

them. At this moment they owed their safety to the chasseurs Britanniques, who poured in a flanking fire, so close, and with so deadly an aim, that their foes recoiled, beaten and bewildered.

Meanwhile, the French had become masters of Pogo Veho: the formidable masses had nearly outflanked us on the right. The battle was lost if we could not fall back upon our original position, and concentrate our forces upon Fuentes d'Onoro. To effect this was a work of great difficulty, but no time was to be lost. The seventh division were ordered to cross the Tarones, while Crawford, forming the light division into squares, covered their retreat, and supported by the cavalry, sustained the whole force of the enemy's attack.

Then was the moment to witness the cool and steady bravery of British infantry: the squares dotted across the enormous plain seemed as nothing amid that confused and flying multitude, composed of commissariat baggage, camp followers, peasants, and finally broken pickets and videttes arriving from the wood. A cloud of cavalry hovered and darkened around them: the Polish lancers shook their long spears, impatient of delay, and the wild buzzes burst momentarily from their squadrons as they waited for the word to attack. But the British stood firm and undaunted; and although the enemy rode round their squares, Montbrun himself at their head, they never dared to charge them. Meanwhile the seventh fell back as if on a parade, and crossing the river, took up their ground at Frenada, pivoting upon the first division: the remainder of the line fell also back, and assumed a position at right angles with their former one, the cavalry forming in front, and holding the French in check during the movement. This was a splendid manoeuvre, and when made in face of an over-numbering enemy, one unmatched during the whole war.

At sight of this new front the French stopped short, and opened a fire from their heavy guns. The British batteries replied with vigour, and silenced the enemy's cannon. The cavalry drew out of range, and the infantry gradually fell back to their former position. While this was going on, the attack upon Fuentes d'Onoro was continued with unabated vigor. The three British regiments in the lower town were pierced by the French tirailleurs, who poured upon them in overwhelming numbers; the seventy-ninth were broken, ten companies taken, and Cameron, their colonel, mortally wounded. Thus the lower village was in the hands of the enemy, while from the upper town the incessant roll of musketry proclaimed the obstinate resistance of the British.

At this period our reserves were called up from the right, in time to resist the additional troops which Drouot continued to bring on. The French, reinforced by the whole six corps, now came forward at a quick step. Dashing through the rained streets of the lower town, they crossed the rivulet, fighting bravely, and charged against the height. Already their leading files had gained the crag beside the chapel. A French colonel, holding his cap upon swordpoint, waved on his men.

The grizzly features of the grenadiers soon appeared, and the dark column, half climbing, half running, were seen scaling the height. A rifle bullet sent the French leader tumbling from the precipice; and a cheer—mad and reckless as the war-cry of an Indian—rent the sky, as the seventy-first and seventy-ninth Highlanders sprang upon the enemy.

Our part was a short one; advancing in half squadrons we were concealed from the observation of the enemy by the thick vineyards which skirted the lower town; waiting with impatience, the moment when our gallant infantry should succeed in turning the tide of battle. We were ordered to dismount, and stood with our bridles on our arms anxious and expectant. The charge of the French column was made close to where we were standing—the inspiring cheers of the officers, the loud *vivas* of the men, were plainly heard by us as they rushed to the assault; but the space between us was intersected by walls and brushwood, which totally prevented the movements of cavalry.

Fearlessly their dark column moved up the heights, fixing the bayonets as they went. No tirailleurs preceded them, but the tall chako of the grenadier of the guard was seen in the first rank. Long before the end of the column had passed us the leading files were in action. A deafening peal of musketry—so loud—so dense—it seemed like artillery, burst forth. A volume of black smoke rolled heavily down from the heights and hid all from our view, except when the vivid lightning of the platoon firing rent the veil asunder, and showed us the troops almost almost in hand to hand conflict.

'It's Picton's division, I'm certain,' cried Merivale, 'I hear the bagpipes of the Highlanders.'

