

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.
By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo."

In our days the high born and the wealthy have small inducements to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privileges and honor, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found.—Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and as the well being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, one will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologists; for no punishment more general sympathy—and while his sentence was according to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet major, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st regiment was quartered in Newry when the half yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teeming argument resulted—unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronised a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess room, closed the door, and without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded.

The dying man was removed to his barrack room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit that "every thing was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated intreaties of his opponent replied, "Yes it was fair—but Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitations of his friends, Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time he surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The Governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestrained communication with all who sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the Major's trial, and when I entered the court house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the Assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned in the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and, when on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash or motion of the lip, betrayed in the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm.—Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary ques-

tion was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—Guilty was faintly answered, with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who were through the court, ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given; and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish Government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the King.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London, to throw herself at the Queen's feet and implore her commiseration. To cross the channel before steam had been introduced, was frequently tedious and uncertain; and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbor, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close reefed canvass was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked. At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell inquired if "the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh God! he will be lost," she murmured. "Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across, or perish. "It is madness," said the old man, "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken.

The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the mainsail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and the death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends most delicate and constant attention; and one lady, the wife of Capt. —, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed the gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and that the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him that trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. — urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time for her to retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip—"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket.—"Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of your escape; horses are in readiness, and"—"The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush?" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good night, he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awakening the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment, had been incessant; and now that that hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken; and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, even garrisoned the town; and the same men he had led to the bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon, formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable.—When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to Heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment seat, and when the board descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After been suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it, and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "they laid him in his father's grave."

STEAM PLOUGHS.—Among the premiums to be given by the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland, at their meeting in the present year, is one of 500 sovereigns "for the first successful application of steam power to the cultivation of the soil." The merits of the invention, with reference to the conditions enumerated, will be judged of by a committee of the society, especially appointed; and the inventor will be required to exhibit the machinery and modes of applying it in Scotland. Looking to the greatly extended application which has recently been made of steam as a motive power, and seeing that the difficulties which are opposed to its application to the purposes of the farm have at least been partially overcome by the efforts of individuals, it has appeared to the society that, without exciting expectations which may not be realized, a strong ground exists for having this possible application of steam power made the subject of fair and satisfactory experiment. A steam engine has recently been invented in France, with which, it is said, four miles of ground can in a single hour be excavated with an engine of only eight horse power, to the depth of a foot and the breadth of two feet. The earth, as it is turned up, is thrown into a sort of sail, which hurls it to a distance of 60 feet.—A steam plough has been lately shipped off from Glasgow to British Guiana, intended for the cultivation of sugar lands in that colony—as a great necessity has arisen for the employment of some other power besides manual labour, in working the sugar estates. The machinery consists of two iron boats, one containing a small high-pressure steam-engine with a drum, round which the endless chain of rope is coiled, and the other a reversing pulley, by means of which the chain or rope is extended, and allowed to work whichever way is required; the ploughs are attached to this chain, and made to work backwards and forwards with great rapidity and accuracy. The experiments which have been made were highly satisfactory.—*English Paper.*

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—Who invented the mariner's compass?

This is a question not often put, but less frequently answered. A shepherd of Italy by the name of *Magnus* was the first to discover the properties of the loadstone, a mineral which gives polarity to iron—from the circumstance of his walking over a quarry, and small particles of this stone adhering to the iron nails in his sandals.

In the year 1324, John de Gioja, a handicraftsman of Naples, first discovered that a piece of iron rubbed with the loadstone, and then suspended on its centre of gravity, had the property of pointing to the north star, and he was the first to apply needles on centres for the purpose of navigation.

John tried his needles at different places in Italy, and moored a vessel in the Mediterranean to ascertain whether this magnetic power was the same on water as upon land. The name of *magnet* was given to the loadstone, and to the needle.

The division of the "shipman's card" was first made into quarters, then into 16 and 32 points, and ultimately into 360.

This graduation was progressive, and mar-

ked out upon a moveable disk. It was not until the middle of the last century that the needle and card were combined and hung on a common centre.

In the time of Columbus, nearly two hundred years after the discovery of the magnetic needle by John de Gioja, the card was placed under the needle.

It is worthy of remark that this highly useful instrument, discovered, not invented, through any scientific or theoretical deductions, should still continue to puzzle and baffle the philosopher in his attempts to discover the cause of its variation in the different parts of the Earth.

