

The People's Press.

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

NO 73.

WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY MAY 28, 1834.

VOL. 2, NO. 21.

Published every Wednesday Morning, by
THOMAS LORING.

TERMS.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to Yearly Advertisers.
Office on the South side of Market Street, between the Court House.

Whiteville, N. C.
13th May, 1834.

A meeting of the Commissioners of the Canal and Rail Road Company begun and held in the Town of Whiteville, on the 13th inst. agreeably to an act of Assembly passed at the last Session of the Legislature, and on motion, Isaac Powell was called to the Chair, and Richard L. Byrne was appointed Secretary. When the following Resolutions were read and adopted, to wit:

Resolved, That the Books be immediately opened here under the direction of Richard L. Byrne, for receiving Subscriptions in said Company.

Resolved further, That the Commissioners appointed for the several other places designated in the act of incorporation for opening books of Subscription be requested to take measures forthwith for opening said Books of Subscription.

Resolved further, That as soon as the Commissioners for this County shall receive a sum amounting to Thirty Dollars on the shares subscribed, they shall deposit said amount in the Cape Fear Bank located in Wilmington, to the credit of said Company.

A true copy from the minutes, and requested to be published in the Wilmington and Fayetteville papers.

R. L. BYRNE, Sec'y.

THE Books are therefore now open for subscription to the Stock of said Canal or Rail Road agreeably to Charter of the last General Assembly—Shares One Hundred Dollars each, and two dollars per share is payable at the time of subscription.—Under the direction of

Colonel J. POWELL,
ARMAND BRYANT,
RICHARD L. BYRNE,
Columbus County.

As also in Bladen County, on same terms and conditions at Westbrook's Post Office, under the direction of

SAMUEL B. ANDREWS,
WM. H. BEATTY, and
Gov. JOHN OWEN.

NOTICE.

THE Books for Subscriptions to the Stock of "The Wilmington, Waccamaw and Cape Fear Canal or Rail Road Company" are now open (at the Bank of Cape Fear) agreeably to charter of the last General Assembly—Shares One Hundred Dollars each, and two dollars per share is payable at the time of subscribing.—Under the direction of

A. LAZARUS,
R. W. BROWN,
E. B. DUDLEY,
E. DICKINSON,
P. K. DICKINSON,
and **JOHN WILLIAMS.**

Wilmington, N. C. 19th May, 1834. 72-3m
The Fayetteville Journal will please give the above one insertion.

To the Public.

THE Subscriber intending to continue to do business in this place, feels thankful to his friends for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same.

He would inform his friends and the public in general, that he intends keeping on hand as usual under the Market House, a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES.
Also, in the Store near the Market House, on the south side of market street, a small assortment of
Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery Ware, &c. &c.

which he would be glad to exchange for country produce of any kind, on fair terms, or rather than miss a trade would exchange them for Cash.—He will also continue to receive and sell on commission, Lumber, Timber, Staves, Shingles, &c. &c. as usual, for those who may think proper to entrust the same to his care and attention.

HENRY E. PURVANCE,
N. B. LUMBER, of all descriptions, constantly kept on hand for sale, in lots to suit purchasers.
Wilmington, May 21, 1834. 72-4f.

Notice.

THE partnership of the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having claims against the company, are requested to hand them in, and those indebted, to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers.

ISAAC NORTHPROP,
HIRAM MIDDLEBROOK.
May 21, 1834. 72-5f.

Notice.

THE Subscriber, at May term of the County Court of Bladen, qualified as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jas. B. Purdie, dec'd. Those indebted to the estate are requested to make payment; those to whom he was indebted are hereby notified to bring in their claims authenticated as prescribed, and within the time limited by Law, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar.

THO. C. SMITH, Ex'r.
Bladen County, May 21, 1834. 72-6f.

