

3. *The Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale,*
by Lord Byron; 8vo. pp. 72. Murray.

THIS highly-wrought Tragic Tale, in its general complexion, has some resemblance to "The Giaour;" but is a much more regular production. Every circumstance is unfolded with the Noble Baron's accustomed skill; and, as in the former Poem, whilst he harrows up the finer feelings of the soul, he delights by boldness of imagery and sublimity of description.

The Personages of the Drama are, Giafir, an old Pacha; Zuleika, his beautiful daughter; and Selim, the son of Abdallah (the brother of Giafir, whom that ferocious Pacha had caused to be poisoned by a cup of coffee given to him when in the bath, and whose honours and fortune he had usurped). The life of the infant Selim had been spared; and, having been brought up as Giafir's son, the tenderest fraternal affection subsisted between him and his supposed sister. The secret of his birth had been told to Selim by an old and faithful adherent of Abdallah; but to Zuleika it was not disclosed till the period when her father had destined her hand to Osman, kinsman of the Bey Oglou. Frantic at the idea of losing the treasure of his heart, Selim after twilight conducts her from the Haram to a solitary grotto near the sea-shore, whither, in the character of a sister, she had frequently accompanied him.

"Since last she visited the spot, [grot:]
Some change seem'd wrought within the
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light—
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue:
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turban'd Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt;
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup, too, on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean—she turn'd to see
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red, [wore:]
Wreath'd lightly round, his temples
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced.

And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white—the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiot:
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast—
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheath'd and bound.

But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Gallionée*.

"I said I was not what I seem'd, [true;
And now thou seest my words were
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth—its truth must others rue.
My story now 'twere vain to hide,
I must not see thee Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.—
In this I speak not now of love—
That—let time, truth, and peril prove;
But first—Oh! never wed another—
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

Selim unfolds his whole history (which, on the first reading, we were disposed to think might be shortened with advantage); and informs Zuleika that a small band of pirates, with whom he had long been secretly connected, were in waiting; and entreats her to depart with him—

"With me this hour away—away—
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,
Appall'd by truths imparted now—
Here rest I—not to see thee wed,
But be that peril on my head?"

"Zuleika—mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress—
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé!
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essay'd to speak, or look reply—
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
'Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more
than brother!"

Far—wide through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand:—
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;

* A Turkish sailor.

And, last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

Dauntless he stood — 'Tis come — soon
past;

One kiss, Zuleika, — 'tis my last;
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal — see the flash—
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash:

No matter—yet one effort more,
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept,
His pistol's echo rang on high:

Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumb'd her breast and eye!

'They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die; [nigh.
That sound hath drawn my foes more
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!

Farewell, Zuleika! — Sweet! retire —
Yet stay within — here linger safe,

At thee his rage will only chafe.—
Stir not — lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance:
Fear'st thou for him? — may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!

No—though by him that poison pour'd,
No—though again he call me coward! —
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand;
Already at his feet bath sunk

The foremost of the prying band—
A gasping head, a quivering trunk;

Another falls — but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes:

From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave: —

His boat appears — not five oars' length;
His comrades strain with desperate
struggle—

Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;

His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;

Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!

They come: 'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water!

Escaped from shot — unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel—

Had Selim won,—though thus beset,
To where the strand and billows met—

There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand,

Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?

That pause—that fatal gaze he took—
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his
chain;

Sad proof — in peril and in pain
How late will Lover's hope remain!

His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay—

When at the instant hissed the ball,
'So may the foes of Giaffir fall!
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine
rang?

Whose bullet through the night-air sang;
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err,—

'Tis thine — Abdallah's Murderer!

The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate—

Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling,

If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choak'd the tone!"

Zuleika was spared the sight of
Selim's death. Petrified with terror
and despair,

"That fearful moment when he left
the cave

Thy heart grew chill;
He was thy hope, thy joy, thy love, thine
all— [couldst not save,

And that last thought on him thou
Sufficed to kill— [still—

Burst forth in one wild cry, and all was
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin
grave!"

"Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above

The sad but living cypress glooms, [leaf
And withers not, though branch and
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief;

Like early unrequited Love!
One spot exists—which ever blooms,

Ev'n in that deadly grove.—
A single rose is shedding there

Its lonely lustre, meek and pale,
It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high; [assail,
And yet, though storms and blight
And hands more rude than wintry sky

May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!

The stalk some Spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears.

For well may Maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,

Which mocks the tempest's withering
hour,

And buds unshelter'd by a bower,
Nor droops — though Spring refuse her
shower,

Nor woos the summer-beam."

The foregoing will afford a tolera-
ble idea both of the story, and of the
powerful interest, and the exquisite
feeling, which the Author has every
where infused into this poetical *bijou*.

We cannot, however, refrain from
making a few other extracts.

What a variety of beautiful and
appropriate imagery has the Author
combined in the few introductory
lines of the Poem!

“Know ye the land where the cypress
 and myrtle [their clime,
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love
 of the turtle— [to crime?
 Now melt into sorrow — now madden
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams
 ever shine, [with perfume,
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress
 Wax faint o’er the gardens of Gál* in her
 bloom; [fruit,
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of
 And the voice of the nightingale never is
 mute; [hues of the sky,
 Where the tints of the earth, and the
 In colour though varied, in beauty may
 vie, [dye;
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses
 they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of Man, is divine:
 ‘Tis the clime of the East — ‘tis the land
 of the Sun— [ren have done?†
 Can he smile on such deeds as his child—
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers’ farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the
 tales which they tell.”

The highly-finished picture of Zuleika (some affecting images in which strikingly exhibit his Lordship’s peculiar turn of thought), and the Note accompanying it (the closing sentence of which is poetry itself of the highest order), must conclude this article.

“Fair—as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent
 smiling, [mind—
 Whose image then was stamp’d upon her
 But once beguiled—and ever more be-
 guiling; [vision
 Dazzling—as that, oh! too transcendent
 To Sorrow’s phantom-peopled slumber
 given, [Elysian,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams
 And paints the lost on Earth revived
 in Heaven;

Soft—as the memory of buried love—
 Pure—as the prayer which Childhood
 wafts above— [Chief,
 Was she, the daughter of that rude old
 Who met the maid with tears—but not
 of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words
 essay [ray?
 To fix one spark of Beauty’s heavenly
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart
 confess
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika, such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark’d by her
 alone—
 The light of love—the purity of grace—
 The mind—the Musick breathing from
 her face!‡ [the whole—
 The heart whose softness harmonized
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!
 Her graceful arms in meekness bending
 Across her gently-budding breast—
 At one kind word those arms extending
 To clasp the neck of him who blest
 His child caressing and carest,
 Zuleika came—”

Twelve pages of Notes are sub-joined, which, as well as the Poem itself, afford a pleasing illustration of the character, manners, and habits of the modern Turks.

4. *Moonlight, a Poem: with several Copies of Verses.* By Edward Lord Thurlow. 4to. pp. 72. White, Cochran, and Co.

IT is a remarkable epoch in the Annals of a Review, that Two Noble Authors should appear before their Tribunal in the same Session of Criticism—*Par Nobile Fratrum*.—So different, however, is the object of their pursuits, so varied their devotion to the Muse, that it would be uncan-

* “Gál,” the Rose.”

† “Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
 With whom revenge is virtue. Young’s *Revenge*.”

‡ “This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to ‘Him who hath not Musick in his soul,’ but merely request the Reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between ‘Painting and Musick,’ see vol. III. cap. 10, ‘De L’Allemagne.’ And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described. Still I think there are some who will understand it—at least they would have done, had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination, but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!”

did to contrast them, or to place them in competition. They have each their peculiar merit. The one, soaring like the bold eagle, dazzling like a splendid meteor: the other, like the elegant but plaintive Philomel, delights by the placid sweetness of Spenserian strains; and, not unfrequently, raising his melodious note, resembles the Lark who "at Heaven's gate sings."

The Work is inscribed to Lord Eldon, the present Lord High Chancellor, in terms of such modest dignity as reflect equal honour both on the Writer and his Noble Friend; and with sentiments of the profoundest gratitude to that firm Pillar of the State, whose transcendent talents, and more particularly his manly firmness to his Sovereign, this Country can never forget. — From this Dedication we shall present our Readers with a specimen of Lord Thurlow's Prose:

"In this fair morning of the Liberty of Europe, after a long night of solicitude and counsel, in which your Lordship's wisdom has been eminently seen; I approach your Lordship with a Poem, which, it may be, shall beguile you of some moments of severer thought. This labour of two days, otherwise undeserving of your Lordship's favour, I present to you on two accounts: first, because I conceive that it contains no thought unworthy of your Lordship's greatness, founded on virtue; and, secondly, because I have herein expressed my boundless debt of gratitude to him who preceded your Lordship in the Chair of Counsel and State; and who, as he was the ornament and founder of his family, so was he a fair and majestic Pillar of the Commonwealth. Between him and your Lordship there ever existed a wise and affectionate friendship: and I therefore commit to your favour my own humble tribute to his memory, and the Verses which I have preserved of his writing; wherein your Lordship's excellent taste and learning will discover, that no greater man had been in the translating of the elder Poets, if either his fortune or his pleasure had led him to that pursuit."

We have repeatedly given specimens of Lord Thurlow's ingenuous Muse (see our last volume, pp. ii. 354, 365, 469, 579, 580, 589; and the present Number, p. 63). The principal Poem in the present Collection is intitled "Moonlight," and, though a somewhat hasty production, it has many beautiful passages. It begins with the following Invocation:

"Come then, diviner Muse, and dwell
with me: [confid'

Since the great Princes of the world,
Within the pomp and pageantry of state,
Deny thy presence, to whose searching eye
The world, and its ambition, is a dream,
And all its glorious and loud-sounding
pomp, [ear,

Charmful to sense, well weighed in thy
But musick to a spectacle of woe. [me:
Come then, diviner Muse, and dwell with
I offer thee my heart, and with it too
Such entertainment as that heart can
give,

A fellowship of thought, a deep desire,
E'en to the verge of madness, to pursue
The track of meditation, whilst the Moon,
Emerging from the lightly-flying clouds,
Laughs in her pomp, and, with her palest
light,

Sits Arbitress in the mid plains of Heav'n:
Come then, diviner Muse, and dwell with
me.

What hinders but, with sad and silent
feet, [down,

Hands in each other lock'd, and eyes cast
On which the cloud of Meditation sits,
We wander o'er the lawns, and seen of
none,

Amidst the pale dominion of the Night,
Hold converse with the habitants of
Heav'n?

Now Silence is in air, and sound is none:
Save where the owl from out her ivied
bow'r [stars,
Hoots joyous at the Moon, and sprinkles
That shine like diamonds in the blue
serene:

Blest harbingers of bliss, and beacons fair
That guide our wand'ring footsteps
through a world

Of error, that our falt'ring feet beguiles

Continuing to hold sweet converse
with the Muse, he proceeds,

"Awile, O dear Companion of my steps,
Awile to this seclusion let us pass, [yew,
Where, underneath the laurel and the
The owl loud hooting to the frosty air,
Reposing in this shade our dewy feet,
We may observe the Chariot of the Moon
Wheel her pale course through the mid
plains of Heaven. [wheels,
Link we our souls unto her burning
And, in her flaming orbit, let us pass
O'er sea and land in our entranced
thought!

Oh me, what a prodigious height we soar
Above the bright expanse; how trifling
seem

The little aims and troubles of the world,
That with their flimsy bondage yet en-
thrall [Heaven!

Great souls, of birth to win the arched
Where is the speck for which great Cæsar
fought,

For

For which great Julius in the Senate died,
The Sceptre of the World, so call'd by him
Who led Æneas from the flames of Troy,
Through woe and shipwreck, to Lavinia's
coast?

Tell me, O Muse, if any eye can tell,
Where is the godlike Alexander's march,
The king of kings, the horned Ammon's
son, [heart,
Spoiler of Greece, that, stabbing Persia's
Wash'd his soil'd axles in the Indian sea?
Where is that sea? or where, indeed,
the world? [sung?

The boundless world, by the great Poets
A kingdom? or a province? or a field?
A speck, that the exalted mind can scarce
Discern, amid the wilderness of air!
How pleasant to consider at his toil
The pale Geographer, with wakeful
thought,

The compass in his hand, the open page
Of some great ancient tracer of the hills
And rivers from their source, before him
laid,

With careful hand adjusting to each king
His portion of pass'd earth, and marking
well

What here to Greece or Artaxerxes long'd:
Oh! this is lunatic, and well deserves
The sounding lash, (cruel expedient,
And ill-abus'd to heighten Nature's woe!)
If the fair picture of this insect world
Were well presented to our purged
thought, [stage he play'd.

