of being first to board the brig on which they had so much relied; and, well aware of the impossibility of recruiting their numerical strength, whilst the chances were that the firing would bring the boats of the convoy upon them, had turned the yawl's head to the land, not expecting that they should be pursued. But the English Lieutenant was determined not to let them off so easily; he kept cheering on his men, who wanted but little encouragement, and they bent sturdily to their work, till on an instant the Danes rose simultaneously in the yawl, and catching up their firearms the whole six let fly at once: there was not a man of the galley's crew that was not wounded; one severely, the others slightly, and the Lieutenant a musket-ball through his shoulder.

"Stand by to run your oars athwart, and handle your small arms, my lads," said the officer, "we'll profit by his example." He waved his hat; up sprang the galley's men, wounded as they were, and fired at the yawl. The steersman and one other dropped. The English resumed their oars; but the Danes, intent alone upon retaliation, laid theirs across to reload, and a discharge quickly followed, one shot only doing any mischief; and that was upon the Lieutenant himself, who received it in his hip. Before more firing could take place the boats were alongside of each other, and after a sharp hand-to-hand struggle, the yawl was captured; but not till two more of the Danes and one of the English had fallen, never to rise again, and those who remained on both sides were

exhausted and nearly helpless, so that the boats lay like logs upon the water.

By this time, however, the barges and pinnaces of the *Courageux*, seventy-four, the *Horatio* frigate, and several other men-of-war, were on the move towards the scene of action, and soon had both the victors and the vanquished in tow for the fleet. The galley, as the fastest boat, was manned with fresh hands, and all the wounded being put into her, were promptly conveyed to the Commodore; on board of whom the dead soon afterwards arrived.

Never did I behold more robust or better made men than the Danes—the oldest of them was not more than thirty, and the youngest just turned twenty-two, and far superior in appearance to the common run of mariners. The survivors were treated most kindly—the wounded well taken care of. During the day a Danish row-boat, with a Lieutenant, bearing a flag of truce from Nyborg, came alongside to inquire the fate of their countrymen. The utmost courtesy was shown to the officer; and then the fact transpired, that the seven intrepid and adventurous men were masters and mates of merchant-ships, who had been utterly ruined by the war. They had all been on the eve of being married, and nothing but actual poverty had deterred them from becoming united to females whom they ardently loved. Thus circumstanced, they entered into an agreement to obtain a letter of marque for the yawl as a privateer, which was accomplished without difficulty: and they fully resolved to run all hazards to win themselves a marriage-portion from the English. Only three of them returned alive to the shore, and they were badly wounded. The English Lieutenant, (I forget his name,) was shortly afterwards made a Commander; but he was killed in a boat encounter not many months subsequent to his promotion.

It was certainly a spirit-stirring spectacle to witness the movements of the convoys, sometimes not less than four or five hundred sail, as they passed through the Great Belt, closely led and surrounded by ships of war, whilst the enemy's gun and row-boats kept pace with them in-shore, and on the land, troops of Horse Artillery were constantly seen progressively advancing amongst the green trees. It was a proud sight for an Englishman, but a humiliating one to the Danes, who constantly beheld the ships of England, richly freighted, passing their once flourishing ports, but then deserted by commerce, and rapidly falling into decay.

The cruising-ground of the larger Danish vessels of war was the Sleeve, between the Skaw Point and the coast of Norway; the cruisers always finding sure shelter within the rocky islands of the latter iron-bound shore. At one time the flying squadron in these seas consisted of a 38-gun frigate and eight heavy sloops of war, besides smaller craft, and gun-boats innumerable. Our gun-brigs stood no chance whatever with them, and yet they were the principal vessels employed in convoying merchant-ships from England. In 1812, the depredations of these cruisers had increased to an extent that demanded attention; and in consequence of representations, the Dictator, 64, under the command of a very young but gallant Captain, J. P. S., was sent to look after them. He was well known to the Danes, having only a few months previous, in the *Sheldrake* sloop of war, committed sad havoc amongst the armament which had been expressly fitted out to recapture the Island of

Anholt; his conduct on that occasion having obtained for him post rank.

It was on a fine summer afternoon that we were standing in for the land, with a pleasant breeze, an 18-gun brig in company (and were soon afterwards joined by two smaller vessels) when the look-out on the foretop-sail-yard hailed the deck, to say that he could see the mast-heads of several vessels over the high rocks of Mardoe. Every one was instantly on the alert—glasses were put in immediate requisition—officers (amongst whom was the Captain) hurried aloft, and it was soon ascertained that this was the enemy's squadron; their long bright red pennants flying out in bold relief against the dark granite of the mountains in the back-ground. Yes, there they lay at anchor, apparently in all the confidence of fancied security, laughing at the disappointed English outside. Their long white taper top-gallant masts could be clearly distinguished above the huge mass of black rocks, and no doubt could be entertained, on account of the height of the spars above the rest, that one of them was the frigate *Nayaden*, and the others heavy sloops of war.

Here was work cut out for one who had never known what idleness or fear was, and who, rather than remain still, generally contrived to get into some kind of mischief, (such as filling rabbit-holes with gun-powder and blowing himself up). The Dictator was ho-e-to, and the Commanders of the brigs came on board; and then it was that Captain S. expressed his determination to run in and attack the Danish squadron; and inquiry was made for a pilot competent to lead in. It so happened that there was a man in the *Podargus* 16-gun brig, who had been formerly for many years engaged in the Norway timber trade, and at one time was master of a ship, but the war and misfortunes had reduced him. He was impressed, and at that time acted as Quartermaster. He professed to have an accurate knowledge of the channel, with the exception of one particular part, respecting which he was doubtful. This was a flat of covered rock, only a few feet below the surface of the water, the marks for which he had either forgotten or had probably never known them.

The *Podargus* was appointed to lead; and the signals were made to "prepare for battle," and also to "get ready for anchoring with springs on the cables." It was near one bell of the second dog-watch that the sixty-four trimmed sails for the entrance, the others following the example. It was a glorious evening, and a delightful breeze along shore, so that we went in with the wind nearly on the larboard beam, and the water perfectly smooth. From the moment of filling, we could perceive that our motions were carefully watched by the enemy, who had hands aloft on the yards and in the cross-tress keeping a sharp look-out; but though they saw us standing boldly in for the land, they did not even then seem to suspect that a real attack was intended; nor was it till we were close to the rocks that their minds became suddenly enlightened, and then, with the utmost precipitation, they cut from their anchors, and spread a cloud of canvas to escape.

Those who were unacquainted with the precipitous character of the coast were puzzled to find anything like an opening amongst the huge masses of black granite that were everywhere frowning in promiscuous piles, as if thrown together by some powerful and gigantic struggle of nature; but suddenly the little brig shot into a chasm between two

rugged rocks, that seemed scarcely wide enough for herself to get through, and many thought that the sixty-four must inevitably get jammed, like Jackson, if she attempted it. But Capt. S., who coned her himself, pushed resolutely on after his leader, keeping the ship so nicely in mid-channel that she never touched on either hand. Had she been only a few fathoms either on the one side or the other, she must have rubbed her copper against the rocks; as it was, the main-yard-arms, though the starboard-brace was hauled in, barely went clear. Once withinside and the channel widened, large insular rocks, nearly as high as the topmast cross-trees, rising to seaward, and mountains piled upon mountains, with sharp and craggy brows, lifting their heads into the clear heavens on the larboard hand, where here and there, sheltered by firs, in some sequestered nook, appeared a small nest of dwellings, or a single habitation.

As soon as we had rounded the inner point of the entrance we caught sight of the frigate and sloops, making all sail before the breeze; but whither they were steering to was a point no one could decide, for right ahead of them was a barrier of black jagged rocks, rising two or three hundred feet above the level of the ocean, and the white canvas of the squadron, as it aspired from the deck to the track of each, had a strange and peculiar effect against the extreme depth of darkness in the distance, above which shone the clear bright heavens, glowing in the glorious tints of a summer sunset. It was a spectacle seldom witnessed,—perhaps never before, especially on such an occasion.

The helm was put up,—the yards were squared,—in obedience to the progress of our little leader, who had shot some space in advance, when in an instant she stood stock still, and we heard her Captain hailing to us, “Starboard,—starboard hard. We are on the rocks.” This was exactly the spot concerning which the Quartermaster of the brig had declared his ignorance; and by keeping too cautiously from the mainland, in order, as he hoped, to give it a wide berth, he run right slap upon it, and stuck fast. By promptly steering to port we escaped the danger, a boat was despatched for the pilot, who was soon on board, the gun-brig’s signal was made to remain by ships in distress, and, accompanied only by the sloop-of-war,—I think the *Calypso*,—away went the Dictator in pursuit of the enemy, several batteries opening upon her as she proceeded.

One anecdote I well remember. Whilst threading the mazes of this intricate passage, a Scotchman, who had been up in the foretop, came down and informed the Boatswain,

“Eh, Ser, but there’s a whole reg’ment of sojers just ayont that rock there,—lying in ambush to have a pop at us as we pass under them. I could see their furry caps quite plain, bobbing above the ridge.”

“Never mind, Saunders,” replied old Pipes, “we’ll tickle their wigs for them presently. Lend us a hand, Muster Morrison, just to slue the nine-pounder’s breech round, and elevate the muzzle as high as you can. There, that ull do,—that ull do,—and there’s grape and canister in it; for I saw it loaded myself.”

Every eye on the forecastle was directed towards the spot that the Scotchman had pointed out; and, sure enough, there was every now and then a bobbing about of heads, that disappeared again in an instant, and, but for their light hue, would not have been seen at all.

“Ech, there they are, Sir,” said the topman eagerly, “I wish you’d

dislodge them, Mr. Morrison; for its no vera cannie to be aloft and knocked over like partridges."

"Stand by, Pipes," said Morrison, the Master's Mate, "blow the match—now—fire!"

The gun was well laid, the smoke curled above their heads, and the shot rattled amongst the rocks, when, to our surprise and merriment, instead of driving away a regiment of soldiers, we started a flock of sheep, that went off at full speed; and, as soon as the fact was known, a loud burst of laughter resounded fore and aft.

And now we were running along before the wind, with studding-sails set, between high and precipitous cliffs, past which the studding-sail-booms grazed on either side, but without being carried away. It was, indeed, a most strange passage, and the scenery, for wildness and grandeur, was such as I had never before beheld; nor can it be described in adequate language to convey a proper idea of the reality. The massive and rocky mountains,—abrupt and broken in almost every part,—dark and frowning below in the approaching twilight, yet gradually acquiring a deep blue tint, as ascending higher they caught the last rays of the declining sun, which touched the ridges on the summits with a border of gold. Amidst the intense deepness of shade arose the sails of the pursued, and hanging amongst the rugged cliffs was the smoke from the guns of the ships and batteries, taking,—to a vivid imagination,—the undefined formation of light and restless spirits, desirous of a better home. Nor were the batteries the least picturesque part of the shifting panorama,—some were erected on lofty situations, where the glare of the Danish red-and-white ensign was subdued by the gorgeous splendour of the sky,—others were at the base of precipitous rocks, where the flag was sternly contrasted with the deep blue already mentioned, and we passed more than one or two ports, where from ten to twenty timber-ships were lying, taking in (under license) cargoes for our dockyards and arsenals in England, in each of which the Danish colours were flying, and every gun-boat—which, like mosquitoes in the West Indies, amounted to legions—displayed an ensign as a sort of prescriptive right to discharge a long 24-pounder at the sixty-four. How we escaped from being knocked into splinters is a mystery I have never been able to fathom. We had only thirty-six guns on our broadside, whilst frequently there could not have been less than treble that number fired simultaneously at the Dictator.

Great excitement, checked by cool discipline, prevailed amongst both officers and men as the ship gradually gained within a mile of the flying enemy, and discharging her broadsides at the forts and gun-boats, *en passant*. Captain S. was in his glory, and in the height of his gratification he could not refrain from passing a few practical jokes upon his officers, especially upon one who, from his slovenly habits, had acquired the soubriquet of "John Pig," some two or three years before in the Brazils.

The sun went down about three-quarters of an hour after our first entrance on this intricate navigation; but still the Danish squadron stood on under a press of canvas, and perseveringly, with every stitch she could well carry, the sixty-four followed. The breeze had died away, and sometimes in the deep chasms it was scarcely felt at all, so as to set the canvas to sleep; but the water was as still and as smooth as a mill-

pond, except where between the openings in the outer rocks the gentle swell came rolling in, and then we could catch sight of the ocean, and the resplendent glow left by the departed luminary on the horizon. But it was the season of the year when in those latitudes there is but little night; and though in the abyss through which we were sailing, it was almost black, yet the sky above our heads was delightfully clear, shedding a crystalline light that was very beautiful. As the time progressed, and the darkness increased, the flashes from the guns produced something similar to the vivid darting of the electric fluid from a thunder cloud; whilst the rattling of the reports echoed and re-echoed from cliff to cliff, repeated amongst the cavities, and answered by the batteries, had a thrilling and curious effect.

It was somewhere between three or four bells, in the first watch, that after a chase of more than two hours and a half, during which we could not have run less than fourteen miles, the frigate and three brigs brought up in the creek of Lyngoe, where it formed a sort of small artificial basin, the entrance to which was so narrow, that the sixty-four having shoved her nose on to the shore, swung with her broadside to the enemy, and completely closed up the space. The enemy had anchored with springs upon their cables, and laid in such a position that the squadron alone brought fifty-four guns to bear upon us; whilst in a short time every interstice between the numerous rocky islets was filled with gun-boats, that it was next to impossible for us to get a shot at. They loaded under cover of the rocks; then just pulled out far enough to fire, and instantly retreated again.

We were within hail of the frigate, and the Danes certainly fought with great determination; but the very first discharge from the Dictator, steadily poured in, caused tremendous destruction amongst them, and battered down some small houses that were in a line beyond the squadron. As every vessel was at this time a fixture, there was no difficulty in pointing the metal; though the dense smoke prevented our seeing the enemy, except at intervals, when the eddy winds came whirling down the mountains and swept the vapour partially away. Never did Britons behave better than our brave fellows on that occasion; the odds were terribly against them; but their thoughts were fixed upon conquest, and upon nothing else: they resolved to sustain the supremacy of the English colours against all odds. The Calypso had taken up a good position; and she did great execution amongst the gun-boats, whilst her 32-pounders told well at such a short distance from the squadron.

In little more than half an hour from grounding, the *Nayaden* was a complete wreck, and her men began rapidly to desert her; the colours were no longer visible either in the frigate or the brigs, and flames were seen ascending from the main-hatchway of the former. We ceased firing, the boats were manned, and sent to take possession, and to rescue as many of our opponents as possible from the horrible death which was threatening them. On very few occasions could there have been a more appalling sight than that which the deck of the frigate presented: her sides were nearly battered in: her bulwarks rent into splinters in almost every part; the feet plashed in pools of thick blood; and the dead and the dying in promiscuous heaps, met the eye at every turn; an uncontrollable conflagration was raging below, and the ship was sinking. The utmost exertions which humanity could prompt, were instantly

called into operation, for the purpose of saving as many of the wounded as we could. The boats were filled and sent away; but it was impossible to remain long on board. She burnt with fury; and soon afterwards went down, carrying numbers with her into the grave of waters—sick, maimed, and expiring.

One of the prize brigs was also burnt, and another had taken fire; but after great labour and peril on the part of the Dictator's people, it was extinguished; and we now set to work getting the sixty-four afloat, which after accomplishing, we commenced warping out with our prizes into the fair way, when a fleet of gun-boats renewed the attack upon us, and kept up an incessant discharge of round grape and cannister, that galled us severely. The *Calyпсо* sunk several; but still their numbers kept increasing, and at last we were compelled to land the Marines upon several of the rocks, behind which the Danes concealed themselves, and some smart volleys of musketry kept many of them in check.

By daybreak we had got pretty well out, when unfortunately the two prizes grounded and stuck fast; nor could any efforts get them afloat. Part of their crews, and many of the wounded were still on board of them, so that humanity forbade that they should be destroyed by fire; parol was therefore taken for the prisoners, and our hard-earned trophies were abandoned: but we had no sooner gained a convenient distance, than the guns of the brigs re-opened; but whether they were manned by their remaining crews or fresh hands from the row-boats, I have never ascertained; at all events, it was an ungrateful return for the lenity which had been shown. About half-past three of a most lovely morning, we were outside, clear of all, and turned-to, to repair damages. The continued shower of shot to which we had been so many hours exposed, it may naturally be supposed had made work for the carpenters, sail-makers, and riggers; but certainly it was nothing equal to what might have been expected, when it is considered that, upon a moderate calculation, upwards of 18,000 pounds weight of iron had been thrown at us with the most marked intention of perpetrating mischief. Nor was the Doctor idle; for besides the Danes, we had twenty-four Dictator's wounded, fifteen or sixteen of them very severely. The number killed was five—three seamen, a Marine, and a boy, whose remains were committed to the deep. The loss of the Danes in killed and wounded, could not have been less than 400: whilst the entire on our part, (the Dictator and brigs,) was nine killed, thirty-nine wounded, and two men missing, supposed to have fallen overboard. The *Podargus* and gun-brig (the latter commanded by as gallant a little fellow as ever lived, named England, under whom Capt. S. when a boy received his first initiation to a naval life, and who was one of the Lieutenants of the *Goliath* at the battle of the Nile, and had previous to his present appointment, fought a brig upon the Danish coast till she went down under him,) had both got out about the same time as ourselves, but very much mauled, after seven hours' hard fighting. Thus terminated a Night Brush on the Coast of Norway; but we afterwards learned that many of the gun-boats had been manned by the crews of the licensed timber-ships destined for England.

A FEW ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON "SANDHURST."

BY A MILITARY AMATEUR.

ONCE ourselves a Cadet, and, moreover, a student at the Senior Department of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, we have perused with considerable interest an article upon that Institution, in the March and April numbers of this publication; and having duly read, scanned, and inwardly digested the hints given by the "Old Cadet," for better conducting the system of education pursued there, and more particularly as regards the greater facility of obtaining admittance thereto for the orphans and children of officers of the Army and Navy, we took the trouble to write to an intelligent correspondent in Germany, an officer of the Prussian army, to ascertain the general footing on which military education is based in that nation of soldiers, where every man who can shoulder a firelock is enrolled amongst his country's defenders.

The following is the reply we in due course received to our numerous queries on the subject:—

THE PRUSSIAN SYSTEM OF MILITARY EDUCATION.

"Many many thanks for your kindness in sending me the United Service Magazine for last December; it reached me about the 20th of last month, after previously receiving your letter of the 4th December, in consequence of which I transmitted a note to your friend — at Brussels, who was kind enough to send me the pamphlet. I again, to-day, received a letter preparing me for the arrival of this month's number of the United Service Magazine, which, as a parcel, could not be despatched by the post for letters, but has to follow the slower course by the *snail-post*. As soon as I got the first part of your 'Remarks on the Prussian Army,' I translated it into German, and despatched it to the General Von Pfuel, who had begged me to send it to him as soon as it came out. He has as yet kept it as well as the United Service Magazine, but now I expect them back every hour, and hope, therefore, not to close this letter without communicating to you what he has said on the subject. In the meanwhile, I shall advert to your letter of inquiry, and answer as many questions as I am able to give you a satisfactory solution to. First, then, as to Military Education in Prussia:

"For the sons of officers there exist five Cadetten-Corps, namely, Bensberg, (in the Rhenish provinces); Culm, (province of West Prussia); Wahlstadt, (province of Silesia, which dominion was given to Prince Blucher); Potsdam; and Berlin. The first three are considered preparatory for the others, from which the young men, according to their knowledge, conduct, and progress, are sent into the army as officers, Ensigns*, Serjeants, or even as private soldiers, at the beginning of their eighteenth year. The lads, having attained their tenth year, are allowed to enter these corps, of which each is divided into

* In Prussia, the Ensign is not considered a commissioned officer.

several classes, according to the different degrees of the boys' knowledge. The youths are dressed very much like the Infantry, and the whole establishment is kept up in a military way; they are divided into companies, have their exercises, and mount guard, and the most distinguished of them are made Serjeants or Ensigns in the corps. The teachers are all officers of different regiments, who may feel inclined for this duty, and are talented enough to be entrusted with such an important branch of the Service. I need scarcely add, that these officers get an increase of pay.

"The fathers of those boys who are received into a corps pay according to the rank they hold in the army, but the orphans of officers are admitted gratis. A Captain pays about 15*l.* English annually for the education of his son, for which the latter is provided with every thing (food, clothing, and instruction, included,) by Government; the *highest* amount a father has to pay annually may be three or four times this sum. These institutions prove advantageous to the Army, as officers brought up there generally distinguish themselves by their practical military knowledge. On an average, it may be said that about the fourth or fifth part of the officers in a regiment are educated at these institutions, but this proportion is less in the Cavalry and Artillery.

"Next to these Cadetten-Corps, as we call them, there is a military school attached to each division, (Divisions-Schule,) which is intended to prepare all the Ensigns of the division for passing their examination as officers. This institution is free from all expense; books, &c., are provided by the Government; and, moreover, these Ensigns have the same pay, and receive the same regimentals, bread, shirts, boots, &c., as if they were actually doing duty. By-the-bye, I do not remember if I ever told you in one of my former letters anything about these Ensigns, and that they receive about nine thalers (twenty-seven shillings,) pay monthly, besides the above advantages. The teachers at the Division School are officers of the regiments belonging to that division, with the two clergymen belonging to it; the officers get annually a sum of from 10*l.* to 20*l.* for their trouble. The school lasts nine months in the year, from October to the ensuing July; it is then dissolved, and the Ensigns, as well as the officers, return to their different regiments, to assist at the manoeuvres which generally take place during the months of July, August, and September. This system has the double advantage, that officers thereby do not become strangers to the Service, and that the Ensigns have the benefit of seeing practically executed, what they in the first instance learnt theoretically, thus enabling theory and practice to go hand-in-hand.

"The school is divided into two classes, and called by the number of the division; for instance, with our 7th Army Corps are the 13th and 14th Division Schools; a Major is generally the director.

"Besides these two institutions, there is a *Military Academy* at Berlin (called Kriegsschule) for officers *only*; this is intended for giving to the officers of the whole army an opportunity of perfecting themselves in the higher branches not only of military knowledge, but of the sciences, and is the medium of getting afterwards on the general Staff. The particulars about it are as follows; any officer of the Army, (Infantry, Cavalry, or Artillery,) after having been such for three years, may request permission to undergo the requisite examination, which

after having satisfactorily passed he is entitled to admittance. The Kriegsschule is divided into three classes, each class containing forty officers, and the system of instruction is so arranged that in the course of three years all the different subjects have been entered into; each following year all the officers enter into a higher class, and those who have been there three years return to their regiments.

"This institution* is like all the rest, free from charge to individuals; the officers who have passed good examinations are sent at the expense of Government to Berlin, keep their pay as usual, and receive the higher lodging money for the capital†. This Kriegsschule, similar to the Division Schools, lasts only nine months in the year, from October to July, when all the officers return either to their own regiments, or to any regiment they choose, to do duty with for three months, in order that they may not get out of drill practice. Their travelling expenses are defrayed by Government. The teachers at this Kriegsschule are the most distinguished officers of the general Staff, of Engineers, or Artillery, and it is, besides, superintended by the Professors from the University. The different subjects here taught are tactics, art of siege, geography, natural and mental philosophy, &c., &c. After this course of three years, (at which every officer is allowed the attendance of his soldier-servant,) the students return to their regiments, and are in due time either called in for the Topographische or Trigonometrische-Bureau, or are appointed Adjutants of brigade, division, &c.

"I forgot to mention under the former head, about military education, that we have two large establishments for soldiers' boys, (or, more particularly, serjeants' boys,) at Annaburg, and the large military orphans' house at Potsdam; each of them contains between 400 and 500 boys. To the first, they are only admitted on entering their tenth year; but at the latter, they are received at a still earlier age. These two institutions are preparatory to the Schul-Abtheilung, at Potsdam, where they are sent after having passed their eighteenth year. Here they remain three years, and learn their drill, and all practical military exercises, together with as much of writing, arithmetic, geography, history, &c., as is required for a non-commissioned officer. After their twenty-first year they are sent to the army, but always as private soldiers, it being left to the Captain to promote them to non-commissioned officers, or not, according to their merit and conduct. This institution proves very useful as a nursery for a good set of non-commissioned officers, which it would otherwise sometimes be very difficult for us to procure, as the men constituting that class may have private property and lands, to which they naturally desire to return: but the young men sent from the Schul-Abtheilung are generally orphans, without any possessions whatever, have been in military training from their childhood, know no other trade whereby to gain a livelihood, and afford therefore, generally speaking, good materials to make Serjeants of. This Schul-Abtheilung proves also of use in keeping up our military bands, and whenever a regiment is at a loss for some particular musician, they apply to this institution, where they can get men who play on every different kind of instrument.

* Which appears to be analogous to our Senior Department at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst.

† Vide United Service Magazine for December, 1842, page 513:

"I will now revert to my first subject: our 'Military Education.' I mentioned the Topographische-Bureau, to which some of the officers (who have, at their attendance of the Kriegsschule, most distinguished themselves,) are called in; the number of officers who form this topographical bureau amounts to forty, and their business is, what I believe you call *military surveying*; they are sent during the summer months into the different provinces, where they have to measure the ground, to correct and review the maps, &c.; and in winter they return to Berlin, where they have to draw the maps, which, particularly in a military point of view, must give a distinct and clear idea of the undulations and general surface of the ground. These officers always work in the summer under the superintendence of a Major of the general Staff. The officers called in for the Trigonometrische-Bureau consist of a smaller number, but are also chosen from those officers who at the Kriegsschule have most distinguished themselves, particularly in arithmetic and geometry; these, like the former, work in the summer in the different provinces, to *lay a net over the country*, by which the most important points of the ground are fixed by means of trigonometrical measurements. (I beg to apologize for being unable to express myself better on this subject, but I know your English establishments so little, that I do not know how to make a right comparison, and I feel particularly the want of the *termini technici*.) The officers attached to the above-mentioned bureaus have a very liberal allowance; they remain there three years, and then return to their respective regiments, from whence, in the course of time, they are likely to be promoted as Adjutants of brigade, division, or Corps d'Armée, or may be placed to the general Staff.

"You see, by these short hints, how much our officers are indebted to the excellent institutions of our military colleges, where the poorest and the richest enjoy the same privileges. The only obligations we entail upon ourselves by being thus educated is, that for each year we have visited the Divisions-Schule, we promise to serve *one* year, after having quitted it; and for each year at the Kriegsschule or Topographisches or Trigonometrische-Bureaus, *three* years; therefore, after having attended the Kriegsschule three years, we are obliged to serve nine years longer in the army before we can retire, even should we wish to do so.

"Now, in answer to your second question about our 'Court-Martials.' During my stay in England, I had an opportunity of seeing a regimental court-martial, which differed somewhat from the way in which ours are conducted. With us, before a court-martial can be held, the Auditeur—a kind of military lawyer, of which one is attached to each Division,—must have fully investigated the case, with all the various circumstances which may tend to aggravate or palliate it: he must have heard the whole of the witnesses *pro* and *con*, and all they have to say is to be written down. A court-martial is composed of various grades, three members of each of which must be present; for instance, to try a private soldier, it is necessary to have three privates, three Corporals (gefreite), three non-commissioned officers (unter officiere,) three Serjeants, three Second Lieutenants, three First Lieutenants, three Captains, and one Major, who is the President. The *lowest* class is always that to which the criminal belongs. When the specified number is assembled, the criminal is brought in, and is asked by the Auditeur

whether he has any objections to urge against any of the members present; if he answers in the negative, we all take the oath, which the Auditeur gives out aloud, and we repeat, word for word. The Auditeur then reads the whole case, the criminal being present. When the perusal is finished, the accused is asked whether he has any thing new to communicate, (which is seldom the case;) if he has not, he declares this by writing his name, and is taken back to prison. The Auditeur now shows in as few words as possible the state of the matter, lays the crime open with all its proofs and doubts, and proposes the measure of punishment, citing that paragraph of the *Articles of War* which may be applicable to the case in point. As the *Articles of War* seldom fix a particular measure of punishment, but leave it generally between two limits, the exact measure of punishment is to be decided on by the court-martial. As soon as the Auditeur has finished, the four under classes leave the room, and each class separately talk the matter over, and fix amongst themselves the quantum of punishment. When they have made up their minds, the privates first enter the court, and declare their decision in the matter; then follow the corporals, and so on, till last of all, the President gives his vote. They *all* sign the sentence, and the officers affix their seals to their names. If any class deviate from the Auditeur's proposition, and maintain their opinion, the Auditeur is obliged to write down the sentence of this particular class, alleging at the same time the reason of their dissent. At the beginning of each court-martial, the President reminds the members that their sentence is to be kept secret until it comes back from Berlin with the King's approval, which all sentences are obliged to have, before they can legally be carried into effect.

"You ask about our military libraries. As far as I know, all regiments are provided with one, originally established from the proceeds of captured guns taken from the enemy, and which have afterwards been sold for this purpose; and these establishments are afterwards kept up by a trifling deduction made monthly from the officers' pay. There are no libraries for our private soldiers.

"Athletic exercises are only so far introduced in our army, as that the men, of course, learn the exercise of the bayonet, with all the preparatory drill necessary thereto, such as bending in their hips, throwing back their shoulders, twisting the body into different positions, &c., &c., and the arms get strengthened by balancing the musket. We have no fencing-master in our regiments, nor do our officers ever learn this art, except at their private expense; neither is there any such instruction for our non-commissioned officers or men.

* * * * *

"My *candid* opinion on your remarks about the Prussian army* is, that you have succeeded in giving a right and true picture of the whole review, and have shown by your scrutinizing into all the minutiae with such attention, how fortunate we may deem ourselves to have been so indulgently judged by a British soldier. Even the '*but*' that follows this true sentiment, is not to be dreaded, and refers only to the following trifling errors:—There are a few slight mistakes about the distribution of the infantry in the camp, there not having been any

* See the United Service Magazine for December, 1842, and January, 1843.

'Guards.' The credit of having invented the new dress appertains to the *Immediat-Commission*. The razor, comb, brushes, the soldier has to provide himself with at his own cost.

"I do not know whether you have ever visited our part of the country; but in your next travels, Wesel, as a strongly-fortified town, will give me the opportunity, I hope, of showing you again something of our Prussian military arrangements, and afford me at the same time the pleasure of shaking you once more by the hand. You should have had this ill-written letter much earlier; but, in truth, I have been extremely engaged, though not as an author. Feeling many apologies are due for my innumerable tautologies, &c., &c., yet assuring you at the same time I consider it no task, but rather a pleasure, to communicate my stock of knowledge, limited as it is, believe me to remain,

"Most sincerely yours,

"VON GERSTEIN HOHENSTEIN."

The perusal of the article of the "Old Cadet," having led us to investigate the subject in question more closely than we at first intended, and in the prosecution of our inquiries to overhaul several old "musty parchments," we, amongst other documents, stumbled by chance on a French work, entitled, "View of the History and Actual State of the Military Force of Great Britain," by Charles Dupin, from whence we have extracted the following brief notices, which may be interesting to the "Cadet," and to such readers as may have perused his pages on the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, as the French author in his very inaccuracies,—at least as far as relates to the existing state of things—mentions the actual *occurrence* of circumstances, which certainly ought, but nevertheless *do not* exist at present:—

"There are admitted as Cadets into the Junior Department, first, the sons of officers of all ranks, whether of the land or sea forces, who have died in the service, leaving their families in pecuniary distress. This class are instructed, boarded, and habited gratuitously by the State*; being required only to provide their equipment on admission, and to maintain themselves in linen." (vol. ii. p. 70.)

As to the Senior Department, Dupin says:—

"The object of the Senior Department of the College is to instruct officers already in the service, in the scientific parts of the art of war, that they may afterwards be enabled to discharge, with the greatest possible advantage, the functions of commanding officers of corps, or of situations on the Staff of the Quartermaster-General and Adjutant-General, whenever promotion or the circumstances of warfare may summon them to such employment†.

* Although from the above letter this appears at present to be the case in Prussia, a reference to page 394 of the March number of the *United Service Magazine*, will prove that there is no longer such a thing as admission gratis to the Royal Military College.

† Can a single instance be adduced, where a officer, in consequence of having distinguished himself at the Senior Department of the Royal Military College, has ever been named to fill such appointments?

"The outline of the system of instruction at the Senior Department embraces the mathematics, fortification, castrametation, military topography, reconnoissance of ground, *estimation of the military resources of a country, disposition and movement of troops under the different circumstances of offensive and defensive warfare, French, German, &c.**

* * * * *

"To induce application to the study of languages, the students *are made to translate such works as contain information most likely to be of service to them, or are most attractive from the interesting nature of their contents. The German and French languages have been preferred as points of instruction at the College, because the greater number of military works are written in these tongues; in case of need, it would be easy to instruct the student in the language of any other countries which might chance to be the seat of war.*

* * * * *

"When the students have been sufficiently instructed in theory, *they make application of its principles in projects of defence for supposed posts in the neighbourhood.* The Senior Department has its seat in the small town of Farnham†, about ten miles from Sandhurst, in the vicinity of a military position of the utmost importance for the defence of Great Britain.

"Beginning from Farnham, a chain of hills extends towards Guildford, in a direction nearly parallel to the sea coast, and forms a sort of national rampart for the south of the centre of England. The Medway‡ lies in front of the chain of hills, and presents the ditch for this national fortification. *The various points of such a position afford the students an inexhaustible subject for their studies and application of principles to practice; and in case of an invasion of their country, would besides give them an advantageous acquaintance with the strong and weak points, resources, &c., of that line of territory.*

"When the students have acquired a sufficient knowledge of a given tract of country, they are required, besides laying it down in military survey, *to prepare a plan of resources and defence, as an accompaniment to their sketch. They must explain the particular nature of the country, its population, state of cultivation, and description of productions; its rivers, rivulets, fords, roads, canals, and bridges; its resources in grain, horses, and carriages; its military positions, with the means of defending them; and they must further furnish a plan for encamping or cantoning a certain number of troops upon one or several points.* For the march of an army, the student must know *how to mark out the routes to be taken by different columns, and to calculate the number of troops and the description of force to direct upon each road, to arrive at any position in a given time.*"

It is to be regretted, that whoever afforded the French author all this useful military information, had not the means of enforcing its applica-

* The sentences in italics, mark what is *not* done, (though it ought to be) at the Senior Department.

† This was in 1819.

‡ Either M. Dupin must have made a mistake, or the blame rests with the printer's devil; for we still can remember, whilst surveying this part of the country, to have met in the course of our peregrinations, with a stream called the *Wey*, which though resembling in name, was far removed in locality from the *Medway*; still we may be in error on the subject.

tion in practice. If such were then the case at Farnham, things have sadly deteriorated since the Senior Department has been removed to Sandhurst, where "theory," not "practice," is the order of the day, and where, as the "Old Cadet" truly remarks, the contemplations of the embryo General or Field-Marshal are removed from the handling of armies, and a knowledge of the features of this terrestrial globe, to more heavenly contemplations, and the abstruse study of the celestial spheres.

THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

(TRANSLATED FROM DE LAMARTINE.)

High on a rock lashed by the plaintive wave, From far the mariner discerns a grave, Time has not yet the narrow stone defaced; But thorns and ivy have their tendrils bound, Beneath the verdant covering woven round, A broken sceptre's traced. Here lies—without a name his relics rest, But 'tis in characters of blood impressed, On every conquered region of the world, On bronze and marble, on each bosom brave, And on the heart of every trembling slave Beneath his chariot hurled. Three little steps may measure the low mound, And not a murmur from the grave resound; The warrior may be spurned by rival's feet, Insects may buz around that lofty brow; For his imperial shade hears only now The surge unceasing beat. Proudly disdaining what the world admired, Dominion only his stern soul required; All obstacles, all foes his might o'ercame, Straight to the goal, swift as the winged dart Flew his command, though through a friend's warm heart, And reached its deadly aim.	Never to cheer him was the banquet spread, Nor wine all crimson in the goblet shed; Streams of another purple pleased his eye; Fixed as the soldier watching braced in arms He had no smiles for gentle beauty's charms, Nor for her tears a sigh. His joys were the clang of arms, the battle peal, The flash of morning on the polished steel; His hand alone caressed his war-horse fleet, Whilst like a wind the white descending mane Furrowed the bloody dust, and all the slain Lay crushed beneath his feet. To be the thought and life of a whole age, To blunt the poignard—enmity assuage— To shake and then establish tottering state; And by the lightning his own cannons pour To win the game of empires o'er and o'er,— Proud dream!—Resplendent fate! Tis said that in his last long dying moan, Before eternity subdued alone, A troubled glance did up to heaven ascend. That mercy's sign had touched the scornful man, That his proud life a holy Name began, Began—but dared not end!
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Complete the word!—pronounce the sacred Name,
Our deeds and heroes are not weighed the same.

God pardons or condemns, He crowns, He reigns;
Speak without dread,—He comprehends thy thought,
Tyrants or slaves each to account are brought
For sceptres, or for chains!

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MILITARY PUNISHMENTS, IN AS FAR AS REGARDS NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

BY HENRY MARSHALL, DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF ARMY HOSPITALS.

THE following brief, but comprehensive account of the punishments in the British Army, is given in a work published about the year 1762, entitled, "Essay on the Art of War," &c. "To be hanged, shot, sent to the galleys, chained to a wheelbarrow, or run the gantelope, are the military punishments of crimes now in use. The wooden mare, the picket, imprisonment, chains, bread and water, are the punishment of faults."

However harsh the treatment of soldiers in the British Army may have been during the last century, and however barbarous the punishments, they were still more horrible in the Prussian army, as will appear from the following account of Prussian discipline, under Frederick II. :—

"The privates of the Prussian army, composed of the scum, not only of the native population but of all other countries, could not present a very grateful spectacle. Fear of punishments, some of them extremely cruel, was the only curb to the hardened miscreant. Hence the officer was led into the most revolting severities, the demoralized soldier into the most audacious excesses. The consequence was, that the men seized every opportunity to rid themselves of their tormentors by desertion; and, as that was rendered very difficult, some of them even had recourse to suicide. We learn from Preuss that the regiment of the Guard, one of the most distinguished and the most favoured in the army, and in which desertion in time of peace was rendered most difficult, lost from that cause, between the year 1740 and 1800, 3 officers, 93 subalterns, 32 musicians, and 1523 privates; and that, during the same period, there were 130 suicides, and 29 soldiers executed for different crimes, chiefly child-murder. They had a notion that if they put an end to their own lives, they should incur everlasting punishment, whereas the spirit of the innocent child whose life they took, would be sure to go to heaven, and they would have time to repent, and make their peace with God, before they suffered for the crime. Persons possessing any delicacy of feeling were deeply shocked at the daily exhibitions of running the gantlet, caning, and other punishments. Even in Potsdam, this brutal spirit, transmitted down from the school of the old Dessauer, ruled with such vigour as long as Frederick lived, that when the new Queen, consort of Frederick William II., was receiving condolences and congratulations, she turned to Major Kunitzki, who had just been appointed Commander of the 1st battalion Royal Life-Guards, and said, 'The battalion could not have fallen into better hands. I hope that you may soon make it forget the torments which it has endured under Gen. Scheelen.' It is doubly remarkable that other states sought in the military punishments of the Prussians the source of the glory acquired by them in the Seven Years' War. France adopted them when on the threshold of a new era; but many of the subalterns chose rather to be reduced to the ranks, than to take upon them the office of executioner. At Lille, the grenadiers of a regiment of four battalions shed tears of rage at the new regulations, and their Commander, the Duke de Vauguyon, wept along with them: nay, another French officer, who was ordered to give a soldier twenty-five lashes, plunged his sword into his own body after the twenty-fourth. It is true that, before

the great King quitted the stage, more liberal sentiments in regard to the treatment of the common soldier had begun to gain ground. This is proved by a circular of General Mollendorf's, dated Berlin, June 10th, 1785. 'For two years past,' he says, 'that is, ever since I have been Governor of this capital, it has been one of my first cares, for the honour of humanity, to put an end to the tyrannical and barbarous conduct of the officers to the privates; and I confess with pleasure, that in six regiments of this garrison I have perceived evident fruits from my efforts. In one regiment only, which I will not now name, the old practice, founded on erroneous notions, of keeping the common soldier to his duty by barbarous flogging, caning, and abusive language, is still the fashion. But I warn the Commander who has hitherto pursued this practice, to desist from it, and to lead the private soldier more by ambition than by tyranny, to that discipline and military dexterity which His Majesty requires. The King has no scoundrels, blackguards, dogs, and clodpoles in his service, but honest soldiers, as we are too, only that chance has given us higher characters. For among the common soldiers many are as good, and some might perhaps be a great deal more clever than we. Every officer ought to rejoice in being the leader of soldiers eager after honour; but he is not so if he degrades those whom he commands into so low a race of men. It is obvious that, under such circumstances, the soldier could not be fond of his profession. To watch doubtful men was a heavy task for the officers, both in garrison and in the field; and the King opens the military instructions for his Generals, with fourteen rules for preventing desertion, as an essential part of their duties: without which all other qualifications for Commanders would be unavailing. Nevertheless, in adverse circumstances, or for the sake of a fresh bounty, the men ran off in whole bodies, and especially during the Bavarian succession war, before the face of the King himself. How odious the service was to natives of the country is attested by many ordinances; but neither that which decreed confiscation of the property of those who assisted deserters, nor that against cutting off the thumb to get free from the detested profession, could put a stop to those practices. Others sought to escape by giving themselves out for skinner's and executioners' men; but even this self-imposed infamy did not protect them in the Bavarian succession war from compulsory enrolment in the partisan corps.'—(*The Court and Times of Frederick the Great*, vol. iv., p. 45.)

The ancient Romans enjoyed fights of gladiators, and combats of wild beasts, in which men and animals tore each other to pieces. Such scenes forcibly demonstrate to us, that with all their boasted refinement, they were essentially barbarians. What are we to think of the state of civilization in Prussia in the time of Frederick II., when such barbarities were tolerated as have been described? We cannot help concluding, that it had made but very little progress. Unless the animal propensities are subdued by moral and intellectual culture, the feelings are gross, and scenes of cruelty do not excite disgust. When the English Army took possession of the island of Ceylon, in 1796, the Dutch ladies in Colombo used to ask the officers to let them know when any of the men were to be flogged, that they might have the pleasure of being spectators of the infliction. Some of the concomitants of civilization, such as wealth and prosperity, may exist in a society without much individual improvement or intellectual refinement.

The punishments inflicted upon Non-commissioned Officers and soldiers, as practised when Capt. Grose published his work on *Military Antiquities*, 1786, or which had only recently fallen into complete or partial disuse may be divided into two classes, namely, *corporal* and

pecuniary. Under the first class may be placed *Death*, either by shooting or hanging. *Whipping*, comprehending the gantelope; *riding* the wooden horse; *picketing* and *imprisonment*. I apply the term corporal punishment to any personal penalty, whether it be merely restraint, or by the actual infliction of pain. Under the second class, are included *finés*, *degradation*, and *suspension*.

1st Class. *Corporal Punishment*. The execution of the sentence of death by shooting, was carried into effect, he tells us, in the following manner:—"An execution party is named, composed of hardened deserters, or persons guilty of the same offence for which the party is to suffer; or if there are no men under these predicaments, the party is taken from the men next for duty, and a steady Non-commissioned Officer is chosen to command them. The prisoner is then brought from the Provost's with his hands tied behind him, attended by the Chaplain of the regiment, and followed by the execution party. In this manner he is led along the line, guarded by a detachment of the regiment to which he belongs, or by one from the pickets of the army. On his arrival at the place of execution, after some short prayers, a cap or handkerchief being drawn over his eyes, he kneels down, and the execution party make ready, moving up within six or seven yards of him, and on a signal given by him two-thirds of these present, and fire; and if he should not be killed, as has sometimes been the case, the reserve step up close to him, and put him out of misery. All the troops then march by the body; that by the example they may be deterred from a like offence. The recruits, in particular, are generally made to file off close to it."

At a subsequent period, I find the following practice formed part of the ceremony of carrying the sentence of execution into effect. "After the criminal is declared to be dead by the Surgeons who attend for the purpose, it is the custom to carry the mangled body three times round the parade, or place of execution, in order to render the example the more striking, and to impress the greater terror on the minds of the spectators."

Whipping, as now practised, in military language *flogging*, is comparatively a modern punishment in the Army.

The history of the punishment of flogging is thus given by Grose:—

"The gantelope," says he, "was in cases of theft, or some offence that affected the character or interest of the corps, practised in two ways. In one, called running the gantlope, the regiment was formed six deep, and the ranks opened and faced inwards, each man being furnished with a switch. The offender, naked to the waist, was led through the ranks, preceded by a Serjeant, the point of whose reversed halbert was presented to his breast, to prevent his running too fast; as he thus passed through the ranks every soldier gave him a stroke. But this method being found inconvenient, and in many cases objectionable, the offender was tied to four halberts in the ordinary way, three being placed in a triangle, and the fourth across two of them, to keep him on the outside. In this situation the regiment filed off from the right, and marched by. When they came near the halberts, a cat was given to the first man; who, having given a stroke to the culprit, threw down the cat and passed on. This was repeated by the whole regiment, each man giving him a lash. This, likewise, being found objectionable, as degrading soldiers to executioners, has been likewise in a great measure left off, and the infliction of the punishment put into the hands of the Drummers, under the inspection of the Drum-Major

and Adjutant: the first to see the halberts are properly fixed, the cats in order, that each Drummer does his duty, and is properly relieved after having given twenty-five lashes. The Surgeon is to take care that the prisoner does not receive more lashes than he is able to bear without *endangering his life*, or injuring his constitution; and the Adjutant to cause the sentence of the court-martial to be properly inflicted, and to oblige the Drum-Major to make his Drummers do their duty."

"Whipping," says Grose, "is almost the only corporal punishment now in use. This was formerly inflicted with switches; but for these *thirty years* at least, except running the gantlope, with what is called a cat-of-nine-tails; being a whip with nine lashes, each lash knotted with nine knots. This punishment is inflicted either by the soldiers or Drummers of the regiment, according to the sentence of the court-martial."

Whipping appears to have been used until a comparatively late period in hospitals and in lunatic asylums, as a remedial means or a necessary measure for promoting a due degree of discipline among patients. "I observed," says Thunberg, "in this place (the Cape of Good Hope) what I never saw anywhere else, viz., that the attendants of the sick were provided with *ropes' ends*, with which they now and then corrected turbulent patients. *Mirum sane morborum remedium.*" (Travels, &c., vol. 1, Third Edition, p. 248.) It has been recorded, that in an establishment for the insane in France each patient received ten stripes daily; but even in our own country stripes, fetters, cold, darkness, and solitude, with the total absence of every bodily comfort; was, until lately, the established discipline of receptacles for lunatics. Physical pain and moral misery were, it appears, long considered as specially calculated not only to repress vice and promote good conduct, but also to restore the unsound mind.

Of the many revolutions which have taken place in modern times, there is none so remarkable as the change from the mere cells of durance with their apparatus of straw, whips, chains, and straight waistcoats, in which the lunatics were kept, to the palaces in which they now dwell, and the comfort they now enjoy. In the Army, also, a great improvement has taken place in this respect; the cat-o'-nine-tails is not now considered so indispensable and so efficacious a means of preserving discipline as it was formerly, other measures of a less revolting character having been found adequate to repress irregularities and enforce subordination.

The punishment of the gantlope, from which the more modern punishment of flogging in the Army originated, had not been completely abandoned when Dr. Hamilton published his work: *The Duties of a Regimental Surgeon Considered*, in 1787, (Second Edition, 1794). "Different regiments," says he, "use different methods of punishing; in some to run the gantlet is customary. Here, instead of cats, rods of willow are made use of. The whole regiment are drawn up in a line two deep, face to face—every man is furnished with a willow. The prisoner runs naked the whole length of the line, and every man strikes as he passes. No regard can be paid in this way to the part they strike, hence the ribs as well as the shoulders are wounded." While the delinquent runs the drums beat at each end of the ranks; sometimes he runs three, five, or seven times along the line, according to the nature of the offence. The Major of a regiment superintends the punishment, and takes care that every soldier does his duty. In 1805,

when Major James published the Second Edition of his Dictionary, this punishment had become unknown in the British Army.

The gantlet is still employed in the Austrian Army, it being the utmost secondary punishment to which a soldier is liable. The punishment "consists in making the offender, who is naked to the waist, walk up and down a street formed of two rows of men, each of whom carries a switch of birch in his hand. The pace is left to the choice of the sufferer; who, however, generally prefers the ordinary marching time. The street of men is about 100 yards long, and consists, in some cases, of two rows of 150 men in each, facing one another." The Colonel of the regiment (not the Lieut.-Colonel,) may, on his own authority, order an offender to run three times up and three times down a street formed of 100, instead of 150 men on each side. A court-martial may, according to one authority, sentence a man to pass the street six times up and six times down; and by another authority, ten times up and ten times down, but not more. The punishment of the gantlet is chiefly inflicted for the crimes of desertion or theft.

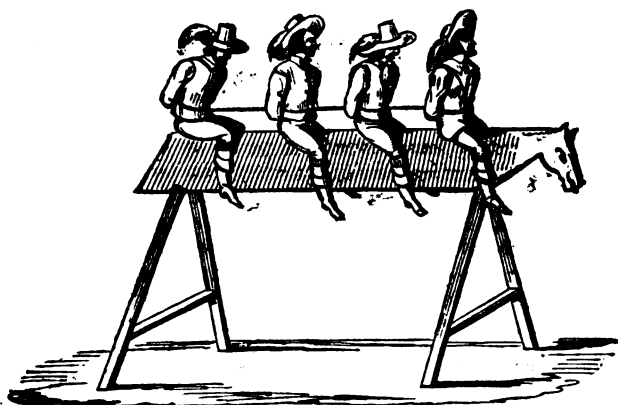
The punishment of the gantlet, as I have seen it executed on board a man-of-war, is conducted in the following manner:—The whole ship's crew is disposed in two rows, standing face to face, on both sides of the deck, so as to form a lane whereby to go forward on one side and aft on the other, each person being furnished with a small twisted cord or rope called a *knittel*, having two or three knots upon it. The delinquent is then stripped naked above the waist and brought to the gangway, where he receives one dozen from a boatswain's mate. Next follows what may be called a procession, which takes place between the two rows of men in the following order:—1st. A Drummer, who beats the Rogue's March. 2nd. The Master-at-Arms, having a drawn cutlass under his arm, with the point directed behind him towards the delinquent. 3rd. The culprit. 4th. The Surgeon's Mate. The delinquent passes forward between the two rows of men on one side, and aft on the other, a certain number of times, rarely exceeding three, during which every person lays on him with their knittles. All the officers are present at the punishment, and when the Captain sees fit he directs the flogging to cease.