Ran Away

FROM the subscriber, on the night of the 17th of May,

WILLIAM HENRY WILSON.
An indentured apprentice to the Printing Business, between 17 and 18 years of age, dark eyes, black hair, thin visage, somewhat tall for his age, and speaks a little. What could have induced him to leave the service of "a friend and father" (as he expressed himself lately, in a letter to his mother) I cannot conceive. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting him on my account. He is supposed to have gone in a vessel for New York, where his mother resides.

T. LORING.
May 21, 1834. 72-3.

THE MEDICAL TYRO.

"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF DR. DODIMUS DUCKWORTH A. N. Q." &c. &c. By the author of "Yankee among the Nullifiers." If any of our readers happen to have the blues, we advise them forthwith to send to Mr. Favor's for this book, and we have no doubt it will work a perfect cure. If any proof is needed, take the following extracts relative to a pupil.

Dodimus, after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill, began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a cast of practice. An opportunity was not long wanting; for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence, and longing for a chance of attempting something by his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkerchief round his jaws, and with a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

"Is the doctor at home?" said he.
"No sir."
"Where is he?"
"He's gone over to Crincumpaw."
"To Crincumpaw!—I came within an inch of swearing.—How soon will he be back?"

"Why, I spose in the course of two or three hours, if you can wait so long."

"Two or three ages, you might as well say. I can't wait a minute."

"Who's sick?"

"There aint nobody sick. But I'm as mad as I can live; I've got the jumping tooth-ache, and I want the doctor to pull it."

"I can do that myself," said the student, beginning to take the instruments from a drawer.

"You!" said the man, eyeing him suspiciously. "Did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did I! I wonder if I haint now!" returned the student, in such a tone as to carry with it a conviction to the mind of the hearer, that he was expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

"Do you see it?" said the patient.
"I wonder if I don't!" said Dody.
"Oh, how it does jump!" exclaimed the patient, at the same time springing upon his feet and raving round the room like a bedlamite; "I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head."

"Shut your mouth then," said the student, "do, and keep it in, till I get ready to pull it!" He seated the man once more, and desiring him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horse-flem by way of a gum-lancet, and began to cut round the tooth.

"What are you about there?" roared the patient, as well as he could articulate with the flem in his mouth.
"I'm cutting the goom," replied the student.

"You've got the wrong tooth," roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away; when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—"You've cut my tongue half off!"

"Why didn't you keep your head still then?" said Dody.
"Still! you blundering toad you; and let you pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of my mouth, and in the upper jaw instead of the under one."

"Very well; how should you know which I was cutting? You couldnt see it, and I could."

"Yes, but I could feel it though."

"Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing," said the scientific student. "I could see what I was about while you was only feeling."

"Well, one thing I know," persisted the man, "you've got the wrong tooth."

"Very well," returned Dody, "just as you say. I'll pull any tooth you like; I aint at all particular about that."

The patient was presently seated once more, and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to have extracted.

"I see it," said the student, beginning again to flourish his horse-flem; "I'll get the right one now, if there's any right to it!" Then cutting freely round the tooth, he took the extracting instrument, and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

"Don't put yourself in a pucker," replied the youth; "don't you think I've pulled a tooth afore to-day? Then applying the instrument, he began to twist; but presently resting on his oars, he asked if it hurt.

"Out with it!" said the man, angrily stammering with the instrument in his mouth.

"Very well, sir," said Dody, and began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain, he inquired a second time, with singular humanity, if it did't hurt.

When the patient, ungrateful! for all this attention to his feelings, instead of replying, merely drew his fist, and taking the operator on the side of the head, very nearly knocked him down. Then imitating the language of the student, he asked in turn, "Does that hurt?"

Dody now raised his fist, and was about making a rejoinder in similar terms; but suddenly recollecting himself, he forbore to strike, saying it was his business to

cure and not kill; and if the patient would allow him to apply the instrument once more, the tooth should come out pretty darned quick.

The patient acquiesced; but swore if he stopped again to ask whether it hurt, he would break his good-for-nothing numbskull for him.

"I meant it all in a civil way," returned the student, "and had no idear you'd be affronted about it. But I'll do the job to your liking now; I'll make the tooth hop like a parched pea; if I dont, then darn me!" With that he applied the instrument, and giving it a sudden and forcible wrench, out came two teeth.—"There!" said he, "was't that done slick?"

