

Heeter, and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I suppose the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property. 'Vino! quiero vino!' said I again; 'give me vino!' 'Nada, nada tengo!' he repeated. I had already drawn my bayonet. As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried 'Vino!' 'Nino tengo—nino, nino es!'—(I have none)—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine skin, I should have believed him. 'Lying rascal,' said I, 'so you won't give me the liquor? then the dry earth shall drink it!' and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast. Oh! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart! The poor Spaniard opened his cloak; he pointed to his wounded child, and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done—'MONSTER! ARE YOU SATISFIED?'

'I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth; he saw, and he accepted my anguish, and we joined to save the little victim. Oh! it was too late! The little hoy had fastened his small clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately, and seemed to ask alike from his father and his murderer that help which it was beyond the power of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentous pressure of its little hands would give the gasping father a short vain ray of hope. You may believe that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye, and two of his limbs, who has lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital, after a hot engagement, must have learnt to look on death without any concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself, and often have felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant that the heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat; while the streak of life and health was still fresh on the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebbing slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless innocent child! It was by mistake—by accident. Oh, yes! I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears; the father's agony will follow me to the grave!'

And it did follow him to the grave. Night and day he saw his bayonet stained with infant blood, through his cries after the accursed drunkards. Night and day he saw the agonising Spanish father bending in speechless horror over his bleeding child. Soldiers had murdered the mother; death had robbed him of all her family—but this one dear little boy. Him he concealed beneath his cloak, and fled from the brutal, fiend-like, drunken English soldiers; but a drunkard pursued him; a drunkard threatened him; a drunkard flourished the fatal weapon over him; that drunkard might have been welcome to plunge it into the heart of the horror-stricken father; but the child—oh, the child; the infant of his wife, whose blood-stained corpse he had just

covered over in a pit to screen her from English drunkards,—yes, there lay the father bathed in his infant's blood; and well might the last groan of a dying father summons the guilty drunkard to the bar of God, to account for the double murder of both father and child, for the drunkard's bayonet that struck the one, penetrated with grief the heart of the other, and both lay at the drunkard's feet, the victims of military intemperance, until God makes inquisition for blood.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

HENRY, late Earl of Pembroke, had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His Lordship used an ingenious expedient to prevent the expostulations of those about him: he feigned himself deaf; and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answers, not by what was said to him, but by what he desired to have said.

Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity, till at length he became coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed. My Lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore desire that he may be turned off." "Ay," said his Lordship, "he has lived with me from a child; and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us."

John, however, one evening as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde-park. Though not much hurt, yet she began to tease the Earl. "Here," said she, "is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; and if he is not discharged, he will one day break our necks." "Ay," said my Lord, "is poor John sick? I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," said my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Ay," replied my Lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." The lady, finding it useless to remonstrate, went away in a passion, and the Earl, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you; and, as long as you behave well, you shall always be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me that you are taken ill; and, indeed, I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, where, by his Lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeeful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit; for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His Lordship sent, very formally, twice a-day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery; whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman, who acted as his nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his Lord-