

whom she hath soothed in affliction, and those she hath honoured with her friendship; they, he affirms, will vindicate him from the charge of flattery, and support his assertion that her patronage is as glorious to him as any he "could possibly have chosen."

The Preface informs us that the Author has not yet exceeded his seventeenth year; and the Writer seems therefore to think some apology necessary for their publication. Many precedents, he asserts, might be cited in favour of the practice of giving juvenile performances to the world; and that practice he considers unexceptionable, unless when the advice of competent judges has been neglected, or the work appears in an incorrect state. The Poems now before us, we are assured, have been perused by many sincere and judicious friends, whose advice has been scrupulously followed, by making the alterations they pointed out. The Author, it seems, has made no improper sacrifice to his Muse; neither has he deserted from the post of duty, or neglected any necessary employment. Thus situated, he appears before the bar of Criticism, unconscious of deserving censure, yet not without due diffidence. He declares that he shall derive sincere gratification from the approval of the publick; but, should it pronounce his verses undeserving of favour, he is content that they sink into oblivion. He felt sensible that, if he delayed the publication "till Time had matured his judgment, and Reflection perfected his ideas, the *scribendi cuculæ*, perhaps an unfortunate inclination, would take a firm and unalterable possession of his mind." Under these impressions, he determined to obtain the public opinion, that he may be enabled hereafter either to pursue his poetical propensities with encouragement, or desist in time from an unprofitable labour. The Volume now offered is not intended to invite approbation; but is to be considered as the precursor of something which may challenge it in future: "it is not an attempt to gain the prize, but a specimen of his powers which may entitle him to the honour of standing candidate for that prize."

"The reader will here find the genuine effusions of a youthful fancy—free, yet not uncontroled; a collection of pieces,

exempt from negligence and inaccuracy, though not from the usual and inevitable faults of early compositions. To offer less than this, would be arrogant; and to require more than this, would be unreasonable."

The Author supposes the Reader will smile when he is informed "Gustavus Vasa" was originally planned at eleven years of age. As soon as Master Walker comprehended the nature of Poetry, he determined to write an Epic Poem; and speedily made choice of a subject. The progress he made was various; at one time hurried on by the ardour of hope, at another the Poem was relinquished for more lively pursuits, and reposed for months in the leaves of a portfolio. Six long cantos were completed in this manner; but, when he had attained his thirteenth year, numerous extravagances and faults met his more matured judgment, and the MS. was consequently consigned to destruction. Some time after Master Walker recommenced his Poem on a new and more rational plan:

"Accordingly, the first, and part of the second book, were written in 1810, and the rest of the work, which is published in this volume, principally in 1812. All that is yet completed of this production (except the sequel of the fourth book, and the whole fifth, which are yet uncorrected) is here presented to the publick; and on its success the continuation of 'Gustavus Vasa' depends."

The Author intended to include the whole of the actions of his Hero from the period when he distinguished himself under Steen Sture, to that of his death in 1560; but, as all those actions could not be detailed without destroying the unity of the Poem, he thought it best to commence with his introduction amongst the Dalecarlians at Mora, "and conclude with his first election to the Royalty in 1523; the rest being introduced by means of narration, anticipation, and episode."

"It will be, doubtless, objected, that the enterprize is beyond his powers, and that he acted rashly in undertaking it. But this is no light scheme; no work begun for want of other amusement, and deserted when a more specious or pleasing subject for poetry presented itself. He has considered it seriously; the subject appears full of poetical capabilities, and superior to many others which offered themselves; and if the opinion of the

World coincides with his own on this point, he has resolved to make it the favourite employment of his maturer years, and to reduce it as far as possible to perfection. Part of his plan for continuing the Poem will be found in the notes."

With respect to the other pieces contained in this Volume, they were selected from a considerable number of original compositions, not as the particular objects of the Author's favour, but because they seemed the most faultless of their brethren: this he considered as his safest method of proceeding, since it is impossible that "the flimsy productions of a youth of seventeen," as Kirke White expresses it, should be free from considerable errors; and we are apt to think our most irregular flights our most vigorous ones. On these pieces, however, he places little stress; his principal reliance is on "Gustavus Vasa." The Latin poems have been honoured by "the approbation of different Masters at Eton."

Mr. Walker is sensible that an Author may be accused of arrogance by dwelling too long upon himself; but he felt assured that many well-meaning people might be inclined to censure him for publishing so juvenile a performance, or even attempting an Epic poem: he, therefore, thought it his duty to state his motives; "and was less solicitous to avoid the possible charge of self-conceit, than the certain one of folly and presumption." In conclusion, he disclaims any intentional imitation of preceding writers.

There are few indeed of our Poets who have appeared before the public with such a list of Subscribers as this volume presents — a host of friends who have rendered the ire of the critick harmless. The heavy expences of publication will not fall upon him as a consequence of condemnation; and whatever are his disappointments, they will not be of a pecuniary nature, as is the case with too many of his less fortunate brethren of Parnassus: but we think the public will find much to admire in these his early attempts to attract the patronage of the Muses.

The opening of the third book of "Gustavus Vasa" may be cited in support of this opinion; but we must recommend the Author to revise the second line, if another edition should be required.

"Auspicious Spirit, whosoe'er thou art,
Who warm, exalt, and fill, the Poet's
heart:

Who bade young Homer pour the martial strain,
[found domain:
And led the Tuscan Bard thro' Hell's pro-
By whom unequal Camæens, borne along
A torrent stream, majestic, wild and
strong,
Sung India's clime disclosed, and fiery
showers

Bursting on Calicut's perfidious town:
By whom soft Maro caught Mæonian fire,
And plaintive Ossian tuned his Celtic lyre:
If still 'tis thine o'er Morvin's heaths to
rove,

Jago's green banks, or Mele's hallow'd
Assist me thence—command my growing
song

To roll with nobler energy along!
Before me life's extended vale appears,
Onward I hasten thro' the gulf of years,
And soon must sink beneath them; let
my name

With one bright furrow of recording
Mark my brief course! If led by thee I
stray'd

In youth's sweet dawn beneath the hazel
While over head clear shone the sunny
beam,

[the tepid stream:
And Noon's weak breeze scarce eul'd
Still aid me, gentle Spirit! still inspire
My first bold task, and add diviner fire."

11. *The Complete Family Assistant; including Economical Hints on the Use of Provisions, Fuel, &c.; interesting Observations and Moral Essays; the most useful Receipts, Prescriptions, and Tables; and approved Methods for the Preservation or Restoration of Health. A List of the London Schools and Charities; an Abstract of the Laws relating to Landlords, Tenants, and Pawnbrokers; Advice to Tradesmen and Farmers; and every Variety of Information calculated to benefit the Condition of the Poor, or connected with Domestic Economy.* By J. M. Flindall. 12mo. pp. 350. Flindall; Sherwood and Co.; &c.

"THE careful and thinking part of the community may, in this Volume, find much which was before known to them; but it will be acknowledged, that, from time to time, it is necessary to remind, as well as to instruct. In this humble attempt to be useful, my attention has been directed to those of the middle, as well as the lower ranks in life." *Prof.*

To these classes the Volume before us is peculiarly adapted. Nor let the higher ranks of society look fastidiously on these well-intended Economical Hints. The language is in some instances

instances homely; but the maxims inculcated are worthy of attention. From the wide range of subjects here embraced, much useful instruction may be derived, both for the preservation of health, and the means of making life comfortable; and even "Cautions for the Treatment of the Dying" extracted from Dr. Ferriar, who, amongst other judicious suggestions, advises that,

"When the tossing of the arms, the rattling noise in respiration, and difficulty of swallowing have come on, all unnecessary noise and bustle about the dying person should be prohibited. The bed-curtains should be drawn nearly close; and unless the patient should place himself in a posture evidently uneasy, he should be left undisturbed. Exclamations of grief, and the crowding of the family round the bed, only serve to harass him.—The common practice of plying him with liquors of different kinds, and of forcing them into his mouth when he cannot swallow, should be totally abated from.—While the senses remain perfect, the patient ought to direct his own conduct, both in his devotional exercises, and in the last interchange of affection with his friends. Those who resign themselves quietly to their feelings, seem to fare best."

To which Mr. Flindall justly adds,

"An excellent caution, against the cruel and officious introduction of ignorant exhorters, who, in the awful hour of dissolution, step in, as it were between man and his Maker, and disturb that serenity so necessary to the departing soul."

Amongst the numerous Receipts, are several for cheap and wholesome Soups, Puddings, &c.

The cultivation of Parsnips is also thus strongly recommended:

"Of all the roots which a farmer can cultivate, (says Arthur Young) this root is the most valuable; but it requires a good soil, and should be sown about the middle of February.—Another Writer says, 'I advise my men to raise each a large bed of Parsnips. They are very nourishing, and very profitable. Sixpenny-worth of seed, well sowed, and trod in, will produce more meals than four sacks of potatoes; and what is material to those who have little ground, it will not require more than an eighth part of the ground which the four sacks will take. Parsnips are very good the second day, warmed in the frying-pan, and a little rasher of pork or bacon will give

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them a nice flavour.' Though Indian corn is so famous and strengthening, the American Indians make a great part of their Bread of Parsnips."

12. *The Amateur's Pocket Companion; or, a Description of Scarce and Valuable engraved British Portraits. Also of the Rare or Curious Books, as mentioned in the Works of Granger, Bromley, Noble, &c. alphabetically arranged. With Notes, including the Prices and Descriptions of many Rare Prints, unnoticed by former Writers, and forming a convenient and valuable Compendium to Dealers and Collectors in this favourite Branch of Virtu. Dedicated to Earl Spencer. By John Morris Flindall. 12mo. pp. 141. Flindall; Gale and Co.*

THE copious Title-page sufficiently unfolds the nature of this little Volume, which cannot fail of being acceptable to the curious Collector.

"The increasing thirst for information on engraved British Portraits has been sufficient to call for works of far greater extent than the present, which chiefly aims at presenting the means of gratifying a laudable wish, among the Lovers of the Fine Arts, to preserve that which might otherwise become for ever extinct. Prints which are numerous may be said to present themselves; but those which are scarce we must pursue, or know how to value when by rare good fortune they fall in our way. The Portraits sold by George Humble, those engraved from the paintings of H. Gascar, the works of Place, George White, Hollar, the Pass's, &c. are eagerly sought for by the Collectors of Rare Portraits, to enrich the port-folios and cabinets of the Curious.—The discovery of Plates formerly lost have not been sufficiently frequent, to lessen very materially the number of scarce articles; nor have the recent copies of rare heads appeared to lessen the value of the original engravings: indeed it has with too much truth been observed, that the multiplication of copies hath brought them into contempt, many of them having been neglected and destroyed merely because they were multiplied.' Notwithstanding which, I should think the Arts indebted to several of our present Publishers, who have favoured the Curious with good copies of many Prints, which had nearly eluded the utmost diligence of pursuit."

In a brief account of "Scarce and Curious Books," Mr. Flindall notices,

"Museum Worsleyanum, or a Collection of Antique Basso-Relievos, But-

ton,

tos, Statues, and Gems. London, 1794. 2 vols. imperial folio. Not more than 250 impressions of this work were printed, and none were sold. Sir R. Worsley, at the time of his death, in 1804, had given but 27 copies to his Friends. The text is in English and Italian.

"The following work was only printed and distributed among a few Friends:

"Engravings and Etchings of the principal Statues and Busts, Bas-Reliefs, Sepulchral Monuments, Cinerary Urns, &c. in the Collection of Henry Blundell, esq. 1809. 2 vols. folio."

13. *The Corsair, a Tale. By Lord Byron.* 8vo. pp. 100. lines 1863. Murray.

FROM scanty materials for the subject of his fancy, Lord Byron's taste has enabled him to construct a story replete with interest, in language chaste, elegant, and forcible, sparkling with poetical imagery, and adorned with sentimental pathos. The *μυθός* (as Aristotle would express himself) is soon told. CONRAD, "*The Corsair*," is a misanthrope, married to Medora; and has his airy tower on an eminence in one of the *Ægean Isles*, which is the retreat of his bold piratical crew. In "*Coron's boy*" he burns the galleys of SEYD, a Pacha, who had received a firman to destroy him and his band: but, wishing to save the women of Seyd's *Haram* from the spreading flames, he loses the crisis of conquest; his men are slain sword in hand, disdaining quarter; and CONRAD is taken, fettered, imprisoned, and doomed to be impaled. By a happy adaptation, Lord Byron releases the captive, through the agency of SEYD's concubine *Gulnare*: who, like PIZARRO's concubine *Elvira* in the play, brings a dagger to the dungeon. Conrad is equally averse with *Rolla* to assassinate: but, more lucky than *Elvira*, *Gulnare* performs the deed, and accompanies "*The Corsair*" to his fortified retreat. Conrad finds Medora dead of despair; and, in a wild fit of agony, remorse, distraction, and horror, puts off to sea alone in a boat, and is never heard of more.

"Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair,
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside;
And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone;—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely

He left a CORSAIR's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

The whole is dedicated, in a strain of singular eulogy, to THOMAS MOORE, esq. a gentleman of talents, known by his assumed *sobriquet* "*Thom Little*."

14. *Virgil in London; or, Town Eclogues. To which are added, Imitations of Horace.* small 8vo. pp. 126. Wilson.

"*O imitatores, servum pecus!*" Let a man of wit and learning once strike out some new track in the vast wilds of Literature,—he is instantly dogged at the heels by a yelping worthless pack of mongrels, destitute of "scen" and devoid of "training," but eager for their unmerited portion of the expected prey. "*HORACE IN LONDON*" is, evidently, the gay and spirited production of scholastic powers capable of far nobler achievements; it is a playful work, hastily composed, and prematurely edited, in which genius is apparent, though study is neglected. "*Virgil in London*" is a poor, cold, lifeless, watery daub of a copy, in the manner of a slight imitation of a truly masterly but imperfect sketch. We have inspected the flimsy performances with much charity; vainly hoping, alas! we might possibly have been able to praise the plan so pirated, at least, although justice compels us to execrate the execution. We have read the book completely through, *re infectâ*; to the Friends of the Author we now turn with eyes of supplication, and entreat them to point out to us one page in the book from which a pleasing extract can be made. We really are "*at fault*."

15. *The History and Antiquities of the County of Rutland. Vol. I. Part II. By Thomas Blore, F.S.A. (Concluded from our last Volume, Part II. p. 47.)*

AFTER a long and regretted interval, owing to the serious illness of the Reviewer, we return to the consideration of Mr. Blore's "*History of Rutland*." To connect our present with our preceding strictures, after the lapse of so many months, a short epitome of what we before observed concerning this valuable work may not be unacceptable to our Readers.

We commenced our critique with remarks on the importance of this branch of literary investigation, so much

much and so deservedly cultivated of late years; we observed, that it tended to cherish and keep alive the spirit of patriotic zeal and virtue in the Provinces, where the Nobility and Gentry have rendered themselves conspicuous on the page of civil or military renown, inspiring their posterity and successors with a wish to imitate their actions, and emulate their fame; that, from the rise and extinction, often in *one short century*, of great and illustrious Houses, an important lesson might be learned, on the vanity and uncertainty of sublunary grandeur; that, by these provincial inquiries, the knowledge of *Geography*, *Botany*, and *Mineralogy*, was greatly extended; and the inestimable remains of *Antiquity* were preserved, by the Engraver's skill, for the admiration of distant ages.

On the *manner*, in which the particular Provincial History under consideration is executed, we remarked, that it was *unexceptionable*, except perhaps in the circumstance of the large scale of editing the work adopted (*royal folio*), which must necessarily render it equally dear to the Purchaser, and expensive to the Editor; that, however, in mitigation, the plates were numerous, accurately designed, and beautifully finished. We then proceeded to present our Readers with some specimens of the work itself, in which they must have remarked, in every page, an accuracy of quotation, and a minuteness of reference to our best authors in the line of History and Antiquities, seldom equalled, and never exceeded. We observed, too, that his delineations of character were in general just, with a little leaning perhaps at times to the popular side of the question; and we produced two instances from his biographical details, of eminent men as ably and impartially drawn, as the conflicting passions and prejudices of the times they lived in would well allow them to be drawn, of Robert the first Earl of Salisbury, and the great, and learned, but unfortunate Earl of Worcester*.

It is much to be lamented that, in their general outline, Provincial Histories are, for the most part, copies from each other, or go back to some

common source of information, replete with antiquated error; whereas it is the duty of an Editor, especially in these enlightened days, when so many new and authentic sources are open to investigation, to examine for himself, and consult the labours of his predecessors with jealous circumspection. Whosoever will take the trouble to compare those parts of the present publication in which the same places are described as in Mr. Wright's "History of Rutland," together with the history of the descent of property and of families connected with them, will soon perceive how little the present is obliged to him, or any former writer. In fact, he professes to have taken for his example the great Sir William Dugdale, in his "History of Warwickshire," and to have scrupulously adhered to *his* principles and plan. He affirms that he has personally visited every place of note in the County he describes; and, where possible, that the family archives have been explored, to illustrate his researches, and give value to his labours. On the whole, we must repeat that the historical sketch given in this *minor* portion of Mr. Blore's Rutland, on account of the accuracy and fidelity with which it is composed, may bid defiance to any work of *similar extent*, ever published, and stands without a rival in Topographical lore. This assertion is not the result of partial friendship, but will be found substantiated in truth on examining the various pages of the book itself, the innumerable references that almost *load* the text, and the illustrations in the notes, throughout all the sixteen districts, here enumerated, and forming the EAST HUNDRED of Rutland. These details are not of a nature to be extracted, or abridged; they would neither inform our classical, nor delight our philosophical readers; but they will be perused with pleasure, and consulted with eagerness, by those interested in the welfare and prosperity, and in the manorial and ecclesiastical property, of the County whose history these pages attempt to elucidate.

Beyond the limits, indeed, of the County described, and the circle connected with it by marriage or property, Provincial Histories have few alluring charms to attract readers. The patronage within the County, therefore,

* See our last Volume, Part II. pp. 46, and 47.

fore, from those attached to the soil, by a long line of illustrious ancestors, or by extensive domains however acquired, should be generous and spirited in proportion. We hope the Author has found this to be the case in a degree adequate to his expectations and his merits. Without that patronage it would be prudent, and far from *disgraceful*, to retrench within more contracted limits the original plan sketched out by him for the completion of his laborious work. Of this, however, he himself is the best judge: we heartily wish him success, and for the present bid him farewell!

16. *Narrative of the most remarkable Events which occurred near Leipzig. (Concluded from p. 38.)*

THE Author's account of the defection of the Saxons, one of the most important occurrences in the third day's battle, is as follows:

"The thunder from the French centre, as well as from the left wing, gradually approached nearer to the city. The 7th corps, under Gen. Reynier, was in the left wing, and posted towards Taucha. It was principally composed of Saxons. They had just come into action, and the Allies had already brought up a great number of guns against them. To the no small astonishment and consternation of their leader, they suddenly shouldered their arms, marched forward in close files with their artillery, and went over to the Enemy. Several French battalions, misled by this movement, joined them, and were immediately disarmed and made prisoners by the Allies. The French cuirassiers, suspecting the design of the Saxons, followed, apparently with the intention of falling upon them. The Saxons faced about, and compelled them, by a smart fire of musketry, to return. A volley of small arms was discharged after them, but with no more effect—it did them no injury. Their horse-artillery turned about, and soon dismounted that of the French. They were greeted with a joyful *hurrah!* by the Cossacks, who cordially shook hands with their new comrades. The Saxons desired to be immediately led back to the attack of the French. The hearts of these soldiers individually had long glowed with revenge for all the devastations committed in their native land by their allies and companions in arms, for whom they had so often shed their blood in torrents. The Generals of the Allies refused, on very good grounds, to comply with their desire. The Saxons marched

a league into the rear of the field of battle, and there bivouacked. Their artillery only was afterwards invited to take part in the engagement, and did great execution. This circumstance had an essential influence on the issue of the contest, inasmuch as the defection of a body of more than 2000 men facilitated the advance of the right wing of the Allies. But for this step the Saxons would have fared very badly, as their opponents had already ranged upwards of 30 pieces of cannon against their line, and were bringing up still more to the attack. These now proved the most galling to the ranks of the French, who were driven back almost to the Kohlgraben. From my position this advance of the Allies was not to be perceived, except by the approach of the thunder of the artillery. The French centre yet stood immovable; at least we could not observe from the City any change which denoted a retrograde movement. How sanguinary this tremendous conflict was, might be inferred from the thousands of wounded, who hobbled, crawled, and were carried in at the gates. Among the latter were many officers of rank. If you inquired of those who returned from the field, how the battle was going on, the reply almost invariably was—'Badly enough—the Enemy is very strong.' A Saxon cuirassier declared, without reserve, that it might be considered as decided, adding, 'We have lost a deal of ground already.' Stotteritz and S-bönnefeld were stormed the same evening. All the streets were covered with wounded; and fortunate were they who could find a shelter. As for surgical aid and refreshments, these were not to be thought of. A far greater number of these miserable wretches were yet left behind in the villages, as might be seen from the detached limbs, which were piled in heaps, especially at Probstheide."

The capture of the City by the Allies was attended with less destruction than could possibly have been conceived, owing to the humane precaution used by the victors, of driving the Enemy out of it by musketry, and what may be termed manual force only, and without the aid, or with as little as possible of the aid, of those wide-sweeping engines of destruction, mortars and cannons. But all the villages around were wholly ransacked, devastated, and burned; so that the misery of the inhabitants who remain alive beggars description, and even distances imagination: it is misery in every

every form that humanity can suffer, or sympathy alleviate. We cannot, however, help adverting to the just retribution of pain which the oppressors of the Germans have been in their turn doomed to suffer.

"The country round Dresden was already exhausted. Soldiers and travellers coming from that quarter could scarcely find terms to describe the distress. They unanimously declared that the country from Oschatz to Leipsig was a real paradise, in comparison with Lusatia and the circle of Misnia, as far as the Elbe. Of this we soon had convincing proofs. It was necessary to pick out a great number of horses from all the regiments, and to send back numerous troops of soldiers to the depôts. Don Quixote's Rosinante was a superb animal compared with those which returned to Dresden. Most of them had previously perished by the way. Here they covered all the streets. The men sold them out of hand, partly for a few groschen. A great number were publicly put up to auction by the French Commissaries; and you may form some idea what sorry beasts they must have been, when you know that a lot of 26 was sold for 20 dollars. After some time, the whole of the horse-guards arrived here. They were computed at 5000 men, all of whom were unfit for service. How changed! how lost was their once imposing appearance! Scarcely could troops ever make so ludicrous, so grotesque, and so miserable a figure. Gigantic grenadiers, with caps of prodigious height, and heavy-armed cuirassiers, were seen riding upon lean cows, which certainly did not cut many capers. It was wonderful that the animals shewed no disposition to decline the singular honour. Their knapsacks were fastened to the horns, so that you were puzzled to make out what kind of a monstrous creature was approaching. Carbineers, with cuirasses and helmets polished like mirrors, lay without boots and stockings in wheel-barrows, to which a peasant had harnessed himself with his dog, and thus transported the Heroes. Few of the horses were yet able to carry the knapsack, and much less the rider. The men were therefore obliged to drag the jaded beasts by the bridle through the deepest morasses, and thought themselves fortunate when at last the animals dropped to rise no more. Compared with these endless caravans, a band of strolling players might be considered as the triumphant procession of a Roman Emperor."

A most excellent Letter is subjoin-

ed, from the confidential Clerk of an aged banker at Leipzig, to whom was entrusted the care of his employer's country mansion, in which Napoleon's quarters were for nearly three days fixed. It exhibits traits of character both original and amusing.

"His Majesty had scarcely reached his apartments when I was hastily sought and called for. You may easily conceive my astonishment and perturbation, when I was told that the Emperor desired to speak with me immediately. Now, in such a state of things, I had not once thought for several days of putting on my Sunday cloaths; but, to say nothing of this, my mind was still less prepared for an interview with a Hero, the mere sight of whom was enough to bow me down to the very ground. In this emergency, courage alone could be of any service, and I rallied my spirits as well as the short notice would permit. I had done nothing amiss—at least that I knew of—and had performed my duty as *maitre d'hotel* to the best of my ability. After a General had taken charge of me, I mustered my whole stock of rhetorical flourishes, best calculated to win the favour of a mighty Emperor. The General conducted me through a crowd of Aide-de-camps and Officers of all ranks. They took but little notice of such an insignificant being, and indeed scarcely deigned to bestow a look upon me. My conductor opened the door, and I entered with a heart throbbing violently. The Emperor had pulled off his surtout, and had nobody with him. On the long table was spread a Map of prodigious size, Rustan, the Mameluke, who has so long been falsely reported to be dead, was, as I afterwards learned, in the next room.

"My presence of mind was all gone again when I came to be introduced to the Emperor, and he must certainly have perceived by my looks that I was not a little confused. I was just going to begin the harangue which I had studied with such pains, and to stammer out something or other about the high and unexpected felicity of being presented to the most powerful, the most celebrated, and the most sincerely-beloved Monarch in the world, when he relieved me at once from my dilemma. He addressed me in French, speaking very quick, but distinctly, to the following effect:

Nap. Are you the master of this house?
—I. No, please your Majesty; only a servant.

