

[Continued from our last.]

FOR three days successively did I wander around the building, looking in vain for my partner. I endeavoured to force the windows, but to no purpose; they were too well secured. I listened at the porch. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'I may hear Louisa's footsteps—I may hear her pronounce my name.' It was a frail hope—there was no voice—no sound to realize it. Oh, how did incertitude and apprehension torture my breast!

At the close of the third day, Nature proclaimed herself exhausted, (for since I had been deprived of the sight of Louisa, I had neither slept nor eat), a drowsiness—a stupidity oppressed me, and casting myself upon a grass seat that I had placed near the door, I rested myself against the wall and fell into a slumber. As the wand of Morpheus closed my swollen eye-lids, Fancy brot to my view, her whose image was so deeply imprinted on my heart: Methought she was arrayed in a long white robe, that scattered a lustre from it, and was sitting on the bank of a placid river, with a beautiful dove in her hand. I approached her with my wonted eagerness of affection; but, with an angelic smile, she rose, and placing the bird upon the sod, retreated along the shore. 'Stay where you are, my too much adored St. Herbert,' said she; 'I must be going, but I leave you a dove—see, the river is smooth—we will meet on the other side, for Peace dwells there.' So saying, she dropt upon the flood, and was out of sight in an instant. Distracted at the circumstance, my busy spirit was going to pursue the lovely phantom, when some person calling me loudly by my name, awakened me. I started up, and to my great astonishment, beheld Buller standing before me. 'Dear Mr. St. Herbert,' said he, 'follow me directly, for I believe my dear Miss Louisa is dying.' My breath stood as he spoke. I made him no answer, but seizing his hand, hurried with him to the chamber where she was—as he opened the door, Maurifson would have taken my hand, but I repulsed him with fury, and flew to the couch where Louisa reclined. Upon hearing my hasty steps she raised her head, opened upon me her charming eyes; but Oh, how languid, how changed; fierce distress had tarbished their lustre, and had frighted the roses from her cheeks; a deadly paleness sat on every feature, and a bluish purple stained those lips that could once compare with the ruby! I knelted at her feet and gazed upon her face without uttering a word, for the distress of my heart was too great. She perceived it, and encircling my neck with her arms, feebly strained me to her breast, and attempting to smile, said, 'Why all this sorrow, my Love, do I not embrace you again? You grieve upon my account, but cheer up—possess of you once more, I shall soon recover.' Maurifson drew near. 'Forgive me, my son,' said he, 'forget the mistaken zeal of a disappointed old man, I did not know your worth—your father and I have borne a long hatred to each other, and I was foolish enough to suffer an ill-grounded dislike to rest upon his son; but forgive me—forgive me,' and the tears ran plentifully down his withered face. I was going to reply, when Louisa, loosing her hold, begged me to retire with her uncle. At that moment the farmer's wife came in. We retired, and I traversed the next room in fallen silence for near an hour, when the Indian girl called us. I obeyed the summons instantly and on entering the apartment, found my wife (for I must still call her so) in bed. 'Here my St. Herbert,' said she as I approached her, 'see what a present your expiring spouse makes you; she placed a beautiful infant in my hands, 'take her,' she added, 'as the only recompence I can offer you for all your affection and tenderness: Yes, I feel that I am dying and the last favour I ask of you, is to be reconciled to my uncle.' I grasped his hand immediately and brought it to my lips; when the old Maurifson embraced me affectionately. My angel looked up and smiled—yes, in the agonies of death she smiled to see our mutual forgiveness. She made me a signal to bend over her pillow, which as I did, she enclosed me and the child in her arms and alternately caressed us—a glow of satisfaction overspread her cheeks, and her eyes resumed their former brilliancy; but it was momentary, for the cheek faded again—the eyes grew dim—they closed—and her tranquil spirit took its everlasting flight.

[To be Continued.]

Official Account of the Victory over the French in CALABRIA.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE EXTRA. OF SEPTEMBER 5.

Downing-Street, Sept. 4, 1806.

A dispatch has been this day received by the Right Hon. WILLIAM WINDHAM, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Major-General Sir John Stuart, commanding His Majesty's troops acting in Calabria, of which the following is a copy:

Camp, on the Plain of Maida, July 6, 1806.

SIR,

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I have the honor of reporting to you, for the information of His Majesty, the particulars of an action, in which the French army quartered in this province have sustained a signal defeat by the troops under my command.

General Regnier, having been apprised of our disembarkation at St. Euphemia, appears to have made a rapid march from Reggio, uniting, as he advanced, his detached corps, for the purpose of attacking, and with his characteristic confidence, of defeating us.

