

commission in the —— regiment in India, and you know the remainder of my history to the present time; the rest I can also tell you.

"You may laugh at me if you will, and call it idle superstition, but I know that to-day I shall fall in yonder breach. Last night, when lying in my tent awake, the cannon still thundered, and the falling stonework, as each ball took effect, told the progress of the siege, suddenly before me stood the white spirit of the O'Mores!—a low wail burst from her lips—a louder volley of artillery bellowed forth, and hurled its deadly charge against the tottering walls, which, with horrid crash, came down, a mass of ruin; but above that crash the spirit's scream was heard, as, pointing towards that yawning breach, she vanished. I knew well the import of her visit, and hastened here by early dawn to view the spot where the last of the O'Mores is to find a grave."

I should have endeavored to laugh him out of a fancy which his excited mind had conjured up, but that the serious and earnest manner in which he spoke had affected my own spirits, and I felt unable to dispel a superstitious fear which had crept on me of the truth of the event which he foretold.

Suddenly the loud rattle of drums beat startlingly on the chill air. The sound was echoed from rank to rank—the call to arms spread through the lines, and the trenches teeming with life, glittered with shine of arms; nor was the sound unheard or unattended to within the city—for an instant the walls were seen bristling with the Indian spear or the more modern bayonet, and the yawning breach was crowded with willing hundreds ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their monarch;—an exterminator and robber of the human family! the next, all was enshrouded in dense clouds of smoke, as the Artillery's dread noise burst forth. And other sounds still more horrid soon broke upon the ear. The yell of human voices in their rage—the piercing scream of agony, or the loud groan of anguish, mingled with the exploding shell—the crash of the falling wall, or the bursting gun—all united in such horrid din, that the mind became bewildered, and you ceased even to fear.

Our regiment was commanded to advance—I looked along the line for O'More; his face was pale, but not with fear; the compressed lip, the steady and piercing eye, the slightly depressed brow, and pale cheeks, told of determination, but not of terror; I had time for no further thought—I was hurried quickly forward, entered the river, crossed it, and pressed forward amidst a crowd and tumult of all the most fearful sounds earth could produce. I ascended a rugged height—was driven suddenly backwards and fell; I sprang again to my feet, and beheld the enemy immediately in front, coming down on us; the rank before me had given way, and our own wavered in its advance. At that moment, a young officer bearing the colors rushed to the front, and waving his sword, dashed fearlessly towards the enemy; a loud cheer burst from our line, and soon a file of bayonets were by his side; the wavering troops rallied and advanced to the support of their young leader; on went the standard in our front—the foe yielding before the impetuous valor of its brave supporter, fell back on their last post in the breach; here they made an attempt to rally—vain the attempt, the victorious column with their gallant leader was again amongst them—again the enemy, terror-stricken, gave way before them; the charmed flag of Britain was borne aloft by an Irish hand, it ascended the ramparts, it reached the highest point and floated triumphantly upon the walls. Its gallant bearer turned towards his companions, who now thronged the breach, and raising his cap, gave the cheer of victory! Loudly was it echoed by the troops beneath, as in their heroic leader they recognized the young O'More; the next instant the flag, which he had so proudly borne, dropped from his grasp; he stood an instant motionless, then staggering on the wall, fell from its height back into that wide gap he had so lately made the road of victory! A yell of vengeance burst from the soldiery, as they rushed madly into the devoted city, or along the walls, where yet some straggling troops resolved to die as soldiers! I was borne with the throng heart-sick and bewildered, I knew not whether, till I found myself in the city wander-