Where is the owner?—He is in the city. He is advanced in years; and under

der the present circumstances has quitted his house, leaving me to take care of it as well as I can.

What is your master?—He is in business, Sire.

In what line?—He is a Banker.

(Laughing) O, ho! then he is worth a plum, (*un millionnaire*.) I suppose?—Begging your Majesty's pardon, indeed he is not.

Well then, perhaps he may be worth two?—Would to God I could answer your Majesty in the affirmative.

You lend money, I presume?—Formerly we did, Sire; but now we are glad to borrow.

Yes, yes, I dare say you do a little in that way yet. What interest do you charge?—We used to charge from 4 to 5 per cent.; now we would willingly give from 8 to 10.

To whom were you used to lend money?—To inferior Tradesmen and Manufacturers.

You discount Bills, too, I suppose?—Formerly, Sire, we did; now we can neither discount, nor get any discounted.

How is business with you?—At present, your Majesty, there is none doing.

How so?—Because all Trade is totally at a stand.

But have you not your Fair just now?—Yes, but it is only so in name.

Why?—As all communication had for a considerable time been suspended, and the roads are unsafe for goods, neither sellers nor buyers would run the risk of coming; and, besides, the greatest scarcity of money prevails in this country.

(Taking much snuff) So, so! What is the name of your employer?—I mentioned his name.

Is he married?—Yes, Sire.

Has he any children?—He has, and they are married too.

In what capacity are you employed by him?—As a Clerk.

Then you have a Cashier too, I suppose?—Yes, Sire, at your service.

What wages do you receive?—I mentioned a sum that I thought fit.

“He now motioned with his hand, and I retired with a low bow. During the whole conversation the Emperor was in very good humour, laughed frequently, and took a great deal of snuff. After the interview, on coming out of the room, I appeared a totally different and highly important person to all those who a quarter of an hour before had not deigned to take the slightest notice of me. Both officers and domesticks now shewed me the greatest respect.

“The Emperor lodged in the first floor; his favourite Mameluke, an uncommonly handsome man, was constantly about

his person. The second floor was occupied by the Prince of Neufchatel, who had a very sickly appearance, and the Duke of Bassano, the Emperor's secretary. On the ground floor a front room was converted into a *salloon a la service*. Here were Marshals Oudinot, Mortier, Ney, Reynier, with a great number of generals, aide-de-camps, and other officers in waiting, who lay at night upon straw, crowded as close as herrings in a barrel. In the left wing lodged the Duke of Vicenza, master of the horse; and above him the physician to the Emperor, whose name, I think, was M. Yvan. The right wing was occupied by the *Officiers du Palais*. The smallest room was turned into the bed-chamber of a General; and every corner was so filled, that the servants and other attendants were obliged to sleep on the kitchen floor.

“Upon my remonstrance to the Valet of the *Marechal du Palais*, I was allowed to keep a small apartment for my own use, and thought to guard myself against unwelcome intruders by inscribing with chalk my high rank—*Maitre de la Maison*—in large letters upon the door. At first the new-comers passed respectfully before my little cell, and durst scarcely venture to peep in at the door; but it was not long before French curiosity overleaped this written barrier. For some time this place served my people and several neighbours in the village as a protecting asylum at night.

“The keys of the hay-loft and barns I was commanded to deliver to the Emperor's *Piqueur*.—I earnestly entreated him to be as sparing of our stores as possible, supporting this request with a bottle of wine,—which, under the present circumstance, was no contemptible present. He knew how to appreciate it, and immediately gave me a proof of his gratitude. He took me aside, and whispered in my ear, ‘As long as the Emperor is here, you are safe; but the moment he is gone—and nobody can tell how soon that may be—you will be completely stripped by the Guards; the officers themselves will then show no mercy. You had best endeavour to obtain a safeguard, for which you must apply to the Duke of Vicenza.’—This advice was not thrown away upon me: I immediately begged to speak with the *Grand Ecuyer*. I explained my business as delicately as possible, and he with great good humour promised to comply with my request.

“Very early on the morning of the 16th, I remarked preparations for the final departure of the Emperor. The *maitre d'hôtel* desired a bill of the provisions furnished him. I had already made out one, but that would not do.

It was necessary that the articles should be arranged under particular heads, and a distinct account of each given in. I ran short of time, patience, and paper. All excuses were unavailing, and there was no time to be lost. I readily perceived that all the elegance required in a merchant's counting-house would not be expected here, and accordingly dispensed with many little formalities. I wrote upon the first paper that came to hand, and my bills were the most miserable scraps that ever were seen. The amount was immediately paid. Finding that the *maitre d'hôtel* had not the least notion that it would be but reasonable to make some remuneration to the servants, who had been so assiduous in their attendance, I was uncivil enough to remind him of it. He then desired me to give him a receipt for 200 francs, which I immediately divided, among the domesticks; though he remarked that I ought to give each but three or four, at most. I also made out a distinct account for the forage, but this was not paid."

We cannot conclude our extracts from this interesting work, without again recommending it to general perusal, both on account of the motives with which it is published, and the important information it conveys.

17. *Speeches of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, with Prefatory Observations: the whole comprising a brief Review of the most important Political Events in the History of Ireland.* 2 vols. 2to. Dublin: H. Fitzpatrick.

THE Preface to this publication is much too long to give even in abstract; nor would its contents be very acceptable to our Readers, were we to analyse it, and thus point out (to use the Editor's words) "that malignant spirit of British monopoly which extinguished the commerce, impoverished the manufactures, and robbed of her natural resources a Country rich in every gift that Nature in her bounty could bestow." No one will deny Mr. Grattan his just tribute of praise as a most distinguished Orator, though we are far from supposing that the publick are quite so well agreed on his peculiar political tenets. Unhappily the union of sentiment is by no means complete between the Sister Kingdoms; and we are much afraid the spirit and fiery haste of our Orator has contributed not a little to the National animosity discovered towards this Country in the above quo-

tation; but, be that as it may, we cannot help feeling assured that, in the moment of serious danger, Mr. Grattan would be found at his post, defending the Constitution, seriously regretting Party violence should have in the least augmented that danger, and fully justifying the brilliant character of him recorded in this publication.

"—Gifted by Nature with an understanding of the first order, enriched by cultivation, and chastened by a correct and critical observation of the antient Orators, he unites to an eloquence argumentative, splendid, popular, and impressive, an undaunted spirit and uncorrupted heart."

Dismissing all political feelings from the mind, and perusing these speeches as if they had been spoken in any foreign legislative body, who can deny their claims to excellence, when many such passages as the following might be selected?

"As Irish conformity is necessary to the British empire; so is Irish equality necessary to obtain that conformity: that is the true principle that connects; it is the breath that lifts, and it is the spirit that moves, and the soul that actuates; without it all is eccentricity—with it the two Nations gravitate to a common centre, and fulfil their stated revolutions in the Imperial orbit, by rules, regular as the laws of motion, like them infallible, and like them everlasting."

"You do not desire the British market, but you wish to have the speculation of the British market for the chance of your own; it is not another man's estate you desire, but a small channel through your neighbour's land, that you may water your own, without the fear of inundation. The English need not tremble; their estates in the Plantations, articed to render the produce to Great Britain, will not break those articles. Cork will not be the emporium of the Empire. Old England will remain at the head of things—we only aspire that the little bark of this Island may attendant partake some vagrant breath of all those Trade winds that waft the British Empire along the tide of Commerce."

18. *The Heart and the Fancy, or Valsinore; a Tale.* By Miss Benger. Two Vols. 12mo. Longman and Co.

WE ever experience a degree of satisfaction on perusing a Novel which has

has for its basis the recommendation of those qualities of the mind that are calculated to expand the soul of the Reader, and prompt it to deeds of philanthropy and benevolence. Such is the Novel now before us; and with views like these it is impossible the Authoress should fail of success, where virtue and charity are systematically cultivated, and more especially as the work contains a considerable portion of interest conveyed in easy and elegant language.

"In the following Tale," Miss Benger observes, "the scenes undoubtedly refer to some period prior to that state of warfare which has so long prevailed in Europe: but to one which is evidently not far remote from our own times. The principal personage belongs decidedly to the present age: his sentiments have been imbibed from our friends and compatriots; his virtues are exemplified by our living contemporaries, and we have lately witnessed the triumph of his philanthropic principles. Valsinore is no chimera of a romantic imagination: his story may be fictitious: but his character, divested of the singularity which might have attached to it half a century ago, is no longer even of the novel cast. Such a being is not only of our age, but our people; his prototypes are discovered in that country where the progress of civilization is still attested by the diffusion of truth and benevolence; by respect for the noblest prerogatives of human nature, and for the best and dearest interests of mankind."

The character of Celia Gladwin, at the very commencement of the first volume, is so forcibly drawn, that it cannot fail to entice the reader to proceed. The following classical allusion is at page 49 uttered by the same Celia, on an occasion highly perplexing and equally solemn:

"This romantic friend, gazing after him [Herbert Altamont, a principal character in the Novel,] exclaimed, 'The spell works; he has received the impression; that letter shall be to him like the inscription on the bust of Brutus, 'Thou sleepest.' Brutus awoke, and so shall Altamont: he is nearly eighteen, and ought to put on the manly Toga. Ah! I see it in his eyes, he will restore the honours of his House. Trust me, he is born to be a peer of the realm, and to rival the noblest of his-ancestors.'"

19. *Lives of Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, and Titus Pomponius Atticus; the latter from the Latin of Cor-*

nelius Nepos. With Notes and Illustrations. To which is added an Account of the Families of the five first Cæsars. By the Rev. Edward Berwick, Author of the Translation of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana. Longman and Co.

THIS elegant little work is dedicated to the Earl of Moira; to whom the Author observes, his motive was less to procure public patronage through his means, than thus to have an opportunity of shewing his respect for a Nobleman who had patronised him all his life. Mr. Berwick thinks he cannot give a stronger proof of the high respect he feels for so exalted a character, than by inscribing to his Lordship the Lives of two Roman illustrious as Gentlemen and Scholars, the actions of whom "cannot fail of being interesting to one whose attainments as a Man of Letters are so universally known, and whose honourable deportment as a Nobleman, on every occasion of his life, has evinced the princely lineage from whence he is sprung." He is also persuaded that the propriety of this his tribute of respect and gratitude will be the more readily acknowledged, when it is remembered that his Lordship has not only equalled, but excelled, those ancient Romans, in the practice and love of virtue, and uniform zeal for the honour of his Country, "and the genuine liberties of mankind."

The Reverend Author imagines that some apology may be deemed necessary for offering the Lives of Messala Corvinus and Pomponius Atticus to the public; indeed, he leaves it to the Reader's judgment to pronounce, whether his account of Messala may be entitled to the appellation of a Life; but it appeared to him that such a number of distinct, dispersed, and interesting incidents of his character had been preserved by History, as made a collection of them desirable. The first ideas entertained by Mr. Berwick on the subject, originated from a Note in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in which that elegant Writer has given the leading features of it in his own peculiar manner; but, independent of Gibbon's authority as an Historian, "the light in which Messala appears, when first introduced by Cicero to the notice of Brutus, is in itself sufficient to awaken posterity to the investigation

tion of all that is known of him." In composing these Memoirs of his Life, Mr. Berwick has carefully examined all the accounts of him to be found in the works of antient or modern writers, which he has arranged and connected in the manner he judged most suitable to the subject; and, though he has been unable to ascertain the day either of his birth or his decease, he trusts that "the circumstances of his History now presented to the Reader may meet the approbation, and engage the attention, of every man who is conversant with classical learning and polite literature." He here ceases to apologise for this, as he terms it, unambitious undertaking; and proceeds to state his motive for offering the publick a new translation of the Life of Atticus from the Latin of Cornelius Nepos, so often previously given to the English reader. He introduces it first through the circumstance of his being a contemporary of Messala; and secondly, because he imagines that a new version of it, accompanied by critical and historical Notes, "together with illustrations more applicable to the text than had been given by former Translators, might not be thought unacceptable, at a time when a dignified independence of character, and disinterested integrity, are so necessary to give stability to the State, and active energy to a Constitution, which has stood the test of ages, and escaped a concussion of events, which has laid prostrate all the Kingdoms of Europe." To these Mr. Berwick adds a short historical sketch of the Lives of the first five Cæsars, which he wrote some years past, to elucidate a genealogy often obscure and perplexing without such a guide.

