

MAJOR-SCHILL.

In the year 1813, I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany. From the Elbe to the Isle of Rugen my route lay through the country which had been the principal scene of the celebrated Schill's operations. The peasantry were full of the recollection, and when they were not afraid of finding a spy, or smarting under a recent visit from the French, they were boundless in their histories of the miraculous achievements of "the Brandenburg Hussars." Those narratives had gradually grown romantic, little as romance was to be expected from a boor on the edge of the Baltic. But the valour and eccentricity of Schill's attempt, his bold progress, and his death in the midst of fire and steel, would have made a subject for the exaggerations and melancholy of romance in any age.

A thousand years ago a German bard would have seen his spirit drinking in the halls of Odin, out of a Gaelish skull and listening to the harps of the blue-eyed maids of Valballa, bending around him with their sweet voices and their golden hair. Arminius might have been no more than such a daring vindicator of his country; and, but for his narrower means, and more sudden extinction Schill might have earned from some future Tacitus the same fine and touching panegyric. Schill was 36, but a year younger than Arminius at his death. The rude prints and plaster images at the German fairs, gave him a vigorous figure, and a bold physiognomy. He was active in his exercises, superior to fatigue, and of acknowledged intrepidity; fond of adventure in the spirit of his corps, and his natural enthusiasm deepened and magnified by some intercourse with the Secret Societies of Germany, which, with much mysticism, and solemn affectation of knowledge, inculcated resistance to the tyrant of Europe, as among the first of duties.

He was said to be more distinguished for bravery than for military knowledge or talent. But the man who could elude or overpower all opposition in the heart of an enemy's conquest for months together, must have had talent as well as heroism. Schill's first operation was to pass over the Elbe, and try the state of the public mind in the country round Magdeburgh.

It is still difficult to ascertain, whether his enterprise had a higher authority. The situation of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, was one of the most deplorable suffering. The loss of independence, the loss of territory, the plunder of the public property, and the ruin of the Prussian name in Europe were felt like mortal wounds. But the personal insolence of the French, who have always lost by their insolence what they had gained by their rapine, struck deeper into the National mind. The innumerable private injuries to honour and feeling, the gross language, and the malignant tyranny of the French military, inflamed the people's blood into a fever of impatience and revenge. I have often expressed my surprise, on hearing that no German had taken up the pen to transmit them as a record and a warning to posterity. One evening, standing on the banks of the Elbe, and overlooking the fine quiet landscape of the island towards Haarburg I remember to have made the observation, after hearing a long detail of the sufferings of the peasantry, whose white cottages studied the scene at my feet. "My dear sir," said an old German officer, "my countrymen are like that river; their whole course has been thro' sand-banks and shallows, but they make their way to the end at last. Then, indulging his metaphor, and waving his hand as if to follow the windings of the stream. "I am not sure but this very habit of reluctance to unnecessary exertion may have allowed them to collect comforts by the way, which neither Englishman nor Frenchman would have been calm enough to gather. If the river had been a torrent should we now be looking on these islands?" There may be some experience in the old soldier's answer, but if Germany is slow to give a history of her misfortunes, she ought not to leave her heroes in oblivion. Schill deserves a better memoir than a stranger can give.

In this fermentation of the public mind, the north of Germany was suddenly denuded of troops, to form a part of the grand imperial army marching against Austria. Slight garrisons were placed in the principal towns, and the general possession of the open country was chiefly left to the gendarmes. Schill, then major of one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, the Brandenburg hussars, one morning suddenly turned his horse's head towards the gate of Berlin, on the dismissal of the parade, gave a shout for "King and Country," and at the head of this regiment burst from the Glacis. Though the whole garrison of Berlin, French and Prussian, were on the parade, there was no attempt to intercept this bold manœuvre. They were thunderstruck, and by the time that orders were determined on, Schill was leagues off, galloping free over the sands of Prussia. The Officers of his corps were among the best families of Brandenburg, and some fine young men of rank joined him immediately. It is uncertain to this hour, whether he was not secretly urged by his court to make the experiment on the probabilities of insurrection. But Napoleon was too near to allow of open encouragement, and at the demand of De Marsan the French ambassador, who was, as Trincolo says "Viceroy over the King," Schill was proclaimed as an enemy to the state.