And man taught well on what small
But hold! the abuse of passion here has
sway;

Nor let our startled Nature in amaze
Put aught dishonour on the learned toil
That keeps a RENNEL from his balmy
sleep!"

The following lines are equally honourable to the living and the deceased Lord Thurlow:

"I question then, O Muse, in love divine,
Where that immortal Spirit may abide
That in his just vocation of this world,
With favour of the King, maintain'd the
sway

Of Jurisprudence in this Triple Realm?
Well known to thee: that, in his aged
thought,

With Homer and great Danté did converse,
[song

And sweet Euripides, whose mournful
Flows in his numbers, like the silver Po,
In weeping tribute to the Adrian sea*.
For since the stars have shed discursive
light, [mind

With favour, on our globe, no greater

E'er sat in judgment on the thoughts of
men,

Or brought its noble faculties to bear
With more advantage on the public weal:
In thought, in word, in action ever just:
Shield of the Poor; and, rising for his
King,

Th'upright defender of his awful Throne,
Then, oh, may God forsake him not in
death! [Earth

But that pure Spirit, that on cloudy
Stood faithful to his King, and still up-
held [with light,

His gracious Master's cause, be crown'd
And in the fields of Æther sit, inclos'd
With glory, on a sempiternal throne!

Led by his hand, I first essay'd to walk,
O dear Companion of my earliest steps,
With thee, O Muse; and from the beams
of morn [sweet,

To the pale twilight sought thy converse
Whatever in old Greece or Rome was done,
Or else recorded of those actions pure
From thee I learnt, and from his counsel
sage. [too;

Grave was he, and severe; but gentle
And underneath a rough exterior hid
A heart, which pity melted into tears.
Farewell, my Master, and my earliest
Friend!

But not farewell of thee the memory;
Since all I am, in fortune, or in rank,
In thought, or my inheritance of fame,
Bating my nature, to thy care I owe;
I should be viler than the dog, that tears
The hand that fed him from his earliest
youth,

If I forsook thee, or thy gen'rous cause:
The seasons may pass on, and blanch my
head, [a map

And wither my shrunk cheek, and paint
Of woeful age upon my wrinkled brow;
But till the tomb outshuts me from the
day, [that were,

And Time disparts me from the things
Thy memory shall unimpair'd remain,
Boundless, as I must still be less, than
thee: [desir'd,

While Spring shall for her blossoms be
Or Summer for her sweets, while Autumn
pale [rule

With fruitage shall be crown'd, or Winter
In storms and tempests the dejected year,
So long, O my first Master, while I live,
Shall I forget not either thee or thine."

We must make one more extract:

"Where now is Homer? or great Virgil
where?

Or in what shades does Ariosto walk,
That with Orlando's madness charm'd
the world? [pure

Where now is Danté? in what region
Of that unbounded world he sung so well?
Or Petrarch, that to love was sworn to
death?

* "This alludes to the Chorus, translated by the late Lord Thurlow, from Euripides; which is printed at the end of this Poem."

Or Tasso, in whose stately verse we see
Whatever the great Roman was before?
Where is Malvezzi, in whose bitter sense
The world may smile at its own tragedy?
Or, if we turn to England in our thought,
Tell me, where Chaucer may be found?

or where [death,
Sweet Spenser, that from rebels fled to
His heart quite broken with the faulty
time?

Where now may Milton meditate? or he
That sung the praises of a country life,
Himself condemn'd in cities to abide,
The rebel's foe, forsaken by his King,
Ingenuous Cowley? but, above them all,
Tell me, O Muse, for thou alone canst
tell, [birth

Where is immortal Shakspeare, at whose
Great Nature was expended to the lees,
And Death forsook his empire o'er the
world?

Or that extravagant and erring soul,
That fled in youth from out the bounds
of Time, [thought?
Since nothing here was equal to his
May God forgive him!"

To this Poem succeed two by the
late Lord Chancellor Thurlow (one of
which we shall transcribe in our next)
introduced as follows:

"The late Lord Chancellor Thurlow, after his retirement from office, and generally from public life, was accustomed to pass his mornings in the study of the great Greek and Roman Poets, and other Authors of antiquity. It sometimes happened, that in his own reading, or in directing my studies, which he superintended with a kindness and care which never seemed to be weary, his mind would be struck with some passage of eminent beauty; and he would amuse himself with translating it into verse. Thus he translated the Chorus from Euripides; and the Battle of the Frogs and Mice from Homer—if indeed it be Homer's. These I have subjoined; for I think Milton could not have excelled the first; and that there is no finer specimen of mock-heroick in our language than the second. Thus in the mere pursuit of amusement, in his old age, he has equalled what other, and greatest minds have done, setting for themselves tasks of labour, by which to arrive at the accomplishment of fame."

A Translation of the Prologue to the Andrian, by the same noble and venerable Peer, is also given: and the remainder of the Collection consists of the following articles, by the present Lord Thurlow:

Lines on Capt. Broke's Victory—and The Orange Tree, a Song (first printed in our last volume, pp. 469, 589.)—To Robert Smirke, Esq. on his beautiful Building of Covent-Garden Theatre.—Virgil's Ghost.—To Italy, on the divine Singing of Madame Catalani.—To Robert Southey, Poet Laureate.—To his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange and Nassau, Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands.—On beholding Bodiam Castle, on the Bank of the Rother in Sussex.—To John Lord Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, High Steward of the University of Oxford.—Lines written on the 31st day of December.

6. *Narrative of the most remarkable Events which occurred in and near Leipzig, immediately before, during, and subsequent to, the sanguinary Series of Engagements between the Allied Armies and the French, from the 14th to the 19th October, 1813. Illustrated with Military Maps, exhibiting the Movements of the respective Armies. Compiled and translated from the German by Frederic Shoberl: pp. 104. Ackermann.*

IN this Country of genuine Benevolence, the subject of the present Pamphlet cannot fail of exciting very general interest. It might be sufficient, indeed, to observe, that

"The whole of the profits which may arise from this Work will be applied to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate Inhabitants of Leipzig and its vicinity, of whose case so heart-rending a picture is drawn in the following pages. That every Purchaser, while gratifying his own curiosity by the perusal of a Narrative of no common interest, will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is contributing, in a degree however small, to the alleviation of the complicated woes of the devoted Martyrs to the Emancipation of Europe."

But, humanity out of the question, we venture to assert (and are now copying from *The Times*) that the book presents the most lively description ever published of one of the most sanguinary actions recorded in history. There are few persons, we believe, that have not wished to be present at a general engagement, and to witness (were it possible), in security, all the occurrences therein.

"Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis," &c.

And here we have a most intelligent eye-witness of the several engagements

* "The great, but unhappy Chatterton."

ments in and near Leipsig, preserved to record the events which he saw, in the same manner in which they struck him. Few people, we believe, who shall take up the book, will be prevailed on to lay it down till they have read it through, it so engages and binds down the attention of the Reader. It shall be our business only at present to bring testimony to the truth of these praises, by the selection of some passages, referring the more curious, or the more humane, to the Work itself. — The wretched and wicked individual, who has occasioned these and all the other miseries of Europe, is still an object of curiosity, if it be but for the enormity of his guilt, to say nothing of the singular structure of his mind: and in the following passage, which gives us the first day's battle, his appearance will be found most naturally described by the Author:

"The 14th of October at length dawned. It had been preceded by several rainy days; but this was merely lowering. The cannon thundered at intervals towards Liebertwolkwitz. In the forenoon, wounded French, chiefly cavalry, kept coming in singly. With whom they had been engaged they knew not—*Cossacks*, of course. We looked forward with certainty to a general engagement. It became every hour more dangerous for the inquisitive to venture out, or in, at the gates. There was no end to the marching of horse and foot, and the rolling of carriages: at every ten paces you met in all directions with *corps de garde*, by whom every non-military person, without distinction, was ordered back, sometimes with fair words, and at others with rudeness. Several couriers had been sent forward, to announce the speedy arrival of the King of Saxony and Napoleon. The Hero of the age, as he has been styled, actually came about noon, not, as we anticipated, by the Dresden road, but by that from Berlin. He passed hastily through the city, and out at the farthest Grimma gate, attended by some battalions and squadrons of his guards. A camp-chair and a table were brought in all haste, and a great watch-fire kindled in the open field, not far from the gallows. The guards bivouacked on the right and left. The Emperor took possession of the head-quarters prepared for him, which were any thing but magnificent, being surrounded only by the relics of the stalks and leaves of the cabbages consumed by his soldiers. The table was

instantly covered with maps, over which the Emperor pored most attentively for a considerable time. Of what was passing around him he seemed not to take the smallest notice. The spectators, of whom I was one, crowded pretty close about him. On occasion of his visit to the city, a few months before, the French had discovered that the people of Leipzig were not so evil disposed as they had been represented, but tolerably good-natured creatures. They were therefore allowed to approach unobstructed within twenty paces. A long train of carriages from the Wurzen road, the cracking of the whips of the postillions, together with a great number of horse-soldiers and tall grenadiers, announced the arrival of another distinguished personage, and called the attention of the bystanders that way. It was the King of Saxony, with his guards and retinue. He alighted, and a kind salutation ensued between him and his august Ally. The King soon afterwards mounted a horse, and thus proceeded into the city. Napoleon meanwhile remained where he was. He sometimes rose from his seat, went up to the watch-fire, held his hands over it, rubbed them, and then placed them behind him, whilst with his foot he pushed the wood, consisting of dry boards and rafters from the nearest houses, into the flame, to make it burn more fiercely. At the same time he very frequently took snuff, of which he seemed to have but a small quantity left in his gold box. At last he scraped together what was left with his finger, and poured it upon his hand. When all was gone, he opened the box several times and smelt to it, without applying to any of the Marshals and Generals around him to relieve his want. As the discharges of artillery towards Probstheide grew more and more general and alarming, and the wounded kept returning in continually increasing numbers, I was rather surprised that the Commander should, on this occasion, contrary to his usual custom, quietly remain so far from the field of battle, which was near ten miles distant, apparently without giving himself the least concern about the event. — It was near four in the afternoon when one of his aides-de-camp came at full speed from the city, and made a report. The drums instantly beat to arms, and the divisions of the guards broke up. The Emperor immediately mounted his horse, and followed them. He directed his course towards the Kohlgärten, leaving the field of battle on the right. I soon perceived the cause of this movement: the message informed him of the arrival of the whole of his guards, for whom

whom he had been waiting. They came from Dübén, entering by the Halle gate, and now made a counter-march upon Dresden. When I beheld their endless files, and cannon without number, pouring out of the city, I certainly gave up the Allies for lost. I was thoroughly convinced that Napoleon had no other plan than to strike off to the right, behind the Kohlgärten, with his new army, and, proceeding from Stötteritz, to turn his enemies on the right flank, and, as he had often done before, to attack and annihilate them. I was, however, egregiously mistaken. The Emperor went with his retinue scarcely a thousand paces, to the first houses of the Kohlgärten, where he took up his quarters, and quietly passed the night. The guards and the whole train likewise stopped in that neighbourhood, and there bivouacked. It grew dark. The palisades at the gate had left but a narrow passage, through which troops and artillery kept pouring without intermission."

The following is a brief description of the misery proceeding only from this first day's fight: which it is the object of this publication to relieve:

"Weeping mothers, with beds packed up in baskets, leading two or three stark-naked children by the hand, and with, perhaps, another infant at their back; fathers seeking their wives and families; children, who had lost their parents in the crowd; trucks with sick persons forcing their way among the thousands of horses; cries of misery and despair in every quarter:—such were the heralds that most feelingly proclaimed the presence of the warriors who have been celebrated in so many regions, and whose imposing appearance has been so often admired. All these unfortunates crowded into the filthy corner formed by the old hospital and the wall at the Kohlgärten-gate. Their cries and lamentations were intermingled with the moans and groans of the wounded who were going to the hospitals, and who earnestly solicited bread and relief. A number of French soldiers, probably such as had loitered in the rear, searched every basket and every pocket for provisions. They turned without ceremony the sleeping infants out of the baskets, and cared not how the enraged mothers lacerated their faces in return. The scenes of horror changed so quickly, that you could not dwell more than half a minute upon any of them. The tenderest heart became torpid and insensible. One tale

of woe followed on the heels of another: 'Such a person, too, has been plundered! Such an one's house has been set on fire! This man is cut in pieces: that has been transfixed with the bayonet! Those poor creatures are seeking their children!' Such was the intelligence brought by every new fugitive. If you asked the French when the march would be over, you received the consolatory answer: 'Not before six o'clock in the morning.' During the night, the sound of drums and trumpets incessantly announced the arrival of fresh regiments. At length, about midnight, the bustle somewhat subsided, at least so far as regarded the marching of troops. I now seized the favourable moment, and felt myself, as it were, a new creature; when, having made my way through the crowd of horses with extraordinary courage and dexterity, I once more set foot in the city. *Thus the morning and the evening completed the first day of horror.*"

A passage with which the Author closes his account of the action of the 16th is worthy of being extracted, as presenting a proof, among the millions of others, of the low-bred habits of falsehood and guile, by which Buonaparte is distinguished, and which have also in a certain degree contributed to his success:

"I have forgotten to mention a circumstance worthy of notice in the history of this day. It is this: that in the midst of the cannonade all round Leipzig—when the whole city shook with the thunders of the artillery, and the general engagement had, strictly speaking, but just commenced—all the bells of the churches were rung by French command, to celebrate the victory won in the forenoon. Such an instance was certainly never afforded by any battle which had scarcely begun, and terminated in the total and decisive overthrow of him who had already fancied himself mounted in triumph upon the ear of victory. This day, however, the engagement still remained undecided, according to the reports of those who returned from different points of the field of battle. The French had stood as if rooted to the spot—the Allies like rocks of granite. The former had fought like men; the latter like lions. Both parties, inspired with mutual respect, desisted from hostilities during the night."

