

the too hasty spirit of many dwellers in this Province, by presenting a picture of the horrors of war. We give the description of the storming of St. Sebastian, a name famous in story, from the terrible struggle by which it was ultimately won, though the glory of the achievement was sadly dimmed by the revolting abuse of victory, which sullied the laurels of the conquerors:—

The first object which occupied the attention of the English general after the defeat of Soult's irruption, was the renewal of the siege of St. Sebastian, which had been so rudely interrupted. The governor had made good use of the breathing-time thus afforded him by the cessation of active operations, in repairing the breaches in the sea-wall, retrenching the interior parts of the rampart, and taking every imaginable precaution against a second assault. In particular, he had constructed out of the ruins of the houses which had been destroyed, immediately behind the great breach, a second or interior rampart, parallel to the outer, very thick, and fifteen feet high, with salient bastions, which it was hoped would entirely stop the progress of the enemy, even if they won the front wall. During the intermission of active operations, the efforts of the English were confined to a blockade position taken up on the heights of St. Bartholomew, which were much strengthened, and a distant fire upon the men engaged in these vast undertakings; and they lost two hundred Portuguese in a sally made by the garrison in the night of the 26th July. But when Soult was finally driven back, matters soon assumed a very different aspect. The heavy guns which had been shipped at Passages were all relanded, and again placed in battery; a fleet of transports, with twenty-eight additional pieces of great calibre, and immense stores, arrived from Portsmouth, and they were soon succeeded by as many more from Woolwich; and the battering train, with the guns landed from the ships, now amounted to the large number of a hundred and eighteen pieces, including twelve sixty-eight pounders. By the night of the 26th this immense train of artillery was all in readiness, and fifty-seven pieces actually in the batteries; and on the morning of the 26th they re-opened their fire with a roar so awful, that, re-echoed as it was from all the rocks and precipices in the wooded amphitheatre around, it seemed as if no force on earth could withstand the attack. The fire continued without intermission for the next four days, and before the 30th sixty-three guns were in constant practice; two wide breaches were gaping, and seemed easy of ascent; the fire of the place was almost entirely silenced, and three mines had been run in front of the advanced batteries on the Isthmus, close under the sea-wall, in order to counteract any mines of the enemy near the great breach. Still the brave governor, after informing Soult of his desperate situation, was resolute to stand a second assault, although his resistance of the first had fulfilled to the letter Napoleon's general orders, and the storm was ordered for the 31st at noonday.

At two in the morning of the 31st, the three mines were exploded under the sea-wall, and brought it completely down. At this awful signal the brave garrison all repaired to their posts, each armed with several muskets; and, relying on the successful resistance of the former assault, confidently anticipated the defeat of the present. Nor was their confidence without reason; for, notwithstanding the vastly increased means now at the disposal of the besiegers, they had not yet beat down the enemy's parapets nor established a lodgement in the hornwork, so that the assaulting columns would be exposed when near the breach to a destructive fire in flank—a fatal error, contrary to Vauban's rules, and which was only washed out by torrents of British blood. Dissatisfied with the steadiness of some of the troops at the former assault, Wellington had brought fifty volunteers from fifteen regiments in the first, fourth, and light divisions; "men," as he expressed it, "who could show other troops how to mount a breach." Leith, however, who had resumed the command of the fifth division, by whom the former assault had been made, was so urgent that his men should be allowed the post of honour, and they were accordingly placed under General Robinson, to head the attack, supported by the remainder of the same division and the seven hundred and fifty volunteers from the other regiments of the army. Major Snodgrass of the 52d, had on the preceding night forded the Urumea alone, opposite the smaller breach, clambered up its face at midnight, and looked down upon the town! After the troops in the trenches were all under arms, deep anxiety pervaded every bosom; and before orders were given for the forlorn hope to move forward, the excitement felt had become almost intolerable. The heroic band took its station at half-past ten; the tide, which all watched, was fast ebbing; and the enemy's preparations were distinctly visible—the glancing of bayonets behind the parapets, the guns pointed towards the breach, the array of shells and fire barrels along its summit, told but too clearly the awful contest which awaited them. Little was said in the assaulting columns; the kness of the most resolute smote each other, not with fear but anxiety; and time seemed to pass with such leaden wings, that the watches were looked to every half minute. Some laughed outright, they knew not why; many addressed a mental prayer to the throne of grace. The very elements seemed to have conspired to increase the impressive character of the moment; a close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, lowering and sulphurous clouds covered the sky, large drops fell at intervals, and the very animals, awe-struck by the feeling of an approaching tempest, were silent in the camp and on the hills.

Noon had barely passed, when, the tide being considered sufficiently fallen, the signal to advance was given. Silently the men moved forward, and not a shot was fired till the column had reached the middle of the stream, when such a tempest of grape, musketry, and cannoner was at once opened upon it as well nigh choked the Urumea with the killed and the wounded. With dauntless intrepidity, however, the survivors pressed through the now crimsoned waves, and soon gained the strand on the opposite side, headed by the gallant Lieutenant M'Guin of the 4th, who led the forlorn hope, and rushed on, conspicuous from his plume, noble figure, and buoyant courage. Two mines were exploded rather prematurely by the enemy under the covered way of the hornwork; but they crushed only twenty men, and the column, bounding impetuously forward, streamed up the great breach, and soon reached its summit. There, however, they were assailed by a dreadful tempest of grape, shells, and hand-grenades, while the head of the column found it impossible to get down into the town, as the reverse of the breach consisted of a wall