

From the Metropolitan.

HUMAN FLOWERS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Sweet Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale,
And as lowly as she, still the pride of the vale:
An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,
Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy desired.

And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,
In the heron's bill has found, and its delicate blue:
For over the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,
As dewy, as sweet, and more soft than the skies.

And Jane, in her thoughtfulness, conscious of power,
Has gazed in her fervor on many a flower:
Has chosen, rejected, then many combined
To blazon her graces of person and mind.

Whilst Isabel's face, like the dawn, is one flush—
Far need she not wander to bank and to bush;
Well the tint of her cheek the young Isabel knows,
For the blossom of health is the beautiful rose.

And Mary the pensive, who loves in the dusk
Of the garden, to muse, when the air is all musk;
Will leave all its beauties, and many they are,
To gaze meek in thought on the Jessamine star.

And Kate, the light butterfly Kate, ever gay,
Will choose the first blossom that comes in her way;
The cistus will please her a moment, and then
Away will she flutter, and settle again.

But Julia for me, with her heart in her eyes,
The child of the summer too warm to be wise;
In the passion-flower near her, with tendrils close curled,
She can smile whilst she suffers, 'tis hers for the world.

All are lovely, all blossoms of heart and of mind;
All true to their natures, as Nature designed:
To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, to bless,
And with love that can die not to buoy and to bless.

With gentleness might, and with weakness what grace!
Revelations from heaven in form and in face:
Like the bow in the cloud, like the flower on the sod,
They ascend and descend in my dreams as from God.

THE TERRIBLE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Never in the history of war did two armies pass a night under more awful and impressive circumstances than the rival hosts who now lay, without tent or covering, on the snowy expanse of the field of Eylau. The close vicinity of the two armies, the vast multitude assembled in so narrow a space, intent only on mutual destruction; the vital interests to the lives and fortunes of all which were at stake; the wintry wildness of the scene, cheered only by the watchfires, which threw a partial glow on the snow-clad heights around; the shivering groups, who in either army lay around the blazing fires, chilled by girdles of impenetrable ice, the stern resolution of the soldiers in the one array, and the enthusiastic ardour of those in the other; the liberty of Europe now brought to the issue of one dread combat; the glory of Russia and France dependent on the efforts of the mightiest armament that either had yet sent forth; all contributed to impress a feeling of solemnity, which reached the most inconsiderate breast, oppressed the mind with a feeling of anxious thought, and kept unclosed many a weary eyelid in both camps, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigues of the preceding days.

The battle began at daylight on the 8th of February, in the midst of a snowstorm. At an early hour of the day, Augerau's column, of 16,000 men, was enveloped by the Russian masses, and with the exception of 1500 men, was destroyed. Napoleon himself was in the most imminent hazard of being taken prisoner. He had slept at Eylau on the night before, and was now in the churchyard, where the crash of the enemy's balls on the steeple showed how nearly danger was approaching. Presently one of the Russian divisions, following rapidly after the fugitives, entered Eylau by the western street, and charged with loud hurrahs, to the foot of the mount where the emperor was placed with a battery of the imperial guard and a personal escort of a hundred men. Had a regiment of horse been at hand to support the attack, Napoleon must have been made prisoner; for though the last reserve consisting of six battalions of the old guard were at a short distance, he might have been enveloped before they could get up to his rescue. The fate of Europe then hung by a thread, but in that terrible moment the emperor's presence of mind did not forsake him; he instantly ordered his little body guard, hardly more than a company, to form a line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and despatched orders to the old guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other.

The Russians, disordered by success, and ignorant of the inevitable prize which was almost within their grasp, were arrested by the firm countenances of the little band of heroes, who formed Napoleon's last resource; and before they could reform their ranks for a regular conflict, the enemy was upon them on either flank, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces on the spot.

This dreadful slaughter continued throughout the day, the Russians and the French alternately repulsing each other, both sides fighting with the most desperate intrepidity, and every charge leaving the ground covered with carnage. Towards evening the Prussians, under Lestocq, advanced against the division of Friant. The French were driven before them. Marshal Devoust in vain attempted to withstand the torrent. 'Here,' cried he, 'is the place where the brave should find a glorious death; the cowards will perish in the deserts of Siberia.' Still the French were driven on with the loss of 3600 men, and the whole Russian line were pressing on to victory, when the rapid night of the north fell, and the battle was at an end.

This was the first heavy blow which Napoleon had received in European war. He had once before been on the point of ruin, but it was at Syria, and a British officer had the honor of making the conqueror of Italy recoil. It is now unquestionable that at Eylau he was defeated. At ten at night he gave orders for his artillery and baggage to defile to the rear, and the advanced post to retreat. He was on the point of being disgraced in the eyes of Europe when he was saved that disgrace by the indecision of the Russian general. A council of war was held by the Russian leaders on horseback, to decide on their future course. Count Osterman Tolstoy, the second in command, with Generals Knoring and Lestocq, urged strongly that retreat was not to be thought of; that Napoleon was beaten in a pitched battle; that whichever army gained ground would be reputed the victor, and that the true policy was to throw their whole force upon him without delay. But Benington, unluckily, satisfied with his triumph, past the vigor of youth, unacquainted with the enormous losses of the French army, and exhausted by thirty-six hours on horseback, directed the march on Koninberg. Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice, and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror; the most bloody and obstinately contested that had occurred during the war; and in which, if Napoleon did not sustain a positive defeat, he underwent a disaster which had well nigh proved his ruin. The loss on both sides was immense, and never, in modern times, had a field of battle been strewn with such a multitude of slain.

