

are *billy wounded*. He gave me some drink and tears rolled down his cheeks; but then he turned away and severed others sat down around the fire without noticing me. Soon however came the man whose straw I had been laid upon, he gave me two kicks and dragged me by the neck of the bundle, hurtling me much. Two or three Frenchmen starting up took my part. Then the tall officer returned, and I was very angry, but the beast who kicked me would not let me be put back on the straw, which he claimed. The officer told them to take me into the ruin of a blown-up house, or magazine, but he left in, and then the men took me into another ruined room, and threw me into the filth with which it was filled, and began to laugh at me. I was very angry, wished myself dead at once, and said something violent, whereupon they seemed to consult about killing me, and my hopes of life fled; indeed my wish was not to live, but at that moment the officer came back with two or three men, and with two soldiers who had before left the place, I think to call them and save me. These officers were very angry, but my understanding was faint, and my desire was to be put out of misery, for I thought we had lost the battle and I my part of body was past bearing. They offered me broth and wine, but I could touch nothing from the agony of my wounds, and groaned at times, for the pain was no longer supportable even before an enemy.—General Renaud now sent an officer with my sword, desiring me to wear it for I had used it well. I wrote my name and rank on a piece of paper—with a stick dipped in my blood—and requested the officer to give it and my sword to Marshal Soult, with a request to speak to him. That officer did not return. What troubled me most was that no flag of truce came in for me. I thought that Moore was angry that myself and the regiment had been disgraced, and therefore he would not send in, nor let George come; then the fancy came that George was killed, but my thoughts were all wild and sad that night. About two hours after Hennessey had gone, the French officers went away, one after another. The fire was out and it was dreadfully cold, yet pain kept me from feeling it so much, and all that long and horrible night and next day did I lie wishing for death, and expecting it if a stray soldier should see me. There was no roof, only a few feet of wall standing, and the following evening, about dark, being in less pain, I crawled out, reckless of being killed or not. Outside there was a Frenchman cooking; he was a blind man and gave me some broth, but I could not eat it. He went away, but returned with another soldier, and they made up a little more fire, rolled themselves in their greatcoats and other warm things, and lay down. Pain kept me waking, and the fire went out soon, for there was no fuel. I had no waistcoat or drawers, only a uniform coat and trousers, and the cold was dreadful, for it was January and the wind high. An officer was on my hat, and I pulled it off to cover my head and face; then putting my hands on my forehead, I lay down. My feet and legs lost all feeling, and the wounds began to pain me, and I moved. About midnight the two Frenchmen went their way, and promised to tell their commandant of my state, yet the second dreadful night passed and no one came. Next day about three o'clock a musician came near me, and I persuaded him to take me to his regiment, but to walk was agony. I was however very kindly received by all the French officers: they treated me well, and finally forwarded me on to Marshal Soult's quarters. *Monsieur de Chamot*, aide-de-camp to Soult, came to me; he was all kindness and attention, and offered me money, which was declined, but I told him his men had been expert in robbing me; that every one who met me as I was borne to the rear had asked *Est-il pillé?* and thereupon always, *Oh, pour ça, oui, joliment!*

Such were my own adventures in the battle of Corunna, told without modesty or concealment; for I write not this for the public, but from old notes for my wife and children, with no desire to make them think more or less of my actions than the reality. I felt great fear for a few minutes at one period of the fight; yet it was not such as to influence my conduct, and

it no other period did I a thought of my own safety cross my mind. It was when alone in the lane and expecting to meet numbers in persons and combat that my nerves were most affected, but as my short-sightedness disabled me from seeing what was going on, and what was to meet, I feared to feel a sudden attack. With all this alarm was not my feeling when the men told me we were cut off, nervousness then ceased, and only the thought of how to break through the enemy remained, and if it not been for the stab in my back, and the sudden lameness, I should have done so, for my resolution was that no man should go before me that day, and no man die, unless Hennessey.