In our next, we shall give some farther particulars from this very interesting Pamphlet.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"To excite pleasing emotions in others, is the most general expression of the object, and to be natural, graceful, consistent, and correct, the most general expression of the rules, prescribed to an Artist; and the pursuit of such an end, by such means, must have a powerful tendency to influence the habitual disposition, and to impart an agreeable seasoning to the sentiments and conduct of those who engage in it."

1. *Elements of Musick, in Verse; adapted to the Piano-forte, and calculated for juvenile Study: to which are added, a Series of Progressive Lessons and a favourite Duet.* By John Kelly. ("It is the peculiar quality of Musick to raise the sociable and happy Passions, and to subdue the contrary ones." Avison.) pp. 31, 5s. Sherwood and Co. 1813.

THE subjects of Mr. Kelly's twelve versified Lessons are—musical notation, time, graces, intervals, major and minor keys, their sharp and flat signatures, and fingering. These are patched with prose and examples in musical characters, and are succeeded by a Table which explains the meaning of the foreign terms most commonly employed in Musick, and eleven pages of lessons for practice on the Piano-forte. Page 12 is a Table of Intervals, in which the right-hand column, expressing the number of semitones in every interval given, is erroneous; for example:

"A whole tone, *three* semitones always contains,
As the table of intervals clearly explains."

The following is a fair specimen of the poetry, and the most useful extract we can furnish:

"The *figures*, which over the notes are array'd [should be play'd];
Shew the *fingers* with which those notes
But when it is proper the *thumb* should be used, [duced].
We find, for that purpose, a *cross* intro-
In general, the following system prevails,
As the best mode of fing'ring the principal scales: [and B,
Thus, the *major* scales C, G, D, A, E,
In the *thumb's* proper place with each other agree; [the fourth,
In the *right* hand the thumb is applied to
In the *left* to the *fifth*—to the key-note in both.

And of those keys, it also must be understood, [minor the mode.

That the same system serves, although
The *F* key, both major and minor, we find
Has the thumb to the fifth and the key-note consign'd; [to explain

But as no general rules* can be form'd
The method of fing'ring those keys that remain, [formation,

To obtain on that subject the best instruction. P. 17.

We leave our Readers to determine for themselves whether this mode of teaching has any claims to preference: whether it will, as the Writer thinks, make a more lasting impression on the Learner's mind than accurate prose. We think it will not. "Indeed, when the intellectual part hath fed upon a clear and distinct notion, a verse is not unfit to strengthen the *retentive* faculty, and may serve sometime to trusse up a confused heap of particulars into a portable pack; but to disguise the principal rule under the veil of poetry, is to teach them to dance who as yet cannot go; and proves (as painting to glass) a means to darken the sense, and overcast the clear light with a needless cloud," &c. *Janua Linguarum Reserata*, 1659.

2. "*Ye winding Waters passing clear,*" *Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; composed by J. Ross.* 1s. 6d. pp. 4. Preston.

FEW of the Songs we meet with are so well entitled to our favourable mention as this gracefully pathetic Canzonet. Mr. Ross is very commonly successful in this species of composition. The compass of this vocal melody is a thirteenth from middle C, and the movement is *andante* in compound common time.

* See Dussek's Instructions. "The *natural* place of the right hand thumb, in ascending notes, is immediately after, or to the right of short keys; and in descending, immediately before a short key. The natural place for the bass or left hand thumb ascending, is, before a short key; and in descending, is generally immediately after a short key." *Dr. Miller's Institutes*, p. 20.

The Accompaniment is simple, and duly supports the voice-part without obscuring it by engaging too much of the Hearer's attention.

3. *La Bien-venue, a Rondo for the Piano-forte*: composed by Samuel Webbe, jun. 1s. 6d. pp. 3.

THIS Rondo is scarcely worth notice, except as an easy exercise for Learners. It would be no easy matter to ascertain its musical character. For any thing that we know to the contrary, it might just as well have been named "The trotting Donkey."

4. P. A. Corri's *Original System of Preluding, comprehending Instructions on that branch of Piano-forte Playing, with upwards of Two Hundred progressive Preludes in every Key and Mode, and in different styles, so calculated that variety may be formed at pleasure.* pp. 32. 8s. Chappel and Co.

THE Preludes here published may be serviceable if learned by heart, or, as the Author expresses it, by ear; but to think of teaching the art of preluding without some previous knowledge of thorough bass, or harmony, is like teaching a parrot to reason. Perhaps this way of guessing the chords constitutes the originality of "Corri's original system."

"Every performance should be introduced by a Prelude, not only to prepare the ear for the key in which the air or piece is played, but to prepare the fingers, and therefore should in general consist of some rapid movement, intermixed with chords, arpeggios, or other passages. A Prelude is supposed to be played extempore; and to lay down rules would be as impossible as wrong, for the fancy should be unconfined. But for those who are not acquainted with the rules of counterpoint, or composition, I shall submit several specimens or styles of Prelude, adapted to every capacity: those desirous to learn more on the subject, must study that other branch. A Prelude may be of various description: it may be long or short, simple or complex, confined to one key, or modulating into a variety of keys; consisting of chords, &c.—in short, as the fancy may direct; but confined to this rule, that it must begin and end in the same key, which must be the key in which the movement is going to be played. The style for playing Preludes should be bold and energetic; the running passages

executed with brilliancy and velocity; the chords that are long, and which conclude the Prelude, should not be struck together, but by a long-extended *appoggiando*. *Appoggiando* signifies playing a chord in a leaning or slanting direction, so that the notes are heard successively. Those chords which begin any run or passage should have emphasis, and should be played more together, and with more firmness. When there are several chords together, they should be played almost together, and not *appoggiando*. The arpeggios, and passages, wherein both hands combine, and that are linked with ties, &c. must be played perfectly regular and *legato*, keeping as many notes down as possible. In the performance of Preludes, all formality or precision of time must be avoided: they must appear to be the birth of the moment, the effusion of the fancy: for this reason it may be observed, that the measure or time is not always marked at Preludes." P. 1—4.

The rest of the work consists almost entirely of examples, of "capos, codas, and capriccios."

5. Haydn's favourite *Quartett, arranged for the Piano-forte, by Dr. Crotch.* Nos. I. & II. each 3s. 6d. Chappel & Co.

IT is needless to praise these masterly compositions, for the united names of Haydn and Crotch are sufficient recommendation to all real lovers of musick. Each of these Quartets consists of four movements, of which the third is an *adagio*, and the fourth a *presto*. No. I. is in C major, and its *adagio* in F; No. II. is in E major, and its *adagio* in A. Both may be studied with advantage by those performers who are sufficiently advanced; and they will present many new difficulties to the young player, who has confined his practice to thin compositions in the *Latour* style. There is a curious change from triple to common time in the *adagio* of No. I. page 8. Dr. Crotch has fixed the time in which every movement is to be performed, by stating the length of a pendulum to swing quavers or crotchets. It is to be desired that all Composers would adopt the same method. Of these two Quartets we greatly prefer the second, which is truly charming. It is worthy of remark that No. I. ends with the fifth of the triad for the highest sound, an uncommon termination, and rarely pleasing.

SELECT POETRY.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

For the Commencement of the Year 1814.
By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet-Laureat.

IN happy hour doth he receive
The laurel, meed of famous bards of
yore,
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore—
In happy hour—and well may he rejoice,
Whose earliest task must be
To raise the exultant hymn for victory,
And join a Nation's joy with harp and
voice,
Pouring the strain of triumph on the wind,
Glory to God, his song—Deliverance for
Mankind!

Wake, lute and harp! My soul take up
the strain!
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!
Joy,—for all nations, joy! but most for
these

Who hast so nobly fill'd thy part assign'd,
O England! O my glorious native land!
For thou in evil days didst stand
Against leagued Europe all in arms ar-
ray'd,
Single and undismay'd,
Thy hope in Heaven and in thine own
right hand.

Now are thy virtuous efforts overpaid,
Thy generous counsels now their guerdon
find,—
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

Dread was the strife, for mighty was the
Foe [overthrow.
Who sought with his whole strength thy
The nations bow'd before him; some in
war

Subdued, some yielding to superior art;
Submiss, they follow'd his victorious car.
Their Kings, like Satraps, waited round
his throne:

For Britain's ruin and their own
By force or fraud in monstrous league
combined.

Alone in that disastrous hour
Britain stood firm, and braved his power;
Alone she fought the battles of mankind.
O virtue, which above all former fame,
Exalts her venerable name!

O joy of joys for every British breast!
That with that mighty peril full in view,
The Queen of Ocean to herself was true!
That no weak heart, no abject mind pos-
sess'd

Her councils, to abase her lofty crest,—
Then had she sunk in everlasting shame,—
But ready still to succour the oppress'd,
Her red-cross floated on the wave unfurl'd,
Offering redemption to the groaning world.

First from his trance the heroic Spaniard
woke;

His chains he broke,
And casting off his neck the treacherous
yoke,

He call'd on England, on his generous foe:
For well he knew that wheresoe'er
Wise policy prevail'd, or brave despair,
Thither would Britain's succours flow,
Her arm be present there.

Then too, regenerate Portugal display'd
Her ancient virtue, dormant all-too-long.
Rising against intolerable wrong,
On England, on her old Ally, for aid
The faithful Nation call'd in her distress;
And well that old Ally the call obey'd,
Well was her faithful friendship then re-
paid.

Say from thy trophied field how well
Vimeiro! rocky Douro tell:
And thou Busaco, on whose sacred height
The astonished Carmelite,

While those unwonted thunders shook his
cell, [fight!
Join'd with his prayers the fervour of the
Bear witness those old towers, where many
a day [hour,

Waiting with foresight calm the fitting
The Wellesley gaining strength from wise
delay,

Defied the Tyrant's undivided power.
Swore not the boastful Frenchman in his
might,

Into the sea to drive his Island-foe?
Tagus and Zezere, in night
Ye saw the baffled Ruffian take his flight!
Onoro's springs, ye saw his overthrow!

* * * * *

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,
From rescued Portugal he came.
Rodrigo's walls in vain oppose;
In vain thy bulwarks, Badajoz:
And Salamanca's heights proclaim
The conqueror's praise, the Wellesley's
name.

Oh, had the sun stood still that hour,
When Marmont and his broken power
Fled from their fields of shame!

Spain felt thro' all her realms the electric
blow;

Cadiz in peace expands her gates again;
And Betis, who to bondage long resign'd,
Flow'd mournfully along the silent plain,
Into her joyful bosom unconfin'd
Receives once more the treasures of the
main.

The fame of that victorious fight
Reviv'd the spirit of the farthest North;
And England in auspicious hour put forth
Her whole unshackled might.

With her in many a field approved,
The Lusitanian legions moved:
Nor longer now did grateful Spain
Disdain her willing sons to see
By England train'd to victory.

Patient awhile their force the hero nurst,
Then like a torrent from the hills he burst.
What now shall check the Wellesley, when
at length

Onward he goes, rejoicing in his strength?

From

From Douro, from Castille's extended plain,
 The foe, a numerous band,
 Retire; amid the heights which overhang
 Dark Ebro's bed, they think to make their stand. [speed;
 He reads their purpose, and prevents their
 And still, as they recede,
 Impetuously he presses on their way;
 Till by Vittoria's walls they stood at bay,
 And drew their battle up in fair array.