"It is now offered to the publick from its being in some measure illustrative of the time wherein these two eminent personages lived; and from its demonstrating to the Sovereigns of the earth that no characters, however exalted by birth or power, can long support their high authority, without the constant and vivifying influence of religion and virtue."

We shall now offer two extracts from the Life of Messala, for the Reader's judgment on the merits of Mr. Berwick's style. The first is from a

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poem by Tibullus, in which he celebrates the praises of his noble friend.

"For who, exclaims the poet, can equal him in the Camp or Forum? Who, like him, can quell the fury of the giddy multitude, or appease the anger of an incensed Judge? His fame is not inferior to that of the Sage of Pylos, nor his eloquence to that of the wise Ulysses. Who in war is so conversant with its various discipline and tactics? Who so well knows how to surround his camp with a deep ditch, and secure it with strong pallisadoes? Who throws with so much skill the unwieldy rudis, or shoots with truer aim the swift-flying arrow; or breaks, like him, opposing ranks with the ponderous javelin? Who can curb with such judgment the fiery steed? Who can so well defend himself with his shield from the random-shots of the impetuous spear; or whirl with such dexterity the whizzing sling? When the battle burns, who displays such knowledge in presenting the best countenance to the Enemy; or such presence of mind in seizing the critical moment of victory? But, lest posterity might interpret this praise into mere poetic declamation, I celebrate, says Tibullus, what my own experience justifies; the brave Soldier of Japidia; and the rebellious Pannonians, scattered amidst the cold Alps, can witness it. The old soldier of Arupinum, and the peasant nursed up in arms, can testify it."

The second selection is the concluding sentence of the life.

"Having," says Mr. Berwick, "now brought together all the scattered rays of information which History has preserved of Messala, and which we must allow are so much to the honour of human nature, it is deeply to be regretted that it has been so frugal on the occasion. The task of the Biographer would be pleasant indeed, if his duty consisted only in the investigation and delineation of such great and amiable characters. History then, instead of being the sad relation of the crimes and miseries of mankind, would be a perpetual theme of their virtues and felicity. The character which Messala established in a most corrupt age, and the respect which was paid to it by the most opposite parties, holds out to all times the consequence of real, not affected patriotism, and teaches Ministers and Statesmen this lesson, which their conduct has made nearly obsolete, that a steady adherence to virtue is the surest and safest means of gaining all the ends which an honest

man

man can propose to himself in the road of a laudable ambition. Messala lived long admired and esteemed,—he died full of years and glory; although unhappily, two years before his death, he forgot that name, which, for the sake of virtue and humanity, should never be consigned to oblivion."

20. *A Farewell Discourse, delivered in the Parish Church of Beccles in Suffolk, on Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 10, 1813. By the Rev. William Ainger, A.M. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, (late Curate of Beccles.)* 8vo. pp. 19. Rivingtons.

WE are induced to notice this Discourse, as well on account of the excellent exhortations it contains, as of the instance which it exhibits of that mutual regard which ought to subsist, and which we trust does generally subsist, between the Ministers of the Church and their Congregations—an honourable evidence of meritorious exertion on the one part, efficaciously felt and justly appreciated on the other.

"The following Discourse,—delivered on a painful occasion,—owes its publication to a recent proof of kindness on the part of those to whom it was addressed. The Author has lately received from them, as a testimony of their approbation of his past labours, a Present, valuable, indeed, in itself; but acquiring much additional estimation from a remembrance of the Persons by whom, and of the Sentiments with which, it was bestowed*. He requests permission, in return, to offer the only humble and grateful acknowledgment in his power, of a favour at once so unexpected and so gratifying, by dedicating this Farewell Discourse to the Inhabitants of the Parish of Beccles."

After a short exposition of the words of the text (2 Cor. xiii. 11.) the Preacher presses upon the consideration of his congregation "some of those great and leading principles which it had been his business and his study to inculcate," and "advert[s] to some circumstances highly important

* We learn from a Newspaper, that the Present of the Inhabitants of Beccles consisted of an elegant assortment of plate, "as a testimony of their esteem and approbation of Mr. Ainger's exemplary conduct, and also in consideration of the regular discharge of his clerical duties, and other strenuous and laudable exertions in their parish." Ebury.

in themselves, and no less essential to their welfare, spiritual and temporal, both as individuals and as members of a Christian community."—He enforces, particularly, the duty of a uniform attendance on the offices of public worship, and a proper observance of the Sabbath-day; and strongly recommends the support of an Institution for educating the Children of the lower classes in moral and pious habits, and in conformity with the Religion of their Country.

"For the support of such an Institution I am solicitous to bespeak the continued exercise of your personal attention, as well as your liberality. The former is often the most valuable part of charity,—that part which is necessary to give to the latter energy, and efficacy, and permanency; yet it is too generally the part which men are most reluctant to contribute. The object here recommended to you is surely well deserving of both, if we consider only the happy consequences of right instruction on those to whom it is immediately imparted: but the real importance of the object must be sought in the view of its probable influence upon society at large."

21. *An Introduction to Arithmetic, as a System never before published; the Principles of which are calculated to facilitate the Improvement of the Pupil, and to lessen the Labour of the Teacher. By George Gregory, of the Free Grammar School, Repton.* 12mo. pp. 171. Longman, &c.

AS an Illustration of this very useful Work, the industrious Compiler has printed what he terms "An Exegesis for the use of Teachers;" in which he observes, that

"All the Questions are so contrived that the Answers will be Multiples of Nine, according to the following Rule:—Add all the figures in the Answer (or Product) together, and retrace or strike out the Nines, and if nothing remains, the work is right.—Example 9, page 4. The sum is 5307030: here we say $5 + 3 + 7 = 15$, nine from 15 and six; $6 + 3 = 9$, nine from it, and nothing remains; it is therefore right.—Page 13. No. 19. Division. The Quotient is 134019; the Remainder is 198, both of which are multiples of Nine."

And thus he proceeds with several other Examples; and concludes by informing his Friends that

"For the convenience of Teachers, he

is preparing a Key, with the working at full length of those questions which are long, or in the least tedious: in Double Position, Compound Interest, &c.—the working will also be given Logarithmi-

cally; with directions for finding Numbers and Logarithms from a Table of Logarithms, to any degree of exactness."

It is but common justice to say that the Work has great merit.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Che gli uomini costumino di proferire le sillabe con diversi toni di voce è un fatto di esperienza, che può ciascuno conoscere porgendo orecchio al nostro comun parlare. Questi toni della voce sono gli accenti delle sillabe, e sono ancora i toni musicali. Dal principio che la musica consiste nelle modificazioni del linguaggio, si deduce che quelle nazioni saranno più atte ad esercitare la musica, lequali parlino un linguaggio più grato all' orecchie." EXIMINO (1774).

6. *The Singer's Preceptor, or Corri's Treatise on Vocal Musick. This Treatise is expressly calculated to teach the Art of Singing, and consists of establishing proper Rules (the result of 50 years' experience); accommodated to the capacity of every Student, whether amateur, professor, theatrical, or choral: also to assist those who sing by Ear only, and so arranged as to enable the Pupil to improve by the exercise of these Rules, in the absence of a Master. Dedicated to the Duchess of Buccleuch, by Domenico Corri. 2 vols. fol. pp. 166. 25s. Longman and Co.*

BOTH Mr. Corri and the lady who afterwards became his wife, a Miss Barchelli, were distinguished for their musical talents, when Doctor Burney visited Rome in 1770. Mr. Corri was born there in 1746. He had instructions on the violin from Signor Capanna; lessons in *solfeggio* from l'Abate Luiggi; in composition and Harpsichord-playing from Lustrini and Urischio; and afterwards from Porpora, at Naples. At Rome, Clementi and Rauzzini were his fellow students. They all quitted Rome about the same time, and Mr. Corri arrived at Edinburgh in 1771, where he was engaged in conducting the concerts for 18 years. He afterwards fixed his residence in London. His opera, "The Travellers," brought out at Drury-lane, is well known.—These particulars we have derived from an interesting sketch of his life, written by himself and prefixed to the work before us. The first nine pages of the book consist of introductory dialogue, in which are explained, 1. "the requisites for vocal musick," (one of which is, a wide mouth); 2. "words the origin of musick;" 3. introduction of graces; 4. *portamento di voce*; 5. effect of countenance; 6. intonation; 7. rhythm of time, *tempo rubato*,

quickening or retarding of time; phrase; 8. styles; 9. shake, *solfeggio*; 10. hints to parents." From these we make a few extracts: Opinions from a man of Mr. Corri's experience, are well-worthy of consideration. *Graces*. "In the infancy of the art, it is probable that one sound, or note, was allotted to each syllable:—at subsequent periods, singers introduced occasionally, an additional note to that already allotted to the syllable, which was expressed by inflection of the voice, and denominated a grace; this embellishment, which added great charm to vocal music, was soon multiplied into various forms, producing the shake, turn, divisions, variations, cadences, &c. and in course of time gave rise to *bravura* singing;—this new style of singing, these captivating ornaments, when executed with neatness and precision, had a great influence on the ear, but not on the heart;—hence arose a kind of contest among professors in the vocal art, and those who could quaver most thought themselves the best singers. The public taste being seduced by this decorated style, expression, the true perfection of musick, was destroyed by the excessive and improper introduction of ornaments, incompatible with energy or pathos," &c. *Portamento*. "It consists in the swell and dying of the voice, the sliding and blending one note into another with delicacy and expression—and expression comprehends every charm which musick can produce: the *portamento di voce* may justly be compared to the highest degree of refinement in elegant pronunciation in speaking." The Author asserts, that in the present mode of teaching to sing, the pupil is exercised on the larger intervals before the smaller, using only the major scale; but in his opinion it is best to commence

mence with the smaller intervals (semi-tones) and increase in gradation, for this cogent reason: "a child in first attempting to climb up stairs, would find more difficulty in taking *two* steps at once than a single one." By this reasoning it would be still better to begin with quarter-tones, or even commas, which being smaller steps must be therefore easier of ascent. In this way we should commence with a sort of slide "*Brahamoso*," used as a grace with disgusting frequency by many young singers, and even by Braham himself, particularly in descents of the voice, where its effect has been truly said to be more emetic than musical. *Solfeggio*. Mr. Corri employs, in any scale whatever, do for C, re for D, mi for E, fa F, sol G, la A, si B. It were better perhaps to make Do always the key-note, at least in the major scales. Some eminent teachers have thought these Latin syllables entirely useless: they are certainly of no use in suggesting, or quickening the recollection of, musical intervals, unless employed in the manner last mentioned. According to Porpora, "the improvement of the voice is best acquired by sounding the letter A," p. 8. Rules: Place yourself near a Pianoforte and before a looking-glass, standing; you will thus possess more strength. Keep the head and body upright. Open the mouth in an *oblong* form, as smiling; so that the lower lip may not rise above the teeth. Take as much breath as you can; draw it with moderate quickness, with spiration, as if sighing; use it with economy, and at the same instant sound the letter A, as pronounced by the Italians or Scotch, thus, *ah*. Take any note the most easy and powerful within the natural compass of the voice, which, in general, does not exceed 20 semi-tones. After the exertion on any single note, which if practised with proper energy will exhaust the breath leaving a palpitation of the lungs, forbear to proceed to the next note, until this sensation is entirely subsided. A few minutes at a time of vigorous practice, is preferable to hours of careless inattention. *Messa di voce*: begin the sound with a delicate softness, increasing the tone to its loudest degree, and diminishing it to the same point of softness with which you began. The chief difficulties are van-

quished when the pupil has acquired a fine swell (a difficulty to learners of instruments), and when, on having any sound given, he can produce another at any required interval with it, within the compass or limits of his voice. This can be done only by recollecting the impression which that required sound has formerly made on the ear, or the exertion of the vocal organs necessary to produce it. The more regular and exact the practice has been, the organization being the same, the more accurate will be the recollection. The first volume contains only exercises, "*solfeggi*, and *cadenzes*," with diffusive explanatory matter: the second contains a pleasing selection of English, Scotch, Italian, and French songs, duets, &c. amounting to 39, with appropriate embellishments. The chief authors of them are Haydn, M^ozart, Sarti, Portogallo, Par, Storace, Blangini, Andreozzi, and Corri. The work is comparatively cheap and useful. It might, however, if better digested, contain much more information in the same limits. "I am almost of opinion, that all study and endeavours to sing are infallibly vain, if not accompanied with some little knowledge of counterpoint." Tosi, p. 84. Upon this important subject, these two volumes contain nothing.

7. The *Pasticcio*, consisting of *Preiuda*, *Airs with embellishment*, and *variations*, *Spanish dances*, *boleros*, *waltzes*, &c. selected, composed, and adapted for the German Flute, by T. Monzani. 4th pp. 19. 4s. Monzani and Hill.

