

admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the General complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of that corps. "Sir," said the officer with a degree of warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing inspires the Highlanders so much; even now they would be of some use." "Let them blow in God's name then," said the general; and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded the Crimneuchadh, on which the Gael formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge. George Clark now piper in the Highland Society of London, was piper to the 71st regiment at the battle of Vimiera, where he was wounded in the leg by a musket ball as he boldly advanced. Finding himself disabled, he sat down on the ground, and putting his pipes in order, cried out, "Weel, lads, I am sorry I can gae nae farther wi' you, but dee! hae my saul if ye shall want music," and struck up a favourite warlike air, with the utmost unconcern for any thing but the unspeakable delight of sending his comrades to battle with the animating sound of the piobruiche. It is a popular tradition, that the enemy anxiously levelled at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of one who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds. It is related of the piper-major of the 92d, on the same occasion, that, placing himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, regardless of his danger, he proudly sounded the battle air to animate his noble companions. On one occasion, during the peninsular war, the same regiment came suddenly on the French army and the intimation of their approach was given by the pipers bursting out of their gathering. The effect was instantaneous: the enemy fled, and the Highlanders pursued.—Celtic Manners of the Highlanders.

**A STORM AT SEA.**—There is much to admire in the following picture of the coolness of a British Admiral as well as subject for reflection, in one of those painful scenes which produce greater sensations of sorrow throughout a ship than a hundred actions. The *Leander* was on her way from Halifax to Bermuda, and was overtaken by one of those furious storms common to those seas. Captain Hall says, "I was standing, where I had no business to be, on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, holding on stoutly by one of the belaying pins, and wondering where this novel scene was to end, but having an obscure idea that the ship was going to the bottom. The admiral was looking up at the splitting sail as composedly as possible, and desiring that the main-top-men, whose exertions were quite useless, should be called down out of the way of the ropes which were cracking about their heads. Every now and then I could see the weather-wise glance of the veteran's eye directed to windward, in hopes that matters would amend. But they only became worse; and, at last, when the foremast seemed to be really in danger, for it was bending like a cane, though the foresail had been reefed, he waited not to run the usual round of etiquette by which an admiral's commands generally reach the executive on board ship, but exclaimed, with a voice that made me start over to the lee side of the *Jeck*, "Man the fore-clor'garnets!" In the next minute the sail rose gradually to the yard, and the groaning old ship, by this time sorely strained to her innermost timber, seemed to be at once relieved from the pressure of the canvas which had borne her headlong, right into the seas, and made her tremble from stem to stern as if she were going to pieces. The next thing to be done was to get in the jib-boom, in order to ease the bowsprit. In affecting this rather troublesome operation, one of the primest seamen we had fell overboard. He was second captain of the fore-castle, the steadiness of whose admirable skill as a steersman had one day elicited the complimentary remark from the captain, that he must surely have nailed the compass-card to the binnacle. On this and other accounts he was so much esteemed in the ship, that more than the usual degree of regret was felt to his melancholy fate. I saw the poor fellow pitch into the water, and watched him as he floated past, buoyant as a cork, and breasting the waves most gallantly, with an imploring look towards us, which I shall never forget. In less than a minute he was out of sight. A boat could hardly have lived in such weather, and no further attempt was made or could have been made, to save him, than to throw over ropes, which all fell short of their mark. Although

we soon lost all trace of him, it is probable he may have kept sight of us, as we drifted quickly to leeward under our bare poles, long after we had ceased to distinguish his figure in the yest of the waves."—Captain Basil Hall's Fragments.

FROM ACKERMANN'S FORGET-ME-NOT.

### WAR.

I SLEPT!—upon the sealed lid  
The painted shadows fell  
Of palace and of pyramid,  
Of fountain and of cell;  
And gliding onward to the brain,  
Which in her darkness lay,  
Perplex'd her with their gorgeous reign,  
And with their phantom-play.  
The grand! the beautiful! the proud  
Creations of the tinted cloud,  
Serenely, softly bright!  
The proud! the beautiful! the grand!  
A mighty host, a fairy band,  
Moving in chains of light!

I heard afar the tempest's sighs,  
Low, terrible, and deep;  
I saw the scorching vapours rise,  
And felt them round me creep.  
The trumpet-cry, the mailed tread,  
The shock of sword and spear;  
The voice that echoeth of the dead,  
The eye that hath no tear;  
The pealing of the fiery storm  
That cradles his gigantic form—  
The blast—the meteor-star;  
All breath of that colossal power,  
Whose triumphs live their awful hour,  
And bid us worship War.

He pass'd! The palace bow'd her head,  
Her halls, her courts, her show,  
Were changed to mansions of the dead,  
And effigies of woe.  
The pyramid, whose shade had sent  
An answer to the sun,  
Frown'd mournfully on flag and tent,  
Like some deserted one.  
The fountain wept her precious tears,  
Her tortured hopes and blighted years—  
No flowers around her twined.  
The hermit started from the cell  
Where he and prayer had loved to dwell,  
And gazed upon mankind.

Oh! who may paint the frenzied crime,  
The madness of the pride  
That touches with its sceptre, Time  
And overleaps his tide?  
A moment—on the peaceful plain  
Where summer suns had pour'd  
The bursting fruit, the golden grain,  
For Nature the adored;  
Even there the iron-armed hell  
Descend'd! She dare not breathe nor feel,  
'Tis Winter with her bloom—  
The vapours of that presence send  
Destruction whereso'er it bend—  
Her home is in the tomb!