On the afternoon of the 3d inst. I received intelligence that he had that day encamped near Maida, about ten miles distant from our position, that his force consisted at the moment of about 4000 infantry and 200 cavalry, together with four pieces of artil-

lery, and that he was in expectation of being joined within a day or two by 3000 more troops, who were marching after him in a second division.

I determined therefore, to advance towards his position, and having left four companies of Watteville's regiment under Major Fidler, to protect a work which has been thrown up at our landing place, the body of the army marched next morning according to the following detail:

Advanced Corps—Lieut. General Kempt, with two four-pounders. Light Infantry Battalion, Detachment Royal Corsican Rangers. Detachment Royal Sicilian Volunteers.

1st Brigade—Brig. General Cole, with three four-pounders. Grenadier Battalion. 27th Regiment. 2d Brigade—Brig. General Ackland, with three four-pounders. 78th Regiment. 81st Regiment. 3d Brigade—Col. Oswald, with 2 four-pounders. 58th Regiment. Watteville's Regiment, 3 companies. 20th Regiment, Lieut. Col. Ross, landed during the action.

Reserve of Artillery—Major Lemoine.—4 six-pounders and 2 howitzers.

Total Rank and File, including the Royal Artillery, 4795. General Regnier was encamped on the side of a woody hill, below the village of Maida, lying into a Plain of St. Euphemia; his flanks were strengthened by a thick impervious underwood.

The Amato, a river perfectly fordable, but of which the sides are extremely marshy, ran along his front; my approach to him from the sea side (along the borders of which I directed my march, until I had nearly turned his left) was across a spacious Plain, which gave him every opportunity of minutely observing my movement.

After some loose firing of the flankers to cover the deployments of the two armies, by nine o'clock in the morning the opposing fronts were warmly engaged, when the prowess of the rival Nations seemed now fairly to be at trial before the world, and the superiority was greatly and gloriously decided to be our own.

The Corps which formed the right of the advanced line, was the battalion of light infantry commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Kempt, consisting of the light companies of the 20th, 27th, 35th, 61st, 81st, and Watteville's, together with one hundred and fifty chosen battalion men of the 35th regiment, under Major Robinson. Directly opposite to them, was the favourite French regiment the 1st Legion. The two corps, at the distance of about 100 yards, fired reciprocally a few rounds, when, as by mutual agreement, the firing was suspended, and in close compact order and awful silence they advanced towards each other, until their bayonets began to cross. At this momentous crisis, the enemy became appalled. They broke, and endeavoured to fly, but it was too late; they were overtaken with the most dreadful slaughter.

Brigadier Gen. Ackland, whose brigade was immediately on the left of the light infantry, with great spirit availed himself of this favourable moment to press instantly forward upon the corps in his front; the brave 78th regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Macleod, and the 81st regiment under Major Plenderleath, both distinguished themselves on this occasion. The enemy fled with dismay and disorder before them, leaving the Plain covered with their dead and wounded.

The enemy, being thus completely discomfited on their left, began to make a new effort with their right, in the hopes of recovering the day. They were resisted most gallantly by the brigade under Brigadier General Cole. Nothing could shake the undaunted firmness of the grenadiers under Lieutenant Colonel O'Callaghan, and of the 27th regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Smith. The cavalry, successively repelled from before the front, made an effort to turn their left; when, Lieutenant Colonel Ross, who had that morning landed from Messina with the 20th Regiment, and was coming up to the army during the action having observed the movement, threw his regiment opportunely into a small cover under their flank, and by a heavy and well directed fire, entirely disconcerted this attempt.

This was the first feeble struggle made by the enemy, who now astonished and dismayed by the intrepidity with which they were assailed, began precipitately to retire, leaving the field covered with carnage. Above seven hundred bodies of their dead having been buried on the ground. The wounded and prisoners already in our hands (among which are Gen. Comperce, and an Aid-de-Camp, the Lieut. Col. of the Swiss regiment, and a long list of officers of different ranks) amount to above one thousand. There are also above one thousand men left in Monteleone, and the different posts between this and Reggio, who have mostly notified their readiness to surrender whenever a British force shall be sent to receive their submission, and to protect them from the fury of the people. The peasantry are hourly bringing in fugitives, who dispersed in the woods and mountains after the battle. In short, never has the pride of our presumptuous enemy been more severely humbled, nor the superiority of the British troops more gloriously proved, than in the events of this memorable day.