Vain their array, their valour vain:
 There did the practised Frenchman find
 A master arm, a master mind!
 Behold the veteran army driven
 Like dust before the breath of Heaven,
 Like leaves before the autumnal wind!
 Now, Britain, now thy brow with laurels bind;
 Raise now the song of joy for rescued Spain!
 And Europe, take thou up the awakening strain—

Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!
 From Spain the living spark went forth!
 The flame hath caught, the flame is spread!
 It warms,—it fires the farthest North.
 Behold! the awaken'd Moscovite
 Meets the tyrant in his might;
 The Brandenburg, at Freedom's call,
 Rises more glorious from his fall;
 And Frederic, best and greatest of the name,
 Treads in the path of duty and of fame.
 See Austria from her painful trance awake!
 The breath of God goes forth,—the dry bones shake!

Up Germany! with all thy nations rise!
 Land of the virtuous and the wise,
 No longer let that free, that mighty mind,
 Endure its shame! She rose as from the dead. [head—
 She broke her chains upon the Oppressor's
 Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!
 Open thy gates, O Hanover! display
 Thy loyal banners to the day;
 Receive thy old illustrious Line once more!
 Beneath an Upstart's yoke oppress'd,
 Long has it been thy fortune to deplore
 That Line, whose fostering and paternal sway

So many an age thy grateful children blest.
 The yoke is broken now! a mightier hand
 Hath dash'd—in pieces dash'd—the iron rod.

To meet her Princes, the deliver'd land
 Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad;
 The happy bells from every town and tower,
 Roll their glad peals upon the joyful wind;
 And from all hearts and tongues, with one consent, [is sent,—
 The high thanksgiving strain to Heaven
 Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!
 Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy cry,
 Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats in Heaven?

And William the Deliverer, doth thine eye
 Regard from yon empyreal realm the land
 For which thy blood was given?
 What ills hath that poor Country suffer'd long! [oppress'd,
 Deceived, despised, and plunder'd, and
 Mockery and insult aggravating wrong!
 Severely she her errors hath atoned,
 And long in anguish groan'd,
 Wearing the patient semblance of despair,
 While fervent curses rose with every prayer!

In mercy Heaven at length its ear inclined;
 The avenging armies of the North draw nigh,
 Joy for the injured Hollander,—the cry
 Of Orange rends the sky;
 All hearts are now in one good cause combined, [high.—
 Once more that flag triumphant floats on
 Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

When shall the Dove go forth? Oh when
 Shall Peace return among the Sons of Men?
 Hasten, benignant Heaven, the blessed day!

Justice must go before,
 And Retribution must make plain the way;
 Force must be crushed by Force,
 The power of Evil by the power of Good,
 Ere Order bless the suffering world once more,
 Or Peace return again.

Hold then right on in your auspicious course,
 Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right on!
 Your task not yet is done:
 Pursue the blow,—ye know your foe,—
 Compleat the happy work so well begun!
 Hold on, and be your aim with all your strength

Loudly proclaim'd and steadily pursued!
 So shall this fatal Tyranny at length
 Before the arms of Freedom fall subdued.

Then, when the waters of the flood abate,
 The Dove her resting-place secure may find:
 And France restored, and shaking off her chain,
 Shall join the Avengers in the joyful strain,
 Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

THE WHITE COCKADE.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH NATION.

By W. T. FITZ-GERALD, Esq.

Brave Sons of France, you once could
 keenly feel [steel!
 Disgrace more piercing than the sharpest
 Polish'd in Courts, and gallant in the Field,
 Pure honour graced the Lilies on your shield;
 Proud to support your Bourbon's splendid throne, [own!
 You ever made your Monarch's cause your And

And can you now the Corsican obey,
And crouch beneath a Stranger's gallant
sway?
Can you his base detested pomp support,
The low, mean shadow of your former
Court?
The air of France seems tainted with his
breath, [death!
His smile is poison, and his friendship
The wretch, who shared his plunder,
hopes in vain, [tain;
Wealth, Hell-derived, in safety to main-
He too is robb'd to prop the Murderer's
throne,
For who can call a Tyrant's gifts his own!
A base Assassin laid Great Henry low—
But where's the hand to strike the Patriot
blow?
To hunt the Monster in the battle's rage,
Then seize and chain him in the Tartar's
Cage*;
Or rid the World, by one avenging deed,
Of him who made devoted millions bleed!
Who dragg'd your Sons, like Felons, every
hour,
To glut ambition, and his lust of power!
Dragg'd them to perish in the Northern
blast— [last!
Oh! would that crime had been the Tyrant's
Be then again yourselves, and break his
chain;
Follow the bright example set by Spain!
See Holland shakes his fetters from her
hand, [Land!
And breathes once more — a renovated
Her exiled Prince recalls, with one accord,
Augments his power, and makes him So-
vereign Lord!
The Rhine beholds her Sons no more obey
A Wretch whose crimes pollute the face of
day,
But sees her rights and liberties restored
By friendly nations and her native sword!
Though from the Pyrenean Heights ad-
vance
Victorious Britons in the Plains of France;
Led by a Chief as great in martial fame
As the plum'd Edward of immortal name!
No mad ambition fires that Leader's breast,
No Peasant's robb'd, no Village is op-
press'd!
No plunder'd Provinces, or Towns in flame,
Tarnish the glory of the British Name:
Not as a torrent wasting all along,
But, like a noble river, deep and strong,
They come—in gallant trim and firm ar-
ray,
To give you promise of a happier day;
Break but your chains—the sword they
nobly wield [shield;
Shall prove to France an adamantine

* Timur the Great, when he defeated
and took Bajazet prisoner, had him con-
fined in an iron cage, and carried about
with the victorious army.

Shake off the Corsican's detested yoke,
And prop your drooping Vines with Bri-
tish Oak!
England, no more your foe, will bring
you aid, [White Cockade!
When France shall welcome home the
In his last hour dark horror and despair
Shall wait the Wretch who murdered
Condé's Heir!
Who bath'd his hands in youthful Bour-
bon's gore, [more!
Shall never taste of peace or comfort
When, in the Field, the Hero meets his
fate,
He dies lamented by the Good and Great;
And to do honour to the hostile brave,
The generous foe plants cypress on his
grave!
Reflecting as he bends his laurel brow,
His end may one day be what thine is
now!
For, though ambition might thy life mis-
lead, [bleed:
The Victor mourns to see the Vanquish'd
Not so when Buonaparté meets his doom—
Hatred pursues the Tyrant to his tomb;
Unwept, unpitied, shall the Murderer fall,
The plague of Europe, and the scourge of
Gaul!
Then let the Bard his former strains repeat,
Prophetic of the Corsican's defeat! *
"Heaven for a while permits the Tyrant's
crimes,
As awful judgments on flagitious times!
But come there will, or soon, or late, the
hour [power,
Shall hurl the Despot headlong from his
Pluck from his brow the transient plume
of fame,
And give to deathless infamy his name!"
Written at Hmley Hall, Jan. 9, 1814.

THE SECOND ODE OF
ANACREON.

TRANSLATED BY LORD THURLOW.

HORNS to the bull, hoofs to the horse,
To hares a swiftness in the course,
To lions, mouths of carnage grim,
To fishes in the waves to swim,
To birds to fly, and thought to men,
Warlike thought; has Nature then,
Who gave these things, no further store?
To Woman can she yield no more?
What then to Woman has she given?
Form, the fairest gift of Heaven;
Instead of shields, instead of spears,
Arm'd with this, when she appears,
Fire, and iron she doth quell,
And what else the Poets tell,
Being by this invincible!

* Vide Mr. Fitzgerald's Address to the
Literary Fund, on their Anniversary last
May, in vol. LXXXIII. Part I. p. 462.

THE FOURTEENTH ODE OF
ANACREON.

TRANSLATED BY LORD THURLOW.

YES, I wish, I wish to love;
Cupid of old this thing did move,
But I, that had no prudent mind,
To my true interest then was blind,
And nothing to his speech inclin'd.

Then he lift up his bow to view,
And his golden quiver too;
Then he provok'd me to the fight,
And I arm'd me for my right,
My shining breast-plate I put on,
And, like a new Achilles, shone,
And shield and spear I brought with me,
To wrest from Love the victory.

He threw, and I too threw my dart,
But soon the God had play'd his part,
No other darts he had to throw,
Then took it ill, the angry foe,
And threw himself, in th' shape of a dart,
Into the middle of my heart,
Life and body then did part.
In vain I held my shield on high,
Why outwards should we fortify,
When the war within doth lie?

SONNET

Respectfully inscribed to Lord THURLOW:
Written after perusing the first Edition
of his Poems, lent to the Author
by a Friend.

O SWEET, illustrious Minstrel! is the song
Thy genius fosters and thy taste ap-
proves,
Which even spathy to feeling moves,
And wakes reflection to the sense of wrong:
And such to Bards of other times belong,
For oh! their theme of Poesy reproveth
The vicious; and from Virtue far re-
moves
Guilt ever baneful, and temptation strong.
Such thrilling rapture runs through every
vein, [line.]
(For thought congenial breathes in every
As o'er thy page enamour'd I recline,
That turns to pleasure all the past of pain,
And brings a fancied happiness again,
Which unenjoy'd were, but for pow'rs
like thine.

Jan. 1814.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Lines to a Sleeping Infant.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on the earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wand'ring veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death?
Those features to the grave be sent,
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on, than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy'd, or error dim
The glory of the Seraphim?

SONG.

THE Storm that rag'd throughout the night
Was lull'd again to peaceful rest,
And trembling Guilt and pale Affright,
Were for awhile with safety blest:
Then Morning, with the youthful hours,
Came on, in ether-blue array'd,
And, pitying, wept in dewy showers
The havoc which the Storm had made.
So keen Adversity subdues
The generous mind, the heart sincere,
And Virtue, as the wreck she views,
Bestows a renovating tear. C. F. W.

BEN JONSON'S CLUB LAWS.

*Leges Conviviales, quod felix faustumque
Convivis in Apolline sit.*

NEMO asymbolus, nisi umbra huc venito,
Idiota, insultus, tristis, turpis abesto.
Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Modesti adscis-
cuntur,
Nec lectæ Fœminæ repudiantur.

In apparatu, quod convivis corruget nares
nil esto, [parantur;

Epulæ delectu potius, quam sumpta
Obsonator, et Coquus convivarum gulæ
periti sunt;

De Discubitu non contenditur.
Ministri à dapibus, oculati et muti,
A poculis auriti, et celeres sunt.

Vina puris fontibus ministrantur, aut va-
pulet hospes, [esto,

Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas
At fabulis, magis quam vino veritate fiat,
Convivæ nec muti, nec loquaces sunt.

De seriis aut sacris, poti, et saturi ne
dissentunt,

Fidicen nisi accersitus non venito.
Admisso risu, tripudiis, choreis saltibus,
Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra cele-
brantur:

Joci sine felle sunt;
Insipida Poemata nulla recitantur;

Versus scribere nullus cogitur;
Argumentationis totius strepitus abesto;
Amatoris querelis, ac suspiriis liber an-
gulus esto, [collidere,

Lapitharum more, scyphis pugnare, vitrea
Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dispel-
lere, nefas esto. [natur;

Qui foras dicta vel facta eliminat, elimi-
Neminem reum pocula jaciunt.
Focus perennis esto.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE, 1814.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Admiralty-office, Nov. 6, 1813.

A Letter from Admiral Warren, dated Halifax, Sept. 23, mentions, that previous to the squadron leaving the upper part of the Chesapeake, the troops under Sir Sidney Beckwith were landed at the point on the Continent, opposite to Poplar Island; where having put to flight the Enemy's force, disarmed and received the paroles of the Militia, destroyed a building-yard, and burnt two or three large schooners, the troops were re-embarked.

The following captures, &c. are also announced:

The American letter of marque, *Paragon*, of two guns and 20 men, by the *Yawl* of the *Nymph* frigate, Capt. Epworth, commanded by Mr. Goullette, supported by the boats of the *Curlew* sloop;—fifteen vessels destroyed up Long Island Sound, by the *Acasta* and *Atlante*;—the *Lion* privateer, of Boulogne, of 16 guns and 60 men, five of whom, including her Captain, were killed, and six severely wounded, by the *Snap* sloop, Capt. Dashwood, who praises the lieutenant, purser, and his men;—the American privateer schooner *Elbridge Gerry*, with 66 men, by the *Crescent*, Capt. Quilliam;—the *Aalberg*, Danish privateer, by the *Barbara* schooner, Lieut. Morgan; and a ship, her prize, on the preceding day, after an obstinate resistance, and under a heavy fire from three gun-boats and ten privateers, by two gigs, from the *Hawke* privateer cutter, commanded by Mr. Phillips.

Admiralty-office, Nov. 9.

