

pininess of others. His mortification was not lessened, when, on taking up a newspaper, the very paper which he had pictured as the proclaimer of his mighty achievement, he met with the following paragraph:—'No small sensation has been created in the fashionable world, during the past week, by the announcement of two elopements which have recently occurred. The younger lady, the lovely and fascinating Miss Stanhope, of —, chose, as partner of her flight, Mr. Fitzroy, a gentleman who has, for some time, shone in our first London circles. We believe it has been a decided love match, as the fair bride has no great expectations. The other lady, the wealthy Miss L—, has been lured away by some unknown, probably an Irish fortune hunter. We hear that the whole of her property will devolve upon a distant relation, as her father refuses a reconciliation, and has disinherited her.'

Thus ended all Courtenay's fine projects and his anticipated triumph in this great world—in shame, in mortification, in comparative poverty, for the money left him by his father had been lavishly squandered, so that but little remained to support a wife who had been accustomed to every indulgence that wealth could procure.

And then Emily to be another's, and so happy too, while he was united to one whom he had ever regarded with perfect indifference. The thought was galliag. His temper became habitually worse. His wife pouted and complained; he retorted; matters grew worse; he gambled deeply; lost his all; and was obliged to fly from his country, leaving his unfortunate partner a prey to poverty and unhappiness.

Worn by sorrow, broken in spirit, and bearing all the marks of destitution the miserable Mrs. Courtenay sought her father to endeavor to appease his anger and obtain the means of subsistence. He peremptorily refused to see her, but, hearing of her deplorable condition, he settled a small annuity upon her which merely supplied her with the necessities of life.

Unaccustomed to privations, she lived but a few years, and then died in solitude unlamented.

Courtenay returned to England no more, but lived to prove the evil, the unhappy effects of a mercenary marriage.

From Restrepo's Historia de la Colombia.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

AFTER the standard of liberty had been raised in all the provinces, and the people had struck a successful blow for freedom, Morillo, with an overwhelming force, reconquered the country for Spain. During six months this fiendish savage held undisturbed sway over Columbia. The best men of the provinces were by him seized and shot, and each of his officers had the power of death over the inhabitants of the districts in which they were stationed. It was during this period that the barbarous execution of Policarpa La Salvaretti, a heroic girl of New Grenada, roused the patriots once more to arms, and produced in them a determination to expel their oppressors or die.

This young lady was enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, and had by her influence rendered essential aid to the cause of the patriots. The wealth of her father and her own superior talents and education, early excited the hostility of the Spanish command against her and her family. She had promised her hand in marriage to a young officer in the patriot service, who had been compelled by Morillo to join the Spanish army as a private soldier. La Salvaretti, by means that were never disclosed, obtained through him an exact account of the Spanish forces and a plan of their fortifications.

The patriots were preparing to strike a decisive blow, and this intelligence was important to their success. She had induced Sabria and eight others to desert.

They were discovered and apprehended. The letters of Salvaretti, found on the person of her lover, betrayed her to the vengeance of her enemies. She was seized, brought to the Spanish camp, and tried by a court martial. The highest rewards were promised her if she would disclose the names and plans of her associates. The inducements proved of no avail. Torture was employed to wring from her the secret in which so many of the best families of Columbia were interested; but even on the rack she persisted in making no disclosure. This accomplished young lady, scarcely eighteen years of age, was condemned to be shot. She calmly and serenely heard her sentence, and prepared to meet her fate.

She confessed to a Catholic priest, partook of the sacrament, and with a

firm step walked to the open square, where a file of soldiers, in presence of Morillo and his officers, were drawn up, with loaded muskets. Turning to Morillo, she said—'I shall not die in vain, for my blood will raise up heroes from every hill and valley of my country.' She had scarcely uttered the above when Morillo himself gave the signal to the soldiers to fire, and the next moment saw La Salvaretti a horribly mangled and bleeding corpse!

'The Spanish officers and soldiers were overwhelmed with astonishment at the firmness and patriotism of this lovely girl; but the effect upon her countrymen was electrical. The patriots lost no time in flying to arms, and their war cry 'La Salvaretti!' made every heart burn to inflict vengeance upon her murderers. In a very short time, the army of Morillo was nearly cut to pieces, and the commander himself escaped death only by flight, and in disguise!

From Blanchard's Life of L. E. L. HAPPY HOURS.

WHERE are they—those happy hours,
Link'd with everything I see,
With the colour of the flowers,
With the shadow of the tree?
Still the golden light is falling,
As when first I saw the place;
I can hear the sweet birds calling
To their young and callow race.

Still the graceful trees are bending,
Heavy with the weight of bloom,
Lilac and laburnum blinding
With the still more golden broom,
Still the rosy May hath bowers
With her paler sister made;
Where, where are the happy hours
I have pass'd beneath their shade?