THERE is much agreeable variety in these melodies, and a good deal of originality in the variations: the preludes will improve the learner, but they are the least pleasing. Judging from what we have already heard, the fewer Spanish melodies the better.

Dr. Crotch began his course of VIII Lectures on Musick, at the Surrey Institution, on Friday evening, 11th February. He erroneously ascribed the discovering of the grave harmonic, or "third sound," to Tartini. It appears to have been first mentioned by G. A. Sorge, in his *Anweisung zur Stimmung der Orgelwerke und des Claviers*, Hamburg, 1744.

Imported by T. Boosey, *Versuch einer Anleitung zur Composition*, von H. Ch. Kooh, 3 vols. 8vo. 1782. 12. 11s. 6d.

SELECT POETRY.

RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

[This Author is not so well known as he deserves to be. In 1655 he published a "Paraphrase of the whole Book of Psalms." As it is very scarce, the following (which is creditable to his poetical taste) will, perhaps, be acceptable.]

PSALM III.

HOW, oh my God, do they increase
Who seek to rob me of my peace!
They say my soul 's forsook by Thee,
And that Thou hast no help for me:
But Thou my shield art, Thou my praise;
Thou my dejected head dost raise;
When troubled unto Thee I cry,
Thou hear'st, and help descends from high.
In peace I'll lay me down and sleep,
And rise: who hurts whom Thou dost keep?
Thou guarded, tho' ten thousand were
About me set, I would not fear. [power,
Rise, Lord! and shield me from their
And break the jaw that would devour.
Oh bless thy people, who alone
Canst bless us with Salvation!

THOMAS BRITTON,

The famous Musical Small-Coal Man.

[The elegant Verses which follow are transcribed from a very rare Print of this extraordinary person, and seem to merit a place of permanent record.]

THO' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble
cill [dwell;
Did gentle Peace, and Arts unpurchas'd
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And Musick warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's
grove:
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind
Thy doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without
pride; [men,
Musick's best patron, judge of books and
Behov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train.
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius in so dark a sphere;
More of the man had artfully been sav'd
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

From a very scarce Collection of old Poems.

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICK.

WHEN whisp'ring straines doe softly
steale
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when w' every touch we feele
Our pulses beat and beare a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,—
Philosophy
Can scarce denye
The Soule consists of Harmony.

When unto heavenly joyes we feigne
Whate'er the Soule affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explaine
By musicke of the winged host,
Whose layes we thinke
Make starres to winke,—
Philosophy
Cannot deny
The Soule consists of Harmony.

Oh lull me, lull me, charming ay,
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow or wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet;
Griefe who need feare
That hath an eare?
Downe let him lye,
And slumbring dye,
And change his Soule for Harmony.

Translation of a Chorus, from the Hippolytus of EURIPIDES; by EDWARD, LORD THURLOW, sometime Lord High Chancellor of ENGLAND. [See our last, p. 55.]

OH could I those deep caverns reach,
Where me, a winged bird, among
The feather'd race
Some God might place!
And rising could I soar along
The sea-wave of the Adrian beach!
And by the Po my pinions spread,
Where in their father's ruddy wave
Their amber tears his daughters shed,
Still weeping o'er a brother's grave!
Or to those gardens make my way,
Where carol the Hesperian maids,
And he, who rules
The purple pools,
The sailor's further course impedes,
The awful limits of the sky
Fixing, which Atlas there sustains!
And springs ambrosial near the dome
Of Jove still water those rich plains,
Whence to the Gods their blessings
come.
White-wing'd bark of Cretan wood,
Which across the briny main,
Over the sea-raging flood,
From her happy home our Queen
Convey'd, a most unhappy bride,
In ill-starr'd wedlock to be tied!
Dire both omens; when her flight
Left behind the Cretan land;
And when Athens came in sight;
Where on the Manychian strand
They tie the hawser's twisted end,
And on the mainland strait descend.
For unhallow'd passion rent,
Planted deep, her lab'ring breast,
Dire disease, which Venus seat,
And, with sore misfortune prest,
The chord suspended from the dome
Of her ill-fated bridal room,

Round

Round her milk-white neck she 'll tie,
Dreading much the adverse frown
Of the goddess—prizing high
Her unspotted chaste renown—
And from her heart resolv'd to move,
This only way, the pain of Love.

Mr. URBAN, Feb. 4.
Pray preserve these in next Magazine.
Yours, &c. A. H.

The late Dr. Jortin
Had the good fortune,
To write these Verses
Upon tombs and hearses;
Which I, being jingleish,
Have done into English. W. Cowper.

In brevitatem vite spatii, hominibus concessi.

HEI mihi! lege ratâ sol occidit atque
resurgit,

Lunaque mutata; reparat dispendia formæ,
Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,
Rursus nocte vigent. Humiles telluris
alumni [propago,

Graminis herba virens, et florum picta
Quos crudelis hyems lethali tæbe peredit,
Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque
sereni

Tempores anni, sæcundo è cespite surgunt.
Nos domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra
minati, [ætas,

Cum breve ver vitæ robustaque transit
Deficimus; nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
Reddit in æthereas, tumuli neque claustra
resolvit.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

SUNS that set, and Moons that wane,
Rise and are restored again.

Stars, that orient Day subdues,
Night at her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of Earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the Winter's cruel breath.

Zephyr speaks; serene skies
Warm the globe; and they arise.
We, alas! Earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon Life's happy prime,
Droop and fade in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom,
Still 'tis Winter in the Tomb. W. C. Jan. 1801.

Scale of Existence of 70 years, the
average Life of Man: Years.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Infancy | 12 |
| Sleep, one-third of 58 | 19 |
| Meals, one-8th of every day | 7 |
| Fractions | 2 |
| | 40 |

Probation for Eternity... 30

70

Mr. URBAN, Feb. 13.
The two following Sonnets were composed
on the way home, in consequence of seeing
a Glow-worm, after hearing a Sermon in
Whittington Church on the night of last
Trinity Sunday. JOHN F. M. DOVASTON.

WORM of the night, thee let the Poet
view,
And learn to point his mental spark [arise,
When on the way-side bank, light spens [light spens
with dew,

Thou kindest thy green lamp of ene.
radi bright, [light
Pure, self-illumin'd; not with borrow'd
Tinsel'd, like busy insects of the day,
Thou giv'st a brilliance to the silent
night

That cheers the homeward traveller on his
way. [say]

Poor worm, (the pensive Poet well might
Ev'n Hz that fit thee on this humble soil,
Hung all yon lamps that His high dome
array,

And feels their fires with everlasting oil,
And ev'n my lamp, poor worm, like theirs
and thine,
Shines not in vain if in us praise it shine.

June 1812.

LORD, when I look upon thy starry sky
With pearls enpath'd like scatter'd dross
of gold,

I humble me, lost in amazement high
To think what he, thy gifted son, hath
told, [old]

Far-sighted NEWTON; that round each an
Unnumber'd worlds.—And then un-
vel sore

That any eye that can Thy works behold
Should in the schoolmen's tangled vo-
lumes pore, [over,

That every age may garble o'er and
Yet cannot blot from Thine the smallest
part.— [their son,

God! though I cannot comprehend
I bless thy hallow'd name with humble
heart, [day,

And hope with them, unnumber'd of my
Sabbath'd in peace to see thy bright eter-
nal day. I. F. M. D.

* * * If such of our Young Countrymen
as visit India would carefully practise the
maxims exhibited in the following beau-
tiful Stanzas, they would stand a far better
chance of re-visiting their native plains.

Advice to BRITISH YOUTH in INDIA.

THE peaceful Evening draws her sober
shade [hills,

Round the green summits of Malaya's
While meek-eyed Contemplation, pensiv
maid,

My bosom with a secret rapture fill,
The gentle sea-breeze scarce is heard to
blow,

The tall Areca waves no more its head,
The shady Plantain in the vale below

Hangs pensive o'er the modest Hin-
doo's shed.

Beneath the humble roof their frugal meal
Behold Hindostan's tawny sons preparing;
No wish for other dainties do they feel
Than their own simple vegetable fare.

Risk

Rise Youth, beware, advice attend :
 Soon as Aurora gilds the Eastern skies,
 And birds in pearly dew their plumage
 lave, [arise,
 Dispel your slumbers, from your couch
 And fearless plunge into the briny wave.
 Next, where the towering hills their um-
 brage lend, [morning gale ;
 And fragrant Champahs scent the
 On the swift steed your devious courses
 bend, [hale.
 And health from every passing breeze in-
 Bat, when the Sun with fierce meridian ray
 Pours the bright torrent of ethereal fire ;
 When ravening birds and prowling beasts
 of prey [tire ;
 Seek the green shade, or to the den re-
 Then, stretch'd at ease in Plantain-shel-
 ter'd bower,
 Poetic fiction or the classic page
 May oft beguile the tedious sultry hour,
 And the ripe Cocoa's juice his thirst
 assuage.
 Observe the Hindoo, whose untutor'd mind
 All false seductive luxury disdains,
 To Nature's wants his wishes are confin'd,
 While health her empire o'er his frame
 maintains.
 His modes of life, by ancient sages plann'd,
 To suit the temper of his burning skies,
 He who the climate's rage would long with-
 stand !
 Will wisely imitate, nor e'er despise.

HYMN TO NARAYENA.

SPiRiT of Spirits, who, through ev'ry part
 Of space expanded, and of endless time,
 Beyond the stretch of labouring thought
 sublime,
 Badst uprear into beauteous order start,
 Before Heaven was, thou art :
 Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres
 above ;
 Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
 Thou satst alone, 'till, through thy
 mystic love,
 Things unexisting to existence sprung,
 And grateful descent sung.
 What first impell'd thee to exert thy might ?
 Goodness unlimited. What glorious
 light [bound.
 Thy power directed ? Wisdom without
 What prov'd it first ? Oh guide my
 fancy right ;
 Oh ! raise from cambrous ground
 My soul in rapture drown'd,
 That fearless it may soar on wings of fire ;
 For thou who only know'st, thou only canst
 impart.
 My soul absorb'd One only being knows,
 Of all perceptions One abundant source,
 Whence every object, every moment flows :
 Thus hence derive their force,
 Hence Planets learn their course ;
 But suns and fading worlds I view no more :
 God only I perceive, God only I adore !

THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, modest solitary Star,
 How beautiful thy light—how fair
 Thou peer'st from cloudy azure bed,
 Again thy heavenly path to tread.
 All stately now thy steps are seen
 On the hill's dewy bosom green ;
 Now wandering by the forest's side,
 'Tis thine the woodman home to guide ;
 And now thou quitt'st the lone heath drear
 To dance on rippling brook so clear ;
 Or glimmer oft in secret way,
 What Time shall Love deserted stray
 To list the bird of welcome flight,
 That perching showers the tears of Night
 From hedge-rose tree or blooming thorn,
 Till hiving Bee with mellow horn,
 And Evening Beetles as they fly,
 Hum to the Moon thy lullaby.

LINES

Written for a Fête given in Celebration of the
 PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY, A. D.
 1814. By the Rev. C. V. Le Grice.

I N Choral bands, ye festive throng,
 Weave the gay dance, and raise the
 Fill high the circulating glass, [song,
 And bid the "electric ruby" pass !—
 Hush'd is each boding fear of ill,
 The anxious sigh of Care is still ;
 Present is the promised pleasure,
 Circling Suns have fill'd their measure,
 And blest is Albion in the happy hour,
 Which marks the blooming of her fairest
 Flower.

Hail the day ! a date of glory !
 Hail the Maid, whose future story
 Shall rival great Eliza's name,
 And mingle with an Anna's fame.
 The Diadem's imperial rays, [blaze,
 The emerald's green, and sapphire's
 Are wont with purer light to glow,
 When radiant from a Virgin's brow ;
 The dove-wing'd Sceptre claims an holier
 sway,
 And proud Submission triumphs to obey.
 For, waiting Beauty's soft command,
 Love, Awe, and Admiration stand ;
 Sweet influence the Graces shower,
 And Virtue owns a sister power ;
 While Chivalry his gauntlet throws
 In challenge vain for inmate foes,
 And calls on Peace with sweet employ
 Thro' cottaged vales to tune her joy ;
 Or, if the foreign trump of War he hear,
 Uplifts his shield, and points his guardian
 spear.

So bright, O Charlotte, are the views,
 Which burst on the prophetic Muse.—
 Windsor, thy Forest's mighty shade
 Shall ne'er embower so fair a Maid,
 Until—(and every Briton's prayer
 Breathes wishes for the future pair)
 Until of Her's and Nassau's love
 United bliss the union prove,
 And give th' admiring world renewed to see
 Our CHARLOTTE'S virtues in her progeny.