The ordinary effects of the gantlet are, excessive tumefaction of the shoulders and ribs; the parts do not usually ulcerate, but the sufferer is commonly some time on the sick list, being unfit for duty*.

Riding the Wooden Horse. "The wooden horse," says Grose, "was formed of planks laid together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle, about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of a horse; it was supported by four posts, or legs, about six or seven feet long, placed on a stand, made moveable by trucks; to complete the resemblance, a head and tail were added. When a soldier or soldiers were sentenced by a court-martial, or ordered by the Commanding Officer of a corps to ride this horse, *for both were practised*, they were placed on the back with their hands tied behind them, and frequently, to increase the punishment, have muskets tied to their legs to prevent, as was jocularly said, their horse from kicking them off; this punishment being chiefly inflicted on the Infantry, who are supposed unused to ride." According to the "Old Officer," the punishment of riding the

* There is no uniform mode of spelling the word *gantlope*. It is often differently spelled by the same author.

wooden horse was sometimes inflicted in a very summary way. "I have seen," says he, "an Officer led drunk between two men to his guard, who immediately called for his Serjeant to enquire into the state of it, who reported a man to him for being drunk. The Officer, though he could scarcely speak to be understood, ordered his brother-drunkard to be set on the wooden horse as soon as he (the soldier) was sober. I daresay the Serjeant thought that the officer should have been mounted with the soldier." The *cheval de bois* was employed also in the French army, not only for soldiers, but for ladies of easy virtue who were caught in the barracks.



RIDING THE WOODEN HORSE, FROM CALLOT.

This punishment is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, in the 4th chapter of "Old Mortality," where Halliday says, "We'll have him to the Guard-house and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carbines at each foot to keep him steady."

The Picket. "This punishment," Captain Grose informs us, "was chiefly used by the Cavalry and Artillery; and in the former, often inflicted by the order of a Commanding Officer, without the sentence of a court-martial. The following was the mode of inflicting this punishment:—A long post being driven into the ground, the delinquent was ordered to mount a stool near it, when his right hand was fastened to a hook in the post, by a noose round his wrist, drawn up as high as it could be stretched; a stump, the height of the stool, with its end cut to a round and blunt point, was then driven into the ground near the post before mentioned, and the stool being taken away, the bare heel of the sufferer was made to rest upon the stump, which though it did not break the skin put him to great torture; the only means of mitigation was by resting his weight upon his wrist, the pain of which soon became intolerable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the picket for a quarter of an hour. This punishment, like the riding of the wooden horse, has been for some time left off, it having lamed and ruptured many soldiers." Dr. Hamilton (who published his work about the same time as Captain Grose) speaks of the picket and riding the wooden horse as being in use when he wrote. It continued to be

employed for some years after the commencement of the present century. I have been informed by a Medical Officer, that in the years 1803 and 1804, when he was Assistant-Surgeon to — Regiment of Dragoons, he was frequently employed to superintend the infliction of the punishment of the picket. The punishment may be said to have been privately inflicted; no person being commonly present in the riding-school when the chastisement took place but the delinquent, the Serjeant-Major, and the Medical Officer,—to whom was confided the discretionary power of deciding upon the length of time a man was to stand on the picket. In Spain, the picket was employed as one of the tortures of the Inquisition.

Imprisonment. "Soldiers are sometimes," says Captain Grose, "confined by the sentence of a court-martial for a short time in the black-hole, or locked up in a bread-and-water house; that is, a place of confinement, where they have no other nourishment but bread and water."

The punishment of imprisonment appears to have been sometimes employed as a means of oppression unwarranted by the usages of the Service. During the month of October, 1787, a Major Browne, of the 67th Regiment, was tried by a court-martial on a charge of cruelty to Thomas Edwards, a private soldier. He was found guilty, not of *cruelty*, but of *oppression*, and was sentenced to be suspended from pay and duty 309 days, the time during which he had confined the said soldier without trial, and he was also sentenced to pay the soldier 40*l*. This is a very rare example of retributive justice in the Army.

Commissioned officers were at one time liable to be punished by fine and imprisonment; but both of these penalties have become obsolete as military punishments. By the Mutiny Act, during the reign of George I., "an Officer destroying the game shall forfeit 5*l*. to the poor; and the Commander-in-Chief is to forfeit 10*s*. for every such offence committed by a soldier under his command." At present, any officer who shall without leave take, kill, or destroy game, may be brought before a Justice and fined the sum of 5*l*.

2nd class. *Pecuniary Punishments.* "Soldiers of the present times," says Captain Grose, "having nothing but their bodies, can only be punished corporeally." They were, however, indirectly liable to certain pecuniary fines, such as:—

Degradation. This is a punishment inflicted on Non-commissioned Officers, before they can receive any corporeal punishment except imprisonment.

Markham (*Epistles of War*, 1622,) informs us that this was one of the punishments of criminals. "When," says he, "any common soldier shall commit a slight offence savouring either of carelessness, slothfulness, or baseness, then presently to take away his sword and make him a pioneer; which in times past I have known so hateful and intolerable to every quick and understanding spirit that they would have with more alacrity have run to the *rack*, the *bolts*, or *strappado*, nay even to death itself, rather than to the mortal degradation."

Suspension for a stated time. This punishment is sometimes inflicted on Non-commissioned Officers; and during its continuation, they receive only the pay of private men, the remainder being given to the hospital.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES CONCERNING NAVIGATION:

1. ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.
2. BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.
3. AERIAL.

FACILITY of locomotion, whether by land or by water, is one of the evidences of advanced civilization. On land, man could have scarcely emerged from barbarism without the subjection of the inferior animals to his rule. On water, he has—at least partially—accomplished the still more noble task of rendering the elements subservient to his will.

The untutored aborigines of any country would naturally notice trees floating down a river: they could not fail of observing that these trees were capable of supporting weights placed upon them; and from this hint fancy may picture to our minds the first navigator—a naked savage—sitting astride on a floating log, which he guides obliquely across the stream by means of his hands and feet. The union of two or more such logs would compose the raft, having greater capabilities of transport than the single log. Personal convenience might next dictate the hollowing out of a large tree, and thus would be produced the canoe; an immense stride in the art of naval architecture. Of the artificial means of communicating motion to these primitive vessels, the most obvious would be—at least in shallow water—the pole; to this would succeed the paddle. But man, whether barbarous or civilized, is not fond of labour for its own sake. The primeval curse is upon him: he must live by the sweat of his brow;—hence, he would soon find out that the spear which defended him would serve as a mast; and the mat which occasionally covered him, would answer for a sail. And we may picture him now exultingly driving before the blast, and presently crouching before the “great spirit” whom he has with such temerity invoked, whose form he sees through the evening mist, and whose voice he hears in the wailing of the wind, and the rippling of the water.

Centuries rolled on, and we scarcely know more of the progress of navigation than its origin. Without pretending to point out the regular gradations of the art, we remark, that the canoe of the savage was ultimately succeeded by the bark of Jason, the vessels of Tyre and Sidon, the galleys of Greece, of Carthage, and of Rome, the coracles of Britain, the carracks of Genoa and Venice, the armadas of Spain, and to crown all, the fleets of Old England. “*Esto perpetua!*”

But in this lapse of ages, it is a remarkable fact, that neither the adventurous Argonauts, nor those who wisely sought and found a richer golden fleece—the merchant princes of Tyre—nor polished Greece, nor all-conquering Rome, nor unfortunate Carthage, had in the practice of navigation much advanced beyond the before-mentioned savage,—we mean that they knew not how to sail “close-hauled.” This is a triumph of modern days, simple as it is beautiful, beautiful as it is useful. It has been well remarked by the learned Jesuit Father Paul Hesse, that any person might have foreseen a sail would propel a ship before the wind; but that, unaided by experience, no human intelligence could have predicted a sail would propel a ship against the wind.

It is not meant to be inferred, that even the ancients were unacquainted

with the advantages of bracing their yards in some degree according to the direction of the wind. We have evident proofs to the contrary. The fact was noticed by the acute Isaac Vossius; it is referred to by Evelyn in his *Memoirs*; it is hinted at by Gibbon, who, when mentioning the recovery of Britain by Constantius, so late as A.D. 206, says, "So imperfect in those times was the art of navigation, that orators have celebrated the daring courage of the Romans who ventured to set sail with a *side* wide, and on a stormy day." Lastly, it is illustrated by Adams, in his *Antiquities of Rome*. "*Facere pedem*, to trim the sails, Virg. *Æn.*, v. 830. *Obliquat lævo pede carbasa*, he turns the sails so as to catch the wind blowing from the right. Lucan, v. 428: so, *obliquat sinus in ventum*. Virg. *Æn.* v. 16. *Currere utroque pede*, to sail with a wind right astern. Catull. iv. 21. *In contrarium navigare prolatis pedibus*, by tacking, Plin. ii. 57, s. 48. *Intendere brachia velis*, i. e. *vela brachiis*, to haul the sails out to the yard-arm. Virg. *Æn.* v. 8. 29."

When sailing close-hauled, according to the present acceptation of the term, was first practised, we know not. So interesting is the inquiry, that we are tempted to multiply quotations towards its illustration. But we forbear. Suffice it to say, that Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Monson, and other authors of the days of Elizabeth, frequently refer to a period—not then far distant—when the "bowline" was not known; and with the remark that we have satisfactory evidence to show that the "bowline" was known and practised in the fleets of Henry VIII. when commanded by Lisle and Fitz-William, we close this part of our subject, referring those who desire further information, to the interesting Article, "Shipbuilding," written by Mr. Creuze, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Navigation may be divided into three kinds:

1. Upon the surface of the water.
2. Below the surface of the water.
3. Aerial.

With respect to the first kind, or navigation properly so called, in addition to previous remarks, let us for a moment direct our attention to a first-rate ship of war, not when "reposing on her shadow," like "the swans on great St. Mary's Lake," which "swim double, swan and shadow;"—nor when her "dormant thunder" is "aroused," and when with a shower of iron she spreads carnage and desolation around and about her. But imagine her, the harbinger of peace, placidly gliding with outstretched wings over the abyss of ocean; and then, wonderful as we must admit her to be in her construction,—wonderful as she is in her equipment, it does appear to us to be the wonder of wonders, that a human being is capable of steering the floating mass; that passive in his hands, obedient to his will, he turns the apparently sagacious monster to the right or to the left, thus realizing in nautical experience the Scriptural truth, that a "hook" is placed in the "nose of the Leviathan."

Let those who delight in invidious comparisons between the deeds of the ancients and the works of the moderns, boast, if they will, of the Pyramids which are doomed to last for ever. We merely reply, that were such folly worth the while, that which brute force once effected, could be again accomplished. Meanwhile, we would point to our three-decked ship of war, weighing nearly 5000 tons, steered by man, sailing close-hauled, and advancing tack by tack to the very source of the wind,

and we would ask did the works of the Ptolemies and Cæsars ever surpass this?

2.—SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

It has been with some reason asserted, that “Art is but nature better understood.” Poets and philosophers have delighted in tracing the practice of navigation to the imitation of buoyant Nautili; to those little navigators which floated in safety over the ocean,—

“Ere on the waves the hollow alder swam.”

It might have been with equal propriety supposed, that the idea of sailing on the water was derived from a fish, described in the Life of Sir Thomas Raffles, as follows:—“The only amusing discovery which we have recently made, is that of a sailing fish, called by the natives at Singapore, ‘ikan layer,’ of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a main sail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. I have sent a set of the sails home, as they are beautifully cut, and form a model for a fast-sailing boat. They are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal; and when a shoal of these are under sail together, they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats.”

But whether we are indebted for our skill in navigation to the ikan layer, or to the Nautilus, or whether, as has been facetiously suggested, *they* imitated *us*, we shall not stop to inquire. We proceed to notice some attempts which have been made to sink vessels below, and to raise them upon the surface of the water at pleasure,—a property which is beautifully developed in the Nautilus; and if we are to be imaginative, it would certainly appear more probable that this latter quality, rather than its sailing propensity, was imitated by man. The following extract is from that curious book, “Inuentions or Deuises. Very necessary for all Generalles and Captaines, or Leaders of men, as wel by sea as by land. Written by William Bourne. An. 1578.”

“The 18 Deuise. Also it is possible to make a shippe or boate that may goe vnder the water vnto the bottome, and so to come vp againe at your pleasure, as I have declared in my booke, called the Treasure for Travellers, &c., &c., &c.

“Any magnitude of body that is in the water, if that the quantity in bignesse, having alwaies but one weight, may bee made bigger or lesser, then it shall swimme when you would, and sinke when you list: and for to make any thing doo so, then in the ioyntes or places that doo make the thing bigger and lesser, must be of leather, and in the inside to have skrewes to winde it in and also out againe: and for to have it sinke, they must winde it in to make the thing lesse, and then it sinketh vnto the bottome: and to have it swimme, then to winde the sides out againe, to make the thing bigger, and it will swimme according vnto the body of the thing in the water.

“And to make a small shippe, or barke, or boate, do this, the barke being made of purpose, let there be good store of balast in the bottome of hir, and ouer the balast, as lowe as may be, let there be a close orloppe, such a one that no water may come into it, and then in like manner, at a sufficient heighth, to have another close orloppe, that no water may come through it; and that being done, then bore both the sides full of holes between the two close orloppes: and that being done, then make a thing like the side of the barke or shippe, that may goe vnto the side of the shippe, the one for the one side, and the other for the other side, and that must be made so close and tight, that no water may

come through it : and that done," then take leather, such a quantitie as is sufficient for to serve your purpose, and that leather must bee nayled close, with such prouision that no water may soake thorough it, and to be of that largenesse, that the thing may goe close vnto the barke or ship side when you would, and come in againe, to let sufficient water in, that it shall not be able to swimme. And now this being done, then you must make prouision of skrewes, or other engines, to winde the two things on the insides of the barke or ship, that you may winde them in or out at your pleasure : and that done, then for the hatch or skotel, that you must goe in or out, you must have leather round about it, that you may bring that together as a purse mouth, and so with a small skrewe, you may winde it so close together, that being in the bottome of the water, there shal no water come in : And that done, then you must have one mast, that must bee of sufficient bignesse, that it must have a hole bored through the one end vnto the other, as a pompe hath : and that done, then when that you list to sinke, then you must sound the deepenesse of the water, and foresee that the water will not rise higher than the top of the mast, for the hole that goeth through the mast must give you ayre, as men cannot live without it : And when you would sinke, then with your skrewes winde the two sides inwardes, and water will come into the holes, and so the ship or barke will sink vnto the bottom, and there it may rest at your pleasure ; and then when that you would have it swimme, then with the skrewes winde out the things on both the sides, and that will thrust the water out again at the holes, and so it will rise and come vp above the water, and swimme as it did before," &c.

William Bourne was a Gunner, who served under the most distinguished of the Admirals of Queen Elizabeth. We mention, to his credit, that among his other "Deuises" many are far more ingenious than the preceding. It is to be observed that he had no notion of communicating motion under water to his "shippe or boate ;" this idea was reserved for later times.

In one of the Harleian MSS., No. 429, under date 26th of January, 1626, we find "a warrant signed by His Majestie to the Master of the Ordinance, thereby signifying his Highness's pleasure and order given to Sir William Heydon, Lieut. of the Ordnance, for the making of dyvers water mynes, water petards, fforged cases to be shott with fire-works, and *boates to goe under water*, and the like ; and best to have ordinance and artillery out of the stoares meete for that purpose, with powder, shott, lead, and other necessities and habiliaments from time to time, as shall bee by him required for trialls and practizes of the said workes."

The same MS. notices "a warrant from the Duke of Buckingham, dated the 29th of June, 1626, for the delivery of 360 fforged iron cases with fireworks, 50 water mynes, 290 water petards, and 2 *boates to conduct them under water*, for H. M. present service, to goe with the flete."

Very many years previous to these warrants, those "devilish, murdering, mischief-doing engines called bombs,"—we quote Evelyn,—had been used on land. They were introduced into the sea-service by a Frenchman, Renau d'Elisagaruy, about the year 1679. Still, the above-named "water mynes, water petards, and fforged iron cases to be shott with fireworks," were evidently constructed somewhat on the principle of bombs. America has claimed the honour of inventing "torpedos and infernals." We would fain yield precedence to her in this particular ; but we fear that the above warrants will prove the merit, such as it is, belongs to England. Nevertheless, our trans-

atlantic brethren may deserve the credit of reviving a discovery, of which, so far as we know, no notice was taken by the writers of that period, and which remained for ages concealed among the records of by-gone days. But that which more particularly belongs to our inquiry is, the notice of the accompanying "boates to goe under water." How were these boats propelled? Did they contain men? If so, how were they supplied with air? These are questions which we are unable to answer.

From the date of the year, 1626, it would appear that these preparations were making for the relief of Rochelle, an expedition which was as miserably conceived as it was inefficiently executed; which still more added to the unpopularity of the Lord High Admiral Buckingham, but which could not alienate the affections of his indulgent master, who had soon afterwards to deplore the death of his favourite by the knife of the assassin. The Duke's monument is in Portsmouth church. We have often gazed upon it, when it has as often revived recollections of as interesting a trio as ever figured in the page of history, "Babie Charles, Steenie, and their Dear Dadie." We have dwelt on this subject in consequence of the repairs which are now going on in the venerable church. The monument is to be removed from the chancel; but from the good sense of the present vicar*, and the ability of the architect† employed, we indulge the hope that restoration, rather than alteration, will be their motto; that we shall be, moreover, preserved from the infliction of the barbarous taste which has desecrated so many of our sacred edifices; and although we have not much to say for the private character of the Lord High Admiral of England, and although we have still less to advance in favour of his professional reputation, yet we do hope,—we scarcely know why,—that even his memory will be cherished, and that the marble which past affection reared, present respect may perpetuate.

We are not aware that any further progress was made in the art of sub-marine navigation until about the year 1777, when Mr. David Bushnell, of Saybrook in Connecticut, invented a machine called the American Turtle, for the purpose of destroying the British fleet by sub-marine explosion. We are informed, in Dr. Burney's edition of Falconer's Dictionary, that the

"Turtle consisted of a small decked boat, capable of containing one or more persons, and furnished with apparatus enabling them to remain thirty minutes under water. The method of providing them with fresh air for respiration was, by having a reservoir of air. By means of a condensing pump, the air in this reservoir was condensed about 400 times, and by a spring, let out at intervals, as circumstances required; the impure air being rectified by carbonic acid, neutralized with chalk. Within the boat were flaps, like those of a rundle, by which it was moved, also two rudders, one vertical, the other horizontal, to steer it by; a compass marked with phosphorus, and a pump to empty the hold or air reservoir. The persons within could elevate the boat to the surface of the water, or depress it at pleasure. To this vessel was attached a magazine with 150 pounds of powder, intended to be fastened to the bottom of an enemy's ship, with a driving-screw, in such a way that the same stroke which disengaged it from the machine should put the internal clock-work in motion. This being done, the ordinary operations of a gun-lock, at the distance of half an hour, or any time that should be deemed sufficient for the conductor to escape, would cause the powder to explode."[‡]

* Reverend J. P. M'Ghie.

† T. E. Owen, Esq.

A yet nobler, because a less selfish principle than mere patriotism, our common humanity, bids us rejoice that Mr. Bushnell's "infernal" attempts were signal failures, as were also those of his countryman, the celebrated Fulton, who, we regret to say, was employed by the British Government for the purpose of destroying the French flotilla at Boulogne.

Again, on the last quoted authority, we are informed that

"In the French Archives of Discoveries, for the year 1810 and 1811, an apparatus, called a Sub-marine Nautilus, is described at full length, and is said to have been approved by some of the learned members of the Institute. This nautilus is a vessel which, as its name imports, is to sail under the water, and to be capable of containing a considerable number of persons. It appears to be of an oval form, and divided into three apartments; the centre for the reception of passengers, and the two ends to contain the apparatus for raising or sinking the machine, and for supplying a change of air. A particular account is given of the method employed for directing the machine, and for causing it to rise or sink; but we can scarcely form an opinion of its practicability. In all such contrivances the greatest difficulty is, to afford a supply of respirable air; and in this respect the nautilus is evidently defective."

After an account of two mechanical contrivances, one of which is a system of flexible tubes, intended to reach to the surface of the water, the author adds, "the navigators provide for the imperious necessity of breathing, by an ample stock of compressed oxygen, which is kept in reserve, and which they use with the economy imposed on them by the interest of their own preservation."

We have only further to remark on this subject, that a sub-marine boat was secretly built on the Thames by a Capt. Johnson, for the purpose of effecting the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena. The fact coming to the knowledge of the Government, the boat was examined by the late Surveyor of the Navy, Sir Robert Seppings, and on his reporting that the plan appeared to be feasible, it was ordered to be destroyed.

3. AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Without stopping to inquire whether the fabled flights of Dædalus and Icarus were merely allegories, serving to commemorate the invention of sails; and whether Pegasus simply denoted the name of a ship, the sails of which were compared to the wings of a flying horse; we proceed to collect a few particulars concerning the attempts which have been made, in different ages, to navigate the air, an operation which, according to the opinion of others, besides the sanguine artist in the "happy valley," is extremely simple; for, as he told the incredulous Rasselas, "he that can swim need not despair to fly." "To swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler;" hence, as "the fields of air are open to knowledge, only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground." A reverend wit has aptly remarked that, "if men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great,—dullness turned up with temerity is a lively all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is the magnanimity of a dunce." How far this remark is applicable to some of the following details, must be left to the decision of the judicious reader.

- It has frequently been noticed that the promulgators of many of the

visionary schemes for aerial navigation were ecclesiastics. At a time when literature and science were chiefly confined to the monastery and the cloister, was it decreed by retributive justice that those who possessed more knowledge than their fellow-mortals should also be the victims of greater delusion? We know not. This, at least, is certain, that many of these schemes are ingenious; that some, moreover, possess the merit of being correct in principle; and although they *now* merely excite a smile, they could *then* only have been invented by men of superior intelligence; so true it is that the wisdom of past ages is sometimes doomed to rank amongst the follies of the future.

To proceed. About 400 years before the Christian era flourished Archytas of Tarentum. He was said to be the inventor of the screw and the pulley. He was, moreover, eminent for his warlike exploits, having seven times commanded an army without ever being defeated. He was at last doomed to experience the inconstancy of fortune, for he was shipwrecked and drowned in the Adriatic. We notice him because he has the credit of having constructed a wooden pigeon or dove, of which the only particulars we possess are, that it could fly about when once set off; but, as we may readily believe, it could not rise again of itself after it rested.

John Muller was born A.D. 1436. He was surnamed Regiomontanus, from Mons Regius, a town in Franconia. Peter Ramus says, that among other automata he,—Regiomontanus,—made an artificial fly, which taking its flight from his hand, would fly round the room, and at last, as if weary, would return to his master's hand. That he moreover made an eagle, which, to compliment the Emperor on his approach to the city, flew away to meet him; this done, it returned and accompanied him to the gates. Some discredit is thrown on this story, because Regiomontanus died full sixty years before the Emperor, Charles V., made his public entry into Nuremburg.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century an Italian adventurer visited Scotland, and so far ingratiated himself in the good opinion of James IV., that he was appointed by that monarch to the abbacy of Tundland in Galloway. "Having constructed a set of ample wings, he undertook, from the walls of Stirling Castle, to fly to France. This experiment he had actually the folly to try, but he soon came to the ground, and broke his thigh bone."—*Enc. Brit.* Philosopher like, he derived consolation under misfortune, and sagaciously accounted for his failure from having unfortunately used, among other feathers, those of dunghill fowls, which, possessing a natural affinity for dunghills, were thereby attracted towards the earth. He too late lamented that he had not exclusively used the pinions of eagles, for in that case he concluded that he should have been attracted heavenward. History does not inform us whether the abbot ever attempted a second flight with his improved wings.

In the year 1617, Fleyder, rector of the grammar school at Tübingen, entertained the worshipful magistrates of that city with a lecture on the art of flying, which he published after a lapse of eleven years. Folly as well as wisdom has never lacked disciples; hence we need not be surprised that a poor enthusiastic monk should have looked on Fleyder's theory as plausible; and still less that in reducing the theory to practice he should have lost his life in attempting a flight from the top of a lofty tower.—*Vide* Encyclopædia Britannica.

In 1638, Bishop Wilkins, who Burnet says was "a man of as great a mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul as any he ever knew," published a "Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another habitable World in the Moon; with a Discourse concerning the possibility of a Passage thither." In 1641, he published another book, entitled, "Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger; shewing how a man may with privacy and speed communicate his thoughts to a friend at any distance."—*Vide* Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, art. Wilkins.

After the worthy Bishop had proved to his own satisfaction that there were inhabitants in the moon, he seemed to wish that Parliament should pass a sort of Aërial Navigation Act, which should tend to the mutual advantage of both Moonites and Earthites. To accomplish so desirable an object, a conference was necessary to be held between the interested parties, and as *they* did not appear either willing or able to visit us, the Bishop thought it expedient that *we* should pay our respects to them. To this purpose, he observes, (we quote from the British Biography,) that, "if it be enquired what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the earth's magnetical vapour? I answer:—

"1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his body, as angels are pictured, and as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and has been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates."

"2. If there be such a great Ruck in Madagascar, as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can scoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why then it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither as Ganymede does upon an eagle."

"3. Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds affirm it possible to make a flying chariot in which a man may sit, and give such a motion to it as shall convey him through the air. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of any thing of this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swim as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a small gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principle by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle. I conceive it were no difficult matter to show the means of composing it, if a man were at leisure. The perfecting of such an invention would be of such excellent use, that it were enough not only to make a man, but the age also wherein he lives; for besides the strange discoveries that it might occasion in this other world, it would be also of inconceivable advantage for travelling, above any other convenience that is now in use. So that notwithstanding all these seeming impossibilities, it is likely enough that there may be a means invented of journeying to the moon; and how happy shall they be that are first successful in this attempt!"

"Fælisq.; animæ, quas nubila supra
Et turpes fumos, plenumq.; vaporibus orbem
Inscruit cœlo, sancti scintilla Promethei."—*Lucret.*

We take our respectful leave of the Right Reverend æronaut by mentioning one of his predictions which it would seem from passing events bids fair to be realized. We allude to the proposition of Aërial

Steam Navigation. The Bishop's prophecy is, that "in future ages it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings, when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots!"

It would be a mere waste of time to record all the attempts which have been made by different individuals to succeed in the sublime art of flying. These dreams were at length in some degree dissipated by Borelli, who, in the year 1670, published his work "*De Motu Animalium*," in which he proved the impossibility of any man being able with his own unassisted strength, of even rising in the air, still less of wending his way through the air. We proceed to briefly notice the various suggestions which have ultimately led to the present state of the art of *Aërostation*.

One of the most extraordinary geniuses who ever lived was our countryman the Franciscan Friar, Roger Bacon. About 600 years ago, he proposed to connect together two large copper globes, between which a chair was to be placed for the accommodation of a traveller; when these globes were exhausted of air, it was supposed they would float, with an ascending power equal to the difference between their own weight and that of a volume of air equal to their bulk. Here it is observable that the theory is correct; but such an experiment would naturally fail, because the very means taken to ensure success would occasion failure; in other words, the lightness, or rather the thinness of the copper globes, even if they could be manufactured, would cause them to collapse by the pressure of the superincumbent air. It should, however, be remembered that the mechanical properties of the air were little understood in the days of Bacon; hence it would be absurd to test the merits of his crude suggestion by the standard of present experience; and we should be the more disposed to look with indulgence on Bacon's idea, when we call to mind that with an immense increase of scientific knowledge among the learned, the Jesuit Francis Lana, without acknowledgment, revived Bacon's idea, only substituting four balls instead of two. The Jesuit's views were published in 1670, under the title of "*Prodromo dell'Arte Maestra*."

One of the most singular delusions in a subject which has been so fertile in absurdity, was that of attributing some occult virtue to dew, which was thought to be shed from the stars at night, and to be attracted back to its celestial origin during the day. Under this impression, Father Lauretus Laurus gravely says, "Take a goose egg, and having filled it with dew gathered fresh in the morning, expose it to the sun during the hottest part of the day, and it will ascend, and rest suspended for a few moments." He then recommends the experiment to be tried with a swan's egg, and lastly with silken bags.

Under the influence of the same philosophical monomania, this visionary was ambitious of emulating the fame of Archytas, for he next purposed to make a hollow wooden dove, which was to be filled with highly condensed air. This done, the good man anticipated like one of old, that he should have sent forth his dove, conveying to distant lands the olive branch of peace, and gently wafted along a sea of ether by the imprisoned air. The worthy friar forgot, or perhaps he never knew, that "action and reaction are equal, and in opposite directions." What enthusiasts are these schemers! How often have their best concerted plans failed just as they were on the eve of succeeding, and

that from some unforeseen but simple cause, such as the vexatious absence of a fulcrum at the very moment it was wanted; or the provoking inertia of a spring which *would* not act; or the tantalizing obstinacy of a wheel which *would* not revolve. And yet we must not despise the occupation of a schemer, for were this the time and place, we could prove from every-day experience, that the profession, if not very honourable, is sufficiently lucrative, particularly when perseveringly followed in Her Majesty's service.

We must next do justice to the memory of Joseph Galien, a Dominican Friar, and professor of natural philosophy at Avignon. His system of Aërial Navigation, published in 1755, was to be on a hitherto unheard-of scale of magnificence. He proposed, "to collect the fine diffuse air of the higher regions, where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to enclose it in a bag of a cubical shape, and of the most enormous dimensions, extending more than a mile every way, and composed of the strongest sail-cloth. With such a vast machine, far outrivalling in boldness the Ark of Noah, he thought to transport a whole army, and all their munitions of war."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Omitting the detail of a proposal fostered by no less a name than the celebrated Cardan, namely, the employment of fire in aërial ascents, on the principle by which rockets are propelled, we come to a period pregnant with discoveries which reflected honour alike on England, France, and America. May such rivalry ever distinguish these nations!

1. Herschel discovered a new planet, the Georgium Sidus.
2. The identity of lightning and electricity was proved by Franklin, who, Prometheus-like, literally drew down fire from heaven.
3. The brothers Montgolfier triumphantly succeeded in demonstrating the practicability of ascension by means of inflated balloons.

It is to the latter discovery that we have to direct our attention. We shall not trace the various steps taken by the two celebrated brothers before their system was finally developed; such an inquiry belongs to the history of philosophy. Suffice it to say, that after a variety of experiments, on the memorable 21st of November, 1783, M. de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes volunteered to explore the unknown regions of the atmosphere. All Paris was congregated to witness the event. Every thing being ready, the signal was given, the cords were cut, and up went the "floating Argosie of silk and gold, rich as the pavilion of a Persian king." In the meanwhile, the most intense interest was manifested by the living mass of human beings; all was still as death; until the silence was relieved by the distant cheers of the intrepid Aëronauts, whose welcome adieu, as evidence of their safety, was then returned by the acclamations of the assembled multitude, who thus greeted in their adventurous flight the *first* aërial navigators.

The effect caused by this experiment was astonishing. From Paris the excitement extended to the provinces. France was balloon mad. Every house was a workshop, every inhabitant was a manufacturer of toy balloons made of gold-beater's skin. All were on the tip-toe of hope; and if the expectations of the ignorant are unlimited, the anticipations of the well-informed were in this case not less sanguine. Hence, not only the populace, but king and princes, senators and philosophers, predicted nothing less than universal dominion. "La belle France" was to become the regenerator of mankind.

After this brilliant success, these sanguine hopes were soon disappointed, for all endeavours to propel the beautiful machine in any direction, save that of the current of air in which it floated, proved abortive. From the nature of the case, oars and rudder were useless. This defect was attempted to be remedied in 1836, by a Dr. Ayme, who read an essay before the Institute of France, "with a view to prove the possibility of obtaining such a hold on the upper atmosphere, as to direct a balloon with all the steadiness and certainty of a boat upon the water. The Doctor proposes to effect this object by means of oars attached to the car, which are to be made of oiled skin or cloth, capable of containing an adequate quantity of hydrogen gas, the specific gravity of which being lighter than the air, would obtain a hold on the natural fluid."—*Athenæum*, 16th April, 1836.

Even the art of flying, which we thought was long ago exploded, has been lately revived at Lyons by a M. Schwartz, who it will be acknowledged was at least a prudent man, which is more than can be said of many of his predecessors. We all know that it is a common practice with boys who are uninitiated, to take inflated bladders with them into the water, by which precaution if they do not well succeed in swimming, they are at all events insured from sinking. Upon a similar principle, M. Schwartz, when he attached to either shoulder a wing, was wise enough to attach himself to a balloon. We have read in the newspapers that in the month of November, 1842, this modern *Dædalus* raised himself to the height of forty yards, and then alighted after traversing a short distance.

We may, perhaps, be excused when we observe that this life-preserving plan of M. Schwartz forcibly reminds us of the late disastrous shipwreck of the *Solway*. This ship was furnished with the "paddle-box boats" of Capt. George Smith, who deserves the well-merited thanks of every friend of humanity for his ingenious invention. It will be remembered that one of these boats was safely lowered, and was instrumental in saving the lives of all who were enabled to get into it. Owing to the confusion which too often attends these sad scenes, the other boat was swamped; which accident occasioned a most melancholy loss of life. Now, is it not desirable that a ship's company should be exercised at least once a week—if practicable—in lowering these boats? Were this done would not the seamen become expert in the duty? And in the hour of need would not confusion give place to order, and uncertainty to confidence?

But a more important question suggests itself. Why are not these paddle-box boats made life-boats? This could be accomplished many ways. Perhaps the best, and ultimately the cheapest plan, would be to fit them with copper tubes under the thwarts, benches, and along the sides. Had this been done in the case of the *Solway*, we may reasonably conclude that, under the blessing of Providence, *all* would have been saved; and many a heart which now throbs with anguish would have been gratefully exulting in the preservation of those whom they loved and cherished better than life.

The above suggestion applies with yet greater force to the ships of the Royal Navy. But perhaps economy may be urged as an objection to its adoption? Economy versus humanity! Gain opposed to philanthropy! The life of man weighed against gold, and found wanting!

And are the better principles of our nature to be really sacrificed to a cold and calculating, a selfish and sordid economy? to that miserable and withering system which has so often paralyzed the right arm of England's strength? If so, we can only raise our feeble voice to declare that we "abhor the idea of being niggardly in money, to be spendthrift in blood; strange and unnatural it is that the only parsimony in our state—the most extravagant in the world—has always been in its most glorious service." Moreover, if heathen Rome bestowed crowns and honours on the man who saved the life of the poorest of her citizens, we might almost expect that the very "stones would cry out" in judgment against Christian Britain, if she continue to estimate the lives of her children by a beggarly valuation of pounds, shillings, and pence.—(See note at the end of this article.)

Apologising for this digression, we shall conclude by submitting an account of a *bonâ fide* "flying ship;" and amidst the obscure hints and vague surmises which it has been our lot to relate, it is quite refreshing to have a plan complete in its detail; and, what is yet more satisfactory—to prevent misconception—to be favoured with an accurate sketch of the design. It may be too much to assert that the extraordinary plan for navigating the air which we are about to describe is the best hitherto suggested; but this may be said in its favour, it is as good as some, and—for aught we know to the contrary—more amusing than all. It is copied from a newspaper, printed not in these enlightened days, when blacking-makers keep poets; and literati hire authors; and editors of newspapers give profitable employment to "dreadful-accident-makers." No; the date of this paper is 20th December, 1709, and its title the "Evening Post." We found it accidentally placed in one of the volumes of the Cottonian MSS. It was to us an "Oasis in the Desert;" for, after attempting in vain to decipher some of the musty records of the reign of Henry VIII., and when, with starting eyes and aching head, we were about to close the book in despair, we were unexpectedly gratified by the welcome appearance of the "Evening Post." We were amused with its perusal; in a like amusement we trust our readers will participate. We deemed it necessary to be thus particular in giving our authority, lest our readers, in perusing the account, should mistake it for one of the jokes concocted in the prolific brain of that facetious personage the "London Charivari." And that this precaution is necessary every person's experience will prove; for who among us, when reading the papers of the day, has not met with announcements from divers scheming companies, which have made him impatiently exclaim, with honest Mr. Burchell, "Fudge," all "fudge!" We now crave serious attention to—

"A copy of an address made to His Portuguese Majesty, by a Priest in Brazil; according to the copy printed at Vienna in 1709. Translated from the Portuguese tongue.

"Father Bartholomew Laurent says that he has found out an invention, by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way, either by sea or land; so that one may go 200 miles in 24 hours; send orders and conclusions of councils to Generals in a manner as soon as they are determined in private cabinets,—which will be so much the more advantageous to your Majesty, as your dominions lie far remote from one another, and which, for want of councils, cannot be maintained nor augmented in revenues and extent.

"Merchants may have their merchandize, and send letters and packets, more conveniently. Places besieged may be supplied with necessaries and succours. Moreover, we may transport out of such places what we please, and the enemy cannot hinder it.

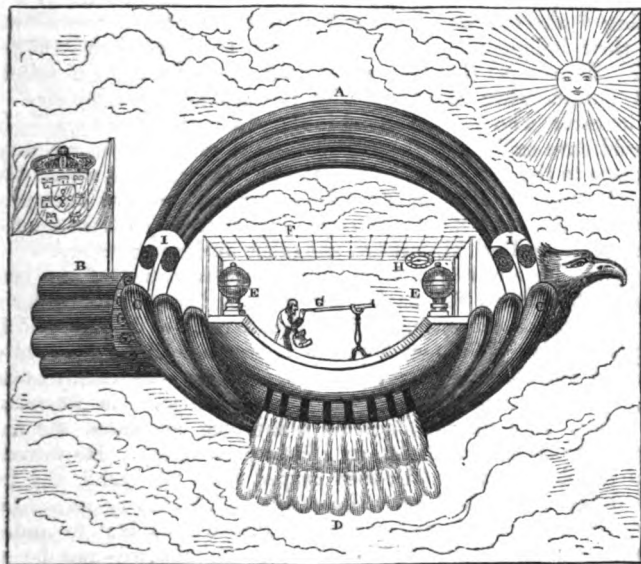
"The Portuguese have discovered unknown countries bordering upon the extremity of the globe; and it will contribute to their greater glory to be authors of so admirable a machine, which so many nations have in vain attempted.

"Many misfortunes and shipwrecks have happened for want of maps; but by this invention the earth will be more exactly measured than ever, besides many other advantages worthy of your Majesty's encouragement.

"But to prevent the many disorders that may be occasioned by the usefulness of this machine, care is to be taken that the use and full power over the same be committed to one person only, to whom your Majesty will please to give a strict command, that whosoever shall presume to transgress the orders herein mentioned shall be severely punished.

"May it please your Majesty to grant your humble petitioner the privilege that no person shall presume to use or make this ship without the express license of the petitioner and his heirs, under the penalty of the loss and forfeiture of all his lands and goods; so that one half of the same may belong to the petitioner, and the other to the informer. And this to be executed throughout all your dominions upon the transgressors, without exception or distinction of persons, who likewise may be declared liable to an arbitrary punishment.

"THE FIGURE OF THE FLYING-SHIP.



"AN EXPLANATION OF THE FIGURE.

"A. represents the sails wherewith the air is to be divided, which turn as they are directed.

"B. The stern," query rudder? "to govern the ship, that she may not run at random.

"C. The body of the ship, which is formed at both ends scollop-wise; in the concavity of each" end? "is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind.

"D. Two wings, which keep the ship upright.

"E. The globes of heaven and earth, containing in them attractive virtues. They are of metal, and serve for a cover to two load-stones placed in them upon the pedestals to draw the ship after them, the body of which is thin iron plates, covered with straw mats, for conveyency of 10 or 11 men, besides the artist.

"F. A cover made of iron wire, in form of a net, on which are fastened a good number of large amber beads, which, by a secret operation, will help to keep the ship afloat; and by the sun's heat the aforesaid straw mats that line the ship will be drawn towards the amber beads.

"G. The artist, who, by the help of the

celestial globe, a sea-map, and compass, takes the height of the sun; thereby to find out the spot of land over which they are on the globe of the earth.

"H. The compass to direct them in the way.

"I. The pulleys and ropes that serve to hoist and furl the sails."

Any remarks in commendation of the above would be superfluous; it would be to "paint the lily," and "to gild refined gold." We therefore leave the reader to his own reflections, being convinced that his mind is in that enviable state in which a vestige of doubt does not disturb its repose.

It may be remarked that we have confined our observations to bodies moving in fluids, and have omitted the consideration of navigation on land. We certainly might have dwelt upon the subject, and have told of the plains

"Of Sericana, where Chineses drive

With sails and wind their cany wagons light,"

but we should have thereby extended this paper beyond all reasonable bounds. We, moreover, were fearful of wounding the feelings of some of our nautical friends; for remembering some twenty years ago with what a look of ineffable contempt we saw some Greenwich Pensioners regard a steam-boat, we concluded that our "ancient mariners" would with still less patience tolerate an account of the manœuvres of a fleet of sailing "wheelbarrows." Besides, if the "wheelbarrows" would excite their indignation, what would they think of their "flowery" crews? We suspect that they would look upon fresh-water sailors as perfect heroes, when compared with the aforesaid "celestials." To those, however, who feel interested in the "dangers of the sea,"—land, we should have said,—we recommend them to gratify their curiosity by a reference to the Latin edition of De Bry's *Voyages*, in which will be found, not only a description of "sailing chariots," but also an engraving to illustrate the subject; which engraving materially differs from the account given by Earl Macartney, and other modern travellers.

Lastly, we have refrained from any particular notice of the project now in contemplation for navigating the air, because the reader may obtain information concerning it from the journals of the day, and from other periodicals. While we hope the enterprise will be crowned with success, we still take the liberty of recommending,—as worthy of some notice,—the termination of the chapter on "flying" in *Rasselas*:—"The wings were finished, and on a morning appointed the maker appeared, furnished for flight, on a little promontory. He waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. *His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water,* and the Prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation." We trust the hint will not be overlooked. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

NOTE REFERRED TO IN PAGE 252.

Since the above remarks were in type, we perceive that an official account of the loss of the *Solway* has been published, on the authority of the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. From this, it would appear, that the second paddle-box boat was not swamped, it never having

been lowered for want "of time." Now, as one boat would take no longer time to lower than the other, it seems that they were not manned together. Why was this? Did it arise from want of sufficient hands? If so, the fact is to be deplored. Besides, had the second boat been only cast off, (and however it was secured, this ought not to have been the work of a minute,) it is to be presumed that it would have swam bottom upwards, even when the ship sunk. Here we are again reminded of the necessity of making these boats more buoyant, by converting them into life-boats; for let the emergency be never so great, we might ensure these large boats swimming; and supposing they swam bottom upwards, yet if small wooden ribbands were nailed fore and aft upon them, with lanyards attached, many lives might thereby be saved.

We are, moreover, informed from the before-named document, that "it had been the practice in former voyages to station and exercise the men at getting the paddle-box boats out and in; but there had not been time to accomplish this since the ship last quitted Southampton, as there had been a continued gale of wind, and the crew had not been more than a few days on board when the ship was lost." So that to other misfortunes was added the inefficiency of the crew, in a most essential part of their duty! Something is wrong here. We have no doubt, among other evils, that the good intentions of the Directors of the Company are neutralised by the inefficiency of our maritime laws; for without direct reference to the Royal Mail Steam Ships, only read in the daily papers the sayings and doings of the ferocious characters who occasionally—and we are glad to say only occasionally—command our merchant ships. Read the decisions of the "Solons" of magistrates who decide on the cases of deliberate murder, mis-called manslaughter, which are not seldom brought before them. Read the testimonies respecting the characters of the delinquents, from which it would appear that they are the most exemplary, virtuous, and excellent of beings, and that if they have a failing, that failing is an excess of humanity. Read, moreover, the daily accounts of merchant-ships detained in port by the discontent of their crews, arising sometimes from mere caprice—sometimes from complaints about the quantity and quality of their provisions—sometimes about the ill treatment of their officers; and then say if the *personnel* as well as the *matériel* of the merchant navy do not call for the prompt and decisive interference of the British Legislature? These remarks are made more "in sorrow than in anger;" not for the purpose of disparaging our mercantile marine, to which England owes so much of her wealth and greatness, for we duly remember that "if the policy of Venice was marked by the avarice of trading, and the insolence of a maritime power, yet her ambition was prudent; nor did she often forget that if armed galleys were the effect and safeguard, *merchant vessels* were the cause and supply of her greatness." We again express a hope that wise, humane, and efficient legislation will speedily remedy these glaring evils.

Before dismissing the subject, we would congratulate Capt. Smith on the order that has been given to supply his boats to H.M. new steam yacht. These boats are generally built without timbers, of two thicknesses of board crossing each other diagonally, with a layer of felt between them. If we are not misinformed, the boats for the yacht are to be built of thinner board than usual, and felt is to be substituted by brown paper. Now had additional precaution been taken in the construction of boats which may possibly be destined to convey "our Sovereign Lady," we should have thought such a proceeding perfectly natural; as it is, we are at a loss to account for the proposed alteration, particularly as we know that the old boats are not too strong for the rough service in which they may be employed.

A SLEIGH DRIVE IN CANADA WEST.

BY SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, KNIGHT, 14TH REGIMENT.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with aleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art !

To make a break in a long Canadian winter, a small party was formed in the garrison of London, Canada West, in the beginning of 1843, to visit the Falls of Niagara when encircled with a snowy mantle, and margined with clustering icicles; and after viewing the sublime cataract under this peculiar aspect, the parties proposed to participate for a short season in the gaieties of Toronto, before returning to the "stumps and squirrels" of the back woods.

Our company consisted of two ladies and four officers, three servants, the same number of two-horse sleighs, well provided with buffalo, fox, and racoon robes. Clothes-bags were strapped to the runners, fur caps and fur-breasted coats were donned, and, with bells ringing on the collars and breaststraps of the willing steeds, the cavalcade briskly trotted over the natural railroad of snow, to the sound of the leader's horn.

The Canadian London which we had just left, and which now contains about 2600 souls, is in the midst of a considerable clearing in the pine woods, which on sandy ridges overhang the waters of the shallow and swift-running Thames. Among innumerable stumps and trunks, blasted by fire and girdling, are seen wide streets at right angles to each other; these are for the most part bordered by scattered wooden houses of one and two stories, and many houses have vegetable gardens about them. In the principal thoroughfare, Dundas-street, where the best stores are, the houses are adjacent, and some few are of brick. In the Market-square there is a castellated court-house and gaol; a handsome English church, Scotch, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, and other places of worship are in various parts of the town. Frame barracks, which cost 30,000*l.* currency*, and log ones, both surrounded with palisades, are outside of it, on high ground. Three wooden bridges span the river, dignified with the names of Blackfriars, Westminster, and Wellington; and on every side the view is bounded by the level tops of the dark forest.

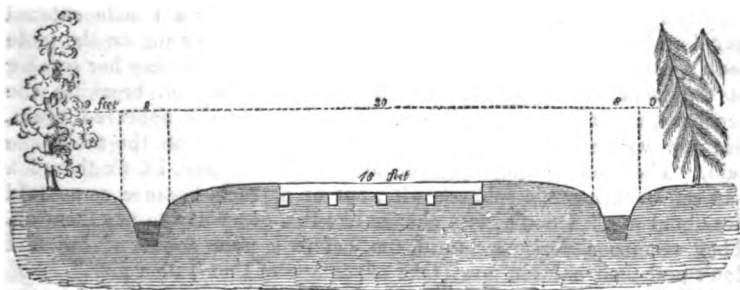
As to climate, it is dry and healthy; hardly ever an officer in the sick list, and about four or five per cent. of the men in hospital at one time. Yet in the months of June, July, August, and September the thermometer is often above 80°, and sometimes at 100° in the shade, whilst in winter, usually beginning about the 1st of December and ending about the beginning of April, the thermometer is sometimes seen at

* £1 currency is equal to 16*s.* sterling.

3°, 7°, and 10° below Zero, on successive days at sunrise; though usually the cold is not intense.

For amusements, the military have their usual field-days on the drill-ground, their brigade-exercise in the country, a garrison theatre, a gymnasium, a racket-court, and a select pack of hounds, to fight against the monotony of "the bush." The society of the town consists of, as yet, only three or four families; but when the plank-roads now in process of construction, from London to Brantford, to Port Stanley, Sarnia, Godrich, &c., are completed, and most of them will be this year, a great population will be "located" along these roads, and London will also rapidly increase.

As few people in the Old Country are acquainted with the nature of plank-roads, apparently so suitable for wooded countries in course of settlement, and which are now being laid for hundreds of miles in Canada West, I beg to annex a short description of one. The whole breadth of the clearing through the bush is 64 feet, the road-bed is 30 feet wide, the ditches on each side are 8 feet wide at top, 2 feet at bottom, and 3 feet deep from the crown of the road. The plank-way, on which is the travelling for rough-shod horses only, is 16 feet wide. There are five rows of sleepers, 4×6 inches, laid in the ground, the earth well rammed down on each side of them, 3-inch plank, 12 inches wide, is laid on the sleepers, and secured to them by spikes of iron, $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, by $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch square. The road is graded to an elevation not to exceed $2\frac{1}{4}$ degrees; all the material to be of the best pine, and the expense averages 1000%. currency per mile. The road will probably last ten years; when it may be renewed, or its place supplied by a macadamised road or a railroad. The road will pay for itself, indirectly, by attracting settlers.



Our way led past small log or frame farm-houses, separated from the road by the everywhere-seen zig-zag or snake fence. The smoke curled lazily from the chimneys; few moving objects were descried about the doors; an occasional wood-sleigh, or one laden with forage, would pass us on the road. Then we entered the woods of tall pine, the stumps of which in the foreground would be curiously topped with a foot or two of snow, like huge plum-cakes "iced" with sugar. A solitary black squirrel would run across the road, and mount a tree, but no sounds, save those of our bells, would interrupt the solitude of "the bush."