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 were killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colors; under pretence of attending to the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days afterwards. 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 spoil 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 spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above 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 which 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 these 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 foeman 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 Gayonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and the 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 Serpallen 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.

SAILORS' NOTION OF THE TRUE SCHOOL OF MANNERS.
When the Duke of York (the brother of George III.) was sent to sea, Captain Howe equipped his young *élève* in the true Portsmouth fashion; the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told, which, being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor, standing with some others on the fore-castle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate, 'The young gentleman an't over civil, as I think; look, if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains!' 'Why you stupid lubber,' replied the other, 'where should he learn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before?'—*Life of Admiral Earl Howe.*

From the Forget-Me Not.

THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME.

By the old Sailor.

"They raised a pillar o'er her grave,
A simple mass of naked stone,
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,
Ere haughty sculpture yet was known.
There childhood, as it wandered near,
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,
And checked its noisy sport awhile,
To whisper by the mossy pile."

Ellen became aware that a deadly conflict was at hand. She could see nothing. The smuggler's grasp still compressed her small throat, and the corpse of the murdered man was at her side. Suddenly bright flashes lighted up the building, and the sharp crack of fire arms echoed round its walls. The entrance had been forced, and the foremost of the assailants had either met their death or fallen dangerously wounded. A discharge of musketry was poured in from the attacking party. Ellen heard the balls as they whistled past her; the shrieks of those in agony and the groans of the dying were mingled with cheers and imprecations. The hand that clutched her tightened for a moment almost to strangulation; there was a convulsive effort to force the spirit from its earthly tenement; Ellen felt that her end was approaching, and in that trying hour she prayed to Him whose ear is never closed; she prayed for succour, and she prayed for pardon from her Maker. No sound escaped her lips; the great name was not upon her tongue; the aspirations were those of the mind; and the fervent petition arose from the deep recesses of the heart. A fresh discharge of fire-arms shook the building—one pistol was fired so close to her that it set fire to her dress—the smuggler's hold relaxed. "I am sold," said he, "but I will not die unrevenged. What treacherous scoundrel is it that has shot me?" "It is I, your leader," answered his comrade, in a tone of defiance; "murderous villain, would you take the life of innocence? You have disobeyed my orders, and you have paid the forfeit. Up, up, young lady! quick! this is no place for you; that rascal cannot detain you now."

"Traitor!" shouted the dying smuggler; "this to your heart, and may it destroy both soul and body!" but, before he could fire, his pistol was struck up—the wretch fell a corpse by the side of his victim, and the smuggler chief escaped. Ellen instantly rose; but she was left alone, the companion of the dead. Terrible grew the hand-to-hand contest; the horses broke loose and ran wildly about, when a lurid glare of light shot up towards the roof, and instantly the whole scene was fearfully revealed. The straw had taken fire; the flames ascended; they ran rapidly along from stack to stack of unthreshed corn, till in a few minutes the desolating element triumphed, and threatened destruction to all within its reach. At length the revenue-men were driven back; the smugglers were victorious; and with considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting out the terrified horses. All were soon mounted and in full speed from the place of conflict, whilst poor Ellen was left amidst the burning pile, almost surrounded by the devouring flames. Self-preservation prompted exertion, but she knew not which way to turn, and death again seemed certain of his prey, when she was raised in the athletic arms of a powerful young man, who bore her off in safety, having sustained but little personal injury, though her upper dress was entirely consumed. Her preserver was Edmund Foster.

Was it then a circumstance to excite wonder that the maiden should love the youth who saved her, or that he should cherish the existence he had preserved? They had often met after this eventful night, though at his request their meetings were held in secret. She did not stop to consider the cause or the probable consequences of clandestine correspondence; she placed implicit confidence in his integrity and affection; for, had he not snatched her from a horrible and almost certain fate? And now they stood, as before described, within the umbrageous foliage of the alcove.

"Nay, dearest," exclaimed Edmund, half chidingly, as he parted the clustering ringlets from her fair forehead, "do not let our present parting excite melancholy forebodings respecting the future. Are we not bound together by the most solemn vows? and can you think, my own Ellen, that I will ever give you cause for complaint?"

"Edmund," said Miss Courtney, solemnly, "Edmund, a heavy weight is on my spirit; an oppression that crushes my rising hope. You know the strength of my affection; but you do not know the extent of my regard, or what it is capable of enduring. I believe—I am certain—that you love me; but where there is love, there ought also to be confidence. I confide implicitly in you, but you do not think me worthy of sharing the secrets of your heart."

"Ellen, returned the young man, in a voice of melancholy, "my own Ellen, your very words refute themselves. Circumstances may occur, nay, have occurred, which for the present require that I should appear beneath a shade even to you. You say that you confide in me, yet allow suspicion to prey upon your happiness; if you deem me worthy of trust, suffer a short time to elapse, and the mystery shall be solved." Then, Ellen,

Continued from our last.