

corpse. He retained his senses to the last, and related these particulars to his friends.

FOREIGN.

FROM THE GLASGOW COURIER.

Destruction of the Turkish prisoners at Jaffa.

The destruction of the Turkish prisoners at Jaffa has been much doubted, and treated with derision by the admirers of the late French Government, particularly by Dr. Clark and the writers in the Edinburgh Review. The former of these denies the charge from the following curious reasons—namely, that as he was at Acre in 1801 where the British consul and every other person was inclined to say every thing that was said of Bonaparte, yet none of them mentioned this sad catastrophe, and that though he saw the mutilated remains of a number of human bodies washed out from the sand by the sea, yet that these were the remains of bodies which had died shortly before of the plague. These, indeed, were strange reasons on which to contradict the accusations of Sir Robert Wilson. The Doctor does not pretend to say; that he ever put the question to any one in Acre if such an event ever took place, and that when he did so, they in one voice denied it.

Besides, the remains of the dead bodies which he saw were not upon the place where the Turkish prisoners were murdered, and a moment's reflection might have convinced the Doctor, that, in the scorching sands of Syria, not an atom of flesh could remain, till 1801, upon the limbs of those bodies which were murdered in May, 1799, two years and a half before he saw those which he mentions. His denial, however, of this awful catastrophe afforded the Edinburgh Reviewers an opportunity to launch out in bitter abuse of Sir Robert Wilson for daring to bring forward such a charge against the French leader; and they concluded their remarkable arguments, which are not worth the transcribing with this pithy remark as they supposed it was, "It is strange that no person (with regard to the murder of these prisoners) has come forward to say ego vidi."

Although, under the circumstances which Europe was placed at the time, this was by no means strange, yet that wonder is now done away, and a person, a Frenchman too, an eye witness to the whole of the proceedings, comes forward and says ego vidi. As the Edinburgh Reviewers were particularly fond of reviewing French books which treated of the acts of the late remarkable French government, they cannot, in justice to their readers, pass over this which contains all the proofs which they said was requisite to establish the fact. But not to trust to their doing so, permit me, for the information of some of your readers to transcribe the passage which relates to that event, from a work lately published at Paris on that subject, by an ardent admirer of the military talents and career of Bonaparte. It is a picture which harrows up the feelings of the soul, and which ought to make us doubly thankful that we are now freed from the dread and consequences of that infernal revolution which gave birth to such carnage and crimes. We shall now, perhaps, be told by the advocates and panegyrists of the system of the Emperor of Elba, that such things are paid for, in order to blacken his character. But can any one for a moment suppose, that there is a Frenchman so dead to his national honour as purely for the sake of blackening the character of Bonaparte, would come forward and advance things which must blacken the national character through all succeeding ages. What troops belonging to any other nation would have obeyed such orders, to perpetrate such crimes? Man does not become wicked all at once—on step by step he goes, and, when under the furor of that revolution, which trampled upon the laws of God and of man, the infamous French government, in 1794, passed a decree to give no quarters to British or Hanoverian troops—though, with the guillotine before their eyes, not an officer could be found who was base enough to command it to be done, nor a soldier who was savage enough to put it in execution. But a few years in the Revolutionary school soon taught them to despise such compunctious feelings of nature. By such villains Europe was overrun and drenched with blood—from such she is now, and let us hope, forever, delivered.

The publication to which I allude is entitled—"Memoirs pour servir a l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie, deuxième édition; revue, corrigée et augmentée, d'une introduction, d'une appendice, et de faits qui n'ont pu paraître sous le dernier Gouvernement." By Mons. Miot, an officer in the Commissariat in the Expedi-

tion to Egypt. Upon the subject in question he thus proceeds:—

"If I have determined, in writing this work, to abstain from passing judgment on the actions of a man who will be judged by posterity, I have also pledged myself to reveal every circumstance which can enlighten the world with regard to him. It is but justice, therefore to recall the motives which were alledged by Bonaparte at the time, in order to justify the cruel resolution by which he declared the fate of the prisoners taken at Jaffa, and which was apparently promoted by the following considerations:

"The army, already weakened by the sieges of El-Arisch and of Jaffa, was still more so by sickness, whose ravages became every day more frightful. Subsistence once procured with extreme difficulty, and the difficulty was increased by the hostile feelings of the inhabitants. To feed the prisoners, if kept with the army, was not only to multiply our wants, but to embarrass our movements—to shut them up, on the other hand, in Jaffa, would not have relieved us from the first inconvenience, (that of feeding them but in addition it would have exposed us to the possibility of revolt, considering the weak garrison we must have left to secure them—to send them back to Egypt would require a considerable detachment, which would greatly weaken the existing force—to leave them again at liberty on their parole was in spite of all engagements, to hand them over to the enemy, and especially to reinforce the garrison of Saint Jean d'Acre, for Djezzar was not a man to respect the promises made by his soldiers, themselves indeed but little tenacious of a point of honour, of whose general obligation they were ignorant. There remained, then, but one expedient, which reconciled all difficulties—a frightful expedient it is true, but according to those who had recourse to it, one which appeared unavoidable.

"The 10th of March 1799, in the afternoon, the Turkish prisoners were moved into the centre of a vast square, formed by the troops of the division of Boan. A half suppressed rumour of the lot which awaited them, induced me, amongst many others, to mount my horse, and to accompany this company of silent victims, to satisfy myself if the reports were true. The Turks, marching without order, shed no tears, and uttered no cries, but resigned themselves to the fate of which they were already conscious. Some who were wounded and unable to keep up were stabled on the road with the bayonet. Others walked through the crowd, and seemed to advise their companions in this dreadful hour. Some, perhaps, of the boldest, had flattered themselves with the prospect of being able to break through the armed body which surrounded them, or hoped, that by scattering themselves over the fields through which they moved, at least a few of them might escape the massacre; but measures of precaution had been taken in this respect, and the despairing Turks made no attempt at flight. Having at length reached the sandhills towards the south west, they were halted near a pool of muddy water. The officer who commanded the troops then divided the unhappy multitude into small parties, which were led off to different points, and there separately shot.

"This horrible operation took up a long time, notwithstanding the great force employed to execute it, and it must be acknowledged that the French soldiers, so often victorious in the field, did not perform the abominable task now imposed upon them without extreme reluctance. By the pool above mentioned there stood a group of prisoners, amongst whom were some ancient chiefs of noble and courageous aspect, and one youth whose fortitude seemed quite overcome. At an age so tender it was natural to think himself innocent, and this persuasion led him to a display of weakness which mocked his more manly fellow sufferers. He threw himself before the horse's feet of the French commander—he embraced the knees of that officer, imploring him for mercy. "How am I guilty," he cried, "What have I done?" but neither his melting tears nor his cries were attended to—they could not change the fatal and terrible sentence. With the single exception of this poor youth, all the remaining Turks calmly performed their ablutions in the same stagnant water of which I have already spoken—then talking each other's hand, and placing them according to the Moslem form of salutation, successively upon their heart and on their lips, they gave and received an eternal adieu.***I saw a venerable old man, whose air and manner bespoke his superior rank, I saw him coolly order a hole to be dug for him in the shifting sand, large enough to admit of his being buried in it alive—doubtless because he disdained to die by any hands but those of his countrymen. He stretched himself on his back in this

friendly and melancholy grave; and his companions addressing their humble prayers to God, quickly covered him in it, stamping with their feet on the earth, which served him for a winding sheet, to abridge the period of his sufferings.

"This spectacle, which makes the heart throb with agony, and which I feelly attempt to describe, took place during the massacre of the other groups spread amongst the sand hills. There at least remained of all the prisoners, those only who were stationed by the water. Our soldiers had consumed their ammunition; it became necessary therefore, to put to death the remainder with the bayonet and naked sword.*****I could no longer bear this inhuman sight, but fled from it pale and fainting. Some of the officers informed me the same night, that these hapless creatures, yielding to that irresistible impulse of our nature, which compels us to shrink from death, even hopeless of escaping it, jumped one upon the other's shoulders, resting in a limb the blow aimed at their heart, which would at once have ended their miseries. There was, since we must speak out, a frightful pyramid dripping with blood, formed of the dead and dying, so that it was necessary to drag away the murdered corpses, to finish the butchery of those who were yet alive, and who, under cover of that ghastly rampart, had not yet been stabled. This picture, so far as it goes, is exact and faithful. The remembrance of it still makes that hand to tremble to which it has not given the power of representing half its horrors. (1.)

