

HORRORS OF WAR.

[We have occasionally inserted historical extracts on this subject, with a view to exhibit the demoniac character, and infinite evil of war; and so to discourage that belligerent spirit which is too easily inspired by real or imaginary provocations, arising out of circumstances involving national interests and honour. The following is from the "Port-folio" of a "Staff-Surgeon."—EDITOR.]

On the 6th of April, the last day of our march, the cannonade was much louder and closer than usual, and as I rode along I became more and more convinced that a crisis was approaching. On our arrival in the evening, at Campo Mayor, we found the whole population in a state of intense excitement and anxiety. It was generally known that Badajoz was to be stormed during the night; and as we were only seven miles distant, even the rattling of the musketry could be distinctly heard in the calm of the evening, between the heavy reports of the battering artillery. As the night advanced, every accidental swelling of the sound was deemed the signal for the terrific conflict at the breach. I know not how the intelligence was received, but most certainly there were reports in circulation that night, at Campo Mayor, that the castle was to be escaladed by Sir Thomas Picton and the third division.

During this eventful night, few eyes were closed in Campo Mayor: the priests were performing divine service, and imploring success, in the churches, and the entire adult population were either engaged in prayer, or traversing the streets, in extreme agitation and alarm. All this time, the thunder of the bloody conflict sounded awfully, and as the work of death advanced, and the air became cooler and stiller, the report of the heavy artillery appeared actually to shake the roofs of the churches over the trembling masses crowded within. The scene altogether was one that cannot easily pass from the memory, for it was marked by astonishing sublimity. I hurried from one church to another; but all were alike—all were filled with people praying with extreme fervency—weeping, sobbing, exclaiming—enquiring wildly and anxiously for intelligence, or listening intently to the loud and confused sound of mortal strife.

At length day dawned, and with it came an ominous calm and lull. Did this bode good or evil? Was the city taken, or had the storming parties been shattered and repulsed, and had the garrison ceased its fire because the besiegers had retired from the reach of the guns? People asking these questions, and circulating the thousand rumours that had been created on the instant, looked anxiously into each other's faces, pale and shrunk with fear and suspense and the harassing vigils of the night. As it became clearer, the greater part left the churches and streets, and repaired to the ramparts, straining all eyes in the direction of Badajoz. For a long time, nothing could be descried on the wide plain between the two places—at length, a horseman was seen galloping full speed along the road. The agony of suspense then became almost intolerable; but when he approached nearer, and was seen to stop suddenly, stand up in his stirrups, and wave his hat repeatedly round his head—a shout of ten thousand "Vivas!" rent the air, prolonged and reiterated along the fortifications, until lost in the overwhelming pealing of all the bells in the city. I delayed the starting of my sick convoy for a couple of hours, and determined to gallop over to Badajoz.

I reached the bridge over the Guadiana in three quarters of an hour, but my surprise was great; instead of finding every thing quiet, and every body occupied in attentions to the wounded, and preparations for burying the dead, as I had expected, I beheld a scene of the most dreadful drunkenness, violence, and confusion. Parties of intoxicated men, loosed from all discipline and restraint, and impelled by their own evil passions, were roaring and reeling about; firing into the windows—bursting open the doors by the discharge of several muskets simultaneously against the lock—plundering—robbing any person who opposed them—violating, and committing every horrid excess, and sometimes destroying each

other. There were many Portuguese, but the majority were English soldiers; and amongst these, two regiments of the third division, the eighty — and —, were disgracefully conspicuous.

I proceeded amidst a desultory but dangerous firing, by the *detour* of the Talavera gate to the main breach. There, indeed, was a most awful scene, where

" — Mars might quake to tread."

There lay a frightful heap of fifteen hundred British soldiers, dead, but yet warm, and mingled with some still living, but so desperately wounded as to be irremovable without more assistance than could yet be afforded—there they lay stinking in their gore—body piled upon body—involved, intertwined, crushed, burned, and blackened—one hideous and enormous mass of carnage, whilst the stanting morning sunbeams, feebly irradiating this hill of slain, appeared to my imagination, pale and lugubrious as during an eclipse.

