

all grace in this, with the chance of not passing master in the next world. Poor fellows! they were all in the very spring-time of existence. Alas! what a life is a soldier's! They were led out to the front of the division with their backs towards us; and having now received the embraces and the absolution of their confessors, stood apparently with great firmness awaiting their doom. Sixteen men were now marched out from the same company, and advanced by fours to each, till within three or four yards, when, at a given signal, they levelled their muskets and discharged them simultaneously, giving to each their "cuatro tiros" [four shots] as the Spaniards term it, and they were no more! The division now presented arms, whilst the national air struck up. Then marching off took the high road to Tafalla, a day's march westward on the Ribera. About noon we halted at the "Carraçal" (oak forest), which is one of the most picturesque in Spain, commencing at the foot of a precipitous rocky mountain, known as Mina's Rock, from the fact that, during the wars of Napoleon, Mina had, during a thick fog, surprised and taken prisoners a French brigade bivouacked in this place, and having forced at the point of the bayonet, his prisoners, with their arms pinned, up this second Turpean rock, had by the same means driven them over the perpendicular side, several hundred feet down, at the bottom of which to this day their bones are to be seen, bleaching in the sun. It extends two or three leagues in a southerly direction, and abounds in game of every description. Having fed our horses, we proceeded on our route, and arrived at Tafalla, a small town, late in the afternoon.

A short time after we had taken up our billets, the trumpet sounded orders, and not a little stir was created by an order for five days' rations, and the formation of the division outside the town at two in the morning. It became now tolerably certain that we were really in for one of the not unusual pranks of our friend "Jimmy Lion," and accordingly the next morning at one o'clock, rather too early to be pleasant, we were up preparing for the route, taking our chocolate, and getting our horses shod up for work. At two the column was already in motion and towards the Ebro. The day's march over the plains was oppressive, though then the month of December: a heavy fog in the morning had been dispersed by the rays of a brilliant sun, leaving a hazy and close atmosphere in its stead. The infantry, loaded with five days' rations, lagged behind, not marching with their usual alacrity, and the advanced guard, of cavalry, were now and then obliged to halt to enable the column to come up. About mid-day the division halted on a beautiful, level piece of ground, the infantry piling their arms in line in brigades, with the artillery between, and on each flank the cavalry; the Cacadores of the Guard doing the outpost work, till the whole had performed the not unpleasant task of breakfast, and the cavalry unbridling and feeding. The officers were interchanging civilities with each other, and exchanging the contents of their canteens, sitting crosslegged like so many tailors hard at work, by sixes and sevens, chatting and passing the "bota" [pig-skin] rather freely one to another. Near me were a half dozen gay fellows, laughing, and in which I joined heartily, at an accident that had occurred to a fat, unwieldy, but sporting brigadier, a few minutes before the column halted, and which I will relate. This old tramp piqued himself upon having the finest "galgos" (greyhounds) and horses in the division, not excepting "Jimmy Lion's." He certainly had a queer lot. The greyhounds would have been well enough, if they had been left in the state nature intended they should have been: but no, our sporting brigadier left his own impressions on every one of them, some seven or eight: one had his tail off close to the root, another both ears off, some one ear and half the tail, and others cropped all round, and so on, and giving to each a corresponding name, number one being "sinculo" (without tail), and the rest named accordingly. The horses also were of all colours—skewbalds, piebalds, spots, and creams—and usually harnessed and fashioned out in the funny way Spaniards deck out their horses, that is, tying up their tails and manes with ribbons of different colours. He was ever the amusement of the whole of us. His style-de-camp was also an extraordinary looking little bibe, an infantry officer, very like one of the greyhounds, who was in consequence dubbed "Sinculo," the reader can guess why. Our friend

Sinculo was one of those officious little men whom everybody dislikes, but nobody knows why. A tuft-hunter of the first water, he was never ten yards away from his master, and was in consequence a "nonpareil." On that day he had mounted one of the brigadier's favorite horses, a large piebald, and was as usual riding close behind him, and both, with a servant and the dogs, were a little to the right of the column. As we advanced on the plain, just in front of the leading squadron, a couple of lances started away, and running to the right passed in view of the brigadier's dogs. In a second they were unleashed, and away they went at a tremendous burst. The course was beautiful and very exciting. The brigadier could stand it no longer, and off he dashed at a splitting pace with our friend Sinculo in his wake, and the servant mounted on a mule bringing up the rear. They had not gone, however, four hundred yards, when the fat and sporting brigadier made a somersault in the air, and horse and rider came rolling to the ground. Sinculo, who was as usual behind his coat tails, had no time to pull up, and away he also went over the brigadier and his horse, rolling the whole over and over. At this stage of the accident there was a general roar, particularly as we could now hear the brigadier giving him a thousand "carajos" and "maladitos" for his stupidity.

Some of us rode up to extricate the brigadier, and as he got up carajoling "Sin Culo," we roared out in extasies. It happened that as our friend went down, his head came in contact with the tender regions of the brigadier's abdomen, and bumping the wind out of him had almost annihilated him, and from which the poor old gentleman was just recovering by copious retching, "Sid Culo" was still on the ground insensible. The servant behind him, who was riding the mule, had not been able to swerve the headstrong animal sufficiently to avoid the whole party, and had left the impression of a shoe on the poor devil's face. Never was there a more unfortunate termination to a teasing anticipation.

