

shut his mouth a great many times, but couldn't get out one word.

"He complains and raves of you," said the child, "I don't know what you have done, but I hope it's nothing very bad." "I done!" roared Kit.

"He cries that you're the cause of all his misery," returned the child with tearful eyes: "he screamed and called for you; they say you must not come near him or he will die. You must not, return to us any more. I came to tell you. I thought it would be better that I should come than somebody quite strange. Oh, Kit, what have you done? you, in whom I trusted so much, and who were almost the only friend I had!"

The unfortunate Kit looked at his young mistress harder and harder, and with eyes growing wider and wider, but was perfectly motionless and silent.

"I have brought his money for the week," said the child, looking to the woman and laying it on the table—"and—and a little more, for he was always good and kind to me. I hope he will be sorry and do well somewhere else, and not take this to heart too much. It grieves me very much to part with him like this, but there is no help. It must be done. Good night!"

With the tears streaming down her face, and her slight figure trembling with the agitation of the scene she had left, the shock she had received, the errand she had just discharged, and a thousand painful and affectionate feelings, the child hastened to the door, and disappeared as rapidly as she had come.

STORMING OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

The morning of the 31st broke heavily, a thick fog hid every object, and the besiegers' batteries could not open until eight o'clock. From that hour a constant shower of heavy missiles was poured upon the besieged until eleven, when Robinson's brigade, getting out through the trenches, passed through the openings in the sea-wall, and was launched bodily against the breaches. While the head of the column was still gathering on the strand, about thirty yards from the salient angle of the horn-work twelve men, commanded by a sergeant, whose heroic death has not sufficed to preserve his name, running violently forward, leaped upon the covered way, with intent to cut the sausage of the enemy's mines. The French, startled by the sudden assault, fired the train prematurely, and though the sergeant and his brave followers were all destroyed, and the high sea-wall was thrown with a dreadful crash upon the head of the advancing column, no more than forty men were crushed by the ruins, and the rush of the troops was scarcely checked. The forlorn hope had already passed beyond the play of the mine, and now speeded along the strand, amidst a shower of grape and shells, the leader, Lieutenant Maguire of the 4th regiment, conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness, bounded far ahead of his men in all the pride of youthful strength and courage, but at the foot of the great breach he fell dead, and the stormers went sweeping like a dark surge over his body; many died, however, with him, and the trickling of wounded men to the rear was incessant.

This time there was a broad strand left by the retreating tide, and the sun had dried the rocks, yet they disturbed the order and closeness of the formation; the distance to the main breach was still nearly two hundred yards, and the French, seeing the first mass of assailants pass the horn-work regardless of its broken bastion, immediately abandoned the front, and crowding on the river face of that work, poured their musketry into the flank of the second column as it rushed along a few yards below them; but the soldiers still running forward towards the breach, returned this fire without slackening their speed. The batteries of the Monte Orgullo and the St. Elmo now sent their showers of shot and shells, the two pieces on the cavalier swept the face of the breach in the bastion of St. John, and the four-pounder in the horn-work being suddenly mounted on the broken bastion, poured grape-shot into their rear.

Thus scourged with fire from all sides, the stormers, their array broken alike by the shot and by the rocks they passed over, reached their destinations, and the head of the first column gained the top of the great breach; but the unexpected gulf below could only be passed at a few places where meagre parcels of the burned houses were still attached to the rampart, and the deadly clatter of the French muskets from the loop-holed wall beyond soon strewed the narrow crest of the ruins with dead. In vain the following multitude covered the ascent, seeking an entrance at every part; to advance was impossible, and the mass of assailants, slowly sinking downwards, remained stubborn and immovable on the lower part of the breach. Here they were covered from the musketry in front, but from several isolated points, especially the tower of Las Hornos, under which the great mine was placed, the French still smote them with small arms, and the artillery from Monte Orgullo poured shells and grape without intermission.