His first attempt was the surprise of Magdeburgh, the principal fortress of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and famous to English ears for the imprisonment of Trenc. He advanced to the gates, and after sustaining a vigorous skirmish with the garrison, in which the French were on the point of being cut off from the town, forced to abandon an enterprize, which was probably undertaken merely as a more open mode of declaring, that "war in prociect" was leveled against the oppressors of the population. He then plunged into Westphalia. His plans in this country have been often canvassed; for the Germans are, in a vast proportion to the English, military disputants; and the names of their highest soldiers, from Frederic down to Blücher and Bulow, are discussed without mercy and without end. Schill shares the common fate, and all the armies of Germany would not have been enough to fill up the outline of the campaign, which I have heard sketched for him round the fire of a table d'hôte in the north. According to these ratiocinators he should have marched direct upon Cassel, and made himself master of Jerome Buonaparte. He should have charged up to the gates of Berlin, and delivered the country. He should have attacked the rear of the grand army, and given time for the arrival of the Archduke. He should have made an irruption into the French territory in its unguarded state, and

compelled Napoleon to consult the safety of Paris. To all this the natural answer was, that Schill had but from four to six hundred hussars, and a few infantry, deserters from the line. With those he remained for nearly three months master of the communications of Westphalia, continually intercepting officers functionaries, and couriers, and either eluding or beating every detachment sent to break up his flying camp. In one of his expeditions he took Marshal Victor with his suite and despatches, on his way to join the army before Vienna. But it affords an extraordinary evidence of the apathy, or the terror of Germany, that, during this period of excitement, his recruits never amounted to one hundred men. It, however, grew obviously perilous to leave this daring partizan free to raise the spirit of the country, and a considerable force was despatched against him. A corps from Cassel moved in direct pursuit, while another composed of Dutch and Danes, turned towards his rear. It was now time to fly. The experiment of Westphalia was completed; and an escape into Sweden was the only course of safety. Schill had been blamed for lingering on this retreat. But a gentler estimate, and probably a truer one would have attributed his tardiness to the natural reluctance of a brave man to leave the ground while there is a chance of disputing it. Every hour was full of change; a battle on the Danube might alter the whole fortunes of Germany within an hour, and Prussia would have been the first to raise the standard. But Schill suffered no advantage to be taken of his army. His marches were regular, he fixed his head quarters for ten or twelve days at Domitz a small town on the Mecklenburgh side, which he fortified so far as to be secure from a surprise. He abandoned it only on the approach of the enemy, to whom he left nothing but his sick, advanced to Stralsund, the strongest fortress in Pomerania, dismantled by the French, but still in their possession, and capable of defence against an ordinary hazard; stormed the gates; drove the French before the cavalry into the great square; and was in possession of the town after a brisk engagement of less than an hour. On the road to Stralsund I was shown the remains of a field fortification where a French detachment had attempted to stop the hussars. It was a rude work, a parapet of earth and a trench filled with water. The gates and guns had probably fallen into the hands of the peasantry. Schill on proposing a capitulation to those men, had been fired on. He immediately charged at the head of his regiment leaped the trench, and got under the fortification on horseback. All the French were killed or taken.

Pomerania (in German, Pommern) is one vast flat, which probably was once at the bottom of the Baltic. It is fertile, and was, when I passed through it, covered with a carpet of spring corn. But on my approach to the sea, the prospect on the side of the Island Rugen became diversified. The sea between the island and the main land, looked like a broad river, tranquil and glassy, with a low rich border of vegetation, leading the eye across to the woods and picturesque rocks that crown the shore of Rugen. The country was thinly peopled, but those were times of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The Swedish army, under the Crown Prince, going to fight his countrymen, were now moving down from Sweden.

Schill had found the principal works destroyed, but yet not to be gained without fighting, and it was not till after a sharp contest that he forced his way over the ramparts.

On his march he had baffled the Dutch general, Gratien, whose express commission was to expiate him in the field. Schill out-manœvered the general, and was master of Stralsund a week before he saw the face of a pursuer. There can be no doubt but he might, in that interval, have made good his retreat into Sweden. But the reluctance to leave Germany was strong upon him at all times. In addition to this he was master of a city; the sea was at his back; the state of Germany was hourly fluctuating; and his position still served as a rallying point, if the old genius of Prussia was at length to shake the ashes from her head. Such might have been among the motives for this apparent imprudence in a man who had hitherto taken his measures with equal conduct and intrepidity. In this period of inaction he appears to have lost his habitual temper, and, like Richard before Bosworth, to have given an ill omen by his melancholy. He was said to have indulged in drinking, and to exhibit altogether the aspect of a man expecting ruin. But in his dejection he omitted none of the usual arrangements for defence. He set the peasants at work upon the approaches to the town, collected ammunition, planted a battery to command the principal entrance, I believe, borrowing the guns from the merchant ships, and seems to have neglected nothing but the means of retreat.

