

a word was spoken, as he was gently lowered over the side, but many a tear, that would not be repressed, rolled over the sable faces of his men.

Two days brought us to Montego Bay, and before we departed, I had the pleasure of gratefully acknowledging to the officers of H. M. S. S., the signal service they had rendered me. And, if it can be so called, I had the satisfaction of seeing a parcel of the rascally pirates swining at the frigate's yard arms. Poor Jupiter's death stopped the channels of my pity for the scoundrels. The poor fellows words were remembered by me long afterwards—'Some of us may lose our grog soon'—and seemed almost like a prophecy of his own fate.

From Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.

#### TALEVARA.

HAVING been despatched to the rear with orders for General Crawford, I did not reach Talavera till the morning of the 28th. Two days' hard fighting had left the contending armies still face to face, and without any decided advantage on either side.

When I arrived upon the battle field the combat of the morning was over. It was then ten o'clock, and the troops were at breakfast, if the few ounces of wheat, sparingly dealt out amongst them, could be dignified by that name. All was however, life and animation on every side; the merry laugh, the passing jest, the careless look bespoke the free and daring character of the soldiery, as they sat in groups upon the grass; and except when a fatigue party passed by, bearing some wounded comrade to the rear, no touch of seriousness rested upon their hardy features. The morning was a glorious one; a sky of unclouded blue stretched above the landscape unsurpassed in loveliness. Far to the right rolled on in placid stream the broad Tagus, bathing in its eddies the very walls of Talavera, the ground from which, to our position, gently undulated across a plain of most fertile richness, and terminated on our extreme left in a bold height, protected in front by a ravine, and flanked by a deep and rugged valley.

The Spaniards occupied the right of the line, connecting with our troops at a rising ground upon which a strong redoubt has been hastily thrown up. The fourth division and the guards were stationed here, next to whom came Cameron's brigade and the Germans; Mackenzie and Hill holding the extreme left of all, which might be called the key of our position. In the valley beneath the latter were picketed three cavalry regiments, among which I was not long in detecting my gallant friends of the twenty-third.

As I rode rapidly past, saluting some old familiar face at each moment, I could not help feeling struck at the evidence of the desperate battle that had so lately raged there. The whole surface of the hill was one mass of dead and dying, the bear skin of the French grenadier laying side by side with the tartan of the Highlander. Deep furrows in the soil showed the track of the furious cannonade, and the terrible evidences of a bayonet charge were written in the mangled corpses around.

The fight has been maintained without any intermission from daybreak till near nine o'clock that morning, and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful: the mounds of fresh earth on every side told of the soldier's sepulchre, and the unceasing tramp of the pioneers struck sadly upon the ear as the groans of the wounded blended with the funeral sounds around them.

In front were drawn up the dark legions of France: massive columns of infantry with dense bodies of artillery alternating along the line. They, too, occupied a gently rising ground; the valley between the two armies being crossed half way by a little rivulet; and here, during the sultry heat of the morning, the troops on both sides met and mingled to quench their thirst ere the trumpet again called them to the slaughter.

In a small ravine, near the centre of our line, were drawn up Cotton's brigade of whom the fusiliers formed a part. Directly in front of this were Campbell's brigade, to the left of which, upon a gentle slope, the staff were now assembled. Thither, accordingly, I bent my steps; and, as I came up the little scrap, found myself among the generals of division, hastily summoned by Sir Arthur to deliberate upon a forward movement. The council lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour; and, when I presented myself to deliver my report, all this disposition for the battle had been decided upon, and the Commander of the Forces, seated upon the grass at his breakfast, looked

by far the most unconcerned and uninterested man I had seen that morning.

He turned his head rapidly as I came up, and, before the aid-de-camp could announce me, called out.

'Well, sir, what news of the reinforcements?'

'They cannot reach Talavera before to-morrow, sir.'

'Then, before that we shall not want them. That will do, sir.'

So saying he resumed his breakfast, and I retired, more than ever struck with the surprising coolness of the man upon whom no disappointment seemed to have the slightest influence.

I had scarcely rejoined my regiment and was giving an account to my brother officers of my journey, when an aid-de-camp came galloping at full speed down the line, and communicating with the several commanding officers as he passed.

What might be the nature of the orders we could not guess at; for no word to fall in followed, and yet it was evident something of importance was at hand. Upon the hill where the staff were assembled no unusual bustle appeared, and we could see the gray cob of Sir Arthur still being led up and down by the groom, with a dragoon's mantle thrown over him. The soldiers, overcome by the heat and fatigue of the morning, lay stretched around upon the grass, and every thing bespoke a period of rest and refreshment.

'We are going to advance, depend upon it,' said a young officer beside me: 'the repulse of this morning has been a smart lesson to the French, and Sir Arthur won't leave them without impressing it upon them.'

'Hark! what's that?' cried Baker: 'listen.'

