

and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still farther back, and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken, when a young officer, in the uniform of a general, dashed impetuously up; he held his plumed cap high above his head, as he called out, "14th, follow me! Left face—wheel—charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear-guard was at this moment at the narrowest part of the road, which opened by a bridge upon a large open space, so that, forming with a narrow front, and favoured by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile, the carnage was dreadful on both sides; our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting men for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons, that we stopped not, till piercing the dense column of the retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled, and prepared once more to meet them; when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and, supported by a field piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid, but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost; already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as, waving his sabre, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge, that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for, as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder: scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep sabre cut in the cheek, from an aide-de-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the general; while I, in my endeavour to save General Laborde, when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned, that I remembered no more around me; I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness; my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank, and felt my faithful follower, Mike, bathing my temples with water, as he kept

up a running fire of lamentations for my being murthered so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me alannah; say that you're not kilt, darling—do now. Oh, wirrah! what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Would'nt he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you today? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beatin' them; there only gone now. That's right,—now your coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, my poor fellow, you've got sore bones too," cried Power, as, his face swathed in bandages, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley —"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow! he has seen his last battle-field. He fell across me, as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms, and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead—not a sigh, not a word escaped him;—shot through the forehead." As he spoke his lips trembled, and his voice sunk to a mere whisper at the last words,— "You remember what he said last night.—"Poor fellow! 'he was every inch a soldier.'"

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head towards the scene of our late encounter: some dismounted guns and broken wag-gons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy, as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.

ON EDUCATION.

I think we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—*Locke*.

PHYSIC.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.—*Addison*.