Stralsund is a city of much interest for its share in the "thirty years war;" and Wallenstein, the wonder of arms in his day, brought some disgrace on the standard of his imperial master, by his repulse before the walls. Its position renders it the key of Pomerania, on the side of Sweden, and the Crown Prince was busy when I was there in repairing its fortifications to cover his retreat, if the campaign should turn in favour of Napoleon. It has a tolerable commerce, and some of its buildings exhibit the old ponderous magnificence of the time when German traders made head against princes. The principal streets are wide, and the square in the centre, which serves as in all the German towns, for all imaginable public purposes—a mart, a parade, and a place of justice,—has the picturesque look of English architecture in the days of Elizabeth. It was in this spot that Schill drew up his reserve on the morning of the attack. Among the accounts of the fight, to be received from persons who, during the day, were hiding in their cellars from the shots that still had left many a fracture on the front of the buildings, exactness is not to be expected. But the battle seems to have begun about mid-day, and to have continued with desperate determination till three or four in the afternoon. The Dutch division advanced to the great gate, and were repeatedly driven back. Gratien, however, was responsible to a master who never forgave, and the assault was continued under the fire of Schill's only battery. The Danes were embarked in some gun-boats, and landed on the unprotected side of the town. It was said that their red uniforms deceived the Prussians, and that they were looked on as British troops coming to their assistance. This attack took Schill in flank, and his purpose, from this time, was obviously to sell his life as dearly as he could. His corps were gradually forced from the square, down a narrow street leading to the sea-gate, which I often trod with the sentiments not unnatural to the spot where a hero and a patriot fell. The struggle here was long and bloody, from the narrow front which

the enemy were compelled to observe. The Prussians were finally pushed through the gate, and the engagement ceased without their surrender. Gratien's loss was supposed to exceed two thousand in killed and wounded. A striking instance of the gallantry of his opponents, whose force did not equal half the number. Of Schill nothing had been known for some time before the close of the battle. He had exposed himself with conspicuous bravery during the day, and had been twice wounded.—About an hour after the square was taken, he was seen standing on the steps of a house in the narrow street, with the blood streaming down his face, and cheering the troops with his sabre waving. In the confusion of the next charge, he disappeared. In the evening he was found under a heap of dead near the steps, with two musket wounds on his body and a sabre cut on his forehead. The remnant of his band of heroes, chiefly cavalry, had retreated to a neighbouring field, and were there found exhausted and unable to move farther. An adjutant of General Gratien, sent out to propose their surrender, was answered that they had determined not to receive quarters. Some messages followed between them and the general, but they refused to give up their swords while Schill lived. On their taking back this melancholy intelligence, the cavalry, then reduced to a small number, surrendered at discretion. The further history of these brave men is almost still more melancholy. A generous enemy, or even any man with a human heart would have honoured their devoted gallantry; but Napoleon ordered them for execution. They were taken to Wesel, and the only favour which they could obtain, was that of dying by each other's hands. Some had made their escape on the way through Germany, but twenty-two by one account, and twelve or fourteen by another, remained to glut the tyrant's appetite for murder. They were taken to a field on the glaciis of Wesel, and there standing in a line behind each other, each shot the comrade before him, the last shooting himself. Two sons of General Wedel, the Prussian, were among the victims. This was said to be the sole act of Napoleon; these young soldiers were subjects of Prussia, and amenable only to their own sovereign. It is next to impossible to avoid a feeling of indignation and abhorrence at the nature which could have thus rioted in gallant blood.

DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO!

On Sunday afternoon last, about nine o'clock, a most destructive tornado was experienced in Northfield, Warwick, and Orange, in the County of Franklin. It commenced near the middle of the town of Northfield, passing with desolating fury in a direction nearly east, until it was arrested by "Tully's Mountain," about two miles north of Athol Meeting House. It first struck and demolished a house and barn in Northfield, and thence passed to the easterly part of that town, destroyed the house of Capt. Holton, and seriously injured him. From Northfield it passed into Warwick, completely demolishing, in its course, the house of a Mr. Brown, a daughter of whom, about fourteen years of age, perished in its ruins; and the barn and out building of a Mr. Ball. At a little distance east of Mr. Ball's, in Orange, a house, two barns, and a blacksmith's shop, all belonging to Mr. Smith, fell prostrate before the blast. The family, consisting of eleven individuals, escaping death by retreating to the cellar—all, save one, a young woman by the name of Stearns, who was crushed to death by the falling timber. Several others were, however, so seriously injured that their lives are despaired of.