'You are right, sir,' said Hampden, 'the 71st are in the same brigade, and I know their bugles well. There they go again.'

'Fourteenth! fourteenth!' cried a voice from behind, and at the same moment a staff officer without his hat, and his horse bleeding from a recent sabre-cut, came up. 'You must move to the rear, Colonel Merivale; the French have gained the heights. Move round by the causeway—bring up your squadrons as quickly as you can and support the infantry.'

In a moment we were in our saddles, but scarcely was the word 'to fall in' given, when a loud cheer rent the air, the musketry seemed suddenly to cease, and the mass which seemed to struggle up the heights wavered, broke, and turned.

'What can that be?' said Merivale. 'What can it mean?'

'I can tell you, sir,' said I proudly, while I felt my heart as though it would bound from my bosom.

'And what is it, boy? Speak!'

'There it goes again! That was an Irish shout!—the 88th are at them!'

'By Jove! here they come,' said Hampden; 'God help the Frenchmen now!'

The words were not well spoken, when the red coats of the gallant fellows were seen dashing through the vineyard.

'The steel, boys—nothing but the steel!' shouted a loud voice from the crag above our heads.

I looked up. It was the stern Picton himself who spoke.

The 88th now led the pursuit, and sprang from rock to rock in all the mad impetuosity of battle; and like some mighty billow rolling before the gale, the French went down the heights.

'Gallant 88th! Gloriously done!' cried Picton, as he waved his hat.

'Aren't we Connaght robbers, now?' shouted a rich brogue, as its owner, breathless and bleeding, pressed forward in the charge.

A hearty burst of laughter mingled with the din of battle.

'Now for it, boys! Now for our work!' said Merivale, drawing his sabre as he spoke, 'Forward! and charge!'

We waited not a second bidding, but bursting from our concealment, galloped down in the broken column. It was no regular charge but an indiscriminate rush. Scarcely offering resistance, the enemy fell beneath our sabres, or the still more deadly bayonets of the infantry, who were inextricably mingled up in the conflict.

The chase was followed up for above half a mile, when we fell back fortunately in good time; for the French had opened a heavy fire from their artillery, and regardless of their own retreating column, poured a shower of grape among our squadrons. As we retired, the straggling files of Rangers joined us,—their faces and accoutrements blackened and begrimed with powder; many of them, themselves wounded, had captured prisoners; and one huge fellow of the grenadier company was seen driving before him a no less powerful Frenchman, and to whom as he turned from time to time reluctantly and scowled upon his jailor, the other vociferated some Irish imprecation, whose harsh intentions were made most palpably evident by a flourish of a drawn bayonet.

'Who is he?' said Mike; 'who is he ahuger?'

'Sorrow o' me knows,' said the other: 'but it's the chap that shot Lieutenant Mahony, and I never took my eyes off him after; and if the lieutenant's not dead, sure it'll be a satisfaction to him that I coched him.'

The lower town was now evacuated by the French, who retired beyond the range of our artillery; the upper continued in the occupation of our troops; and worn out and exhausted, surrounded by dead and dying, both parties abandoned the contest,—and the battle was over.

Both sides laid claim to the victory: the French, because having taken the village of Pogo Vello, they had pierced the British line, and compelled them to fall back and assume a new position; the British, because the attack upon Fuentes d'Onoro had been successfully resisted, and the blockade of Almeida—the real object of the battle—maintained. The loss to each was tremendous: fifteen hundred men and officers, of whom three hundred were prisoners, were lost by the allies, and a far greater number fell among the forces of the enemy.

After the action, a brigade of the light division released the troops in the village, and the armies bivouaced once more in sight of each other.

United States.

The Supposed Piracy.—In New Orleans the false assertions as to the fate of the Charles has by no means subsided. The papers are filled with discoveries on the subject, and with plans for the detection and punishment of the offenders. The following paragraphs are from the Bee of that city of the 14th, and the Bulletin of the 15th.