This Gazette contains a letter from Lord Keith, mentioning in terms of great praise, the conduct of Captain Scriven, of the *Telegraph* schooner, in destroying the French brig (corvette built) *Flibustier*, of greatly superior force. From Capt. Scriven's letter it appears, that the *Flibustier* had been for some months waiting an opportunity to steal out of St. Jean de Luz, and a dark and stormy night being considered to afford a favourable opportunity, she sailed on the 13th ult. Being discovered, she was immediately chased by the *Telegraph*, and an action took place near the French batteries close to the mouth of Bayonne, witnessed by several thousands of both armies, and which lasted three quarters of an hour, when the *Flibustier's* crew quitted her, and escaped to shore, after setting her on fire. The *Telegraph* did not lose a man. The *Flibustier* was commanded by M. Daniels, had 23 guns, and 160 men. She was bound to Santona for the relief of that

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garrison, having on board treasure, arms, ammunition, salt provisions, and probably officers and soldiers. Messrs. Blyth and Pearson, master and master's mate, are noticed for their zeal and good conduct.

[A Letter from Captain Lake, of the *Magnificent*, gives an account of his having on the 30th of last month, captured the *Amiable*, American ship letter of marque, pierced for 18, and mounting 6 guns, with 21 men, besides passengers; bound from Concarneau to Charlestown.]

Downing-street, Nov. 11. Extract of a Dispatch from Sir G. Prevost, Bart.

St. David's, Niagara Frontier, Aug. 25.

Maj.-gen. Procter, having given way to the clamour of our Indian allies to act offensively, moved forward on the 20th ult. with about 350 of the 41st regiment, and between 3 and 4000 Indians, and on the 2d inst. attempted to carry by assault the block-houses and works at Sandusky, where the Enemy had concentrated a considerable force. The Indians, however, previously to the assault, withdrew themselves out of reach of the Enemy's fire.—The handful of his Majesty's troops employed on this occasion, displayed the greatest bravery; nearly the whole of them having reached the fort, and made every effort to enter it; but a galling and destructive fire being kept up by the Enemy, within the block-houses and from behind the picketting, which completely protected them, and which we had not the means to force, the Maj.-general thought it most prudent not to continue longer so unavailing a contest: he accordingly drew off the assailants, and returned to Sandusky, with the loss of 25 killed, as many missing, and about 40 wounded. Amongst the former are Brevet Lieut.-col. Shortt, and Lieut. J. G. Gordon, of the 41st regt.—I am happy to be able to acquaint your Lordship, that it appears by further accounts received from Maj.-gen. Procter to the 25d inst. that the Enemy had been disappointed in an attempt to create distrust and disaffection amongst our Indian allies, by a deputation of chiefs, sent by them for that purpose, and that in a talk which took place between the deputies from the American Indians and the chiefs of our Indian warriors, the contempt with which Gen. Harrison's proposals were received by the latter, and the determination expressed by them of adhering to the cause of their Great Father in England, appeared sensibly to affect the Deputies, and affords strong grounds to believe that the nations whom they represented will

not

not be induced to take up arms against us, or their Indian brethren acting with us.—On my arrival at this frontier, I found 2000 British soldiers, on an extended line, cooping up, in Fort George, an American force exceeding 4000 men: feeling desirous of ascertaining in person the extent of the Enemy's works, and of viewing the means he possessed for defending the position he occupied, I ordered a general demonstration to be made on Fort George, to commence by the attack and surprise of all the American picquets thrown out in its front. This service was executed to my entire satisfaction; the picquets were driven in, a great part of them being taken, with a very trifling loss, and I found myself close to the fort, and the new entrenched camp which is formed on the right of that work, both of them crowded with men, bristled with cannon, and supported by the fire from Fort Niagara, on the opposite side of that river; but no provocation could induce the American army to leave their places of shelter, and venture into the field. Having made a display of my force in vain, a deliberate retreat ensued, without a casualty.—Since I had the honour of addressing your Lordship on the 1st inst. every possible exertion has been made by Commodore Sir James Yeo, but in vain, to bring the Enemy's squadron to a decisive action; repeatedly has he offered them battle, and as repeatedly have they declined it, which their great superiority in sailing, together with the light and baffling winds prevailing on the Lake at this season, has enabled them hitherto effectually to do. He, however, was fortunate enough, on the night of the 10th inst. to get so close in with the Enemy, as to render an action inevitable, unless they chose to sacrifice two of their schooners in order to avoid it; to this sacrifice they submitted, and Sir James had the satisfaction, after a few shots had been fired, to take possession of two very fine schooners, the one carrying one long 32-pounder and two long sixes, and the other one long 32-pounder and one long 12, with a complement of 40 men each. Having proceeded to York for the purpose of refitting his prizes, he sailed from thence with them in pursuit of the Enemy on the 13th inst. and having followed them down the Lake on the 17th, again saw them on the 18th, but was unable to come up with them. On the night preceding that of the capture of the above vessels, two of the Enemy's largest schooners, carrying 9 guns each, overset and sunk, in carrying sail to keep from our squadron, and, excepting 16 persons, all on board perished, in numbers about 100. Sir James Yeo has been into Kingston with his squadron, to take in provisions and refit, and since sailing has

cruized off York and Niagara, but has not seen anything further of the Enemy's fleet.—I understand that Commodore Chauncey, with his squadron, after the loss of his schooners in the night of the 10th, returned to Sackett's Harbour, from which place he sailed suddenly on the 14th, and again returned to it on the 18th, pursued by our fleet. I have not yet been able correctly to ascertain whether he has since left it.

Admiralty-office, Nov. 20.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. Farquhar, of the *Desirée*, Nov. 1.

I arrived at the river-Weser yesterday, and found that Capt. McKorlie had taken possession of two corvettes, two gun-brigs, and several other vessels.

Extract of a Letter from Sir James Lucas Leo, dated Wolfe, off the False Duck Islands, on Lake Ontario, Sept. 12.

His Majesty's squadron under my command being becalmed off Genesee River, on the 11th inst. the Enemy's fleet of 11 sail, having a partial wind, succeeded in getting within range of their long 24 and 32 pounders; and from their having the wind of us, and the dull sailing of some of our squadron, I found it impossible to bring them to close action. We remained in this mortifying situation five hours, having only six guns in all the squadron that would reach the Enemy (not a cannonade being fired); at sunset a breeze sprang up from the Westward, when I steered for the False Duck Islands, under which the Enemy could not keep the weather-gage, but be obliged to meet us on equal terms; this however, he carefully avoided. I have to regret the loss of Mr. William Ellery, midshipman, and three seamen killed, and seven wounded.

J. L. Yeo, Commodore.

A Letter from Capt. Godfrey, of the *Emulous*, states that the boats of that sloop, under Lieut. Wright, had burnt in Great Machias Bay, a privateer of two guns and 11 men.

A Letter from Capt. Gordon, of the *Sea Horse* frigate, states that he chased off Beachy Head the French privateer *Subtile*, for three hours, nor did she surrender until she was so much damaged, that she immediately after went down. Only 23 of the crew out of 72 were saved. The captain and all the officers were either killed or drowned.

[A Supplement to this Gazette contains an Extract of a Dispatch from the Marquis of Wellington, dated Vera, Nov. 8, transmitting the terms of capitulation granted to the Governor of Pamplona.]

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Foreign-office, Nov. 21. The Baron Perponcher, and Mr. J. Fagel, have arrived

rived this day from Holland, deputed by the Provisional Government established in that country, to inform the Prince Regent, and the Prince of Orange, that a counter-revolution broke out in part of the United Provinces on the 15th inst. when the people of Amsterdam rose in a body, proclaiming the House of Orange, with the old cry of *ORANGE BOVEN*, and universally putting up the Orange colours. This example was immediately followed by the other towns of the provinces of Holland and Utrecht, as Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, the Hague, Rotterdam, &c.

[Here follow some Proclamations, containing the names of the Provisional Government, and admonishing the Dutch people to behave with temper and moderation, until the Prince of Orange arrived.]

Nov. 23. [This Gazette contains Dispatches from Lord Cathcart, Sir Charles Stewart, and the Earl of Aberdeen, dated from Leipzig, of the 20th to the 22d Oct. They relate to the battles fought in that neighbourhood; but excepting Lord Aberdeen's Dispatch, which we subjoin, they contain no additional facts. Sir C. Stewart states that Marshal St. Cyr had attacked and defeated General Tolstoy, while blockading Dresden.]

Dispatch from the Earl of Aberdeen, dated Leipzig, Oct. 22, addressed to Lord Castlereagh.

My Lord—I am happy to be enabled to furnish your Lordship with the latest information contained in a communication made to me by Count Metternich, this evening, by which it appears that the result of the great battles of the 16th, 18th, and 19th, surpass all conception. The number of prisoners already taken is more than forty thousand; every hour adds materially to the amount. On the 20th, the corps which advanced in pursuit of the Enemy took 120 pieces of artillery. The whole number of cannon taken amounts to about 300, and 1000 caissons have fallen into the hands of the Allies. The booty taken in this city is immense. The suburbs of the town and the principal gates are blocked up with carriages, baggage waggons, and equipages of every description. It is impossible to form a notion of the disorder which reigned among the Enemy during the flight. Buonaparte quitted the town with considerable difficulty, as all the principal streets were completely impassable, from the disorderly mass of fugitives. Prince Poniatowski and Marshal Macdonald, finding it impossible to escape, spurred their horses, and leapt into the Pleiss. The banks of the river being marshy and difficult of access, Poniatowski was seen to perish, by his Aid-de-

camp, who is now a prisoner. Since the day before yesterday, several thousand bodies have been taken from the river. The streets and high roads are covered with dead bodies and with wounded, whom hitherto it has been found impossible to remove. Twenty-seven Generals have been already taken, but it is possible the list may be augmented, as the number of prisoners of every rank becomes greater hourly. Among those who have been recognized, besides Lauriston, Regnier, and Bertrand, are Mandeville, Peri, Krazinski, Bronikowski, Kaminski, Rautenstrauch, the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, Count Frederick of Hochberg, the Prince Witgenstein, &c.—Gen. Latour Maubourg is dead of his wounds. Gen. Souham is mortally wounded.—In the action of the 16th, Buonaparte himself very narrowly escaped being made prisoner. In consequence of a most desperate charge made by the Austrian cuirassiers, the French line was broken through, and Buonaparte, with the persons round him, owed their safety to the fleetness of their horses.—According to intelligence received from Gen. Blucher, whom his Majesty the King of Prussia has just made Field Marshal, he entered Weissenfels last night, and took 2000 prisoners, as well as 1600 wounded, which the Enemy left in their flight. The grand army under the command of Field Marshal Prince Schwartzemberg, is advancing by forced marches in the direction of Jena. His Imperial Majesty went yesterday to Zeitz, in order to follow the Enemy, who, it is not imagined, can have more than 80,000 men. On the 24th of this month, Gen. Wrede will be at Wurtzburg, with about 60,000 men. The Austrian army is animated with the best spirit, which is increased by the just title the Commander in Chief has acquired to their confidence. His Imperial Majesty has decorated him with the Great Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa. The Emperor of Russia has conferred on him the Great Cross of the Order of St. George; and full justice is rendered to his merits by the unanimous voice of the Allied Army.—I cannot conclude without congratulating your Lordship on the brilliant prospect which opens before us. The long sufferings of many nations are drawing to a close. The deliverance of Europe appears to be at hand. That ray of hope for the salvation of the civilized world, which has so steadily beamed from our own happy shores, is now rapidly diffused over the whole Continent. If any thing can add to our feelings of exultation, as Englishmen, at this prospect, it is the reflection that this event will be mainly attributable to the unshaken constancy and perseverance of Great Britain.

I am

I am truly happy to be able to state to your Lordship, that this feeling is not confined to ourselves, but is admitted and avowed by all those who are most entitled to consideration. Aberdeen.

Admiralty-office, Nov. 23. Dispatches from Capt. Farquhar, commanding in the *Weser*, dated Braak, Nov. 12, state that he had received from the Senate of Bremen, a notification of its happy reinstatement in its ancient Constitution, and of its ardent wish to enter into the most friendly intercourse with the Authorities of his Britannic Majesty.—This Gazette likewise contains Dispatches from Admiral Freemantle, dated between the 6th Sept. and 5th Aug. They state that most of the islands in the Adriatic, from Lissa upwards, were freed from the French yoke; that the Austrian flag was flying at Fiume, Segni, and Porto Re; and that the whole of Istria and Croatia were rising *en masse* to drive out the Enemy.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Foreign-office, Nov. 24. Dispatches received by Visc. Castlereagh, from Sir C. W. Stewart, K. B.

Göttingen, Nov. 2.

