

"THERE NEVER WAS A GOOD WAR OR A BAD PEACE."

commander," and immediately heading them, twice exclaimed, "Fight on, my lads, and fear nothing!" But just as the words were out of his mouth a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time, several others coming about him, whilst he was thus entangled with that murderous weapon, he was dragged off his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander gave him a stroke, either with a broadsword or Lochaber axe, on the hinder part of his head—and this was the mortal blow. He said to his faithful servant—"Take care of yourself!"—and the last that he saw of his master was that he took off his hat, and waived it as a signal for him to retreat. The servant fled to a mill, about two miles from the spot where he had left the Colonel, and disguising himself as a miller, returned with a cart, and found his master still alive, yet plundered of his watch and other things of value, and stripped of his upper garments and boots. Placing him carefully in the cart, he conveyed him to the church of Tranent, from whence he was taken to the minister's house, and laid in bed, where shortly after his spirit fled, and he took his final leave of pain and sorrow. The rebels plundered Colonel Gardiner's house, where everything of value was taken, to the very curtains of the beds and the hangings of the rooms.

It is said that when the engagement was over, Colonel Gardiner was pointed out to the Pretender Charles among those who had fallen in the field. Charles stooped over him, gently raised his head from the ground, and exclaimed, "Poor Gardiner! would to God I could restore thy life!" This statement has been contradicted, but be it as it may, the Prince afterwards rode Colonel Gardiner's horse, and entered upon it into Derby.

Dr. Doddridge, the biographer of Colonel Gardiner, says, that in his youth he was very gay and licentious, but the accidental perusal of a book entitled "*Heaven taken by Storm*," made him serious, and from that time he became as distinguished for his piety as he had before been for the absence of all religion, and a course of vice. It is also said that Colonel Gardiner received a supernatural intimation of his own approaching death. Three of his nearest relatives, including his father, like himself fell in battle.

Additional Notes to September.

INCIDENTS OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

(7.)—BORODINO is a Russian village on the river Moskwa, and it was near here that the sanguinary battle of Borodino was fought between the French under Bonaparte, and the Russians under Kutusoff, a quarter of a million men being engaged in the work of slaughter. Each party claimed the victory; but the Russians retreated, leaving Moscow, which the French entered on the 14th of September—but their stay was brief, as they were encountered by that famous officer, General Conflans; and retreating from Moscow, were

pursued by three notable opponents—General Famine, General Frost, and General Disorder.

ALISON, in remarking upon the disastrous result to Bonaparte in his Russian campaign, says:—

"Future generations of men, living under the shadow of their own fig-trees, engrossed in the arts of peace, and far removed from the excitements and miseries of war, will hardly be able to credit the contemporary accounts of the sensation produced in Europe by the result of the Moscow campaign. The calamity was too great to be concealed; the blow too dreadful not to resound throughout the world. . . . A universal thrill was felt over all Europe at this awful catastrophe, which, commencing with the flames of Moscow, and terminating with the waves of the Berezina, seemed to have been sent to break, by a special messenger of the Almighty, the arm of the oppressor, and strike off the fetters of a captive world. In England, especially, the sense of deliverance gave rise to unbounded transports. The anxieties, the burdens, the calamities of twenty years' warfare were forgotten; and even the least sanguine ceased to despair in a cause in which Providence itself appeared to have at length declared against the aggressor; and the magnitude of the disaster he had sustained was such, that it seemed to be beyond the power of human exertion to repair."

The following sketch of the horrors of this fearful campaign is from the pen of Forster (a German writer) and was addressed to the celebrated German patriot poet Körner, who, in a few short months afterwards, fell by the hands of the French:—

"On Sunday forenoon last I went to one of the gates, and found a crowd collected round a car, in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps; another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks—he wanted both ears and nose. More horrible was the look of the third, whose eyes had been frozen: the eyelids hung down rotting, the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruding from their sockets. It was awfully hideous; but a spectacle more horrible still was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features; the lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed. He pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's-head: then he burst out into a wild laughter, gave the word of command in broken French, with a voice more like the bark of a dog than anything human, and we saw that the poor wretch was mad—mad from a frozen brain! Suddenly a cry was heard, 'Henry! my Henry!' and a young girl rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow at the voice, as if trying to recollect where he was; then he stretched out his arms towards the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. But it was too much for his exhausted frame; a shuddering fever-fit came over him, and he sank lifeless on the straw. Such are the dragon teeth of woe which the Corsican Cadmus has sown."



"On horror's head horrors accumulate."—SHAKESPEARE.



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