

ment, or the still more delightful sounds of vocal melody; the sweet warbling of birds, or the soft murmurings of falling waters; none of these can produce a sensation of equal delight to that which stirs the breast of the wanderer from Erin, when the full, bold accents of his native land breaks upon his ear; the sound itself is melody, but home and all its associations are connected with it, and he yields to the speaker a portion of that love which he has awakened within him; and thus, from the moment Carthy O'More, first spoke to me, he was my friend—he was not only an Irishman, but like myself, a native of the County of Kerry. We spoke of the wondrous beauties of our dear Killarney's silvery lakes, of the wild and rugged cliffs of the west, which stand the bulwark of Europe, against the rage of the Atlantic; and places passed over an hundred times before unnoticed, now recurred to our minds abounding with beauties; for distant home was the charm which smiled on them. I made known to him my reason for being absent from my regiment, and asked him when he had joined the service, as I was surprised he had not been with the regiment when it left Madras. A cloud passed over his face, and the expression of melancholy which had in some measure fled, now returned; he was silent for a time, and appeared a little embarrassed; he told me, however, that the transports for India sailed from Cork before he had determined to join the army, and that afterwards having done so, he was obliged to embark in a trading vessel, and on his arrival in Madras, found that the regiment, for which he had been gazetted, had advanced some time previous to the interior; he had joined the party with whom he had been, and was now like myself, near the end of his journey. Returning to former topics the time flew quickly over, and night had completely overshadowed us before we entered the British lines. During the interval occupied by the siege, my intimacy with the young O'More had increased daily, and the friendship was mutual. Every hour that our duties permitted we spent together, and although rather reserved and retiring in his manners, yet he was a general favorite, not only with the

officers of his own regiment, but with all to whom he had become known. We had lain a month before the city, when on the night of the 3rd of May, the engineers declared the breach practicable, and the morrow at one o'clock was decided as the time of attack. Morning scarcely dawned when I hastened to the tent of O'More, to tell him the joyful intelligence which I had just learned, but found he was already up and out; following the direction his servant told me he had taken, I soon arrived at the spot where he stood, leaning against the intrenchment that faced the shattered breach; he appeared lost in thought as he gazed into the tranquil river, as it flowed smoothly on beneath. The artillery had ceased, and all nature seemed so still, it was difficult to imagine that so soft a calm would be shortly broken by so wild a storm—that the air, which now breathed no murmur, would soon be rent by the roar of red artillery, the shout of the combatants, the screams of wounded, and the groans of the dying; and that that placid river, now gliding noiselessly along its course, should be lashed by the passing ball, and red with the blood of its native sons. O'More was paler than usual; I approached him and laid my hand on his shoulder before he observed me; he started slightly and turning round, looked at me as one awaking from a dream.

"You have not heard the news, apparently," said I, "or you would not wear so grave an aspect. We are to attack the breach to-day, which will be merely a matter of form to our taking possession of it."

"I have heard of the proposed attack," said he, "and know it would take place before it was announced to me; it is a matter of form that will find many a British soldier, as well as me, a grave beneath the walls."

"By my faith, O'More, had I not seen your eye kindling with the fire of chivalry, when we advanced on the foe, at Malavilly, I would have said you feared to-day's engagement, but I would not believe it, if you yourself professed it."

"I think I fear death as little as most men, for to me the prospect affords rather a gratification than otherwise; but strong indeed must be the mind, as callous the heart, which can look into eter-