To the Italians we are indebted for the compass and early enterprize in navigation, and to a Philadelphian for the discovery of the quadrant by Adolphrey.—*U. S. Gazette.*

IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.—The following instance of the imperfect state of communication in the north, about ninety years since, has been communicated to us by a gentleman well versed in local antiquities and general information. When the late Principal Macleod, of King's College, Aberdeen, was desirous of returning with his mother and family to the island of Skye, he applied for a post-chaise in Aberdeen, but found that the only public carriage in the city, fit for the road, had gone that day to Arbroath. There was another vehicle, but it wanted a wheel, and the only person in Aberdeen that could repair it was laid up with drunkenness. The first coup-cart made in the north was constructed under the superintendence of the late Mr. Welsh of Milburn, of ash grown in an island of the river Ness, about the year 1775. This article of daily use (formerly all the carts in the Highlands were made of rungs or small sticks, of the rudest description) was copied by Mr. Welsh from a cart used in the transport of prisoners from Perthshire to be tried at our Circuit Court of Justiciary. The first straight furrow in ploughing land in the province of Moray was made by the late Mr. Thomas Duncan, farmer in Alves, about sixty years since. The worthy farmer marked out the straight lines by means of holes placed in the field, and his neighbours, when they saw these preparations for ploughing, thought Mr. Duncan's mind had fairly "gone a-jee!" The late minister of Dores, the worthy Mr. M'Killigan, used to declare, that when he went first to College at Aberdeen, about eighty years ago, there was not a yard of stone dyke on the high road from Inverness to Aberdeen excepting a small patch at Gordon Castle.

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN ANCIENT WARS.—Accustomed as we are to the effects of war in civilized times, when the most bloody contests are followed by an increase in the numbers of the people, it is difficult to form a conception of the desolation which it produced in barbarous ages, when the void produced by the sword was not supplied by the impulse of subsequent tranquillity. A few facts will show its prodigious influence in former ages. It is ascertained by an exact computation, that when the three great capitals of Khorassan were destroyed by Timor, 4,347,000 persons were put to the sword. At the same time, seven hundred thousand people were slain in the neighbourhood of the city of Mosul, which had risen in the neighbourhood of the ancient Nineveh; and the desolation produced a century and a half before by the sack of Genghiskhan, had been at least as great. Such were the ravages of this mighty conqueror, and his Mogul followers, in the country between the Caspian and the Indus, that they almost exterminated the inhabitants; and five subsequent centuries have been unable to repair the ravages of four years. An army of 500,000 Moguls, under the sons of Genghis, so completely laid waste the provinces to the north of the Danube, that they have never since regained their former numbers; and in the famine consequent upon the irruption of the same barbarians into the Chinese empire, thirteen millions are computed to have perished. During the great invasion of Timour twelve of the most flourishing cities of Asia, including Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, and Damascus, were utterly destroyed; and pyramids of human heads, one of which contained 90,000 skulls, erected on their ruins.

EAGLES COURSING.—When two eagles are in pursuit of a hare, they show great tact: it is exactly as if two well-matched greyhounds were turning a hare—as one rises the other descends, until poor puss is tired out; when one of them succeeds in catching her, it fixes a claw in her back, and holds by the ground with the other, striking all the time with its beak.

THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER WORLD.—It is not in the hey-day of health and enjoyment—it is not in the morning sunshine of his vernal day, that man can be expected feelingly to remember his latter end, and to fix his heart upon eternity. But, in after-life, many causes operate to wear us from the world; grief softens the heart; sickness searches it; the blossoms of hope are shed; death cuts down the flower of the affections; the disappointed man turns his thoughts toward a state of existence where his wiser desires may be fixed with the certainty of faith; the successful man feels that the objects which he has ardently pursued fail to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit; the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, that he may save his soul alive.

It was a clumsy and cruel contrivance of the Romans to use hedge-hogs for clothes' brushes, and prepare them for it by starving them to death; our method of sweeping chimnies is not more ingenious, and little less inhuman.

A surgeon of Glasgow, Mr. R. Hay, has just performed the singular operation of piercing the membranes of the brain of a child, eight months old, for hydrocephalus, or water in the head. No less than five imperial gills, or 25 fluid ounces of water, were extracted. The child, a girl, is doing well.