A Memory.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

How dear to my heart are the old-fashioned dresses,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
In fancy I see the old wardrobe and presses
Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I knew,
The wide-spreading mohair, the silk that hung by it,
The straw-coloured satin with trimmings of brown,
The ruffled foulard, the pink organdie nigh it—
But, oh, for the pocket that hung in each gown!
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown!

That dear roomy pocket I'd hail as a treasure,
Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day;
I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
But all my modistes sternly answer me, "Nay!"
'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping,
'Twould hold my small purchases coming from town;
And always my purse or my kerchief I'm dropping,
O me! for the pocket that hung in my gown!
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown!

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard it!
Each day ere I'd don it, I'd brush it with care;
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,
Though trimmed with the laces an empress might wear,
But I have no hopes, for the fashion is banished;
The tear of regret will my fond visions drowned;
As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished,
I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown—
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BATTLE.

Michael did not further molest me during our stay in Cork. He had indeed but little chance, for if ever a man worked hard at his profession it was I. I was determined to lift myself into a position where I might be on equal footing with Michael and worthy of his sister, who was now more than ever in my mind. At this time I knew not the manner in which I had escaped the undeserved punishment awarded by the court-martial. Neither did I, though I kept my eyes open and begged Doyle to do the same, ever see in the barracks Doyle's little girl. For a long time I could only fancy that it was indeed Ellen who had thus crossed my path, and, like a ray of golden sunshine, transformed the darkness into light. And this fancy comforted me thereafter in many a desperate place; indeed, until it was turned into reality by her own confession.

It was near the middle of July before we sailed from Cork on the expedition to Portugal, ten thousand of all arms.

We settled down for a few days' rest among the pleasant vineyards and olive groves of Lavos. Here also General Spencer joined us with a most welcome reinforcement of six thousand men, and here, too—to descend from great matters to small—I was promoted to the rank of sergeant by the good offices of that same captain who spoke for me at the court-martial, and who afterwards received Sir Arthur Wellesley's instructions for my release.

As I sit and think of the tremendous drama unfolded year by year, beginning with our landing in Mondego Bay, and ending seven years later on another soil in the final triumph of Waterloo, my own little affairs, wrapped up in the greater, sink into such smallness that I almost fear to proceed, lest I should seem to take to myself an importance that nothing can justify.

Had I been anxious from the first to be in the thickest of the fighting, which I confess I was not—'tis strange how so terrible a trade increasingly fascinates and allures one—I could not have enlisted in a better regiment for the purpose than the Rifles.

One beautiful Sunday morning in August the expected summons to arms came. I was sleeping in the open, dreaming of home and the Hampshire downs, when the sound of the drums brought me to my feet. I looked around, the sun had risen, and its early light was shining over the little village of Vimiera at my feet. The beautiful landscape, soon to be blotted out by smoke and disfigured by fire and blood, recalled again the home scenes.

It was no time for thought. General Junot decided to make a grand assault on Sir Arthur Wellesley's position, and carry out his oft-repeated boast of driving the English into the sea.'

In this manner General Laborde led two thousand men against our small advance guard, numbering in itself scarce four hundred men. The very sound of their approach was terrible. Their shouts came up with the wind through the still Sabbath air. A bird rose with a wild cry from its nest in a bush to our right, but the thin red line of the 50th Regiment and the green of our Rifle company remained immovable. We were now not individuals but one man, animated by a determination to obey though we died.

Nearer still, and the confusion in the column seemed greater. Some were huzza-ing, shouting, "Vive l'Empereur, en avant! a la bayonette!" A few had placed their shakoes on the muzzles of their muskets, waving them above their heads.

Only four hundred paces and yet our lines stood with ordered arms. Not a sound came from the ranks.

Suddenly Colonel Walker raised himself in his stirrups and shouted an order. It was caught up and repeated from company to company.

"Shoulder arms!" Again the command rang out. "Fire!" The English wall of rifles became a furnace vomiting a sheet of flame and a volcano of molten lead. The horrible task was soon ended. The first attack had failed. The column rolled back, broken and dispirited.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

When it was seen that the stay of the army about Oporto might be lengthy, every ship from England brought a crowd of non-combatants to swell the rag-tag and bob-tail of the camp following, of which at all times in the Peninsula we had more than plenty.