We have not room nor time, at the late hour at which we write, to detail the numerous circumstances which, we learn, attended this desolating whirlwind. The width of its ravages was from 40 to 60 rods—its length about ten miles. So resistless was its force that the stoutest trees were up-rooted, stone fences removed, immense rocks torn from their beds, and even the surface of the earth itself broken up, as if with "the ploughshare of destruction."—Am. paper.

Extract of a letter from a very respectable American, dated St. Jago, Chili, the 28th May:—

"Sir Thomas Hardy is at high variance with the Chilean government, in consequence of one of the marine commanders having, off Callao, pressed many British seamen out of merchantmen, and on account of the declared blockade by Lord Cochrane of the whole coast of Peru, without a competent force to blockade ten leagues of it. When Sir Thomas was informed of these acts, he immediately left Valparaiso, and went in search of Lord Cochrane's squadron, which had left Callao before he reached there, for some unknown destination. It is believed Sir Thomas will not suffer the blockade to continue any longer, even of Lima, and that he will convoy British merchantmen to and from that port: in which event, it is expected that Captain Ridgely, of the Constellation, will also give protection to our merchantmen. "Many think that an independent Government will be formed at Lima, free from Spain or Chili. An American ship called the Charles Amburger, Captain Haslett, is supposed to have evaded the blockading squadron, and reached Lima."

Execution of Ann Barber, for the Murder of her Husband.

YORK, AUG. 15.—At twelve o'clock this most wretched woman suffered the punishment of her aggravated crime. She had yesterday become somewhat more gentle and resigned. She admitted her guilt in general terms, and appeared penitent. Her mother, her younger daughter, and her sister, visited her in her cell, and all of them were mutually affected in the deepest manner. A short time before twelve she was led into the Grand Jury-room. She had then again become violent and clamorous. Her shrieks were bitter and piercing beyond any thing that it is possible to imagine. She was drawn from the Grand Jury-room to the scaffold, according to the terms of the sentence, on a hurdle. The heart rending cries that announced her approach, filled every face with dismay. As the hurdle came to the threshold, so that she could see part of the platform she bitterly exclaimed—"O LORD GOD, that I should come to this!"—During the few moments that intervened till she reached the last fatal spot, she kept incoherently crying—"O LORD, save me!"—"O GOD help me!"—"O LORD preserve my soul." When the last services of religion were began she looked frantic and wild, dropt on her knees, and with fearful violence clasped the Clerk's hands and caught up parts of the words of devotion which reached her ears. The prevailing expressions were—"O LORD JESUS, save my soul!"—"O GOD, deliver my soul this day to Heaven!"—"O LORD, I forgive my enemies!"—"O GOD, bless my bairns!" When the Lord's Prayer was repeated the last time she was directed to repeat after the chaplain; she instantly complied and kept uniformly before the Chaplain in her expressions. The prayer—"Forgive our trespasses," was pronounced with dreadful energy. While the cap was drawing over her face, she frequently repeated—"O LORD, I forgive them that were the means of bringing me here!"—"O GOD bless my children!" Just when the rope was tightened round her neck, she earnestly cried "O LORD JESUS, I am coming to thee!" the drop fell and in less than a minute life was extinct. Throughout this scene shocking to humanity in its firmest form, she manifested a vigour of motion and a strength of nerve which could not be expected from her appearance and manner at her trial. At the same time her features and the expression of her eyes indicated a distraction and amazement, which shewed that she knew not well what she was about. In the most solemn part of the devotional service, she gazed wildly around to see the rope by which she was to be suspended. The multitude of spectators was greater than was ever seen on a similar occasion at York.

MONTREAL, Aug. 28.

A letter has been received from a person belonging to the expedition under Capt. Franklin, across the Continent of North America, dated in June last, on the borders of the barren ground, only fifteen miles from the Hearn's River, in about 64 north latitude, and 110 west long. from Greenwich: all the members of the company were in good health and spirits; they had passed a very agreeable winter, living on the flesh of the Rein Deers; which animal abounds in these regions, and passed the encampment of the party in immense droves. The encampment was made in September last, when further progress became impracticable; the party consisted of Capt. Franklin and two or three Naval Officers, one Seaman, nineteen Canadian voyageurs, and seventeen Indians; making in all forty persons: they were to commence during June, their passage down

THE Co-Partnership heretofore carried on under the firm of EZEKIEL SLOOT, & Co. having been dissolved by mutual consent; all persons having any just demands against said firm, are requested to render the same to JAMES SLOOT; and all persons indebted to said firm, are requested to settle and pay their respective balances to JAMES SLOOT, who is duly authorized to receive and settle all accounts, as agent to said firm.

EZEKIEL SLOOT. JARED BETTS.

Fredericton, 10th July 1821.