

(For the Home Journal.)  
MY HATTEL.

BY J. E. PALMER DOYLE.

Let poets sing of distant climes,  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
Extol their loveliest rhythms,  
And laud their liberty;  
But dearest is to my warm heart,  
Where seeds of love are sown,  
Is she whose soul has torn'd a part  
And mingled with my own  
Let flutes and coquets play their arts,  
And use their cunning wiles  
In "rag" "clowns" to their knees,  
And kill them by their smiles;  
True to the maiden I pledged my word  
I ever shall remain,  
And when they lay their silken snares,  
I'll laugh them to disdain.  
Others may boast a fairer form,  
May claim a richer "dower,"  
And in the "Halls of Beauty" reign  
The goddess of the hour;  
But of those attributes which form  
The nobleness of mind  
None can excel my modest maid,  
In whom they're all combined.

CHARGE OF MURAT AT EYLAU.

It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in midwinter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all; no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that were scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept that night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a snow-storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.

Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then, the snow-storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was further from Bonaparte's wishes or expectation than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resources left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope, while the Old Guard marched sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow-storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the dark and angry mass below, looked like the foam of a sea-wave at its crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as with firm, set array, and swift, steady motion, they bore down with terrible front on the foe.

The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like fretwork before it. Then commenced the protracted

fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry at Eckmuhl. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together; the Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging against infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through the broken hosts that, gathering into knots, still disputed, with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.

It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with a tenfold being, treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and rattling of musketry and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory.

He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe, and his eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with an increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guards that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized his bridle in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will ever furnish themes for the poet and the painter.

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

It is of Warren, says *Blackwood's Magazine*, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man, accused of swearing falsely in a will case, is related. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly replied he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held

the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness; saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle, which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, upon your oath, you did?"

"I did."

"My Lord, it is a wafer!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. GUELPH.—We regret that your excellent lines are mislaid. Otherwise they would appear in the present issue. Please furnish another copy.

M. H., THORNTON.—Your attempt at verse writing is very good, but, the subject is not suitable for our columns. The enclosures are fair, and we may publish some of them. We have read the whole with satisfaction.

SUSAN MARGARET.—Your contribution is under consideration. You are evidently no novice at the work.

ROSA.—We are well pleased with the spirit and sense of your last letter.

The Weekly News.

The Viceroy of Egypt has described £500 towards the Indian Relief Fund.

Patrick Ryan, arrested for petty larceny, died in the city jail on Sunday.

The Police Court business in our city, for a few days past, has been unimportant.

Madame Wolowska's matinee at St. Lawrence Hall on Tuesday, was worth attending. She has a highly cultivated voice.

Her Majesty, it is announced, will pay a private visit to Ireland about the close of August.

Patti sang at a second concert, given by command of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace on the 28th ultimo.

A private company at New Orleans has, for \$150,000, taken out a contract to sink, burn, destroy, or take the Brooklyn blockading ship.

Detective Arnold apprehended a man named Reuben Potter on the evening of Saturday charged with passing several bad bills.

Mons. Berger, the great French billiard player, was at the Revere House early in the week.

Mr. Edwin Adams has been drawing tolerable houses at the Royal Lyceum in this city the past week.

A despatch from Centreville, to the Northern papers, dated July 21, says Beauregard's forces are larger than was anticipated.

At the last meeting of the Board of School Trustees for this city, no quorum being present no business was done.

In the difficulty between the Federal and Confederate forces at Bull's Run, it is probable the former were worsted.

"W. H. W.," in a communication to the *Leader* takes the ground that it is discourteous in the Canadian papers to call the Southerners rebels.

The Northern papers acknowledge to the capture of 23 vessels by privateers. The Southerners say they have taken fifty-one prizes, worth \$3,000,000.

A momentous event has occurred in Milwaukee. The Young Men's Association of that city has determined to subscribe to the daily edition of the *London Times*.

A new paper, to be styled the *Toronto Evening Journal*, is advertised to appear, by A. H. St. Germain, in a short time. It will be a penny paper, and a little larger than the *Leader*.

A merchant arrived at Cincinnati from New Orleans the other day, bringing letters

for three Ohio merchants. He demanded ten dollars each for conveying the documents, and the money was reluctantly paid.

The recent battle near Manassas Junction has resulted favorable to the South. Four thousand Federallists were taken prisoners, and much baggage fell into the hands of the Southern army. The Lincoln forces fell back on Arlington Heights.

At Suspension Bridge, on Wednesday night, the Express train on the Great Western road was backing up, when a woman who was walking on the track was struck by the cars and ran over. She was horribly mangled, so much so as to defy recognition.

Immense crowds are on the move to Quebec. This eighth wonder of the world is attracting people from all quarters; the inducements are so great and the cost of the trip so light, that we do not wonder at the intense excitement which is so general to see the Great Eastern.

The *Quebec Chronicle* has an excellent article on Canada as a home for emigrants, in which it marvels that so many emigrants are led to go to the United States West, when they could do better here, and thinks certain American and home railway ticket sellers have something to do with the fact.

The Board of Trade Inquiry into the loss of the *Canadian* still proceeds at Liverpool. Several witnesses have been examined. It appears that at the time the *Canadian* passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, it had a right to do so by the regulations of the Company.

Since the captures made by the Confederate privateer *Sumpter* and their arrival at Cienfuegos, no American ship can obtain a charter in Cuban ports, shippers refusing to take the risk of their being fallen in with by the cruisers of Jeff. Davis. All the sugar and molasses there to be shipped is given to English and Dutch vessels.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Marybone was held on Wednesday evening, June 19, convened for the twofold purpose of raising funds for the benefit of Anderson, the fugitive slave, who had recently arrived from Canada, and for his kinsmen, of Hamilton, Canada West, to aid them in erecting a church and school. The meeting took place at Portman Hall, Carlisle street.

The celebrated daguerrotypist, Niepee de Saint Victor, has at last discovered the secret of reproducing colors by the camera, and rendering them permanent. He has subjected pictures taken by his new method for several hours to the direct action of the solar rays, without producing any visible change in the tint. Blue, which has hitherto been regarded as well nigh unattainable in the photograph, is now copied vividly. The same is especially true of yellow and green. The *Paris Moniteur*, which brings this intelligence does not give the process.

A pleasant story has long been current in the House of Lords and the Inns of Court, that Lord Chancellor Brougham would never die for fear that Lord Campbell would write his life. Lord Campbell was made to answer this jest that he would write Lord Brougham's life whether he died or not. Lord Brougham is said to have retaliated in black and white; so that while the author of the "Statesmen of the Reign of George the Third," is said to have a life of Lord Campbell in his desk, the author of the "Lives of the Chancellors" is said to have had in his desk a life of Lord Brougham.

An order of the day has just been issued to the army of Paris by Gen. Magnau against suicides, which he says have lately been too numerous. He reminds the soldiers that their lives belong to their country, which relies upon them in the hour of danger. Whenever, he tells them, you find your mind agitated by fatal ideas, whenever you feel yourselves unequal to the trials you have to meet, come and see me, you know that I am always accessible; come and tell me your troubles; my soldier's heart will understand yours, will recall you to a sentiment of duty, and preserve your lives for your family, for France, and for the Emperor who loves and trusts you.