The Charles.—In the steerage hatch of this vessel, among a parcel of rubbish, were found some articles of female wearing apparel, and a very good black coat. There were also the upper portion of a female's dress—the skirt was missing, the inside portion of the right breast was stained with blood, and bears a small rent, as if pierced by a poinard, every additional circumstance appears to corroborate the belief that the helpless and offending victims on board this ill-fated vessel, have met with a bloody grave.

The steamer Merchant returned yesterday from her weeks cruise in quest of pirates. She scoured the Gulf Coast East of the Balize to the Chandeliers, and including those islands, most diligently—penetrating with small boat detachments all the various inlets and bayous—and no pirates were found.—The expedition performed great labour, and in some cases was subject to privation, even during this short cruise.

The U. S. Brig Consort, on the same service, was twice spoken by the Merchant in her cruise.

On Friday, having learned in the Balize that an encampment of suspicious looking persons were on Lime Kiln Bayou, General Smith and an armed crew started in search of them in one of the boats. There was difficulty in navigating the Bayou from shallowness of water; and they were frequently up to their middle and arms in mud in their exertions to haul the boats over the shallows. A little past midnight the tents of the gang were discovered, and the party landed to give them a search. It appears that one of them was standing sentry, and on being required, delivered up his musket. Either the sentry, or another from the tent, thereupon stabbed the foremost of the boat's crew, when the alarm was given and a musket was fired, which felled one of the encamped party. Gen. Smith, as we are informed, then advanced towards the tent (the darkness being intense) becoming entangled in a tent-ropes, found himself suddenly prostrate on the ground near the man who had been shot, and from whom, before he could recover himself, he received three stabs with a knife—neither of which, we are glad to say, are at all serious. The wounded man then plunged into the bayou, whence after a struggle he was taken out by one of the expedition, and with the other four, secured. The men there encamped were strangers to the citizens, who searched them out—were well provided with arms and equipments of various descriptions—and represented that they were a fishing party. They were taken to the Balize and left in charge of the officers stationed at that place. The person shot is severely wounded in the side, and it is considered doubtful if he will recover. He bears marks, from sundry cuts and scars, of being a veteran in some rough service.

New York New World, June 26.

Progress of the Extra Session.—We are glad to see that there is at length a prospect of the acceleration of business in Congress. Upon the leading measures proposed by the new administration we have had discussion enough. The arguments upon both sides have been exhausted. They have been placed before the public time and again in every possible aspect—turned inside out, and turned again until they are threadbare. And yet will members waste the precious time of the people in the long winded harangues, criminations and recriminations—putting forth old truisms with a ridiculous air of novelty, and talking, drivelling on,

'In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.'

It was understood that the present was to be a session of action not of talk. The people have sent in their verdict and demanded its immediate execution. All that can be said has been said upon the measures proposed. How then, now that the Whigs have been commissioned by the people to act, do they presume to hesitate, reconsider and turn pale at the spectral 'abstractions' of the Virginia school? Is it pusillanimity or infidelity to their trust, which induces their delay?

There is one trait in the character and history of Henry Clay, which even his enemies must admit—his consistency, promptitude and boldness. To his energy and industry mainly we may attribute the rapid action of the Senate. Already has he submitted to that body and to the nation his report upon Mr Ewing's project for a National Bank. Of that project we have already expressed our approbation. It would be immeasurably superior to our present fiscal system—it would restore stability, uniformity and order to our dislocated currency, and relieve us from the tyranny and extortion of small banks and brokers. Mr Clay proposes a few amendments, and should they be incorporated in the bill as it eventually goes from Congress, we cannot suppose for an instant but that they will be acquiesced in by President Tyler. The amendments consist briefly in raising the maximum of dividend to 7 per cent., in allowing the bank to deal in foreign exchanges and in giving it power to establish branches in the states. The proposition to fix the location of the mother bank in Washington is acquiesced in, and this we apprehend will not be sensibly opposed.