The brigadier's horse had slipped his foot into an ant hill, snapping one of his forelegs with the impetus of his speed, and the weight of his rider, he was in consequence shot. The other upon which "Sin Culo" had been figuring, and which by the bye it appeared he had mounted without leave, never rose again, his neck having been broken in the fall. The servant and mule had the best of it. Numerous were the "carajos" heaped on our friend "Sin Culo," to the great delight and amusement of everybody,—he was never seen on any of the brigadier's horses after that day.

We continued the route till the evening, when we halted and took up our quarters in a neutral village occupied alternately by our division and the Carlists, as chance brought either party in the neighbourhood. The following morning the "Diana" (assembleé) sounded about one o'clock, and again all was bustle and preparation for a march into the enemy's country as we now ascertained, and our destination "Los Arcos," a town rich in rations of every description, and about seven leagues across the Ribera, in a northerly direction from the village we occupied. As the division was getting rather short of rations, Leon had sent a few days before an order to the "Alcalde" (mayor of the town) to get ready some thousands of rations by a certain day and that he would be there to get them. The Alcalde's laconic reply was, that they would be ready for delivery when he got there. As the day appointed had arrived, Leon had made every preparation for this expedition, and an immense number of bullock-carts and mules had in consequence been collected and sent on to the village, to meet the division that morning, and which were consequently to accompany us for the purpose of carrying away Leon's rather large order upon his Carlist friends.

"Jimmy Lion" eclipsed himself that morning in his attire. Usually superbly dressed as a general officer, with all the insignia of office, and generally mounted on a fine Andalusian charger gaily caparisoned, he now turned out as a gay Hussar, in the sky blue dolman and white pelisse of the Princess' Hussars, of which regiment he had been colonel, and in which he had gained rank and fame; and was mounted on a powerful black charger, the one he usually rode when out upon some of our adventures. Reader, it was an Irish hunter. That morning as he passed our squadron, and as we carried lance and saluted him, he

looked at us with searching eyes, to see if all was right, and as he waved his hand to us he seemed to say, I shall want you near me by and bye.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed a trooper, after the general had passed, "sure and isn't the general a one that black 'banshee' of a horse that is never mounted, but in truth so ne of us are sure to gallop to the devil—bad luck to him!"

"Be easy" said another, "sure and isn't he making a man of the general!"

"Whilst he's after making ghosts of us all!" rejoined a third, "his old trade in Tipperary, when he was soult for making one of his masters when out with the pack. Savor! but I hear't tell of the lep he tuk at the park gate, when he knocked it and his master to flinters and smitherens! but sure, and he's a great horse that same! may be!"

The several brigades were now taking up their places in the line of march, the advanced guard being composed of three battalions of the Princess and some artillery under brigadier Concha, and four squadrons of cavalry, consisting of Cacadores, lancers, and grenadiers of the guards, and one English squadron of lancers, in all numbering about four hundred and fifty horse,—these squadrons from the constant marching had been considerably reduced from their full complements, our squadron not exceeding one hundred and ten. The remainder of the cavalry, consisting of the third dragoons of three squadrons, and a squadron of the eighth light cavalry, were distributed along the convoy of carts and mules,—with the remainder of the infantry, four battalions.—A small rear guard of cavalry bringing up the rear and protecting the stragglers. Leon, as usual all impatience, advanced considerably a-head with the four squadrons of the advanced guard. And in this order we marched on without meeting with any obstacle, or even seeing a vidette, till we had passed a village to our right called Seanna, the first in the Carlist country.

From this point of the plain commenced a slight undulation towards the interior of the Carlist lines, but still perfectly barren and void of trees. On a small hill to the right their first vidette was seen, but no force could yet be discovered, till a little further on, on the slope of another hill, a squadron, dismounted, was observed, but apparently without having any intention of molesting us, and merely watching our movements. After marching another hour, and more towards the Ebro, which was on our left flank about the distance of a mile, we halted to get the column together. The Cacadores of the Guard were thrown out, in skirmishing order, to our right front, on some hills and bluffs, and the remaining three squadrons were ordered to dismount and feed.

(THE CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

MINING INTELLIGENCE,

A letter in the Cornwall Observer states, that a brilliant vein of bright shining silver ore has just been discovered by an enterprising farmer of this neighbourhood, Mr. Barney Baker, situated in the centre of his farm, and running in a south-westerly direction. The ore is of a very superior quality, yielding no less than sixty-five per cent. of pure silver. It contains also a mixture of lead.

FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.—The canal-boat Echo passed Rochester last week with eight tons of native copper from Lake Superior, destined for Boston.

CHURCH MATTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXPOSITOR.

SIR.—Some months ago, a friend of mine from the country accompanied me to church. When he came out, he remarked, "what an ungodly congregation,—half of them do not kneel at prayers—the young men turn round, and gaze at the girls in the choir, and some apparently young ladies, chat and giggle." My friend left town with very unfavorable impressions, I regret to say.

Were the curtain drawn, and a little wholesome exhortation administered by the officiating clergyman, this lukewarmness in devotion would probably cease.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Nov. 17, 1846.

"OBSERVER."