MY LORD—The intended movement of the main body of the Army of the North on Cassel, as detailed in my last dispatch, has been arrested, and the Prince Royal has been induced to direct his operations towards Hanover and the North, for the following reasons:—Marshal Davoust is still in position on the right bank of the Elbe, and seems very unwilling to separate from the Danes, so long as he can retain his hold; the corps of Lieut.-gen. Walmoden is not of sufficient force to act offensively, without considerable aid. The extermination of the Enemy in the North of Germany, the possession of Bremen, the mouths of the *Weser* and the Elbe, the speedy reduction of Ham-
burgh, the advantage of opening an immediate communication with England during the winter, the liberation of his Majesty's Electoral dominions, and the organization of its civil and military power, the facility that will be afforded to the future operations of the Northern army either in Holland or on the Rhine, when their rear is entirely secure; and lastly, the hope of cutting off Marshal Davoust completely from Holland, are the united considerations which have determined his Royal Highness to alter his proposed movement; and the Army of the North is now in march for Bremen and Hanover, from whence it will be directed against the remaining forces of the Enemy in the North of Germany.—The Prince Royal transferred his head-quarters from Muhlhausen to Dingelstadt on the 29th, on

the 30th to Heiligenstadt, and yesterday to this place. The advanced guard, under Lieut.-gen. Woronzoff, and the Russians under Gen. Winzingerode, entered Cassel on the 30th. The Swedes and Prussians were in the neighbourhood of Heiligenstadt on that day, when his Royal Highness determined on a change in his line of movement.—Report arrived from General Czernitscheff dated from Neuhaus, the 27th. He details that having joined Gen. Slowiski and another partisan corps from the Grand Army, he proceeded to Fulda, which town he occupied, making 500 prisoners; he then destroyed the Enemy's magazines, and proceeded to break down the bridges, and render the roads as impracticable as possible, having contrived to post himself between the Enemy's main body and their advance. The manner Gen. Czernitscheff harasses them is not to be described. While in his position at Fulda, he perceives the advance of their collected force, consisting of some squadrons of Gens d'Armes, moving towards the town, he immediately advances with his Cossacks, charges, and overthrows them, and then returns to follow the advanced-guard, on the great road towards Frankfort, carrying destruction to all the Enemy's means before their arrival. Gen. Czernitscheff states that Buonaparte went from Eisenach to Vach, and that he had the intention of going to the *Weser*, but the march of the Prince Royal and Marshal Blücher prevented him, and he supposes his route will now be Wetzlar; he adds, his army is now reduced to 50,000 men armed and collected; many of the Enemy, however, are retiring in different directions, even without arms; the retreat forcibly resembles that from Russia. A party of Cossacks took a French Colonel with a letter from Jerome Buonaparte to Murat; I enclose a copy of it, as it is an interesting document. Many accounts agree that the greatest consternation reigns in France, and interior discontent is manifesting itself very generally.—From the intrepid and dexterous exploits of the partizans, we can turn with equal rejoicings to the grand movements of the Allies. The Emperor's head-quarters were at Melrichstadt on the 31st ult. at Muerstadt on the 1st inst. and they are to be at Heltersheim this day. The Grand Army continues the march of its columns on Frankfort; on the 7th it will arrive at Aschaffenburg, and on the 9th on the Mayne.—By letters from Gen. Count Wrede of the 28th, he announces that he had attacked and carried the town of Haaan on that day with the 1st divisions of Austrians and Bavarians; he made a large number of prisoners; two more divisions of his army were to join him on
the

the 29th, and on the 30th all the Wurtemberg troops. Gen. Wrede was in communication with Orloff, Mensgikoff, and the partizan light corps of the Grand Army. Gen. Wrede confirms the report of the Enemy having only 6000 men in Frankfort; they will probably retire to Cassel: he mentions also the Enemy's retreat by Wetzlar and Coblenz, and adds, he will take measures accordingly.

—Marshal Blücher, with the Silesian army, reports from Philipstadt and Hunsfeldt, on the 29th, that such is the disorder of the Enemy's fight, he cannot for a moment desist from the pursuit, however harassed his troops may be. His Excellency is daily making prisoners, and is marching upon Wetzlar.—The movement of the Prince Royal's columns in march is as follows:—The Russians proceed from Cassel by Paderborn to Bremen and Oldenbourg; the Prussians, under Gen. Bulow, to Minden; and the Swedes to Hanover.—It is with inexpressible satisfaction I report to your Lordship the entrance yesterday of the Allied Troops into his Majesty's Electoral dominions. The enthusiasm, loyalty, and unbounded joy of the people is not to be described; and although ten years have separated this country from its legitimate sovereign, it is obvious he lives in their hearts with the same deep-rooted affection as ever. The reception of the Prince Royal must have been beyond measure gratifying to his Royal Highness, while the few English present were greeted with unbounded acclamations.—It is a remarkable and gratifying anecdote, that during the elevation of new authority, and the destruction of every ancient memorial, the bust of our revered Monarch (which I believe was a present of her Majesty's to the Professors and Students), has retained his place in this University, and no sacrilegious hand has ever offered to remove it.—Active measures are taking, under the authority of the Regency, for the re-establishment of all the civil authorities; and his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Sweden, with the utmost attention and care in providing for his troops by requisitions, has made arrangements for the payment, and in every thing considers the country and its inhabitants as the most favoured soil. C. STEWART.

Letter from Jerome Buonaparte to General Murat.

My Dear Brother, I learn that you are arrived at Vach; this news disquiets me. My situation is horrible: tell me the truth, whether I should fall back, for I have with me but 4 or 5000 miserable conscripts—how is the Emperor?—do not make me wait for an answer: you will conceive my anxiety. I embrace you as I love you,

JEROME NAPOLEON.

My Lord,

Hanover, Nov. 11.

The sanguinary and hard-fought actions by Gen. Wrede, merit unquestionably the highest encomiums. The force of Buonaparte, as he retired on the great line of his communications, was probably augmented by troops at Erfart, and other places on its march; and in his battles with Gen. Wrede, he seems to have brought forward 70 or 80,000 men, a force much beyond what we estimated him to possess, after his various losses. It is quite clear, however, he did not think himself secure with this number, as during the last battle he appears to have sought his safety with an escort of 10,000 cavalry, which Gen. Czernicheff very gallantly and a little roughly handled.—Gen. Bulow will, in a few days, have recruited his army, in his Prussian Majesty's antient States, to the numbers it amounted to before the opening of the campaign. The ample, generous, and liberal aid of the Prince Regent in arms and clothing, is of an invaluable consequence at this moment to these brave Prussians. The last convoys are all on the road to Marshal Blücher's and Gen. Bulow's armies; and they are the means of re-equipping and arming these corps d'armée forthwith nearly to their original establishments. It must be as grateful to the English nation, as creditable to its Government, to see how opportunely this aid is at hand. The gratitude of Marshal Blücher and Gen. Bulow, as expressed to me, must be agreeable to you.—I forbear to recapitulate the enthusiastic demonstrations that have followed the entry of the Allies again into this capital.

CHARLES STEWART, Lieut.-gen.

P.S. An account is just received, that a part of the French garrison of Magdebourg has been entirely defeated, and driven under the walls of the place. Seven hundred infantry, and six cannon have been taken.

[Here follows a copy of the Supplement to the Frankfort Gazette of the 4th November. It contains a dispatch from Gen. Fresnel, the successor of Gen. Wrede in the command of the Austro-Bavarian army, which advanced to Hanover, to cut off the retreat of the French to Frankfort. It appears that there was a series of engagements, in all of which Gen. Wrede was victorious, and Buonaparte defeated. In an engagement that took place on the 19th, between Rottenbach and Gelhausen, Gen. Delamotte took from the French two cannon and 4000 prisoners, among which were two Generals and 150 Officers. On the 30th October, Gen. Wrede made a reconnaissance, and having ascertained that Buonaparte, who was approaching, had still from 60 to 80,000 men, while his own force, in consequence of having sent out large detachments, was only 30,000 men in front of Hanau, he determined to im-

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pede the retreat, which he could not wholly prevent. Having made the necessary dispositions, he was attacked by Buonaparte in person, who brought up 180 pieces of cannon, to compel him to give way. In this object Napoleon failed, as the combined army retained possession of the field of battle until night, when the left wing was withdrawn behind Hanau. The Enemy then commenced his retreat, and, to cover it, attempted to carry Hanau by assault. To spare the town from bombardment, Gen. Wrede withdrew the garrison on the morning of the 31st October; but the French having, on their entrance, begun a general pillage, the Allied Army recovered it by assault, but with the loss of its Commander in Chief, Wrede, who was mortally wounded in the attack. This irreparable loss so incensed the Austro-Bavarian troops, that they put every Frenchman in the town to the sword. The Austro-Bavarian loss is computed at 7000 killed and wounded, and some missing. That of the Enemy was 15,000 killed and wounded. The greatest part of the latter perished in the wood of Lampner, the rapidity with which the Enemy effected his retreat, not having permitted him to carry them off. The road from Hanau to Frankfort was covered with dead bodies, dead horses, and dismounted ammunition-waggons. Fugitives were taken upon all the roads, and, besides those already enumerated, 15,000 had been brought in who were unable to keep up with the army; among them are Generals Morsell and Avesani, and 280 officers.]

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE
EXTRAORDINARY.

Foreign-office, Nov. 25. Dispatches received by Viscount Castlereagh, from the Earl of Aberdeen, dated Frankfort, Nov. 7: My Lord, His Imperial Majesty made his public entry into Frankfort yesterday morning. He was met at some distance from the town by the Emperor Alexander and his attendants. His Majesty received the keys of the City from the Chief Magistrates at the Hanau Gate, and afterwards proceeded on horseback through the principal streets to the Cathedral church, where *Te Deum* was performed. As I accompanied his Imperial Majesty on this occasion, I was a near witness of the enthusiastic applause with which he was received. The streets, the windows, and even the roofs of the houses, were crowded with spectators, who appeared to vie with each other in demonstrations of joy; it was impossible to mistake the sincere and heartfelt emotions by which they were produced. The affectionate regard of the inhabitants was loudly testified at seeing the Sovereign, who, 21 years ago, had been crowned within their walls, to appear in the character

of their deliverer. In the evening the two Emperors went to the Theatre, and were received with acclamations; every sentiment of the piece which had reference to their exertions in the cause of Europe, was loudly applauded. Pleasing as it is to dwell on these circumstances, I am equally happy in being able to inform your Lordship of the continued progress of the Allies, and of the substantial acquisitions which have been recently made by the accession of different Princes to the common cause. The States of Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, and Baden, have respectively addressed themselves to his Imperial Majesty. They have renounced the Confederation of the Rhine; and in imploring his Majesty's mediation with the Allied Powers, have expressed their desire to join the alliance. Other States of less importance have followed the same course; and I may now venture to congratulate your Lordship on the complete dissolution of that formidable confederacy, instituted by Buonaparte for the double purpose of proving either an impregnable bulwark to France in the event of foreign invasion, or the instrument in his hands of the subjugation of the rest of Europe.

AASERDEN.

Extract of a Dispatch from Visc. Cathcart, K. T. dated Frankfort on the Maine, November 8.

The Emperor Alexander made his entry into the city of Frankfort on the Maine, at noon, on the 8th inst. at the head of the horse artillery and about 50 squadrons of the cavalry of the Russian Imperial guard and reserve, and some squadrons of the Prussian guard, amidst the loudest acclamations of many thousand inhabitants. His Imperial Majesty stopped near the quarter prepared for him to see his cavalry pass, which they did in the most perfect parade order, after a march of one hundred English miles (cantoning and assembling from cantonments included), which they performed in 48 hours; viz. from Schweinfurth, by Wurtzburgh and Aschaffenburg, to this place. On the following day the Emperor Francis arrived. The Emperor of Russia met his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty at some distance from Frankfort, and both Sovereigns proceeded to the Cathedral, where Divine service was performed, and *Te Deum* sung.—Napoleon has escaped from the Cossacks and his other pursuers, and has carried the remains of his guard, and some other corps, to the left bank of the Rhine, leaving but few troops here.—The possession of a fortress at Erfurth has been the great instrument by which this retreat has been effected. It was thought possible he would make some stand behind this post; while, on the contrary, he redoubled his speed, and having possession of the best road, while the cross roads by which the Allies

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endeavoured to intercept him were scarcely passable, he gained several marches.—Gen. Count Wrede gallantly arrested his progress for two days at Hanau; on the first of which, particularly, the French fought with great obstinacy, and the loss has been considerable on both sides. There is one small spot, where an officer of rank, who saw it, assures me, that the carnage of men and horses was most extraordinary. The efforts of this Austrian and Bavarian army, though they stopped the Enemy for two days, could not prevent his arriving at Mayence before the columns under the orders of the Field-marshal Schwartzberg could overtake him.—There are different accounts of the Enemy's force; but, considering the numbers left on the field of battle at Leipsig, and in that city, the number of prisoners sent to the rear during the retreat by all the corps which came up with the Enemy, and the losses inseparable from all retreats of so difficult and protracted a nature, it seems impossible that he can have carried 50,000 men with him, though there are persons who estimate the force still higher.—Bonaparte was present at the battle of Hanau; and his officers are said to have displayed more talent on that occasion than they have lately shown.