Such was the state of affairs at the great breach, and at the half bastion of St. John it was even worse. The access to the top of the high curtain being quite practicable, the efforts to force a way were more persevering and constant, and the slaughter was in proportion; for the traverse on the flank, cutting it off from the cavalier, was defended by French grenadiers who would not yield; the two pieces on the cavalier itself swept along the front face of the opening, and the four-pounder and the musketry from the horn-

work, swept in like manner along the river face. In the midst of this destruction some sappers and a working party, attached to the assaulting columns, endeavoured to form a lodgment, but no artificial materials had been provided, and most of the labourers were killed, before they could raise the loose, rocky fragments into a cover.

During this time the besiegers' artillery kept up a constant counter-fire which killed many of the French, and the reserve brigades of the fifth division were pushed on by degrees to feed the attack until the left wing of the ninth regiment only remained in the trenches. The volunteers also who had been, with difficulty, restrained in the trenches, "calling out to know why they had been brought there if they were not to lead the assault," these men, whose presence had given such offence to general Leith that he would have kept them altogether from the assault, being now let loose, went like a whirlwind to the breaches, and again the crowded masses swarmed up the face of the ruins, but reaching the crest line they came down like a falling wall; crowd after crowd were seen to mount, to totter, and to sink, the deadly French fire was unabated, the smoke floated away, and the crest of the breach bore no living man.

Sir Thomas Graham, standing on the nearest of the Chofre batteries, beheld this frightful destruction with a stern resolution to win at any cost; and he was a man to have put himself at the head of the last company, and died sword in hand upon the breach rather than sustain a second defeat, but neither his confidence nor his resources were yet exhausted. He directed an attempt to be made on the horn-work, and turned all the Chofre batteries and one on the Isthmus, that is to say, the concentrated fire of fifty heavy pieces upon the high curtain. The shot ranged over the heads of the troops who now were gathered at the foot of the breach, and the stream of missiles thus poured along the upper surface of the high curtain broke down the traverses, and in its fearful course shattering all things, strewed the rampart with the mangled limbs of the defenders. When this flight of bullets first swept over the heads of the soldiers a cry arose, from some inexperienced people, "to retire because the batteries were firing on the stormers," but the veterans of the light division under Hunt being at that point, were not to be so disturbed, and in the very heat and fury of the cannonade effected a solid lodgment in some ruins of houses actually within the rampart on the right of the great beach.

For half an hour this horrid tempest smote upon the works and the houses behind; and then suddenly ceasing the small clatter of the French muskets shewed that the assailants were again in activity; and at the same time the thirteenth Portuguese regiment led by Major Snodgrass, and followed by a detachment of the twenty-fourth under Colonel Macbean, entered the river from the Chofres. The ford was deep, the water rose above the waist, and when the soldiers reached the middle of the stream which was two hundred yards wide, a heavy gun struck on the head of the column with a shower of grape; the havoc was fearful but the survivors closed and moved on. A second discharge from the same piece tore the ranks from front to rear, still the regiment moved on, and amidst a confused fire of musquetry from the ramparts, and of artillery from St. Elmo, from the castle, and from the Mirador, landed on the left bank and rushed against the third breach. Macbean's men, who had followed with equal bravery, then reinforced the great breach, about eighty yards to the left of the other, although the line of ruins seemed to extend the whole way. The fighting now became fierce and obstinate again at all the breaches but the French musquetry still rolled with deadly effect, the heaps of slain increased, and once more the great mass of stormers sunk to the foot of the ruins, unable to win; the living sheltered themselves as they could, but the dead and wounded lay so thickly that hardly could it be judged whether the hurt or unhurt were most numerous.

It was now evident that the assault must fail unless some accident intervened, for the tide was rising, the reserves all engaged and no greater effort could be expected from men whose courage had been already pushed to the verge of madness. In this crisis fortune interfered. A number of powder barrels, live shells, and combustible materials which the French had accumulated behind the traverses for their defence, caught fire; a bright consuming flame wrapped the whole of the high curtain, a succession of loud explosions were heard, hundreds of the French grenadiers were destroyed, the rest were thrown into confusion, and while the ramparts were still involved in suffocating eddies of smoke the British soldiers broke in at the first traverse. The defenders bewildered by this terrible disaster yielded for a moment, yet soon rallied, and a close desperate struggle took place along the summit of the high curtain, but the fury of the stormers, whose number increased every moment, could not be stemmed. The French colors on the cavalier were torn away by Lieutenant Gethin of the eleventh regiment. The horn-work and the land front below the curtain, and the loop-holed wall behind the great breach were all abandoned; the light division soldiers, who had already established themselves in the ruins on the French left, immediately penetrated to the streets, and at the same moment the Portuguese at the small breach, mixed with British who had wandered to that point seeking for an entrance, burst in on their side.