His Majesty may perhaps still desire to appreciate more highly the achievements of this little army, when it is known that the second division which the enemy were said to be expecting had all joined them the night before the action; no statement that I have heard of their numbers places them at a less calculation than seven thousand men.

Our victorious infantry continued the pursuit of the routed enemy so long as they were able; but as the latter dispersed in every direction, and we were under the necessity of preserving our order, the trial of speed became unequal.

The total loss occasioned to the enemy by this conflict cannot be less than 4000 men. When I oppose to the above our own small comparative loss, as underneath detailed, his Majesty will I hope, discern in the fact, the happy effects of that established discipline to which we owe the triumphs by which our army has lately been so highly distinguished.

I am now beginning my march southward preparatory to my return to Sicily, for which station I shall re-embark with the army, as soon as his Sicilian Majesty shall have arranged a disposition of his own forces to secure the advantages which have been gained by the present Expedition.

There seldom has happened an action in which the zeal and personal exertions of individuals were so imperiously called for as in the present; seldom an occasion where a General had a fairer opportunity of observing them.

The General officers, and those who commanded Regiments, will feel a stronger test of their merits in the circumstances that have been detailed of their conduct, than in any eulogium I could presume to pass upon them.

The 58th and Watteville's regiment commanded by Lieut. Colonels Johnston and Watteville, which formed the Reserve under Colonel Oswald, were ably directed in their application to that essential duty.

The judgment and effect with which our artillery was directed by Major Lemoine, was in our dearth of cavalry, of most essential use; and I have a pleasure in reporting the effective services of that valuable and distinguished corps.

To the several departments of the army, every acknowledgment is due; but to no officer, am I bound to express the more fully on my part, as to Lieutenant Colonel Dunbury, the Deputy Quarter Master General, to whose zeal and activity, and able arrangements in the important branch of service which he directed, the army as well as myself are under every marked obligation.

From Captain Tomlin, the acting head of the Adjutant General's Department, and from the officers of my own family, I have received much active assistance. Among the latter I am to mention Lieutenant Colonel Moore of the 23d Light Dragoons, who being in Sicily for his health to the time of our departure, solicited permission to accompany me on this Expedition; he was wounded in the execution of my orders.

From the Medical Department under the direction of Mr. Grievess, the Deputy Inspector, I am to acknowledge much professional attention, the more so as their labours have been greatly accumulated by the number of wounded prisoners who have become equally with our own the subject of their care.

The scene of action was too far from the sea to enable us to derive any direct co-operation from the navy; but Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, who had arrived in the Bay the evening before the action, had directed such a disposition of ships and gun-boats as would have greatly favoured us, had events obliged us to retire. The solicitude, however, of every part of the navy to be of use to us, the promptitude with which the seamen hastened on shore with our supplies, the anxiety to assist our wounded, and the tenderness with which they treated them, would have been an affecting circumstance to observers the most indifferent. To me it was particularly so.

Captain Fellowes, of his Majesty's ship Apollo, has been specially attached to this Expedition by the Rear-Admiral; and in every circumstance of professional service, I beg leave to mention our grateful obligations to this officer, as well as to Captain Cockett and Watson, agents of transports, who acted under his orders.

Capt. Bulkeley, my Aid-de-Camp, who will have the honor of presenting this letter to you, has attended me throughout the whole of the services in the Mediterranean, and will therefore be able to give you every additional information on the subject of my present communication.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. STUART, Maj. Gen.

[Here follows the list of killed and wounded.]  
Total—1 officer, 3 sergeants, 41 rank and file killed; 11 officers, 8 sergeants, 2 drummers, 261 rank and file wounded.

THE TELEGRAPH.

FREDERICTON, NOV. 29, 1806.

IMPORTANT!

News has this day reached this place, which states, that the Magazine at MALTA has unfortunately blown up, and destroyed several of our ships of war, and otherwise did considerable damage.

It is also reported, that the Northern Powers have entered into a coalition against France.

We have not been able to procure a fight of the paper, said to contain the reports in circulation—consequently are disappointed in our expectation of giving the details.

WHEREAS, We the subscribers have been appointed by the Hon. EDWARD WINDHAM, Esq. Surrogate General of New-Brünswick, to be Administrators on the estate of JOHN DAY, late of the parish of King's Clear, in the County of York, yeoman, deceased, (with the will annexed.)

ALL PERSONS who have demands on the said Estate, are hereby required to exhibit the same to us—and those who are indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make payment to us forthwith. Dated at King's Clear, the 20th day of November, A. D. 1806.

TINA DAY,  
JOHN DAY.