At the foot of the castle wall, where the third division had escaladed, the dead lay thick, and a great number of corpses were strewn near the Vincente Bastion. Several were scattered on the glacis of the Trinidad Bastion, and a number, who appeared to have been drowned, were lying in the cunette of the ditch, at that place. But the chief slaughter had taken place at the great breach. There stood still the terrific beam across the top, armed with its thickly blissing sword-blades, which no human strength nor dexterity could pass without impalement. The smell of burned flesh was yet shockingly strong and disgusting.

Joining some of the medical officers who were assisting the most urgent cases, and amputating limbs shattered by round-shot, I remained during the morning and forenoon; then, hastily eating a biscuit, partially blackened with gunpowder, and taking a mouthful of wine from a soldier's wooden canteen, I returned to my charge at Campo Mayor. The bells were still ringing merrily at intervals, and every body was rejoicing—rejoicing! after what I had just witnessed! After the terrific sacrifice of two thousand of the very best and bravest troops in the world! After the blood-compacted pile still fresh in my eye! After the piteous moanings and dying ejaculations yet torturing my hearing! Rejoicing after all this!

A WORD TO TEE-TOTALERS.

From the Journal of a Missionary Tour, by the Rev. J. Ryerson—Guardian, April 7th.

WHEN we arrived at Adolphustown, we found that the congregation had been holding a very popular and useful Temperance Meeting the night before, and the people were so amazingly full of Temperance and Tee-totalism, that we began to feel for the fate of our Missionary Meeting; for I am sorry to say, that vociferating advocates for temperance are not always the most liberal supporters of benevolent institutions, when a little money has to be given as a part of the work. I once, in company with Messrs. Case and Stinson, and some other ministers, attended a Temperance Meeting in a certain village, which, by mistake in some way or another, took place of a Missionary Meeting that should have been held there. Well, addresses were delivered, and many excellent things were said in favour of the good cause of temperance. Some spoke of how much the cause had saved them in various ways. The people seemed to be well pleased, and we had a happy time. About the close of the exercises, I suggested to my friends the propriety of introducing among the friends of temperance who had been so greatly benefited in their worldly matters by the temperance reformation, a subscription for the support of the Missionary cause, which had been, and no doubt would be instrumental in rescuing many drunken savages from their intemperate and sinful habits, as also many new settlers, who were destitute of religious and moral restraints. Mr. Case introduced this matter by a short speech; but no speech delivered that night produced the effect that this short one of Mr. Case's did. The people seemed at first startled—they looked one at the other, and then at the door; at last one made a spring for the door, which he gained without fainting. Having succeeded in making his escape, he was quickly followed by several others. The number of retiring philanthropists continued

to increase, until these lovers of mankind seemed to move off in masses, and Messrs. Case, Stinson, and a few others, were left alone, and I "standing in the midst." Our subscription for the support of Missions amounted to some ten or twelve shillings. However, we found the Tee-totalists of Adolphustown what the true friends of temperance will everywhere be found, the friends and supporters of the Missionary cause.

CONDITION OF HINDU FEMALES.—"In every stage of her life," says a writer, describing the sentiments of the Hindoos in relation to women, "she is created to obey. At first she yields obedience to her father and mother. When married, she submits to her husband, and her father and mother-in-law. In old age, she must be ruled by her children. During her life, she can never be under her own controul. Caste and custom unite to degrade a woman from her very birth. Many a little innocent is left in the evening in some unfrequented spot to be carried off in the night by tigers, or other beasts of prey that make their nightly rambles."

DR. HENRY D. ELY, of New-Haven, (Conn.) was married in that city on Tuesday night of last week, and died the Sunday noon following, aged 23.—N. Y. Era.

POETRY.

TO-MORROW.

From the English Baptist Mag. zine for July, 1810.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of To-morrow,
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day.

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on the wing,
Let me hope, (oh! how soon it would lessen my anguish,)
That To-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope, that To-morrow my wand'rings will cease;
That at home, then with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete:
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppress'd,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest.

And when the rain shadows of time are retiring--
When life is fast fleeing, and death is in sight--
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight.

But the Infidel then:—he sees no To-morrow,
Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away,—
Poor wretch, can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

MARY.

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