Summer

Summer Tribute to the Birds of MITCHAM
BOWER*. By Mr. PRATT.

YE sweet Musicians of the bushes,
Cuckoos, Nightingales, and Thrushes,
Thanks for the melodies ye pour
In mingling sounds round Mitcham Bower,
Fain would I give you song for song,
But that the pleas'd poetic throng
In Sonnet, Ballad, Roundelay,
Have left me nought to sing or say.
At least for twice a thousand years,
Where there's a Bird, a Bard appears,
And not a Poem-*est*, but in it
There's Blackbird, Nightingale, or Linnet:
In every page the songsters sit,
To chirp, to carol, or to twit;
In some I read you all together,
All full of song, and eke of feather.
But though I cannot versify,
I hear with joy your poetry;
The magic sentiment of sound
Blends sense and harmony around;
Volumes of praise you make me think,
Without the aid of pen and ink;
A moral melts from yonder spray,
A rapture glows in yonder ray;
Like unpremeditating Hook,
Ye 're Nature's Bards without a book;
I trace a joy in every thrill,
A Muse inspires each little bill;
And though I love the happy art
That tuneful instruments impart,
I oft prefer to Handel's notes
The concert of your tiny throats;
When Music fix'd attention draws,
Deep silence is the best applause.
Then pour those dulcet sounds again,
And I will listen to the strain.

Mitcham, June 29.

S. J. P.

To a Young Relation embarking for HOL-
LAND to complete the Triumphs of the
Revolution of 1813.

TAKE the warm wishes of a Soldier's
Friend!

A Kinsman's too! with these a Poet's blend!
For by all these, and had I myriads more,
They all should go to waft thy vessel o'er
In health and safety to Batavia's shore:
There may'st thou join th' expecting Pa-
triot band,
And help to drive Oppression from the land.
E'en at the view of our embattled host
From generous Britain's sympathizing coast,
May the fell legions of the Tyrant yield,
And thy first triumph be a bloodless field:
Thy maiden vict'ry gain'd in Freedom's
cause, [on heart's applause,
Crown'd with thy Country's love and thy

S. J. P.

RATIONAL MADNESS:

A SONG,

For the Lovers of Curious and Rare Books.
COME, boys, fill your glasses, and fill to
the brim, [of whim!
Here's the essence of humour, the soul to
Attend and receive (and sure this is no
vapour) [paper!
A "hap'worth of wit in a penn'worth of
Strange songs have strange songsters, then
madness to praise, [raise;
A man must be mad ere his voice be us'd
By our madness alone then, without more
pretence, [of sense!
We'll prove to the world that we're all men
Those joys which the *Bibliomania* affords,
Are felt and acknowledg'd by Dukes and
by Lords!
And the finest estate would be offer'd in
vain, [Payne!
For an exemplar bound by the fam'd Roger
To a proverb goes madness with love hand
in hand, [mad:
But our senses we yield to a double con-
The dear frenzy in both is first rous'd by
fair looks,
Here's our sweethearts, my boys! not for-
getting our books!
Though all rul'd by one wish, and though
beauty is rare, [fair!
If we miss a *lall copy*, we find one that's
Our delight may this prove, and though
often reprinted,
To one copy alone the impression be stitied,
By learning ennobled, we're careless of
gain;
Of envy or malice we ne'er know the pain:
Take away the world's prize, we remain
still unvest, [of text.
We've our "meadow of margin, and river
Thus our time may we pass with rare books
and rare friends, [ends:
Growing wiser and better till life is all
And may those who delight not in black-
letter lore, [shore!
By some obsolete act, be sent far from our
May some worthy brother his finger soon
put
On a Caxton *unique*, or a Wynkyn uocal!
Yet pardon, I pray, this offence of my pen,
May a soft "Pricke of Conscience" occur
now and then!
Thus bless'd with possessions unrivall'd on
earth, [birth!
May each coming day to new pleasure give
And our joys be unmixt and secure to the
last, [past!
If we look to the future, or think on the

J. M.

* Written at the house of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Mitcham in Surrey, where the Bower has lately lost one of its greatest ornaments by the death of Mrs. Roberts, author of many agreeable productions, and who joined to a brilliant fancy, the most engaging manners; which, added to her Husband's abilities, worth, and hospitality, rendered Mitcham Bower the resort of many of the most distinguished characters. P.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE, 1814.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Admiralty-office, Dec. 18. Letter to Admiral Young, Commander in Chief in the North Sea, from Capt. Lord George Stuart.

Horatio, off Zuderie Zee, Island of Schowen, Dec. 8.

Sir, Yesterday morning some pilots brought off a letter, from a gentleman who had been in the British service, requesting aid to drive the French from Zuderie Zee. I lost no time in working up, and anchored just out of gun-shot of a heavy battery, which totally commanded the passage. As it was necessary to pass, in execution of your orders, I made the disposition for attacking it. I therefore collected fifty marines and seventy seamen from the Horatio, with the same number from the Amphion, with a determination of storming it from the rear, as soon as the tide would answer for the boats to leave the ship, which could not be till nine p.m. During the interval a deputation from the principal citizens came on board under a flag of truce, from the French General, requesting that, in order to save the effusion of blood, and prevent the disorders which were likely to ensue in the city, then in a state of insurrection, terms of capitulation should be granted, by which the French, with their baggage, should be allowed to withdraw, and be conveyed to Bergen-op-Zoom; this I peremptorily refused, and sent back the terms herewith enclosed. [To surrender prisoners of war.] The thickness of the weather did not enable the deputation to quit the ship before ten o'clock at night, which induced me to extend the time till midnight. I had not proceeded any considerable distance from the ship, before the signal, in token of submission, was made. I landed at the battery, which having secured, I went forward to the town, and found the native French had made their escape. I directed the seamen to remain at the gate, and entered with the marines amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude; proceeding to the town-hall, I was met by the most respectable inhabitants in a body, and then having dissolved the French municipal authorities, I directed the ancient magistrates of the city to resume their functions. This morning, in compliance with my directions, the magistrates of the town of Brouershaven reported their having driven the French from thence; and they received similar injunctions with respect to their provisional government. I took possession of a brig of 14 guns, formerly his Majesty's brig *Bustler*, which the

Genl. Mag. February, 1814.

Enemy had attempted to scuttle, also a French gun-boat, and a considerable quantity of powder, and have, in the course of this day, brought in 20 prisoners, and more are expected. I feel happy in having obtained so important an acquisition as the whole island of Schowen, without bloodshed, and facilitating the means of opening a communication with the allied forces in the South of Holland. —In closing this dispatch, I beg leave to recommend to your particular notice the zeal and activity of Capt. Stewart, of the *Amphion*, together with Lieut. Whyte. First of the *Horatio*, with the rest of the officers, seamen, and marines under my command in this service. I must here beg leave to express how much I am indebted to Capt. Hamilton Smith, of the Quarter-master-general's department, for his advice and assistance, who, from his knowledge of the Dutch language, and of the people, has very much facilitated these operations. I also enclose a list of ordnance, &c. taken. G. STUART.

Copy of a Letter from Admiral Young to

John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated Impregnable, off the Scheldt, the 11th inst.

Sir, I enclose a Letter from Captain Lord George Stuart, giving an account of the destruction of a battery of six 24-pounders on the island of Tholen, which would have materially interrupted the progress of the ships to the Keetan. The precipitate flight of the Enemy prevented the bringing them to action, but takes nothing from the determined spirit with which Lieut. Whyte, and the officers and men under his command, advanced to attack them.

Downing-street, Dec. 21. Copies and Extracts of Dispatches from Sir G. Prevost, Bart.

Head-quarters, Montreal, Oct. 30.

My Lord, On the 8th instant, I had the honour to report to your Lordship, that Major-gen. Hampton had occupied, with a considerable force of regulars and militia, a position on the Chateauguay river, near the settlement of the Four Corners.—Early on the 21st, the American army crossed the line of separation between Lower Canada and the United States, surprised a small party of Indian warriors, and drove in a picquet of Sedentary Militia, posted at the junction of the Ontario and Chateauguay rivers, where it encamped, and proceeded in establishing a road of communication with its last position, for the purpose of bringing

bringing forward its artillery. Major-gen. Hampton having completed his arrangements on the 24th, commenced on the following day his operations against my advanced posts: at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 26th, his cavalry and light troops were discovered advancing on both banks of the Chateaugay, by a detachment covering a working party of *habitans* employed in felling timber, for the purpose of constructing abatis. Lieut. Col. de Saleberry, who had the command of the advanced picquets, composed of the light infantry company of the Canadian fencibles, and two companies of Voltigeurs, on the North side of the river, made so excellent a disposition of his little band, that he checked the advance of the Enemy's principal column, led by Major-Gen. Hampton in person, and accompanied by Brig-Gen. Izard; while the American light brigade, under Col. M'Carthy, was in like manner repulsed in its progress on the South side of the river, by the spirited advance of the right flank company of the third battalion of the embodied militia, under Capt. Daly, supported by Capt. Bruyere's company of Chateaugay chasseurs; Capt. Daly and Bruyere being both wounded, and their companies having sustained some loss, their position was immediately taken up by a flank company of the first batt. of embodied militia; the Enemy rallied, and repeatedly returned to the attack, which terminated only with the day, in his complete disgrace and defeat; being foiled at all points by a handful of men, who by their determined bravery, maintained their position, and screened from insult the working parties, who continued their labours unconcerned. Having fortunately arrived at the scene of action shortly after its commencement, I witnessed the conduct of the troops on this glorious occasion, and it was a great satisfaction to me to render on the spot that praise which had become so justly their due. I thanked Major-gen. de Watteville for the wise measures taken by him for the defence of his position, the advance, and Lieut.-col. de Saleberry, for the judgment displayed by him in the choice of his ground, and the bravery and skill with which he maintained it; I acknowledged the highest praise to belong to the officers and men engaged that morning, for their gallantry and steadiness, and I called upon all the troops in advance for a continuance of that zeal, steadiness, and discipline, as for that patient endurance of hardships and privations which they have hitherto evinced; and I particularly noticed the able support Lieut.-col. de Saleberry received from Capt. Ferguson, in command of the light company of the Canadian Fencibles, and from Captain J. B. Duchesnay and Captain J.

Duchesnay, and Adjutant Hebbes, of the voltigeurs, and also from Adjutant O'Sullivan, of the Sedentary Militia, and from Capt. la Motte, belonging to the Indian warriors.—Almost the whole of the British troops being pushed forward for the defence of Upper Canada, that of the lower province must depend, in a great degree, on the valour and continued exertions of its incorporated battalions and its sedentary militia, until the 70th regt. and the 2 batts. of marines, daily expected, arrive. It is, therefore, highly satisfactory to state to your Lordship, that there appears a determination among all classes of his Majesty's Canadian subjects, to persevere in a loyal and honourable line of conduct. By the report of prisoners taken from the Enemy in the affair on the Chateaugay, the American force is stated at 7000 infantry and 200 cavalry, with ten field-pieces. The British advanced force, actually engaged, did not exceed 200. The Enemy suffered severely from our fire, and from their own; some detached corps in the woods fired upon each other. I have the honour to transmit to your Lordship, a return of the killed and wounded on the 26th. I avail myself of this opportunity humbly to solicit from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, as a mark of his gracious approbation of the conduct of the embodied battalion of the Canadian militia, five pair of colours for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th battalions.

I have, &c. G. PREVOST.

Killed, Wounded, and Missing, in action in advance of Chateaugay, Oct. 26.

Total—5 rank and file, killed; 2 captains, 1 serjeant, 23 rank and file, wounded; four rank and file missing.

Officers wounded.—3d batt. Embodied Militia, Capt. Daly, twice wounded, severely;—Chateaugay Chasseurs—Capt. Bruyere, slightly.

Head Quarters, Montreal, Oct. 26.