In Canada horses are treated as in some parts of Ireland,—“two feeds of water and one of oats;” we accordingly pulled up after fourteen miles to water, and then halted for a couple of hours at Ingersoll, twenty-five miles, to water again and feed. The principal movement here was produced by “small boys” dragging hand-sleighs up a slope, and then *hurling* on them to the bottom. We accomplished our sixty miles, without much fatigue to the horses, in seven hours, exclusive of the mid-day halt, and crossing the Ouse, or Grand river, by a covered wooden bridge, we took up our quarters in the large village of Brantford; named after Brant, the Indian warrior.

Brantford is the scene of frequent riots and disturbances. In passing through it in summer we heard that the American residents had just celebrated the anniversary of the independence of the United States, by firing musketry in the streets, and also a cannon, which had probably been originally intended to aid in the late rebellion. The loyal party attacked the Americans, and a sharp conflict ensued, ending in the withdrawal and concealment of the great gun and small arms, along with those who used them. Now there had been a municipal election, and one party had engaged a number of fighting Irishmen from the Welland Canal, to carry the day with knock-down arguments. A skirmish took place in the Town-hall, which was continued in the street, and followed up to various houses; and the result was forty people seriously injured.

Our party found their peace also disturbed in this unruly place, the *genius loci* seemingly being constant riot. The ladies of our party usually on the journey occupied the best bed-room in the house, whilst the gentlemen stretched themselves on “shake downs” in the sitting-room, preferring this method for sociability’s sake, and to take advantage of the fire; most of the bed-rooms in country inns in Canada are mere closets, with curtainless stretchers, containing feather bed nuisances and very small pillows. At three o’clock in the morning a female entered our dormitory in the dark, craving water, and finding a jug on the table took a hearty pull at it, and then carried it off, but missing her footing at the head of the stairs, she rolled to the bottom, breaking the crockery, and alarming the house. Shortly after she appeared again, but now with a light, and seizing a bottle of Cogniac on the table, she said, “They tell me there’s some London officers here, I’ll fix them! a bad set, to turn me, a soldier’s wife, out of barrack, because some told lies about me. I don’t get a chance like this every day to pay them off. They receive a Serjeant’s word, too, before a poor soldier’s! but if I don’t pull their chicken now (take advantage of them) it’s a pity.”

“Oh! this is destruction,” groaned one of the sleepers, “go to the d——l, and let us sleep.”

“No, no, here I sit, I’ll have a talk with ye first, and try your grog,” whereupon she swallowed half-a-tumbler of raw spirits. Fair words and abuse were equally thrown away upon her, “She was as good as us, only she had not as much money in her pocket.” She locked the door, sat down before it, and put the key in her pocket; at last, on the landlord calling to her from below, she seized up the bottle, saying, “I’ll treat the boys with this,” and disappeared; a pursuit ensued by our servants, and the bottle was recovered from her lower garments.

The usual charge at inns in Canada West is one shilling (English) for each meal, and sixpence for a bed. A stranger travelling through

the country will do well not to ask for a bill, for then it is very possible he may be overcharged, but if he goes up to the bar-keeper and says "I've had so many meals," and deposits the corresponding number of shillings, all will be right. Three shillings a night is the usual charge for a pair of horses, and a shilling for a mid-day feed.

At the thriving village of Simco, near the north shores of Lake Erie, one may board at a respectable inn, have a good bed and three meals (with meat at each,) a-day for $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, or 10s. a week,—26l. per annum.

This winter in Canada 100 lbs. weight of pork could be bought for 2 dollars, (8 shillings,) and the same quantity of flour for the same price, and even less. Potatoes for $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ the bushel, so that allowing a man 1 lb. of flour and 1 of pork a-day, the expense of this common feeding would amount to 15 dollars, or 3l. a year; and wages are 2s. for a labourer, and 3s. or 4s. for a mechanic a day.

One of the chief annoyances to which householders in Canada are subject, is that of servants; the feeling of independence, and even of insolence, which they soon imbibe, causes endless vexation to their masters. Long and faithful service in Canada is almost unknown; but if the stream of emigration continues to flow towards "the land of the West," help of some sort, though not long by the same hands, may be counted on. Lately, a gentleman from the old country lived on a large farm, which he had bought in the neighbourhood of London, Canada West; he had brought with him from England a labouring man, whom he promoted in Canada to the office of bailiff and gardener; the wages of this functionary were good, and he was prudent. One morning he came to the gentleman and said, "Measter! I have been a long time with you now." "Yes, you have, what of that?" I think, Measter, you and me's about equal." "How do you make out that?" "You see, Measter, you makes me eat my wittels in your kitchen, now you know, that wont do here." "Well, what do you want?" "Why I wants a knife and fork in your parlour, or else I clears out." "What! to eat with my family? No, no; that will never do, so clear out as soon as you like."

Another Englishman cleverly kept his servant, and in the proper place, thus; he engaged an American female "help," who, the first day, laid an extra cover at table. "Who is that for?" was asked. "I guess its for *myself*," was the answer. "Oh! you mean to dine with us!" "I expect I do." "Very well!" She accordingly sat down with the family, and the master paid her the most marked attention, helped her to the choicest food, assisted her to bread, beer, &c., from the sideboard, and in short, so overpowered her with civility, that she begged "for goodness sake" to be allowed to eat alone, and in her own place; and she did so, and did good service besides.

But let us continue our drive. On the second morning we cheerfully "put to" at Brantford; and under the exhilarating influence of a sharp frost and clear sky, we glided over the frozen snow at a rapid pace on our way to Hamilton. The Grand river was on our right, navigable in the open season for fifty miles toward Lake Erie, and we passed near a considerable colony of Indians on its banks, who at this season are muffled up in their blankets and red leggings.

By putting two of the servants in one sleigh with the baggage, four

of the party could always be together, and thus the time was agreeably diversified with song and story. Two of us had been "bronzed" in the East, a field always supplying a store of anecdote and adventure. Here is one of the recollections of the land of the sun. The dexterity of Indian thieves is unrivalled; but an Irish officer, in a part of the country in bad repute, laid a heavy wager that they could not rob him; his brother officers took him up, and determined to rob him themselves, but they were saved the trouble. At night he went to bed in his tent, sleeping on a cot resting on and fixed to his two bullock trunks, a chain was passed through the handles of these and padlocked to the tent-pole; he placed his money under his pillow, and a brace of loaded pistols; his sword was on one side, and his double-barrel on the other; he had also a terrier dog with him. Taking "a night-cap," in the shape of a glass of brandy-and-water, he lay down in full security: but, alas! for all his precautions,—in the morning he lay on his sheet on the ground in a tent completely "gutted." The thieves had enticed away the dog, lifted him off the stretcher on the sheet, removed his money and arms, lifted the tent-pole and passed under it the chain which secured the bullock trunks, and got clear off with their booty!

Hamilton on Burlington Bay, and near the celebrated heights of the same name, the natural citadel of Canada West, is in the midst of a most thriving district; beautiful farms are everywhere seen around, with fields clear of stumps, and enclosed with good fences. The town has a cheerful aspect, with broad streets and lofty houses, and there is constantly a commercial movement and bustle in it. With the clear waters of the bay in front, the back ground of the picture is a rich screen of trees clothing the side of a ridge which runs to Niagara, distant fifty miles.

Teetotalism is extending in Hamilton, as elsewhere in Canada; and it is needful it should do so in a land overflowing with whiskey at 6*d.* a quart. Soldiers are sorely tried with this temptation in Canada; and though among them there is a good deal of "steady drinking," yet the extraordinary inebriation which used to prevail in India is unknown. There, the worthy Medico, one of our sleigh party, had once charge of a detachment of 240 men; out of this number there were 64 cases of *delirium tremens*, from hard drinking, in three months! There was a pump in the barrack-yard, and every morning he saw drunkards helped to it by their comrades, and copiously pumped on to fit them for parade, which passing, in a way, they drank again, and again were pumped on for evening parade!

He played them a trick one day. A party of them came to the hospital to get some medicine, to escape parade altogether. One came forward; "What is the matter with you?" "Oh! I am very bad in my inside, Sur." "Go into the surgery, and you'll get some medicine. Serjeant, give this man some of the black bottle on the upper shelf." A horrid mixture, kept for malingerers, composed of salts, senna, tobacco-water, assafoetida, &c. Pat tasted it, and not liking it, slyly emptied the glass into his cap. The Doctor watched him, and calling him to him, told him to put on his cap. "I'll do that outside, Sur." "No, put it on, now; you know a soldier should never take his cap off." It was done cautiously. "How long have you been sick?" "It's been coming on for some time, Sur." "What's that running over your eyes?" The patient putting up his hand, "Oh! 'tis nothing but the sweat, Sur."

"How comes it black? Serjeant, bring him another dose of the same." Pat swallowed this with a terrible grimace and shudder; whilst the others, watching outside, cried to Pat, "By the powers but he's done ye," and forthwith disappeared.

Leaving Hamilton, we soon approached the battle-ground of Stony Creek, memorable in the late American war. On the right was the wooded ridge, leading towards Niagara; below was a level plateau, thinly sprinkled with trees; beneath this again were cultivated fields and the houses of the village of Stony Creek, through which the straight road led; on the left, fields and thickets sloped away gently towards Lake Ontario.

The American army, 3,500 strong, and following the British on their route towards the Burlington heights, one night took up their bivouac on the plateau beneath the ridge. The present Governor of Newfoundland, the gallant Sir John Harvey, asked leave of his Chief to return with 500 chosen men and surprise the Americans, reposing in fancied security; leave was granted. He made a desperate onslaught at night; the Americans broke and fled, leaving their cannon, munitions of war, and two Generals in the hands of the victors. An experienced military friend commonly says of affairs of this sort, "The value of night attacks is not at all understood—it is a mine which has not been worked or appreciated."

We passed on to Forty-Mile Creek, and there took up our quarters for the night in the clean wayside inn, with "Jennings" on the sign; but new people had just taken the house, and though somewhat unprovided for our party, yet they made up for deficiencies in provant and beds, by civility and attention; and we, being in good health and spirits, were not in the mood to complain of anything. Whilst supper was preparing, some itinerant Italian organists, exhibiting wax figures in a box of the Siamese twins, played lively tunes in the bar, and set the feet of our soldier-servants in motion, who danced jigs, to the surprise of the "loafers" lazily collected about the stove.

"I cannot find beds for all you gentlemen," said the hostess, "but I'll do the best I can for ye." "Make up a family-bed for us in the sitting-room, with two mattresses side by side," we answered; and it was so contrived. An old and dry Yankee attendant amused us; he was as civil as the rest of the people of the house, but on the ladies objecting to his proposal to light the fire in their room in the morning, (as he stood with his slouched glazed hat and loosely-fitting jacket and continuations at our door, lantern in hand, to ask if we wanted any more help from him,) he replied, "Well, I guess the little girl will make the fire for ye, if ye are afeard of the old man; but ye are safe enough here, I tell ye."

Next morning we were off by times, with our snowy railroad as good as ever, the three sleighs making the woods on each side tuneful with their light bells; the driver, who led, occasionally blew a blast with a horn, to warn the country sleighs to share with us the road, but which brought the dwellers in the scattered houses to their doors; a piece of paper held up would bring them out for a fancied letter—they would run back for change for a shilling York (6d.) to pay for it, when the train would drive off, with much laughter. Mounting some steep ascents, and passing along an undulating road, we reached Drummondville, or

Lundy's Lane, the scene of another sharp conflict; the favourable state of the snow now induced a repetition of the combat—one sleigh against another, with snowballs. Gliding down the street of the village we heard beneath us the heavy roar of the world's wonder, the mighty Niagara, and then found ourselves at the door of the Clifton hotel.

The great cataract is seen by few travellers in its winter garb. I had seen it several years before in all the glories of autumn, its encircling woods happily spared by the remorseless hatchet, and tinted with all the brilliant hues peculiar to the American "Fall." Now the glory had departed—the woods were still there, but were generally black, with occasional green pines; beneath the grey trunks was spread a thick mantle of snow, and from the brown rocks, inclosing the deep channel of the Niagara river, hung huge clusters of icicles, twenty feet in length, like silver pipes of giant organs. The tumultuous rapids appeared to me to descend more regularly than formerly over the steps which distinctly extended across the wide river; in the midst of the rapids, and before the awful plunge of the cataract, was fixed a conspicuous black object, which appeared to be the remains of a vessel. These, I was assured, were the last vestiges of the Detroit, the flag-ship of Commodore Barclay, and on whose deck he bled whilst sustaining his unequal combat on the waters of Lake Erie in 1813. In 1841 the Detroit was brought from Buffalo to be sent over the Falls, but grounding on the great ledges of the Rapids, it has, by degrees, been reduced to a few black ribs. It was impossible to look upon these melancholy remains of a fierce struggle without feelings of intense interest.

The portions of the British, or Horseshoe Fall, where the waters descend in masses of snowy whiteness, were unchanged by the season, except that vast sheets of ice and icicles hung on their margin; but where the deep waves of sea-green water roll majestically over the steep, large pieces of descending ice were descried ever and anon on its bosom. No rainbows were now observed on the great vapour-cloud, which shrouds for ever the bottom of the Fall; but we were extremely fortunate to see now plainly what I had looked for in vain at my last visit, *the water-rockets*, first described by Captain Hall, which shot up with a train of vapour singly, and in flights of a dozen, from the abyss near Table Rock, curved towards the East, and burst and fell in front of the cataract. Vast masses of descending fluid produce this singular effect, by means of condensed air acting on portions of the vapour into which the water is comminuted below. Altogether the appearance was most startling. It was observed, at 1 P.M., from the gallery of Mr. Burnett's museum.

The broad sheet of the American Fall presented the appearance of light green water and feathery spray, also margined by huge icicles. The great masses of rock at the bottom were covered, as it were, with pure white heaps of cotton, whilst on the left, and in front of the Fall, a cone was in process of formation from the congealing vapour. As in summer, the water rushing from under the vapour-cloud of the two Falls, was of a milky whiteness as far as the ferry, when it became dark, and interspersed with floating masses of ice. Here, last year, from the pieces of ice being heaped and crushed together in great quantities, was formed a thick and high bridge of ice completely across the river, safe for passengers for some time; and in the middle of it a Yankee speculator had erected a shanty, for refreshments.

Lately, at a dinner party, I heard a Staff Officer of talent propose to the company a singular wager,—a bet of 100*l.*, that he would go over the Falls of Niagara, and come out alive at the bottom! No one being inclined to take him up, and after a good deal of discussion as to how this most perilous feat was to be accomplished, the plan was disclosed. To place on Table Rock a crane, with a long arm reaching over the water Horse-shoe Fall; from this arm would hang, by a stout rope, a large bucket or cask: this would be taken up some distance above the Fall, where a mill-race slowly glides towards the cataract: here the adventurer would get into the cask, men stationed on the Table Rock would haul in the slack of the rope as he descended, and the crane would swing him clear from the cataract as he passed over. Here is a chance for any gentleman sportsman to immortalize himself!

A rapid thaw took place after we reached the Falls; the icicles which before had covered every blade of grass, twig, and tree, and caused them to bend to the Falls as if in worship of them, and all the while glittering in the sun-beams with exceeding splendour, while the cauldron boiling beneath, and sending up its seething cloud, above which water-fowl wildly careered,—under the influence of the thaw the icy glories began to vanish, and it was dangerous to pass under the cliffs where the great icicles hung, for an occasional crash would be heard, and masses of ice, like pillars of alabaster, would be detached and fall, tons weight at a time, on the path below.

We walked towards the old Pavilion Hotel, now the barracks of a party of the newly-embodied Royal Canadian Rifle Corps, composed of volunteers from various regiments stationed in this country. Their winter dress was comfortable and soldierlike, high and flat caps of black fur, gray great-coats, black belts, and long boots. We asked several men who had lately worn the red jacket, if they were pleased with their change of service, and they said they were quite happy and contented. A man, lately of my company, had married a wife with 100*l.*, had also joined a Temperance Society, and was doing well.

Returning to our hotel, we found there a marriage party just arrived, and “on pleasure bent,” from St. Catherine’s. Two sleighs, fastened together and drawn by four horses, contained about a score of blythe folk: they sat two and two on buffalo robes, a small brass band in front, boughs of pine decking the sides of the sleighs, and a blue ensign waving over the stern of the living-freighted craft. We had choice of the best quarters in the hotel, which has very comfortable parlours and beds, with mattresses of wholesome horse-hair,—quite a novelty in Canada, generally where the abominable feathers prevail; we had also good attendance of coloured waiters, excellent fare, and moderate charges.

As it is a soldier’s duty to visit battle-ground whenever he is near it, the morning after our arrival at the Falls, I rose at dawn, and proceeded with one of our party to the scene of the combat of Lundy’s Lane, fought during an eventful night, the noise of the combat mingling with the thunders of Niagara. Moving up the gradual ascent to the hotly-contested crest of the hill, at the upper part of Drummonville, a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens before us as the sun rose, and we saw the singular appearance of the long shadows of clouds projected on other clouds. A little man, of hale appearance, with a basket

on his arm, joined us; we asked him how many houses were left of those which stood at the time of the fight. "Only these two old ones," said he, pointing to old frame houses on the left of the road. "Another, Chryster's inn, was burnt by the Sympathizers in 1837, when cleared out for a party of soldiers."

"Were you living here in the last American war," we asked.

"Yes, and I fought on this ground, and served in the Artillery; here, behind the crest of the rise extending right and left of it, was our line drawn up, facing the Falls; at these trees below, and on our right, the Americans first hove in sight; the Glengaries and other Light Infantry went off to skirmish with them in front, and we "fit" (fought) them after that all round the hill. The Americans had learned to fight well by this time, and we had hard work of it, but we kept our line; and next day the enemy went off, and burnt the bridge of Chippewa, to prevent our following. We thought it unchristianlike in our General to order our dead to be burnt; but as he said it was the custom in Spain and Portugal, we fancied it was all right. There were about 900 dead bodies aside, and sixty houses; our men lie in two graves on that small square we have just past, opposite the hospital near the churchyard."

Let the gallant deeds of the 89th Regiment not be forgotten on this occasion. The American army, favoured by the darkness, had reached to the crest of the British position, and the Canadian Militia were suffering severely, when the 89th opportunely arrived from the direction of Queenstown, in light marching order, left the road, crossed the fields, and took the Americans in flank. The 21st U. S. Regiment, which had been before opposed to the 89th at Chryster's farm, called out, "Where is the bloody 89th?" "Here we are, you beggars!" answered the 89th; and then threw in a murderous volley, which immediately turned the tide in favour of the British.

The table-land on which the British were drawn up, and through the centre of which the road runs, consists of cleared fields with scattered trees, a few new houses are by the road-side; in the distance, and on the low grounds, are thick groves of ancient trees, behind which is seen, when the atmosphere is light, the vast pillar of cloud rising and waving above the cataract, whose deep voice also falls solemnly on the ear.

We returned to the churchyard, to read the epitaphs on the monuments of some gallant officers who had fallen in action. We found three, one on stone, to the memory of Col. Bishop, killed at Black Rock; and two on wood, with these inscriptions:—"To the Memory of LIEUT. THOMAS ANDREW, 6TH REGIMENT, who died in consequence of a wound received when gallantly leading on his company before Fort Erie, Sept. 17, 1814, aged 26."—"Sacred to the Memory of LIEUT. WILLIAM HEMPHILL, ROYAL SCOTS, who bravely fell in the memorable battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814." We were much displeased to observe that the two last monuments had been displaced from their proper positions, to make room for some other graves; but we immediately took steps to have them replaced over the honoured dead.

On our way back to our hotel, which we made longer by a detour towards the old pavilion, our discourse fell on Resurrectionists; and being in a gossiping humour in this paper, I shall here give some of the

perils which attended the study of medicine in Ireland twenty-five years ago:—

“It was in Cork where I first attended a dissecting-room,” said my friend, “and many an adventure we had, and much risk we ran to get the subjects at that time. Once we received a volley of balls when we had struck the first spade in the earth, and we fled for our lives over some sheds, having one of our party severely wounded through the arm. Another night, when I was accidentally prevented joining the resurrection party, one of the students was shot dead through the heart at the grave, and left there. But one of our ugliest adventures was this:—Three of us were one day in a boat at Cove, and we were rowed by a remarkably powerful man; the day was hot: he had taken off his shirt, and finer development of muscle, larger arms, and a deeper chest, I never had seen before. Sometime after this we heard that he had been drowned, and we determined to get this fine subject. We ascertained that he was buried in a very neatly kept churchyard, and close to a gravel-walk in it. We took a horse with us from Cork at night, and commenced operations by throwing the earth on sheets we had brought with us, to keep the earth from the footpath. The grave was a very deep one, and it was long before we reached the body, and long before we got it out, being so heavy. At last we got it into the sack; but the horse snorted and shied at it. The day was beginning to dawn, we had three miles to take it; we thought we should never get it off, and that we must be discovered. At last, after a good hour’s work, and by tying a handkerchief over the horse’s eyes, we got the load fixed on his back. We then filled up the grave carefully, and got safe to the dissecting-room.”

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARMS.

A chield’s amang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith, he’ll prent it.

No. VII.

(Continued from page 517, No. 173.)

WE commence with awe, reverence, and humility, the subject of our present article, *The Religion of the Army*; but, as the various writers on the real or imaginary defects of our military system have but very briefly alluded to this momentous and all important consideration, we feel called upon to devote our humble efforts towards the amelioration of THAT, on which mainly depends not only the weal or woe of the soldier in this world, but his certain happiness or misery in the world to come.

May our exertions in this holy cause induce other more enlightened and influential Christians to step forward as advocates of the partially neglected soldier; for whose food and raiment every possible judicious provision is made; for whom, libraries, cricket-grounds, fives’-courts, saving banks, &c., are now provided; but for whom religious institutions and superintendence are but too little thought of. In the honest

expression of our sentiments we will endeavour to avoid giving offence to any sect or party; but should we appear biased by the tenets of that Apostolical religion which we have lisped in childhood, and to which we turn for consolation and hope in old age; that high religion, the leading star of our country, worshipped in its purity by our Gracious and Beloved Sovereign, and daily becoming more attractive and absorbing to all true Churchmen; should we inadvertently

With harsh reflections wound the man of worth,

even from him we shall hope for forgiveness, when he calmly reflects *we* but venerate, eulogize, and adhere to the tenets held sacred *by his forefathers*.

Previous to entering into the present state of Religion in the Army, let us first reverentially turn to the Scriptures for our guidance, and from that Sacred Book extract the armour of a Christian warrior.

Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation; and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

Such ought to be the panoply of every British soldier, and such we humbly believe has been vouchsafed to many, who have "fought the good fight and kept the faith:" but, alas! how many are wandering unarmed in utter darkness, or with but few transient gleams of twilight; one day (on foreign service,) joining a flock without a shepherd; the following, perhaps, guided by a pastor, whose attention is equally directed to each and all of his parishioners, whether civilians or soldiers; and a subsequent day finds this military wanderer (who was beginning to discern the difference between truth and error, virtue and vice,) again on the wide world, and uncertain whether at his next resting place any care will be bestowed on aught beyond what is requisite for the health of the body. These remarks are of course doubly applicable to the state of the poor soldier's family; he, himself, is not quite so neglected as they are; for each Sunday will find him on parade, from whence he is, if possible, marched to some place of Divine worship: for a few brief minutes he is placed under the provident care of a minister of religion, but the service over, he joins his comrades or his family, and, in many cases, the chord is too often broken of that harmonic instrument which unites a mortal to his God. Happily there are at present a few isolated stations where the appointment of a Chaplain to the Forces affords an effectual remedy to this partial mode of religious instruction; and *there* the soldier, his wife and children, feel that they are not outcasts from Christianity, but that they have a spiritual director who will, at their call, individually enlighten them, attend them in sickness, charitably relieve their wants, and compassionate them in their bereavements. In short, *there* the judicious regulations, promulgated to the Army relative to the duties of Military Chaplains, have their full force; and too clearly exhibit the contrast between the attention thus bestowed on the soldier and his family, and the too general mode in which this portion of a parochial flock is frequently unnoticed and unknown. As a contrast to

the present fractional provision for the due performance of the duties of religion amongst the troops, are there not about three hundred officers professionally educated, and distributed throughout the Regiments, &c., solely to attend to the sanatory condition of the military body? Are there not Brigade-Majors, Town-Majors, *cum multis aliis*, innumerable? But, alas! for the neglected Clergy and Christian militants, the CHAPLAIN DEPARTMENT consists only of six Chaplains to the Forces, two Chaplains to the Ordnance, and a few parochial Clergymen who receive a small stipend according to the strength of the troops, and the probable demand that may be made for Church accommodation, funerals, &c.

Would that our feeble voice could silence for ever this parsimonious and injudicious system which prevents the increase of true religion in the Army. *Dieu soit beni*, our country is not yet poverty-stricken; we can afford salaries to Governors, Lieut.-Governors, General Officers in command,—the rulers of this world; but can we not provide directors for the soldier's world to come? 'Tis true every Bishop ought to have a See, but cannot some clerical arrangement be made by which a *Military Bishop* would be consecrated? until this is effected, until this corner-stone is laid, vain will be the hope of religious reformation in the Army. Let our legislators thus commence the foundation, and an edifice will proudly rear its head, conferring honour on the country, and eternal felicity on myriads of its brave defenders and their offspring. This point gained, religious organization would rapidly follow; the Bishop would select Chaplains, whose duties would be confined solely to the Army, appointing them to armies in the field, and garrisons at home and abroad; those in Great Britain he would occasionally visit, and from all he would receive reports of births, marriages, deaths, &c., at present communicated to the principal Chaplain to the Forces. Commanding Officers would be requested to make known to the Military Chaplains (or to Parochial Clergymen where there were no Chaplains,) the residence of married soldiers as soon as they entered a town, notifying also their change of residence; sound religious works would be distributed to libraries and barrack-rooms; the Chaplains would visit and superintend the schools and libraries; and, finally, the British Army would become as distinguished for its religious instruction and organization as it has ever been for its military institutions and heroic conduct in the field of battle.

In adducing arguments or instances bearing on the subject, we feel the difficulties we shall have to encounter in endeavouring to attain the happy medium. Some militants will doubtless cavil at our remarks; others will consider we are disposed to become "righteous over much," and that we would wish to render the Army a mere body of puritans, better adapted for clerical duties than scenes of warfare: but some of our readers will, perhaps, enter fully into our feelings and sentiments; and, knowing from bitter experience, that "to err is human," will pause e'er they venture uncharitably to "scan their fellow-man," who, advocating a good cause, claims the support of every firm patriot and every true Christian.

In one respect, the Army has no reason to complain of want of religious attention, for, thanks to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, every Church of England soldier is supplied with a Bible

and Prayer Book : but every regimental Officer well knows that at the periodical inspection of the soldier's kitt, these books evince too clearly by their unsoiled appearance that rarely, if ever, are they withdrawn from the knapsack. Too many a soldier's Testament would tell a similar tale to that of the young sailor, who, on parting with his aged parent for his first voyage, was presented with a Bible, accompanied by an earnest injunction to turn to its pages frequently for comfort and assistance in trouble. On the sailor's return home he was questioned respecting the use he had made of the sacred gift ; and, on his assurance that he had often, very often perused it, the kind giver asked to see it again, and opening it before him, astounded him with a proof of his irreligious inattention ; for between two of her especially favourite chapters, a five-pound note was discovered, placed there to act as a reward to her obedient and religious child. Many a note would we fear remain for years undiscovered in our soldiers' Bibles.

Should Military Chaplains ever be appointed to the extent we have suggested, one of the most important of their duties would be the attendance of the sick in hospital. Here what a wide and gratifying field is open to their exertions : several instances have been brought under our notice in which incalculable good has resulted from the zealous and anxious attendance of pastors, who with patience and pure christian feeling have passed hours by the side of the bed of the dying soldier, whose parents and relatives were far distant from him whom in childhood they had watched, loved, and cherished, and who in his last moments could only turn for hope and consolation to the minister of a religion, which he too well knew he had for years disobeyed and disgraced. Verily these ornaments to the Church have had their reward, as far as the fervent gratitude of the departing Christian could recompense them ; and we will now state an instance, doubtless one amongst many hundreds, in which a Clergyman enacted the part of a good Samaritan, healing up the wounds of a broken and contrite heart. A soldier, who was in hospital, and rapidly sinking from an incurable disease, begged he might be allowed to send for the Minister who attended the sick, and whom he had heard reading and praying with a dying comrade, to whose questions he patiently listened, and to whom he afforded the solace and commiseration of a friend. To this request the Surgeon could not object, and the Clergyman was therefore solicited to attend on the man. Our non-medical readers will scarcely credit the extraordinary effect produced by this visit ; the Surgeon stated that the man's pulse had become firm and regular ; his voice and spirits had returned to him, and so unexpected a change had taken place, that, had not the internal disease made such vital progress, in all human probability the poor fellow might have recovered.

Previous to quitting this mournful portion of our subject, we cannot refrain from noticing the bad effects sometimes produced by the schism between our religion and that of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, at the closing scene of life's drama, when all dissension should cease. We have heard of the funeral service being read by the attendant Officer over the corpse of a deceased Roman Catholic soldier, the party at the grave having waited for a considerable time, and being at last made aware that neither Protestant or Roman Catholic Clergyman would attend in sufficient time to bury the corpse that day. Moreover, did

not a newspaper also mention a few months since, that an officer read the funeral service over a soldier, whose suicidal death was considered lunacy by the Coroner's inquest, but whom the Clergyman refused to consign to the grave with the rites of religion. In this decision he may clerically have been correct; but why should a poor soldier be thus marked out for opprobrium and disrespect, when the magnates of the land, overpowered by the intensity of their political or private feelings, dare to rush unbidden into the presence of their God, are entombed with every religious honour and rite. Is this the mode employed to raise the tone of the British Army, and to fill the junior ranks with *brave and good men*? Alas! no,—as long as the debasing line of demarcation is drawn between the soldier and the wealthier citizen, British Arms will never attain that celebrity to which she aspires. Let it not, however, be supposed we do not deeply deplore and condemn the unchristianlike act of suicide, especially when perpetrated by men under excitement brought on by their own vice and intemperance: with reference to the latter dreadful cause of self-murder, an impressive and emphatic order, relative to the funeral of a soldier who had destroyed himself, had a most powerful effect on the regiment, and no doubt contributed materially to the prevention of this crime by the wound that it inflicted on the soldier's pride, which leaves him not even in his dying hour: the order was couched in the following words:—

The remains of the drunkard, who has dared to disobey the laws of God and man, will, to-morrow, be carried to the grave in a cart, unattended by any soldier. Neither the guard or sentries will pay the respect customary and due to the honoured corpse of a gallant and good soldier.

Shall we lay ourselves open to the charge of bigotry or religious intolerance, if we venture, though most respectfully, to allude to, and to a certain extent to doubt the propriety of the General Order, giving to every soldier "full liberty to attend the worship of Almighty God, according to the forms prescribed by his own religion, when military duty does not interfere." We can well remember the time when soldiers, more orthodox than they now are in their religious principles, both felt and acted up to the divine injunction, directing them to "Fear the Lord, and the Queen; and not to meddle with those who were given to change." Then soldiers, instead of selecting their place of worship, or refusing to attend with their comrades, listened with piety and gratitude to the chaplain under whose superintendence they were placed; it was not then, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ;" but the prayers and directions of the appointed religious guide were as attentively listened to, as were the orders of the military leader complied with. But now, when the attendants of the various churches, chapels, &c., are on a Sunday parade directed to form their respective squads, in order that they may be marched to the temple or meeting-house to which they profess to belong,—the ecclesiastical soldier must mourn at witnessing the disunion amongst his comrades. Too often is the place of worship selected with reference to its preacher, locality, warmth, &c.; and many a man changes his persuasion with the seasons. This abuse is occasionally checked, it is true, but that it does occur, is a convincing proof that soldiers are not always as much attached to one peculiar church or persuasion, as has latterly been imagined; and we feel assured that, were a sufficient number of military

chaplains appointed, these latitudinarian principles would be considerably diminished, if not totally eradicated, thereby rendering the Army, as far as can be effected by human means, uniform in actions, feelings, religious sentiments, and rites.

Let us now revert to the original intention of the present article—the advocacy of increasing religion in the British Army. We have alluded to the errors or omissions of the modern times; and to strengthen our argument, can we do better than revert to the ages of our forefathers, who in many instances have left to their posterity bright examples to guide them in the paths of religion, fame, and honour.

The pages of history record the following memorable testimonies of armies in the field piously addressing their prayers to the Almighty on the eve of an approaching engagement; and what man, be he Deist or Atheist, will dare to assert these soldiers did not as gallantly,—aye, more bravely do their duty to their country than those who make a mockery of religion, and by their conduct deny the Christian's God?

Battle of Hastings, 1066.—The camps of the English and Normans the night before the engagement, exhibited totally different scenes: the former passed the time in merriment, carousing, and disorder; the latter, in calm silence, prayer, or in the performance of religious ceremonies.

Battle of the Standard, or Coton Moor, 1138.—The English, previous to commencing the attack, received the blessing of the aged Thurstan, conferred by his delegate the Titular Bishop of the Orkneys, and swore to each other to be victorious, or die. The Galwegians rushed on with a terrific cry of “Albanigh! Albanigh!” in allusion to their descent from the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, called formerly Albyn, or Albania.

Battle of Bannockburn, 1314.—When the Scottish troops beheld the immense body of their enemies rolling towards them like a surging ocean, they were called on to join in an appeal to heaven against the strength of human foes. Maurice, the Abbot of Inchaffray, bare-headed and bare-footed, walked along the line, and conferred his benediction on the soldiers, who knelt to receive it, and to worship the Power in whose name it was bestowed. Edward II. observing the Scottish troops kneel down, joyfully exclaimed, “They crave mercy!” “It is from heaven, not from your Highness,” answered Umfraville, “on that field they will win or die.”

Battle of Creci, 1346.—The night before this encounter, which terminated so gloriously for England, Edward III. entered into his oratory, threw himself on his knees before the altar, and prayed that God would preserve his honour. When morning dawned, he assisted at mass, and received the communion with his noble, chivalric son, the Prince of Wales.

Battle of Agincourt.—The French, confident in their numerical strength, passed the night previous to the battle, in revelling; but the English reflected on the approaching morn with hope and fear, doubt and anxiety. Debilitated by disease, fatigue, and privations, they yet turned with confidence and courage to their gallant and spirited Commander, who took little repose, visiting the different quarters, and giving the necessary orders until just sunrise, when he summoned his

confiding and resolute army to attend at matins and mass. From prayer he led them into the field ; and during the action, the religious and high-minded Henry V. exclaimed, " If God gives us this victory, it will be plain we owe it to his goodness ; fight with your usual courage, and God and the justice of our cause will protect us.

The Battle of Lutzen, 1632.—At daylight, Gustavus Adolphus, kneeling in front of his army, offered up his prayers, the soldiers also on their knees joining in a hymn. " God is with us," was the exclamation of the Swedes : " Jesu Maria," that of the Imperialists.

The Battle of Vienna, 1683.—Two hours before dawn, the King of Poland, and most of the Generals, received the sacrament ; the Turks also performing their devotions, with cries of " Allah, Allah." ¶

We will not adduce further testimonies of religious fervour from the far distant ages, but turn to the Commander that England may well be proud of—the virtuous and unconquerable Duke of Marlborough. This General, throughout his military career, ever manifested an habitual reliance upon the Divine favour ; and at the termination of one of the campaigns, thus closed his letter :—" This is ended to my own heart's desire ; and as the hand of the Almighty is visible in this whole manner, I hope Her Majesty will think it due to *Him* to return public thanks." He himself never failed to offer up his grateful and heartfelt acknowledgements after a victory. His camp resembled a quiet and well-governed city, " cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers, and the poor soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became at the end of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible, and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar."

Our space will not permit us progressively to instance the bright scintillations of religion emanating from men whose hands were armed for the burst of war, but whose hearts either were, or humbly strove to be at peace with heaven : nor shall we even advert to Britain's latter glorious military era—no, this subject cannot be lightly touched, or briefly surveyed ; to give it full justice, hours should be devoted to the records of the campaigns, so minutely and eloquently portrayed by numerous historians and followers of the invincible Wellington, who, after gallantly wielding the sword, had recourse to the pen, faithfully and vividly to describe the scenes they had witnessed. For the purpose in view, we have advanced sufficient instances of military devotion in the field, and sacrilegiously blinded must that man be, who cannot or will not perceive that the soldiers who penitently and humbly addressed their supplications to the Lord of battles, were not only the most courageous combatants, but were also beneficently protected and led to victory.

In compliance with our intention of comparing British and Foreign Arms, we will now examine the regulations in France relative to religious worship, &c. In this respect, how proudly pre-eminent is our venerated country ; the works published for each grade in the French army, are multitudinous on every mundane and perishable subject ; but for information and guidance to a blessed eternity, not one work appears in a voluminous catalogue. In vain do we also turn to " Manuel de Legislation Militaire," a publication that we might advantageously copy in some respects, but which in this instance lamentably evinces the total neglect, as far as military organization is concerned, of religion in the

French army. Even under the head of hospitals and funerals, not the most remote allusion is made to the clergy or devotional observances: most minutely are the details entered into respecting promotion, pay, marches, transports, barracks, pensions, &c.; but too glaringly can it be perceived, "in all this they lack the one thing needful." This subject has been briefly alluded to in a former Article, and we will therefore conclude with the remarks and opinion of a sensible French author, who feelingly deploras the present irreligious state of the army. "J'ouvre le le code qui regit l'armée Française, et c'est en vain que j'y cherche une disposition pénale relative à la religion et à son culte. Rappelons-nous qu'il fut un temps en France, où le soldat qui blasphémait avait la langue percée avec un fer chaud. Si de pareilles peines ne sont plus en harmonie avec les lois qui nous régissent et le siècle où nous vivons, du moins ne soyons pas indifférens au point de laisser sans punition le soldat qui offense *publiquement* son Createur, alors que celui qui injurie seulement son supérieur, est puni d'une peine afflictive et infamante,"

Although we have declined the gratification of tracking the steps of our Peninsular heroes in search of bright examples of faith, hope, and charity, cold must be our hearts, and palsied our hands, ere we drop the pen without adducing one unanswerable proof that the strict observance of religious rites, and devout attendance on the services of the Church, are not incompatible with indomitable courage and unrivalled military science. Witness the almost invariably *diurnal* attendance at chapel of HIM, who was an honoured instrument in raising the glory of England, and the imperishable renown of his own name to its present pre-eminent height; and who now gratefully addresses his prayers and thanksgivings to the Almighty, whose "shield was about his head," and by whose guidance and protection he was enabled to gain the victory. What British soldier will hang back, or cowardly retreat when WELLINGTON advances? Let us then, "On, forward, right on!" and may our Christian army, thus led on, become as noted for its morality, devotion, and true religion, as it has ever proved itself invincible in the battle-field.

Our limits prompt us to close the present Article, which, however, we are unwilling to do without adverting to the solemn, devotional, and heart-stirring mode in which colours are presented to the British Army. What Christian warrior can hear or read the inspiring and evangelical discourses, addressed by the clergy on these occasions, without religious fervour, and a firm conviction that the Deity will protect his true and faithful servants, even amidst the iron hail and deadly scenes of warfare. Bishop Coleridge, in his address to the 69th Regiment, most eloquently testifies that the Gospel knows no distinction of professions. "David, whose pious, glowing, and often martial strains, are sung in the church, was a soldier: the affectionate master, who came himself to Jesus, beseeching him to heal his servant, was a soldier: he, who exclaimed at the cross, 'Truly this was the Son of God,' was a soldier: he who was the first Gentile convert to the faith of Christ, Cornelius, that divinely favoured and devout man, was a centurion." This portion of the Bishop's address was terminated by the following forcible and most appropriate passage:—

"I no where find in the Scriptures of truth, that a military life is incompatible with the highest piety, or the strictest morals. Bravery,

tempered by mercy, controlled by discipline, and sustained by principle, loyalty unshaken, fidelity incorrupt, sobriety, honesty, punctuality, an active hand and a willing heart, are virtues acceptable unto God in Christ, and singularly conspicuous in the Christian soldier."

In conclusion, we fervently trust our brief remarks and allusions to the past and present state of religion in the Army, may induce our comrades, one and all, to give the subject their mature consideration; in doing which, let them, avoiding "envy, hatred, strife, and all uncharitableness," "honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the Queen."

TOM PLUNKET.

[Continued from No. 173, page 579.]

AFTER the death of General Goutier, the pursuit was not pressed with so much vigour. Plunket was very often absent from his company; but when a shot was fired, he very soon made his appearance. He supplied me tolerably well with provisions; and in those days of starvation, I never had the curiosity to ask him where he got them.

The number of dead horses was very great along the line of retreat; but as we approached Lugo, it was frightful. As soon as one knocked up, either from loss of shoes, or want of food, a pistol was put to his head; and it was painful to see the poor animal with the blood streaming from him until he fell to rise no more. At Lugo, our battalion was quartered in a rich nunnery, the hospitality of whose inmates I had formerly experienced. As I happened to be in the room where their papers were kept, tired though I was, such is the impulse of curiosity, that I passed a considerable part of the night in reading their letters,—rather a breach of good manners, perhaps; but so it was. I had a desire to learn the opinion of things in general, of those who lived on the world, but not in it. They had of course fled, and I dare say were very glad to regain their liberty. I have questioned many of the sisterhood on that point, and am led to that opinion.

Now that Lord Brougham and Co. have emancipated *Blacky*, it is to be hoped that they may turn their attention to the fair damsels immured in England.

There was a good deal of skirmishing at Lugo. The army was placed in position, and battle offered to the enemy, which he declined, at which I for one was not at all sorry, for our position appeared to me to be by no means a good one.

The evening that we retired, our Quartermaster was left behind for a short time, on some duty or other, so that when he came to move, he walked right into a French regiment. Retaining his presence of mind, however, he posted himself on the flank of a section;—and though a sturdy Highlander, passed for as good a Frenchman as any of them. Fortunately for him, the night was dark and stormy, so that his companions were as little disposed to talk as himself; and drawing his great-coat well over his face, he passed unnoticed. Towards morning

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he stole away; and floating himself across a river in a hog-trough, rejoined his regiment.

One day as the enemy was pressing us rather closely, Plunket and a Serjeant concealed themselves in a copse by the roadside, where they quietly awaited the approach of the head of the enemy's advanced guard, consisting of four men. They both fired, and emptied a couple of saddles. That trifling circumstance checked the pursuit for the day. The General rode up to them, and gave them what money he had in his pocket. At Caraballa Torta, in the middle of the night, I observed whole sections marching apparently fast asleep, and only awaking when the column halted by marching up against those in front of them.

At the bridge of Betanzos, the Engineer officer thought the match for exploding the mine had gone out. He went up to examine it, when it exploded, and blew him to atoms. When we drew near Corunna, as the ships had not come round from Vigo, a position was occupied about three miles in front of it, the left of which was good, but it sloped gradually down towards the right, where it was completely overlooked by the opposite heights above the village of Elvina.

A magazine containing nearly 4000 barrels of gunpowder was blown up there. It shook heaven and earth. It being a fine still morning, the vibration of the mist along the mountains was very beautiful, while a dense column of smoke ascended to a great height in the air.

The videttes of both armies seemed to think that the end of the world had arrived, and galloped off in opposite directions.

The night before the battle, the rattling of the French artillery getting into position, gave note of preparation. The battle itself has been so often described, that it is unnecessary to come over it again. Our battalion formed part of the reserve on the right and rear of the Army. We advanced up the hill, driving the enemy's skirmishers before us, but having very little ammunition, it was soon expended. When we were near the top of the hill, we came suddenly upon a considerable body of the enemy, standing in close column in a narrow valley, within fifty or sixty yards of us. They looked *shaky*, and I believe very little would have sent them off, for I observed some of them pulling down a stone wall on their right to make an opening. Oh! for a few thousand rounds of ammunition, then! for notwithstanding the disasters of the retreat, we still mustered 700 men of the right sort. We had then got completely on the flank of the enemy, and had we got to the heights of Elvina, I think we should have peppered their hinder parts well.

As it was, the enemy finding our arms mute, became the assailants, and drove us down the hill faster than we went up. At the foot of it I got into a garden, a complete *cul de sac*, open towards the enemy, and inclosed on the other sides by a high wall, which I clambered up with some difficulty. When I got to the top, I found Plunket behind me calling out for assistance, and as I had no desire to leave my poor friend to the tender mercies of his pursuers, I turned round, and made him hold up his rifle, which I caught by the muzzle, and while he held by the butt I dragged him to the top. We then descended, and the 52nd coming up to our support, drove back the enemy in their turn; but daylight and the battle were then near a close.

The Army retired during the night, and the rear guard entered Corunna about daybreak, where much confusion prevailed. Dragoons were shooting their horses on the beach, and wounded men creeping along on all fours to get on board, while some resolute Spaniards were beating up for recruits, sword in hand, to defend their city, and which they actually did for three days after we left it.

As we passed the glacis of the citadel the body of our Commander had just been committed to mother earth.

“Lightly they’ll talk of the spirit that’s gone,
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he’ll reck if they’ll let him sleep on,
In a grave where Britons have laid him.”

I got on board a horse transport lying off the castle of Saint Antonio. There was no officer on board, but the non-commissioned officers were very kind to me and made me some coffee. The Admiral had been firing signals for some time, for the fleet to get under weigh, to which no attention was paid, until the French brought down some guns to the opposite side of the bay. The second they fired killed a man in a boat alongside of us. Cut the cables was then the order of the day, and no fleet ever started more expeditiously. Unfortunately the vessel to windward of us drifted down upon us, hooked our main-yard, and as it was blowing fresh we both went upon the rocks, as did two or three more. I ran along the bowsprit and got into the next ship. She heeled over very much, and a boat from the Audacious coming under her quarter I let myself down into it, followed by others; the boat was very soon filled, and the officer shoved off to prevent being swamped. Numbers jumped into the sea, some of them got upon the rocks, while others were drowned. We then pulled for the Audacious, the only vessel remaining in the bay. The French had then turned their fire upon her, which she returned from her lower deck guns. They honoured our boat with a few shots, none of which took effect, although some of them came quite near enough to be agreeable, making the water fly to a great height in the air. Before we reached her the Audacious got under weigh, and anchored again outside, while the fleet, except the greater part of the line-of-battle ships, bore away for England. Next morning, a magazine was blown up in the town, to the west of which the enemy had advanced, while the embarkation of some of the troops remaining still continued from the rocks out of the town. When all were on board, the Ville de Paris stood out with 3200 men on board, and made a signal for relief. The whole then bore away.

Much has been said about the Corunna retreat. The situation in which Sir John Moore was placed was no doubt one of the greatest difficulty. Thwarted by traitors and false information, with an inexperienced army, staff, and commissariat, his situation required the utmost caution. The old maxim, *Nil mortuis nisi bonum*, is a good one, and in so gallant a soldier it is painful to censure any part of his proceedings. That he committed mistakes, however, I think his warmest admirers must admit. He always appeared to me as to want confidence in himself, and ill to bear responsibility. The public never gives a man credit for the possessing of these qualities, although so few possess.

them. The want of them has killed many of our statesmen; and the *Iron Duke* is certainly not a little indebted for his success in possessing them in so remarkable a degree. It certainly was an error to send the greater part of the artillery round by Madrid, where it narrowly escaped capture, as Sir John must have been aware of the road that Junot took to Lisbon. Still, however, his army was assembled on the plains of Leon in admirable order, 26,000 strong. The ill-judged advance to attack at Saldanha ruined it. He lost a week by that movement, which he never made up. Everything was hurry and confusion. Stores were destroyed, while the troops were starving; and none of the bridges were effectually blown up. Those of Lugo and Betanzos, in particular, if completely broken down, would have greatly retarded the enemy. Again, his separating his army, and sending part to Vigo, showed the enemy clearly that his intention was to embark. It has been urged that the advance of the British army prevented Napoleon from detaching a force to the south: but the same effect would have been produced had it not advanced; for Napoleon never put an enemy to the inconvenience of going in search of him. Both Corunna and Ferrol ought to have been put in a state of defence upon the landing of Sir D. Baird; for which there was ample time. It has been said that the Spaniards were jealous of the British occupying their strongholds; but we had possession of Corunna, and the troops of the Marquis of Romana, after the defeat of Reynosa, might have been thrown into Ferrol. That officer was one of the few Spanish chiefs cordially disposed to co-operate with the British. Neither of these are very strong places; but the French had no battering-train within three hundred miles of them, and the experience of all ages has shown how difficult it is to capture a place where supplies can be thrown in at pleasure during a siege.

Had these precautions been adopted, and Sir John Moore occupied the heights of Elvina with 26,000 men, it would have been very difficult for Soult to force him, and those heights might have been the lines of Torres Vedras.

Soult could not long have kept his force together, and must have carried on operations at a great disadvantage there, as he afterwards found to be the case, and evacuated that province at an early period of the war.

The Duke of Wellington seems to have been doubtful at one time if the northern frontier of Spain would not have afforded a preferable base of operations to Portugal. It certainly would have had great advantages in its vicinity to England, while the Asturian frontier is the most defensible in Spain.

Both Asturias and Galicia are admirably adapted for a guerilla warfare. The people of England never seem to have been fully aware of the vast importance of this system, although it is well known that the French attribute the loss of Spain principally to it. Much might have been done in supplying them with proper arms and ammunition. The proper arm for them was a light fusil, weighing about 6lbs., such as is used by the smugglers in the South of Spain, where they form so numerous a body, and where they constitute so large a portion of the guerillas. In the *Sierra of Ronda* I have seen the bones of Frenchmen lying by the mountain tracks, where a single man had waited for a column, and having taken his shot, and killed his man, he was off. Any

one who has ever pulled a trigger will at once perceive how ill adapted a bar of iron, yclept a British musket, is for such a system of warfare. Yet these muskets were sent out to Spain by the Ordnance Department during the war, by hundreds of thousands, at a vast expense to England, to be thrown away by the Spaniards the first convenient opportunity. Truly the Woolwich Mandarins have cost very dear to England.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL AND FLAG-OFFICERS RECENTLY
DECEASED.

GENERAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES COLVILLE, G.C.B., G.C.H., AND K.T.S.

Few officers have gone through so active a career of distinguished service.

At an early age he obtained an Ensigncy in the 28th Foot, joined in Ireland in 1787, and soon became Lieutenant.

In 1791, was Captain of the 13th Foot, with which he was actively employed three years in the West Indies, and was wounded at Cape Tiburon, St. Domingo. He returned to England with the skeleton of the regiment in 1795, and was promoted to the Majority.