"Oh! you've pulled my head off!" exclaimed the man, springing upon his feet, applying his hand to his jaw, groaning, roaring, and raving like a mad bull which has just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

"Well, 'twas done plaguy slick, was't it," said Dody, for the first one? thus in his exultation, betraying the ignorance which he had before had the cunning to conceal.

"The first one!" roared the man, with mingled rage and astonishment; "didnt you just now tell me you had pulled many a one?"

"I wonder if I did!" returned the prudent youth.

"Yes, you did," said the patient. Then looking at the spoils of his mouth, which his pain had prevented his examining before, he broke out with new rage. "Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth, instead of one!"

"Well, you needn't be so mad about it," returned the student coolly, "I sha'n't charge you for more than one."

"Sha'n't charge! No, I guess you wo'n't. I wouldn't a had it pulled, that sound tooth for a bright silver dollar. It's enough to lose a rotten one."

"It's no loss to lose a rotten tooth though," replied the student, "and as for the sound one, that would have been rotten sometime, if I hadnt pulled it. I think it best to make a business of it when you're about it, and have a good number pulled at once. They come cheaper that way."

"You hadnt ought to ax any thing for pulling either of these, seeing you've made such a fist of it."

"Well, I told you I shouldnt charge you for more than one."

"I'll be darned if I'll ever pay you that."

"It's no consarn of mine," returned the student, "you may settle it with Dr. Whistlewind."

The patient then bound up his jaws with the handkerchief; put the two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his sufferings; and bidding the student good day, left the shop.

Dodimus next tried his hand at a case of venesection. It was a few days after the operation just detailed, that two females, an old lady and her daughter, came into the shop and enquired for the doctor.

"He is't at home," answered the student.

"Not at home!" said the old lady, "I'm amazing sorry for that. We've come three miles this morning o' purpose to be bled."

"I'm the sort for that!" exclaimed the student.

"You!" said the old lady, who put on her glasses to examine him more minutely.—"why I wouldn't trust such a raw looking thing to bleed our old cat."

"Why, marm!" said the daughter, "how you talk! I dare say the young doctor understands bleeding."

"I wonder if I don't!" returned the youth, considerably elevated by the flattering speech of the daughter. "I've been too long in the world not to understand a thing or two."

"I don't know about that," said the old lady, who eyed the youth suspiciously through her spectacles—"you look to me to be too young and raw."

"Why marm!" exclaimed the daughter again, "how can you call the young doctor raw?"

"Never mind that," returned the student, "your mother'll tell another guess story before she's a hundred years older."

"Well, perhaps I may," said the good lady, "but I've no idear of trusting such a young looking chap, that I never see afore. I s'pose you're nothing but a mere pretence. No, no, I'll have nobody but a finished workman to bleed me."

"You hav'nt tried my bleeding yet," said the youth. "You dont know what for a shaver I am at a lance." Thus saying, he took out his lancet, and began to flourish it between his thumb and finger, to impress the old lady with an idea of his skill and dexterity.

"You may put up your lance again, said she, "you aint a going to bleed me by a jug full. I'll trust nobody but Doctor Whistlewind. He's bled me every year for twenty years; and all that time I've been pure and hearty; I hav'nt had a sick day in all that time."

"What makes you get bled then?" said the youth.

"Oh, because," replied she, "I can't possibly do without it. And my darter here, she gets bled for the same reason. I think every body, that's well enough ought to get bled once a year."

"I'm just of your way of thinking," said

Dodimus. 'Tis very good for the blood to take away a bowl full of it now and then. It sweetens and insipidifies it, as Doctor Whistlewind says."

"I'm sure," said the daughter, speaking to her mother, but so as to be heard by the student, "he talks quite doctorfied. I aint afraid to trust him to bleed me. I don't believe he'll hurt half as much as the old doctor."

"You're always for the young men," said her mother.

