

means, have left the road almost immediately on entering it; and we accordingly retraced our steps to the *pasada*, where, after refreshing ourselves and our horses, the patrol separated from us, and our party, consisting chiefly of planters whose estates were contiguous, reached their homes without further interruption.

This was the last appearance of Abreyo and his followers in that quarter, they having transferred their place of rendezvous to the other side of Matanzas, somewhere on the road between that city and the Havana, where their atrocities became still more frequent, open, and indiscriminate—the persons and property of the planters in their neighbourhood having been hitherto respected.

The authorities, however, at last, for a wonder, began to arouse themselves from their disgraceful lethargy, and an enormous price was set upon the head of Abreyo, and a free pardon, to boot, for all past offences, ensured to any two of his gang who would deliver him up alive; and other rewards were offered for the apprehension of any of the others.

One of the *ALCALDES* of Matanzas was one evening at supper with his family, when a tall figure, closely wrapped up in a dark mantle, surmounted by a slouched hat, presented itself at the table, and, throwing back the spacious folds of the cloak, disclosed, to their surprise and terror, the person and features of Abreyo.

"Yes!" exclaimed he, raising himself to the full height of his finey-proportioned figure; his brilliant black eyes, flashing with rage and indignation, steadily fixed on those of the astonished *Alcalde*, to whom he addressed himself—"Yes! you see before you, *Senor Alcalde*, unarmed and in your power, the man whose very name is a terror even to the magistrates of the land—upon whose head a price is fixed, sufficient to bribe a gang of banditti to betray the chief and master before whom they have bowed their wills and necks for years—and the bait is swallowed, blood thirsty ingrates! I myself," continued he, comprehending his voice, and clenching his right hand, "since the rising of your silver crescent," pointing to it with his finger, as it shone through the latticed window, "heard them, with my own ears, barter away my life for the reward of treachery, and saw them, with my own eyes, draw lots for the purpose of deciding which two among them should earn their pardons by delivering me into your hands! *Senor Alcalde*, I am a Spaniard! and, to revenge my own private wrongs, will yield up to justice every individual of my band, as an atonement for the injuries done by them and their chief to the public. The means by which I propose to do this I shall explain to the governor, to whom I request you will immediately conduct me. I am now your prisoner; and hold these, the members of your family, to witness, that I surrendered myself of my own free will. The reward, and an equivalent for the two pardons, I claim as my undoubted right. What becomes of my life I care not. What I have promised is fate."

In less than an hour after this singular scene, a troop of horse, subject to the orders of Abreyo, left the palace of the governor; and the streets of the city, on the following day, exhibited the strange spectacle of the brigand chief at the head of a company of the Kings cavalry, conducting, bound to their steeds, some twelve or fifteen of his own followers.

To be Continued.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—The total number of newspapers printed in Great Britain amounts to 295: of those seventy-two are printed in London, only thirteen of which are daily, and twenty-four weekly.

**THE ST. LOUIS.**—The entry for the next St. Louis consists of eight fine good horses. There is a strong muster in the South; and if Yorkshire intends to hold the stakes, more than ordinary efforts will be necessary.

**MR. HUKISSON'S MONUMENT.**—The committee for erecting this monument have determined to apply to a number of distinguished artists and sculptors, among whom are Mr. Gibson and Mr. Wyatt, for designs and models of a monument, from which they intend to select that which shall appear to them the best, to be placed in the new Cemetery, over the remains of our late distinguished representative.

#### MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS FROM NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**A BATTLE.**—All the avenues leading to the town of Fuentes de Onore were filled with French troops; it was occupied by our 71st and 79th Highlanders, the 83d, the light companies of the first and 3d division, and some German and Portuguese battalions, supported by the 24th, 45th, 74th, and 88th British regiments, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese. The ninth corps, which formed the centre of the French army, advanced with the characteristic impetuosity of their nation, and forcing down the barriers, which we had hastily constructed as a temporary defence, came rushing on, and torrent-like, threatened to overwhelm all that opposed them. Every street, and every angle of a street, were the different theatres for the combatants; inch by inch was gained and lost in turn. Whenever the enemy was forced back, fresh troops and fresh energy on the part of their officers impelled them on again, and towards mid-day the town presented a shocking sight: our Highlanders lay dead in heaps, while the other regiments, though less remarkable in dress, were scarcely so in the number of their slain; the French grenadier, with their immense caps and gaudy plumes, in piles of twenty and thirty together—some dead, others wounded, with barely strength sufficient to move; their exhausted state, and the weight of their cumbersome appointments, making it impossible for them to crawl out of the range of the dreadful fire of grape and round shot which the enemy poured into the town: great numbers perished in this way, and many were pressed to death in the streets. It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and although the French troops which formed this attack had been several times reinforced, ours never bud; nevertheless, the town was still in dispute. Massena, aware of its importance, and mortified at the pertinacity with which it was defended, ordered a fresh column of the ninth corps to reinforce those already engaged. Such a series of attacks, constantly supported by fresh troops, required exertions more than human to withstand: every effort was made to sustain the post, but efforts, no matter how great, must have their limits. Our soldiers had been engaged in this unequal contest for upwards of eight hours, the heat was moreover excessive, and their ammunition was nearly expended. The Highlanders were driven to the churchyard at the top of the village, and were fighting with the French grenadiers across the tomb-stones and graves; while the 9th French light infantry had penetrated as far as the chapel, distant but a few yards from our line and more preparing to *debouche* upon our centre. Lord Wellington was on the spot, and surveyed what was passing with that immovable coolness for which he was remarkable; the troops engaged in the town were nearly worn out in the contest, and were about to retire, when the 88th regiment, commanded by Colonel Alexander Wallace, and directed by General Mackinnon, changed the face of affairs. This battalion was ordered to advance with fixed bayonets and force back the enemy from the advantageous ground of which they had possessed themselves; it advanced in column of sections, left in front, in double quick time, their fire-locks at the trail. As it passed down the road leading to the chapel, it was warmly cheered by the troops that lay at each side of the wall, but the soldiers made no reply to this greeting—they were placed in a situation of great distinction, and they felt it; they were going to fight, not only under the eye of their own army and general, but also in the view of every soldier in the French army; but although their feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, not one hurrah responded to the shouts that welcomed their advance. There was no noise or talking in the ranks, the men stepped together in a smart trot, as if on a parade, headed by their brave colonel. It so happened that the command of the company which led this attack devolved upon me. When we came within sight of the French 9th regiment, which were drawn up at the corner of the chapel, waiting for us, I turned round to look at the man of my company; they gave me a cheer that a lapse of eighteen years has not made me forget, and I thought that that moment was the proudest of my life. The soldiers did not look as men usually do going into close fight—pale; the trot down the

road had brightened their complexions, and they were the picture of every thing that a chosen body of troops ought to be. The enemy were not idle spectators of this movement; they witnessed its commencement, and the regularity with which the advance was conducted made them fearful of the result. A battery of eight-pounders advanced at a gallop to an olive-grove on the opposite bank of the river, hoping, by the effects of its fire, to annihilate the 88th regiment, or, at all events, embarrass its movements as much as possible; but this battalion continued to press on, joined by its exhausted comrades, and the battery did little execution. On reaching the head of the village, this battalion was vigorously opposed by the 9th regiment, supported by some hundred of the Imperial Guard, but it soon closed in with them, and aided by the brave fellows that had so gallantly fought in the town all the morning, drove the enemy through the different streets at the point of the bayonet, and at length forced them into the river that separated the two armies. Several of our men fell on the French side of the water. About one hundred and fifty of the grenadiers of the Veteran Guard, in their flight ran down a street that had been barricaded by us the day before, and which was one of the few that escaped the fury of the morning's assault; but their disappointment was great, upon arriving at the bottom, to find themselves shut in;—mistakes of this kind will sometimes occur, and when they do, the result is easily imagined,—troops advancing to assault a town, uncertain of success, or flushed with victory, have no great time to deliberate as to what they will do; the thing is generally done in half the time the deliberation would occupy. In the present instance, every man was put to death.—Reminiscence of a Subaltern.

**PICTURE OF A SPANISH BOARDING-HOUSE.**—A Young American during his Year in Spain, performing the journey from Cordova in one of those huge galleas or covered waggons, which, as they slowly toil across the naked plains of Spain, resemble great ships traversing the ocean. Among the motley crew of this ark was a Spanish curate, a handsome galliard priest of about thirty years of age, with whom the lieutenant, with his usual facility, became very sociable. When they landed together in 'fair Seville's famous city,' the lieutenant was for seeking an inn; but the provident priest, who had, doubtless, been accustomed to beat up that part of the country, recommended a *casa de pupilos*, or boarding-house, where they would find 'more comfort, more retirement, and, at the same time, more society.' A barber of Seville, with the proverbial promptness of his craft, pointed them out a house of the kind, kept by a widow lady, where they could not fail to be accommodated a gusto—that is, to their heart's content. They accordingly approach a house, furnished in the delightful Andalusian style, with an interior court, court and babbling fountain; they ascend a staircase, enter a saloon, the windows of which open on balconies, and are shaded by striped red and white awnings; and, for the rest, the lieutenant to tell his own story:—There are few ornaments here; unless, indeed, three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be esteemed. One of them was at least five-and-twenty; the next might be eighteen—a dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy, Moorish complexion and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Beja, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendours of the holy week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child, in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice and figure of a woman. She looked as though she might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Beja, but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scene of Seville. As for the *Morces*, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste, for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two walked like the Andalusians, as I had occasion to see that every evening. Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we should go no farther, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation; for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, I found that I was in a very favourable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillians of whom I had heard so much, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favourable men on. When dusk, and some other