Wives came to join their soldier husbands, many a score of them as hardy, adventurous and versed in the toils and artifices of war as the men. Pedlars and dealers came to buy and sell the spoils of the enemy or the peasantry. Characters of all kinds, some good, most bad, of all nationalities and none; runaway sailors, escaped criminals, the off-scouring of Mediterranean ports,—all made around the camp a ring of thievery and crime.

After the Portuguese civil authorities had tried in vain to keep order and decency in this throng, those in command of the English military forces took the matter in hand.

After weary months of inaction news at length came that Bonaparte had crossed the Pyrenees in person and Spain was suing for England's help to drive him out. Events then followed rapidly enough. Sir John Moore arrived in Lisbon to take command of the troops who had fought at Vimiera, and lead them northward into Spain. It was only by using strict measures, even to the extent of hanging a man, that Sir John Moore was able to prevent marauding and pillage by his badly-equipped and unpaid army.

On November 11th, the advance guard crossed a rivulet which divides Portugal from Spain and marched to Ciudad Rodrigo, and two days later to Salamanca. The weather was bitterly cold, the ground covered with snow, and talk of retreat to the sea-coast filled the air. Every day the French position was getting stronger and our own weaker. Bonaparte was marching from Madrid with 40,000 men. Further delay might have resulted in the destruction of the entire army, and Sir John Moore, brave man and skilful general that he was, realized that his only safety lay in retreat. It commenced in order. It passed through critical moments when rout, not retreat, seemed probable, it ended in a drawn battle and the death of our general.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TALE OF THE REARGUARD.

Let me tell you of a matter that happened on the third day of our sorrowful journey. In that dreary plod, plod, plod, through rain and snow, through slough and mud, across flooded fields, covered with thin coatings of ice, hundreds dropped by the wayside. Alas! not men only, but even women and little children. Many wives had been allowed to accompany their soldier husbands to Portugal, and others had joined the force during the weary months of waiting near Lisbon. Very bravely these poor creatures kept up with the army in the marching and counter-marching. But there was a limit to their endurance. When the retreat was ordered, waggons were found for some, unhappily not for all. If those who rode were in hard straits, the condition of the many who had to make the journey on foot was soon pitiable indeed. After two days marching, and two cold, fireless, often foodless nights, nature gave way, and many abandoned themselves to despair, gradually dropping back and back, until they found themselves in the rear. This, once a place of safety, now, alas! threatened the twofold danger of death by cold and capture by the French. Many a poor, wounded soldier, ragged and shoeless, with head bound up in dirty cloths or foot in a makeshift sling, hobbled along in the sad company of the camp stragglers.

It was our duty to keep the rear compact and free from disorder, and with one after another dropping out and falling behind, the task seemed impossible. We did our best to encourage the weary. We argued, we begged, we threatened, but with some it seemed hopeless. Finally we had to pass first one and then another. It was sad, but inevitable.

At noon on the third day, Doyle was tramping by my side, and heedless of the falling snow and terrible road under his feet, whistling a merry tune. He broke off in the middle to step to one side of the road and examine a snowy heap, out of which a few rags were showing. As he went I turned and saw him hastily brushing the snow away. Then he ran back.

"Sergeant," he said, "for the love of heaven, ask the captain to let me fall out with a man or two. As I'm a sinner, 'tis poor Tim Maloney's wife in that drift there—a man of my own town, sergeant, and when he fell in the skirmish last week I promised to see her safe home again."

Captain Ritchie passed at that moment. He was riding a sorry mount, and lucky to get it. I hastily told Doyle's story.

"All right, sergeant, let Corporal Doyle take a man and see what he can do. Here's my flask, it may be some use; but stay, suppose you go yourself; we've left so many of these poor fellows behind us! Get together all you can. It won't be easy. You know the risks. If you can bring any of them in to-night I won't forget you. With the corporal here and another man—take whom you like—you may be able to do something."

The kind-hearted captain rode on. I chose a man, a young, active south-countryman, Trumbull by name, and with Doyle, turned back along the snow-covered road to the spot where the woman lay. Before we reached her, the last of the rearguard had turned the corner of a small hill and were out of sight.