My Lord,—Since I had the honour of addressing your Lordship in my dispatch of the 22d of September last, I have received the enclosed communication from Major-gen. Proctor. I have however been informed from other quarters, that he commenced his retreat from Sandwich on the 24th of that month, having previously dismantled the posts of Amherstberg and Detroit, and totally destroyed the public buildings and stores of every description. That on the 3th of October following, when within a few miles of a strong position, which it was his intention to take up at the Moravian village on the river Thames, he was attacked by so overwhelming a force, under Major-gen. Harrison, that the small numbers he had with him, consisting of not more than 450 regular troops, were unable to withstand it, and consequently compelled to disperse; that

he had afterwards rallied the remains of his division, and retired upon Ancaster, on the Grand River, without being pursued by the Enemy, and where he had collected the scattered remains of his force, amounting to about 200 men, and had, subsequently, reached Burlington Heights, the head-quarters of Major-gen. Vincent. Tecumseth, at the head of 1200 warriors, accompanied our little army on its retreat from Sandwich; and the Prophet, as well as his brother Tecumseth, were of the most essential service, in arresting the further progress of the Americans; but as to the extent of our loss on this occasion, or the particulars of this disastrous affair, I am, as yet, ignorant; Major-gen. Proctor having signified to Major-gen. De Rotenberg, commanding in the Upper Provinces, that he had sent a flag of truce to Gen. Harrison, to ascertain the fate of the officers and soldiers who were missing, and requesting his indulgence for a few days until its return, in order to make his official report. I also understand that the Enemy, so far from attempting to improve the advantage they had gained, by pursuing our troops on their retreat to the Grand River, had retired to Sandwich, followed by Tecumseth and his warriors, who had much harassed them on their march. Five or six hundred Indians, belonging to the 8th Division, have joined the centre. I regret to say, that I am still without any official account of Capt. Barclay's action on Lake Erie, the result of which has led to our relinquishment of the Michigan territory, excepting Michilimackinac, and our abandonment of the posts in Upper Canada beyond the Grand River.

I have, &c. G. Prevost.

[Here follows a Report from Major-gen. Proctor to Sir G. Prevost, dated Sept. 21, stating that the Enemy, having the command of the Lake, and being enabled to cut off his supplies, he should fall back, and make a stand on the Thames, to prevent his retreat being cut off; that he was in expectation of being accompanied by the Indians, many of whom, with their families, had crossed the strait.]

Head-Quarters, Montreal, Oct. 31.

My Lord—I have the honour to announce to your Lordship the arrival in the River St. Lawrence, of the troop-ships named in the margin *, having on board the 2 battalions of Royal Marines, and the two companies of Marine Artillery attached to them, from Halifax, in consequence of a representation which I had made to Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, requiring this reinforcement on account of the disaster that had befallen our fleet on Lake Erie, and the danger to which the right division

of the army in Upper Canada was exposed by that circumstance. By the latest accounts from Major-gen. De Rotenberg, dated at Kingston on the 28th inst. I am informed that the Enemy still menaced that post, but no attack had actually taken place. The American Armada, under Major-gen. Wilkinson, and Commodore Chauncey, was at Grenadier Island on the 28th, within 13 miles of Kingston, where it had collected, after having been dispersed in its first attempt from Sackett's Harbour to pass over to Kingston. The state of the weather prevented the attack of Major-gen. Hampton on the lower province, and that of Major-gen. Wilkinson on Kingston, from being simultaneous, as was expected. I have reason to hope their enterprise against Kingston will experience a similar fate to that against Lower Canada.

G. Prevost.
Extract of a Letter from Lieut.-gen. Sir G. Prevost, to Earl Bathurst, dated Montreal, Nov. 4.

The loss of our fleet on Lake Erie, which I had the honour of reporting to your Lordship in my Dispatch of the date of 22d September last, together with the increasing sickness among the troops of the centre division, and the diminution of the force in Upper Canada, by the different actions which had taken place, induced me to send an officer express to Halifax, with directions for the embarkation of the second battalion of marines, and the artillery company attached to it, which sailing from thence with a fair wind, and being much favoured by the weather, arrived in the St. Lawrence at the same time with the other battalion, as I have already had the honour of reporting to your Lordship. I have now the honour of acquainting your Lordship, that both battalions, together with the two companies of artillery, and a rocket company, having been disembarked at Quebec, proceeded to this place, where part of them have already arrived. I have the satisfaction to report to your Lordship the arrival at Quebec of the Eolus, with 300 seamen, and my intention of having them immediately forwarded from thence in the steam-boat, that I may, if possible, get them to Kingston before the navigation of the river closes. I have also received a report of a part of the 70th regiment being in the St. Lawrence; together with a fleet, having on board the remainder, which I consider as a peculiarly fortunate circumstance. In my former dispatch I communicated to your Lordship the movement and dispositions of the Queen's flotilla and force, upon their quitting Sackett's Harbour on the 18th ultimo, and of their being on Grenadier Island, on the 28th; I have now to inform you that, on the 29th, a part of this force was sent to

Gravelly

* Diadem, Diomedé, Fox, Nemesis, Success, Mariner.

Gravelly Point, where it was observed, on the 30th, to be employed in constructing huts; but it is not improbable that it may have had some other object in view, perhaps to proceed down the river, and by landing at Gamanqui, to aid in a combined attack on Kingston, which Major De Rottenberg still thought on the 30th, the date of his last dispatches, was likely to take place. General Hampton's army has altogether quitted the Lower Province, and from the reports of the different parties hanging on its rear, is retiring to its former encampment at the Four Corners. I am happy to inform your Lordship, that the sickness amongst the troops is diminishing, and the convalescents numerous. The Lake fever has been the most prevalent disorder, and has affected the officers more than the privates.

Foreign-office, Dec. 25.

Dispatch from his Excellency Sir Henry Wellesley to Viscount Castlereagh, dated Chickiana, Nov. 30.

My Lord—The Cortes closed their Sessions at the Isla yesterday, and have fixed the 15th of January for their meeting at Madrid. I understand that the Regency will commence their journey for the capital about the middle of December.

H. WELLESLEY.

Downing-street, Dec. 23.—Major Alexander Macdonald has addressed to Earl Bathurst a letter and its inclosure, of which the following are copies, dated Oliva, near Dantzic, Dec. 1.

My letter of the 21st ult. will have informed your Lordship that the batteries of the first parallel, containing 74 pieces of ordnance, of various calibres, were opened against the works of the Bischofs-berg on the 14th, and that nearly the whole of the granaries of that part of Dantzic called the Speicher Island, containing, it is supposed, from 1000 to 1200 lasts of corn and rice, had been burnt by the fire of the batteries, established above the suburb Ohra. I have now the gratification further to inform your Lordship, that articles of capitulation for the surrender of the important fortress of Dantzic, were signed on the 25th ult. I have great pleasure in being able to assure your Lordship, that the troops composing this division of the Allied Army have distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct as often as opportunities have offered. It is but justice also to acknowledge that the defence which has been made by the Enemy has been judicious, and that he has disputed every inch of ground which could be at all advantageous to him, and from which he was only driven by superior numbers.

ALEX. MACDONALD,

Maj. R. L. Horse Artillery.

[Here follow the Terms of the Capitulation, which were extremely favourable to the Enemy, but are rendered quite immaterial, in consequence of advices since received from Lord Cathcart, dated Francofort, Dec. 12, stating that his Imperial Majesty had not ratified the Articles of Capitulation, but had ordered that the siege should continue until the garrison should surrender as prisoners of war.]

Admiralty-office, Dec. 24.—Extracts of Dispatches from Adm. Young.

A Letter from Capt. Owen, of H. M. S. Cornwall, to Adm. Young, under date of Tergoes, in South Beveland, Dec. 17, gives an account of his having landed with a party of marines, at the entrance of the Haven, about three miles from Tergoes, when the peasants flocked to him from every quarter; the flag of the Dutch nation being borne by crowds on every side, accompanied the troops on their march to Goes, the cry of Orange Boven resounding all the way.—Capt. Owen was on the 18th at Borslen, in South Beveland, where he found two capital batteries, with the guns (about 20) spiked.—At Goes, Capt. Owen found that the Dutch had formed three companies of national guards, the officers of which complied with all his wishes, and joined him in assisting to form six troops of cavalry, of 60 men each, and as many companies of infantry, of 100 each. Admiral Young having received information on the 19th, that the Enemy had landed a force of 500 men at Borslen, sent a reinforcement to Captain Owen.

Admiral Young says, that the French corps which landed at Borslen had been immediately repulsed, every person who could find a weapon of any kind having joined the party of marines for that purpose.

A Letter from Hon. Capt. Duncan, of H. M. S. Imperieuse, states, that the Audacieux French privateer, of three guns and 40 men, was captured off the Straights of Bonifacio, by the above ship and the Swallow sloop.

A Letter from Capt. Hopkins, of the Helicon sloop, announces the capture of the French privateer schooner La Reverent, of 14 guns, and 77 men. The Nemesis joined in the chase.

A Letter from Capt. Chetham, of the Hamadryad, states the capture of his Danish Majesty's cutter Abigail, armed with three colbors and small arms, and 40 men.

The undermentioned Letters have been transmitted by Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, viz. From Capt. Godfrey of the Emulous sloop, reporting the destruction, in Passamaquoddy Bay, of two American privateers; one a schooner, called the Orion, of 600

gun and 16 men, and the other a row-boat, carrying 17 men, with small arms. From Capt. Lawrence of the *Fantome* sloop, stating his having captured the American privateer schooner *Portsmouth Packet*, (late the English privateer *Liverpool Packet*) of five guns and 45 men.—From Capt. Handley, of the Arab sloop, stating the capture of the American privateer schooner *Industry*, of five guns, and 26 men.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Dorning-street, Dec. 29.—Major Hill, Aide de camp to Lieut.-gen. Sir Rowland Hill, has arrived with the following Dispatch from the Marquis of Wellington, dated St. Jean de Luz, Dec. 14.

My Lord.—Since the Enemy's retreat from the Nivelle, they had occupied a position in front of Bayonne, which had been entrenched with great labour since the battle fought at Vittoria in June last. It appears to be under the fire of the works of the place; the right rests upon the Adour, and the front in this part is covered by a morass, and its left upon the River Nive. The left is between the Nive and the Adour, on which river the left rests. They had their advanced posts from their right in front of Anglet and towards Biarritz. With their left they defended the river Nive, and communicated with Gen. Paris's division of the army of Catalonia, which was at St. Jean Pied de Port, and they had a considerable corps cantoned in Ville Franche and Monguerre. It was impossible to attack the Enemy in this position, as long as they remained in force in it. I had determined to pass the Nive immediately after the passage of the Nivelle, but was prevented by the bad state of the roads, and the swelling of all the rivelets occasioned by the fall of rain in the beginning of that month; but the state of the weather and roads having at length enabled me to collect the materials, and make the preparations for forming bridges for the passage of that river, I moved the troops out of their cantonments on the 8th, and ordered that the right of the army under Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill should pass on the 9th, at, and in the neighbourhood of Cambo, while Marshal Sir W. Beresford should favour and support his operations, by passing the sixth division under Lieut.-gen. Sir H. Clinton, at Ustaritz; both operations succeeded completely. The Enemy were immediately driven from the right bank of the river, and retired towards Bayonne, by the great road of St. Jean Pied de Port.—Those posted opposite Cambo were nearly intercepted by the 6th division, and one regiment was driven from the road, and obliged to march across the country. The Enemy assembled in considerable force on a range of heights running parallel with the Adour, and still

keeping Ville Franche by their right. The 8th Portuguese regiment, under Col. Douglas, and the 9th Cadadores, under Col. Brown, and the British light infantry battalions of the 6th division, carried this village, and the heights in the neighbourhood. The rain which had fallen the preceding night and on the morning of the 8th, had so destroyed the road, that the day had nearly elapsed before the whole of Sir R. Hill's corps had come up, and I was therefore satisfied with the possession of the ground which we occupied. On the same day, Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope, with the left of the army under his command, moved forward by the great road from St. Jean de Luz towards Bayonne, and reconnoitred the right of the entrenched camp under Bayonne, and the course of the Adour below the town, after driving in the enemy's posts from the neighbourhood of Biaritz and Anglet. The light division, under Major-gen. Alten likewise moved forward from Bassussarry, and reconnoitred the Enemy's entrenchments. Sir John Hope and Major-gen. Alten retired in the evening to the ground they had before occupied. On the morning of the 10th, Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill found that the Enemy had retired from the position which they had occupied the day before on the heights, into the entrenched camp on that side of the Nive; and he therefore occupied the position intended for him, with his right towards the Adour, and his left at Ville Franche, and communicating with the centre of the army under Marshal Sir W. Beresford, by a bridge laid over the river; and the troops under the Marshal were again drawn to the left of the Nive. Gen. Morillo's division of Spanish infantry, which had remained with Sir R. Hill when the other Spanish troops went into cantonments, was placed at Urcuray with Col. Vivian's brigade of light dragoons at Hasparren, in order to observe the movements of the Enemy's division under Gen. Paris, which upon the passage of the Nive had retired towards St. Palais. On the 10th, in the morning, the Enemy moved out of the entrenched camp with their whole army, with the exception only of what occupied the works opposite to Sir R. Hill's position, and drove in the piquets of the light division, and of Sir John Hope's corps, and made a most desperate attack upon the post of the former at the chateau and church of Arcangues, and upon the advanced posts of the latter, on the high road from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz, near the Mayor's house of Biarritz. Both attacks were repulsed in the most gallant style by the troops, and Sir John Hope's corps took about 500 prisoners. The brunt of the action with Sir John Hope's advanced post, fell upon the 1st Portuguese brigade, under Brig.-gen.