1796, he became Lieut.-Colonel of the 13th, and served in the Irish Rebellion.

In 1800, he accompanied the expedition to Ferrol.

In 1801, he commanded the 13th in Egypt, in the battles of the 8th, 13th, and 21st of March, and afterwards in the investment of Alexandria.

From 1803 to 1805 did duty at Gibraltar.

In 1808, he proceeded with the regiment to Bermuda; was appointed Brigadier; commanded brigade, under Sir George Beckwith, in the operations against the French West India Islands, and was nominated Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Grenada, during the absence of General Maitland.

In 1810, he obtained the rank of Major-General, and in September of that year, got the command of a brigade of Infantry in the 3rd Division of the Army of Portugal; continuing from that time to serve in the Peninsula and south of France with the greatest distinction, until the end of the war in 1814.

It was on the 25th of September, 1811, that an action occurred, which especially confirmed, in a remarkable manner, the military reputation and high professional character of Major-General Colville. Placed in command of the 2nd battalion of the 5th and the 77th Regiments, and 21st Portuguese, supported only by three squadrons of Cavalry, and a detachment of Artillery, occupying a post near El Bodon, this small body of troops sustained repeated attacks of the enemy's Cavalry, in force to the amount of between thirty and forty squadrons, besides Artillery; and maintained its ground until directed to retire by the Commander-in-Chief, in consequence of an advance of a division of the enemy's Infantry. Lord Wellington, in his despatch, declared that he had never seen a more determined attack than was made by the whole of the enemy's Cavalry, with every advantage of the assistance of a superior Artillery, and described the retreat over six miles of plain, in front of such a superior force, as a memorable instance of what the discipline of troops and the confidence in their officers can effect in the most difficult and trying situations; and in General Orders, the Commander-in-Chief recommended the conduct of those troops to the particular attention of the officers and soldiers of the Army, as an example to be followed in all

similar circumstances. The 5th and 77th Regiments formed in one square, were charged on three faces by the French Cavalry, but they halted and repulsed the attack with the utmost steadiness and gallantry, and Lord Wellington concluded his report of this achievement with stating that the conduct of Major-General Colville was beyond all praise.

In December, 1811, Major-General Colville was appointed to the provisional command of the 4th Division, and at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812, the convent and other fortified posts of the suburb of San Francisco were attacked and carried under his direction.

In April, 1812, at the storming of Badajos, his very judicious arrangements for the attack by the 4th Division were noticed in Lord Wellington's despatch, which stated, that Major-General Colville led his division in the most gallant manner. He was here severely wounded, but had resumed the command of his own brigade previously to the battle of Vittoria, in 1813, and was again mentioned in the same honourable manner for the part which he took in that successful engagement, in which he was once more wounded, though slightly.

In the general attack of the enemy's position on the frontier of France in November, 1813, the Major-General was in command of the 3rd Division, which, with the 7th, attacked and carried the redoubts on the left of the enemy's centre.

In the final operations of the British Army in the south of France, in 1814, he commanded the 5th Division during the blockade of Bayonne, and on Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir John Hope being wounded and taken prisoner, Major-General Colville succeeded to the command of the whole investing force.

On the renewal of hostilities in 1815, Sir Charles Colville was appointed to the command of the 4th Division of the Army, assembled in the Netherlands, with local rank of Lieut.-General, but was detached with two brigades in support of the corps of Prince Frederick of Orange, occupying a position near Hal, when the battle of Waterloo took place. On the march of the army towards Paris, his division escalated the defences and took possession of Cambray.

On the formation of the Army of Occupation, Sir Charles Colville was named to command the 3rd Division at Valenciennes. On the reduction of that army he was taken off the Staff, as the junior General of Division, but rejoined it on the resignation of the late Sir Henry Clinton, and remained until the final evacuation of France, in the latter part of 1818.

In 1819 Sir Charles Colville was made Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, and remained there until the end of 1825. Although this period of his career was unmarked by active service, the admirable efficiency to which he brought the army, and the skill with which he organized the military system of that Presidency, will long be gratefully remembered; nor will the recollection of Sir Charles Colville be cherished with less regard in the island of the Mauritius, of which he was Governor from the middle of 1828 to the beginning of 1833, and where he secured to himself the respect and affection of all classes.

He was successively Colonel of the 5th Garrison Battalion, the 94th, 74th, 14th, and 5th Regts.

Sir Charles Colville was son of the ninth, and brother of the present, Lord Colville. He married, in 1818, Jane, daughter of William Mure, Esq., of Caldwell, Renfrewshire. His eldest son is a Lieutenant in the 9th Lancers, and Aide-de-Camp to Lord Ellenborough. His eldest daughter is married to Viscount Newry and Morne, son of the Earl of Kilmorey. There are three younger children.

Since the above was in print intelligence has reached us of the demise under most awful circumstances of the relict of the late General. This

lamented lady came to her death in the following most distressing manner: about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th inst., Lady Colville was about to seal a note which she was writing at a low table, near an open window, in her boudoir. Her servant having placed a lighted candle on the table, her Ladyship, perceiving that the air from the window was likely to extinguish the candle, put it on the ground beside her. The servant had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs before the screams of her mistress for assistance were heard, and her Ladyship had reached the top of the front stairs before her daughters and domestics could come to her aid. By this time the poor lady's entire person was enveloped in flames, which were promptly extinguished. Drs. Guthrie and Evans were quickly in attendance, but such was the fearful extent of the injuries received, that after passing a restless night, she was released from her sufferings at an early hour on Saturday morning.

Although, as might be expected, the pain which Lady Colville endured for some time was severe, yet it pleased a merciful Providence to allow her sorrowing family the mournful satisfaction of witnessing her departure from this world in as calm and peaceful a manner as could be desired. Her Ladyship's remains repose with those of her lamented husband in the Cemetery at Kensall-Green.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

SERVIA.

The following extract of a letter from Belgrade, though of so remote a date as the 15th December, 1841, will enable the reader to form some idea of the state of society and manners in the Servian metropolis, to which passing events have imparted unusual interest:—

“On the 20th of last month Prince Michael, the son of the former Sovereign Prince Milosh, celebrated his birthday. An exhibition of fireworks took place in the evening preceding, and a court ball was announced for the following day, to which upwards of two hundred persons were invited. It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that all the officers of the household and the superior authorities of Belgrade were included in the number, and made their appearance in due form. Three distinct elements were intermixed at this ball. First, we had the Servian military and civil staffs in the most gorgeous of costumes; next came Kanid Pasha, the present Commandant of the fortress, supported by the whole staff of the Turkish garrison; and lastly, a cortège of military chiefs from the neighbouring districts of Hungary and Austria. With a view to banish any restraint, which might have damped the festivity of the occasion, the young prince (for his age is scarcely more than eighteen) received the congratulations of his principal dependants on the preceding day, and ordered an intimation to be given to his guests, as soon as they entered the ball-room, that there was no need for their going through the ceremony of presenting their gratulations to him. The young prince enchanted all around him with his amiable demeanour, no less than with the readiness with which he entered into conversation with a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Metropolitan of Belgrade, the Turkish Commandant, and a variety of ‘litterati,’ both natives and foreigners; at one moment he was talking Latin, next Illyrian, and then French, or some other European dialect. The ball was held in the new palace, which lies at one end of the town, and is constructed in the purest Byzantine taste. Dancing began with a quadrille, and the orchestra was filled by the performers of the prince's chapel. The prince

did not take any personal part in the dance, but conversed with his guests, and occasionally sat down to play at cards with the Consul-General of Russia and other personages of distinction. The supper was conducted on the same footing as is customary at German courts, save and except that no other wine was drunk but champagne.

"We have already two journals published in this place; they are exceedingly well printed at the government press. One of them, which is the political and official organ of the court, records all the political acts emanating from 'the powers that be;' the other is devoted to literary matters, is indited in a light and pleasant style, and, from the commencement of the new year, promises its readers illustrations of the prevalent fashions, portraits of celebrated Servians, views of domestic scenery, &c.

"As it respects the fine arts, Servia, in spite of every hindrance, is making evident advance; the great impediment is its connexion with Turkey. Any one who has not seen Belgrade for the last three years, would scarcely recognise it; so completely has it been metamorphosed in an architectural point of view. Art and science have spread in all directions since the institution of Gymnasias and Schools of Art; and in spite of the repugnance shown by the Turkish authorities, a public theatre has been erected, which is about to be opened with a drama in the Illyrian tongue, written by a native poet." The theatre was, in fact, opened on the 23rd of the following month, with the tragedy of, "The Death of Stephen Dushan," written by J. S. Powowish.

FRANCE.

According to an official statement of November last, the army was thus constituted, viz.:—10 Marshals of France; 74 Lieutenant-Generals: 135 *Maréchaux de Camp*, or Major-Generals; 1730 Colonels; 234 Military *Intendants* (Inspectors?); 211 General Officers competent for service (*en disponibilité*): making in all 2394 superior officers, who form the General Staff of the forces. Furthermore, 430 *Employés* of the Central War Office; 15,622 of Gendarmerie; 210,453 Infantry; 58,294 Cavalry; 29,621 Artillery; 8309 Engineers; 6593 of the Train; 4956 Veterans; 4334 of the Foreign Legion in Africa. The whole number, therefore, if we include 1525, who are not serving with any distinct corps, and 1696 employed in the Civil Department of the force in Algiers, amounts to 341,606 effectives, who are equipped and kept together at an annual charge of 11,836,400*l.*, or 295,910,000 francs; while the sum spent on Public Instruction, is but 660,120*l.*, and on the Department of Justice, 815,760*l.* Verily an "armed peace" is a costly affair.

The *Navy* is composed of 28,230 officers and seamen, 16,178 Marines, and 4125 Marine Artillery: forming a total of 48,523, besides 201 persons employed in the Civil Department. The charge for the year is estimated at 3,772,920*l.*, or 94,323,000 francs.

The returns for the last eighteen years afford the subsequent results, in reference to the female portion of the Metropolitan population. The number of females married was 121,525, whose respective ages, on the day of their marriage, were, 811 between 12 and 15: 1902 aged 17; 3959 aged 18; 5816 of 19; 6957 of 20; 7618 of 21; 8017 between 22 and 23; 7000 to 8000 of 24; 6000 of 25; and beginning with about 5000 between 26, 27, and 28, the proportion quickly subsides, viz.: 3651 of 31, for instance; 1798 of 37; 1015 of 42; 586 of 48; 226 of 56; 126 of 60: there were, however, 578 marriages where the brides' ages varied from 61 to 70. Half the number of females married, entered the connubial state before they were 26 years old.

THE BRAZILS.

The empire of the Brazils is girded round by nature with water, and, having the Amazon and Paraguay for a vast portion of its frontier, is, in all senses, a peninsula. It possesses, indeed, all the elements, but capital and population, necessary to convert it, by the construction of canals, into a magnificent island, eight or nine thousand miles in circumference. The government itself is become fully sensible that maritime predominance should be the object of its policy; and has made a beginning, by fixing upon Villa Maria, at the confluence of the Jauree and Paraguay, as the nursery of its naval and military power. At this spot several small ships of war have already been constructed; its vicinity abounds in timber; the waters of the Paraguay are navigable at all seasons of the year as low down as the walls of the fortress of Coimbra and the other fortified points on the lower branch of that stream. Nature has also opened a fine line of water-communication as high up as San Paulo, which will, at no distant day, be secured against the wandering savages on its right bank, by the aid of war steamers. The Brazils are, indeed, replete with naval resources; the surface affords inexhaustible supplies of timber, and beneath it, as inexhaustible mines of iron; the southern districts present a broad expanse of soil, peculiarly adapted for the cultivation of flax and hemp; the coal-districts are extensive; and charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre rank among its native productions. The day will come when resources such as these will no longer lay dormant: they are deficient only in pine-timber, the Araucan fir being the only wood of this species which it produces; but the country is rich in soils, fitted for the transplanting and rearing of any kind of the pine family which may admit of being turned to the best account.

The Naval department of the empire is efficiently organized; and there is no lack of officers, the latest list giving their numbers at 275. These are constituted of a Vice-Admiral, 2 Commandants of Squadrons, 6 of Divisions, 12 Captains of ships of the line, 22 of frigates, 61 Captain-Lieutenants, and 113 Superior, and 58 Sub-Lieutenants. The Marine-Artillery, when at its complement, musters 1202 men; but at present 486 only are employed. The seamen form 8 companies, of 760 each; they are trained to the firing of guns, and to land as well as naval exercise, and are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The present marine consists of 98 vessels, among which are 1 ship of the line, 2 frigates, and 4 sloops, carrying 476 guns and 3546 men. The ship of the line has been used as a Naval Academy for some time past, and is stationed at Rio, where the "Campista," one of the frigates, is employed for marine exercises. There are lying in ordinary 5 frigates, 3 sloops, 1 barque, 2 brigs, 1 schooner, &c., many of which, however, are unfit for service. A large frigate, sloop, and brig, are on the stocks. The guns used are on the old model, and require to be replaced throughout by pieces of modern construction. The Government has determined to abstain from building ships of the line, considering a fleet of steam vessels to be far more eligible for a country possessing so vast an extent of coast and inland navigation. The arsenals require much greater extension, and the system of labour needs to be radically reformed; for it is all done by the hand, and therefore deficient in cheapness, power, and capability. The yearly expenditure on the navy is 597,317,000 reis, or about 350,000*l*.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

Military Retirement.

MR. EDITOR,—An admirer of your Magazine, who has taken it in for many years, and has read its articles with the greatest interest, wishes to place before you the following case:—Much has been written respecting the rewards given, or not given, to those who have served; to those who have suffered the hardships of war; and, in addition, the heavy pressure of want of fortune. To these men England owes a debt of gratitude which she ought to repay. How near the time of retribution is remains yet to be proved; but it must be remembered that every day our country sees some of her old champions sinking unrewarded into their graves. Sir, I am one of a different class, as regards pecuniary wants. I stand in the hall of my forefathers, and see the armour-clad pictures of my valiant and renowned ancestors hang on the walls. After them those of my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my great-uncles, and uncles, who all served, and fought, and died. From the wars of the Edwards to the close of the American War they served. From my earliest infancy I heard tales of what they had done for their country; and as I advanced in years my over indulgent parents acceded to my ardent wish of emulating their deeds of bygone days, and the time that I should have been a fifth form Etonian saw me an officer in the Guards, or Gentlemen's Sons as we were called. I served in Holland, in Spain, in Portugal; but coming into possession of a large landed property, I threw up my commission, not being able to do my duty by my tenants and serve my country at the same time. Thus am I placed. After much hard, very hard service, doomed to lead a Squire's life, without rank or interest in the profession which I have loved and followed from my boyhood. For these reasons I have even regretted the ample fortune and extensive domains which have obscured the bright star of my early youth, and only left me the recollection of what I might have been, had not the Army demanded constant service. In this how different is our case from that of the Navy. There we see Peers Admirals, quietly enjoying their honours, without that continuous obligatory service which we are compelled to. Many Members of Parliament and companions in arms are in the same situation as myself, and feel how galling it is to meet their fellow-campaigners at Court in civilians' clothing, while others wear the badges of regimental honour which *we* wore when they were unborn.

Respectfully I lay my case before O'Halloran, Firebrace, and the Old Peninsular; who, I am sure, at the same time they advocate the cause of the *poor* veteran, will say a word for yours, most obediently,

THE ARISTOCRATICAL ENTHUSIAST.

. The Unattached is not a parallel case with the Navy.

Submarine Propellers.

Hatcham Manor House, New Cross, April 24th, 1843.

MR. EDITOR,—The experiments mentioned in the House of Commons by the honourable Secretary of the Admiralty on the 3rd ult., as at that time being made, in order to test the relative merits of the several submarine propellers which had been deemed worthy of a Government investigation being now ended, I beg leave to forward you a short notice of the result.

The propellers selected for trial were Blaxland's, Smith's, (the Archimedeian Screw,) and Ericsson's; the vessel in which they have been tried is H.M. steamer *Bee*, and the place of trial the Government mile at Longreach.

The *Bee* is a small sea-going vessel, I believe only of 34 tons burthen, built for, and now serving as the tender to the Excellent, gunnery-ship, at Portsmouth. She is fitted with a single engine of 10-horse power, and with paddle-wheels, in order that the Officers under Sir Thomas Hastings, at the Naval School there, may, through her, be instructed in the science of steam navigation. Her lines are particularly unfavourable to a stern propeller.

The following is the result of the trials as regards speed and weight:—

	Speed.	Weight of the Propeller.		
	Miles per hour.	cwt.	qrs.	lbs.
Blaxland's.....	7.1152	0	2	3
Smith's.....	6.8	2	0	7
Ericsson's.....	5.47	3	0	11

The speed attained by the *Bee* when propelled with paddle-wheels is 7.7 miles per hour, but it should be remarked that she was laid down expressly for them, and that consequently her engine is placed longitudinally, which position renders necessary the use of bevelled wheels at a considerable loss of power, to communicate the action to the propeller. It should also be remarked that a *single engine* takes as much from the speed of a stern-propeller as it gives to the speed of the wheels, and that when the *Bee* is moved by the propeller she is encumbered by her wheels and their boxes. It is true that her wheels are partially disconnected from their shaft so that they cease to revolve, and that such of their floats as would otherwise dip in the water are unshipped, but still the shaft revolves within the hollow shafts of the wheels, and is pressed down upon its bearings by the weight of the wheels.

These considerations alone are sufficient to account for the difference of speed between the paddles and Blaxland's Propeller. There is, however, another.

The draught of a vessel for a submarine stern-propeller should be great. The absence of this essential most seriously affected Blaxland's Propeller in the *Bee*, as its diameter was there confined to the diameter of the screw. The draught of the *Great Northern*, so the papers inform us, is 17 feet, whilst the diameter of her screw propeller is no more than 12 feet. If Blaxland's Propeller was fitted to her, its diameter would be restricted only by the limits of the draught, and Blaxland's invention is enabled to take advantage of this enlarged diameter, so important to the speed of a submarine propeller, by the circumstance that its arms can be extended to any length without increasing the surface of their blades. This is one of its peculiarities: another is to be found in the application of its stuffing-box to a bearing, for it has no outer journal or carriage, and therefore no danger can accrue to it on the ship's heel taking the ground. The length of the screw in the *Bee* is two feet, the length of the opening in the dead-wood required by Blaxland's Propeller in the same vessel is only ten inches, and the length of its box is only four inches.

The Propeller invented by Mr. Blaxland, offers yet other advantages over the screw: it is much less expensive to manufacture, for it can at any time be made by the ship's engineer at sea: it requires a *smaller multiplication of its engine's speed*, and being driven by adhesive drums and bands, instead of cogged wheels and pinions: it is unattended by *noise* and vibration. The efficiency of the speed apparatus (which has also been patented by Mr. Blaxland,) has been particularly remarked upon by the officers who made the trials in their official report to the Admiralty.

I have only further to add, that since the termination of the Government trials, the Lords of the Admiralty have ordered Mr. Steinman to lay before them drawings showing the adaptation of Mr. Blaxland's invention to a frigate of 800 tons.—I am, &c.,

F. COLLIER CHRISTY.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE PRINCIPAL PORTS AND STATIONS.

Portsmouth, May 19, 1843.

MR. EDITOR,—Pilot arrived from Jamaica on 25th ult.; she left on 25th March, with invalids and discharged seamen; the Commander-in-Chief was there with flag in *Illustrious*; there were also lying in Port Royal, *Warspite*, *Pique*, *Spartan*, *Volage*, *Griffon*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Skipjack*, and *Avon* steamer. *Warspite* was about to proceed to New York, and embark Sir Charles Bagot for England. *Pique* to St. Domingo. Pilot went to Plymouth to be paid off.

Royal George yacht sailed on the 27th ult., for Woolwich, taking all the yacht furniture and stores. She returned to her moorings on the 15th; the crew have since been occupied in unrigging her, and returning the sails and spars into store; she was emptied of furniture, &c., at Woolwich, and will be laid up in ordinary. *Nautilus*, her tender, will be fitted for service.

Meteor steamer, and Speedy cutter have been here from the eastward; they brought the *Herald's* Marines and supernumeraries.

It is now determined that Howe shall come home instead of Formidable; the latter has got her orders to remain at Malta, the former to sail for England. She is to be paid off at Sheerness.

Cyclops arrived on Saturday, the 29th ult., at the Motherbank, and continued until Tuesday following, when her pratique was received; she brought from Lisbon some of the survivors out of the Solway, and a few invalids from the Mediterranean squadron; she went in harbour to coal, and afterwards to Woolwich to be paid off.

Monkey came on the 30th, and has returned to Woolwich with stores and supernumeraries; she brought some of the Sappers and other persons about to be employed in completing the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George*. *Bellerophon* is in dock, to be prepared as an advance ship.

Curaçoa arrived on the 6th inst. from Sheerness, and found orders for her to go on to Plymouth to be paid; she remained at Spithead until the 9th, and during that time entered a number of men. *Cornwall* transport was undocked on the 6th, and a favourable report having been made of her, she is fitting in the harbour, and will be ready next month to embark troops for India and China. *Tenedos* and *Gleaner* arrived on the 8th; *Tenedos* is to take large supplies of stores and some mechanics from the dockyard to be employed on the Government works at Bermuda. She embarked a number of prisoners at Woolwich, and will take upwards of 100 more from the hulks here; they are also to be engaged on the fortifications, &c., in the island. The Lieutenants and other Officers appointed to the Flag and ships in the West Indies and North America are to go out in these vessels, and about thirty Marines in the *Tenedos*, for disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, acting as a convict-guard during the voyage. *Racer* has been commissioned by Lieut. Warre. *Powerful* is in the basin, having her magazines fitted. *Raven* cutter has arrived from Ireland, and is ordered to Sheerness.

Eurydice was launched on the 16th, and immediately after hauled into dock to be coppered, and fitted for commission. The following are her dimensions:—

			Feet.	Inches.
Length between the perpendiculars	..	..	141	3
Length of the keel for tonnage	..	..	117	10½
Extreme breadth	..	..	38	10
Extreme breadth for tonnage	..	..	38	4
Extreme breadth moulded	..	..	37	10
Depth in hold	..	..	8	9
Tonnage	..	..	921½	
Tonnage, new measurement	..	..	517½	
			Feet.	Inches.
She draws	..	..	10	2
" " "	..	..	13	5
				water, forward.
				" aft.

Inconstant was masted on the 18th, and reported ready for officers and men. Dolphin is in the same state. Racer is to go out of the basin on the 23rd; if the dockyard does not delay her, she will be ready for sea by the 12th or 13th of next month. Tyne is making rapid progress in her equipment, and it is thought she will go up the Mediterranean. Rose sailed this morning to Plymouth, to be paid wages, and receive her final orders for the West Indies. Conway is ordered to be commissioned by Capt. Robert Fair, K.H. (1837).

SHIPS IN PORT.—St. Vincent, Victory, Excellent, Royal George yacht, Tyne, Racer, Nautilus, Gleaner, Fearless, Tenedos, Cornwall, Emerald tender.

Plymouth, May 17th, 1843. ?

MR. EDITOR.—April 20th—Alert, 6, lately employed as a packet, was hauled into dock to be converted into a man-of-war brig; she is to have her deck lowered 14 inches, whereby she will have a deeper waist and better quarters. Ranger, 6, also is to be converted in the like manner, and they will in future have Commanders instead of Lieutenants to command them, and will mount 10 guns. Arrived the Rochester, tender, from Chatham and Portsmouth, with stores for the Dockyard. 21st.—Lynx, brigantine, 3. Lieut.-Com. Burslem, came into harbour to refit, and have her defects made good. 22nd.—Druid, 44, Capt. H. Smith, was paid off into ordinary; she is ordered to be surveyed and reported on. 24th.—Fisgard hauled alongside the Sheerhulk, and took in her masts and bowsprit. Swale, tender to Astrea, arrived from Falmouth, with old stores. 27th.—The Espoir, 10, has been masted, and expected to be commissioned shortly.

An experiment has been made in this Dockyard to try the comparative strength of Mr. Bothway's Single Metal Blocks against the rope it is calculated to take, viz., a 3-inch one. A rope of that size was rove in the block, and one end brought to a windlass and hove on until it broke. A 3½-inch rope was then tried; though larger than required for such a block, this also gave away; and the test is considered by practical men, fully equal to the powers of an 8 or 9-inch block. The iron blocks have also another great recommendation in doing away with the rope strappings, as many serious accidents have occurred by their breaking.

28th.—Sailed Swale, tender to Astræa, with stores for the packet service at Falmouth; and Rochester, tender, with stores for Pembroke dockyard. 30th.—Sailed Cressy, with convicts for Sydney; Sir Eardley Wilmot, the new Governor of that Colony, has taken his passage in her. Arrived Pilot, 16, Com. John Paget, from Portsmouth, and came into harbour the following day to be paid off. May 1st.—Arrived Skylark, 4, Lieut.-Com. J. A. Wright, from Sheerness, and sailed on her return to that port, the 3rd, with volunteer seamen for the different men-of-war fitting to the eastward. The Bombay, 84, was hauled out of dock having had her copper cleaned, and the Clarence, 84, hauled in for the same purpose. 2nd.—The Pandora, packet,

6, was hauled out of dock, having had her defects made good; and the Star 6, lately employed as a packet, was hauled in, to be converted into a 10-gun brig. 4th.—The Sappho, 16, Com. Hon. G. Hope, moved from the Harbour into the Sound.

5th.—Arrived Tortoise tender, with old stores from Holyhead, Liverpool, and Falmouth. 6th.—Sailed, Sappho, 16, Com. Hon. G. Hope, for the Cape of Good Hope. 8th.—Sailed Netly, tender to Caledonia, with a detachment of the 76th Regiment, to relieve a detachment of the 67th Regiment, who have been doing duty at Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, and returned the following day with the relief.

9th.—Pilot, 16, Com. Paget, was paid off this day; she is ordered to be taken into dock, to have her defects made good, and it is said, will be recommissioned when ready to receive men. The Officers gave a parting dinner to their Captain in the evening, at the London Inn, and they parted with mutual regret. Richard Venning, caulker, was presented with a medal and a gratuity for long and meritorious service.

10th.—Arrived, the Curacoa, 24, Capt. Sir Thomas S. Pasley, from Portsmouth; her crew have been completed from the Caledonia. Also arrived the Drake tender from Sheerness, with stores.

11th.—The Clarence, 84 (advance ship), was hauled out of dock, having had her copper cleaned. Arrived Dee steamer, from Woolwich, with Major Freer's company of Royal Artillery, and Capt. Molesworth's company of Sappers and Miners; she came into harbour to coal and get some slight defects made good, and sailed again the 16th for Halifax. Sailed Diligence, N.T., with victualling stores for Deptford. 12th.—Pilot, 16, was hauled into dock to have her defects made good, previous to her being recommissioned. Sailed Camel tender, with stores for Pembroke dockyard. Alert, 10, and Snipe cutter, were hauled out of dock; the former was hauled in again the 16th, to have her alterations completed. 13th.—The crew of Caledonia, 120, flag-ship, were paid wages.

14th.—Arrived, Emerald, tender, from Portsmouth, and sailed again on her return, the 16th. 15th.—Wellesley, 72, (advance ship), was hauled out of dock, having undergone a thorough repair. Lynx, brigantine, 3, Lieut.-Com. Burslem, was towed out of harbour by the Constance, steamer; her crew were paid wages, and her newly-entered men paid two months' wages in advance the following day. Sailed Drake, tender, with stores for Portsmouth. 16th.—The Fiskard, 42, was commissioned by Capt. John Duntze. Actæon, 26, was hauled into dock to have her defects made good. 17th.—Sailed Devon, tender, with victualling-stores for Cork.

In Harbour—Caledonia, San Josef, Fiskard, Constance, and Alban steamers. In the Sound—Curacoa, Lynx.

Milford Haven, May 17, 1843.

MR. EDITOR.—My communication this month commences with the information that the Surveyor of the Navy visited Pembroke Dockyard on the 22nd ultimo, for the purpose of inspecting the Royal Steam Yacht "Victoria and Albert," which handsome vessel was launched on the 26th. The ceremony took place about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, before an immense concourse of spectators, many of whom were launched on board of her. Just as the Countess Cawdor had named the gay barque, which her Ladyship had the express commands of Her Majesty for doing, the dockyard amateur band struck up, "Off she goes," and in an instant after, amidst a deafening shout, the same band playing the national air, "like a thing of life," she was on the water. On the 4th inst. the yacht left in company with the Rhadamanthus steam transport for London, to be fitted. The superintendent of the arsenal, Capt. Pell, accompanied her in the Prospero mail steam packet clear of the harbour. On rounding the Land's End, the wind being fair, she soon ran away from the Rhadamanthus; and

such a beautiful mould is she, that although flying light, she sailed with such amazing steadiness, the officer actually put to work the shipwrights and joiners sent round to complete her fittings. 5th.—Arrived the Rochester lighter, with stores for the establishment. 7th.—Sailed the Rochester and Devon lighters for Plymouth. Same day, Lieut. Holland, R.M., joined the detachment at Pembroke as Quartermaster, vice Malion, ordered to divisional head-quarters at Chatham. During the past month, a second class clerk and an inspector have been superannuated from the naval yard, the former, Mr. Chevallier, on 195*l.* per annum, the latter, Mr. Harries, on 27*l.* Capt. Heath, R.E., having applied for permission to resign the office of clerk of the works at Pembroke, is in daily expectation of his successor. A new line of water-pipes of great diameter is being laid down for the prevention of fire,—a precaution adopted at each of the dockyards, in consequence of the late disasters at Plymouth, &c. Mr. Tremaine has been appointed inspector, vice Harries, superannuated. Lieut. Mansel has been gazetted to the command of a troop in the Castlemartin Yeomanry Cavalry, and Mr. Evans appointed Cornet in the same corps.

G.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE LOST SHIP: OR THE ATLANTIC STEAMER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH."

Mr. Neale has the merit of generally hitting upon a happy subject; and, whatever that subject be, he treats it in a lively manner: and he has not belied his popular reputation in the present instance, in either of the above particulars. In the first of them—the subject namely—his new Romance has the merit of being quite original, in connection with Naval fiction; no use having been hitherto made of the power of steam, as an element in exciting that consecutive interest and sustained attention on which the chief attraction of fictitious narrative depends. "The Lost Ship" is an Atlantic steamer; and it is out of the fact of her being a *steamer* that arise the tissue of incidents which form the main portion of the story, and which are linked and held together with a degree of ingenuity that few of our Naval novelists take the trouble to exercise, even if they possess it. Of the nature of the story we must refrain from disclosing more than the fact that it contains details of a mutiny, which are given with a minuteness and a finish which have only been equalled in those true narratives of similar events that have of late years so absorbed the public attention.

It would not be doing justice to Mr. Neale if we did not add that the portion of his book which includes the land scenes, which occupy the greater part of the first volume, are superior to most of those of a similar character which he has introduced into his previous novels. The sea is his element doubtless; but when he chooses to be a landsman he acquits himself much better than his brother sailors usually do. His description of the romantic dwellers on the banks of the Susquehanna, and the scenes with which they are connected, are given with much spirit, and have the effect of at once fixing the reader's attention on the parties who are to form the future hero and heroine of his "strange, eventful history."

HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COURT AND TIMES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT."

We need have no difficulty in fully admitting, with the Author of this very useful and acceptable volume, that no "Times" within human annals have

been marked with more extraordinary and stirring events, and with a larger number of them, than those Times coming under the category of "our own." And in allowing this to be the case, we at once admit the validity of the subject treated of; which is no trifling consideration in these latter days, when it is so common to falsify the proverb, by making something out of nothing. The only point, therefore, for our inquiry is, whether the vast and varied subject to be treated of by the Author is likely to meet with a due and fitting exponent; and this question has been, in a great measure, answered beforehand by the writer's excellent book, now completed, on "The Court and Times of Frederick the Great."

Although, then, we have only, in the present issue, one volume before us, and that one buying itself about four only out of the fifty years that may be reckoned as constituting "Our Own Times," we may safely accept it as a test of the value of the entire work, and unhesitatingly pronounce it one of extensive value and permanent interest.

It opens in 1789, at the early period of the French Revolution; and that wonderful event, which gave not merely their colour, but their very "form and pressure," to those "Times" which the work is to treat of, of course occupies a very large portion of the volume, which may, in fact, be regarded as the most succinct history hitherto put forth in English, of the first four years of the French Revolution, from its open outbreak, in 1789, to the death of Louis XVI., in 1793. This fact, alone, would give a great and lasting value and interest to the volume. But, after devoting three-fourths of its space to this leading event of the Time, and all the collateral ones connected with and arising out of it, it drops that portion of the general subject, and proceeds to give a rapid but vivid and efficient account of the Insurrection in St. Domingo, and the Revolution in Poland—both of these being events of intense historical, as well as moral and personal interest, yet neither of them having been hitherto treated of in a manner to satisfy that large body of readers to which this work makes appeal—namely, those to whom a competent knowledge of the general and particular features of history is indispensable, but who are, nevertheless, precluded from the labour of searching out such knowledge from those original sources whence caterers, like the judicious one before us, are induced to gather them.

Upon the whole, therefore, we have to bestow unqualified praise on this first part of the "History of Our Own Times;" a history, be it observed, which could come from no pen so appropriately as from that of a denizen of that country which will stand, in all after Times, even to the end of the world, as the glorious one which gave its tone and colour to the most eventful and important era in human annals, namely, "OUR OWN TIMES."

EXCURSIONS ALONG THE BANKS OF THE RHINE. BY VICTOR HUGO.
One Volume.

It is difficult to account for the circumstance that Victor Hugo's "Letters from the Rhine"—the very best book of its class that our times have produced—should have been more than two years before the world, without having made its appearance in an English dress; and this in face of the facts that we are not only the most Rhine-visiting, but the most Guide-reading people in Europe, and that these letters are not merely the most agreeable of travelling companions, but the most efficient of Cicerones.

The reason of the non-translation of this admirable book hitherto, is perhaps to be found in the rare gifts and acquirements necessary to an adequate translator of it. Be this as it may, one has at length been found, and the book is before us,—in the form of the most accomplished, attractive, and efficient Hand-book that was perhaps ever written, and on a subject and locality that demand, more than any other existing, a work of this nature,

But if it is to its merits as a Handbook to the Rhine that this collection of letters owes its introduction to English readers, this is the poorest portion of its pretensions. It is in fact one of the most brilliant displays of mingled knowledge, taste, and poetic feeling that was ever elicited out of the apparently dry bones of an effete topic. The idlers of Europe have been flocking "Up the Rhine" during the last ten years, till the excursion has at last become a joke: yet has a man of genius been able to produce from such an excursion a book as racy and original as if it were the result of a newly-discovered country.

Our limits forbid us to do more than, by the above general remarks, to point attention to this capital production, which has in the present English version found a translator worthy of the original, and one in whose style we cannot help thinking that we trace one of the most accomplished pens of our day and country.

**HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY'S FIRST
MADRAS EUROPEAN REGIMENT. BY A STAFF OFFICER.**

Embodying a very useful record of one of the oldest and most distinguished corps in the service of the Hon. East India Company, with the general history of all the military events in the East from 1645 to the present time, this is one of the best books we know of to put into the hands of any young officer going out to India; and it cannot fail in being equally acceptable to those who have spent the best portion of their lives in the Company's Service.

**A GENEALOGICAL AND HERALDIC DICTIONARY OF THE LANDED GENTRY
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. BY JOHN BURKE, ESQ., AND JOHN
BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.**

This is the first part of a great and most arduous undertaking, and one, the utility and interest of which will be the more highly estimated the more its nature is considered. It proposes to present to the world, within the compass of a single volume, to consist of four parts similar to that now before us, the genealogy of all the LANDED GENTRY of Great Britain and Ireland. The work is avowedly founded on that, by the same Authors, entitled the "History of the Commoners of England, Scotland, and Ireland;" but it is at once more comprehensive than that, inasmuch as it comprises the whole of what is called "the Landed Interest," while it is infinitely more condensed and succinct, and consequently fitted to the views and wants of a much larger number of persons. So far as we may judge, by a hasty glance through a volume which contains the matter of some twenty volumes of the ordinary form at the price of one, the design is executed with great care, with unlimited industry and research, and with that practised skill which the Authors have had such ample means of acquiring in the execution of their admirable Peerage and Baronetage, to which the present work will form so appropriate a companion.

**HANDLEY CROSS; OR, THE SPA HUNT. BY THE AUTHOR OF "JORROCKS'
JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES."**

The very name of "Jorrock's," and his "Jollities," will be sufficient to command attention to this truly "sporting" work, among all those who are acquainted with it; which includes, we imagine, all who pique themselves on belonging, by however distant a relationship, to the sporting world. Invest a half-wild Irishman with the peculiar habits and qualifications betokening a London Cockney, and the uninitiated reader will have some

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notion of the "whims and oddities" of the sporting grocer, whose adventures as an M. F., (or Master of Fox Hounds,) occupy these laughter-moving pages. It is long since we have had anything of its kind half so droll and original; and though the work boasts but little plot, there is an interest excited towards every new move of the good-natured and rollicking old humourist, that carries us through the three volumes as if they were but three divisions of a magazine article. There are also many admirable and vigorous sketches of character, especially those incidental to the Spa portion of the story: the two Rival Doctors, for instance, and the Master of the Ceremonies, all of whom are evidently from the life.

THE LIVES OF THE PRINCES OF WALES.

BY ROBERT FOLKSTONE WILLIAMS, ESQ.

This is the first volume of a work which may be regarded as one of the favourable results of that new and improved taste which has lately set in, for books of permanent utility rather than of merely amusing but ephemeral trifling. Its title speaks its object; that of recording, distinctly, and by themselves, the Lives of those of our native Princes who have figured as Princes of Wales; and it gives us the three first of those lives, viz., Edward of Caernarvon; Edward of Windsor; and Edward the Black Prince. The scope offered to the author in these three lives does not afford him a favourable opportunity of doing justice to the care and research he has displayed in this work, which will no doubt increase in interest as it progresses. But in the meantime, we have a volume that contains a large amount of valuable and highly curious and interesting reading, and one that can scarcely fail to command for the work which it ushers to the world, that extensive acceptance which the great literary labour and investigation bestowed upon it so richly merit.

The work is issued on the new principle, of a vast deal of matter for a little money; it is very beautifully illustrated, and being printed in a size, type, &c., uniform with Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," will probably take a place beside that excellent historical work, in most well-selected libraries.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have the satisfaction of announcing that the Circular of February last, reducing the Army, has been CANCELLED. All the regiments in the Service, with the exception of those in India, and China, and New South Wales; and those having two battalions, are to be augmented from 740 to 800 rank and file.

Colonel Firebrace has received the hints of "One Armed Sub," and they will be applied when the occasion offers.

"Pat Hoolihaun" misapplies his pen.

To reply by *letter* to the series of questions put by a gentleman residing in King-street, Belfast, would be to open the door to communications which would require us to maintain an establishment of half-a-dozen secretaries.

"E. L." is under consideration.—"Trident" has our best thanks.—Where can we address a letter to "Zeta?"

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO;

OR,

NAVAL AND MILITARY REGISTER.

THE annexation of the province of Scinde to our already overgrown Indian Empire, after the declaration in the Governor-General's proclamation of the 1st of October last, has somewhat "startled the Isle from its propriety," and has naturally given rise to a variety of conflicting opinions. A part of the Press in this country, and a larger portion of that in India, openly denounce it to be an act of unprovoked aggression, not justifiable on any grounds; while other journalists uphold it as a just vindication of our rights, and a befitting punishment for the treacherous conduct of the Ameers. The Naval and Military Gazette, which seems to command more authentic sources of information on Indian affairs than any other journal in this country, has taken a prominent lead in the question.

"The public (observes our contemporary,) have the pledged word of one of the most chivalrous Generals of the Army, that the 'duplicity' of the Ameers, their 'tyranny' and 'nefarious conduct' brought on the battle in which they lost the province of Scinde. Many months ago we were aware of the treachery and 'Panic faith' of these Ameers, through our correspondent at Bombay, and we then declared our opinion that the Governor-General would be compelled to annex Scinde to the British dominions in India. From the time that the British Army first marched towards Cabool in 1839, the Ameers of Scinde commenced their intrigues with hostile Princes against us, and had not the greatest lenity and forbearance been exercised towards them by Lord Auckland, they would have lost their country in 1840, on the return of the army under Lord Keane. We now heartily rejoice, for the sake of humanity, that these Ameers—depraved, faithless tyrants—have ceased to rule, and that the fertile soil of Scinde may henceforth yield to honest industry its triple yearly harvests, without the poor man being robbed of the labour of his hands to enrich a cruel and rapacious bevy of thieves, who cause 'the iron to enter into the souls' of their subjects."

We adhere to the opinion expressed in our last Number that without looking too closely on the justice side of the question, we considered that to ensure the safety of our possessions, it was necessary to have a defined frontier on the west, and that none offered so good as the line of the Indus.

After the withdrawal of the troops from Affghanistan, and leaving behind us a warlike and irritated nation of mountaineers, converted into an implacable enemy, it would have been next to insanity to have left our western frontier in the vague and undefined state in which it had previously been; or to have trusted to the assurances of so fickle and treacherous a set of barbarians as the Ameers of Scinde, of whose falsehood we had already received more than one proof; even had they been actuated by good faith, it could scarcely have been depended upon; as by late occurrences it has been proved that they were scarcely their

own masters, but forced to take a particular line of conduct at the dictation of the warlike tribes of Belooches.

Granted the necessity of having the Lower Indus as our frontier, we have already shown that we could not make the left bank our line. Strictly speaking, the river has no left bank, but is converted into a wide spreading lake during the floods. It remained then to establish certain positions on the right bank, which could be done in the first instance by treaty with the Ameers. As to what has passed in that shape, we can only form a correct opinion when the documents arrive in England; but we may imagine how severely the Ameers must have suffered in subscribing the Articles, and what a bitter pill it was for them to swallow the encroachment on their hunting-grounds—their sole barbaric pleasure; and for reasons they could not most likely comprehend. Even in breaking the treaty they had signed, it may be surmised that the Ameers were acted on by the "pressure from without," and forced into the disastrous steps by the Beloochees. What gives colour to this supposition is, that in the first instance those tribes contemplated the murder of Major Outram and his party, who were protected by the guards of the Ameers; and that in all probability the attack on the Residence was either carried into effect by these mountain tribes, or at their instigation.

In order to make the case of the Ameers the better cause, one of the Indian papers, of great circulation and influence, the Bombay Times, has stated, "that after the capture of Emaum Ghur, we marched on Hyderabad, apparently with a view to its capture or destruction, and insisted on a large money payment, not mentioned in the treaty, which had been just subscribed." We do not attach the least credit to this statement,—there is not a syllable to warrant it in the despatches; and we will not believe that so high-minded and honourable a man as Sir Charles Napier would ever think of cramming such a codicil down the throats of those who had already subscribed to so many sacrifices. His honourable treatment of the Ameers after their surrender, would at once clear him of such a suspicion.

When the Army was retreating through Holland in 1794-5, they tell a story that the late Sir David Dundas (of manœuvring fame,) was marching along a dyke at the head of a brigade, which had fallen into much disorder, when an old crony and countryman rode up to him with these words,—“I say, David, whar's your peevots noo?” We may say to the Governor-General of India, “My Loard, whar's your frontier noo?” If we start a little to the westward of Kurachee, and take the line of the Brahooick, or Hala chain of mountains that separate Scinde from Beloochistan, and which run nearly due north, and follow them through three degrees of latitude until they nearly reach the foot of the Gundava Pass: then taking a direction north-east, and skirting the Desert of Dadur, we will strike the Indus at Mettun Kote, a nice little frontier line, something short of 600 miles, and in the immediate vicinity of a pleasant set of neighbours—the Beloochees and Affghans. To protect this country, it will be necessary to cover, with some sort of works, Kurrachee, Tattah, Hyderabad, Shikarpore, and the new-named city of Victoria. At least three second-rate fortresses would be required in such an extended frontier; the expense of all these would exceed a million and a half, and would require from 10,000 to 12,000 men for

the defence ; which of course we could easily furnish out of our extensive peace establishment !

By the turn that affairs have taken, owing to the treachery of the Ameers, who were collecting their forces at the moment they signed the treaty, there was no other course left open for the Governor-General, after the glorious affair of Meeanee, than to take possession of the country in the first instance. Whether we are to retain it to the full extent of the Scindean frontier, as above stated, or a modified subsidiary government under some native prince, may not be ultimately adopted, we may suppose to be under the consideration of the Government at home.

We have thought it our duty to state the difficulties that will arise in the first case, particularly with regard to the number of troops ; but if these are got over, we shall consider the annexation of the province to our Indian Empire, as a measure fraught with great advantages as regarding the general civilization of Central Asia ; and tending to the immediate advantage and happiness of the late subjects of the Ameers. To both of these objects, the free navigation of the Indus will most materially contribute, by bringing distant nations into contact, softening asperities, and subduing prejudices. At the same time we must caution speculators not to be too sanguine in their ideas of any immediate great commercial benefit : much time must elapse before this fresh course of trade with Central Asia can be fully developed.

The Governor-General has not only conquered a province, and opened a river by his fiat ; he has also, somewhat in the manner of the Berlin and Milan decrees, abolished slavery by a stroke of his pen, in a country in which he actually does not possess a dozen square miles.

Domestic slavery, in a modified and gentle shape, forms part of the normal state of most of our Indian provinces, and the Government in India has hitherto acted very cautiously in meddling with this custom, so closely interwoven with the institutions of the people ; but perhaps the Governor-General may think he has more liberty in dictating his measures to a conquered country ; and possibly he may have in view the idea of conciliating the tender consciences of certain persons in this country and India, who were shocked by his display of the heathen gates of Somnauth !

Leaving the political view of the question on one side, let us turn to the military one. Here all is bright and sparkling ; and without a speck to dim the lustre of one of the most brilliant achievements recorded in all history. It would be almost an impertinence to attempt the details of this well-fought action, so clearly are they displayed in the annexed graphic and soldier-like despatch of Sir Charles Napier. It will be quite sufficient to read this despatch over with attention, to have the whole position of the enemy placed before the mind's eye ; and then to consider the danger and difficulty of attacking a post so well defended, and against such vast numerical odds. The country well may be proud of its heroic General and gallant little army.

The statement made by Sir Charles Napier at the close of his despatch, on the paucity of European officers with the native regiments, bears out the remarks frequently made in these pages on that subject, and seems to render it imperative that a separate corps should be formed to furnish officers for the Staff, and not thus partially disable the regiments by taking away their European officers,—their main-stay.

In our last Number we fear we have done some injustice to Major Outram, in supposing that he was deceived by the Ameers; it was nothing more than what happened to the General himself. There is not, in the list of Political Agents in the service of the Company, nor is there an officer in any service, of his standing, more deserving of notice than Major Outram; indeed, we shall despair of rewards being justly distributed, unless he comes in for a share of the honours of the day. He was the Political Agent with the Ameers of Scinde while the Army was in Afghanistan, and his prudence and ability served to keep in check the hostile and treacherous measures of their Chiefs. Whether it was thought necessary to make an example of every person who had served under a Governor-General of different politics, Major Outram was dismissed from his station, with the rest, and without even the compliment of a notification. Sir Charles Napier was soon convinced of the value of his services, and Lord Ellenborough was forced to admit the truth; the Major was requested to return to Hyderabad, and although he might naturally feel hurt at the cavalier way in which he had been dismissed, he did not allow these sentiments to interfere with the public service; he returned to his post, but refused to touch one penny of the public money, except his regimental pay. Under these circumstances he did all that lay in his power to prevent the Ameers from following their ill-fated course; and when he had thus transformed them into enemies, he displayed all the gallantry of a soldier, and devotion of a public servant, in defending the Residency with a handful of soldiers against an army of 6000 men.

In China, as they say in trade, little has been doing, but that little is satisfactory. Everything goes to prove that we have, by our diplomacy and military superiority, obtained an influence over the Chinese which they are almost afraid to confess, so far is their style now altered from the domineering language of former days. All things seem to presage that the results of the Treaty will prove every way satisfactory.

We have already given the result of the Courts-Martial on the Cabool prisoners; and we are now induced to submit the Minutes of the trial of Lieutenant Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, whose "Narrative" has been so generally read, in consequence of our attention having been directed to a most illiberal attack on that officer in a professional print, wherein the writer leaves it to be inferred that even this acquittal by the Court-Martial is only in appearance anything satisfactory. To us it seems very clear, that if there had been any Ordnance stores remaining at Khoord Cabool, General Elphinstone, or the Senior Officer in command, would have appointed some other officer to take charge of them, when Mr. Eyre was ordered to put himself under the protection of Akbar Khan. We consider the Court-Martial perfectly satisfactory, and we have no doubt it will be so found by all Military men.

Proceedings of an European General Court-Martial, reassembled in the Camp of the Army of Reserve, at Ferozepore, on Wednesday the 4th day of January, 1843, by order of His Excellency General Sir Jasper Nicolls, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces in India, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it.

PRESIDENT.—Major-General J. M'Caskill, K.H.

MEMBERS.—Brigadier G. J. M'Dowell, 16th Lancers ; Lieut.-Colonel F. Grant, 39th N. Inf. ; Lieut.-Colonel M. White, H.M.'s 3rd Lt. Drags. ; Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Stedman, 7th Lt. Cav. ; Lieut.-Colonel C. W. R. Lane, 2nd N. Inf. ; Major L. Bruce, 1st Lt. Inf. Batt. ; Major J. Angelo, 3rd Lt. Cav. ; Capt. J. R. Talbot, 59th N. Inf. ; Capt. G. S. Lawrenson, H. Art. ; Capt. R. Houghton, 2nd Lt. Inf. Batt. ; Capt. C. Burnett, 2nd Eur. Regt. ; Capt. E. Du Pré Townsend, 9th N. Inf. ; Capt. C. W. Reynolds, H.M.'s 16th Lancers.

Lieut.-Colonel R. J. H. Birch, Judge-Advocate General of the Army, conducting the proceedings.

Lieut. J. Murray, 9th Regt. Native Infantry, Interpreter to the Courts.

Head Quarters, Camp Ferozepore, Thursday, 5th January, 1843.

The Court reassembled this day at ten o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to adjournment, the President, Members, Judge-Advocate General, and Interpreter, being all present, and proceed at half-past two o'clock to the trial of Lieut. Vincent Eyre, of Artillery.