In a minute we found the woman. The snow had fallen again over the face of Maloney's wife. Doyle once more brushed it away, showing the fair skin, blue with the hue of a terrible death. I attempted to raise her, but she was already rigid and cold as the snow on which she lay. Doyle bent over, and tried to force the mouth of the flask between her teeth. Tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes.

"It's too late," he said, "too late; an' I promised poor Tim."

Just then something stirred under the shawl, and Trumbull started back almost in fright, but Doyle tore the heavy woollen shawl away, and hastily snatched that something up. A child's cry, faint and exhausted, came from the bundle he held in his arms.

"Look at it," he said, tenderly unwinding a woollen comforter which had been wrapped round the infant. "Tim's child, an' I never thought of the little one—I was thinking so much of its mother."

I looked at the strange group—the great, rough soldier, holding the bundle, with its spark of humanity within, close to his tattered uniform, Trumbull still leaning over the dead mother; and for a background the leafless trees, snow-covered save where the wind had swept the branches bleak and bare—and wondered where my duty lay. Here was the first of my stragglers. Must I look for more?

"Trumbull," I said, "it seems as if there might be a path through the woods here. Follow it a hundred yards, and see whether by any chance there is a hut or a cottage to which we can take the child."

"By your leave, sergeant," said Doyle quickly, "I'll stick to the child, if I have to carry it to Corunna."

"I'm not the man to say no, Doyle," I answered, "but if we can find a place to put it while we finish the work the captain set us to do, so much the better. In the meanwhile—"

I looked at the body at our feet and remained silent. Doyle understood. Handing the child to me, he knelt down and loosened a little locket that hung about the neck of Tim Maloney's wife. This, in turn, he fastened around the neck of the infant, now, poor child, crying bitterly at exposure to the cold air and lack of food. Then he wrapped the woman's body once more in the shawl, and digging away the snow with his bayonet, allowed it to fall gently into its temporary resting-place by the roadside. It was all we could do, and pitiably little, too. His task was not yet finished when Trumbull returned hastily.

"I've found the place you want," he said, "a rough place, but weather-tight and deserted."

"If we could find a woman to take her place," I said, looking from the child in my arms to Doyle.

"Let him take the child for a time, sergeant," said Trumbull, "we shall find women enough, I'm afraid, unless they are all like that poor thing there. If we meet one we can send her back to the hut."

Doyle had now completed his work, but he still remained kneeling, and his lips moved. If ever there was a heartfelt prayer, it was the one Doyle offered at that lonely grave. When we saw his attitude we both stood in reverent silence until he rose to his feet. Then he took the child from my arms, and together we started along the road we had so recently traversed.

Trumbull's prediction was soon verified. We found not one but two women, mother and daughter, and both soldiers wives. They had been left behind, more by accident than through weakness, and were both footing it bravely like old campaigners. To them Doyle consented to deliver the child, and directing them to the hut, where Trumbull had happily noticed a good stock of dry fuel, we parted with them for a time. They were carrying their own rations and promised to make a warm sop for the child. The younger woman was well satisfied to have such a charge, for, as her mother whispered, "It's like getting her own back, sergeant, you couldn't have done her a better turn,"—which comforted Doyle mightily.

"Now, did you ever see the likes of that?" said Doyle, as we turned a bend in the road and came in sight of a strange encampment.

(To be continued.)

HOW WESLEY EARNED TEN GUINEAS.

The eminent artist, Mr. Ceely, who had in his gallery a fine bust of John Wesley, tells this story concerning it.

Mr Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused, alleging as a reason that he thought it nothing but vanity, indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea.

One day he called on me on the business of our church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness.

"Well," I said, "knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time, you shall receive a guinea."

"What!" said Mr. Wesley, "do I understand you right? You will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well, I agree to it."

He then stripped off his coat and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. I counted out ten guineas into his hand.

"Well," said he, turning to his companion, "I never till now earned money so speedily, but what shall we do with it?"

They wished me good morning and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. In a few hours every penny of the money had been given away in charity.

Susie— Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring? Her Father—"The woman."