Five hours the dreadful battle had lasted at the walls; and now the stream of war went pouring into the town. The undaunted governor still disputed the victory for a short time with the aid of his

barricades, but several hundreds of his men being cut off and taken in the horn-work, his garrison was so reduced that even to effect a retreat behind the line of defences which separated the town from the Monte Orgullo was difficult. Many of his troops flying from the horn-work along the harbor flank of the town broke through a body of the British who had reached through the vicinity of the fortified convent of Santa Teresa before them, and the post was the only one retained by the French in the town. Three generals, Leith, Oswald, and Robinson, had been hurt in the trenches, Sir Richard Fletcher, the chief engineer, was killed, and colonel Burgoyne, the next in command of that arm, was wounded.

The carnage at the breaches was appalling. The volunteers, although brought late into the action, had nearly half their number struck down, most of the regiments of the fifth division suffered in the same proportion, and the whole loss since the renewal of the siege exceeded two thousand five hundred men and officers.—Napier's History of the Peninsular War.

AN ADVENTURE.

At the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R—, paymaster-general of the Neapolitan forces, was travelling through Calabria for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him, to prepare his quarters at the town of —, expecting to arrive there himself at night-fall; but the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and at nine o'clock in the evening, found he was still a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old romantic building on the road-side, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout, muscular figure, with a swarthy countenance, almost wholly shrouded in a mask of bushy whiskers and mustachios. The traveller was received with civility, and after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted up an old crazy staircase, to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying the appearance of the place, and finding no lock on the door, he fixed a chair against it; and, after priming his pistols, put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed when he heard a noise below, as of persons entering the house; and, some time afterwards, was alarmed by the sound of a man's footstep on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevice of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, with extreme caution removed the chair, and entered the apartment. The chevalier then saw his host with a lamp in one hand and a huge knife in the other, approaching the bed on tiptoe. The chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed clothes, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of the bed, he held the light to the chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but contrived nevertheless, to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host. The man soon turned from him, and after hanging the lamp on the bed-post, went to the other end of the room and brought to the bed-side a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in his hand. At the very moment that the chevalier was about to start up from the bed and shoot him, the man in a hurried manner cut several enormous slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveller. The host then passed the light before his eyes again, and left the room in the same cautious way in which he had entered it, and unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below stairs, who were of course not very sorry to perceive that he had saved his bacon.

Lord Brougham, in his discourse on natural theology, says that Plato and other theists enumerate three kinds of blasphemy, all three of which are, in the republic of Plato, made equally punishable with death. The first species is denying the existence of a deity, or of Gods; the second, admitting their existence, but denying that they care for men; the third kind of blasphemy was of men attempting to propitiate the gods towards criminal conduct, as slaughters and outrage upon justice, by prayers, thanksgivings, and sacrifices; thus making those pure beings, the accomplices of their crimes, by sharing with them a small portion of the spoil, as the wives do with the dogs.

Occupation is an infallible specific for many of the imaginary and real ills of life. In cases where the mind is sinking under the influence of its own weight, and the fancy is allowed to dwell uninterruptedly on the ideas of its own creation, until the individual believes himself to stand apart from all the world, the very personification of misery and human wretchedness, the physician can recommend no better remedy than constant and steady occupation for the mind and body. Burton concludes his able work on Melancholy with this valuable piece of advice—"Be not solitary, be not idle." Dr. Reid recommended a patient, labouring under a great mental depression, to engage in the composition of a novel, which, during the time he was occupied in the task, effected much good. By interesting himself in the distresses of fictitious beings, he diverted his attention from sufferings which were no less the offspring of the imagination.