Lieut. Vincent Eyre, of the Artillery, appears in Court. The names of the officers composing the Court are read.

Question by Judge-Advocate General.

Lieut. Vincent Eyre, do you object to any of the officers composing this Court ? —I have no objection.

The Members, President, and Judge-Advocate General, having been sworn agreeably to the Articles of War for the East India Company's troops, the charge is read and entered as follows :—

" Lieut. Vincent Eyre, of the Regiment of Artillery, placed in arrest, by order of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, on the following charge :—

" ' For conduct disgraceful to the character of an officer, in having, at Khoord Cabool, on the 9th of January, 1842, during the retreat of the British force from Cabool towards Hindostan, in the presence of the enemy, abandoned the said force, and sought personal protection in the Camp of Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan, the leader of the enemy.'

" By order of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

" (Signed) J. R. LUMLEY, Major-General,

" Adjutant-General's Office,

Adjutant-General of the Army.

Head Quarters, Ferozepore, 24th Dec. 1842."

Question by Judge-Advocate General.

Lieut. Vincent Eyre, are you rightly named and described in the charge ?—Quite so.

Lieut. Vincent Eyre, are you guilty or not guilty of the charge preferred against you ?—Not guilty.

(All persons summoned to give evidence on the trial, are requested to withdraw.)

PROSECUTION.

Capt. Hugh Johnson, 26th Native Inf., called into Court and duly sworn.

Examined by the Judge-Advocate General.

When did the British force retreat from Cabool ?—On the 6th January, 1842.

Was there any enemy in the field at the time, opposed to it ?—The whole of the country was in open insurrection.

Were there armed parties of the enemy about ?—Yes.

Did they follow or march as our force marched ?—No, they did not follow us the whole way ; wherever we went we were met by fresh hordes of them ; there was no organized enemy.

How long did you remain with the force ?—Up to the 11th of January, 1842, till arrival at Jugdalluck.

Was Lieut. Eyre, the officer before the Court, with the retreating force ?—Yes.

How long did he remain with it ?—Up to the 9th January, at Khoord Cabool, I believe, for I don't recollect seeing Lieut. Eyre on the march.

Do you know of certain officers going over to the protection of Mahomed Akbar Khan on the 9th January ?—Yes.

Under what circumstances ?—It was my impression that they had been permitted to go over by General Elphinstone, with their wives and families ; Lieut. Eyre was, I believe, wounded, and also a married man.

Had there been any communication with Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan on the subject?—I believe there had been.

Was he the Chief of the enemy?—He was the Chief of the enemy who followed us from Cabool, or rather I can't call him an enemy, as he was looked upon as a friend at that time by the late General Elphinstone.

Who carried the communication to him?—The late Capt. Skinner.

What was its purport?—I know very little regarding it. I saw Capt. Skinner about nine or ten o'clock, on the morning of the 9th; and alluding to our perilous situation, we were both of opinion that it would be very desirable for the ladies and their families to go over to Mahomed Akbar Khan. Capt. Skinner shortly afterwards left me, and in an hour afterwards I again saw him, when he told me that it had been decided that the ladies and their families should go over to Mahomed Akbar Khan. I believe he had in the interval gone to the Sirdar.

Did you see Lieut. Eyre go over to Mahomed Akbar?—No.

Cross examined by Lieut. Eyre.

Did you remark what part Mahomed Akbar's immediate followers took, or seemed to take, in our passage through the Khoord Cabool Pass?—Mahomed Akbar and his immediate followers came up in the rear of the Cabool force, and I, being with the advance, could not see what part they took. A Ghilzie chief, of the name of Khoda Bukhs Khan, who was a follower of Mahomed Akbar, or rather friendly to him, came on ahead of the advance, and I accompanied him, for the avowed purpose of stopping the firing on the troops; and did all in his power to prevent it, as far as words went, and at the risk of his life, for there was firing, possibly at me and Brigadier Anquetil, and Major Thain. But he ran as great a risk of being hit as ourselves.

Did it come within your knowledge that our troops were prohibited from firing on Mahomed Akbar both before and after the 9th of January?—Yes.

Were any written orders issued by the General after our leaving Cabool?—No, not to my knowledge.

The witness retires.

Capt. George St. Patrick Lawrence, 11th Light Cavalry, is called into Court and duly sworn.

Examined by the Judge-Advocate-General.

Did you accompany the British force retreating from Cabool towards Hindostan in Jan., 1842?—Yes.

How long did you remain with it?—Till the morning of the 8th, at Boodkhak.

Where were you on the 9th?—I was in a fort at Khoord Cabool, in the hands of Mahomed Akbar.

Did you see Lieut. Eyre, the officer before the Court, on that day?—Yes.

Where?—In the same fort, and in the same hands.

How came he there?—He was sent over by Gen. Elphinstone, so I understood.

Did any other persons come at the same time?—Yes; several men, women, and children.

Did Lieut. Eyre's family accompany him?—Yes.

What brought over these people?—The invitation of Mahomed Akbar, conveyed to the General by Capt. Skinner, and communicated to that officer by myself. Lieut. Eyre was a wounded officer.

What exactly was the invitation?—That the families of the officers in the British camp and, to the best of my belief, the wounded officers, should be placed under Sirdar Mahomed Akbar's protection, for safety and escort to Peshawar or Jellalabad. Mahomed Akbar sent, at the same time, a message, that the British troops should not move from Khoord Cabool that day, and that he would furnish them with provisions and firewood, both of which they very much wanted.

What induced the Chief to send this invitation?—I should say from seeing that our troops were unable to protect the women and children, and from one woman and two children having fallen into the hands of the Ghilzies the preceding day.

What made you think this was the inducement?—He said so himself.

Did you expect to see the officers come over with the ladies? Yes, certainly.

Cross examined by Lieut. Eyre.

In what light did you regard Mahomed Akbar at that time?—As the only man who would be likely to save us, or protect the remnant of the Army, or who had it in his power.

What situation did Capt. Skinner hold at the time?—Capt. Skinner had been a Commissariat officer, but at this time was officiating as a Political Agent, Major Pottinger and myself being in Mahomed Akbar's hands, and there being no other officer of that description in the camp of the British force.

Would you have considered an order from the General, a verbal message, conveyed by Capt. Skinner, as binding?—Most assuredly.

The witness retires.

The prosecution is closed.

Lieut. Eyre being asked whether he was ready to proceed with his defence, requests the Court to grant him till to-morrow to prepare it.

The Court adjourns at half-past 3, P.M., till 1 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

Head Quarters, Camp, Ferozepore, Friday, January 6, 1843.

The Court re-assembled, pursuant to adjournment, at 1 o'clock P.M. The President and members are all present as yesterday. The Judge-Advocate-General is also present.

Lieut. Eyre appears before the Court. Lieut. Eyre being requested to proceed with his defence, reads his defence to the Court as follows:—

Major-General M'Caskill, K.H., and Gentlemen of the Court,

The position in which I am placed, for the first time since I entered the honourable Service to which I belong, (and which I also trust will be the last,) would be peculiarly painful and humiliating, but for the consciousness which, I thank God, I possess of having, to the best of my feeble ability, done my duty under those trying circumstances, to investigate which you are now assembled.

I am also upborne by the knowledge that I have nothing to expect at your hand, save a full and patient hearing and judgment, dictated by an honest sense of what is just and right.

Unfortunately for me, the principal witnesses, on whose testimony I should (had they been spared,) have relied with perfect confidence, are dead. I mean the late General Elphinstone, Major Thain, and Captains Bellew, Grant, and Skinner. I think, however, that I shall be able to show, to your satisfaction, that in going over with my family to Mahomed Akbar Khan, I merely performed my duty, as a soldier, in obeying the order of my immediate superior.

Indeed, General Elphinstone himself has avowed as much in his despatch to Government, which has not been published, but of which I am enabled to produce a true extract. (Appendix 1.)

The circumstances of my receiving the General's instructions to the above effect, and of my obeying the same, have been stated in my declaration before the Court of Inquiry, which was appointed to investigate my conduct at Cabool, which I now subjoin. (See Appendix 2.)

In this declaration I omitted a part of General Elphinstone's conversation with me while taking my leave, which I now remember perfectly. It was to the effect that my severe wound incapacitated me from being of any further service to him, and that he hoped his surrender of the wounded and married officers, with their families, might be advantageous to the force under his command, by inducing Mahomed Akbar to furnish supplies, and to perform his part of the treaty in all respects. The exact words of the General have escaped my memory, but, certainly, the above is the substance of what he stated.

If permitted to do so, I can produce another true extract from General Elphinstone's despatch to Government, written long after the commission of what is now charged to me as a crime, in which that officer bestows praise on my poor services such as he would hardly have put on record, had he not looked on me as incapable of doing aught disgraceful to the character of a gentleman and a soldier. That he to the last continued to entertain a good opinion of me is further confirmed by the fact, that until his death the terms of our intercourse with each other were more than friendly, they were affectionate and kindly in the extreme.

I will not longer trespass on your valuable time, but leave my case with perfect confidence in your hands, after I shall have examined the few witnesses whose circumstantial evidence will, no less than that adduced on the part of the prosecution, tend to corroborate the above statement.

(Signed)

VINCENT EYRE,
Lieutenant Artillery, late Deputy Commissary of
Ordnance at Cabool.

Ferozepore, January 6th, 1843.

The papers alluded to in the Defence are marked 1, 2, 3, and read.

Lieut. Eyre observes, "In addition to what I have now stated, I hope it will not be improper to remark that, after the numerous injurious reports which have so long been abroad regarding the conduct of the married Officers on this occasion, a bare acquittal will scarcely suffice to clear my reputation in the estimation of the public; and that my prospects must be seriously injured, if not utterly ruined, unless I can obtain from this Court a full and honourable acquittal."

Lieut. Eyre puts in a note received by him from Lady Macnaghten; it is read. (See Appendix 4.)

Lieut. Mein, H.M.'s 13th or Prince Albert's Light Infantry, is called into Court and duly sworn.

Examined by Lieut. Eyre.

Did you on the day specified in the charge, the 9th of January, 1842, hear Capt. Skinner deliver any order to the married families, and what was his communication?—Capt. Skinner was the first person whom I heard mention about the married families going over to Mahomed Akbar. He came in the morning of the 9th to the place where all the married people were collected together, and said that he thought it probable they and their families would have to proceed to the camp of Mahomed Akbar, and that he would go to General Elphinstone and speak to him about it. A short time afterwards he returned, and said they were to go immediately, and hastened their departure, saying that they were keeping the Sowars waiting.

Did he state any thing else as to the order of our march?—Yes, he said that the people going over were only to be one march in rear of the troops.

Did you observe my bodily state at this time?—I did; he appeared to suffer great pain from the wound he had received, and required assistance to mount and dismount from his horse. I have assisted him myself.

Did you on the 8th of January, on our passage through the Khoord Cabool Pass, observe any of Akbar's horsemen accompanying the force?—I did.

Did they seem to be acting as enemies or friends, in what respect the latter?—As friends. They rode through the Pass with our people as they went through, and they called out to some men who were keeping up a very heavy fire, and upon their calling out the fire ceased.

In what light was Akbar himself considered?—In the light of an ally, or protector to the troops.

The witness retires.

Captain Colin Mackenzie, Madras Establishment, is called into Court and duly sworn.

Examined by Lieut. Eyre.

What was your conviction regarding the circumstances of my going over to Mahomed Akbar Khan?—That it was in obedience to the orders of General Elphinstone.

From what you saw and heard of me at Cabool do you think I am a likely man to have disgraced my profession?—Quite the contrary.

When in prison what degree of intimacy existed between General Elphinstone and myself, and what do you conceive to have been his opinion of me?—The most perfect good feeling and friendship existed between General Elphinstone and Lieut. Eyre, and I know that the General entertained a very high opinion of him.

What was my bodily state at the time I joined Akbar?—He was very feeble from the debilitating effects of a very severe wound received during the siege.

When I made my appearance with my family were you surprised to see me?—No, I had been prepared for the coming of the wounded officers and the married families.

Cross-examined by the Judge-Advocate General.

Where were you on the 9th of January?—In a fort at Khoord Cabool, belonging to a Ghilzie Chief in the interest of Mahomed Akbar.

Were you in the hands of Mahomed Akbar?—Yes.

The witness retires.

Captain James Airey, of H.M.'s 3rd Buffs, is called into Court and duly sworn.

Examined by Lieut. Eyre.

What was your situation at Cabool?—Aide-de-Camp to General Elphinstone.

Was my conduct at Cabool such as to elicit General Elphinstone's approbation?—Yes it was during the siege.

What were my especial duties? He was Commissary of Ordnance.

Did I confine myself to these?—No; Lieut Eyre, instead of doing duty solely in the magazine as Commissary of Ordnance, in consequence of the great scarcity of Artillery Officers, volunteered his services to take command of any guns that he might be ordered to, or that he could do duty with.

With what guns was I principally employed in the field?—The two guns of the Horse Artillery.

The witness retires.

Captain Lawrence recalled.—Examined by Lieut. Eyre.

In what estimation was I held at Cabool by officers generally, but more especially by Sir William Macnaghten and General Elphinstone?—By officers generally, as an active, intelligent, and zealous officer, at all times ready to lend his hand to any work required. By Sir William Macnaghten and the General, in an equally favourable light. He volunteered on several occasions, when it was not necessary that he should have gone out, which, of course, gratified both Sir William and the late Major-General.

The witness retires.

Surgeon John Magrath, of the 37th Regt. Native Infantry, is called into Court, and duly sworn.

Examined by Lieut. Eyre.

Will you state the nature of the wound I received at Cabool?—He received a gun-shot wound in the left hand, fracturing three of the small bones; which rendered his hand useless.

Do you consider I was in any way fit for active service after receiving that wound?—I should say not. He would be obliged to use the other hand entirely to hold his reins; he could not use his sword.

When was this wound received?—On the 22nd Nov., 1841.

Cross-examined by the Judge-Advocate-General.

Was Lieut. Eyre suffering from that wound, and still disabled, on the 9th of January, 1842?—Yes; he was still suffering, and still disabled.

The witness retires. The defence is closed. The Court is cleared to deliberate on their finding and sentence.

"The Court, upon the evidence before them, are of opinion that the prisoner, Lieut. Vincent Eyre, of the Regiment of Artillery, is not guilty of the charge preferred against him; and the Court do accordingly most fully and most honourably acquit him, the prisoner, of the charge.

"(Signed) R. J. H. BIRCH, Lieut.-Colonel,

Judge-Advocate-General Conducting the Proceedings.

"(Signed)

JOHN M'CASKILL, Major-General, President.

"Approved and confirmed.

"(Signed)

J. NICOLLS, General and Commander-in-Chief.

"11th January, 1843."

APPENDIX.—No. 1.

Extract from a Memorandum by Major-General W. H. Elphinstone, C.B., of the events preceding and during the insurrection at Cabool.

On the 9th of Jan. the march was ordered at 10 A.M.; but consequent on a message from the Sirdar, requesting us to halt till he could arrange an escort for us, and promising supplies and firewood, it was countermanded. But a similar scene of confusion to that of the day before had taken place, and it was past mid-day before anything like order was restored.

Captain Skinner returned to the Sirdar, by whom he was again sent back, with a proposal that the married people and their families should be made over to him, promising honourable treatment to the ladies. I complied with his wish, being desirous to move the ladies and children, after the horrors they had already witnessed, from the farther dangers of a camp; and hoping that, as from the very commencement of negotiations the Sirdar had shown the greatest anxiety to have

the married people as hostages, this mark of trust might elicit a corresponding feeling in him.

(Signed) W. H. ELPHINSTONE, Major-General.

True copy.

(Signed) R. C. SHAKESPEAR, Military Secretary.

No. 2.

Statement made by Lieut. Vincent Eyre, Artillery, before the Court of Inquiry assembled at Cabool, to investigate the circumstances of his going over with his family to Mahomed Akbar Khan.

On the morning of the 9th January, the army being encamped at Khoord Cabool, received an order to halt for the day. About noon Capt. Skinner came to me, with a message from General Elphinstone, to the effect that I was to hold myself in readiness to depart to Mahomed Akbar's camp, together with all other married and wounded officers, who encumbered the army, and for whom there was no adequate protection. He added that it had been arranged we should keep one day's march in rear of the force.

I immediately went over to the General, that I might receive my instructions from his own mouth. He no sooner saw me than he said, "Well, Eyre, have you seen Skinner; and has he told you what to do?" I replied, "Yes; he has told me to hold myself in readiness to go over to Mahomed Akbar's camp." The General answered, "Very well, then, go at once and get ready, like a good fellow; for there is no time to be lost. A guard is waiting to escort you; and tell Mr. Ryley to do the same." He then shook me by the hand, and said he hoped we might soon meet again under more favourable auspices.

As far as I can recollect there were present at this meeting Major Thain, Capt. Grant, and Capt. Bellew.

The latter officer came to bid me adieu as I mounted my horse.

At this period Mahomed Akbar was our professed ally,—hostages having been sent over to him, and a treaty agreed upon. Hostilities were supposed to have ceased.

I was at this time crippled from a severe wound, received in action on the 22nd November, and could not mount a horse without assistance. The pain I suffered was most acute, and my strength was greatly reduced. I have to this day entirely lost the use of my left hand.

True copy.

(Signed) T. MACADAM, Captain, Deputy Judge-Advocate-General.

No. 3.

Extract from a letter from Major-General Elphinstone, C.B., to the address of the Secretary to Government, Secret and Political Department, dated Buddcabad, 23rd February, 1842.

Throughout the whole siege the utmost zeal was manifested by Lieut. Sturt, Engineers, and by Lieut. Vincent Eyre, Commissary of Ordnance, who, in consequence of the paucity of Artillery Officers, on all occasions volunteered his services, and was unfortunately wounded.

True copy.

(Signed) G. ST. P. LAWRENCE, Captain, late Military Secretary.

No. 4.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN EYRE,—I was much disappointed at not finding Mrs. Eyre here. I hope, however, to have the pleasure of soon seeing her in Europe.

In reply to the latter part of your note, I have on several occasions, during the insurrection at Cabool, heard my lamented husband speak with admiration of your distinguished gallantry; and likewise that you had on every occasion that occurred showed an anxiety to be employed against the enemy. I leave this on the 2nd for Simla.—Believe me very truly yours,

December 29th.

(Signed) F. MACNAGHTEN.

True copy.

(Signed) R. J. H. BRICH, Lieut.-Col., Judge-Advocate-General.

True copy.

W. MACTIER, Officiating Deputy Judge-Advocate-General,
in charge of the Judge-Advocate-General's Office.

We have been favoured by "D. S. C." with a printed pamphlet, containing the defence of Capt. Slidell Mackenzie, in the affair of the United States brig Somers. As "D. S. C." also sent a letter eulogizing Capt. Mackenzie, we will, consistently with our practice of impartiality, insert the same; although we think the writer might have used fewer epithets while recurring to ourselves, and he is rather unlucky in his parallel of the mad act of Lord Camelford, and the deplorable mutiny of the Bounty. Crime is not purified by multiplying the number of criminals.

For the present month, we will only further remark, that the pamphlet seems to us an ex-parte flourish, and that "D. S. C." is a partisan out-and-out admirer of Capt. Mackenzie.

London, 17th May, 1843.

MR. EDITOR,—In forwarding you a copy of Capt. Mackenzie's defence, I cannot but express my hopes that you may find in it sufficient reasons to withdraw some of the very harsh, and, to many, appearing unmerited epithets with which you have characterised his conduct. Hard words convey no proof; indeed, they are seldom resorted to excepting where fair arguments fail, and I am exceedingly sorry to observe that you have so freely indulged in them upon ex-parte evidence. Capt. Mackenzie is personally distinguished for his mild and amiable disposition, as well as for his literary and scientific acquirements; his friends speak in glowing terms of his excellent qualities, and his public services have been acknowledged by his most influential countrymen.

The merits of this distressing case have been fully discussed before civil and naval tribunals, and the Commander of the Somers has been fully justified by them in the course he felt bound in duty to pursue. The embarrassing and difficult positions in which naval and military officers are frequently placed in the ordinary execution of their duty, is seldom comprehended by civilians, and we certainly ought to be the last to question the integrity and judgment of a properly constituted naval court, ordered to inquire into any doubtful case. It is the opinion of many members of both branches of our profession, that you have not sufficiently considered the desperate character of Mr. Spenser and his associates, that you have paid but little attention to the difficulty of separating the prisoners from the disaffected portion of the crew, in a vessel of the smallest dimensions, where it was quite impossible to prevent communication; that you have made no distinction between an ordinary mutiny and one in which the natural confidants of the Commander were the participators; that you have arrived, *per saltum*, at two strange conclusions, viz., that there was no mutiny at all, and that no form of trial was resorted to in carrying the extreme penalty of the law into execution; and that you have entirely overlooked one circumstance that should have awakened the sympathy of every British heart—viz., that after having been fairly tried and honourably acquitted by the laws of his country, the accused became a victim to a bitter and unprincipled persecution—assailed by persons high in office, and a portion of the press, most distinguished for its corrupt and malignant character.

Mr. Spenser had been dismissed the American Service and restored; he had been sentenced to death by the Canadian authorities as the A.D.C. of the so-called General Sutherland—though young in years he was old in crime. The composition and character of the defence is unexceptionable, and I beg that you will have the goodness to give it a place in your Journal; it is well deserving of your attention.

The principal gentlemen of New York have voluntarily come forward to exempt Capt. Mackenzie from the pecuniary ruin in which a vindictive per-

secution threatened to involve him—this is a positive witness of the opinion in which his conduct is regarded by those who have enjoyed the best opportunity of coming to a correct conclusion upon the evidence adduced before the Court.

The case of Lord Camelford, who shot his First Lieutenant when he had it in his power to bring him into port, and the unhappy fate of the *Bounty*, should lead us to be cautious in giving expression to decided opinions upon this occasion.

D. S. C.

CONCUSSION SHELLS AND FIELD ARTILLERY.

Captain Norton has made application to the Master-General and Board of Ordnance to be permitted to adapt his Concussion Shell to Field Artillery, believing that such shells may be used with good effect against an enemy posted in blockhouses, farmhouses, mills, &c. These shells have been already tested from the eight and ten-inch guns, otherwise called the 68 and 130-pounders; and the Select Committee of Artillery Officers at Woolwich, in their official report to the Master-General, dated 15th October, 1842, have pronounced them, "simple, safe, and efficacious."

THE LATE MAJOR AUGUSTUS WATHEN.

This gallant officer, whose death is recorded in our present Number, commenced his career in the civil service of the Army. He served during the campaign of 1814 in Holland, and was present at the two attacks at Mersin, the bombardment of Antwerp, and its subsequent occupation by the British. In the campaign of 1815 he was present at Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris. The above were his war services. He was also in the Ionian Islands; in 1819, he was attached to the Royal Hussar Guard, at Hanover. In 1821, he had his commission in the 8th Light Dragoons, and then exchanged into the 15th King's Hussars, in which regiment he proceeded to India. He next exchanged into the 13th Light Dragoons, and for a year and eight months before his death was in command of a detachment of the 13th Light Dragoons at Norwich.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

THE CONQUEST OF SCINDE.

(NOTIFICATION.)

Palace of Agra, March 5, 1843.

The Governor-General had earnestly hoped that the new provisions, to which various acts in contravention of their existing engagements and various indications of hostility had compelled him to require the assent of the Ameers of Scinde, would have been carried into full effect, as they had been agreed to by their Highnesses, without a recurrence to arms. This hope has been disappointed. The Ameers having signed the new treaty proposed to them on the 14th February, attacked on the following day, with a large force, the residence of the British Commissioner. In this treacherous attack they were repulsed. On the 17th, Major-General Sir Charles Napier gained a decisive victory over their whole army, and on the 20th, the British troops occupied the city of Hyderabad. Six of the Ameers delivered their swords to the British General upon the field of battle. All their guns, ammunition, and treasure were taken, together with their camp. The Beloochees lost 5000 men.

Thus has victory placed at the disposal of the British Government the country on both banks of the Indus from Sukkur to the Sea, with the exception of such por-

tions thereof as may belong to Meer Ali, Morad of Khyrpore, and to any other of the Ameers who may have remained faithful to his engagements.

The Governor-General cannot forgive a treacherous attack upon a representative of the British Government, nor can he forgive hostile aggression prepared by those who were in the act of signing a treaty.

It will be the first object of the Governor-General to use the power victory has placed in his hands in the manner most conducive to the freedom of trade, and to the prosperity of the people of Scinde, so long misgoverned.

To reward the fidelity of allies by substantial marks of favour, and so to punish the crime of treachery in Princes as to deter all from its commission, are further objects which the Governor-General will not fail to effect.

To Major-General Sir Charles Napier, and to the brave troops he commanded, the Governor-General offers the tribute of his own admiration, and of the gratitude of the Government and people of India.

The bravery of the enemy against whom they were engaged, has enhanced their glory—the most decisive victory has been gained upon the best fought field.

In perpetual commemoration of this brilliant achievement, the 2nd company 2nd battalion, and the 3rd company 3rd battalion, of Bombay Artillery, and the company of the Madras Sappers and Miners, will bear upon their appointments, and the 9th Regiment of Bengal Light Cavalry, the Poonah Horse, and the Scinde Horse, upon their standards and appointments, and the 12th and 25th Regiments of Bombay Native Infantry, upon their colours and appointments, the word, "Hyderabad, 1843."

The regiment of Scinde Horse is on its present establishment permanently attached to the army of Bombay.

The Governor-General will not further anticipate the measures which the home authorities, informed, before they can receive his despatches of the victory which has been obtained, may think fit to adopt for the purpose of marking their high sense of the merits of those by whom so great a service has been performed.

The Governor-General directs that a salute of twenty-one guns be fired at all the stations of the Army.

By order of the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India.

J. THOMASON,

Officiating Secretary to the Government of India with the Governor-General.

THE VICTORY OF MEEANEE.

From Major-General Sir C. J. Napier, K.C.B., to the Governor-Gen. of India, &c.

Meeanee, six miles from Hyderabad, Feb. 18, 1843.

MY LORD,—The forces under my command have gained a decisive victory over the army of the Ameers of Upper and Lower Scinde. A detailed account of the various circumstances which led to this action, does not belong to the limited space of a hasty despatch; I therefore begin with the transactions belonging to the battle. On the 14th inst., the whole body of the Ameers assembled, in full durbar, formally affixed their seals to the draught treaty. On leaving the durbar, Major Outram and his companions were in great peril—a plot had been laid to murder them all. They were saved by the guards of the Ameers; but the next day (the 15th), the residence of Major Outram was attacked by 8000 of the Ameers' troops, headed by one or more of the Ameers. The report of this nefarious transaction I have the honour to inclose. I heard of it at Hala, at which place the fearless and distinguished Major Outram joined me with his brave companions in the stern and extraordinary defence of his residence against so overwhelming a force, accompanied by six pieces of cannon. On the 16th I marched to Mutaree; having there ascertained that the Ameers were in position at Meeanee (ten miles' distance,) to the number of 22,000 men, and well knowing that a delay for reinforcements would both strengthen their confidence and add to their numbers,—already seven times that which I commanded, I resolved to attack them, and we marched at 4 A.M. On the morning of the 17th, at 8 o'clock, the advanced guard discovered their camp; at 9 o'clock we formed in order of battle, about 2800 men of all arms, and 12 pieces of artillery. We were now within range of the enemy's guns, and 15 pieces of artillery opened upon us, and were answered by our cannon. The enemy were very strongly posted, woods were on their flanks, which I did not think could be turned. These two woods were joined by the dry bed of the river Fulailee, which had a high bank. The bed of the river was nearly straight, and about 1200 yards in length. Behind this, and in both

woods, were the enemy posted. In front of their extreme right, and on the edge of the wood, was a village. Having made the best examination of their position which so short a time permitted, the Artillery was posted on the right line, and some skirmishers of Infantry, with the Scinde Irregular Horse, were sent in front to try and make the enemy show his force more distinctly; we then advanced from the right in echellon of battalions, refusing the left to save it from the fire of the village. The 9th Bengal Light Cavalry formed the reserve in rear of the left wing, and the Poonah Horse, together with four companies of Infantry, guarded the baggage. In this order of battle we advanced as at a review, across a fine plain swept by the cannon of the enemy. The Artillery and H.M.'s 22nd Regiment in line formed the leading echellon, the 25th N.I. the second, the 12th N.I. the third, and the 1st Grenadier N.I. the fourth.

The enemy was 1000 yards from our line, which soon traversed the intervening space. Our fire of musketry opened at about 100 yards from the bank, in reply to that of the enemy, and in a few minutes the engagement became general along the bank of the river, on which the combatants fought for about three hours or more, with great fury, man to man. Then, my Lord, was seen the superiority of the musket and bayonet over the sword and shield, and matchlock. The brave Beloochees first discharging their matchlock and pistols, dashed over the bank with desperate resolution; but down went these bold and skilful swordsmen under the superior power of the musket and bayonet. At one time, my Lord, the courage and the numbers of the enemy against the 22nd, the 25th, and the 12th Regiments, bore heavily in that part of the battle. There was no time to be lost, and I sent orders to the Cavalry to force the right of the enemy's line. This order was very gallantly executed by the 9th Bengal Cavalry and the Scinde Horse, the details of which shall be afterwards stated to your Lordship, for the struggle on our right and centre was at that moment was so fierce, that I could not go to the left. In this charge the 9th Light Cavalry took a standard, and several pieces of artillery, and the Scinde Horse took the enemy's camp, from which a vast body of their Cavalry slowly retired fighting. Lieut. Fitzgerald gallantly pursued them for two miles, and, I understand, slew three of the enemy in single combat. The brilliant conduct of these two Cavalry regiments decided, in my opinion, the crisis of the action; for from the moment the Cavalry were seen in rear of their right flank, the resistance of our opponents slackened, the 22nd Regiment forced the bank, the 25th and 12th did the same, the latter regiment capturing several guns, and the victory was decided. The Artillery made great havoc among the dense masses of the enemy, and dismounted several of their guns. The whole of the enemy's artillery, ammunition, standards, and camp, with considerable stores and some treasure, were taken.

Meer Roostum Khan, and Meer Nusseer Khan; Meer Wullee Mahomed, of Khyrpore; Meer Nusseer Khan, Meer Shadad Khan, and Meer Hoosein Khan, all of Hyderabad, came into my camp and surrendered their swords as prisoners of war. Their misfortunes are of their own creation, but as they are great, I returned to them their swords. They await your Lordship's orders. Their Highnesses have surrendered Hyderabad, and I shall occupy it to-morrow.

It is not to be supposed that so hard-fought an engagement could be sustained without considerable loss on both sides. That of the British force is 256 men killed and wounded. The enemy is generally supposed to have lost 5000. Major Teasdale, while animating his Sepoys, dashed on horseback over the banks amidst the enemy, and was instantly shot and sabred, dying like a glorious soldier.

Major Jackson, in like manner, rushed forward, two brave havildars followed him: too far advanced before their men, they fell under the sabres of the enemy, but it is said not before he killed several. Capt. Mead, Tew, and Cockson, with Lieut. Wood, all fell honourably, urging on the assault with unmitigated valour. Lieut.-Col. Penefather was severely wounded, as with the high courage of a soldier he led his regiment up the desperate bank of the Fulaillee. Major Wyllie, Capts. Tucker and Conway, Lieuts. Harding and Phayre, were all wounded while gloriously animating their men to sustain the shock of numbers. And now, my Lord, I have to say, that British officers could not show greater gallantry in leading their men into action than did the Queen's and Company's officers on this day, and the troops well maintained their reputation.

From the heads of departments and regiments I have received every assistance throughout the whole campaign, and in the battle. The gallant charge of the Bengal Cavalry was intrepidly led by Lieut.-Col. Pattle, second in command, and

Major Story; nor were the Scinde Horse, under Capt. Jacob, idle. To this able soldier and his regiment I am indebted for the most active services long previous to, and during the combat. He won the enemy's camp, from which he drove a body of 3000 or 4000 Cavalry.

Major Lloyd powerfully worked his artillery, ably seconded by Capts. Whittie and Hutt. The destruction caused by their guns is said to have been immense. Major Waddington, of the Engineers, has given me great assistance throughout the campaign, and in the action lent me his aid in carrying orders.

Nor is the country less indebted to Major Reid for his gallantry at the head of the 12th N.I. The Grenadiers under Major Clibborn, owing to a misconception of orders, were but slightly engaged.

Major Poole, 22nd, and Capt. Jackson, 25th, who succeeded to the command of those regiments, proved themselves worthy of their dangerous posts. In the medical and commissariat departments both activity and zeal have been shown by Dr. Dalrymple and Capt. Blenkins.

Major Wyllie, Assistant-Adjutant-General, was wounded while leading up the bank, and I have thereby lost, for a time, his valuable assistance: no man has been more serviceable to me in all our previous operations.

The Acting Assistant-Quartermaster-General, Lieut. M'Murdo, 22nd Regt., had his horse killed, and while on foot, leading some soldiers in a desperate dash down the enemy's side of the bank, he cut down a chieftain. He has greatly assisted me by his activity and zeal during the whole of our operations. Allow me to recommend to your Lordship's notice and protection Major M'Pherson, my Aide-de-Camp, an old soldier of the Light Division, from whom I have received that assistance which was expected from a veteran of the 43rd Regt. To my Acting Aide-de-Camp, Lieut. Pelly, I am much indebted in many ways, both during the campaign, and in the action, as also to Lieut. Thompson, 9th Light Cavalry, who acted as my Orderly Officer during the day, and Lieut. Younghusband, Staff Officer.

Capt. Henderson, of the Madras Engineers, took a standard, and did good service with his excellent little band of Sappers and Miners, not only in this engagement, but through the campaign. Lieutenants Boileau and Outlaw have also distinguished themselves.

Innumerable are the individual acts of intrepidity which took place between our soldiers and their opponents, too numerous for detail in this despatch, yet well meriting a record. I hope that your Lordship will pardon the length of this letter, written in the midst of great interruptions and at various times.

Finally, I trust for receiving indulgence from one who so well knows how difficult my position has been for the last five months up to the present moment, and how hard I have laboured and how much I have risked to avoid a recourse to arms. This sanguinary engagement has been forced upon me by the duplicity of the Ameers, though I must say, that until the attack upon the Residency, neither Major Outram nor myself believed they were resolved to fight, and against which duplicity I never ceased to warn them. My conscience acquits me of the blood that has been shed. The tyrannical and deceitful Ameers brought on the battle; the fierce tribe of Beloochee robbers were resolved that it should be so, and bravely did they execute their resolution.

I perceive that I have omitted to mention three officers well worthy of being named. To Capt. Tait, of the Poonah Horse, I intrusted the charge of the baggage on this day of battle, and I have no doubt that the steadiness and imposing attitude of the detachment under his command held the enemy aloof; for I assure your Lordship no post gave me greater anxiety than that of the baggage guard. Lieutenants Leeson and Brennan have, throughout the whole campaign, been of the greatest use, as Baggage-Master and Provost-Marshal; and during the action Lieut. Brennan was scarcely from my side a moment, except when conveying orders; nor will I omit to mention the Moonshie Ali Akbar, an Arab, who exhibited the coolest courage, and who attended me everywhere.

I ought to have observed in the body of this despatch that I had the night before the action detached Major Outram in the steamers, with 200 Sepoys, to set fire to the wood, in which we understood the enemy's left flank was posted. This was an operation of great difficulty and danger, but would have been most important to the result of the battle. However, the enemy had moved about eight miles to their right during the night, and Major Outram executed his task without difficulty at the hour appointed, viz., 9 o'clock; and from the field we observed the smoke of the burning wood arise. I am strongly inclined to think that this circumstance had some effect

on the enemy. But it deprived me of the able services of Major Outram, Capt. Green, and Lieuts. Brown and Wells, together with 200 men, which I much regretted for their sakes and for my own, for I much wanted the officers; and here I hope your Lordship will pardon me for saying that the want of European officers in the Native Regiments at one period endangered the success of the action. The Sepoy is a brave and excellent soldier, but, like all soldiers, he expects to be led on in certain moments; and as he looks to his European officer, if he misses him, the greatest danger arises—three times I saw them retreat, evidently because the officers had fallen, and when another appeared and rallied them, they at once followed him boldly. This, my Lord, accounts for the great number of European officers killed and wounded in proportion to the whole. I am sure that in observing a defect in the formation of the Company's troops, the effect of which have been so serious, I shall not be deemed presumptuous or impertinent.

The defence of the Residency by Major Outram, and the small force with him, against such numbers of the enemy, was so admirable, that I have scarcely mentioned it in the foregoing despatch, because I propose to send your Lordship a detailed account of it, as a brilliant example of defending a military post.—I have, &c.

C. J. NAPIER, Major-General, Commanding in Scinde and Beloochistan.

This action was fought at Meeanee, within sight of the towers of Hyderabad*.

THE ATTACK ON MAJOR OUTRAM.

From Major J. Outram, Commissioner, to Major-Gen. Sir C. J. Napier, K.C.B.

On board the Planet steamer, 15 miles above Hyderabad, 6 P.M., Feb. 15, 1843.

SIR,—My despatches of the last few days will have led you to expect that my earnest endeavours to effect an amicable arrangement with the Ameers of Scinde would fail, and it is with much regret I have now to report that their Highnesses have commenced hostilities by attacking my residence this morning, which, after four hours' most gallant defence by my honorary escort, the Light Company of H.M.'s 22nd Regt., commanded by Lieut. Conway, I was compelled to evacuate in consequence of our ammunition running short.

At 9 A.M. this morning a dense body of Cavalry and Infantry† took post on the three sides of the Agency Compound (the fourth being defended by the Planet steamer about 500 yards distant) in the gardens and houses which immediately command the inclosure, and which it was impossible to hold with our limited numbers. A hot fire was opened by the enemy, and continued incessantly for four hours; but all their attempts to enter the Agency inclosure, although merely surrounded by a wall, varying from four to five feet high, were frustrated by Capt. Conway's able distribution of his small band, and the admirable conduct of every individual soldier composing it, under the gallant example of their commanding officer, and his subalterns, Lieut. Harding and Ensign Pennefather, H.M.'s 22nd Regt.; also Captains Green of the 21st Regt., N. I., and Wells of the 15th Regt., who volunteered their services, to each of whom was assigned the charge of a separate quarter; also to your Aide-de-Camp, Capt. Brown, Bengal Engineers, who carried my orders to the steamer, and assisted in working her guns and directing her flanking fire. Our ammunition being limited to forty rounds per man, the officers directed their whole attention to reserve their fire, and keeping their men close under cover, never showing themselves or returning a shot, except when the enemy attempted to rush, or showed themselves in great numbers, consequently great execution was done with trifling expenditure of ammunition and with little loss. Our hope of receiving a reinforcement and a supply of ammunition by the Satellite steamer (hourly expected) being disappointed, on the arrival of that vessel without either, shortly after the commencement of the attack, it was decided at 12 A.M., after being three hours under fire, to retire to the steamer while still we had sufficient ammunition left to fight the vessel up the river. Accordingly, I requested Capt. Conway to keep the enemy at bay for one hour, while the property was removed, for which that time was

* The returns of the killed and wounded, together with that of the guns taken, were received by the last month's mail, and were published in our last Number.

† Ascertained, after the action on the 17th, to have amounted to 8,000 men, under the command of Meer Shahdad Khan, (one of the principal Ameers,) his cousin Meer Mahomed Khan, Nawab Ahmed Khan Lungarrie, and many principal chiefs. It was also ascertained that the enemy lost upwards of 60 killed and more wounded in the affair—among the latter Meer Mahomed Khan.

ample, could the camp followers be induced to exert themselves. After delivering their first loads on board, however, they were so terrified at the enemy's cross fire on the clear space between the compound and the vessel, that none could be persuaded to return, except a few of the officers' servants, with whose assistance but little could be removed during the limited time we could afford; consequently, much had to be abandoned, and I am sorry to find that the loss chiefly fell upon the officers and men, who were too much occupied in keeping off the enemy to be able to attend to their own interests. Accordingly, after the expiration of another hour (during which the enemy, despairing of otherwise effecting their object, had brought up six guns to bear upon us) we took measures to evacuate the Agency, Capt. Conway called in his posts, and all being united, retired in a body, covered by a few skirmishers, as deliberately as on parade (carrying off our slain and wounded), which, and the fire from the steam boats, deterred the enemy from pressing us as they might have done. All being embarked, I then directed Mr. Acting Commanding Miller, commanding the Satellite steamer, to proceed with his vessel to the wood station, three miles up the river on the opposite bank, to secure a sufficiency of fuel for our purposes, ere it should be destroyed by the enemy, while I remained with the Planet, to take off the barge that was moored to the shore. This being a work of some time, during which a hot fire was opened on the vessel from three guns, which the enemy brought to bear on her, besides small arms, and requiring much personal exposure of the crew (especially of Mr. Cole, the Commander of the vessel.) I deem it my duty to bring to your favourable notice their zealous exertions on the occasion, and also to express my obligations to Messrs. Miller and Cole for the flanking fire they maintained on the enemy during their attack on the Agency, and for their support during the retirement and embarkation of the troops. The Satellite was also exposed to three guns in her progress up to the woods and station, one of which she dismounted by her fire. The vessels were followed by large bodies of the enemy for about three miles, occasionally opening their guns upon us to no purpose. Since then we have pursued our voyage up the Indus, about fifteen miles, without molestation, and propose to-morrow morning anchoring off Mattarie, where I expect to find your camp. Our casualties amount to 2 men of H. M.'s 22nd Regt., and 1 camp follower, killed; and Mr. Conductor Kiely, Mr. Carlisle, Agency Clerk, 2 of the steamer's crew, 4 of H. M.'s 22nd Regt., and 2 camp followers wounded, and 4 camp followers missing.—Total, 3 killed, 10 wounded, and 4 missing.—I have, &c.

J. OUTRAM, Commissioner.

A Roll of Standards taken in Action by the Regiments as specified below:—

Camp, Hyderabad, Feb. 19, 1843.

Regiments.	No. of Standards.	By whom Taken.
9th Regt. Bengal Light Cavalry {	1 dark-blue silk, spangled with white, of red silk	Subadar Shaik Emam Bux, 3rd troop. Trooper Bhurmadeen, 3rd troop. Trooper & Rough Rider Goolam Russool, 4th tr.
3rd com. 3rd batt. Gols. Horse and Mule Battery	1 standard and a pair of state drums.	Captain Henderson.
C co. Madras Sappers and Miners	1 standard*	
1st Grenadier Regt. N.I.	1 standard, cloth torn away.	
25th Regt. N.I.	3 standards.	Grenadier company. 3rd company.
H.M.'s 22nd Regt.	1 standard	
	1 standard, pierced with 20 balls.	
Scinde Irregular Horse	1 dark-green	{ Nusseer Khan's own standard, with his name written on it.

C. J. NAPIER, Major-General.

* This is a sacred standard, with a hand instead of a spear blade at the top.

Return of Men Killed and Wounded at Hyderabad, Feb. 15th, 1843.

Killed—Private George Guthrie and Lance-Corporal F. Gunn, of H. M.'s 22nd Regt.

Wounded—4 privates, 1 conductor, 1 European writer, and 2 native followers.—Total killed, wounded, and missing, 13.

(NOTIFICATION.)

Palace of Agra, March 20, 1843.

The Governor-General directs the publication of the following extract from a letter, dated 5th inst., addressed to his Lordship, by his Excellency the Governor of Scinde:—

"I have received the inclosed account of one of the most gallant actions I ever read of. The damage to the boat is estimated at 200 rupees; but I imagine your Lordship will order the boatmen more than a mere remuneration."

The Governor-General directs that 100 rupees, in addition to the estimated amount of the damage done to the boat, be paid to the Tindal.

The Governor-General will be gratified if his Excellency the Governor in Council of Bombay should see fit to grant one step of rank to the Jemadar, Mookunjee Naick, of 15th Regt. of Bombay N.I., who commanded on the occasion of this gallant defence made for three days and nights, by a small party of Sepoys, against large numbers of Beloochees, and likewise to the Havildar, the two Naicks, and the six Sepoys named by the Jemadar as having particularly distinguished themselves.

The Governor-General requests that his Excellency the Governor of Scinde will cause the Jemadar, and the several non commissioned officers and Sepoys, who composed the detachment engaged, to be informed that their very brave conduct has been brought to his notice, and receives his especial thanks.—By order of the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India,

J. THOMASON, Officiating Secretary, &c.

Evidence of Jemadar Mookunjee Naick, 15th Regt. N.I., relative to the attack on his detachment, strength as below*, by a party of Beloochees, estimated at from 800 to 1000 men, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st Feb., 1843.

On the morning of the 19th Feb., 1843, about 11 A.M., a party of Beloochees, consisting of about 25 horse and 50 foot, fell suddenly upon my party, when we were quietly cooking our dinners, without the slightest suspicion of any attack, or of any enemy being near us. The enemy rushed into the lines with loud shouts of "Deen," "Deen," "Alli," "Alli," and at once killed Mr. Barnes, the sub-conductor, and his wife, who were in their house close to the lines. On hearing the shouts, and seeing the enemy, I called out to my men, as there was no possibility of "falling them in," to fire away from their houses, and that now was the time to acquit themselves like men.

The Sepoys immediately obeyed my orders, and killed nine of the enemy at the first discharge; two of them were chiefs, and one of whom I shot myself. The enemy upon this retreated from both sides of the huts, having killed two of my Sepoys, and wounded five others. As soon as they had retreated to a short distance I fell in the detachment, and looked about for some defensible position; but seeing none I ordered my men to take up the wounded, and, with our arms and ammunition only, we marched to a large boat which was moored to the bank, about thirty paces from our huts, of which we took possession, with the consent of the Tindal, Buskoo, who was on board, and who rendered us every assistance. Immediately we were all on board I cut the cable, and pushed off into deep water, under a very heavy fire of matchlocks. The enemy by this time amounted to at least 300, and their number was every moment increasing. In getting on board the boat I had three more of my men wounded; and, but for the high sides of the boat, which sheltered us from the storm of bullets, we could not possibly have escaped. After leaving the bank, we floated up the river about half across as the tide was rising, and anchored the boat in deep water, the Beloochees keeping a heavy fire upon us from both banks. On seeing us get on board the boat the Beloochees seized another large cotra, which had just arrived from Cutch, and, having embarked about 200 men, pushed off in pursuit of us; but the cotra, after proceeding about 100 yards, grounded. The enemy then procured a smaller boat, similar to the one we were in,

* 1 Jemadar, 1 Havildar, 2 Naicks, 28 Sepoys.

and pursued us in that. On seeing them coming we weighed anchor, and floated up in the Tatta direction, occasionally returning the enemy's fire, which was very heavy, both from the boat and the banks. When the tide turned we cast anchor, upon which the Beloochees put out men to tow their boat up to us, upon which we fired upon the men who were towing, and thus prevented their boat approaching nearer to ours. The enemy then got out six gingals from the cotra, and tried to sink us with them, but these had no effect, as they did not know how to use them. In this manner, advancing when the tide rose, and anchoring in deep water when it receded, we continued to fight incessantly for three days and nights. On the morning of the 22nd the enemy fled; and a banyan came on board our boat, and informed us that the English had taken possession of Hyderabad, and that the whole country had become ours. We thereupon returned to Vikkur, and on the 23rd we proceeded to Annee Bunder, where we found the boat sent from Kurachee by Lieut. Preedy on the 17th, and which had arrived on the morning the fight commenced, and had been seized by the enemy. The Tindel of the river-boat rendered us the greatest assistance, gave us food, and behaved most nobly. The whole of the detachment behaved most bravely; but the following six men particularly distinguished themselves:—Lixman Sing, 5th Company; Man Sing, 6th do.; Lalla Ayn, 7th do.; Narain Urgee, 7th do.; Ktojee Naggerie, 7th do.; Ramjee Salwee, 7th do.

The Jemadar reports that he had, for two or three days previous to the attack, observed bodies of men coming down the river and landing at Vikkur, and that he had inquired who they were, and was informed that they had come down by order of the Ameers to collect the grain which is collected annually on account of Government; that he had doubted the truth of this, and had brought the assembly of these men to the notice of Mr. Barnes; but he had replied that there was no danger to be apprehended. On the morning of the attack the Jemadar had again drawn Mr. Barnes's attention to the people collecting around the village; but the conductor had again assured him that he need not be under any apprehension. The Jemadar states that the river-boat in which he and his party fought was much injured by the enemy; the Tindel should, therefore, be reimbursed for the loss sustained.

The following articles were broken or thrown overboard by the Sepoys, to make a clear deck fore and aft, in which to fight, viz.:—Twelve large beams, value 60 rupees; one helm, 10 r.; one coir rope, 10 r.; one mast, 20 r.; one bowsprit, 15 r.; one small sail, 15 r.; both sides of the boat broken, 30 r., hire for five days, 25 r. Rupees, 185.

Political Department, Agra, March 15, 1843.

The Governor-General has the highest satisfaction in making known to the Army the names of the several officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, recorded in the reports made by his Excellency Major-General Sir C. Napier, K.C.B., as having most distinguished themselves in the battle of Meanee.

The Governor-General directs that the unserviceable guns taken at Hyderabad shall be sent to Bombay, and there cast into a triumphal column, whereon shall be inscribed, in the English and two native languages, the names of Major-General Sir C. Napier, K.C.B., and of the several officers mentioned by his Excellency in his despatch; and likewise the names of the several officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, mentioned in the reports; and thus the names may be for ever recorded of those who, at Meanee, obtained for themselves that glory in the field, which is the reward dearest to a true soldier.

The Governor-General is further pleased to direct that the drivers attached to the 2nd co. 2nd Batt., 3rd co. 3rd Batt. Bombay Artillery, in the battle of Meanee, shall be entitled to the pension of Sepoys.

The Governor-General requests that the officers commanding corps in the Army of Scinde will bring before committees the cases of the several officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, who most distinguished themselves in the battle of Meanee, in order that the Government may award the Order of Merit to all who may be entitled to it by their conduct.

From Major-General Sir C. J. Napier to the Governor-General.

Hyderabad, March 2, 1843.

MY LORD,—I beg leave to send to your Lordship reports made by my order; that while the memory is fresh distinguished deeds may be put on record. The great results of this battle have made me anxious that those who were so conspicuous in

the hour of trial should be known to your Lordship. Their devotion to their duty was very honourable to them.

