

drons 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 thicket 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 murdered so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles!—Spake to me alanah; 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 to-day? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beaten' them; there only gone now. That's right,—now you're 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 with 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 waggons 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.



LIKE the soul of the landscape is the gush of a fresh stream; it knows no sleep, no pause, it works for ever—the life, the cause of life to all around. The great frame of nature may repose, but the spirit of the water rests not for a moment. As the soul of the landscape, so is the soul of man, in our deepest slumbers its course glides on, and works unsilent, unslumbering through its destined channel.



THE first troubadour on record was a Prince, viz. William Count of Poitou. He lived at the end of the eleventh century, and at the commencement of the twelfth, dying in 1122. He took part in the first crusade, and with most of his companions in that expedition, suffered numerous hardships and difficulties.