"So would you be, if you was a young woman like me," returned the daughter. "For my part I don't like old doctors; they're so rough."

"Well, do just as you please, Patty," returned the old lady; "but I'd wait one while, afore I'd trust a pretence to bleed me. I think as like as not he'll cut your arm off."

"Gorree!" exclaimed the youth, as he surveyed the daughter's arm, now ready for the ligature, "it would take a broad axe to do that."

In fact the girl had an arm, which looked as though it was intended to be the stay and support of future generations.—It was nearer the size of the waist of a modern fine lady after being wound up, than that of her arm before the sleeve is on. In short, it was, as Dodimus declared, as full of meat as it could hold.

He now began to apply the ligature, which he drew so tight, that the girl cried out with very pain.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, how you do grip!"

"Grip!" returned the student—"that's nothing to what it would be, if you was going to have your arm cut off."

"You'll cut it off with the string," exclaimed the girl, writhing beneath the ligature.

"Don't you trouble yourself!" said the youth; "I know what I'm about. I hav'nt been so long in the world for nothing!" Then desiring her to support her arm by holding in her hand a broom-stick, one end of which rested on the floor; he handed her mother a bowl to catch the blood, then giving his lance a thorough dip, he, by the merest accident in the world, hit the vein. The blood spouted violently forth, and taking the old lady full in the face, made her start suddenly back and drop the bowl, which was broken in a hundred pieces.

"Why, marm!" exclaimed the daughter, "how you've smashed that bowl!"

"Smashed it!" said the mother, turning to a small looking glass which hung in the shop, "my face looks as if it was smashed too."

"Never mind the smashing," said the student. "Accidents will happen among the crockery sometimes. We disciples of Lapslapius can't always oburgate these little unavoidable mishaps, that will frequently happen now and then."

"But look here!" said the girl, "it's stopped bleeding!"

The fact was, that Dodimus had drawn the ligature so tight, as to stop the blood in the arteries; and, as a natural consequence, as soon as the veins below the ligature were emptied, the blood had ceased to flow. But the student, being little accustomed to dive into causes, was exceedingly puzzled at the phenomenon.

"What in the name of blood and jalep!" said he, "is the meaning of all this?"

"What under the light of the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, is the reason the blood dont run? This beats me. As many folks as I've bled, I never saw the like before. It's a most unaccountable phenomenon; and there is but one way that I can account for it, and that is—"

"You hav'nt hit the right place," interrupted the old lady, who had been busy wiping the blood from her face.

"No, that aint it!" said the daughter—"the string is tied too tight. My arm is all black and blue now, and as numb as any thing."

"There, dont neither of you know nothing about it!" returned the student.—"And how in the name of blood and jalep should you? You never studied medicine. Now I've gone deeply and superfluently, as a body may say, into the subject, and I pronounce it to be a very extraordinary case."

"I pronounce you to be a gump, and no doctor," said the old lady.

"Well, we shall see how that is presently," said the student, taking from the shelf the old volume on the practice of surgery. "I must consult into the case." After turning over the leaves awhile, he flung aside the book, saying there was no use in it, and that a man might as well look for a needle in a baymow, as for such an extraordinary case in any doctor book.

"But I think," said he, taking out his snuff box and giving two or three professional taps, which he had learned from his master—"I think I begin to see into the case now."

"Oh, how numb it is!" exclaimed the girl, dropping the broom-stick from her hand, at the same time loosening the ligature.

"The peri-o-steam," continued Dody, without noticing what she was about, "must have got between the veny-rally and the angry-post substance, and so stopped the blood."

"It begins to run again!" exclaimed the girl.

"What begins to run?" said the student,

starting suddenly from the profundity of his thoughts.

"What begins to run?" echoed the girl; "why, the blood; and 'twould a run before, if it hadnt been corded so tight."