A. Campbell, which were on duty, and upon Major-gen. Robinson's brigade of the 5th division, which moved up to their support. Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope reports most favourably of the conduct of those, and of all the other troops engaged, and I had great satisfaction in finding that this attempt, made by the Enemy upon our left, in order to oblige us to draw in our right, was completely defeated by a comparatively small part of our force. I cannot sufficiently applaud the ability, coolness, and judgment of Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope, who, with the General and Staff Officers under his command, shewed the troops an example of gallantry, which must have tended to produce the favourable result of the day.—Sir John Hope received a severe contusion, which, however, I am happy to say, has not deprived me for a moment of the benefit of his assistance.—After the action was over, the regiments of Nassau and Francofort, under the command of Col. Kruse, came over to the posts of Major-gen. Ross's brigade, of the 4th division, which were formed for the support of the centre.—When the night closed, the Enemy were still in large force in front of our posts, on the ground from which they had driven the picquets. They retired, however, during the night, from Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope's front, leaving small posts, which were immediately driven in. They still occupied, in force, the ridge on which the picquets of the light division had stood; and it was obvious that the whole army was still in front of our left; and about three in the afternoon, they again drove in Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope's picquets, and attacked his posts. They were again repulsed, with considerable loss. The attack was recommenced on the morning of the 12th, with the same want of success; the first division, under Major-gen. Howard, having relieved the 5th division; and the Enemy discontinued it in the afternoon, and retired entirely within the entrenched camp on that night. They never renewed the attack on the posts of the light division after the 10th. Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope reports most favourably of the conduct of all the officers and troops, particularly of the 1st Portuguese brigade, under Brig.-gen. A. Campbell; and of Major-gen. Robinson's, and Major-gen. Hay's brigade of the 5th division, under the command of the Hon. Col. Greville. He mentions particularly, Major-gen. Hay, commanding the 5th division, Major-gens. Robinson and Bradford, Brig.-gen. Campbell, Col. De Regoa and Greville, commanding the several brigades, Lieut.-col. Lloyd, of the 84th, who was unfortunately killed, Lieut.-cols. Barnes of the Royals, and Cameron of the 9th, Capt. Ramsay of the Royal Horse Artillery, Col. De Lancey, Deputy

Quarter-mast-gen., and Lieut.-col. McDonald, Assistant Adjutant-gen., attached to Sir John Hope's corps, and the officers of his personal staff. The 1st division under Major-gen. Howard, were not engaged until the 12th, when the Enemy's attack was more feeble; but the Guards conducted themselves with their usual spirit. The Enemy having thus failed in all their attacks, with their whole force upon our left, withdrew into their entrenchments on the night of the 12th, and passed a large force through Bayonne, with which, on the morning of the 13th, they made a most desperate attack upon Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill. In expectation of this attack I had requested Marshal Sir W. Bessières to reinforce the Lieut.-gen. with the 6th division, which crossed the Nive at day-light on that morning; and I further reinforced him by the 4th division, and two brigades of the 3d division.—The expected arrival of the 6th division gave the Lieut.-gen. great facility in making his movements; but the troops under his own immediate command, had defeated and repulsed the Enemy with immense loss before their arrival. The principal attack having been made along the high road, from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port, Major-gen. Barnes's brigade of British infantry, and the 5th Portuguese brigade, under Brig.-gen. Ashworth, were particularly engaged in the contest with the Enemy on that point, and these troops conducted themselves admirably. The Portuguese division of infantry, under the command of Mariscal del Campo Don F. le Cor, moved to their support on their left in a very gallant style, and regained an important position between these troops and Major-gen. Pringle's brigade, engaged with the Enemy in front of Ville Franche. I had great satisfaction also in observing the conduct of Major-gen. Byng's brigade of British infantry, supported by the 4th Portuguese brigade, under the command of Brig.-gen. Buchan, in carrying an important height from the Enemy on the right of our position, and maintaining it against all their efforts to regain it.—Two guns and some prisoners were taken from the Enemy, who, being beaten at all points, and having suffered considerable loss, were obliged to retire upon their entrenchment.—It gives me the greatest satisfaction to have another opportunity of reporting my sense of the merits and services of Lieut.-gen. Sir Rowland Hill upon this occasion, as well as of those of Lieut.-gen. Sir W. Stewart, commanding the 2d division; Major-gens. Pringle, Barnes, and Byng; Mariscal del Campo Don F. Le Cor, and Brig-gens. De Costa, Ashworth, and Buchan. The British Artillery, under Lieut. Col. Ross, and the Portuguese Artillery, under Col. Tulloch distinguished

distinguished themselves; and Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill reports particularly the assistance he received from Lieut.-cols. Bouve-rie and Jackson, the Assistant Adjutant and Assistant Quarter Master General attached to his corps; Lieut.-col. Goldfinch, of the Royal Engineers, and from the Officers of his personal Staff. The Enemy marched a large body of cavalry across the bridge of the Adour yesterday evening, and retired their force opposite to Sir R. Hill this morning, towards Bayonne. Throughout these various operations I have received every assistance from the Quarter Master General Major-gen. Sir G. Murray, and the Adjutant General Major-Gen. Sir E. Pakenham, and Lieut.-Col. Lud Fitzroy Somerset, Lieut.-Col. Campbell, and the Officers of my Staff.—I send this dispatch by Major Hill, Aide de camp of Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Hill, whom I beg leave to recommend to your Lordship's protection.

WELLINGTON.

British Officers Killed.—Dec. 9.—42d reg. 1st bat. Capt. George Stewart and Lieut. James Stewart.—Dec. 10.—9th reg. 1st bat. Lieut. P. L. Lemesurier, Ens. George Bolton. 84th, 2d bat. Lieut.-col. Richard Lloyd. 95th, 1st bat. Lieut. John Hopwood. 84th, 2d bat. Capt. Yates Johnson.—Dec. 12.—1st Foot Guards, 1st bat. Cap. S. Coote Martin (Lieut.-col.), Lieut. Charles Thompson, (Capt.) 3d Foot Gds, 1st bat. Capt. Henry Rob. Watson, Adj.—Dec. 13.—57th, 1st bat. Lieut. Andrew Sankey, Ens. W. Johnson, John F. Poole. 71st, 1st bat. Maj. M. McKenzie, (Lieut.-col.) Lieuts. W. Campbell and C. Henderson. 92d, 1st bat. Lieuts. Duncan MacPherson, Thos. Mitchell, and Allan Macdonald.

British Officers Wounded.—Dec. 9.—9th reg. Lieut.-col. Wilton Gomm, A. Q. M. G. slightly; 4th, Brev. Maj. R. Anwyll, (B.M.) sl.; 2d K. G. L. Brev. Maj. Aug. Heisse, (A. A. G.) sl.; 16th Light Drag. Capt. W. Perse, sl.; Lieut. W. Nepean, sl.; 4th reg. 1st bat. Lieut. J. Fraser, severely; 11th, 1st bat. Lieut. J. Dolphie, sl.; 28th, 1st bat. Capt. W. V. Taylor, sev.; 38th, 1st bat. Capt. Taylor, sev.; Lieuts. Ed. Hopper, R. Wilcocks, and G. Frier, sl.; 59th, 2d bat. Capt. F. Fuller, sl.; Lieuts. J. B. Brohier, S. Stewart, Alex. Campbell, L. Marmichael, P. O'Hara, and Ens. W. H. Hell, sev.; 60th, 5th bat. Lieut. H. Dickson, sl.; 61st, 1st bat. Capt. W. Greene, sl.; and E. Charlton; 79th, 1st bat. Lieut. A. Robertson, sev. 84th, 2d bat. Capt. D. Urquhart, sev.; Lieut. R. B. Warren, sev.; Ens. J. Jarvoise; 1st K. G. L. Lieut. G. Elderhost, sl.; 2d K. G. L. Capt. F. Wynecken, Ens. A. McBean, sl.; Lieut. C. Meyes, Maj. Gen. F. P. Robinson, Capt. G. Decken; A. D. C. to Lieut.-gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton, sev.—Dec. 10.—1st F. 3d bat. Lieut.

Alex. Macdonald, sl.; 4th, 1st bat. Capt. Tim. Jones (Major), Lieut. Ed. Ginchard, Fred. Hyde, sev.; 9th, 1st bat. Capt. Ben. Tiborn, Lieuts. E. Watkins and Dallas, sev.; Rob. Brookes, sl.; 47th, 2d bat. Lieut. A. Mahon, sev.; Ens. James Ewing, sl.; 52d, 1st bat. Major Geo. Mein (Lieut.-col.), Capt. Graham Douglas, Ens. Fred. Radford, sev.; 59th, 2d bat. Major F. W. Hoysted, Capt. W. Wilkinson, sev.; 84th, 2d bat. Capt. Jas. Jenkin, sl.; Lieut. Joshua Holmes, sev.; 85th, Lieut. H. Bolsted, sl.; Brunswick L. Inf. Capt. Lysnousky.—Dec. 11.—Capt. Thos. Napier, Aide-de-camp to Lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope, sev.; 4th, 1st bat. Major J. Piper, sev. (Lieut.-col.), Lieuts. J. Stavely, C. H. Farrington, sl.; Wm. Clarke, sev.; Edw. Rawlins, J. Sutherland, sl.; and Jas. Marshal, sev.; Ens. Gardner, sev.; 9th, 1st bat. Ens. D. Holmes, and R. Story, sev.; 59th, 2d bat. Capt. F. Fuller, sev.; Lieut. A. Mac Pherson, sl.; 84th, 2d bat. Lieut. Richard Cruise, sl.; Brunswick Light Inf. Lieut. V. D. Heyde, sl.—Dec. 12. 1st Guards, 1st bat. Lieut. T. Strerfield, sl. (Captain), Ens. J. O. Latour, sev.; 3d Gds, 1st bat. Lieuts. Hugh Seymour and Fran. Holborne, sl.; Ens. H. B. Montgomery, sev.—Dec. 13.—Staff, Major-gen. E. Barnes, sev.; 4th W. L. R. Capt. Andrew Hamilton, sev. A. D. C. to Major-gen. Barnes; Lieut. James Hamilton, sl.; 1st Gds. Capt. Carey Le Merchant, A. D. C. to Lieut.-gen. Sir W. Stewart, sev.; 52d, Lieut. Lord Charles Spencer, A. D. C. to ditto; 53d, Capt. R. Thorn, D. A. Q. M. G., sl.; 2d Gds, W. Clitheroe, A. D. C. to Major-gen. Byng, sl.; 3d reg. 1st bat. Capt. C. Cameron, sl.; H. A. Hamilton, sev.; Lieuts. S. Wright, sl.; Jas. Fielding, sev.; R. Haughton, sl.; H. Gillman, W. Woods, J. Home, J. Tergg, R. Murphy, R. Blake, sev., Ens. T. Everndern, sl.; 38th, 1st bat. Capt. E. Wolfe, Lieuts. J. Clarke Nelson, W. Kepp, and Ens. J. Scott Waring, sev.; 51st, 2d bat. Lieut.col. Alex. Leith, sl.; Ens. Jas. Hardy, sev.; 39th, 1st bat. Ens. J. Burns, sev.; 50th, 1st bat. Capt. R. North, sev.; W. Bowen, sl.; Lieuts. R. Kiddle, W. Nowland, sev.; R. Jones, sl.; Holman Custance, P. Plunkett, sev.; J. W. Plunkett, C. Brown, sl.; Ens. W. Freebairn, sev.; Hugh Johnstone; 57th, 1st bat. Lieuts. Francis G. Keogh, J. Meyers, Thos. Dix, Ens. W. Bartlett, sev.; 60th, 5th bat. Ens. W. Rutledge, sev.; 66th, 2d bat. Capt. A. Bulstrode, sev.; 71st, 1st bat. Lieut.-col. Sir Nath. Peacock, Capt. Robert Barclay, W. A. Grant; Lieuts. W. Long, W. P. Torreano, and Adj. J. McIntyre, sl.; 92d, 1st bat. Maj. J. Macpherson, sev.; Capt. G. W. Holmes, Ronald Macdonald, and Donald Macpherson, sev.; Lieuts. J. J. Chisholme, R. Winchester, and Ronald