Ah! those hours are turned to treasures
Hidden deep the heart within;
That heart has no deeper pleasures
Than the thought of what has been.
Every pleasure in remembrance,
Is like a coined gold, whose claim
Rises from the stamp resemblance
Which bestows a worth and name!

Still doth memory inherit
All that once was sweet and fair
Like a soft and viewless spirit
Bearing perfume through the air;
Not a green leaf doomed to wither,
But has link'd some chain of thought—
Not a flower by spring brought hither,
But has some emotion brought.

Let the lovely ones then perish,
They have left enough behind,
In the feelings that we cherish,
Thoughts that link'd them with the mind.
Summer haunts of summer weather,
Almost is it sweet to part;
For ye leave the friends together,
To whom first ye link'd my heart.

NEW WORKS.

From Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.

BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONORN.
So soundly did I sleep, that the tumult and confusion of the morning never awoke me; and the guerilla, whose cavalry were stationed along the edge of the ravine near the heights of Echora, would not permit of my being roused before the last moment. Mike stood near me with my horses, and it was only when the squadrons were actually forming, that I sprang to my feet and looked around me.

The day was just breaking: a thick mist lay upon the parched earth, and concealed every thing a hundred yards from where we stood. From this dense vapor the cavalry descended along the base of the hill, followed by the horse artillery and the guards, disappearing again as they passed us, but proving, as the mass of troops now assembled, that our position was regarded as the probable point of attack.

While the troops continued to take up their position, the sun shone out, and a slight breeze blowing at the same moment, the heavy clouds moved past, and we beheld the magnificent panorama of the battle field. Before us, at the distance of less than half a league, the French cavalry were drawn up in three strong columns: the cuirassiers of the guard, plainly distinguished by their steel cuirasses, flanked by the Polish lancers, and a strong hussar brigade; a powerful artillery train supported the left, and an infantry force occupied the entire space between the right and the rising ground opposite Poco Velho. Farther to the right, again, the column destined for the attack of Fuentes d'Onoro were forming, and we could see that, profiting by their past experience, they were bent upon attacking the village with an overwhelming force.

For above two hours the French continued to manoeuvre, more than one alteration having taken place in their disposition; fresh battalions were moved toward the front, and gradually the whole of their cavalry was assembled on the extreme left in front of our position. Our people were ordered to breakfast where we stood; and a little after 7 o'clock a staff officer came riding down the line, followed in a few moments after by General

Crawford, when no sooner was his well known brown cob recognized by the troops, than a hearty cheer greeted him along the whole division.

'Thank ye boys; thank ye, boys, with all my heart. No man feels more sensibly what that cheer means than I do. Guards! Lord Wellington relies upon your maintaining this position, which is essential to the safety of the whole line. You will be supported by the light division. I need say no more. If such troops cannot keep their ground none can. Fourteenth, there's your place; the artillery and the sixteenth are with you. They're the odds of us in numbers, lads; but it will tell all the better in the gazette. I see they're moving: so fall in, now; fall in, and Merivale, move to the front. Ramsey, prepare to open your fire on the attacking squadrons.'

As he spoke, the low murmuring sound of distant moving cavalry crept along the earth, growing louder and louder, till at length we could hear the heavy tramp of the squadron as they came on in a trot, our pace being merely a walk. While we thus advanced into the plain the artillery unlimbered behind us, and the Spanish cavalry breaking into skirmishers dashed boldly to the post.

It was an exciting moment. The ground dipped between the two armies so as to conceal the head of the advancing column of the French, and, as the Spanish skirmishers disappeared down the ridge, our beating heart and straining eyes followed their last horse man.

'Halt! halt!' was passed from squadron to squadron, and the same moment the sharp ring of the pistol shots and the clash of steel from the valley, told us that the battle had begun. We could hear the guerilla war cry mingle with the French shout, while the thickening crash of fire arms implied a sharper conflict. Our fellows were already manifesting some impatience to press on, when a Spanish horseman appeared above the ridge—another followed, and another—and then pell mell, broken and disordered, they fell back before the pursuing cavalry in flying masses, while the French charging their holy home, utterly routed and repulsed them.

The leading squadrons of the French now fell back upon their support; the column of attack thickened, and a thundering noise between their masses announced their brigade of light guns as they galloped to the front. It was then for the first time that I felt dejected; for as my eye could stretch, the dense mass of sabres extended, defiling from the distant hills and winding its slow length across the plain. I turned to look at our line, scarce one thousand strong, and could not help feeling that our hour was come: the feeling flashed vividly across my mind, but the next instant I felt my cheek redden with shame as I gazed upon the sparkling eyes and bold looks around me—the lips compressed, the hands knitted to their sabres, all were motionless, but burning to advance.

The French had halted on the brow of the hill to form, when Merivale came cantering up to us.

'Fourteenth, are you ready? are ye ready, lads?'

'Ready, sir! ready!' re-echoed along the line.

'Then push them home and charge! charge!' cried he, raising his voice to a shout at the last word.