Dispatch from Viscount Cathcart, K. T. dated Frankfort on the Maine, Nov. 10.

My Lord, The Enemy had retained a position at Hockheim, and was employed in restoring the old lines, which passed from the *île-de-pont* at Cassel, round that position, and back to the Rhine. Marshal Prince Schwartzberg determined to put a stop to this work, and to occupy the position himself. With this view an attack was made yesterday, in which the lines were carried by assault, and the Enemy was driven into the works of Cassel, with the loss of several hundred prisoners and four pieces of cannon. I have the honour to enclose herewith the report I have this moment received of this gallant affair from Major-gen. Sir Robert Wilson. It has been the constant practice of the Major-General, throughout this and the last Campaign, to accompany every attack of consequence that has taken place within his reach; and on this occasion he was with one of the storming parties. In advertent to this circumstance, it is but justice to this officer to state, that the zeal, activity, and intrepidity, which he has displayed on every occasion, have conciliated for him the esteem of all officers, of every rank and nation, who have been witnesses of them, and have certainly done great credit to his Majesty's service. CATHCART.

Frankfort, Nov. 10.

My Lord, I have the honour to acquaint you, that the corps of Count Giulay, and Gen. Meerveldt, with the Austrian reserve

cavalry, moved to dislodge the Enemy from Hockheim, which town and position it was understood he was fortifying.—Count Giulay marched upon the chaussée from Hockst. Gen. Meerveldt's corps, commanded by Prince Louis Lichtenstein, was directed on the Donner Muhl, between Hockst and Cassel. The attack commenced about two o'clock p. m. The Enemy fired vigorously from the cannon at Hockst upon six pieces of cannon, in a work which headed the column of Prince Louis, and threw many shells from their mortars at Cassel. The Austrian artillery, however, advanced with so much courage and rapidity, that the Enemy's fire was soon slackened, when the columns of infantry rushed forward, and carried the entrenchment and town, which was surrounded by a high wall, and double palisades at the entrances. The entrenchments had not been completed, but were traced on a considerable scale. Four pieces of cannon were taken, and the Commander of the town, the Aide-de-camp of Gen. Guillemeau, various officers, and several hundred men, were made prisoners.—The remainder of the Enemy (the corps of Gen. Bertrand) retreated upon Costheim and Cassel, and occupying the intervening wooded ground, maintained for the rest of the day, a sharp tirailleur fire, but in which they must have suffered much, as the Austrian cannon played on them from a height above their position, and other guns on the left bank of the Maine threw their fire in flank.—The Austrian loss is not considerable; but several officers are much regretted.—The Prince Marshal has ordered the heights above Cassel to be fortified; until the works are completed, the corps engaged yesterday will occupy the ground.—The sight of the Austrian flag, again waving victorious over the Rhine, and of the Enemy's great military *dépôts*, whence issued those armies that have caused so much desolation and misery in Germany, excited an interest in yesterday's operations which every individual felt, and which was finally expressed by peals of enthusiastic acclamations as the Prince Marshal passed. ROBERT WILSON.

Extract of a Dispatch from Edward Thornton, esq. dated Bremen, Nov. 19.

I arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, the Prince Royal having reached it early in the morning of the preceding day. The Prince Royal has received information, that the corps of Gen. Winzingerode are in possession of Groeningen, and have advanced as far as the Yssel, where they occupy Zwol, Zutphen, and are in the neighbourhood of Deventer.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-street, Nov. 24. The Marquess of Worcester has arrived with the following

lowing Dispatch from the Marquis of Wellington.

St. Pe, Nov. 13.

My Lord,—The Enemy have, since the beginning of August, occupied a position with their right upon the sea, in front of St. Jean de Luz, and on the left of the Nivelle, their centre on La Petite La Rhune in Sarre, and on the heights behind the village, and their left, consisting of two divisions of infantry, under the Comte d'Erlon, on the right of that river, on a strong height in rear of Anhoue, and on the mountain of Mondarin, which protected the approach to that village; they had one division under Gen. Foy, at St. Jean Pied de Port, which was joined by one of the army of Arragon, under Gen. Paris, at the time the left of the Allied Army crossed the Bidassoa on the 7th Oct.; Gen. Foy's division joined those on the heights behind Anhoue, when Lieut.-gen. Sir Rowland Hill moved into the valley of Bastan. The Enemy, not satisfied with the natural strength of this position, had the whole of it fortified, and their right in particular had been made so strong, that I did not deem it expedient to attack it in front.—Pamplona having surrendered on the 31st Oct. and the right of the army having been disengaged from covering the blockade of that place, I moved Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill, on the 6th and 7th, into the valley of Bastan, as soon as the state of the roads after the recent rains would permit, intending to attack the Enemy on the 8th inst.; but the rain which fell on the 7th inst. having again rendered the roads impracticable, I was obliged to defer the attack till the 10th, when we completely succeeded in carrying all the positions of the Enemy's left and centre, in separating the former from the latter, and by these means turning the Enemy's strong positions occupied by their right on the lower Nivelle, which they were obliged to evacuate during the night, having taken 51 pieces of cannon, and 1400 prisoners. The object of the attack being to force the Enemy's centre, and to establish our army in rear of their right, the attack was made in columns of divisions, each led by the general officer commanding it, and each forming its own reserve. Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill directed the movement of the right, consisting of the 2d division under Lieut.-gen. Sir W. Stewart, the 6th division under Lieut.-gen. Sir H. Clinton, a Portuguese division under Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hamilton, and a Spanish division under Gen. Morillo, and Col. Grant's brigade of cavalry, and a brigade of Portuguese artillery under Lieut.-col. Tulloh, and three mountain guns, under Lieut. Robe, which attacked the positions of the Enemy behind Anhoue. —Marshal Sir W. Beresford directed the

movements of the right of the centre, consisting of the 3d division under Major-gen. Colville, the 7th division under Mariscal de Campo Le Cor, and the 4th division under Lieut.-gen. Sir Lowry Cole. The latter attacked the redoubts in front of Sarre, that village and their heights behind it, supported on their left by the army of reserve of Andalusia, under the command of the Mariscal de Campo Don Pedro Giron, which attacked the Enemy's positions on their right of Sarre, on the slopes of La Petite La Rhune, and the heights beyond the village, on the left of the 4th division. Major-gen. Baron Alten attacked with the light division and Gen. Longa's Spanish division, the Enemy's positions on La Petite La Rhune; and having carried them, co-operated with the right of the centre on the attack of the heights behind Sarre.—Gen. Alten's brigade of cavalry, under the direction of Lieut.-gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton, followed the movements of the centre, and there were three brigades of British artillery with this part of the army, and three mountain guns with Gen. Giron, and three with Major-gen. C. Alten. Lieut.-Gen. Don Manuel Freyre moved in two columns from the heights of Mandale towards Ascaín, in order to take advantage of any movements the Enemy might make from the right of his position towards his centre; and Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope, with the left of the army, drove in the Enemy's outposts in front of their entrenchments on the lower Nivelle, carried the redoubt above Orogne, and established himself on the heights immediately opposite Sibour, in readiness to take advantage of any movement made by the Enemy's right. The attack began at day-light, and Lieut.-gen. Sir Lowry Cole, having obliged the Enemy to evacuate the redoubt on their right, in front of Sarre, by a cannonade, and that in front of the left of the village having been likewise evacuated on the approach of the 7th division under Gen. Le Cor to attack it, Lieut.-gen. Sir Lowry Cole attacked and possessed himself of the village, which was turned on its left, by the 3d division under Major-gen. Colville; and on its right by the reserve of Andalusia under Don Pedro Giron, and Major-gen. Baron Alten carried the positions on La Petite La Rhune. The whole then co-operated in the attack of the Enemy's main position behind the village. The 3d and 7th divisions immediately carried the redoubts on the left of the Enemy's centre, and the light division those on the right, while the 4th division, with the reserve of Andalusia on the left, attacked their positions in their centre. By these attacks, the Enemy were obliged to abandon their strong positions, which they had fortified with

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with much care and labour; and they left in the principal redoubt on the height, the 1st batt. 88th regt. which immediately surrendered.—While these operations were going on in the centre, I had the pleasure of seeing the 6th division under Lieut.-gen. Sir H. Clinton, after having crossed the Nivelle, and having driven in the Enemy's piquets on both banks, and having covered the passage of the Portuguese division under Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hamilton on its right, make a most handsome attack upon the right of the Enemy's position behind Anhoue, and on the right of the Nivelle, and carry all the intrenchments, and the redoubt on that flank.—Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hamilton supported with the Portuguese division, the 6th division on its right; and both co-operated in the attack of the 2d redoubt, which was carried.—Major-gen. Pringle's brigade of the 2d division, under Lieut.-gen. Sir W. Stewart, drove in the Enemy's piquets, on the Nivelle and in front of Anhoue, and then Major-gen. Byng's brigade of the 2d division carried the intrenchments, and a redoubt further on the Enemy's left, in which attack the Major-gen. and these troops distinguished themselves. Major-gen. Morillo covered the advance of the whole to the heights behind Anhoue, by attacking the Enemy's posts on the slopes of Mondarin, and following them towards Itzatce. The troops on the heights behind Anhoue were, by these operations under the direction of Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill, forced to retire towards the bridge of Cambo, on the Nive; with the exception of the divisions in Mondarin, which, by the march of a part of the 2d division under Lieut.-gen. Sir W. Stewart, were pushed into the mountains towards Baygory.—As soon as the heights were carried on both banks of the Nivelle, I directed the 3d and 7th divisions, being the right of our centre, to move by the left of that river upon St. Pe, and the 6th division by the right of that river upon the same place, while the 4th and light divisions, and Gen. Giron's reserve, held the heights above Ascaïn, and covered this movement on that side, and Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill covered it on the other. A part of the Enemy's troops had retired from their centre, and had crossed the Nivelle at St. Pe; and as soon as the 6th division approached, the 3d division under Major-gen. Colville, and the 7th division under Gen. Le Cor, crossed that river, and attacked and immediately gained possession of the heights beyond it.—We were thus established in the rear of the Enemy's right; but so much of the day was now spent, that it was impossible to make any further movement; and I was obliged to defer our further operations till the fol-

lowing morning.—The Enemy evacuated Ascaïn in the afternoon, of which village Lieut.-gen. Don M. Freyre took possession, and quitted all their works and positions in front of St. Jean de Luz during the night, and retired upon Bidart, destroying all the bridges upon the Lower Nivelle. Lieut.-gen. Sir J. Hope followed them with the left of the army, as soon as he could cross the river; and Marshal Sir W. Beresford moved the centre of the army as far as the state of the roads, after a violent fall of rain, would allow; and the Enemy retired again on the night of the 11th, into an entrenched camp in front of Bayonne.—In the course of the operations of which I have given your Lordship an outline, in which we have driven the Enemy from positions which they had been fortifying with great labour and care for three months, in which we have taken 51 pieces of cannon, 6 tumbrils of ammunition, and 1400 prisoners, I have great satisfaction in reporting the good conduct of all the officers and troops. The report itself will shew how much reason I had to be satisfied with the conduct of Marshal Sir W. Beresford, and Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill, who directed the attack of the centre and right; and with that of Lieut.-gens. Sir G. L. Cole, Sir W. Stewart, Sir J. Hamilton, and Sir H. Clinton; Major-gen. Colville, Baron Alten, Mariscal de Campo P. Le Cor, and Mariscal de Campo Don P. Morillo, commanding divisions of infantry; and with that of Don Pedro Giron, commanding the reserve of Andalusia. [The Marquis of Wellington here calls his Lordship's attention to the conduct of Major-gens. Byng and Lambert, who conducted the attacks of the 6th division; of the 51st and 68th regts. under the command of Major Rice and Lieut.-col. Hawkins, in Major-gen. Inglis's brigade, in the attack of the heights above St. Pe, on the afternoon of the 10th; of the 8th Portuguese brigade, in the 3d division, under Major-gen. Power; and of Major-gen. Anson's brigade. He likewise acknowledges the great assistance received from Sir G. Murray, Sir E. Pakenham, Lord F. Somerset, Col. Dickson, Lieut.-col. Campbell, the Prince of Orange, and all his Staff Officers.]—Our loss, although severe, is not so great as might have been expected, considering the strength of the positions attacked, and the length of time (from day-light till dark) during which the troops were engaged but I am concerned to add that Col. Barnard, of the 95th, has been severely, though I hope not dangerously, wounded; and that we have lost in Lieut.-col. Lloyd, of the 94th, an officer who had frequently distinguished himself, and was of great promise.