[With regard to the charge of poisoning the sick Soldiers, Mons. Miot says,]

"I witnessed all the horror inspired by that fatal resolution which ordinary foresight would undoubtedly have rendered superfluous, it belongs, however, to the candour and honesty with which I have hitherto brought forward whatever I saw, to declare, that I have no further evident proofs of the poisoning of the wounded French, than the numerous conversations which I heard in the army on that subject. But if my credit is to be given to that public voice which the organ of these tardy truths which great men vainly hope to stifle, it is a fact too well established, that some of the wounded on Mount Carmel, and a large proportion of the sick in the hospitals of Jaffa, perished BY THE MEDICINE GIVEN TO THEM. (2.)

(1.) Note by the Author.—Lieut. Col. Sir R. Wilson states this fact, with other details, in his work on the British expedition to Egypt. He makes the number of prisoners amount to 3,800; but I think the number was not so considerable. Bonaparte, when First Consul, complained bitterly of this book, which was read with great eagerness in England. It was one of the principal grievances which our Government expressed against Great Britain.

(2.) Note by the Author.—Wilson, whom I have already quoted, makes the number of the poisoned sick amount to 580."

The above, Mr. Editor, requires no comment. I have only to add, that the sand hills where he describes this horrid massacre to have taken place, is precisely the spot where a gentleman, with whom I happened to be in company 10 years ago, described to me as the spot where, some months after the bloody catastrophe, he saw the bones of the slain. I am, &c. OBSERVER, Glasgow, 7th Dec. 1814.

From France.—The schr. *Spartan*, Captain Johnson, arrived here last evening, in 35 days from Bordeaux.—The Paris papers furnished by this arrival are to the 22d, and Bordeaux to the 25th of June. They are chiefly occupied with the particulars of the marriage of the Duke of Berri, and the splendid celebration of that event.—The nuptial ceremony was performed on the 17th of June; and on the 18th was devoted to the commemoration of the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

By this arrival, we learn, that commercial business at Bordeaux, and throughout France, was extremely dull. This, indeed appears to be the fact in every part of the commercial world.

A large fleet of fishing vessels were preparing to sail for Miqueion, under convoy of a number of ships of war.—It is said that nearly 50,000 seamen would accompany the expedition.

Marseilles, June 11th.—On the 27th May (Ascension Day) and insurrection broke out at Beunne, in Africa.—All the foreigners employed in the Coral Fishery were massacred as they were coming from mass. The English consul was assassinated; and the houses of the Franks were pillaged and destroyed.—About 50 wounded persons were saved on board the vessels, and have arrived at Cagliari—it is from them we have received the details of this horrid butchery.—The number kil-

led is above 200—the account is authentic—it has been given at the office of health under oath, by persons arrived at Cagliari. It is known that this insurrection is caused by the discontent occasioned by the treaties concluded between Lord Exmouth and Algiers.

Piedmont, June 27.—Letters from Smyrna, mention that troubles have again broken out in that city.

Bordeaux, June 27.—Mr. Latellier has just received a patent for transportation on the Loire, by Steam boats; the first boat will leave Nantes on the first October, and will be able in 30 days, to deliver at Orleans and Paris, 1000 tons of merchandise.

THE DUKE OF KENT.

Schools for All.—At the Anniversary Meeting of this Grand British Institution, (the Foreign Bible Society) which was held on the 13th ult. at the London Tavern, his royal Highness the Duke of Kent (upon a vote of thanks being carried, moved by the American Minister) delivered the following affecting speech, which may be considered his farewell Address, and, we have no doubt, will be read with sympathizing regret by all who estimated the worth of this distinguished personage:

"The attendance to-day surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I have at former meetings looked forward to preside at the next returns.—Not so now. I am about to leave my beloved country. Perhaps years may elapse before I meet you again. Let me hear while I am abroad that this cause prospers, and I please myself, that when the purposes of my absence are accomplished—when I return, I will place One Thousand Guineas at the disposal of this Institution. If I have not done it before, it is because I had it not in my power. I am desirous that this last act—this pledge of my love to it, should be upon record. I feel gratified that this motion came from the minister of the United States. I have lived long in the neighbourhood of the United States, and it was ever a grief to me that the two countries should be at variance. The language and the interest is the same, and their friendship should be inviolable. I return my thanks to this assembly."