As he spoke, a strain of most delicious music came wafted across the plain. It was from the band of a French regiment, and, mellowed by the distance, it seemed, in the calm stillness of the air, like something less of earth than heaven. As we listened, the notes swelled upwards yet fuller; and, one by one, the different bands seemed to join, till, at last, the whole air seemed full of the rich flood of melody.

We could now perceive the stragglers were rapidly falling back; while, high above all other sound, the clanging notes of the trumpet were heard along the line. The hoarse drum now beat to arms, and, soon after, a brilliant staff rode slowly from between two dense bodies of infantry, and, advancing some distance into the plain, seemed to reconnoitre us. A cloud of Polish cavalry, distinguished by their long lances and floating banners, loitered in their rear.

We had not time for further observation when the drums on our side beat to arms and the hoarse cry, 'Fall in, fall in there, lads!' resounded along the line.

It was now one o'clock, and before half an hour the troops had resumed the position of the morning, and stood silent and anxious spectators of the scene before them.

Upon the table land, near the centre of the French position, we could descry the gorgeous tent of King Joseph, around which a large and splendidly accoutred staff were seen standing. Here too, the bustle and excitement seemed considerable, for to this point the dark masses of the infantry seemed converging from the extreme right, and here we could perceive the royal guards and the reserve now forming in column of attack.

From the crest of the hill down to the very valley, the dark, dense masses extended, the flanks protected by a powerful artillery and deep masses of heavy cavalry. It was evident, that the attack was not to commence on our side, and the greatest and most intense anxiety pervaded us as to what part of our line was to be first assailed.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur Wellesley, who from the height had been patiently observing the field of battle, despatched an aid-de-camp at full gallop towards Campbell's brigade, posted directly in advance of us. As he passed swiftly along, he called out, 'You're in for it, fourteenth. You'll have to open the ball to-day.'

Scarcely were the words spoken when a single gun from the French boomed heavily through the still air. The last echo was growing fainter, and the heavy smoke breaking into mist, when the most deafening thunder ever my ears heard came pealing around us: eighty pieces of artillery had opened upon us, sending a very tempest of bullets upon our line, while midst the smoke and dust we could see the light troops advancing at a run, followed by a broad and massive column in all the terror and majesty of war.

'What a splendid attack! How gallantly they came on,' cried an old veteran officer beside me, forgetting all rivalry in the noble admiration of our enemy.

The intervening space was soon passed, and, the tirailleurs falling back as the column came on, the towering masses bore down upon Campbell's division with a loud cry of defiance. Silently and steadily the English infantry awaited the attack, and returning the fire with one withering volley, were ordered to charge. Scarcely were the bayonets lower, when the head of the advancing column broke and fled, while Mackenzie's brigade, overlapping the flank, pushed boldly forward, and a scene of frightful carnage followed; for a moment a hand to hand combat was maintained, but the unbroken files and impregnable bayonets of the English conquered, and the French fled back, leaving six guns behind them.

The gallant enemy were troops of tried and proved courage, and scarcely had they retreated when they again formed; but just as they prepared to come forward, a tremendous shower of grape opened upon them from our batteries while a cloud of Spanish horse assailed them in flank, and nearly cut them in pieces.

Away they went at top speed, but had not gone a few hundred yards when they were suddenly arrested by a deep chasm; here the German hussars pulled short up; but the twenty-third, dashing impetuously forward, a scene of dreadful carnage ensued men and horses rolling indiscriminately together under a withering fire from the French squares. Even here, however, British valour quailed not; for Major Francis Ponsonby, forming all who came up, rode boldly upon a brigade of French chasseurs in the rear. Victor, who from the first had watched the movement, at once despatched a lancer regiment against them, and then these brave fellows were absolutely cut to atoms, the few who escaped having passed through the French columns and reached Bassecour's Spanish division on the far right.

During the time the hill was again assailed, and even more desperately than before, while Victor himself led on the fourth corps to an attack upon our right and centre.

The guard waited without flinching the impetuous rush of the advancing columns; and when at length within a short distance, dashed forward with the bayonet, driving every thing before them. The French fell back upon their sustaining masses, and, rallying in an instant, again came forward, supported by a tremendous fire from their batteries. The guards drew back and the German legion, suddenly thrown into confusion, began to retire in disorder. This was the most critical moment of the day; for, although successful upon the extreme right and left of our line, our centre was absolutely broken. Just at this moment Gordon rode to our brigade; his face was pale, and his look hurried and excited.

'The forty-eight are coming; here they are: support them, fourteenth.'

These few words were all he spoke; and the next moment the measured steps of a column was heard behind us. On they came like one man, their compact and dense formation looking like some massive wall. Wheeling by companies they suffered the guards and Germans to retire behind them, and then, returning into line, they rushed forward with the bayonet. Our artillery opened with a deafening thunder behind them, and then we were ordered to charge.

