

HORRORS OF WAR.

BATTLE OF EYLAU, (FEBRUARY, 1806.)

On the side of the Russians twenty-five thousand had fallen, of whom about seven thousand were already no more; on that of the French upwards of thirty thousand killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colours, under pretence of attending to the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days. The other trophies of victory were nearly equally balanced—the Russians had to boast of the unusual spectacle of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists—while they had made spoils of sixteen of the Russian guns, and fourteen standards. Hardly any prisoners were made on either side during the action; but six thousand of the wounded, most of them in a hopeless state, were left on the field of battle, and fell into the hands of the French. Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. About fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls that had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses, to the deadly batteries, which spread grape at half musket shot, through their ranks.

Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain or load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of those noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vine-dresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon in the afternoon rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Sulpallen and Saussgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death—but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm—no cries of Vive l'Empereur were heard.

THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA.

An officer connected with the staff of the recent expedition to Khiva, gives a most melancholy account of the disasters it encountered. The expedition reached the Emba and Akbulak, at which farthest point they were still ninety days' march from Khiva, and they found that thirty days' provision was all they could collect, and that the surviving camels could not continue to carry even that quantity. They were obliged, therefore, to retreat. The Cossacks of the Ural did wonders; laughing and singing on the painful march; digging firewood from beneath the snow; loading camels, standing, with heavy bags; and nursing the infantry like a sick child. The latter suffered fearfully. The camels, too, groaned and cried as they lifted their heavy feet from the snow; the attempt to feed them on oil cake was proved impracticable. They died by the hundred a day. Nearly 11,000 of these animals set forth on the expedition, but not 500 returned. The cold ranged from 16 to 33 degrees below the freezing point.

The military object of the expedition having utterly failed, its scientific results were trifling. The skulls of a Khivan, a Bashkir, a Kirghise, and a Meshleken were added to the collection in the St. Petersburg Academy; some dozen skins of mammalia, and as many plants, of known genera, from under the snow; some petrifications, and a valuable geognostic survey, were all that the expedition produced. It cost a million and a half of rubles!

Such immense swarms of caterpillars have appeared lately in Lesser Russia, that the authorities ordered a bridge over the Dnieper to be broken down, to stop their course.

AMERICAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

HONOLULU, Oct. 10.—The U. S. brig Porpoise, Captain Ringold, arrived on Wednesday, after a short passage of twenty-seven days from the Salmon Islands. Officers and crew all well. All the vessels of the Exploring Squadron are now in port; and, from what we hear, will make a long stay.

The Porpoise, after parting with her consorts, returned to one of the Figii Islands, to protect or take away, as the occasion may require, a family of Wesleyan Missionaries settled there, whose lives were supposed to be endangered by the savages. But they preferred remaining, having been promised protection by the old king. From thence, the brig went to the Navigator's Island.

The philosophy of the whole world hath not sufficient force to conquer the propensions of corrupt nature.

POETRY.

A WELL KNOWN CHARACTER.

TAKE one example, to our purpose quite.

A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire,
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life:
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read:
What songs to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girl lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins grey
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of Ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unending source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, tho' great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whales;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as tho'
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wore his garland of the lightning's wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed—
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,

His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
His equals deemed. All passions of all men—
The wild and tame—the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-driven leaves,
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood;
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself,
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud; gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean from the plains, his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed;
So he, through learning, and through fancy, took
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat: not soiled, and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised.
Critics before him fell in humble plight;
Confounded fell; and made debasing signs
To catch his eye; and stretched, and swelled themselves
To bursting sigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast: and many too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unceasingly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil good;
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honour, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,—
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness;
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred: his passions died,
Died, all but dreary, solitary Pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then, retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And east ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
Ripened, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land, his numbers filled;
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan:—Poor man!—
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

FOLLOCK.

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