"May be so," said the youth, as he looked about for another vessel to catch the blood, "and may be not." He was in truth convinced that the young woman was right; but deemed it beneath the dignity of a medical student to confess his error plainly; and he proceeded—"There's a great many strange things, young woman, to be taken into consideration. There is some things that seem to be thus and so, this way and that way; but when you come to look into the matter, they're neither one way nor t'other. Medical truth is one thing, and physical truth is another. You think the arm was tied too tight—"

"I know 'twas," said the girl, "for as soon as I loosened the string, it begun to bleed again."

"All that may be too," said the learned student; "but still nevertheless that does't prove nothing. I've no doubt, as I said before, that the angry-post substance was oburgated by the peri-o-steam; and thus, the blood was stopped."

"I think it's high time it was stopped," said the old lady; "it's already bled a quart, besides what flew in my face."

Dody now removed the ligature; but the blood was not readily disposed to stop. Lint, flour, puff ball (a species of dried mushroom), and twenty other things, besides bandages, were applied; but all to no purpose. The blood obstinately continued to flow.

"Elevate your arm," said the student, who accidentally hit upon a mode of arresting the current; or perhaps recollected to have seen Doctor Whistlewind employ the same means—"elevate your arm," repeated he—"more—more still—raise it up in a slanting, horizontal position, as high as your head."

By attending to these judicious directions, so clearly and learnedly expressed, the blood was at length stanch'd. But here the student was in a quandary, lest, as soon as the arm was let down, the blood should begin to flow again.

"How long must I hold it up?" asked the girl, who was beginning to get impatient.

"How long?" said the student—"why, for that matter—you must—hold it up, and—hold it up, and—keep holding it up."

How long the patient followed these directions, is not precisely known. She pretty soon left the office with her mother; and as she lived many years afterwards in good health, it is presumed her arm did not bleed so as to do her any material injury.

BATTLE OF LUTZEN.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR OF SCHILLER.

Translated for the Military and Nav. Magazine.

The high road, leading from Weissenfels towards Leipzig, is intersected between Lutzen and Markranstadt, by the wet ditch which reaches from Zeitz to Meresburg, and connects the Elster with the Saal. Upon this canal rested the left wing of the Imperial, and the right wing of the Swedish army; the cavalry of both sides, extending itself beyond it. Northward, behind Lutzen, Wallenstein established his right wing, and south of this small town, was posted the Swedish left. Both armies had the high road in their front, which passing between them, separated their orders of battle. The evening before the battle, Wallenstein, to the great disadvantage of his antagonists, had seized this road; the ditches, running along the side of which, he deepened and garnished with musketeers; thus rendering any attempts to cross it difficult and dangerous. Immediately behind it were ranged several pieces of heavy ordnance to support the fire from the ditches; and around the windmills, on a height close behind Lutzen, fourteen light field pieces were placed in battery, which commanded a large portion of the plain. The infantry, divided into five large brigades, assumed the order of the battle at the distance of three hundred paces from the road, and the cavalry covered the flanks. All the baggage wagons were sent forward towards Leipzig, that they might not encumber the movements of the army. In order to conceal the numerical weakness of the force until Pappenheim's troops should arrive, the camp boys and servants were mounted on horses, and posted with the left wing. This disposition was effected in the obscurity of night, and before the day dawned, every thing was ready for the reception of the enemy.

On the same evening, Gustavus Adolphus appeared on the opposite side of the plain, and marshalled his troops for the combat. His order of battle was the same as that by which he had conquered at Leipzig the year previous. Small squadrons of horse were spread through the infantry, and sharpshooters were distributed here and there among the cavalry. The whole army was formed in two lines; on its right and in rear, was the wet ditch; in front, was the high road; and the town of Lutzen was on its left. The infantry under Count Brobe's command occupied the centre, the cavalry was upon the wings, and the artillery was advanced to the front.

The command of the Saxon cavalry of the left wing was given to a German hero, the Duke Bernard of Weimar; while the king himself led his own Swedes of the right wing. The second line was arranged in a like manner, and behind it was posted a reserve corps under Henderson, a Scottish commander.