O sons of men! arise and weep—  
Weep! for the change is drear;  
Be sorrow mingled with your sleep.  
And terror with your tear.  
They will not weep—the mist is curl'd  
Before their charmed sight,  
And Glory, with her flag unfurl'd,  
And helmet fringed with light—  
Ambition, with the broider'd vest,  
And Heroism, with mailed breast,  
The castle-crested Power—  
All float above the battle blaze,  
And point to where, encrown'd with rays,  
Sits Conquest in her tower!

'Tis thus with man! a dream—a shade—  
His human hour glides on;  
Hope—Peace—the joy for which he pray'd—  
The grief he bore alone—  
All pass—and he, the changed, the worn,  
Looks on the gliding show,  
At once expectant and forlorn,  
A thing whom none may know.  
Yea, that which from an angel's eye  
Might force unearthly sympathy,  
He, in his mortal pride,  
Though startled by the funeral wail,  
Presumes to honour and to hail,  
And War stands deified!

**COCKPIT OF A MAN-OF-WAR.**—Our readers have heard of the cockpit of a man-of-war, and must probably have seen the dark abode of future heroes. Captain Hall thus describes those with whom he found himself:—"Some of these lads had a turn for mechanics, some for navigation; others devoted much of their time to rigging and seamanship, their hands being constantly in the tar-bucket. A few applied themselves to reading and drawing; some desperate hands stuck resolute to the hute; one or two thought of nothing but dress; and a few swore a pretty steady

friendship to the grog bottle; while every now and then a sentimental youth deemed himself inspired, and wrote execrable verses, which we thought capital, by far the greater number of these promising young men have found graves, some on land, some in the deep-sea."—Captain Basil Hall's Fragments.

**ATTACK AND REPULSE.**—On approaching the right of General Picton's position, the whole sierra presented a crowd of light infantry troops, masses of British and French infantry, and a very warm contest in full progress. At this moment, the enemy had penetrated to the very summit of the mountain; the out-numbered light infantry of General Picton were severely pressed. When the smoke dispelled, that at intervals enveloped the whole extent of the face and crest of the ridge, the highest rocks appeared in possession of the French voltigeurs: one officer was particularly conspicuous, on the very highest point; cheering and waving his shako, he urged on his comrades, then climbing the ascent. A column of the enemy now appeared gaining the plateau on the mountain top, so as to ascend diagonally to the line of the allied army by which its left flank was exposed to the troops arriving from the right of the British position. Colonel Barnes's brigade of General Leith's corps, composed of the royal 9th, and 38th regiments, had been advancing to the head of the column, and consequently first came in contact with the enemy; the 9th regiment commanded by Colonel Cameron, being the leading battalion, when about a hundred yards distant, wheeled into line, firing a volley, the effect of which was terrific: the ground was covered with the dead and dying, not new levies or mercenaries, but the elite of the French army. This destructive fire being followed by an immediate charge, the enemy gave way, rushing down the steep face of the sierra in the utmost confusion; nor did his troops until on the same ground from whence they had advanced to this most unsuccessful and murderous attack. On the same space of ground has seldom been seen such destruction as overtook the division of the 2d corps on this occasion.—*Major Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War: Battle of Busaco.*

**EMPEROR NICHOLAS.**—After waiting some time in the Court-yard of the palace, I was gratified by the sight of the Czar as he entered his carriage, he is a tall, handsome, soldier-like personage, with a fine, manly countenance, prepossessing an air de grace. He was dressed in the plainest manner, in a dark green double-breasted frock, with red collar and cuffs, a cap of the same cloth, with red band, and a gray military cloak thrown loosely over him. All eyes were anxiously fixed on him whose appearance was to determine the fate of Varna. He saluted his officers severally in an affable manner.—*Armstrong's Journal of Travels in the Seat of War between Russia and Turkey.*

**DREAD OF MINES.**—There are no means of destruction more alarming in the contemplation of mankind than mines, nor any warlike engine or preparation, calculated to have the same appalling ideal effect on the minds of the soldiery. There is, also, in the darkness of night, and the treading hostile ground, supposed to have been prepared for every species of obstruction, something so uncertain, that it is neither to be wondered at, nor considered inconsistent with their general bearing, that, under such circumstances, the bravest troops should be seized with irresolution from the most trivial causes. The flame of a port fire struck a momentary terror into the minds of men, that artillery, musketry, walls, and the bayonets of French Infantry had failed to daunt. Part of General Walker's brigade, mistaking this appearance for the forerunner to the explosion of a mine, broke, and were bayoneted back to the spot where they had previously surmounted difficulties which there could have been no discredit in failing to overcome.—*Major Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War: Storming of Badajoz.*

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—After serious attack had ceased on all parts of the line, and even the light troops had become more distant, Sir Arthur Wellesley was seated, with some officers of his staff, upon the southeastern ridge of the hill, observing the retiring columns of the enemy, when a musket ball struck him on the breast with sufficient force to give a severe and painful blow without penetrating. It would be idle to descant upon the destinies depending upon the degree of impetuosity possessed by this small portion of lead.—*Major Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War: Battle of Talavera.*