From the temper of both houses of Congress it is obvious that a bank project of the kind proposed by Mr Clay will be adopted before they rise. Some doubt seems to be entertained whether the President will sanction some of its features. He will have to assume a vast amount of responsibility however, in vetoing it; and, inasmuch as the will of the people has been very clearly expressed upon this subject, we hardly think he will avail himself of the accident of his position to crush their hopes and defeat one of the great objects for which they have been laboring.

We trust, above all things, that the party in power in Congress will not permit any political jealousies or Presidential aspirations to interfere with the settlement of those great questions, to which their attention is now

directed, viz: The establishment of a National Bank, and the passage of a General Bankrupt Law. These two measures alone will do more to restore the prosperity of the country than all others put together; and we care not how soon Congress adjourns after accomplishing these important measures.

That dissatisfaction exists among the great party who carried the present administration into power—resulting from the tardy action of the government in relation to measures and men—it is useless to disguise. Whether this dissatisfaction will be allayed by speedy and definite action remains to be seen. The following remarks from a letter in the National Intelligencer, a paper which is generally extremely wary in its expressions, will indicate the temper of the great body of the whigs at the present moment, and what they expect from the administration:

'All accounts represent President Tyler as a most amiable and excellent man. He must not, however, forget that the late contest was not waged for the benefit of our opponents; that the People expect a radical change of men and measures; that on no other principle can the party be kept together; and that, if he falters in his course, he abandons his friends and his country to an unscrupulous party whom no moderation can tame, and no reverses subdue. It was precisely this feeling which destroyed the administration of Mr. Adams. That administration expected too much from the magnanimity of those it spared. Mr. Tyler has no idea of the persecution we have endured for twelve years from these men. Many of us have suffered to an irreparable degree from this hostility, and we cannot, on any consideration, consent that the power to do mischief shall remain in their hands. The President must act with decision and courage, and he will receive the applause of a vast majority of the People. To hesitate is to be lost.'

Boston Notion, June 26.

President Harrison's Family.—It will be seen by our abstract of proceedings in Congress, that the House of Representatives on Friday, was chiefly occupied in committee on the whole on the report of the Special Committee, on the question of relief to General Harrison's family. The appropriation was ably sustained by several Massachusetts members, and other gentlemen. The bill was read a third time, and finally passed. It appropriated \$25,000 to Mrs. Harrison.

Great Fire in Elmira, New York.—A large number of the best buildings in the pleasant village of Elmira, Chemung Co. New York, were destroyed by fire in the 18th inst. Twenty four stores and dwelling houses were burned to the ground, in about one hour and a half, early in the morning. The fire commenced on the street next the river, running east and west, a few doors east of the Post office, which is among the buildings consumed.

SCHEDASMA.

MIRAMICHI:
TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1841.

ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

The Courier with the Southern Mail arrived on Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock.

THIS MORNING'S MAIL.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Steamer Britannia, Captain Cleland, arrived at Halifax at one o'clock, on Thursday afternoon last, in 12 days passage. By this morning's mail we obtained our files of British papers, brought by this vessel, which are as late as the 19th June.

We give below a summary of the news they furnish, together with numerous extracts.

The Britannia arrived home on the 9th in 11 days, and the Caledonia on the 14th, in the same passage.

Ministers suffered another defeat in the Commons on the 5th ult. on Sir Robert Peel's motion of a want of Confidence. There appeared

For Sir R. Peel's motion	312
Against it	311

Majority against Ministers 1
There were 623 members in the house—314, including tellers, voted with Sir Robert Peel—313 with ministers; the speaker did not vote. Three members left the house without voting. Five more were absent without pairs. There were even with pairs. Not one conservative absent.

The Ministry have since been beaten by a majority of eighteen on the Criminal Law question.

The 18th June, the anniversary of the