Very great emotions of pleasure appeared to agitate the assembly when that part of the report of this Institution, which regards Hayti, was read. The Chief, Christophe, deeply penetrated with the benefit of knowledge, and of the diffusion of the Scriptures, invites among his people, all those who contribute to their improvement. In a Proclamation in the Gazette of Hayti, he says—"I invite professors of all sciences—no difference of religion shall be deemed an exclusion. Merit and ability alone shall be considered, without regard to the nation which gave birth, or the creed, which may be preferred."—After 26 years of revolution, and 13 years possession of hard earned independence, we are not (says the Gazette) the same people. Formerly, as brutes, we bowed under the lash of a cruel and ignorant master—as men, we were dead—our faculties all crushed; but we burst our chains, and, again erect, we look upwards towards heaven—as men—as social beings! A new era is now before us—thanks to thee, O God of Heaven!"—"Haytiens," says the Chief, "be it ours to show, by our lives, that blacks, equally with whites, are the work of Omnipotence, and the objects of the kind regard of the Father of all!"

LONDON, APRIL 29.

The following anecdote is from a German paper:—"In the war before last of Prussia against France, the well-known Major Von Schill had taken with his free corps four uncommonly fine horses, which were destined for the Emperor Napoleon. When the latter knew it, he directed a letter to be sent to the Major, offering him 1,000 dollars compensation for each horse. The letter was subscribed—"To the robber-chief Schill."—Schill replied to him by another letter as follows:—"Sir, Brother, I feel the more gratification in having taken your four horses, as I understand from your letter that you set a high value upon them. I cannot return them to you for the 1,000 dollars a piece; but if you will restore to their places the four horses which you stole from Brandenburg gate at Berlin, then the four horses which I have taken are quite at your service."

WATERLOO.

The Officer, his Wife, and Baggage Afs.

The following interesting anecdote is taken from "A Visit to Flanders," and will give some ideas of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo.

"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and matchless innocence and naivety. The husband was in battle of Quatre Bras as well as that of Waterloo, and to him I owe much of my minutes and most interesting information.

"He was living in the cantonments of Nivelles, his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre Bras; but he left his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage which was packed upon a large afs. Retreat at the time was not anticipated, but being suddenly ordered, on the Saturday he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both and make off with the horse, leaving the young lady alone with the baggage afs. With the firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty five miles, leading the afs by the bridle; and carefully preserving the baggage: no violence was dared by any one to molest a pilgrim, but no one would venture to assist her. She was soon in the retreating columns of the British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in water spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got on the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at Waterloo, when the army on the Sunday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, and among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the fight of her there would only distress him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the road choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons & horses; multitudes of native fugitives on the road and flying into the great wood, and many of the regulars walking their painful way, dropping every step and breathing their last; every few rods lay a corpse or a limb; particularly, the said, several bands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavors to save themselves. Add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated & the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn in pieces. Full twelve miles further in the night this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she led her afs; and although thousands lost their baggage and some their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, afs, bag and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which for ten hours she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night spent in agony she was rewarded by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt and she nothing the worse on the Monday. The officer told me the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his "dear little woman," and said she became more valuable to him every day. I never saw a more elegant gentlemanlike young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, *Ab! ma mere m'a dit la meme chose!* (my mother made the same remark)."

The Niger.—This noble river is still a subject to which the attention of geographers is particularly directed. The immense chasm that exists in all the maps of Africa has been to a certain degree filled up by the labors of Mungo Park; but much remains to be yet accomplished to obtain further information of countries, many which are only imperfectly known, and their relative positions not clearly defined. No part of the world seems to be so little understood as the interior of Africa; hypothesis after hypothesis is stated, and all, though supposed correct, differing materially with each other. To the many that have already appeared the following may be added, the correctness of which can only be developed by time:—

A gentleman who has resided, at different intervals, a considerable time at the settlement of Lagos, and other stations on the African coast in the bight of Benin, states, that the *Ilouffa* traders,