

Poetry.

TO NIGHT—By Charlotte Smith.

I love thee, mournful, sober-souled Night!
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane
And veiled in clouds with pale uncertain light,
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deep, cold elements complain,
And tell the embosomed grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind.
Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art:
For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched—hopeless yet resigned,
While to the winds and waves its sorrows giv'n,
May reach, though lost on earth, the ear of
Heaven!

From the Italian of Metastasio.

If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now!
The fatal secret when reveal'd,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while conceal'd
Their lot appears the best.

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

The above is the title of a work on Buonaparte which was printing in London last June. Extracts were gotten from it while the printing was going on, and we have obtained them for publication. They are not extensive, but our readers will find them very interesting.

Charleston Mercury.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS OF LIVING.

Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantity of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down to rest again for a couple of hours.—When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad daylight. When ill, March and occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated till breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case *a la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high seasoned, or rich food. One of his most favorite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have sometimes seen him pare the outside brown part off; he was also fond of mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies or the rest of the suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*), he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

NAPOLEON'S BED CHAMBER.

It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen,

bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surface. Two small windows, without panes, looked towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window curtains of white long cloth, a small fire place, a shabby grate, and fire irons to match, with a paltry mantel piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber watch of Frederick the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five plain bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room.

Before the back door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire place, an old fashioned sofa covered with long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trousers and stockings all in one. A chequered madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Casas, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash hand stand, containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.

NAPOLEON'S WOUNDS.

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign in Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sydney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us in sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress.

"Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuronmy aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed *Vive l'Empereur!*"

DEATH OF MOREAU.

"In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army.—While the manoeuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate, I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavoring to observe my manoeuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: "Jettez une douzaine de boulets a la fois dans ce groupe la, peutetre il y en quelques petits generaux." (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before, Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of the feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the King of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which general St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor, and a man of talents, who had a command in the Russian army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the emperor, "is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Esling, when I had caused my army to go over to the isle of Lobau, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stepped for a moment upon the edge of the island, which was about eighty paces distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen of guns at once they must have killed us."

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the Emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us.—Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no jury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring. Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the com-

mandants of the regiments and others.—The next day it advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to shew an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eye-brows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen; who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavors. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for the fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India ware houses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flames; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

Medical.

KING'S EVIL.

We have lately heard from a person who stated herself to be personally acquainted with the fact, of a cure for this afflicting disease, the particulars of which we conceive it our duty to communicate to the public, without venturing an opinion whether the complaint was genuine or pseudal, or if the former, its cure attributable to the supposed remedy or some other cause.—About ten years ago, a young man, aged about 28 years, and afflicted with this disease to a great degree, arrived from Scotland. He had in vain employed the best physicians in Great Britain and on the continent, none of whom could cure him; and on his arrival in this city, had actually nine running sores in his neck, so that his existence had become burthensome to him. It so happened that the person with whom he lodged had one evening brought from town some pitch for domestic purpose, and, either reasoning from its medical properties in other cases, or (as our informant thinks, but as appears to us very improbable,) thro' merriment, told the man a pitch plaster would certainly cure him. The latter consented; the plaster was applied; and the consequence was excruciating pain for twenty-four hours, and

so close an adhesion of it that it was impossible to remove it without torturing approaching to that of martyrdom. But in nine days it spontaneously dropped off; the sores healed up; and since then he experienced not the slightest symptom of return. He is now a robust healthy man, and may be seen every day driving a cart in the streets of this city.

Montreal Herald.

"We need be oft reminded of the things we know."

Among the simple remedies prescribed for obstinate complaints, perhaps no one has stood the test of experience better than *burnt cork*. Its usefulness in the bilious cholera and cholera morbus has been amply proved; and its good effects renders expedient a renewed publication of the method of its use. Take a common velvet cork, burn it thoroughly, macerate it fine, pour upon it a tea spoon full of brandy, and add a little nutmeg and sugar to make it palatable. The quantity to be taken at a time need not exceed the half of a common cork, and it may be diluted with water, and increased in quantity until a cure is effected.—N. T. Amer.

Religious.

Jesus answered, and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. JOHN III. 3.

The meaning of which is this:—That mankind are born or come into the world with dispositions so depraved, so prone to anger, malice, revenge, avarice, and ambition, that it is impossible for them ever to enter into the kingdom of heaven, except they are so totally changed as to become new creatures. No partial alteration will do; it must be an entire change of temper, sentiments, habits, manners, inclinations, and pursuits. All these turbulent and high-spirited passions must be eradicated, and meekness, gentleness, and poorness of spirit, introduced in their room; anger must give place to patience, malice to benevolence, revenge to forgiveness, and all worldly pursuits to a constant habit of piety and devotion. This, in the language of scripture, is properly and emphatically styled being born again; because it is a kind of entrance upon a new life, and a commencement of a state entirely different from the former. The necessity for this change is sufficiently evident, because, if men could be permitted to carry these evil dispositions with them into the kingdom of God, they would not be happy themselves, nor suffer others to be so.

We see that even upon earth, if a wicked, malignant, and turbulent man was confined for life, in a virtuous, peaceable, and pious society, it would be no inconsiderable punishment; and much more severe would it be in heaven, where the contrast is greater and the duration longer. Wickedness and misery are by nature so closely united, that they cannot be separated, and therefore neither of them can have a place in the kingdom of God. If any one's dispositions are cruel, malignant, envious, turbulent, factious, and ambitious, though, in contradiction to their impulse, he should perform all the duties of piety, benevolence, humility, and submission, he could not become a member of this holy and happy society, because his admission would be rather a punishment than a reward: before he could attain this state of felicity, he must be qualified to enjoy it, and this can only be effected by being born again. How a man is to be born again, Jesus further informs us in the succeeding verse; he there says, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" that is, except a man be born again, by embracing the doctrines and obeying the precepts of his religion, for which purpose the external sign of baptism, and the internal assistance of the holy spirit, are absolutely necessary. By these, together with sincere repentance and reformation, he may become a new person, and perfectly qualified to be, and to make others happy in that blessed community; and when qualified, however great may have been his former offences, he will be readily admitted, and there will be joy in heaven at his reception.

It is the infirmity of poor spirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great geniuses have but little admiration, because few things appear to them new.