In the case of the brave drivers of the two batteries, I am sure your Lordship will do them justice, and I beg especially to recommend them to your Lordship's protection.—I have, &c.,

C. J. NAPIER, Major-General.

Camp, near Hyderabad, February 23, 1843.

SIR,—With reference to Division After Orders of yesterday, I beg permission to bring to the notice of the Major-General the general steadiness and good conduct of the drivers of the battery under my command throughout the action of the 17th, particularly of three men (Uggur Khan, Bahadoor, Meshadoo,) who brought up the howitzer that was first in action on the right of the line (when formed on the bank of the nullah,) under a very heavy and destructive fire, with a degree of coolness and steadiness that could not be surpassed, though two of their horses were dangerously wounded.

I would not presume to bring these men to notice were they enlisted, or treated as fighting men; but as they are still considered as mere followers, men whose families receive no pension in the event of their death, or themselves, if disabled by wounds, I beg to submit the case to the Major-General, as a strong argument in favour of those on whose courage and conduct the very existence of the battery must often depend.—I have, &c.

GEORGE HUTT, Captain, Commanding Field Battery.

Camp, Hyderabad, February 26, 1843.

SIR,—In forwarding the accompanying roll for the information of the Major-General, I have the honour to request you will inform him that I have had the greatest difficulty in selecting these men, where all behaved so gallantly, and nearly equally well.—I have, &c.

P. F. STORY, Major, Commanding 9th Light Cavalry.

Roll of Native Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the 9th Light Cavalry, who particularly distinguished themselves in action with the enemy, on the 17th of February, 1843.

Camp, Hyderabad, February, 1843.

Subadar.—Shaik Baker Ally—Had his horse severely wounded in the chest, led his men in a most gallant manner, and was very active in re-forming them for a second attack. *Subadar*.—Shaik Emam Bux—Engaged with two troopers in taking a standard planted near some guns, and which was most bravely defended by the enemy. *Jemadar*.—Khoman Sing—Carried the standard of the 1st Squadron, (Queen's Colours,) and was very zealous and active during the whole action. *Havildar*.—Shaik Emam Bux—Saved the life of his officer, Shaik Emam Bux, (subadar,) and his conduct was conspicuous throughout the day. *Havildar*.—Shaik Golan Hussain—Strongly recommended for their great gallantry during the charge. *Naick*.—Bucktawer Sing—Behaved most gallantly during the whole day. *Troopers*.—Birna Deen, Golan Russool—These two men were equally engaged with the subadar in taking the standard, which was so nobly defended. *Trooper*.—Sewdial Sing—Singly rushed into a walled enclosure and killed one of the enemy, who had several times fired from it with effect. *Trooper*.—Mootee Sing—Saved the life of his Officer, Captain Garrett. *Trooper*.—Gungah Sing—Killed after a long and severe personal conflict with one of the enemy, when no assistance was at hand. *Trooper*.—Beharee Sing—After being severely wounded in the wrist, and his horse also in two places, cut down his adversary. *Trooper*.—Fyzoola Khan—Behaved gallantly throughout, and cut down his enemy after a severe personal conflict. *Trooper*.—Hussian Ally—Strongly recommended for great gallantry during the charge. *Trooper*.—Nasser Ally—Behaved with great gallantry during the charge, and was severely wounded.

From Major J. H. Poole, to the Assistant Adjutant-General,
Scinde Field Force.

Camp, Hyderabad, February 24, 1843.

SIR,—In reference to No. 2, After Division Orders of 22nd instant, I called upon the Captains and Officers commanding companies, to furnish me with the

names and acts of individuals of the regiment under my command, who had especially distinguished themselves in the action of the 17th inst. The Officers generally assert that they feel difficulty in making selections, where the conduct of every man of their companies was so satisfactory. In so general a field of action and persevering exertion, I equally feel at a loss where to draw a distinction; but it may be proper to mention the names of private James O'Neill, of the Light Company, who took a standard whilst we were actively engaged with the enemy; and drummer Martin Delaney, who shot, bayoneted, and captured the arms of Meer Whullee Mahomed Khan, who was mounted, and directing the enemy in the hottest part of the engagement, when all the regiments behaved with enduring coolness and intrepidity. I hope the particular circumstances of these two cases will exonerate me from the imputation of doing injustice to all the brave soldiers of the regiment by particularizing them.—I have, &c.

J. M. POOLE, Major, Commanding 22nd Regiment.

From Major S. Clibborn to the Acting Assistant-Adjutant-General, Hyderabad.

Camp, near Hyderabad, February 24, 1843.

SIR,—Agreeably to Division Orders of 22nd inst., I beg to bring to the especial notice of Major-General Sir C. Napier, K.C.B., the names of the following Officers and men of the 1st Grenadiers, who distinguished themselves by zeal and gallantry in the action of the 17th February:—

Lieut. Johnstone who cut down a Beloochee, and saved the life of a Sepoy, who had bayoneted this Beloochee, but was overpowered in the life-struggle. Subadar-Major Cooshall Sing, and Subadar Esseree Pursuad, likewise privates Sunker, Misser, and Kadaree Rowar, who were conspicuous throughout the day for their zeal and gallantry.—I have, &c.

S. CLIBBORN, Major, Commanding 1st Grenadier Regiment, N.I.

From Major N. R. Reid to the Acting Assistant-Adjutant-General.

Hyderabad Fort, February 25, 1843.

SIR,—With reference to No. 3 of the Division Orders, dated 22nd instant, I have the honour to transmit, for the purpose of being laid before the Major-General, a nominal roll of Non-commissioned Officers, Naicks, and privates, in the 12th Regt., N.I., who have been reported to me by the Officers in command, and in charge of companies to which they belong, as having particularly distinguished themselves in the action of the 17th instant.

I take this opportunity of recording the gallant conduct of the late Captain and Brev.-Major Jackson, who fell at the head of the Grenadier Company, in a personal conflict with several of the enemy. The other Officers, Lieut. and Brev.-Capt. Meade, and Lieut. Wood, who were killed, were also most conspicuous when they fell, in cheering on their men at one of the most critical periods of the action. To the other European Officers I am also much indebted for their gallant conduct and example throughout the day; but to Lieut. and Brev.-Capt. Brown, the only mounted Officer with me in the battle, in a particular degree I beg to place on record, the deep gratitude I must ever feel for the assistance he afforded me, as well as my admiration at the gallantry he displayed in cheering the men throughout the conflict at every part of the line where the resistance was most hot and determined.—I have, &c.

N. R. REID, Major, Commanding 12th Regiment, N.I.

Nominal Roll of those Men in the 12th N.I. who distinguished themselves in the Action of the 17th February, 1843.

1 Havildar, Dutram Tewaree; 1 Naick, Bhowanee Sing; 2 Naicks, Allum Sing; 1 private, Shaik Adjum, wounded in gallantly defending Captain and Brevet-Major Jackson.

V. B. D. CHARTER, Ensign, in charge Grenadier Company.

1 Havildar, Oomrow Sing; 1 Naick, Lall Khan, 1 private Mathadeen 1st ditto Roree Aheer; 3 ditto Seetul Lohar. I heard these men cheering on their comrades after a slight check, and saw them most forward in the action.

G. FISHER, Captain, Commanding 5th Company.

1 Havildar, Bugwan Sing, behaved gallantly, urging the men on, and foremost in the action; 2 ditto, Thackoor Ram, behaved gallantly, always foremost in the action.
W. F. HOLBROW, Ensign, in charge 8th Company.

From Captain J. Jackson to the Assistant-Adjutant-General.

Camp, Hyderabad, February 25, 1843.

SIR,—Agreeably to Division Orders of the 22nd instant, I beg to bring to the especial notice of Major-General Sir C. J. Napier the following Officers of the 25th N.I., who particularly distinguished themselves by zeal and gallantry in the action of the 17th of February, 1843.

The whole of the Sepoys behaved so well that I consider it would be invidious to make any distinction.

Lieut. Marston, Grenadier Company, who cut down two of the enemy single-handed in front of the line.

Subadar-Major Nund Ram, who, though wounded, remained with his company throughout the action.

Subadar Russal Sing, Grenadier Company, who shot three men, and cut down one, and showed zeal in encouraging and leading on his men.

Jemadar Bappoo Sawunt, Light Company, who cut down one man.—I have, &c.

JOHN JACKSON, Captain, Commanding 25th N.I.

From Capt. J. Jacob to the Acting Assistant-Adjutant-General.

Camp, near Hyderabad, February 23, 1843.

SIR,—With reference to Division Orders of the 22nd instant, I have the honour to request that you will bring to the notice of Major-General Sir C. Napier, Commanding in Scinde and Beloochistan, that throughout the battle fought on the 17th instant, I received the most essential service from my Acting Adjutant, Lieut. Russell, whose steady, cool, and daring conduct on the occasion mainly contributed to the good behaviour of the corps which I have the honour to command, especially, while it was exposed alone for nearly two hours to a heavy fire of artillery, in a most trying position for an Irregular Sepoy corps, which, until a few months before that day had, since it was raised, been always dispersed in small detachments, and the men of which had, with few exceptions, never been engaged in any but skirmishing fights. I am also greatly indebted to this Officer for the promptness with which he assisted me in the very difficult task of re-forming, after charging through the enemy's camp, when the men were excited to the highest pitch, and when their services were required to repel an expected attack on the rear-guard.

I also request that you will have the kindness to bring to the notice of the Major-General, the excellent conduct of Russuldar Surterax Khan, Jemadar Alladad Khan Nawab, and Dunadar Mhobut Khan. The good conduct of these three Native Officers was most conspicuous throughout the day, and particularly on one occasion when the regiment was moving ground rendered nearly impassable by watercourses, hedges, and deep cuts filled with thorns and lined by matchlock-men: in advancing at the gallop over these obstacles so many falls took place that more than fifty of our horses were lying on the ground at once; this occurred under a very heavy fire from the village and nullahs on the right of the enemy's line, and on this occasion, the Native Officers above mentioned re-formed their men, and restored order in a style which was deserving of my highest admiration. I do not mention Lieut. Fitzgerald, my second in command, as I have already brought that Officer's service to the notice of the General.—I have, &c.

J. JACOB, Captain, Artillery, Commanding Scinde Irreg. Horse.

STATIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

[Where two places are mentioned, the last-named is that at which the *Dépôt* of the Regiment is stationed.]

- 1st Life Guards—Hyde Park.
 2nd do.—Windsor.
 Royal Horse Guards—Canterbury.
 1st Dragoon Guards—Canada.
 2nd do.—Manchester.
 3rd do.—Dundalk.
 4th do.—Dublin.
 5th do.—Dublin.
 6th do.—Pierhill.
 7th do.—Cape of Good Hope; Maldstone.
 1st Dragoons—Birmingham.
 2nd do.—Norwich.
 3rd do.—Bengal; Maldstone.
 4th do.—Exeter.
 6th do.—Leeds.
 7th Hussars—Brighton.
 8th do.—York.
 9th Lancers—Bengal; Maldstone.
 10th Hussars—Cahir.
 11th Hussars—Dublin.
 12th Lancers—Glasgow.
 13th Light Dragoons—Hounslow.
 14th do.—Bombay; Maldstone.
 15th Hussars—Madras; Maldstone.
 16th Lancers—Bengal; Canterbury.
 17th do.—Nottingham.
 Grenadier Guards [1st batt.].—St. George's Barracks.
 Do. [2nd battalion].—St. John's Wood.
 Do. [3rd battalion].—The Tower.
 Coldstream Guards [1st batt.].—Windsor.
 Do. [2nd battalion].—Portman St. Barracks.
 Sc. Fusilier Guards [1st batt.].—Wellington B.
 Do. [2nd battalion].—Winchester.
 1st Foot [1st batt.].—Gibraltar; Templemore.
 Do. [2nd battalion] Canada; Charles Fort.
 2nd do.—Bombay; Chatham.
 3rd do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 4th do.—Madras; Chatham.
 5th do.—Fermoy.
 6th do.—Portsmouth.
 7th do.—Gibraltar; Brecon.
 8th do.—Manchester.
 9th do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 10th do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 11th do.—Dublin.
 12th do.—Mauritius; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Cape of Good Hope.
 13th do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 14th do.—Canada; Londonderry.
 15th do.—Chester.
 16th do.—Manchester.
 17th do.—Aden; Chatham.
 18th do.—China; Chatham.
 19th do.—Cephalonia; Dover.
 20th do.—Bermuda; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Bermuda.
 21st do.—Madras; Chatham.
 22nd do.—Bombay; Chatham.
 23rd do.—Canada; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Canada.
 24th do.—Glasgow.
 25th do.—Madras; Chatham.
 26th do.—East Indies; Chatham.
 27th do.—Cape of Good Hope; Mullingar.
 28th do.—Bombay; Chatham.
 29th do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 30th do.—New Brunswick; Galway.
 31st do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 32nd do.—Leeds.
 33rd do.—Barbadoes; Templemore.
 34th do.—Northampton.
 35th do.—Mauritius; Youghal.
 36th do.—Limerick.
 37th do.—Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 38th do.—Gibraltar; Hull.
 39th do.—Madras; Chatham.
 40th do.—Bombay; Chatham.
 41st Foot—Madras; Chatham
 42nd do.—Malta; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Malta.
 43rd do.—Canada; Enniskillen.
 44th do.—Bengal; Deal.
 45th do.—Cape of Good Hope; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Cork.
 46th do.—St. Vincent; Athlone.
 47th do.—Antigua; Boyle.
 48th do.—Gibraltar; Guernsey.
 49th do.—Calcutta; Chatham.
 50th do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 51st do.—Van Dieman's Land; Canterbury.
 52nd do.—New Brunswick; Nenagh.
 53rd do.—Belfast.
 54th do.—Dublin.
 55th do.—China; Chatham.
 56th do.—Cork.
 57th do.—Madras; Chatham.
 58th do.—Chatham.
 59th do.—Trinidad; Jersey.
 60th do. [1st batt.].—Dublin.
 Do. [2d batt.].—Jamaica; Newry.
 61st do.—Dublin.
 62nd do.—Bengal; Chatham.
 63rd do.—Madras; Chatham.
 64th do.—Halifax; Tralee.
 65th do.—Bolton.
 66th do.—Edinburgh.
 67th do.—Weedon.
 68th do.—Canada; Perth.
 69th do.—Mullingar.
 70th do.—Canada; Fermoy.
 71st do.—Canada; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Canada.
 72nd do.—Dublin.
 73rd do.—Newport, South Wales.
 74th do.—Canada; Cork.
 75th do.—Cape of Good Hope; Gosport.
 76th do.—Devonport.
 77th do.—Jamaica; Chatham.
 78th do.—Bombay; Chatham.
 79th do.—Gibraltar; Aberdeen.
 80th do.—New South Wales; Canterbury.
 81st do.—Barbadoes; Clare Castle.
 82nd do.—Jamaica; Castlebar.
 83rd do.—Canada; Armagh.
 84th do.—Madras; Chatham.
 85th do.—Canada; Naas.
 86th do.—Bombay; Chatham.
 87th do.—Mauritius; Paisley.
 88th do.—Malta; Stirling.
 89th do.—Canada; Clonmell.
 90th do.—Ceylon; Athlone.
 91st do.—Cape and St. Helena; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Cape of Good Hope.
 92nd do.—Barbadoes; Dundee.
 93rd do.—Canada; Carlisle.
 94th do.—Madras; Chatham.
 95th do.—Ceylon; Sheerness.
 96th do.—N. S. Wales; Canterbury.
 97th do.—Corfu; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Corfu.
 98th do.—China; Winchester.
 99th do.—New South Wales; Tilbury Fort.
 Rifle Brig. [1st batt.].—Malta; Drogheda.
 Do. [2d batt.].—Halifax, N. S.; Isle of Wight.
 Do. [Reserve battalion].—Halifax, N. S.
 1st West India Regiment—Demerara, &c.
 2nd do.—Jamaica, and Bahamas.
 3rd do.—Sierra Leone.
 Ceylon Rifle Regiment—Ceylon.
 Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment—Canada.
 Cape Mounted Rifemen—Cape of Good Hope.
 Royal Newfoundland Companies—Newfoundland.
 Royal Malta Fencible Regiment—Malta.
 St. Helena Regiment—St. Helena.

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STATIONS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN COMMISSION,

With the Years when Built, and Dates of Commission of the Officers in Command.

- Acheron, st., 2, 1838, Lt.-Com. B. Aplin, 1811, Mediterranean.
 Acorn, 16, 1838, Cm. J. Adams (b.) 1837, C. G. H. Adder, 1, st., M.-Cm. J. Hammond, (act.) Pemb. Advice, 1, st., Lt.-Com. C. A. Petch, 1828, Pemb. Ætna, 8, 1824, Lieut.-Com. C. G. Butler, 1822, Liverpool.
 African, st., 1825, Mst.-Com. Mackey, Sheern. Agincourt, 72, 1817, Capt. Bruce, 1821, China. Aigle, 24, 1801, Com. H. R. Henry, 1838, Med. Alban, 1, st. v., 1826, Lieut. Com. J. Jeayes, 1825, Plymouth.
 Albatross, 16, 1842, Com. R. Yorke, 1833, North America.
 Albert, st., 1840, tender to Madagascar, Coast of Africa.
 Alecto, st., 1839, Lt.-Cm. Hoseason, 1826, Med. Alfred, 50, 1811, Com. J. B. Purvis, 1809, Brasils. Algerine, 10, 1829, Lt.-Com. S. B. Dolling, 1841, China.
 Alligator, 26, 1821, Mast.-Cm. R. Browne, 1831, East Indies.
 Apollo, tr. 1805, Capt. C. Frederick, 1841, China. Ardent, st. 1841, Com. J. Russell (b) 1840, S. Am. Ariel, st. M.-Cm. Luke Smithitt, (act.) Dover. Arrow, 6, sch., 1823, Lt.-Com. W. Robinson, 1837, Cape of Good Hope.
 Asp, 1, st. Lt.-Com. W. W. Oke, 1825, Portpat. Astræa, 6, 1810, Captain A. Ellice, 1831, Sup. of Packets, Falmouth.
 Avon, st., 1825, Lt.-Cm. S. Morrish, 1841, W. I. Basilisk, 6, 1824, Lt. Hunt, (act.) 1835, S. Am. Beacon, 6, sur. ves., 1823, Com. T. Graves, 1841, Mediterranean.
 Beagle, 10, sur. v., 1820, Com. J. L. Stokes (act.) 1837, Australia.
 Beaver, st. Lt.-Com. R. Mudge, 1815, Dover. Belleisle, 20, 1819, tr. sh., Capt. J. Kingcome, 1838, China.
 Belvidera, 38, Cpt. Hon. G. Grey, 1834, Medit. Bittern, 16, 1840, Com. Hon. B. C. F. Cary, 1835, Cape of Good Hope.
 Black Eagle, st. ves., 1831, Mast.-Com. S. B. Cook, (act.) 1838, Woolwich.
 Blazer, 3, st. v. 1834, Capt. Washington, 1842, Surveying.
 Bonetta, 3, 1836, Lt.-Com. Gray, 1827, C. of Af. Bramble, 10, Lieut.-Com. B. F. Yule, 1842, E. I. Britomart, 10, 1820, Com. Stanley, 1831, Austral. Caledonia, 120, 1808, Admiral Sir D. Milne, G. C. B., Cpt. A. Milne, 1839, Plymouth.
 Cambrian, 36, 1841, Cpt. Chads, C. B., 1825, China. Cameleon, 10, 1814, Lt.-Cm. Hunter, 1828, E. I. Camperdown, 104, 1820, Vice-Admiral Sir Edw. Bruce, K. C. B., K. C. H.; Capt. F. Bruce, 1827, Sheerness.
 Carron, 2, st. v., tender to Illustrious, Bermuda. Carysfort, 26, 1836, Capt. Lord Geo. Paulet, 1838, Brasils.
 Castor, 30, 1832, Capt. C. Graham, 1880, Chat. Ceylon, 2, 1810, rec. sh., Lieut. R. Curtis, 1838, Malta.
 Champion, 18, 1824, Cm. R. Byron, 1836, S. Am. Charon, st. Sec. Mas. Rutter, (act.) 1837, Dov. Childers, 16, 1827, Com. Wellesley, 1842, Ch. Cleopatra, 26, 1835, Capt. Chris. Wyvill, 1832, Cape of Good Hope.
 Clio, 18, 1807, Com. J. Fitzjames, 1842, E. I. Cockatrice, 6, 1832, Lt.-Cm. J. Oxenham, 1826, South America.
 Columbia, st., Lt.-Cm. J. Harding, 1815, N. Am. Comet, st., 1822, Com. G. A. Fraser, 1841, pt. serv. Confidence, 2, st., 1827, Sec. Mast. J. Jago, (act.) Plymouth.
 Conway, 26, 1832, Capt. R. Fair, K. H. 1837, Port. Cormorant, 6, st., 1842, Com. Gordon, 1840, Sh. Cornwallis, 72, 1813, Vice-Admiral Sir W. Parker, K. C. B., Capt. P. Richards, 1828, China.
 Crescent, 42, rec. sh. 1810, Lt.-Cm. M. Donellan, 1808, Rio Janeiro.
 Crocodile, 26, 1825, tr. sh. Mast.-Cm. T. Elson, 1824, North America.
 Cuckoo, st. Lieut.-Com. A. Parks, 1815, Weym. Curagoa, 24, 1809, Cpt. Sir T. S. Pauley, Bart., 1831, Brasils.
 Curlew, 10, 1830, Lt.-Cm. Foote, 1835, S. Amer. Cygnet, 6, 1840, Lieut.-Com. E. Willson, 1824, Coast of Africa.
 Daphne, 18, Capt. J. J. Onslow, 1834, S. Amer. Dasher, st. Mas.-Com. R. White, (act.) Weym. Dee, 2, st., 1832, Mas.-Cm. Driver, 1809, N. Am. Devastation, 6, st., 1841, Lieut. Cm. J. Robinson, 1834, Mediterranean.
 Dido, 18, 1836, Capt. Hon. H. Keppel, 1837, China.
 Doterel, st. Mas.-Com. J. Grey (act.) Holyhead. Dover, st., Mast. E. Lyne, (act.) Dover.
 Driver, 6, st., 1840, Com. Harmer, 1837, E. Ind. Dublin, 50, 1812, Rear-Admiral R. Thomas, Capt. J. J. Tucker, 1838, South America.
 Electra, 18, 1837, Com. A. Darley, 1827, W. Ind. Emerald, ten, to Rl. George yacht, 1820, Sec. Mast. G. Allen, Portsmouth.
 Endymion, 44, 1797, Capt. the Hon. F. W. Grey, 1828, East Indies.
 Erebus, dis. sh. 1826, Capt. J. C. Ross, 1834, particular service.
 Excellent, 1810, Cpt. Sir T. Hastings, Kt., 1830, Portsmouth.
 Fair Rosamond, 2, Lt.-Com. Bulman, 1823, N. A. Fantome, 16, 1839, Com. Haymea, 1815, S. Am. Favourite, 18, 1829, Cm. Sullivan, 1840, E. Ind. Fearless, st. Com. Sheringham, 1841, Survey. Ferret, 6, 1840, Com. J. Oake, 1827, C. of Africa. Flisguard, 42, 1819, Cpt. J. A. Duntze, 1829, Ply. Fly, 18, 1831, Capt. F. P. Blackwood, 1836, E. I. Formidable, 84, 1826, Cpt. Sir C. Sullivan, Bart. 1814, Gibraltar.
 Frolic, 16, 1842, Com. W. Willis, 1835, S. Am. Geyser, 6, st., 1841, Com. Carpenter, 1827, Med. Gleaner, 2, st., 1833, Cm. Robinson, 1838, Berm. Gorgon, 6, st., 1837, Captain C. Hotham, 1833, South America.
 Grecian, 16, 1837, Cm. W. Smyth, 1837, C. G. H. Griffon, 3, 1832, Lt.-Com. Jenkin, 1829, N. Am. Growler, 6, st., 1841, Com. Buckle, 1836, S. Am. Harlequin, 16, 1836, Com. Hon. G. F. Hastings, 1838, China.
 Hazard, 18, 1837, Com. C. Bell, 1830, E. Ind. Hecate, 4, st., 1840, Com. J. H. Ward, 1838, Mediterranean.
 Hecla, st.-v. Com. J. Duffill, 1839, Medit. Heroine, 6, 1841, Lt.-Cm. Stewart, 1815, C. of Af. Hornet, 6, 1831, Lt.-Com. Miller, 1837, West Indies.
 Howe, 120, 1815, Capt. T. Forrest, C. B., 1808, Mediterranean.
 Illustrious, 72, 1803, Vice-Admiral Sir C. Adam, K. C. B., Capt. J. E. Erskine, 1838, N. Am. Imaum, rec. ship, Commodore the Hon. H. D. Byng, 1814, Jamaica.
 Impregnable, 104, 1810, Capt. R. Smart, K. H., 1837, Plymouth.
 Inconstant, 36, 1836, Capt. C. H. Freemantle, 1825, Portsmouth.
 Indus, 78, 1839, Cpt. Sir J. Stirling, Knt., 1818, Mediterranean.
 Iris, 26, 1840, Capt. G. R. Mundy, 1837, Coast of Africa.
 Isis, 44, 1819, Capt. Sir J. Marshall, Knt., K. C. H., 1814, Cape.
 Jasper, st., Mas.-Com. E. Rose, 1823, Pembroke.

- Jupiter*, 12, tr. sh., 1813, Mast.-Com. Hoffmeister, 1828, China.
- Kite*, 2, st., Lieut.-Com. Pasco, 1830, C. of Af.
- Lark*, 4, sur. v., 1830, Lieut.-Commander G. B. Lawrence, 1843, West Indies.
- Lightning*, 2, st., 1823, Lt.-Com. W. Winniett, 1821, Woolwich.
- Lily*, 16, 1837, Cm. G. Baker, 1822, C. of G. H.
- Lizard*, 3, st., 1840, Lt.-Com. Postle, 1836, Med.
- Locust*, 3, st., 1840, Lt.-Com. J. Lunn, 1829, Med.
- Lucifer*, 2, st., 1825, Cpt. Beechey, 1827, Survey.
- Lynx*, 3, 1833, Lt.-Com. Burslem, 1838, Plym.
- Madagascar*, 44, 1822, Cpt. Foote, 1827, C. of Af.
- Magicienne*, 24, 1812, Cpt. Warren, 1839, Med.
- Magpie*, 4, 1830, cutter, Com. T. S. Brock, 1842, Mediterranean.
- Malabar*, 72, 1818, Capt. Sir G. R. Sartorius, Knt., 1814, Brasilia.
- Mastiff*, 2, 1813, sur. v. Mas.-Com. G. Thomas, 1808, Orkney Islands.
- Medea*, 4, st., 1833, Com. Warden, 1838, Med.
- Medina*, 2, st., 1840, Mas.-Com. Smithett, (act.) Liverpool.
- Medusa*, 2, st., 1839, Lt.-Cm. Philipps, 1815, Liv.
- Mercury*, tender, Sec. Mast. J. Scarlett, Ports.
- Merlin*, 2, st., 1839, Lt.-Com. E. Keane, 1815, Liverpool.
- Meteor*, 2, st., 1824, Lieut.-Com. G. Butler, 1811, particular service.
- Minden*, 20, hos. sh., 1810, Cpt. Quin, 1837, Ch.
- Monarch*, 84, 1832, Cpt. Chambers, 1812, Med.
- Monkey*, 1, st. v., Sec. Master W. Bryant, (act.) particular service.
- Nautilus*, 10, 1836, Lieut.-Com. Snell, 1825, Portsmouth.
- Niagara*, 20, 1812, Capt. Sandom, 1825, Lks. Can.
- Nimrod*, 20, 1828, Com. Glaes, 1838, China.
- North Star*, 26, 1824, Capt. Sir J. E. Home, Bt. 1837, China.
- Ocean*, 30, 1806, Cpt.-Sup. Fisher, 1814, Sheern.
- Orestes*, 18, Com. Hon. S. T. Carnegie, 1838, N. America.
- Otter*, st. v., Lt.-Com. Jones, 1814, Holyhead.
- Pantaloön*, 10, 1831, Lt.-Cm. Lapidge, 1824, C. Af.
- Partridge*, 16, 1829, Lieut.-Com. J. T. Nott, 1810, South America.
- Pearl*, 20, 1823, Com. R. H. Stopford, 1830, S. America.
- Pelican*, 16, 1812, Com. P. Justice, (b) 1824, Chin.
- Perseus*, rec. sh. 1812, Lieut.-Cm. Greet, 1840, Tower.
- Persian*, 16, 1839, Com. Eden, 1836, C. of Af.
- Philomel*, 6, 1842, Com. B. J. Sullivan, 1841, Falkland Islands.
- Pickle*, 2, 1827, Lieut.-Com. J. A. Bainbridge, 1826, West Indies.
- Pigmy*, 1, st. v., Lieut.-Com. C. Autridge, 1815, Pembroke.
- Pike*, 1, st. Lt.-Com. A. Boyter, 1815, Portpat.
- Pique*, 36, 1834, Capt. the Hon. M. Stopford, 1826, North America.
- Plover*, sur. v., Capt. R. Collinson, C.B., 1842, East Indies.
- Poictiers*, 72, 1809, Capt. Sup. W. H. Shirreff, 1809, Chatham.
- Polypheusus*, 1, st., 1840, Lieut.-Com. T. Spark, 1812, Mediterranean.
- Prometheus*, 1, st., 1839, Lieut.-Com. F. Lowe, 1837, Mediterranean.
- Prospero*, 1, st. v., Lt.-Com. Pembroke.
- Pylades*, 18, 1824, Com. Tindal, 1841, China.
- Queen*, 110, 1839, V.-Ad. Sir E. W. C. B. Owen, K.C.B., G.C.H., Capt. G. F. Rich, 1823, Mediterranean.
- Racer*, 16, 1833, Com. A. Reed, 1837, Portsm.
- Rapid*, 10, 1829, Lt.-Com. Earle, 1813, C. of Af.
- Rattlesnake*, tr. sh., 1822, Master-Com. James Sprent, 1827, China.
- Raven*, 4, 1829, Lt.-Com. Sheila, 1814, Sheer.
- Redwing*, st., 1834, Com. Bevis, 1829, Liverpool.
- Resistance*, 1806, tr. s., Cm. C. G. E. Patey, 1840, particular service.
- Rhadamanthus*, 2, st., Mast.-Com. Laen, 1812, part. serv.
- Ringdove*, 16, 1833, Com. Sir W. Daniell, Knt., 1826, North America.
- Rodney*, 92, 1833, Capt. R. Maunsell, C.B., 1812, Cape of Good Hope.
- Romney*, depot, 1815, Lt.-Com. R. M'Clure, 1837, Havannah.
- Rose*, 18, 1821, Com. H. R. Start, 1830, Plymouth.
- Royal George*, yacht, 1817, Captain Lord A. Fitzclarence, 1821, Portsmouth.
- Royal Sovereign*, 1804, Capt.-Sup. Sir W. Pell, 1813, Pembroke.
- Royalist*, Lt.-Com. P. Chetwode, 1832, E. Ind.
- Salamander*, st., 4, 1832, Com. A. S. Hamond, 1838, South America.
- Samarang*, 26, 1822, Cpt. Sir E. Belcher, 1841, E. I.
- San Jose*, 110, 1783, Rear-Ad. Sir Samuel Pym, K.C.B., Capt. Burgoyne, 1815, Plymouth.
- Sapphire*, tr. sh., 1827, Mas.-Cm. J. R. Felock, 1827, China.
- Sappho*, 16, 1837, Com. the Hon. Geo. Hope, 1840, Cape of Good Hope.
- Savage*, 10, 1830, Lt.-Cm. Bowker, 1815, Med.
- Satellite*, 18, 1826, Com. Gambler, 1827, S. Am.
- Scout*, 18, 1832, Com. Hon. J. R. Drummond, 1838, Mediterranean.
- Scylla*, 16, 1809, Com. R. Sharpe, 1826, pt. serv.
- Seaflower*, 6, cutt., 1830, Com. N. Robilliard, 1841, Portsmouth.
- Serpent*, 16, 1832, Com. W. Nevill, 1825, China.
- Shearwater*, 2, st. vessel, Com. C. B. Robinson, 1838, Woolwich.
- Siren*, 16, 1841, Com. W. Smith, (b) 1826, China.
- Skylark*, 4, 1826, Lt.-Com. J. A. Wright, 1813, part. serv.
- Snake*, 16, 1832, Commander Hon. W. B. Devereux, 1836, Mediterranean.
- Soudan*, 1, st. ves., 1840, Sec. Master Sturges, Niger Expedition.
- Spartan*, 26, 1841, Capt. the Hon. C. G. J. B. Elliot, 1841, West Indies.
- Speedy*, 2, 1828, Lieut.-Com. G. Beaufoy, 1821, particular service.
- Spider*, 6, 1836, Lieut.-Com. R. E. Pym, 1815, South America.
- Spiteful*, st., 6, 1842, Com. Maitland, 1840, E. I.
- Sprightly*, 1, st., Mas. Moon (act.), Holyhead.
- Spy*, 3, 1841, Lieut.-Com. G. Raymond, 1815, Coast of Africa.
- St. Vincent*, 120, 1815, Adm. Sir C. Rowley, Bt. G.C.B., G.C.H., Capt. R. F. Rowley, 1830, Portsmouth.
- Starling*, 1829, Capt. H. Kellett, C.B., 1842, Ch.
- Stromboli*, 6, st., 1840, Com. Louis, 1838, Med.
- Styx*, 6, st., 1841, Capt. Vidal, 1825, Azores.
- Swallow*, 1, st. Mast. R. Sherlock (act.), Dover.
- Sydenham*, st., 1842, Lt.-Com. W. B. Crozier, 1837, Woolwich.
- Sylvia*, 6, Lt. Turnour, 1842, tndr. to Seaflower.
- Talbot*, 26, 1824, Capt. Sir T. Thompson, 1837, South America.
- Tartarus*, st. v., Capt. F. Bullock, 1833, Surv.
- Terror*, 7, 1813, Capt. Crozier, 1841, part. serv.
- Thalia*, 42, 1830, Capt. C. Hope, 1826, East Ind.
- Thunder*, 6, sur. v. 1829, Com. E. Barnett, 1838, West Indies.
- Thunderbolt*, 6, st., 1842, Com. G. N. Broke, 1840, Cape of Good Hope.
- Thunderer*, 84, 1831, Capt. Fring, 1815, Cape.
- Tortoise*, 2, st. sh., Mast.-Com. J. Wood, 1813, N. S. Wales.
- Tweed*, 20, 1818, Com. Douglas, 1827, N. Am.
- Tyne*, 26, 1826, Capt. W. N. Glascock, 1833, Portsmouth.
- Urgent*, 2, st. v., Mas.-Com. J. Emerson, 1810, Chatham.
- Vanguard*, 80, 1836, Capt. Sir D. Dunn, Knt., K.C.H., 1814, Lisbon.
- Vernon*, 50, 1832, Capt. Walpole, 1819, Melit.
- Vesuvius*, 6, st., 1840, Com. E. Ommanney, 1840, Mediterranean.

Victory, 104, 1765, Captain Henderson, C.B., K.H., 1838, Portsmouth.
 Vindictive, 50, 1813, Capt. J. T. Nicolas, C.B., K.H., 1815, particular service.
 Viper, 6, Lt.-Com. J. Carter, 1815, S. America.
 Virago, 6, st.-ves., Com. E. Stopford, 1841, Woolwich.
 Vixen, 6, st. ves., Com. Giffard, 1840, E. Ind.
 Volage, 26, 1825, Capt. Sir W. Dickson, Bart. 1837, West Indies.
 Volcano, 2, st., 1836, Lieut.-Com. C. J. Featherstone, 1825, Coast of Africa.
 Wanderer, 16, 1835, Com. G. H. Seymour, 1841, East Indies.
 Warspite, 50, 1807, Capt. Lord John Hay, C.B., 1818, West Indies.

Wasp, 16, 1812, Com. A. Drew, 1824, W. Indies.
 Waterwitch, 10, 1832, Lt. Com. H. J. Matson, 1835, Cape of Good Hope.
 Widgeon, 1, st., Lt.-Com. Scriven, 1822, Dover.
 Wilberforce, st.-v. Lt.-Com. R. S. Moore, 1842, Woolwich.
 Wildfire, 1, st. Lieut.-Com. A. Darby, 1828, Woolwich.
 William and Mary, yacht, 1807, Captain Sir F. Collier, Knt., C.B., K.C.H., 1808, Wool.
 Winchester, 52, 1822, Rear-Adm. the Hon. J. Percy, Capt. C. Eden, 1841, C. of G. H.
 Wolf, 18, 1826, Com. C. O. Hayes, 1839, China.
 Wolverine, 16, 1836, Com. Johnson, 1821, China.
 Zephyr, 1, st., Lieut.-Com. Jas. Smail, 1825, Holyhead.

HER MAJESTY'S PACKET BRIGS AT FALMOUTH:—

Crane, Lieut.-Com. T. A. Lewis, 1821.
 Express, Lt.-Com. E. Herrick.
 Linnet, Lieut.-Com. F. R. Coghlan.

Penguin, Lt.-Com. W. Leslie.
 Peterel, Lt.-Com. W. Crooke.
 Swift, Lieut.-Com. J. Douglas.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

ROYAL NAVY.

APPOINTMENTS.

Captains—Charles Graham (1830) to Castor. John Alexander Duntze (1829) to Flagard. R. N. Fair, K.H., (1837) to Conway. Charles Howe Freemantle (1826) to Inconstant.

Commanders—John Paget (1837) from Imaum to Pilot, vice Houstoun, to Imaum. Archibald Reed (1837) to Racer. W. S. Blount, to Royal George yacht, for service in Victoria and Albert yacht.

Lieutenants—F. S. Tremlett (1843), (add.) to Alfred. B. H. Bunce (1838) to Tyne. John Hancock (b), (1841), from Excellent, to Pique. William Houston Stewart (1842), from Volage, to Illustrious. F. H. Stevens (1841), from Geyser, to Medea. F. R. I. Balfour to Geyser. S. Morrish (1841) to Avon, vice Byng. W. F. Rivers (1841) to Volage. Jasper H. Selwyn (1841) to Tyne. J. F. Warre (1842) to Racer. H. Caldwell (1841) to Castor. E. L. Strangways (1842), G. O. Popplewell (1842), A. D. Jolly (1842), A. R. Dunlop (1842), John Secombe (1842), Robert Hopkins (1842), additional, to Illustrious. D. M. L. M'Kenzie (1841), from Excellent, to Castor, vice Caldwell, whose appointment is cancelled. John Stephen (addit.), (1841), to Dublin. Richard Williams (1840) to Curacao. Percy Parkhurst (1841) to Rose. E. D. Ashe (1842), from Excellent, to Flagard. G. H. Clarke (1843) to Excellent. C. P. Hilliya (1842) to Tyne. F. Godench (1809) to Victory, vice Greene.

Masters—R. L. Burnard (1841) to Racer. Wm. Ellis, additional, to Royal George yacht, for service in Victoria and Albert yacht.

Mates—Edward Lacy (1839) to Cormorant. G. B. Roberts to St. Vincent. F. B. Quin (1841) to Lynx. Hon. P. F. Fellow (1842), C. Rainier (1837), to Tyne. W. S. Jackson to Excellent. W. B. Willis (1836) to Camperdown. E. A. Brice to Curacao. Russel Patey (1838) to Excellent.

F. A. Smith, G. J. Loch, A. Woodhouse, and W. Amphlett, have been granted warrants as Mates.

Second Masters—Thos. Walker to Seaflower. John Mathews to Tyne. H. Hunter to Crocodile. H. F. Pryce to Dee.

Midshipmen—J. S. Darell to St. Vincent. W. Adair and E. Scroggs to Tyne. R. B. Beale to Excellent.

Volunteers, First Class—W. T. Gregory to Tyne. W. Houghton to Racer. G. J. Bartolot, Joseph Higman, and G. F. Paget, to Tyne.

Surgeons—T. R. H. Thompson (1841) to Racer. Thomas R. Dunn, M.D., (1835) to Flagard.

Assistant-Surgeons—L. J. Montelle to St. Vincent, for service at Haslar. J. Jeffcott (1842) to Rose. W. T. Kay (1842) to Tyne. John Thomas Jenkins (1838) to Flagard. W. Hamilton, M.D. (1838), to Racer.

Pursers—John Colwell (1832) to Tyne. John Ward (1821) from Pique, to Pilot, vice Thomas E. Gould (acting) to Albatross, vice John Warwick (1822) to Pique. M. A. Feeley (1842) to Racer. C. W. Roone, from Admiral Sir C. Adam's Office, to the Tweed (acting), vice France, invalided. J. Marks (1813) to Castor.

Naval Instructors—C. R. Archdeacon to Castor. G. F. Parker (1839) to Dublin.

Clerks—B. P. Heather to Tyne. Leonard E. Beckett to Castor. T. H. Grey to Flagard. W. H. Harris to Tyne.

ROYAL MARINES.

ADMIRALTY, May 18, 1843.

Sec. Lieut. W. J. Burney to be First Lieut., vice W. Gun Mahon, who has resigned his commission.

COAST GUARD.

APPOINTMENTS.

Lieut. Thos. Edwards to the Staiths Station. Lieut. Charles Dangersfeld to Seaham Harbour, vice Mr. George Hire, R.N., to Fishergate. Lieut. John Slaughter, Weston-super-Mare, vice Lieut. Valentine Herbert Jones. Lieut. Charles Bissett Bayley to Messner Haven.

REMOVALS.

Lieut. George Harding, from Jack's Hole, Dublin, to Belderig, Sligo. Lieut. Richard Pike Littlewort, from Cairn Ryan, Strawraer, to Westhaven, Montrose.

ARMY.

Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry—Cornet John Douglas Boswell to be Lieut., vice James Ogilvie Fairlie, promoted.

DOWNING-STREET, April 5.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Major-General Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., K.G.C.B., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of Hong-Kong.

WAR-OFFICE, April 7.

1st Life Guards—Ensign and Lieut. William George Earl of Munster, from the Scots Fusilier Guards, to be Cornet and Sub Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Templemore, who retires; H. W. Boulton, Gent., to be Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Sitwell, who retires, April 8.

7th Dragoon Guards—A. P. Gore, Gent., to be Cornet by purch. vice Butler, promoted.

2nd Dragoons—Capt. St. V. W. Ricketts to be Major by purch. vice Hobart, who retires; Lieut. Lord W. F. A. M. Hill, to be Capt. by purch. vice Ricketts; Cornet W. C. Grant to be Lieut. by purch. vice Lord W. Hill; H. S. Scobell, Gent., to be Cornet by purch. vice Grant.

8th Light Dragoons—Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Browne to be Col. vice Lieut.-Gen. P. Philpot, deceased, April 4.

Scotch Fusilier Guards—The Hon. E. K. W. Coke to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice the Earl of Munster, appointed to the 1st Regt. of Life Guards.

5th Foot—Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Nicolls, K.C.B., from 38th Foot, to be Col. vice Gen. the Hon. Sir C. Colville, G.C.B., deceased, April 4.

7th—Lieut. G. C. Urmoston, from 3rd West India Regt., to be Lieut. vice Bertles, who exchanges.

10th—Capt. G. B. Sutherland, from h. p. Unatt., to be Capt. vice H. C. Powell, who exchanges.

22nd—Quartermaster J. E. Langford, from 57th Foot, to be Paymaster vice Kennedy, appointed to 44th Foot.

26th—Ensign J. Cunningham, from 32nd Foot, to be Lieut. by purch. vice De Quinsey, whose promotion has been cancelled.

30th—W. R. Gray, Gent., to be Ensign without purch. vice De Certeret, deceased.

32nd—Lieut. J. Cunningham, from 26th Foot, to be Lieut., vice Griffin, appointed Paymaster 97th Foot; H. J. Davies, Gent., to be Ensign without purch., vice Cunningham, promoted in 26th Foot.

38th—Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. H. Arbuthnot to be Col., vice Sir J. Nicolls, appointed to 5th Foot.

44th—Paymaster J. M. Kennedy, from 22nd Foot, to be Paymaster vice Bourke, deceased.

50th—Capt. G. F. Long, from 54th Foot, to be Capt., vice Weir, who exchanges.

54th—Capt. J. Weir, from 50th Foot, to be Capt., vice Long, who exchanges.

56th—Lieut. M. G. Franklin, from h. p. 73rd Foot, to be Lieut., vice Nicolls, promoted; Ensign R. Anderson to be Lieut. by purch., vice Franklin, who retires; G. S. Hanson, Gent., to be Ensign by purch.

57th—Lieut. J. Potter, from Royal Canadian Rifle Regt., to be Quartermaster, vice Langford, appointed Paymaster 22nd Foot.

81st—H. Austen, Gent., to be Ensign without purch., vice Siborn, whose appointment has been cancelled.

Rifle Brigade—Lieut. R. Reynard, to be Capt. by purch., vice Carr, who retires; Second Lieut. M. M. Hammond to be First Lieut. by purch.,

vice Reynard; Lord A. F. C. W. Vane to be Second Lieut. by purch., vice Hammond.

3rd West India Regt.—Lieut. H. B. Bertles, from 7th Foot, to be Lieut., vice Urmoston, who exchanges.

St. Helena Regt.—Staff-Surg. of Second Class, J. W. Moore, to be Surg., vice M. Fogarty, who retires upon h. p.

Unattached—Lieut. D. Mhaden from Ceylon Rifle Regt., to be Capt. without purch.

Brevet—Capt. G. B. Sutherland, 10th Foot, to be Major in the Army, Nov. 23, 1841.

Mem.—The Christian names of Capt. Longden, 10th Foot, are Henry Errington, not Henry Edward.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, April 5.

Ordnance Medical Department—Surgeons to be Senior Surgeons—T. M. Fogo, M.D.; J. Stewart; J. W. Halohan, M.D.; J. Verling, M.D.; and A. Ogilvie, M.D. To be Surgeon—Assist.-Surg. Charles Dempsey, Jan. 1, 1843.

1st or Queen's Own Regt. of Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry—Cornet B. J. Whippy to be Lieut., vice Lord Clonbrock, promoted.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, April 10.

Royal Regt. of Artillery—Capt. and Brev.-Major Thomas Grantham, to be Lieut.-Colonel, vice Henry Blachley, retired on full-pay; Sec. Capt. Thomas Congreve Robe to be Capt., vice Grantham; First Lieut. Nathaniel Evanson Harrison to be Sec. Capt., vice Robe; First Lieut. Charles Cheetham to be Sec. Capt., vice Harrison; Sec. Lieut. Joseph Clark Childs to be First Lieut., vice Cheetham; Capt. and Brev.-Major Francis Haultain to be Lieut.-Col., vice Molesworth, retired on full-pay; Sec. Capt. John Dyson to be Capt., vice Haultain; First Lieut. Gilbert John Lane Buchanan to be Sec. Capt., vice Dyson; Sec. Lieut. George Vanderheyden Johnson to be First Lieut., vice Buchanan; Sec. Capt. George Mark Glasgow to be Capt., vice Raynes, retired on full-pay; First Lieut. William Staines Payne to be Sec. Capt., vice Glasgow; Sec. Lieut. Adolphus Frederick Connell to be First Lieut., vice Payne; Sec. Capt. William Wallace D'Arley to be Capt., vice Hugh Morgan, retired on full-pay; First Lieut. Walter Raleigh Gilbert to be Sec. Lieut., vice D'Arley; Sec. Lieut. Pierce Samuel Parson to be First Lieut., vice Gilbert; Sec. Capt. Edmund Neal Willford to be Capt., vice Griffiths, retired on full-pay; First Lieut. Alexander Frederick William Papillon to be Sec. Capt., vice Willford; Sec. Lieut. Robert Barlow M'Crea to be First Lieut., vice Papillon; Sec. Capt. John Tylden to be Capt., vice Holcombe, retired on full-pay; First Lieut. Henry Aylmer to be Sec. Capt. vice Tylden; Sec. Lieut. John Lindredge Elgee to be First Lieut. vice Aylmer.

WAR-OFFICE, April 14, 1843.

6th Dragoons—Serj.-Major J. Marshall to be Quartermaster, vice Fred. M'Dowell, who retires upon full-pay.

13th Light Dragoons—C. F. J. G. Whitehead, from 14th Light Dragoons, to be Cornet, vice Greenham, who exchanges.

14th Light Dragoons—Cornet W. Greenham, from 13th Light Dragoons, to be Cornet, vice Whitehead, who exchanges.

17th Light Dragoons—Lieut. E. C. Scobell to be Capt. by purch., vice Blackwood, who retires; Cornet A. Crawshaw to be Lieut. by purch., vice Scobell.

Coldstream Foot Guards—Assist.-Surg. E.

Greatrex to be Batt.-Surg., vice F. Gilder, who retires upon half-pay.

Scots Fusilier Guards—Lieut. and Capt. W. F. Elrington to be Capt. and Lieut.-Colonel by purch., vice Snell, who retires; Ensign and Lieut. C. A. F. Berkeley to be Lieut. and Capt., vice Elrington; Sec. Lieut. the Hon. J. S. Jocelyn, from Rifle Brigade, to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch., vice Berkeley.

6th Foot—Lieut. H. A. Sullivan, to be Capt. by purch., vice Lumley, who retires; Ensign R. Peel to be Lieut. by purch., vice Sullivan; W. E. Robertson, Gent., to be Ensign by purch., vice Peel.

11th—Ensign W. Dashwood to be Lieut. by purch., vice Clerk, who retires; Gent. Cadet F. D. Bewes, from Royal Mil. Col., to be Ensign by purch., vice Dashwood.

33rd—Major G. Whannel to be Lieut.-Col. without purch., vice Westmore, who retires upon full-pay: Capt. F. R. Blake to be Major, vice Whannel; Lieut. G. Erskine to be Capt., vice Blake.

38th—Capt. R. Cheney from h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt. vice W. G. Edwards, who exchanges; Lieut. D. O'Connell to be Capt. by purch., vice Cheney, who retires; Ensign R. Scott to be Lieut. by purch., vice O'Connell; Ensign H. P. Onslow, from 90th Foot, to be Ensign, vice Scott.

40th—Ensign R. Dawson to be Lieut. without purch., vice Adamson, promoted in 21st Foot.

52nd—Lieut. T. M. Carvick, from 78th Foot, to be Lieut., vice Purvis, who exchanges.

59th—Ensign J. de Montmorency to be Lieut. by purch., vice Nugent, who retires; Gent. Cadet C. K. Bushe, from Royal Mil. Col., to be Ensign by purch., vice De Montmorency.