We came on at a trot; the guards, who had now recovered their formation, cheering us as we proceeded; the smoke of the cannonade obscured every thing till we had advanced some distance; but, just as we emerged beyond the line of the gallant forty-eighth, the splendid panorama of the battle-field broke suddenly upon us.

'Charge, forward!' cried the hoarse voice of our colonel, and we were upon them. The French infantry, already broken up by the musketry of our people, gave way before us, and, unable to form a square, retired fighting, but in confusion, and with tremendous loss to their position. One glorious cheer from right to left of our line proclaimed the victory, while a deafening discharge of artillery from the French replied to this defiance, and the battle was over. Had the Spanish army been capable of a forward movement, our successes at this moment would have been much more considerable, but they did not dare to change their position, and the repulse of our enemy was destined to be all our glory. The French, however, suffered much more severely than we did, and retiring during the night, fell back behind Alberche, leaving us the victory and the battlefield.

#### THE LAST DAY OF CREATION.

BEHOLD! how fair the work.  
Th' Omniscient Eye regards and calls it 'good.'  
Oh, what a world was that on which its God,  
Jehovah, looked with praise. Its millions  
miles  
Bedecked with verdant green; unnumbered  
flowers

Scattered o'er hill and dale, springing beneath the light;

Such light as dazzled angels viewed, in wonder lost,

As birds and insects winged their wanton flight Beneath the azure sky, with songs and sounds All, all of joy and love! The bee, constrained With busy happiness, buzzed o'er the honeyed cup

And drank existence from its petalled bed, Then winged away to tell its mate a tale Of industry and joy. The gnat, in whirls Of rounds and scorings, took its giddy fill; While, high o'er all, the snowy butterfly Wantoned, with mates of thousand different dyes,

Rejoicing in its birth. And not alone The feathered or the insect tribes seeka than To follow the behest of Omnipresent God, Bat, 'neath the rippling waves, how lightly skim

The myriad scaly tribe; while, through the wood,

Beneath the spreading trees, stalks, in his pride, The stately forest king. But who should tell The sounds of praise which, from the earth to heav'n,

Rose in the loving hum, the busy buzz, The whistle sweet and shrill? or who could count

Th' unnumbered life which, from th' Almighty word,

Thus started into being? 'Let there be!'

Thundered o'er trackless void, and forth from chaos came

Creation fair! But now what mighty work Springs from Jehovah's will? to make the perfect whole:

'Let us make man.' 'In our own image let him be.'

And there was man, with stately front, and brow

Of godlike majesty. But what is this?

What crowning wonder gives Creation thus A breathless silence? Jehovah breathes, 'and man

Becomes a living soul!' And now again the song

Of praise is swelling in its varied tones

Of mellowed harmony. Oh, what astounding grace!

The breath of God, which called him into being,

Makes man a living a soul, eternal and

Immortal as his God. That Maker gives to him

The things innumerable, beautiful, and good

Which for His pleasure live; and, in His love,

Permits this imaged self to name them all.

And face to face with God, in innocence

Most pure, most perfect, doth he now com-

mane.

E'en then this living soul with earth had mix-

ed,

And grovelling thoughts within his breast

arose.

God saw that Adam sigh'd for one whose

mind

Were earthly like his own: and but one Sab-

bath sun

Arose and set again 'neath which this

man,

This living soul desired no greater good

Than God's infinite love; for, from a dream

Of never ending happiness, he woke

To gaze on Eve, whose form of perfect

grace

Then rose upon his sight. The hand of

God

Performed the holy rite, and to his heart

The husband took his wife,—the gift of God,

The last created. But for their future

Shame overpowers thought.

MRS. D. CLARKE.

#### NEW WORKS.

##### THE DESERT OF EGYPT.

From Miss Robert's Overland Journey to Bombay.

In first striking into the desert, we all enjoyed a most delightful feeling of repose; everything around appeared to be so calm and tranquil, that, especially after encountering the noises and multitudes of a large and crowded city, it was soothing to the mind thus to emerge from the haunts of men, and wander through the vast solitudes that spread their wastes before us. To me there was nothing dismal in the aspect of the desert, nor was the view so boundless as I had expected. In these wide plains, the fall of a few inches is sufficient to diversify the prospect; there is always some gentle acclivity to be surmounted; which cheats the sense with the expectation of finding a novel scene beyond; the sand hills in the distance also range themselves in wild and fantastic wilds, many appearing like promontories jutting out into some noble harbour, to which the traveller seems to be approaching. Nor were there wanting living objects to animate the scene; our own little kafilas were sufficiently large and cheerful to banish every idea of dreariness, and we encountered others much more picturesque.

From Master Humphrey's Clock.

LONDON FROM THE CLOCK-TURRET OF ST. PAUL'S.

It is night. Calm and unmoved amidst the scenes that darkness favours, the great heart of London throbs in its giant breast. Wealth