I have, &c.

WELLINGTON.

P. S.

GENL. MAG. January, 1814.

P. S. Since the returns of the Enemy's loss were received, we have taken 100 more prisoners, and 400 wounded.

Abstract of Loss.—British, 229 killed, 1534 Wounded, 54 Missing; Portuguese, 56 Killed, 432 Wounded, 15 Missing.

British Officers killed Nov. 10.—Royal Engineers, Lieut. R. G. Power; 27th regt. Maj. T. Johnstone; 32d, Ensign John O'Brien Bulker; 40th, Ens. Alex. Dobbin; 43d, Capt. T. Capel and Lieut. Ed. Freer; 51st, Lieut. Maurice Stephens and J. E. Taylor; 57th, Maj. Dudley Ackland, and Lieut. G. Knox; 60th, Lieut. T. Eccles; 61st, Capt. W. H. Furnace, and Lieut. Chris. Kellett; 63th, Capt. H. Bury Irwin, and Lieut. Roger Stopford; 83th, Lieut. Arthur Johnson; 87th, Ens. Morgan Helliard; 91st, Capt. David McIntire; 94th, Major T. Lloyd, (Lieut.-col.); 1st Lt. Batt. K. G. L. Lieut. G. Boyd; Eruswick Lt. Inf. Lieut. G. Scharhorns.

British Officers wounded.—General Staff, Maj.-gen. J. Kempt, and Maj.-gen. J. Byng, slightly. 3d Ft. Gds. Ass. Adj.-gen. Lieut.-col. C. Rooke, severely. 7th Fusil. Brig.-maj. Capt. T. D. Cotton, sev. 1st Ft. Gds. Brig.-maj. Capt. Chas. Allix, sev. Royal Artill. Lieut. Jas. Day, sev. Coldstream Gds. 1st bat. Ens. W. Anstruther, sev. 3d f. Capt. C. Cameron, sev. 4th f. 1 bat. Lieut. Jeffy Salvin, sev. 5th f. 1 bat. Capt. G. Clarke, and Lieut. C. Elias Bird, sev. 11th f. 1 bat. Capt. C. Turner, Lieut. Rob. Gethin, and Lieut. Jas. F. Fegnell, sev.; Ens. J. Moulds, sl.; Ens. Mat. Trimble, sev. 24th f. 2 bat. Capt. Jas. Brickell, sev.; Ens. Rob. Marsh, sl. 27th f. 3 bat. Lieut. W. Phibbs, sev.; Ens. J. Galbraith, S. Ireland, sev. 31st f. 2 bat. Capt. Jas. Girdlestone, sev. 32d f. 1 bat. Lieut. John Boase, sl. 36th f. 1 bat. Capt. W. Blakeney, sev. Capt. W. Gilliam, sev.; Lieut. W. Tunstall, sev.; Lieut. T. L'Estrange, sl.; Ens. Jas. McCabe, sev.; Ens. J. Skerry, sl. 38th f. 1 bat. Ens. And. Oliver, sl.; Ass. Surg. S. Cotman, sev. 40th f. 1 bat. Lieut.-col. H. Thomson, sev.; Capt. J. H. Barnet, sev.; Capt. P. Bishop, sev.; Lieut. Nath. Carter, sl.; Lieut. J. Richardson, sev.; Adj. Isaac Chertham, sl. 42d f. 1 bat. Capt. Mungo M'Pherson, sev.; Lieut. Kenneth M'Dougal, sev. 43d f. 1 bat. Capt. Rob. Marcheson, sev. (since dead); Lieut. Wyndham Madden, sev.; Lieut. J. Angrove, sev.; Lieut. Edw. D'Arcy, sl.; Lieut. J. Meyrick, sl.; Jas. Consideine, sev.; Lieut. Alex. Steele, sl.; J. M'Lean, jun. sl.; Ens. J. Marshal Miles, sl. 48th f. 1 bat. Lieut. Steph. Collins, sev.; Lieut. Francis M. Scott, sev.; Lieut. Z. Tatcher, sl.; Ens. B. Thompson, sev. 51st f. 1 bat. Lieut. Walter Mahon, sev.; Lieut. H. Martin, sl. 52d f. 1 bat. Capt. Wm. Redtal, sev.; Lieut. Chas. Yorke, sl.; Lieut. G. Ulrich Barlow, sev.; Lieut.

Mat. Anderson, sev.; Lieut. C. Kenny, sl.; Lieut. Mat. Agnew, sl. 53d f. 2 bat. Capt. Jas. Mackay, sev.; 57th f. 1 bat. Lieut.-col. Duncan M'Donald, sev.; Capt. J. Burrowes (major) sev.; Capt. Hector M'Lane, sev.; Lieut. Rob. Ross, sev.; Lieut. J. Hughes, sev. 60th f. 5 bat. Capt. Jas. Stopford, sev.; Lieut. J. Pauley, sev.; Ens. H. Shewbridge, sl. 61st f. 1 bat. Capt. J. Horton, sev.; Capt. M. Annesley and H. Eccles, sev.; Lieut. Rob. Belton, sev.; Lieut. Arthur Toole, sev. 66th f. 2 bat. Capt. Rob. Pynn, sev.; Lieut. Rob. Dobbins, sev. 63th f. Capt. H. Archdall, sl.; Capt. Nath. Gledstanes, sev.; Lieut. Rob. Clark, sev.; Lieut. W. Mendham, sev.; Ens. Jos. Gibson, sl.; Ens. Th. Browning, sev. 79th f. 1 bat. Ens. J. Thompson, sl. 82d f. 1 bat. Capt. G. Marshall, sev.; Lieut. C. Mortimer, sev.; Lieut. Kingston Cuthbert, Lieut. W. Mason, sev.; Lieut. B. Sydserff, sev.; Lieut. Rich. Whitaker, sev. 83d f. 2 bat. Lieut. Herbert Wyatt, sev.; Lieut. Francis M. Barry, sl.; Lieut. C. Watson, sl.; Ens. Francis Burgess, sev. 87th f. 2 bat. Major Hugh Gough, (Lieut.-col.) sev.; Lieut. J. Kelly, sev.; Lieut. Jos. Leslie, sev.; Ens. Jas. Kennedy, sev.; Ens. H. Barley, sev. 94th f. Lieut. J. Thornton, sev.; and Lieut. Jas. Tweedie, sl. 95th f. 1 bat. Lieut.-col. Andrew F. Barnard, (Col.) sev.; Capt. Chas. Smyth, sev.; Lieut. W. Haggup, sev.; and Lieut. Daniel Fendall, sev. 95th, 2d bat. Capt. W. Cox, sl.; Lieut. Chas. Eaton, sev.; Lieut. H. Scott, sev.; and 2d Lieut. J. Doyle, sev. 95th, 3 bat. Lieut. Jas. Kirkman, sl.; and Lieut. Loftus Jones, sev. Chass. Brittan, Adj. Louis Bousaingault, sl. 1st Line Batt. K. G. L. Capt. W. Humbruck, sev.; left arm amputated. 2d do. do. Lieut. Lewis Behne, sev.; Adj. Bernhard Rief Kugel, sl. 2d line bat. K. G. L. Lieut.-col. Ducken, sl.; Lieut. C. Wille, sev. Brunswick lt. inf. Capt. W. Koch, sev.; Lieut. W. Unruh, sev.; Lieut. Otto Broembsen, sev.; Ens. C. Burman, sev.

Volunteers.—40th f. 1 bat. G. Booth, sev. 59th, 2 bat. J. A. Blood, sl. 87th 2 bat. R. Eagenall, sev.; W. K. Bourne, severely.

British Officers Missing.—5th reg. 1 bat. Capt. J. Hamilton. 27th do. 3 bat. Lieut. W. Cranley. 51st do. Capt. J. H. Phelps.

[Here follows a list of 5 Portuguese officers killed and 55 wounded. Among the latter are Capt. Dugald Campbell, severely; and Lieut.-col. Donald M'Neal, slightly.]

Downing-street, Nov. 27. Extract of a Dispatch from the Marquess of Wellington, dated St. Pe, Nov. 13.

I have omitted to draw your Lordship's attention, in the manner which it deserved, to the conduct of the light division, under

the command of Major-gen. Charles Baron Alten. These troops distinguished themselves in this, as they have upon every occasion in which they have been engaged. Major-gen. Kempt was wounded at the head of his brigade in the beginning of the day, in the attack of the Enemy's works on La Petite La Rhune, but continued in the field, and I had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct, as well as with that of Col. Colbourne, who commanded Major-gen. Skerret's brigade in his absence.

[Here follows a detail of the regimental loss sustained at St. Pe, omitted in the Gazette Extraordinary of the 25th instant.]

General Total.—3 majors, 4 captains, 12 lieutenants, 6 ensigns, 1 staff, 28 sergeants, 4 drummers, 280 rank and file, 16 horses, killed; 2 general staff, 6 lieutenant-colonels, 1 major, 38 captains, 67 lieutenants, 36 ensigns, 5 staff, 132 sergeants, 25 drummers, 1966 rank and file, 25 horses, wounded; 2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 69 rank and file, missing.

Foreign-office, Nov. 27. This Gazette announces that the blockade of the provinces of East Friesland, the State of Kniphausen, the Dutchy of Oldenburgh, and the Dutchy of Bremen is discontinued.

Downing-street, Nov. 24: Extract of a Letter from Lieut.-gen. Sir G. Prevost, dated Head Quarters, Montreal, Oct. 8:

Shortly after I had the honour of addressing your Lordship, I received information that the Enemy were assembling in considerable force on the Montreal frontier, apparently with a view of penetrating into the lower province. The intelligence I continued to receive from different quarters, of these movements of the Enemy, and of the extent of the preparations they were making, induced me to repair to this place, where I arrived on the 25th ultimo. On reaching Montreal, I learnt that Major-gen. Hampton, with about five thousand regular troops of infantry and some artillery and cavalry, had, after approaching close to the frontier line, near Odel Town, and overpowering one of our small piquets in that neighbourhood, suddenly moved with his whole force to the Westward, and was encamped at a place called the Four Corners, near the Chateaugay river.—Measures had been, in the mean time, taken by Major-gen. Sir Roger Sheaffe, commanding in this district, to resist the advance of the Enemy, by moving the whole of the troops under his command nearer to the frontier line, and by calling out about three thousand of the sedentary militia. I thought it necessary to increase this latter force to nearly eight thousand, by embodying

the whole of the sedentary militia upon the frontier, this being in addition to the six battalions of incorporated militia, amounting to five thousand men; and it is with peculiar satisfaction I have to report to your Lordship, that his Majesty's Canadian subjects have a second time answered the call, to arm in defence of their country, with a zeal and alacrity beyond all praise, and which manifests in the strongest manner their loyalty to their Sovereign, and their cheerful obedience to his commands. The force now assembled by the Enemy at different points, for the purpose of invading these provinces, is greater than at any other period during the war. Major-gen. Harrison has under him at Sandusky, on the frontier of the Michigan territory, about eight thousand men, ready to avail himself of the absolute command lately obtained by their navy on Lake Erie, to advance upon Detroit and Amherstburg. Major-general Wilkinson commands at Fort George and Niagara, with a force amounting to nearly 6500 men; and Major-gen. Hampton, with a force under his command, which by the last accounts had been considerably increased, and amounting probably to about 8000 men, is on this frontier. I have reason to think, that the whole of the above force, amounting to 26,000 men, consists of regular troops, and is exclusive of 10,000 militia, which either have or are in readiness to join them.—In consequence of my solicitation to Admiral Sir J. Warren, in June last, for a further supply of seamen for the Lake service, the crews of two sloops of war were ordered by him to be sent from Halifax to Quebec; and I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship that they have arrived, and that part of them have been sent to join Capt. Pring at Isle au Noix, for the service of Lake Champlain, and the remainder have proceeded to Lake Ontario. It cannot be too much regretted, that my letter to Sir J. Warren upon this subject, which I dispatched in June last, in duplicate, was so long in reaching him, as not to be acted upon until more than two months afterwards; as, had this reinforcement arrived a few weeks earlier, it might have averted the melancholy fate which has attended our squadron on Lake Erie. A full confirmation of this disaster has reached me, through the medium of the American prints, which contain Commodore Perry's official account of the action, the only one which I have as yet received, or which I can expect to receive of it for a great length of time, in consequence of the dangerous situation of Capt. Barclay, and of the death, wounds, or captivity of all the officers serving under him.—Under this misfortune, it is a matter of great consolation