69th—Capt. C. C. M'Carthy, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt., vice Wm. B. Farrant, who exchanges, receiving the difference; Lieut. D. K. O'Reilly to be Captain by purch., vice M'Carthy, who retires; Ensign T. C. Ingils to be Lieut. by purch., vice O'Reilly; H. L. Carter, Gent., to be Ensign by purch., vice Ingils.

72nd—Lieut.-Colonel Lord A. Lennox, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Lieut.-Colonel, vice Brev.-Colonel C. G. J. Arbutnot, who exchanges, receiving the difference.

78th—Lieut. R. B. A. Purvis, from 52nd Foot, to be Lieut. vice Carvick, who exchanges.

79th—Lieut. H. Smith to be Capt. by purch., vice Smyth, who retires; Ensign J. Robertson to be Lieut. by purch., vice Smith; H. W. Campbell, Gent., to be Ensign by purch., vice Robertson.

89th—Lieut. J. Spence to be Capt. without purch., vice Hewson, who retires upon full-pay; Ensign T. D. B. D'Arcy, to be Lieut. without purch., vice Spence; D. D. Muter, Gent., to be Ensign without purch., vice D'Arcy.

90th—R. Wyvill, Gent., to be Ensign by purch., vice Onslow, appointed to 38th Foot.

Brevet—Capt. C. C. M'Carthy, 69th Foot, to be Major in the Army, Nov. 23.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Col. James Prialux to be her Majesty's Aide-de-Camp for the service of her Militia in Guernsey vice John Guille, Esq., who has been appointed Bailiff of Guernsey, April 4.

Mem.—The Christian names of the Hon. Cornet Grant, Royal Regt. of Horse Guards, are Lewis Alexander. The name of the Quartermaster, 7th Dragoon Guards, is Henry Magill, not M'Gill, as previously stated.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, April 12.

Royal Regt. of Artillery—Captain and Brevet-Major J. Gordon to be Lieut.-Col., vice E. Cruttenden, ret. on full pay; Sec. Capt. W. H. Pickering to be Capt. vice Gordon; First Lieut. G. C. R. Levinge to Sec. Capt. vice Pickering; Sec. Lieut. J. Desborough to be First Lieut. vice Levinge, April 6.

Dorset Regt. of Volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry—The Hon. S. F. Strangways, commonly called Lord Stavordale, to be Capt. vice C. W. Digby, resigned, April 8.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 20, 1842, at Wellington, New Zealand, the Lady of Capt. John Lewis, Madras Army, and daughter of Capt. E. Burt, R.N., of a son.

April 20th, 1843, at Catishfield, the Lady of Capt. Brace, R.N., of a daughter.

May 2nd, at 7, Manchester-square, the Lady of Major-Gen. Frederick C.B., of a son.

May 6th, at Devonport, the Lady of Capt. Maitland, 24th Regt., of a daughter.

May 8th, at Newton House, Chester, the Lady of T. J. Langford Brooke, late R.N., of a son and heir.

May 12th, at Pembroke Dock, the wife of Mr. Stronach, Engineer, R.N., of a son.

May 16th, at Bathaston, the Lady of Capt. Sydney C. Dacres, R.N., of a daughter.

May 18th, at Walworth, the Lady of Capt. Smales of a son.

At Ebford-Barton, Devon, the Lady of Capt. James Jackson, Madras Army, of a daughter.

In Grosvenor-square, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Hankey, of a daughter.

In Lower Fittwilliam-street, Dublin, the Lady of C. J. White, Esq., late Capt. 67th Regt., of a daughter.

At Guernsey, the Lady of Colonel Baldock, of a son.

At Templemore, the Lady of Capt. William-son, 33rd Regt., of a son.

In Bath, the Lady of Major T. A. Duke, Madras Army, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 22nd, at Kensington, Capt. Albert Fen-ton, E.I.C.S., to Mary Elisabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Wilkinson, of Leeds.

April 25th, at Charlton, Commander Cheyne, R.N., to Maria, daughter of the late T. J. Young, Esq., of Southampton.

April 25th, at Woolwich, Orlando Donnell, Esq., Rl. Artillery, to Miss M. Evans, daughter of the late Major-Gen. Evans, Rl. Artillery.

April 25th, at Edinburgh, Lieut. J. C. Johnston, R.N., to Jane Dunlop, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Hamilton, of Down.

April 25th, Lieut.-Colonel Yorke, Fusilier Guards, to Emily, daughter of the late M. Clifford, Esq., of Perristone, near Ross.

April 27th, at St. Pancras Church, Capt. George Moore Ellis, h.p. 54th Regt., to Judith, daughter of the late Rev. S. D. Myers, formerly Rector of Mitcham.

April 27th, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, W. Wilby, Esq., 4th, or King's Own, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Wilby, to Harriet, daughter of the late Capt. W. Dowers, R.N.

April 27th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. the Hon. Plantagenet Cary, R.N., to

Mary Ann, only child of J. F. Maubert, Esq., of Norwood.

April 27th, at Jersey, Le Comte du Pontavice de Heussay, to Harriet Mary, third daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bomer, Rl. Artillery.

April 27th, at Islington, G. Griffin, Esq., 97th Regt., to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of T. Griffin, Esq., of Islington.

April 29th, at Reigate, Major E. P. Lynch, Bombay Army, K.L.S., fourth son of the late Major H. B. Lynch, to Louisa, daughter of Andrew Stirton, Esq., of Earlswood-lodge, Surrey.

April 29th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, J. W. Nicholls, Esq., R.N. (late Secretary to Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., at Portsmouth), to Ellen, daughter of the late T. Ball, Esq.

May 2nd, by the Rector of St. James's, Dover, Blagdon Harrall, Esq., M.D., to Caroline, daughter of the late Colonel Goddard Richards, of Cavendish-crescent, Bath.

May 3rd, at Aberdeen, J. Forbes, Esq., 11th Regt., to Margaret Mary, daughter of H. Lumsden, Esq., of Tilwhilly.

May 4th, at Woolwich, T. H. Ward, Esq., of Moreton Morrell, Warwick, Lieut., 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, to Mary Louisa, eldest child of Major J. R. Coryton, Rl. Marines.

May 9th, in Newcastle, J. Ridley, Esq., to Sophia, daughter of T. L. Prescott, Commander, R.N.

May 9th, at Rampisham, Dorset, the Rev. J. Paley, to Emily Ann, eldest daughter of Capt. F. W. Rooke, R.N.

May 10th, at Winstler Church, Lieut. H. A. Norman, R.N., son of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Norman, to Helen, daughter of the late T. C. Worsley, Esq., of Platt-hall, Lancashire.

May 11th, at Cheltenham, the Rev. E. Rolles, son of the late Admiral Rolles, to Augusta S., daughter of A. Devonsher, Esq., and granddaughter of Captain Cook, who fell at the battle of Trafalgar.

May 18th, at Lewisham, B. B. Galbraith, Esq., only surviving son of the late Capt. B. B. Galbraith, to Ann Charlotte Dealey, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Fead, C.B., late of the Grenadier Guards, and grand-daughter of the late Gen. Fead, Rl. Artillery.

May 17th, at Kingswinford, John Hopton, Esq., late Capt. 3rd Drag. Guards, to Maria, daughter of E. Dixon, Esq., of Ashwood House, Staffordshire.

— Lieut. W. Coates, 96th Regt., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late G. Coates, Esq., of Tanherley, Wicklow.

DEATHS.

1842.

Nov. 27th, at the Cape, Lieut. R. L. Boyan, R.N.

Dec. 7th, at the Mauritius, Capt. Hassard, 87th Foot.

1843.

Jan. 22nd, at Amoy, on board H.M.S. Serpent, Lieut. Edward Meadows Noble, son of Rear-Admiral Noble.

March 1st, in Southwark, Ensign Partington, h.p., 8th West India Regt.

March 16th, at St. Kitt's, Major John Gordon, (1st) 47th Foot.

March 20th, Lieut. C. Henry, h.p., Sicilian Regt.

March 20th, at Barbadoes, Constance Emily, only daughter of Capt. L. S. O. Connor, Dep. Asst. Adj.-Gen. to the Forces, West Indies.

March 24th, Lieut. Pritchard, h.p., 36th Foot.

March 26th, Surg. G. Rowe, h.p., Malta Regt.

April 3rd, Capt. J. Gauntlett, h.p., 90th Foot.

April 7th, lost on board the Solway steamer off Coruana, on passage to Bermuda, Second Lieut. Burchaell, Rl. Engineers.

April 7th, ditto, ditto, Second Lieut. Blake, Rl. Engineers.

April 8th, at the Isle of Man, Major-Gen. Younghusband, Rl. Artillery.

April 18th, at Ostend, Grace Elinor, daughter Major George Duff, in her sixth year.

April 20th, at Bury, near Alverstoke, Major J. L. Jones, E.I.C.'s service, in his 53rd year.

April 20th, at Edinburgh, Capt. Richard Hussey Charles Moubay, 1st Regt. Madras Native Cavalry, second son of Sir Robert Moubay, of Cockairny, County of Fife, K.H.

April 23rd, at Glasgow, Alexander Blackwood, son of Dr. Muirhead, R.N.

April 23rd, at Mont-au-Prêtre, St. Helier's, Jersey, Richard Telford, Esq., late Capt. in H.M.'s 9th Regt. of Foot.

April 23rd, at Donnanie, Petersfield, very suddenly, Eliza Sophia, wife of D. Quarrier, Esq., Deputy Lieut. of the county of Hants, and Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, niece of the late Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., aged 57.

April 25th, at Greenwich, Caroline, the wife of Lieut. Bowers, R.N.

April 25th, at Old Brompton, aged 19, Margaret Anne, eldest daughter of Lieut. John Furzer Elliot, Rl. Marines.

April 25th, at Cologne, Frances, wife of Capt. Williams, Rl. Engineers, aged 32.

April 27th, at Rosshill, Clare, Henry Rosselewin, Esq., a Major in the Army, and Magistrate for the county of Clare. He was present at eleven general actions and sieges, and was wounded in the last and decisive attack on Clausel's position at the battle of Salamanca.

April 28th, at Brompton, Commander H. C. Pemberton, R.N., aged 51.

April 30th, at Hythe, Capt. E. B. Patten, Royal Engineers, aged 50.

May 2nd, on board the Great Liverpool steamer, on his passage from Alexandria to England, Colonel Sir Robert Bartley, K.C.B., 49th Foot. His remains were consigned to the deep on the following day, about twenty miles from Algiers. The immediate cause of his death was occasioned by a chronic bowel and liver complaint, contracted on active service in China.

May 2nd, at Brighton, Capt. Henry Lane, Royal Artillery, aged 72 years.

May 3rd, at Charlton, General Sir Thomas Hialop, Bart., G.C.B., Colonel of the 48th Regiment, aged 78.

May 3rd, at Epping-place, on his way from Norwich to the Countess of Rothes, Shrub-hill, Dorking, for the benefit of his health, Major Augustus Wathen, 18th Light Dragoons, aged 45, only son of Major Wathen, 78, Cadogan-place.

May 4th, at Breznitz, on the Lake of Constance, Gen. Lord Forbes. His Lordship was in his 79th year, and by his decease the Colonelcy of the 21st Regiment is now vacant. The deceased entered the Army as an Ensign, 13th June, 1781. His Lordship served in Flanders, and was present at the following battles and sieges, viz.—Famars, Valenciennes, Dunkirk, Lincelles, Mouveaux, Tournay, Vaux, Cateau, Nimeguen, Fort St. André, &c. He afterwards accompanied the expedition to the Helder, and was present in nearly every action which took place in that campaign. His commissions are dated as follow:—Ensign, 13th June, 1781; Lieut. and Capt., 21st April, 1786; Capt. and Lieut.-Col., 23rd Aug., 1793; Col., 3rd May, 1796; Major-Gen., 29th April, 1802; Lieut.-Gen., 29th April, 1806; and Gen., 12th Aug., 1819. He was Colonel of the 21st Foot, which he had held since 1st June, 1816, &

period of nearly 27 years. He was a Baronet of Nova Scotia, and Knight of the Royal Sicilian Order of St. Januarius.

May 6th, at Ardean House, Perthshire, Major D. Bruce, late Bengal Army.

May 7th, at Milton, Kent, Mary, relict of the late Lieut.-Colonel F. M. Sutton, Coldstream Guards.

May 7th, at Goursay, in the Island of Jersey, Gen. Sir Tomkyns Hilgrove Turner, G.C.H., and K.C. He was appointed Ens. in the 3rd Guards, 29th Feb., 1782, and Lieut. 13th Oct. 1789. He served in the expedition to Flanders in 1793, and was present at the battles of St. Amand and Famars; siege of Valenciennes; action at Lincelles; investment of Dunkirk; actions at Lannoi and Vaux; battle at Cateau; actions at Basleu, Mouvaix, and Templeuve; battle of Tournay, and capture of Fort St. André. The 12th Nov. 1794, he was promoted to a company with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and the 1st Jan., 1801, obtained the brevet of Colonel. He served in the expedition to Egypt, and was in the battles of the 8th, 13th, and 21st March; at the action on the west side of Alexandria; and after the taking of that place, he brought home the Egyptian Antiquities, now in the British Museum, surrendered by the 16th article of the capitulation. The 11th Feb., 1804, he had the rank of Brigadier-General; the 24th June, 1807, he embarked for South America, and returned to England in 1808; the 25th April, 1808, he was appointed Major-Gen. 4th June, 1813, Lieut.-Gen., and 22nd July, 1830, General. In 1808, he was placed on the Staff of the Home District; he was subsequently appointed Deputy-Secretary under Col. Sir John M'Mahon, at Carlton House; and in 1814, Commander of the Forces and Lieut.-Governor of Jersey. The 27th April, 1811, he received the Colonelcy of the 19th Foot. In March, 1816, he was succeeded in his command at Jersey by Major-Gen. H. M. Gordon. He was nominated by the Prince Regent to attend on the Duchess of Oldenburg, when in 1814 she visited this country, and which procured him the honour of knighthood. General Turner translated the Anecdotes, &c., of General Warnery.

May 8th, Susanna Maria, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Morgan, of Llandough Castle, Glamorgan-shire.

May 9th, at Bruxelles, Colonel John Camac, who commanded the 1st Life Guards during the Peninsular War, in his 72nd year.

May 10th, with a still-born child, Maria, wife of John M'Morris, Esq., M.D. in the E.I.C.'s Service.

May 10th, in Chester-square, Mary, aged 15 months and 6 days, the infant daughter of Capt. George Warren.

May 11th, at the Archbishop's Palace, at Canterbury, Admiral Sir Robert Barlow, K.C.B. The deceased, who was the eldest son of the late Mr. Wm. Barlow, of Bath, was born in 1757, and was consequently in the 86th year of his age. He entered the Navy at an early age, and married, in 1785, Miss Garrett, second daughter of Mr. W. Garrett, of Worthing, Hants.

Sir Robert was Lieutenant of the *Courageux* at the relief of Gibraltar in 1782, and ably distinguished himself on the 18th Sept. in that year, when the Spaniards were defeated in their grand attack on that fortress. In 1794 he commanded the *Pegasus*, which was repeating frigate at Lord Howe's glorious victory over the French fleet, on the 1st of June. He was subsequently appointed to the command of the *Phæbe*, 36, in which, after a severe

action, he captured the French frigate *Nereide*, in 1797; and in the same ship, in 1801, he succeeded, after a most determined and gallant resistance, in capturing *L'Africaine*, 44, having on board, beyond her crew, 400 troops, under the command of General Desfourneaux, which were destined to join the French army in Egypt. It was one of the sharpest contests recorded in our Naval history, as both vessels were within pistol-shot, the action lasting two hours. In consideration of the bravery and gallantry of Sir Robert (then Captain) Barlow, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1806, he was appointed Deputy-Comptroller of the Navy; and, in 1808, Commissioner of Chatham Dockyard. In 1823 he resigned, with the rank of retired Rear-Admiral; but, in 1840, was recalled to active duty, and made Admiral of the White. On the 20th May, 1820, he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath. His commissions bear date as follows:—Lieut., Nov. 6th, 1778; Com., Nov. 22, 1790; Capt., May 24, 1793; Rear-Adm., Jan. 24, 1823; Adm. of the White, 1840; and Adm. of the Red, Nov. 1841.

May 12th, in Leicester, Hannah, relict of the late Lieut. T. Gwyllym, of the Rl. Waggon Train, aged 92.

May 15th, at the Marine Barracks, Stonehouse, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Plicher, R.M.

May 16th, Major-Gen. G. O. Malley, C.B., for many years commanding the 88th Regt., or Connaught Rangers.

May 17th, at Gosport, Dr. Quarrier, Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets.

May 18th, at Southampton, Lieut.-General John Ross, C.B., Colonel 44th Foot. He was appointed Ensign 2nd June, 1793; Lieut., 52nd Foot, 8th May, 1796; Capt., 11th Jan., 1800; Major, 15th Aug., 1804; he continued with the 52nd till 16th April, 1807, when he changed into the 28th. He was appointed Lieut.-Col., 28th Jan., 1808; Col., 4th June, 1814; Major-General 27th May, 1825; Lieut.-Gen., 26th June, 1838; and Col. of the 46th Regt., 1st Aug., 1839. From Hart's Army List we extract the following note of his services:—

"General Ross served with the 52nd on the expedition to Ferrol, and was engaged with the enemy. Commanded the 2nd Battalion 52nd, at the battle of Vimiera, and during Sir John Moore's campaign in Spain, in 1808-9. Commanded five companies of that regiment with the force which went to the Scheldt, under Lord Chatham. Served afterwards in the Peninsula, and commanded the 1st Battalion 52nd at the actions of Pombal, Redinha, Miranda de Corvo, Foz d'Arouce, and Sabugal; also at the battle of Fuentes d'Onor. Medal for Vimiera."

May —, Ens. Merrit, h.p., Queen's American Rangers.

At Dublin, Charlotte, wife of Capt. Conroy, Grenadier Guards.

At his seat, Eastwood, in Canada, Vice-Admiral Henry Vansittart.

Capt. James Murray Gordon, R.N.

Recently, at Kerse-hill, near Falkirk, Catherine, wife of Lieut.-Col. Inglis.

At Gort, Capt. J. Barnes, Barrackmaster.

At Templemore, Robert Jasper Baillie, son of Capt. Campbell, 46th Regiment.

At Tulla House, Nenagh, in her 60th year, Mrs. Catherine Bourne, sister of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. P. Carrrol.

On his passage from the Brazil, on board the Linnet packet, Capt. Spurring, R.M., late of the Malabar.

Lately, at Edgbaston, Elizabeth, relict of Capt. Dundee, 47th Regiment.

MAGNANIMITY OF MIND ESSENTIAL TO NAVAL COMMAND.

No occurrence on the high seas, of late years, has created a greater degree of interest among maritime nations than the suppressed mutiny, and the execution of three of the crew, on a summary investigation by the officers, on board of the United States brig-of-war Somers, Lieut. Alexander Slidell M'Kenzie commanding. The sensation throughout the British Navy was anxious and intense, from the circumstance of the projected mutiny having been planned by a youth of nineteen years of age, a Midshipman on board the Somers, of respectable family, being the son of the Hon. Mr. Spencer, the Secretary-of-War. As the mutiny was detected, and the conspirators were secured, the execution of the three ringleaders, (the Midshipman, the Boatswain's-mate, Cromwell, and the seaman, Small,) has been considered by the Officers of the British Navy as *extra-judiciously* arbitrary,—an unjustifiable act of prejudging,—and the whole proceeding exhibiting a marked deficiency of self-control in the commanding officer under emergency. The inquiry over, and the opinion of the three Commodores of the court being promulgated, to the effect that Commander M'Kenzie was justified, under the urgency of the case, and enormity of the crime, in executing the three men,—the journalist, or historian, is at liberty to exercise an opinion on the causes of the mutiny, and its deadly suppression, by hanging at the yard-arm of the brig three of the greatest culprits. It is acknowledged that the crew of the Somers, independent of the apprentices, was a nest of renegadoes, or, as the court terms them, of “discordant nature;” and that the punishment of *colting* and *flogging* was carried to a great excess, as generally practised both in the United States' national and commercial marine,—but, in the opinion of the court, “no punishments were inflicted greater than were necessary for the proper discipline of a man-of-war,”—and “had the flogging been ten, twenty, or a hundred times greater,” said one of the members during the inquiry, “it would not be excessive under the existing mutinous spirit and insubordinate conduct of the crew.” How great soever the severity of the previous discipline of the Somers, on the coast of Africa, it does not appear that that was the cause of the projected conspiracy, but the diabolical object to murder all the officers, and the loyal part of the crew,—to seize the brig for piracy, under the command of Spencer,—to cruise on the coast of the United States for the homeward-bound *liners* and packets, of whose crews and passengers not one was ultimately to live to tell the tale of horrors. This fiendish intention was proved to the satisfaction of the members of the American Court of Naval Inquiry, whose report and opinion we publish, as elucidating the whole extraordinary case, and its fatal catastrophe, which we trust will tend to keep British seamen from the flag of stripes and independence.

“United States' ship North Carolina, Jan. 20, 1843.

“President, Commodore Charles Stewart; Commodore Jacob Jones; Commodore Alexander J. Dallas.—Ogden Hoffman, Judge-Advocate.

“The Court, after due deliberation, resolved to report the facts and circumstances of the case submitted to them, and deliver their opinion upon the facts as follows:—

U. S. MAG., No. 176, JULY, 1843.

"In the execution of the order of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, the Court, with the exception of ten of the crew, who are in confinement, examined every officer, seaman, and apprentice, belonging to the U. S. brig Somers in her late cruise, and unanimously report the following facts, as proved to the satisfaction of the Court by the testimony, the record of which they have the honour herewith to submit.

"That on the 27th [query 25th] Nov., 1842, in lat. 13° 24' 16", and long. 41° 24' 45", Commander M'Kenzie discovered that a mutiny had been organized on board the brig Somers.

"The Court further finds that such mutiny did exist, and that Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's-mate Samuel Cromwell, and seaman Elisha Small, were ringleaders in it, and that others of the crew had knowledge of its existence, and participated in its guilt.

"That on the 27th November Midshipman Spencer was arrested and confined in irons; that on the subsequent day Boatswain's-mate Cromwell and seaman Small were also confined in irons, and at the time they were so confined it was the intention of Commander M'Kenzie to bring them to the United States, to be tried by the laws of their country; and that to effect this desired object Commander M'Kenzie adopted every measure that a brave, prudent, and skilful officer could adopt; that during the confinement of the prisoners sullenness, discontent, inattention to duty, disobedience to orders, often, as seamen know, and naval records prove, the sole precursors to open acts of violence and blood, were manifested by the crew, and justly excited the belief in the Commander and the officers that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoners, and take the brig from those to whom she had been entrusted by the Government.

"The Court further find, that there was no place on board the brig which would have given greater assurance of protecting the prisoners from a rescue than the quarter-deck, on which they were confined.

"That Commander M'Kenzie, in the responsible situation in which he was placed, sought, as it was his duty to do, the advice and counsel of his officers, and that the unanimous advice and opinion of those officers,—after an examination of some of the crew, and careful deliberation,—was, that the safety of the brig Somers depended upon the immediate execution of Midshipman Spencer, Boatswain's-mate Cromwell, and seaman Small.

"That Commander M'Kenzie, in pursuance of the advice of his officers, and in obedience to the dictates of his own judgment, did execute, by hanging, Midshipman Spencer, Boatswain's-mate Cromwell, and seaman Small.

"That such execution took place on the 1st December, 1842, in lat. 17° 34' 28", and long. 41° 24' 45"; and that the brig, at the time of the execution, was, by the log, distant from St. Thomas's 525½ miles, at which place she arrived on the 5th December, 1842.

"The Court further find that the conduct of Commander M'Kenzie had been kind to his crew, attentive to their wants and their comforts; that he was studious to promote their knowledge of their profession, and that no punishments were inflicted greater than were rendered necessary by the discordant nature of the crew, and the proper discipline of a man-of-war.

"The Court further find that the conduct of Commander M'Kenzie, Lieut. Gansevoort, and the officers of the brig, was, during the trying scenes through which they passed, collected, calm, and brave, and justified the confidence reposed in them by their country.

"OPINION.

"The Court are therefore of opinion,—That a mutiny had been organized on board the United States' brig Somers, to murder the officers and take possession of the brig,—That Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's-mate Samuel Cromwell, and seaman Elisha Small, were concerned in it, and guilty of such mutiny,—That, had not the execution taken place, an attempt would have taken place to release the prisoners, murder the officers, and take

command of the brig. That such attempt, had it been made in the night, or during a squall, would, in the judgment of the Court, from the number and character of the crew, the small size of the brig, and the daily decreasing physical strength of the officers, occasioned by almost constant watching and broken slumbers, have been successful.

"That Commander M'Kenzie, under these circumstances, was not bound to risk the safety of his vessel, and jeopard the lives of the young officers and the loyal of his crew, in order to secure the guilty the forms of trial, and that the immediate execution of the prisoners was demanded by duty, and justified by necessity.

"The Court are further of opinion, that throughout all these painful occurrences, so well calculated to disturb the judgment and try the energy of the bravest and most experienced officer, the conduct of Commander M'Kenzie and his officers was prudent, calm, and firm, and that he and they honourably performed their duty to the Service and their country.

"CHARLES STEWART, President of the Court.

"OGDEN HOFFMAN, Judge-Advocate."

Thus, by a naval court of inquiry, instituted by the authority of the United States' Government, are Lieut.-Commander M'Kenzie, Lieut. Gansevoort, and the other officers of the Somers, not only acquitted of blame or hastiness, in summarily hanging three of her crew, who were secured in fetters, hands and feet, disarmed of all power of resistance, but that *the immediate execution of these men was demanded by duty, and justified by necessity*; (because, the Court should have added, the guarding of these criminals in intention "broke the slumbers" of the officers,) and that *throughout these painful occurrences the conduct of the Commander and his officers was prudent, calm, and firm, and that he and they HONOURABLY performed their duty to the Service and their country.* Such is, and will be in such cases, the decision of American Naval Officers, whose word of discipline is enforced with the *colt* and the *cat*,—and its *terrorem* the gibbet, with its ever-pendant halter. But, "*à la lanterne*," in the revolutionary streets of France,—and, "to the yard-arm," in the despotic United States' Navy,—are cries synonymous in meaning and execution,—for one has, without trial, equally as much justice and mercy as the other.

Conceding the murderous intention, with all its projected train of horrors, to be proved to the satisfaction of the officers of civilised Navies, we doubt whether the wretched culprits in thought, like those of the Somers, would have been summarily put to death, when under security, either in the French, or Austrian, or Russian Navy,—certainly not in the British,—but assuredly in the Neapolitan, or Turkish, or Egyptian Navy, because their officers, as well as those of the North and South American Navies, are not possessed, in trying occasions, of the moral courage to control the wild urging of retaliation. "Blood for blood,"—whether in thought or deed, is their measure of law and justice. "You were about to take my life, Mr. Spencer," * * * * * said Commander M'Kenzie, "and the necessity of the case *against* you compels me to take yours." Commander M'Kenzie's narrative states, that when Midshipman Spencer swore the Purser's Steward, Mr. Wales, to secrecy, and as one of the conspirators, he said that "twenty of the crew had joined him," and, from proof and probability, it does not appear that above that number, or one-third of the Somers' crew, were implicated in the heinous conspiracy, and, by the Commander's own

showing, one-fourth only. After the arrest of the three ringleaders,—“The next morning, the 28th November, I addressed the crew. The effect of my address on them was various. *Many* of them seemed delighted at their narrow delivery, and others seemed struck with horror at the thought of the terrible danger they had escaped. *Some seemed overwhelmed with terror* at the anticipation of punishment that awaited them. Others were overcome by thoughts of returning home, and wept profusely at the mention of the friends they hoped so soon to see.” The narrative also states that in Spencer’s list, “Those were designated who were to do the work of murder in the various departments; others were to open the arm-chest, and the stations of all were assigned.” Had those designated to perpetrate murder been one and all arrested, the other less desperate conspirators would have been harmless among the loyal of the crew, and, under the eye of the many officers which the Somers had on board, the vessel safely navigated into port, and the criminals brought to trial and condign punishment.

To British officers it seems a strange condescension of Commander M’Kenzie to take counsel of the civilian and juvenile officers of his brig, when he had a commissioned, an experienced executive officer to advise with on the momentous occasion. Subordinate officers, like other classes of persons, may confidently sign collectively a deed of responsibility, but from which, individually, they would shrink with distrust. Had Lieut. Gansevoort been alone consulted, the probability is, he would not have signed his opinion for death, unless the conspirators had proceeded to attempt a rescue of the prisoners, or other overt act of mutiny,—or had he conscientiously thought an awful example of punishment imperiously called for the general safety, and to intimidate the band of conspirators, he would have signed for the death of the Midshipman only,—the perpetrator of the murderous scheme,—the swearer-in of his villainous associates,—and the restless spirit of evil in other ships’ crews, by his own confession.

But the officers of the United States’ Navy are deficient in the various attributes of magnanimity of mind essential to naval command. The Commodores and other commanding officers, in not giving faithful reports to their Government of the captures made by their 44’s of the British 38’s, and their 20 and 22-gun corvettes, of the British 18-gun brigs. Commodore Jones, one of the members of the Court on the trial of Commander M’Kenzie, is conspicuous in British naval history, as lacking the attribute of moral courage to narrate the truth in his official letter of the capture of the gale-crippled Frolic. In their maltreatment of the British prisoners, and in their meanly enticing them from their allegiance to their King and country: the mean spirit, in both these instances, was evidenced against Commodore Charles Stewart, the President of the Court, in his treatment of the prisoners taken in the Levant and Cyane. Also in the indiscriminate bruising and lacerating punishments of their crews, with *colts* and cats in perpetual motion. In the junior officers, in their want of nerve in battle: Lieut. Cox and Midshipman Forest deserting their quarters on board the Chesapeake, in action with the Shannon, for which they were tried by court-martial; and, in the present instance, of Midshipman Spencer, the son of the United States’ Secretary-at-War, found guilty of a mutinous, blood-thirsty, piratical conspiracy, for which he ignominiously

suffered, with two of his vile associates, at the yard-arm of the vessel to which he belonged, on the high seas. He was considered guilty, and condemned to die, by the unanimous votes of his superiors and own messmates, the whole of the crew running his body up to the gibbet's end,—and at the same moment swung by the neck *three* "Sons of Independence,"—the worthy defenders of "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights."

The Editor of the New York Courier retaliatingly taunts the British press with the "Lynch Law" at the Nore, and with Lord Camelford's shooting His Majesty's Lieutenant for disobeying an order of questionable legality, and tests the courage of the American Naval Officers from any selection *Mr. John Bull* may make from them down to the youngest Midshipman. John Bull selects by names, a Lieutenant and Midshipman of the Chesapeake. As to terming the execution of the mutineers at the Nore "Lynch Law," after the misguided seamen had been sentenced to die by the laws of their country for open mutiny and the seizure of the ships from their officers, is senseless perversion of the truth; so is the circumstance, as stated by the American editor of that *truly veracious* Courier, of his Lordship shooting the Lieutenant. The latter opposed the former, the Commander of a sloop of war, with a force drawn up against him, the senior officer on duty of the vessels present, charged with the urgent preparations to capture an enemy's privateer off the harbour (Antigua), and received the instantaneous death-bullet from the hand of stern discipline, for his mad and active mutinous conduct*. The mutinies at the Nore, Spithead, and Yarmouth, furnish many instances of magnanimity of mind in the British officers, from which the American can select brilliant, not pusillanimous examples. Take that of Sir Harry Neale, the Captain of the *St. Fiorenzo*,

* The truth of this melancholy circumstance being generally unknown, and wholly perverted in America, we publish the particulars, in which M'Kenzie's apologist, "D. S. C.," in our last month's Magazine, will find that the Lieutenant was *not executed on board a ship*, but shot on shore in overt mutiny.

"On the 13th of January, 1798, an unfortunate circumstance occurred at English Harbour, Antigua, in consequence of Lieut. Charles Peterson, of the *Perdrix*, having disobeyed the orders of Lord Camelford, Acting-Captain of the Favorite sloop of war, and then Commanding Officer in English Harbour, in the absence of Capt. Fahir, who was at St. Kitt's on leave. The alarm guns having been fired, Lord Camelford sent an order to Lieut. Peterson to hold the *Perdrix's* ship's company in readiness to act, and to keep a vigilant look out at the entrance of the harbour, which he thought proper to disobey; alleging, that, notwithstanding the absence of Capt. Fahir, he did not consider Lord Camelford authorized to issue such order, he being a Senior Lieutenant; many messages and much altercation passed without being able to convince Mr. Peterson of the impropriety of his conduct, who, to enforce his disobedience, directed the *Perdrix's* people to arm themselves, and having drawn them up in the dockyard, placed himself at their head, *with orders to load with ball cartridge and fix their bayonets*. Lord Camelford finding it was necessary to adopt the most decisive and prompt measures to check this violent and mutinous proceeding, had ordered a party of Marines from the Favorite to be landed, and, taking a pistol from Lieut. Milward, of that ship, went up to Mr. Peterson, and demanding whether he still persisted refusing to obey his orders; to which he replied, 'I do, Sir,' Lord Camelford put the pistol to his breast, and instantly shot him, saying to the *Perdrix's* people that he shot Mr. Peterson for mutiny. The crews of both ships retired peaceably. On the 20th his Lordship was tried by court-martial, on board the *Invincible*. President, Captain William Cayley—and four members.

"On the 25th, the Court, having heard the whole of the evidence adduced on the

ordered to prepare for the reception of the Princess of Wertemberg on board, escaping from the fleet at the Nore when detained by the mutineer-Admiral Parker, under the guns of the *Sandwich*. He housed his guns, shut his ports, showed no sign of resistance, but conspicuously placed himself on a quarter-deck gun, and conned his frigate with royal colours flying through the fleet with the flag of defiance at their masts-heads. The thanks of the merchants of the city of London were the gratifying reward to himself, his officers, and loyal crew.

Also that of Admiral Duncan in Yarmouth Roads, with fifteen sail of the line, when the crew of his flag ship, the *Venerable*, 74, mounted the rigging and gave three cheers, the signal of confederacy to the fleet for "redress of grievances." Six of the ringleaders were secured and brought before the Admiral, who thus magnanimously addressed them. "My lads, I am not, in the smallest degree, apprehensive of any violent measures you may have in contemplation; and though, I assure you, I would much rather acquire your love than incur your fear, I will, with my own hand, put to death the first person who shall presume to display the slightest symptom of rebellious conduct." Turning round immediately to one of the mutineers, "Do you, Sir," said he, "want to take the command of this ship out of my hands?" "Yes, Sir," replied the fool-hardy seaman. The indignant Admiral immediately raised his arm, with an intent to run his sword through the mutineer, but the Chaplain and Secretary staid his arm from executing this summary act of just and imperious necessity at the moment, and in the presence of the mutinous assembly, who, but a few minutes previous, had given from the rigging the public and exciting signal of *disaffection*. The Admiral sheathed his sword, and firmly called to the crew: "Let those who will stand by me and my officers pass over immediately to the starboard side of the ship, that we may see who are our friends and who are our opponents." Instantly was the starboard side filled, leaving the six instigators of the disorder on the larboard side, who were immediately seized, ironed, and confined in the gun-room, whence they were, one by one, taken, ~~not~~ to the yard-arm, the place of execution, but to their mess-berth, the seat of liberation, after having repented of their rashness, and promised to be, in every act, all that was required of British seamen. And well they and the whole fleet redeemed their word and character the October following, in their annihilating victory over the Dutch fleet.

In December, 1842, Commander M'Kenzie, of the United States' Navy, discovered the names of a band of conspirators, supposed *twenty*, the third of the whole number of seamen and apprentices on board his vessel, the *Somers*. He deliberately executes three of his prisoners, because he, his officers, and the remainder of the crew, in all fifty-five, could not navigate her into port with safety to themselves and honour to their country's flag.

occasion, and what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the same, and being fully sensible of the necessity of prompt measures in case of mutiny, are unanimously of opinion that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieut. Peterson, both before and at *the instant of his death*, to the lawful orders of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English Harbour at that time, and the violent measures taken by Lieut. Peterson to resist the same by arming the *Perdrix's* ship's company, were acts of mutiny highly injurious to the discipline of His Majesty's Service. The Court do therefore unanimously adjudge that the Right Honourable Lord Camelford be honourably acquitted; and he is hereby honourably acquitted accordingly."

"In May, 1782, a most dangerous conspiracy was formed on board the British vessel of war the *Narcissus*, of 20 guns, commanded by Captain Edwards, when on her passage to North America. A seaman, by the name of Wood, and fifty others, had agreed to rise in the night, murder all the officers, and after possessing themselves of the ship, to carry her into an enemy's port. Their diabolical plan was fortunately discovered at the moment it was about to be carried into execution, by a Quartermaster, who, hearing a confused and muttering noise under his hammock at a late hour in the night, suspected something wrong was going forward; he immediately arose and acquainted the officer of the watch with his suspicions. The hands were unexpectedly turned up, to the surprise and disappointment of the mutineers, who were all seized and properly secured. Upon Capt. Edwards's arrival at *New York*, they were tried by a court-martial; two of the number turned King's evidence; the charges were proved on the clearest conviction. Wood, the ringleader, and six of the principal associates, were sentenced to be hanged, the first in chains: the sentence was executed with the greatest solemnity. The remainder of the mutineers were severely flogged, and distributed among the ships of the squadron."

A British 20-gun ship of those days carried, officers and crew, 140, or 150, all told, so that about one-third, 51, of the whole number, or half the seamen in the *Narcissus* conspired, similarly to the *one-third* of the crew of the *Somers*, to murder all the officers, seize the ship, &c. Yet *British* magnanimity conveyed the criminals into *New York*, where they were tried, sentenced, and condignly punished; according to law. But *American* pusillanimousness logged, "three of the mutineers of the *Somers* hanged in lat. 17, and long. 41, distance from *St. Thomas's* 525 miles, where the brig arrived five days afterwards;" and returning to *New York* begged of the Secretary of the Navy to be rewarded for hanging the son of the Secretary at War, of aristocratic title*, and his nephew to be promoted in the vacancy of the executed mutinous youth.

The year 1810 will read Commander M'Kenzie another lesson of magnanimity of mind in the late Captain Corbet, of the British Navy. That just but strict disciplinarian was commissioned by the Admiralty to the frigate *Africaine*, lying in Plymouth. From an unfounded opinion of Capt. Corbet's severity of discipline in a previous ship, and a man on board (a skulker and sea-lawyer,) having disseminated among the crew an artful story to the effect, that "he sailed in the *Néride* with Corbet, who flogged and turned him out of the ship for being ugly," the whole of which he acknowledged to his messmates, when mortally wounded in the action with the two French frigates, to be a gratuitous falsehood, the crew, except the Marines, refused to assemble on the quarter-deck to hear Capt. Corbet's commission read. A boat was instantly manned, and Corbet went on shore to the Admiral to communicate the circumstance, which was anticipated, in consequence of a *round-robin* having reached the Admiralty, stating that Corbet, before he left London, would not be received as Captain of the *Africaine*. Admiral Buller, Capt. Wolley, of the *Salvador*, and Capt. (the present Sir George Cockburn) of the *Implacable*, went on board and questioned the crew generally, and then individually, as to "whether they had any charge to prefer against the Captain appointed by the Admiralty to command them." They all and each answered in the negative, but still raising the cry of "No Corbet."

* Vide M'Kenzie's Narrative.

The sense of their disaffection and its consequences—the unreasonableness in their expectation, that the Admiralty would cancel the appointment for their undefined objection—and forgiveness of their offence, were explained to them, if they received their Captain without any further proof of dissatisfaction; and at the same time informed, that any well-founded complaint which they might prefer whilst under his command would be attended to.

The Menelaus frigate was ready to drop alongside and open fire on the Africaine, and a large party of Marines was embarked, or ready to embark, to board and promptly enforce discipline and obedience; but the crew expressed their readiness to hear Capt. Corbet's commission read. The Admiral and the two Captains then left the ship, but the two latter returned on board with Capt. Corbet; yet when the hands came aft, there was still a cry of "No Corbet." "They were then told that forbearance had been extended to its utmost point—that twenty minutes was given them to reflect on their conduct, at the end of which time a serious example would be made of them if they did not return to their duty. The striking of the ensign was understood to be the signal agreed on for the Menelaus to bring her broadside to bear on the ship, and the Marines to push off from the shore."

"Sir George Cockburn with his own hand seized one of these 'No Corbets,' put him into a barge, and with Capt. Wooley's consent was ordered on board the flag-ship. He then walked forward, and by a firm yet conciliatory address to some of the best seamen, pointing out the irrevocable fate of their shipmate, then being conveyed by the barge to the Salvador, should they persist in their conduct, he induced them to promise, that if Elliot was restored to the ship they would immediately return to their duty. The barge was recalled, the prisoner liberated, the Captain's commission read; and then, for the first time, Corbet addressed the men to the following effect: 'I now command this ship; you perhaps expect I should promise not to use the cats. If you do not do your duty smartly I will flog you well. I suspect you are a set of cowards, afraid of a brave man commanding you. Depend upon it I will avail myself of the first opportunity of enabling you to vindicate yourselves from this suspicion, by shoving you under the enemy's fire.' The hands were then turned up to unmoor, and on the 24th of June, 1810, we sailed from Plymouth Sound with despatches to the Governor-General of Bengal, which were understood to contain orders for the immediate equipment of an expedition against Mauritius. And here, let me ask, if it did not prove extraordinary nerve, and consciousness of right motive on the part of the Captain, and implicit confidence in him on that of the Admiralty, to sail immediately after such an occurrence for an East India voyage without any other ship in company? Nine days after we sailed, namely, on the 3rd of July, a letter was thrown into the quarter-gallery window, threatening the Captain's life. Up to this time not a single lash had been inflicted on board. The hands were turned up at 11h. A.M. on this day, for the punishment of a foretop-man, who had missed his muster in the top the previous evening, when we were shortening sail. When all were reported present, and the culprit seized-up, Corbet ordered the Marines to fix bayonets. (We had hitherto kept a guard of Marines day and night abaft the mizenmast.) Up to this moment no one in the ship suspected that any fresh act of mutiny had appeared. The Captain then read aloud the letter which had been thrown into the quarter-gallery, and then, drawing his sword, exclaimed, 'My life is in danger! who has most cause to be alarmed? you of my sword, of these of my officers, of the bayonets of the Marines, and of the laws of your country, or I of your dastardly threats?' As Master's Mate, my station at punishment was on

the main-deck, consequently surrounded by the ship's company, and enabled to hear all that passed among them, and to watch them closely; and never did I witness more unaffected or overwhelming surprise than that exhibited by the men on hearing the letter read. The petty officers simultaneously came forward, and in the name of the ship's company, not only declared their entire ignorance of the letter and its author, but also their perfect satisfaction with the way in which they had been treated by their Captain. A moderate punishment was then inflicted on the prisoner, after which Corbet called out from among the men a fellow whose name, I think, was Beal, and who had occasionally assisted the Captain's Clerk in his duty; and, after expressing his conviction that the letter was the fabrication of *one* man, unknown to the others, he added, 'I shall take the trouble of reading to you, Sir, the last speech of the chief mutineer in the *Temeraire*; and I would advise you often to think upon it, lest you find yourself one day in his position.' I have no doubt that the just and keen discrimination of Corbet had enabled him to fix upon the right man. The Marines were then ordered to discharge their muskets; the guard from that hour was discontinued, and the men and officers cheerfully and smartly performed their duty."

The entire of this letter will be found in the 47th, 48th, and 49th Numbers of this Magazine, addressed to us by the writer, Capt. Jenkin Jones, Royal Navy, who wrote it in vindication of the character and conduct of the late lamented Capt. Corbet, of the *Africaine*, which had been unintentionally animadverted on, and an erroneous statement of the action and capture of the *Africaine*, by Capt. Basil Hall, in his "Second Series of Fragments of Voyages and Travels;" but which that accomplished author has fully effaced, by publishing a letter in the *United Service Journal*, and an explanatory and apologetic appendix in the revised edition of his work, to which we refer our readers. Capt. Hall, in his letter to us, very emphatically calls attention to the presence of mind, in Capt. Corbet's dismissing the guard of Marines over his head, when the petty officers declared their ignorance of the mutinous letter thrown into the quarter gallery. "This manly show of confidence, at such a moment, was adopted in the true spirit of genuine discipline; and I shall ever regret having inadvertently said any thing to deepen the prejudice against an officer capable of seizing such a point, and possessed of sufficient vigour of character to carry it into practical effect." But Corbet truly possessed every attribute of magnanimity of mind essential to naval command. Bravery, moral courage, resolution, ability, system, perseverance, tact, and energy. In fact, a perfect officer, seaman, and disciplinarian—of an intrepid and manly heart, as ever bled in his country's battles.

To secure mutineers, and bring them into port for trial, is the bounden duty of the officers of every ship of war of a civilised nation. Had an officer like M^rKenzie been in command of the *Guardian*, instead of Lieut. Riou, would he have brought her into port without hanging the ringleaders of the men who threatened to take his life when the ship was in a sinking state, and had the worst of characters, convicts on board, to control? We abridge the particulars from the narrative of the miraculous navigation of that ship to the Cape of Good Hope, after she had struck upon the ice.

H.M.S. *Guardian*, Lieut. Edward Riou, Commander, on the 24th December, 1789, in latitude 41° south, and longitude 41° 30' east, from an eddy wind and strong indraft, struck on the under-water part of a

monstrous island of ice, from which her boats were watering with its lumps, for the supply of the cattle on board. She struck first on the bow, then on the stern, by which her rudder was knocked off, and her stern-frame almost beaten to pieces. At this critical moment, Lieut. Riou and officers *retaining their spirit*, their example and vigorous exertions led the people to their duty, but it was with difficulty they were prevailed on to overcome their first panic, and their assistance to trim and fill the sails. The ship becoming leaky when clear of the ice, laborious pumping and baling, throwing the cattle, fodder, grain, provisions, and surplus stores overboard, was the ready expedient to lighten her. Every one on board, the Commander, officer, sailor, overseer, and convict, working in common to keep her afloat. By 10 p.m. the water had increased to five feet; to decrease which, the officers, seamen, convicts, &c., were divided into two watches to relieve alternately. At midnight, the water was six feet, and the wind a strong gale. By daylight on the 25th, a lower studding-sail filled with oakum was got under her bottom; and by indefatigable exertions the leak was reduced to nineteen inches at 11 o'clock. At noon the leak again burst out, another sail was secured under the bottom, but without effect. Mr. Riou's hand (who with the Chaplain, Purser, and two men, were employed getting provisions from the bread-room to stop the leak there,) was bruised in so shocking a manner by a cask falling on it, that he could render no farther assistance. At six in the morning of the 26th, the waters increased to seven feet, the night had been tempestuous, the fore and main topsails blown to pieces, and the ship drifting entirely at the mercy of the gale and heavy sea. No hopes of saving the ship appeared to any one, human strength failed under hardship, and the mind desponded. Safety of life in the boats was resolved on, and permission given by the Commander for those who choosed the desperate alternative. "As for me," said he, "I have determined to remain in the ship, and shall endeavour to make my presence useful as long as there is any occasion for it."

The boats were hoisted out, and with difficulty kept from swamping. As great a proportion of provisions and water, with masts, sails, and a compass in each, was put into them, as the state of the gale and sea would permit; and the brave Riou was as active in providing for the safety of the boats (the launch, two cutters, and jolly-boat), as if he intended to take the opportunity of securing his own escape. He was, throughout, as calm and collected as in more happy duties. Previous to the distressing separation of the boats from the ship, he wrote the following letter to the Admiralty, and delivered it to Mr. Clements, the Master, who was in command of the launch:—

"H.M.S. Guardian, December 25, 1789.

"If any part of the officers or crew of the Guardian should ever survive to get home, I have only to say, their conduct after the fatal stroke against an island of ice, was admirable and wonderful in every thing that relates to their duty, considered either as private men, or in His Majesty's Service.

"As there seems to be no possibility of my remaining many hours in this world, I beg leave to recommend to the consideration of the Admiralty a sister, who, if my conduct or services should be found deserving any memory, their favour might be shown to, together with a widowed mother.—I am, Sir,

Remaining with great respect, your obedient servant,

"Philip Stevens, Esq."

(Signed)

E. Riou."

When the boats made sail from the ship, she appeared sunk down to her upper-deck ports. The launch's crew, after great privation and many escapes from foundering, was saved on the 3rd of next month by the Viscountess of Britannie, a French merchantman, and arrived in Table Bay, on the 18th; the jolly-boat sunk in the gale astern of the launch, soon after leaving the ship, and the two cutters were never heard of afterwards.

The Commander of the *Guardian* had her orlop-deck hatches made excessively strong, and caulked down, which, with the casks pressing under the deck, was a great cause of her miraculous preservation from sinking; but his magnanimity of mind was her safeguard and the preserver of the lives on board in her perilous situation. Lieut. Riou, with that manly firmness and perseverance which will ever reflect the highest honour on him as a man and an officer, was indefatigable in his efforts to preserve the ship, and by his noble example encouraged the remaining crew to use every exertion in their power to this effect. He had not only to struggle against the boisterous element in which the melancholy accident had happened, but also to discover means by which he could divert the minds of the desponding crew, worn down with fatigue, and despairing of ever being relieved from that miserable situation. A still more difficult task, with which Lieut. Riou had to contend, was frequently observing symptoms of discontent amongst the people; which were prevented from breaking out into an open violation of his orders, by the firm and resolute conduct he maintained, *and strict discipline he supported even in the midst of the almost insurmountable difficulties and dangers with which he was surrounded.* The people at one time had carried their disobedience so far, *as to threaten his life*; and had absolutely completed a raft made of the booms, on which they were determined to take their chace, rather than remain any longer on board the ship; fortunately, at the instant it was about to be launched, a favourable breeze sprung up, when, with a presence of mind possessed by few men, Lieut. Riou, by his remonstrances, prevailed on them to give up a plan which must inevitably have plunged them into certain destruction; and as the wind was then in a favourable quarter, he had no doubt of being shortly able to reach some friendly port.