Thus prepared, they awaited a bloody dawn to commence a struggle, rendered more memorable by long expectancy, than by its possible consequences; more fearful by the character of the troops, than by their number. The feverish sympathies of Europe which had been disappointed before Nuremberg, were to be calmed upon the field of Lutzen. Two such generals, so equal in respectability, fame and capacity, had never before during the war, measured their strength in open battle; so high an emulation had never yet kindled heroism; so mighty a reward had never inspired hope. On the following morning, the most warlike princes of Europe were to learn a new lesson, and the conqueror was to succumb to him that never was conquered. It was to be demonstrated beyond all doubt, whether at Lechstrom and Leipzig, the genius of Gustavus Adolphus, or the unskillfulness of his antagonist, determined the fortune of the day. On the morrow the merit of Friedland was to justify the choice of the Emperor, and the greatness of the man was to outweigh the price at which he had been purchased. Every soldier in the army jealously shared the fame of his leader; and under every one's armor swelled the same feelings that animated the bosom of their General. The result was doubtful; but there could be no doubt as to the hardship and blood it would cost the victors and the vanquished. Each side knew its enemy perfectly, and irrepensible anxiety gave ample evidence of their mutual determination.

At last the fearful morning appeared; but an impenetrable mist, which rested on the field of battle, delayed the attack till mid-day. The King, kneeling in front of his lines, performed his devotions; his army, in a kneeling posture, thundered forth a moving hymn, and the martial music swelled the song. The King then mounted his horse, and protected only by a leather waistcoat and his cloth coat (a would he had formerly received prevented his wearing armour) he rode along the ranks, to inspire his troops with that confidence which was denied by his own breast. "God is with us," was the battle word of the Swedes—and "Jesus Marius," that of the Imperialists. Towards eleven o'clock, the mist rolling away disclosed glimpses of the enemy, and of the town of Lutzen in flames: the town had been fired by order of the Duke, that he might not be outflanked in that direction. The onset was now sounded, the cavalry sprang forward upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced towards the ditches.

Received by a murderous fire from the musketeers and heavy artillery planted behind the ditches, these brave battalions pressed onward to the attack with undaunted courage; the musketeers are forced to retreat from their posts; the ditches are passed, the battery itself is carried and turned against the enemy.—Moving onward in their irresistible course, they overthrow the first of the Friedlandish brigades, soon after that the second, and the third was on the point of being put to the rout, when the sudden appearance of the Duke opposed their further progress. With the quickness of lightning he composed their disorder, and his word of command arrested their flight. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the beaten brigades made a new front against the enemy, and penetrated his broken ranks. A frightful struggle now began; the close contact of the enemy left no room for the use of fire arms, the fury of the conflict no time for loading their firelocks. They fought man to man; the useless musket gave place to the sword and pike, and science to exasperation.—The wearied Swedes, overpowered by numbers, retreated over the ditches, losing the batteries they had just taken. A thousand mutilated corpses already cover the field, and not a foot of ground is won.

In the mean time, the Swedish right wing, led by the king had assailed the enemy's left. The irresistible charge of the heavy Friedlandish cuirassiers had already dispersed the light mounted Poles and Croates, who were posted on this wing, and their disordered flight drew with it the rest of the cavalry in frightful confusion. At this moment the King learned that his infantry had retreated back over the ditch, and that his left wing, annoyed by a murderous fire from the artillery at the wind mill, was giving ground. He instantly instructed General Horn to complete the route of the beaten wing of the enemy, and hastened at the head of the Stenbock Regiment to restore order to its left flank.

His noble horse cleared the ditch by a leap, but the accompanying squadrons found the passage of the ditch so difficult, that only a few horsemen, among whom was Frances Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, were sufficiently expert to keep at his side. He sprang towards that part where his infantry was most dangerously situated; and in looking for some assailable point, where he might direct an attack, his vision being short, brought him quite near the enemy. A lance-cavalry

left wing was given to a German hero, the Duke Bernard of Weimar; while the king himself led his own Swedes of the right wing. The second line was arranged in a like manner, and behind it was posted a reserve corps under Henderson, a Scottish commander.

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