'Are we cats that we live and bear such wounds?' said Charles Napier of himself and his brothers. Nearly forty years afterwards, when increasing feebleness told him that his end was not far distant, he wrote in his journal, 'Two is my number—two wives, two daughters, two sons, two victories, and two deaths. I died at Corunna, and now the grim old villain approaches again.' He had not only passed through the agonies of death, but was believed to be dead. His brother George spent many hours of the night wandering about the field of battle with a lantern, turning over corpse after corpse. He was not aware that Charles survived to Hennessey, in the following year, found him out at Taavera, and told him the adventures of the lost brother he mourned. The Irishman, having occasion to leave his wounded Major for a few instants in the town at Corunna, took from him his spurs, whispering as he unbuckled them, 'They are silver; the spalpeens would murder you for them.' Hennessey never returned, and Charles Napier imagined that, supposing him to be dying, he thought that the booty had better fall to a countryman than to a foe. He had, however, been seized by the French, and marched off a prisoner to the Pyrenees. He contrived to escape at Pampeluna, and, having sold one of the spurs which had pressed for food, he now surprised George Napier by producing the other. When Hennessey was taking them off at Corunna, the poor Major, remembering that they were the gift of his sister, and that he had received them with the expression, 'Now I am your knight,' requested his rude but faithful squire to convey them back to the donor, if he escaped. After waiting for some time in Spain this wild Irishman got leave of absence to visit his wife and child at Cork, but instead of proceeding his steps in a straight line home-wards, he traversed two hundred miles round to give the spurs to Miss Napier. When at last he arrived at his own city he heard that his Major was gone back to the Peninsula and, immediately allowed him to be it even washing the spurs remaining yards to fulfil the object of his journey and visit his wife. 'Some pages,' says Sir William, 'in the book of human nature are certainly very difficult to read! Difficult, indeed, when the remainder of the story is told, and it is related that this Hennessey, who appeared to concentrate all his virtues into a sort of feudal devotion to his chief, was not only an inveterate plunderer, but during the period that he was in the lines of Torres Vedras, and had excellent rations, went to a wretched hovel where dwelt a man, his wife, and three children, and plundered them of their few clothes and their single loaf, leaving them to die. Once he feigned to have lost the use of his legs from disease. Convicted of the deceit, he was ordered to receive five hundred lashes. After the punishment was over he still persisted in the pretence. A second time he was tried, and a second time endured the full infliction, though at every twenty-five lashes he was offered pardon if he would return to his duty. A third time

he was brought before the court, which now increased his punishment to eight hundred lashes. He was told his sentence should be remitted if he would run to a church which stood a short distance off. He declared in reply that he was unable to stir. Five hundred lashes had been administered, when at last he exclaimed, 'Colonel, take me down; I can't stand it, boys; I'll run to the church.' These fifteen hundred lashes had been endured, says Charles Napier, 'to maintain a false school, for he had never been ill a day.' To the relief of his Major, who was in constant apprehension that he would perish by the hands of the Provost Marshal, a cannon-ball carried off his head in the Pyrenees, having merited by his villainy a felon's death, and by his courage and fidelity the death he died.

The preservation of the life of Charles Napier at Corunna was ultimately the cause of Guibert losing his own. Napoleon awarded him for his interference the cross of the Legion of Honor. Another person falsely pretended to have been the deliverer of the Englishman, and got a decision in his favor. The dreamer, enraged at the injustice, deserted, and was re-taken and shot. 'The saviour and the saved,' says Sir William Napier, 'are now beyond human knowledge; but if spirits are permitted to commune, they have met where it will not be asked under what colours a noble action was performed.' Thirty years afterwards Charles Napier was made a Knight of the Bath. Across all the incidents of his busy and troubled life his mind glanced back to his preserver at Corunna, and he wrote to ascertain if he was entitled to supporters, 'for if so,' he added, 'one shall be a French drummer, for poor Guibert's sake.'

To be continued.

Excessive Drill.—We hear, with much regret, that very numerous desertions are now taking place in the Goldstream Guards, quartered in the Tower of London. Allowing something for the disorganization incidental to a severe campaign, and the youthfulness of many of the soldiers, we have still reason to fear that much of the desertion arises from the discontent engendered by the continuance of the "bill-ring drill." The scene of the drill to which we before objected has been changed to the moat of the Tower, a locality equally exposed to public view. There is abundant space in the Tower, out of the sight of the ordinary visitors, and in adopting this the poor culprits undergoing knapsack drill might have the dreadful twelve-foot ring considerably enlarged.

FRENCH VIEW OF THE CHINESE WAR.—The *Contes* entertained by one or two organs of the *London* press with respect to the justifiable character of the bombardment of Canton are not shared by the *Paris* journals. Thus the *Uniters*, which will never be considered a partisan of England, and which from its clerical character must be regarded as hostile to unnecessary bloodshed, decidedly approves of the measures taken by the British Admiral, and therefore says:—"We have before our eyes the Chinese version of the causes which led to the bombardment of Canton: Many persons, even in England, are pleased to accept this version, and to accuse Admiral Seymour of having seized the first pretext which presented itself in order to carry out an attack that had long been premeditated. Our correspondent from Hong Kong, who is anything but an Englishman, asserts that this accusation is by no means founded on truth. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that European Powers have for a long time past had a thousand legitimate reasons for chastising the Chinese in an exemplary manner. If anything is to surprise us, it is not the bombardment of Canton, but the patience with which Christian Europe has endured for centuries the insolence and deceit of this barbarous nation."