The *Guardian* continued driving about chiefly at the mercy of the wind and sea, though at times, in moderate weather, her Commander was enabled to keep her head the course he wished to steer; and sometimes she was forced through the water at the rate of four knots an hour. At length, on the 21st February, 1790, to their inexpressible joy, land was discovered; and by the assistance of two whale-boats, which were sent out from a British ship lying in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, the *Guardian* was towed into anchorage, by which the life of this excellent officer and his companions were saved from utter destruction.

The *Guardian* was run on shore in Table Bay, to prevent her sinking at her anchors. She was completely stove in under the counter, and also an amazing hole quite through the bows, by which the iron and shingle ballast worked out, and became more buoyant; and at her arrival at the Cape, was nothing more than a floating raft. Besides the Commander, were the Honourable Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Earl Camelford), two other Midshipmen, the Surgeon's Mate, Boatswain, Carpenter,

ter, three superintendents of convicts, Miss Schafer, a daughter of one of the latter, thirty seamen and boys, and twenty-one *convicts*, in all sixty-one. Thus showing but ten officers and responsible persons, to keep the *discordant nature* of the Guardian's crew (twenty-one of whom convicts) from overt mutiny and violence during the many opportunities that offered in the *sixty days'* trial of all the various hardships in a sinking battered ship, without rudder or boats, and exposed to the heavy gales and seas which she encountered in the *drifting-voyage* from the island of ice to the Cape of Good Hope; yet Lieut. Riou took not the life of one fellow creature. Commander M'Kenzie had a Lieutenant, a Master, an Assistant-Surgeon, six Midshipmen, a Purser, his steward, a clerk, and a Serjeant of Marines; *fourteen* officers to awe and restrain *fifteen* youthful conspirators, in a well-appointed and fast-sailing vessel of war, in fine weather, and but *five days'* sail from a port, yet he summarily executed *three* of the *prisoners*, because, as the American Naval Court of Inquiry found,—that *five days' watch and watch had decreased the physical strength of the officers, and broken their slumbers!* What a *boudoir* word is the latter in the composition of a finding or sentence of a Naval Court of officers—"Old Commodores,"—a sailor to have *his slumbers* broken! It now appears, after the most searching investigation, that the number, *twenty* conspirators, which Spencer boasted to Wales to have on his list, is exaggerated. Commander M'Kenzie gave the accurate list of *twelve* persons confined *on suspicion* of being concerned in the intended mutiny, viz., one S. M. Mate, two Ord. S. one landsman, and seven apprentices, (the youngest of these misguided youths being seventeen, the oldest twenty-three,) which with the three ringleaders, made *fifteen*, and the *Greek* list underrates even that number, giving but three ringleaders (leaving out Wales,) four to be murderers (*doubtful*), and six supposed to join afterwards—in all *certain and doubtful thirteen*, of these three were, one Midshipman, one Boatswain's Mate, and one sail-maker's mate. Beside the Serjeant of Marines, we have already given *thirteen* officers, to which *six* petty officers* may at least be added, who were armed and proved faithful at the execution; thus giving *twenty* officers and trust-worthy petty officers to guard at the most *fifteen certain* and doubtful mutinous youths, leaving *forty* uncontaminated seamen and apprentices to navigate the vessel. Yet, in page 11 of M'Kenzie's defence, he states:—"It was believed, and for reasons of *overwhelming* force, that neither Mr. Spencer nor Cromwell, nor Small, could have been brought into port, without the most imminent jeopardy to the brig and the lives of the faithful officers and crew. It was on this ground—the unyielding ground of imperative necessity—that the Commander of the *Somers* found himself placed, when he reluctantly directed the execution of Mr. Spencer, Cromwell, and Small. And it is on this ground that he now appeals for his justification to this court, to his country, to the civilized world, and humbly and reverentially to his God." The lives of *sixty* persons in jeopardy from *seven* certain conspirators, fettered hands and feet—and *eight* known suspicious persons! For his precipitate execution of three of his *prisoners*, with an *overwhelming* force at his com-

* It is desirable to ascertain the exact number of petty officers armed at the execution.

mand to guard the *seven* men in irons, and to suppress overt acts of mutiny of the *eight* suspicious youths at large, his countrymen cannot justify him—the civilized world will not justify him; and he has offended his God, who solemnly declares in his book of life, “Thou shalt not kill.”

Commander M’Kenzie appears, from his own words, not to have had an idea of self-command, beyond that of arming the petty officers against the opinion of his First Lieutenant, or of the presence of mind which thirty years’ experience of an officer over sailors should have given him. The common thought ought to have struck him, that the greatest safeguard of the lives of his faithful officers and crew, was the *distrust* engendered among the conspirators themselves. Not Wales only discovered the plot, but M’Kinley, one of the wilful culprits, marked *certain* for deeds of blood, also betrayed his defection by reporting Waltham, another supposed associate in criminal intention, for offering him three bottles of wine. Wilson, too, with his African knife and battle-axe sharpened, who “*failed to effect an outbreak during the night of the 29th, came forward with some lame excuse and confession,*” to the Commander himself. These waverings and confessions of Spencer, the chief conspirator—of Cromwell against Small—M’Kinley against Waltham—and Wilson’s heart giving way two days before the execution, proved beyond doubt that the whole murderous association was disorganized in union, faith, thought, and spirit, and became powerless in the hands of discipline, vigilance, and the *overwhelming* force of the faithful and great majority of the officers, petty officers, seamen, and apprentices. Never was the truth of the words of Taylor, (one of the Temeraire’s mutineers, executed in 1801, on board of the Achille,) more fully and publicly proved, than on board of the *Somers*, by the disunion and confessions of the conspirators.

“I hope the ship’s company of the Achille, as well as the spectators present, will take warning by my example. It is impossible for seamen to succeed in any attempt to mutiny. *Sailors never did, nor ever would, stick to each other on such an occasion.* Those who attempt to violate the laws of the land, or naval discipline, must inevitably expect to meet with the same disgraceful end I am going to suffer. I acknowledge the justness of my sentence, and forgive all parties concerned against me. I have made my peace with God, and am ready to die.”

The United States’ Navy List has, and had, officers possessing magnanimity of mind that would have brought the criminals of the *Somers* into port for trial, in the emergency and under the circumstances, as related by her Commander,—Decatur, Hull, Perry, Mc Donough, and Blakely, (who took the Reindeer brig, and nobly gave to his Government the exact force of his capture); but generally its list has failed of officers endowed with all the attributes of magnanimity essential to a Naval Commander on trying occasions, where honour and moral courage should predominate. In the first page of this subject we explained this deficiency and the cause, and to the many instances we will add another of these famous Commodores, that of David Porter’s tarring and feathering a British seaman, stripped to the waist, then placed on a grating in the launch, which was towed stern-foremost by the other boats of his ship, and ignominiously landed on the American shore, for refusing to serve in war against his King and country. Such as he, and those we

have mentioned, would, like M'Kenzie and his officers, have executed their prisoners without trial or confronting them with their accusers. But as the *gigantic* British Navy, compared with the *pigmy* one of the United States, does not furnish an instance of one mutineer-prisoner being coolly and deliberately taken from his fetters, and hanged at the yard-arm, without the sentence of a Court-martial, we can proudly attribute this act of justice to a fellow creature, this obedience to the law of man and the commandment of the Almighty, to the greatness of mind inherent in every British officer, from the Admiral to the Midshipman. Had a similar conspiracy existed, and been suppressed, and the ringleaders secured, on board of a British brig-of-war, commanded by a Lieutenant, or a prize slave-vessel, in charge of a Midshipman, as on board of the *Somers* (with her *six* ward-room and steerage *upright* jurists, and *twelve* quarter-deck *valiant* hangmen), we are certain either officer would have brought his prisoners into port for trial, because a British Midshipman, in magnanimity of mind, is a hero in comparison with an American Commander.

"D.S.C." informs our readers that Commander M'Kenzie has literary and scientific acquirements, which he may eminently possess, but his defence and narrative incontestably prove not an act of overt mutiny, nor a probability of one, after the *split* and accusations among the principal conspirators, therefore no imminent danger nor urgent cause existing, but in the minds of the pseudo judge and *demoi*-petty jury, to summarily take the lives of three of the prisoners.

On Sunday, the day following the arrest of Spencer, the crew were mustered at divisions, each man under arms; then divine service was performed; in the afternoon the wreck of the main-topgallant-mast was cleared away, and after supper a new mast sent up, and the sails were set; thus describing each various duty, on deck and aloft, as well performed as with a disciplined crew. The next day he punished two men for theft, without interruption; and on the next day he punished one of the same men for another crime, no opposition to this second punishment on the still sorely-tortured back, though a great cause to irritate mutinous and dissatisfied spirits. He arrested his prisoners, one by one, day after day, to the number of *seven**. "And now the cause of irritation was multiplied seven fold—the discontented of the crew had seven objects of supposed oppression before them, seven themes upon which to appeal to their yet uncontaminated shipmates, seven common wrongs to avenge;" and *seven* amplifications, Commander M'Kenzie, already expunged from the minds of your readers. "How impressive, then, must have been the mutinous appeals of the crew of the *Somers*, carried home as they were, by the corrupting example of the chief conspirator! Highly born and educated, he had renounced hopes as brilliant and dear as ever glittered before the eye, or touched the heart of an American youth—the laurels of honest fame, and the sweet delights of domestic love" (no American defence before a *court-martial* without *love* and *romance*), "his country's plaudits, his parents' smiles, for the wild and tragic drama of a pirate's life."

In the 15th page he says—"It was impossible for the officers to draw a line of separation between the sound and the unsound parts of the

* Vide page 14 of the defence.

crew;" yet he armed the petty officers, and who proved all sound. In the same and following pages he treats the Court with rhetorical flourishes to prove his *literary acquirements*. He harps on fire, earthquakes, explosions—skies, tornadoes—*handspikes, heavers, and holystones*,

"Apt alliteration's artful aid,"

to sound grandific in American naval ears.

"Between the arrest of Mr. Spencer and the execution, the mutinous indications were unceasing. Yet were they deep rather than loud. The fire beneath the surface, which causes the earthquake, reserves for the hour of the explosion its more palpable and awful demonstrations" (what poetical images for a naval defence!). "Indications of combinations of mutiny—stamping together on the deck two evenings following" (as they smartly ran aft to execute orders)—"mysterious removal of the handspikes, heavers, and holystones" (why were they not previously secured?). * * * "Add to these the dark and portentous looks of the crew, which, like the lowering sky presaging a tornado, a seaman's eye could detect and appreciate, but which a seaman's tongue cannot adequately describe."

These quotations are *adequate to describe* his general tenor of defence, imaginative, specious, and circumlocutory—one word to the cardinal points—the *proof of an overt mutiny, and the urgent necessity of taking the three prisoners' lives*, had been worth his *thirty* pages.

The following will, however, prove that some of his prisoners were unjustly admitted evidences against him. By British law, *No man can be a witness in his own cause*. "But to oppose all these accumulated proofs, McKinley, McKee, Green, and some others whose names, on the Greek paper, have been introduced on the part of the prosecution, and elevated to the rank of witnesses in a court of justice. By that paper McKinley and McKee had prominent parts specially assigned them in the meditated massacre. They with Green were brought home in irons; and all the conspirators stand candidates for trial before the proper tribunal of their country for life or death. Their own safety required that they should boldly deny the existence of mutiny, and, if Mr. Spencer correctly estimated their character, their denial was not likely to falter through any delicacy of conscience. To felons leagued in a conspiracy of murder and of piracy, it would seem a slight thing to superadd the crime of wilful falsehood." In page 18 Commander M'Kenzie observes that, "the slander sometimes suggested that the officers of the Somers were rendered nervous by unmanly fear, betrays an ignorance of the case and of the true character of the American officer. Of himself the Commander would in this respect say nothing; but of his eleven associates he is bound to say that never were men in perilous circumstances more cool, collected, and temperate than they." * *

We disregard the slander of his countrymen against him and his officers as to nervousness or unmanly fear, because we attribute throughout the execution of the prisoners neither to the one nor to the other; but to the want of greatness of mind in the emergency to act for himself, like Capt. Corbet, after he had discovered in the quarter-gallery the letter threatening his life. Did he empanel a petty jury of his executive and *civilian* officers, from the gun-room and Midshipmen's berth, for their fatal verdict on the criminal if discovered? No, he

possessed a mind that governed and thought for itself. "The high seas," says Commander M'Kenzie, "furnished no learned jurists with whom he might consult" (therefore he took counsel of his inexperienced subordinates, who were for *instant* death of the ringleaders, in preference to *watch and watch, and broken slumbers for five days longer*). "But he had with him a volume of nature's laws, written by the finger of God on the human heart" (THOU SHALT NOT KILL). "In that volume he read that necessity ordains its own controlling canons; that they who seek unlawfully to slay, may themselves be slain without formal process when the self preservation of the assailed renders the sacrifice inevitable" (but he and his officers were not assailed except on a *Greek paper*, and of his whole crew he accuses twelve only). "Above all, he found in that volume the natural elements of natural jurisprudence; and there he read, that when on some remote station, or on the solitary deep, by land or sea, bound as it were by an oath to protect, at the expense of life, *or hundreds of lives*, the vital interests and that sacred honour about to be deeply and incurably wounded by a band of apostate felons, and that the evil cannot be averted but by the death of those felons without the formalities of law, he is in duty bound to rouse up his spirit to the majesty of the occasion, and, poisoning himself on his own magnanimity, grasp with unfaltering hand the sword of righteous though summary retribution." There, British tars, what think ye of the United States' law on the high seas? The Bible and a Midshipman's verdict your judge and sentence: a Commander's sword the ready instrument of your death, if you *sketch a brig with a pirate's flag at the peak, or stamp on the deck when running to hawl aft the main-sheet, or show a dark and portentous look, or a strange flashing of the eye when carving a shark's bone for your neckerchief, or sharpening a knife for your sail-bag.*

Commander M'Kenzie, to serve his purposes, as he supposes, makes extracts from the speeches of our eminent lawyers at celebrated trials, unconscious that a part of that of our Admiralty Judge, Sir James Marriott turns appropriately against him and his partners in the *three* death-warrants. "The passions operate at sea without control; and all on board of a ship is too often a scene of misery, terror, disorder, license, resentment and revenge." "The case of the Somers," says her Commander, "may form an epoch in our naval history"—no doubt of it, and one of universal condemnation. We will give the whole of his peroration—then "few words of *ours* remain to close *this* tale."

"Discipline is the first, and second, and third virtue in our naval code. It was discipline, perhaps, more than even courage which, during our last war with England, enabled our little navy to work its miracles on the lakes and upon the ocean. * * * The electric spark then communicated to an astounding world can never be forgotten; for it passed into the immortal pages of history. The great British historian of the present century speaks of it in these glowing terms: 'When, therefore,' he says, 'it was seen in repeated instances of single vessels of the same class against each other, the ships of the United States had proved victorious, the English were stunned as by the shock of an earthquake, the Americans were immeasurably, and with good reason, elated, and the other nations in Europe thought they discerned at last the small cloud arising over the ocean which was to involve the British maritime power in destruction*.' And in the

* Alison's History of Europe, p. 672.

cause of these discomfitures, the same author more than hints at, in the next page but one, he there says, 'Experience has now proved that long-continued and unexampled success had produced its wonted effects in relaxing the hands of British naval preparation, and that they had much need to recollect, that in the language of the ancient conquerors of the world, the word for an *army* was derived from the verb to *exercise*.' It was, then, the Spartan discipline of our navy, no less than its Spartan valour, that enabled it to triumph over the proud mistress of the ocean. Let discipline for ever be regarded as its sheet-anchor; and let it never be forgotten, that subordination is the life, and mutiny the death of discipline. In this view of the subject the nominal parts here sink into comparative unimportance, and the American nation rears her august form, entreating that her youngest, her favourite offspring, may be saved from its worst enemy,—that it may be saved from the demoralizing, destructive principle of insubordination."

Now for Columbia's triumphs over Britannia, the Mistress of the Ocean.

American 44's.—On maindeck 24's, quarter-deck 42's carr. 1550 tons, and 480 men.	} took {	British 38's.—On maindeck 18's, on quarter deck 32's carr. 1050 tons, and 310 men.
American corvettes, 20's and 22's.— Guns 32's carr. 500 tons. 150 to 170 men.		British 18-gun brigs.—32's carrs, 382 tons, and 118 men.

The American 18-gun brig *Argus*, 125 men, was taken by the British 18-gun brig *Pelican*, 116 men.

"And at last the small cloud," (the Chesapeake) "arising over the ocean, which was to involve the *Shannon* in destruction," was itself involved in British flame, and the *Spartan discipline* and *Spartan valour*, in the hand-to-hand scuffle, "*that tried men's souls*," were exhibited in the crew, and a Lieutenant and a Midshipman, deserting their guns, calling for quarter,—and striking her flag to the Mistress of the Ocean†.

Take again the United States' first and last actions of the war, in which the President, 44, was engaged. This ship headed an American squadron in chase of the *Belvidera*, 36, alongside of which she could have sailed at first had she not *yawed*. The President, by the killed and wounded, had decidedly the worst of the running fight. She hauled her wind, and the *Belvidera* escaped. The *Endymion* headed a British squadron in chase of the President. The British 40 so closely engaged the American 44, as to kill 24 and wound 56 of the crew,—thus taking the heart out of her. She was picked up *dead* by the *Pomone* and *Tenedos*, whilst the *Endymion* was all in *life*, bending new sails.

Again for American honour and glory, take the President, 44's very heroic attack on the Little Belt, 18-gun corvette, *in the time of peace*, and supposing her in the night to be a *frigate*, killing and wounding thirty-one of her people. But Commodore Rodgers was an *American-Spartan*.

And lastly we call Commander M'Kenzie's recollection of the equally valiant attack, in the Straits of Sunda, of the United States' corvette *Peacock*, of 22 guns, Capt. Warrington, upon the East India Company's cruiser *Nautilus*, 14-gun brig, Lieut.-Com. Boyce. Capt. W. knew that hostilities had ceased, Lieut. B. hailing to say, "He had Mr. Mad-

* M'Kenzie's quotation, page 18. † Chesapeake, 400 men. *Shannon*, 330 men.

dison's proclamation on board," and *two* boats, containing the Master-Attendant at Angier, and an officer of the army, giving the same information. These officers and boats' crews were passed below in the Peacock, when she commenced her broadsides upon the puny brig. She killed *six* and wounded *eight*, of whom were Lieut. Boyce and his First Lieutenant, on board the Nautilus; and Capt. Warrington wrote to his Government they were only *Lascars*. The Governor-General of India sitting in Council, said, "He contemplates Capt. Warrington's proceedings as destitute of any possible extenuation," and Capt. Hays, R.N., the Master-Attendant at Calcutta, in his public letter, described this hero "as the ruffian who has alike dishonoured himself, and disgraced the Columbian eagle."

Thus, from Commodore Rodgers's and Capt. Warrington's *American-Spartan* valour, Capt. David Porter's breaking his *parole of honour* from the *British* cartel, down to Lieut.-Commander M'Kenzie's *American-Spartan* discipline, hanging three of his prisoners on a wardroom and steerage verdict, we fully prove that American Commanders are not possessed of the magnanimity of mind essential to naval command and renown.

A SLEIGH DRIVE IN CANADA WEST.

BY SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, KNIGHT, 14TH REGT.

(Concluded from page 265.)

"WE congratulated ourselves on our prize, and were proceeding with a careful dissection, when the first intimation we had of our theft being discovered was by a noise in the street and an immense mob collecting outside. Two of us immediately ran below and strongly barricaded the door with tables and forms, a third got away by the roof through an attic window, brought the sheriff, the police, and two companies of soldiers for our defence, and sentries were placed at the door. In the meantime we inside were not idle; we lowered the body through a trap-door into the cellar, cleaned up the room, spread a green cloth over the table, and then addressing the mob, who were still highly excited, we said we would let the relatives of the man in, to convince them that his body was not there. His wife and others came and searched all about and found nothing; they were interested with some anatomical preparations we had in various parts of the room, and were retiring satisfied of the truth of our statement, when, as bad luck would have it, the wife discovered in a corner a basin covered with a napkin, which in the hurry had been forgotten to be put out of the way. She quickly removed the cloth, dashed her hand into the discoloured water in the vessel, and drew forth a portion of the body which had been reserved for a preparation. The Indian war-whoop was nothing to the screech she uttered. We tried to pacify her, and to convince her that what she saw was no part of her late husband. She knew better, and had not she the best right to it? After a great deal of difficulty we got her away, but she would not part with her prize, and carried it off.

"Fearing that we might still have a second visit from the mob, we now determined on burying the remains, and gave them for the purpose to our porter to take to a place, some distance off, where we had been

in the habit of disposing of the subjects after dissection. But either through carelessness, or the load being too heavy for him, instead of burying the dissevered body he threw it, piece-meal, from the sack into the river, reporting, however, that he had done as he had been ordered. Next day, two of us, in passing near the wharf, saw a great crowd assembled; we joined it, and to our dismay saw the excited gaze of the people was directed to the trunk and limbs of the large subject exposed in the mud by the ebb tide. Hearing the people swear that they would collect them next day (Sunday), and parade them through the town, we stole off, resolved to be beforehand with them. Accordingly at midnight four of us went to the river, but the tide was up, and we could do nothing; we then adjourned to a public house near, had some supper, and put off the time till it was low water, at 3 o'clock. Another and myself went into the deep mud, the other two kept watch on the wharf; by groping about, and ascertaining by the smell that we were picking up what we were in quest of, at last we collected all the portions in our sack. A watchman came down to see what our comrades were about on the wharf; they immediately seized his rattle, threw him down and gagged him till we had got clear off, they then followed at speed. Next day the people found nothing in the river, though they dragged it very diligently, the tide having, it was supposed, carried off to sea what they sought.

"Some time after, when we thought that the matter had passed over, I was standing for a minute at the window of a print-shop, in a rather obscure part of the town, which I had occasion to pass through, when I was nearly knocked off my legs by a tremendous blow on the side of the head from a kail stalk, and the voice of the 'subject's' wife cried out, 'That's for the bloody doctor.' I made off as fast as I could, as a mob might have made a subject of me in five minutes.

"Some of our resurrection adventures were rather laughable. Thus, once going out to Bully's Acre, a well-known Irish cemetery, a raw hand was with us, who was also an arrant coward. We posted him on the top of the wall to look out whilst we opened a grave below. We had got out the body, when our friend, sitting quaking above us, called out, 'Oh! blur and ouns, I see them coming!' and in his fright rolled off the wall and into the grave. The word was given to fill it up, and a dozen spade-fulls of earth were hastily shovelled on him; we ran off and discovered that a cow had caused the alarm, and when we came back the rueful face of our friend was just emerging from under the mould." Now better police regulations enable medical students to obtain unclaimed bodies at small cost, and without resorting to the expedients above detailed.

After breakfast, at the Clifton, we visited Barnett's Museum. This is interesting, as he has collected there the various eagles, gulls, owls, and other birds which frequent the neighbourhood of the Falls. We saw also the Canadian lynx, porcupine, skunk, the beautiful cross fox, and also Niagara rattlesnakes. A respectable old trapper, with whom I used to associate formerly (T. Macconnell,) told me that he was in the habit of visiting Niagara for the purpose of killing the rattlesnakes for the sake of their fat; and that he has sometimes killed three hundred in a season, and thus:—He watched beside a ledge of rocks where their holes were, and stood behind a tree, club in hand and with his legs

cased in sheepskins with the wool on, to guard against bites. The snakes would come out cautiously to seek for food or to sun themselves, fearing to go far for their enemies the pigs. The trapper would then rush forward and lay about him with his club; those which escaped to their holes he seized by the tail, and if they turned round and bit him in the hand, he would spit some snake-root, (which he kept chewing in his mouth,) on the wound, it frothed up and danger would cease. The dead snakes were then roasted, hung up by the tail over a slow fire, and their fat collected, taking care there was no blood in it. The fat would sell for twelve dollars a bottle, and was considered of great value by the country people in cases of rheumatism and stiff joints.

One of the knees of the Caroline steamer, cut out at Schlosser in the rebellion, by the gallant Capt. Drew, R.N., and his followers, set fire to and towed adrift over the Falls, is preserved in the museum.

“Dieu defend le droit.”

It being impossible to pass under the great Fall at this time, from the quantities of ice on the rocks, we descended by the zigzag road, 200 feet, to the ferry, keeping a look-out for the immense pillars of ice which were falling from the rocks above us. The ferry-boat is very small in winter, and holds only three people besides the boatman; but we got over the boiling and troubled sea in safety in two trips. One of the boatmen told us that he was once carried down in winter, two miles, to the first rapids among masses of ice; he thought he must go down to the whirlpool, but by fighting hard he at last got to the shore.

The slippery ascent and the long stairs on the American side were trying for the ladies, and the spray from the great sheet of the American Fall above chilled them, but they reached the top bravely; we then crossed the bridge spanning the boiling rapids and leading to Iris island, at the entrance to which there is a house for refreshment, in summer, and the sale, at all times, of hickory sticks, cut at the Falls, with a neatly carved eagle's head, “the banner-bird of Columbia,” at the end of the crook. We waded through deep and soft snow, saw “Morpeth, 1842,” with other names, carved on a tree, and then reached the Terrapin rocks. The prospect-tower on them, and in the midst of the rapids at the brink of the Great Fall, had not been erected when I was there last; I thought it might disclose some more sublime views of the great cataract at its foot than could be seen from the bank, accordingly I ran down to the Terrapin bridge leading to it. This wooden bridge is narrow, much decayed, (it was laid in 1827); the side rail is gone, and there was a convex surface of snow and ice on it. I got along it with considerable difficulty, sometimes upright, and sometimes (to get over holes) on my hands and knees. I reached the tower in safety over the roaring flood, and saw the cataract in its awful grandeur and irresistible power below; I took off my coat to get back, and was well pleased to rejoin my friends again, as the icy covering of the bridge, though two feet thick, gave way under me twice from the effects of the thaw.

After our return to the British side, wet to the knees with snow water, a sleigh was hired to take three of us to the whirlpool, and to General Brock's monument, now tottering to its fall, shattered from base to summit by the powder of the infamous sympathizer Lett. “Is there any sympathizing now about the Falls?” we asked the sleigh driver.

"I guess not, they have to mind their own affairs now, and not trouble themselves with ours," answered he; "but we still look sharp out for our barns and stables being burned by rascals who owe us a spite, and that keeps us from repairing our out-buildings, as we don't know how long they will be let alone; just before you came in a coach-shed fell at the hotel, below which your sleighs would have been put; it knocked off the back of a three hundred dollar coach, and hurt two others; the wood, in some places, looked as if it had been sawed through to let the shed down when the thaw came."

The thaw made it a difficult matter to get over the three miles to the whirlpool; at last we reached the edge of the precipice overlooking the vast basin encircled with beetling cliffs and trees, and looked down with wonder and awe on the foaming billows, wildly rushing into the *Maëlstrom* of Niagara, where the great body of water writhed and circled in never-ending gyrations and apparently of immense depth. On our left, and as if rejoiced to escape from the terror-inspiring vortex, the glad waters rushed out in swift-running currents, and sped on their course toward the tranquil sea of Ontario.

When trees, swept down by the flood, enter the whirlpool, the effect is most imposing; hurried round in wild confusion, their branches rolling them from side to side, sometimes diving under the surface, and again their roots in the air thrust upwards from below, as if by giant hands, it has been compared to wave warring with wave, and using the trees as immense war clubs. Last year the naked and swollen bodies of four deserters were seen for several days floating round, tossed about and as if in torment in the waters of the whirlpool. Five soldiers of a regiment stationed at Drummondville had deserted one night, had essayed to swim across the strait below the ferry; four reached the opposite bank, but the fifth cried out that he was unable to stem the tide, and was sinking; three, the best swimmers, returned to assist him, and they all perished. The man who escaped told the manner of their death.

Half a mile below the whirlpool is seen the dark and gloomy chasm in the rocky bank on the American side, the Devil's Hole, with the stream called the *Bloodyrun* flowing into it. Here took place that fearful tragedy, in 1759, when 100 British regulars, escorting waggons with stores from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser, were surprised by a large party of Indians in the French interest, were shot and stabbed, and, with the waggons and horses, thrust over the precipice. Only two of the party escaped; one by the fleetness of his horse, another, a private soldier, being caught by his belts, and remaining suspended below a bush till nightfall. Relics of this catastrophe may yet be found, on diligent search being made below.

Darkness set in before we had time to reach the crumbling mausoleum of the gallant Brock, now about to be replaced by an obelisk. Next day the thaw still continuing, and the mist and vapour sometimes entirely concealing the Falls, and sweeping over the Hotel with a damp and chill cloud, we resolved to continue our journey before travelling on runners became quite impracticable. Paying our moderate bill, of one dollar (four shillings) per day for each person, and half a dollar for each horse, we took the road to St. Catherine's. Three accidents, however, occurred to me before we reached it. In painfully ascending a

hill, running with water, a whipple-tree broke. Fortunately I was able to replace it at a farm-house near. After this frost set in, and the horse in the shafts slipped into a ditch, and dragging the off-horse over him, the two lay helpless in the ditch, half covered with mud, ice, and snow-water. The breaking of the shafts short off saved our being thrown with the sleigh on the top of the horses. After a great struggle we got the shivering horses out, attached one to the sleigh, and proceeded at a walk, rendered painful by a strained foot, (which, by the way, brandy and salt afterwards cured,) to St. Catherine's, distant two miles.

This very thriving village, one of the boasts of Canada West, is on the Welland Canal, and four miles from where it enters Lake Ontario. Excellent macadamised roads enter it, and it abounds in substantial stone, brick, and frame buildings, and well-filled stores. But, as the snow had entirely disappeared from the road in advance, mine host of the hotel where we tarried, in his professed desire to send us "snugly" on wheels, in two wagons, to Toronto, distant about eighty miles, or a couple of days' journey, seemed inclined, in vulgar parlance, "to take the measure of our foot," by asking thirty dollars for the trip; but we were at his mercy and helpless, and he knew it. Usually, in Canada West, a farmer will take on a traveller and his sleigh (when snow fails), in his waggon, for two dollars and a half a day.

About the Niagara frontier there has been a great deal of smuggling of late years: many people, otherwise considered respectable, became so accustomed to it that it apparently was looked on by them as quite a venial offence, or as no offence at all. Thus a partner of a highly-respectable mercantile establishment in Canada West told me that they had recently received a business-letter from another house on the border, offering to exchange 1000*l.* worth of teas for 1000*l.* worth of broad-cloth; the teas were to be smuggled from the States, and the cloth into the States. The proposal was rejected. The duty in several of the custom-houses on the border was also conducted in the most lax manner. For instance, very lately, at one considerable town, no account of the amount of dues received was kept; and only what it was convenient to remit was handed over to the Receiver-General. Last year, on a new Collector being put in office, the amount of receipts increased fourfold! At another, Lake Port, goods were passed at once, without examination, and once a quarter the owners of the goods paid what they thought fit for them. Now they require to make affidavit as to the correctness of the invoice, and pay an *ad valorem* duty.

Our three sleighs being lashed on the frame of a long lumber-waggon, ourselves following in an open car, and the servants riding our horses, we left St. Catherine's, in the midst of a crowd of spectators, possibly wondering at the folly of our pretending to take pleasure in travelling at this time of year; but, "barrin" this transfer from runners to wheels, we had a great deal of pleasure on this excursion. We travelled by the beach road, as it is called, that is, close along the shores of Lake Ontario. It began to freeze, and the wheels became very dangerous in descending slopes of ice; but at night we reached in safety the village of Wellington Square, where a clean inn received us. Here a great treat was the excellent fish caught all the winter in the lake. At London, Canada West, we hardly ever saw fish. Next morning a thin

sprinkling of snow covering the ground, the wheeled carriages returned from whence they came, and we resumed our sleighs; and, though it rained plentifully all the way to Toronto, (forty miles,) we persevered, crossed the deep ravines of the Twelve and the Sixteen Mile Creeks without accident, jumped out on descending and stood on the runners of the sleigh, so as to form a drag, and walked up the opposite ascent. In a woful plight, with furs soaked, and the tails of the horses reduced to one hair, we entered Toronto.

This, the late capital of Upper Canada, is still "progressing" very rapidly. The population is now about 16,000. Wide streets, bounded by high and substantial brick and frame houses, and with several handsome churches, are constantly traversed at a rapid rate by conveyances for business or pleasure. Pedestrians hurry along, with the serious air of business on their brow. There seemed to be no idlers in Toronto. The stores are showy, and well supplied with the necessities and luxuries of civilised life. There is, on the whole, a considerable movement in Toronto, and the society is extensive, and noted for hospitality,—which we most amply proved.

Strange that in so gay and bustling a place there should have been no public assembly-room. The ball at which we were invited "to assist" took place at Stone's Hotel. There the rooms were new and clean, very well lighted with a profusion of spermaceti, but very hot and crowded, and so narrow that side-seats could not be placed where the dancing took place. There were seventy-five young ladies "out" on this occasion,—all well dressed, and with pleasing manners. The uniforms of the Royal Artillery, 83rd Regt., and 93rd Highlanders, added brilliancy to the assembly; but at which nought save quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopes, was permitted,—country-dances and reels, *more majorum*, though seen in royal palaces, being voted decidedly vulgar in the Colonies.

Next day, mounting horses, we rode about the environs of Toronto; and to the long and handsome avenue of the new college, bordered with trees and shrubs; the college was in course of being erected. The Upper Canada College, which has for some years been in existence, was not considered sufficient to carry on the students to the highest branches of modern education; and the new, or King's College, was required, as a sort of Oxford or Cambridge to the other. It is confidently expected, from the high character and attainments of the Principal and Professors of King's College, carefully selected at home, without any colonial jobbing, that young men imbued with monarchical principles, and capable of holding the chief colonial appointments, will proceed from its halls.

We examined the instruments at the observatory, in charge of Lieut. Lefroy and Younghusband, R.A., who were also conducting a series of observations on terrestrial magnetism, which is occupying so much of the attention of the scientific in different parts of the globe at present. Then the position of the rebels, under Mackenzie and others, at Montgomerie's Hill, was visited, a short distance north of Toronto, where they concentrated preparatory to attacking the city, and where also they were put to flight by the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Francis Head. The broad macadamised road, called Young-street, leading to Lake Simco, crosses a bridge over the Don, a stream of some depth. On the north bank the ground is high, broken, and well adapted to be occupied by

skirmishers, who, with a barricaded bridge and some guns, and the main body well handled, might have made a stout resistance in a good cause, especially as no regulars were opposed to them; but the Lieut.-Governor, (with whom were Colonels Fitzgibbon, MacNab, Cameron, &c.,) advancing up Young-street at the head of 3000 militia, and sending two flanking columns to the right and left, by a simultaneous attack with great guns and musketry on the rebel position, where 500 were drawn up, put them to flight with a loss of forty men; the loyal party only losing three before the rebels broke and fled.

Two block-houses, to contain forty-two men each, now occupy commanding ground on the Don, near Montgomerie's Hill. These are two stories in height. The upper story projects beyond the lower, being placed across it, like a diamond on a square; so that the foot of the block-house is defended by the fire above. But there are no ditches or palisades round the works; and for the one which I entered in Young-street water had to be brought from some distance. All this would, of course, be remedied if troubles arose again.

The late Colonel of the 83rd Regt. had adopted a very sensible and serviceable undress for his officers in winter, so as to assimilate them to the grey great-coats of the men. The officers of this regiment, instead of dark caps and blue surtouts, wore caps of grey fur, and grey surtouts, with fur of the same colour on the collar and cuffs. Before this was adopted (and which, also, the Royal Canadian Rifles wear in winter) one of the 83rd officers, in a blue surtout, was picked out and killed, at the affair of Prescott, in 1838. The hardy soldiers of the 93rd Highlanders wore at Toronto, during the day, the red coat, with trousers and fur caps, and only put on the great-coat on sentry in winter. From there being no barracks at Toronto capable of holding more than 300 men, the two regiments were much scattered. It is hardly necessary to say that we experienced every civility and attention from our brother officers, partook of their hospitality, and the use of their sleighs and horses.

Ice-boats or sail-boats, mounted on a large pair of runners, with an iron rudder, used to be in fashion in the winter in Toronto, but I saw none on this occasion; however, I played a *bonspeil* or match, at the ancient Scottish game of curling, which was daily practised on a good *rink* or course, of forty-two yards long, on the ice, near the steam-boat landing. There, after the morning business had been finished, those fond of this manly exercise were brought together in social intercourse, and crampits on feet, hurled their "channel stanes," with iron handles, and of thirty pounds and more in weight, across the *hogscore* towards the *tee* or circular goal marked on the ice, and with besoms swept smooth the surface to help on the stone to a proper position. Such expressions as these would be continually heard,—"*Soop* it up! Soop it up!*—jist come through this port fornent my brum—come yer weys and break an egg on this stane—oh! play gently, and lay yer stane on the pat lid."

Round and round the curlers, skaters would whirl, and balance themselves gracefully on one limb, whilst a crowd of "small boys," more impudent and independent than I have usually seen them, would drag their hand-sleighs and slide on the edge of the curlers' rink.

* Sweep.

The most picturesque spot near Toronto, and within four miles of it, is Drumsnab, the residence of Mr. Cailey, a roomy mansion of one story, with a broad verandah, seated among fields and woods at the edge of a slope; at the bottom winds a river; opposite is a most singular conical hill, like an immense Indian tumulus for the dead; in the distance, through a vista cut judiciously in the forest, are seen the dark-blue waters of Lake Ontario. The walls of the principal room are covered with scenes from Faust, drawn in fresco, with a bold and masterly hand, by the proprietor.

On Sunday I attended the Scotch Kirk, where a recently-appointed minister (Mr. Bartlett,) delivered an excellent discourse, with clear enunciation and fervour.

Being obliged to decline invitations several days in advance, after an elegant entertainment at the Chief Justice's, at which many of the most distinguished of the city was present, we bid adieu to the friends who had so kindly received and hospitably lodged us, then our London party, with an agreeable addition to its number, again mounted the travelling sleighs, and, assisted by a recent fall of snow, we sped merrily on our way back, very kindly helped on a stage by sleighs of the 83rd officers. The state of the roads however, was not sufficiently good to warrant our visiting on this occasion, Galt and Goderich, which we had intended to do before returning from whence we came.

An interesting summer excursion may now be made by means of steam, and at small cost, thus:—Starting from either Toronto, Buffalo, or London, Canada West, reach Detroit on Lake St. Clair, steam up Lake Huron to the romantic Island of Michilimaccinack or Macinaw, celebrated in the early history of "the Land of the West," thence proceed to the Falls of St. Mary, famous for the excellency of the white fish—the pride of the Great Lakes; a short land journey takes the traveller to Lake Superior, return from thence and visit one or two of the Manatou-waning, or Manitoulin Islands, where good specimens of the "Red men" may be seen; pass down Lake Michigan to Chicago, at the extreme lower end of the lake, there the prairies begin; and six or eight miles from Chicago is a branch of the Mississippi. A journey of 200 miles, or five days in a waggon, which may be hired for 2½ dollars a day, (12s. 6d.), conducts one to the main stream of the "Father of Waters;" half way to it there is capital shooting. On these "inland seas," waving with grass and wild flowers, studded with occasional groves, and intersected by streams, are found deer, gigantic cranes, *pelicans of the wilderness*, swans, geese, ducks, plovers, partridges, quails, and above all, that fine bird the prairie hen, the grouse of America. Return to Detroit, and so home again, if time does not permit of the pursuit of the buffalo, at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

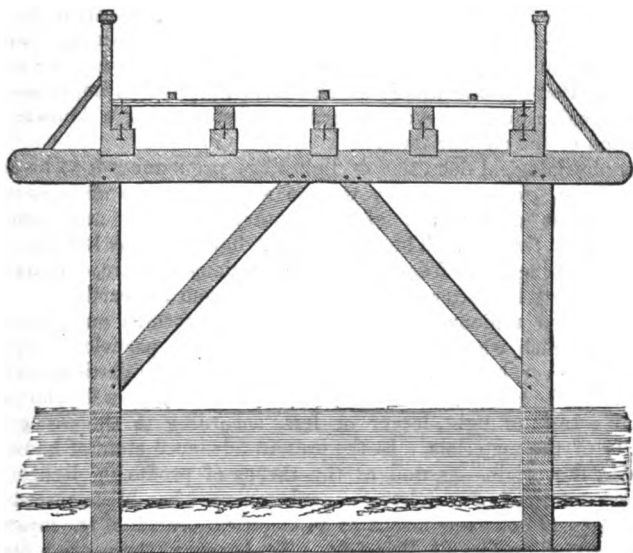
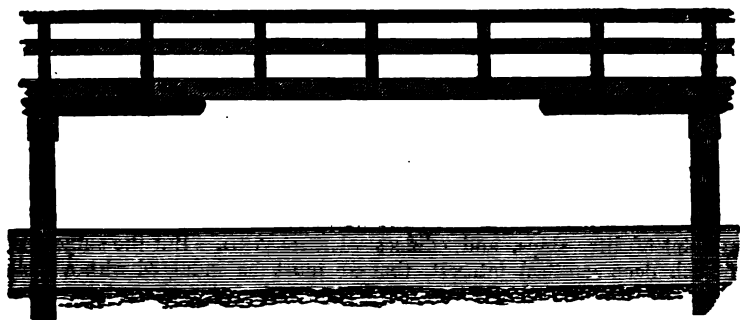
Some of the steamers which ply on the Great Lakes are splendid vessels, and safe when on the low-pressure principle. Their captains have a great pride in them, when with handsomely painted sides, and shining with gilding, brass-work, and varnish, and with new colours displayed, they dash out from their wharfs into the broad lake. The captains are very accommodating, and whenever hailed from the shore, stop at wharfs, however small, on the chance of assisting a passenger. Lately, on the first trip of one of these vessels, she was hailed when moving along in all her bravery, from a wharf, on which stood a man

of rather "loafish" appearance, near some piles of fire-wood. The steamer immediately altered her course, and ranged up alongside the wharf. "What do you want?" said the Captain. "Just to see your new boat," was the answer; "want any cord-wood?" "Make fast the hawsers," roared the Captain; they were accordingly made fast to the wharf. "Set on, go ahead!" and away went the wharf, cord-wood, and all, into the lake, the loafer making his escape as fast as he could into the bush.

We slept at West Flamborough, seated in a thriving district, where there are many German settlers, distinguished in winter by their heavy and substantial sleighs, their broad-brimmed hats, grey great-coats with capacious capes, and with beards on their chins; the women in very quaint low caps, and primitive-looking dresses. Those we saw seemed a very silent people; but generally in the Canadas and States, there is not much loquacity; there is too much "calculating" going on; however, sometimes great talkers are found. An American officer, noted in the Army of the United States for his powers of talking, was once sent to a post where lived another fluent person; a friend visited the officer after some time, and asked him how he managed with the other talker. "He talks considerable, certainly," answered he; "but when he spits I put in!" There is a story too, of a bet between an American and a Dutchman, who should talk the other out of breath; they were locked in a room all night; and in the morning the Dutchman was found on the floor just dead, and the American with only strength left to whisper in his ear.

On the way by Paris to Woodstock, we passed through winter scenes of surpassing beauty: the landscape was undulating, and there were gentle hills on either hand, with orchards and masses of oak and pine. There had been a fog, and the vapour clinging to and frozen on the branches, crusted them all along, and on the trunks with frosted silver; the tops of the distant trees were concealed by a thin cloud of mist; some distance below us, on our left, was a black and wide-spread forest, to which we could see no limit; a noble bald-headed eagle soared away before us. In these forests of Canada West, the deer are occasionally pursued on the principle of still-hunting, or moving noiselessly on their track in the snow; but as they both see and hear extremely well, if there is no wind, and the snow is not deep to fatigue the deer, still-hunting is profitless. A deer can hear a hunter, even on mocassins, 400 yards it is said. Deer are not worth eating in winter; the best hunting is in September, when a couple of hunters armed with their rifles, and mounted on ponies, followed by two or three good hounds, take to the bush: one by his knowledge of wood craft, posts himself at a pass commonly used by the deer; the other makes a circuit with the dogs, rouses the game, which are easily shot as they pass by the hunter concealed behind a tree. Wild turkeys are still found about Lake St. Clair and London, but not west of the latter.

At Paris there is a covered wooden bridge of considerable length, and with a double carriage way, over the swift-running Ouse, the scantling of the sides arranged as open trellis work; though this looks well, yet it admits high winds to act with force on the roof, with danger of displacement. The generality of the wooden bridges for the plank roads, already noticed, are without roofs, and of very simple, and at the same time, of solid construction.



The posts of the bridge are of different lengths, and 12×12 inches square: they are embedded in the earth never less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet, often more; between the posts there is 24 feet span; the plank-way is 16 feet wide, with fenders and space for footpaths on each side; the hand-rails are 4×6 , and 6 feet 3 inches high; the braces for do. 4×6 ; the planks, 3 inches thick, rest on stringers 8×12 , and 25 feet long, these again on supporting beams 12×12 , and 12 feet long, to prevent vibration; the cap, 12×14 , and 22 feet long; the braces below this are 6×8 and of different lengths, governed by the length of the posts; the mud-cill 12×12 , and 21 feet long; the culverts or drains for the plank-roads are strong wooden cases.

The second night from Toronto, we slept at Woodstock, about which pleasantly-situated village many half-pay men are settled; and the society there is dignified with the title of the Aristocracy of Woodstock. On the third day after the four passengers in our largest sleigh had been tumbled out like bundles of clothes into the snow in trying to pass another conveyance, we reached in safety "The City of Stumps."

Canada, March, 1843.

NAVAL IMPROVEMENTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

WE have already dwelt so largely on the Occult Principle recognisable in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, that the readers of these essays will be prepared for our views on that subtle but powerful assailant of life, ships, and edifices—**LIGHTNING**. But the subject is of such deep nautical interest, that we must be indulged with a spell on its phenomena and effects—its ravages and their preventive. The topic concerns all seamen; and indeed most of the other lieges, since the presence of a thunder-storm will always command attention. The sage Joseph Miller records, that he who never snuffed a candle with his fingers, might possibly be unacquainted with fear: and it may be suspected, that few are wholly exempt from that mental impression who inhabit a cabin over a powder-magazine, after gaining a knowledge of the action of the electric fluid.

The physiological definition of lightning, pronounces it to be a large bright flame, extending every way to a considerable distance in the lower regions of the air, of momentary duration, and commonly attended with thunder. The generation of lightning was long accounted for by supposing that, from the atomic portions of nitre, sulphur, and other combustible matter, which are exhaled from the earth, and carried into the higher regions of the atmosphere, is formed an inflammable substance, which, when a sufficient quantity of fiery particles is separated from the vapour buoyed up into the air, with these particles adhering to them, by the collision of two clouds, or otherwise, takes fire, and shoots out into a train of light, larger or less, according to the strength and quantity of the materials. In the present advanced state of knowledge, however, this origin—as well as the theory of producing lightning by the fermentation of sulphureous substances—has disappeared; and meteorologists now recognise it as an electrical branch of the mysterious and all-pervading Occult Principle. To be sure, there are a few who still ground their views on the chimerical principle of Des Cartes, and employ ether, light, and elementary fire as the *materia subtilis* of nature's grand operations aloft: but their conclusions are neither exact, nor intelligible, albeit they help the Murphy-ites and Weather Almanacs along.

The general circumstances attendant on thunder and lightning, are pretty familiar to most persons. Both effects are excited by a sudden explosion of certain dense electrical clouds, which, on this account are called thunder-clouds,—the which are well known to observant seamen, who must often have watched them from a mere jagged fleeciness, to a dark, rolling, misshapen mass, rapidly increasing in volume as it rises into the higher regions of the air, under variable and frequently opposite relative motions. While these concomitants of a thunder-storm are advancing above, the atmosphere at the surface of the earth is still and calm, accompanied with some elevation of temperature, as well as considerable barometric and hygrometric alterations, producing on the animal system indescribable sensations of uneasiness, faintness, and

oppression, and appearing even to the brute creation indicative of some awful and impending changes. Lightning-flashes are now perceived at short intervals, and presently when heavy showers of rain or hail descend, the atmosphere is again cooled. The blackness now becomes universal; the thunder, which before groaned continuously and at sensible intervals after the discharge of the lightning, now roars in a loud and sudden clap almost at the same instant that the lightning is seen descending with immense velocity.

The heavy condensation resulting from a thunder-cloud, is often spoken of in a manner which would imply that the cloud possessed some mechanical or other energy, by means of which the violent wind is sent forth; but nothing can be more unfounded than such a supposition. The cloud may indeed be the means of electric development, and furnishes also the watery deposition for the hail or rain; but the particles of the cloud are passively inert, like those of a common fog or mist, for the violent winds and disturbing forces, which may be present, operate to produce the cloud, but do not, in any important sense, result from its action.

Meteorologists maintain, that when a cold stratum or current of the higher atmosphere moves or rests upon a warm one which is next to the earth, neither stratum as such, can penetrate or displace the other. Nor can a sudden interchange or commingling take place between the masses or particles of which these strata are composed, except by the slow and tedious process of the successive action and convolution of single particles, or small groups of particles, upon or around each other: but if a communication or interchange between the two strata becomes established by means of the action of a gradually excited whirlwind, or, if owing to any inequality of surface or other accident, a depression is made upon the lower stratum, so as to enable the colder air to descend at this point, then an immediate gyration or convolution will take place in the two masses at this point, the warm air rising as it becomes displaced, and a copious condensation will immediately follow. It is movements of this character which produce the dense and convoluted appearance known as a thunder-cloud, and the thunder, lightning, rain, and hail, follow as necessary results. The precipitation of the colder stratum thus commenced, is regularly continued and enlarged till an equilibrium is produced, and the thunder-storm thus engendered, assumes, of course, the direction of the upper current to which it is appended. The electric phenomena which are induced by this sudden contact or intermingling of masses of air of different temperatures and hygrometric conditions, become highly vivid, and too often destructive. Though the real nature of the powerful fluid is as yet unknown, the active principle of a thunder-storm, says Mr. Snow Harris, may be considered as an invisible and extremely subtle species of matter pervading all nature, being distributed in bodies in quantities proportionate to their several capacities for it, thereby producing a sort of equilibrium of force in every direction, but possessing a self-adjusting tendency in cases of disturbance. In our present knowledge analogy must be used instead of demonstration, and probability must precurse fact. Different views have been taken of the action of the wondrous agency in question, but most of them seem to warrant the conclusion, that it consists of an exquisitely subtle form of matter, every where present, and operating