Heavens! what a crash was there! our horses in top condition, no sooner felt the spur than they bounded madly onward. The pace—for the distance did not exceed four hundred yards—was like racing. To resist the impetus of our approach was impossible; and, without a shot fired, scarcely a sabre cut exchanged, we actually rode down their advanced squadrons—hurting them headlong upon their supporting division, and rolling men and horses beneath us on every side. The French fell back on their artillery; but, before they could succeed in opening their fire upon us, we had wheeled, and, carrying off about seventy prisoners, galloped back to our position with the loss of but two men in the whole affair. The whole thing was so sudden, so bold, and so successful, that I remember well as we rode back a hearty burst of laughter was ringing through the squadron at the ludicrous display of horsemanship the French presented as they tumbled headlong down the hill; and I cannot help treasuring the recollection, for, from that moment, all thought of anything short of victory completely quitted my mind, and many of my brother officers who had participated in my feelings at the commencement of the day, confessed to me afterward that it was then for the first time they felt assured of besting the enemy.

While we slowly fell back to our position, the French were seen advancing in great force from the village of Alameda, to the attack of Poco Velho; they came on at a rapid pace, their artillery upon their front and flank, large masses of cavalry hovering round them. The attack upon the village was now opened by the large guns; and, amid the booming of the artillery and the crashing volleys of small fire arms, rose the shouts of the assailants, and the wild cry of the guerilla cavalry, who had formed in front of the village. The French advanced firmly, driving back the pickets, and actually inundated the devoted village with a shower of grape; the blazing fires burst from the ignited roofs; and the black dense smoke rising as high seemed to rest like a pall over the little hamlet.

The conflict was now a tremendous one: our

seventh division held the village with the bayonet; but the French continuing to pour in mass upon mass, drove them back with loss, and, at the end of an hour's hard fighting, took possession of the place.

The wood upon the left flank was now seen to swarm with light infantry, and the advancement of their whole left proved that they meditated to turn our flank: the space between the village and the hill of Naval d'Aver became now the central position; and here the guerilla force, led on by Julian Sanchez, seemed to await the French with confidence. Soon, however the cuirassiers came galloping to the spot, and, almost without exchanging a sword cut, the guerillas fell back, and retired behind the Turones. This movement of Julian's was more attributable to anger than to fear: for his favorite lieutenant, being mistaken for a French officer, was shot by a soldier of the guards a few minutes before.

Montbrun pursued the guerillas with some squadrons of horse, but they turned resolutely upon the French, and not till overwhelmed by numbers did they show any disposition to retreat.

The French, however, now threw forward their whole cavalry, and driving back the English horse, succeeded in turning the right of the seventh division. The battle by this time was general. The staff officers who came up from the left, informed us that Fuentes d'Onoro was attacked in force, Massena himself leading the assault in person; while thus for seven miles the fight was maintained hotly at intervals, it was evident that upon the maintenance of our position the fortunes of the day depended. Hitherto we had been repulsed from the village and the wood; and the dark masses of infantry which were assembled upon our right, seemed to threaten the hill of Naval d'Aver with as sad a catastrophe.

Crawford came now galloping up among us his eye flashing fire, and his uniform splashed and covered with foam—

'Steady, sixteenth, steady! Don't blow your horses! Have your fellows advanced, Malcolm?' said he, turning to an officer who stood beside him: 'aye, there they go,' pointing with his finger to the wood where, as he spoke, the short ringing of the British rifle proclaimed the advance of that brigade. 'Let the cavalry prepare to charge! And now Ramsey, let us give it them home.'

Scarcely were the words spoken, when the squadrons were formed, and, in an instant after, the French light infantry were seen retreating from the wood, and flying in disorderly masses across the plain. Our squadrons riding down among them, actually cut them to atoms, while the light artillery unlimbering, threw in a deadly discharge of grape shot.

'To the right, fourteenth, to the right!' cried General Stewart. 'Have at their hassars.'

Whirling by them, we advanced at a gallop, and dashed toward the enemy, who not less resolutely bent, came boldly forward to meet us; the shock was terrific; the leading squadrons on both sides went down almost to a man; and all order being lost, the encounter became one of hand to hand.

The struggle was deadly; neither party would give away; and while fortune now inclined hither and thither, Sir Charles Stewart singled out the French general Lamotte, and carried him off his prisoner. Meanwhile Montbrun's cavalry and the cuirassiers came riding up, and, the retreat, now sounding through our ranks, we were obliged to fall back upon the infantry. The French pursued us hotly; and so rapid was their movement that, before Ramsey's brigade could limber up and away, their squadrons had surrounded him and captured his guns.

'Where is Ramsey?' cried Crawford, as he galloped to the head of our division. 'Cut off—cut off! Taken, by G—! There he goes!' said he, pointing with his finger as a dense cloud of smoke and dust moved darkly across the plain. Form into column once more.

As he spoke, the dense mass before us seemed agitated by some mighty commotion; the flashing of blades and the rattling of small arms, mingled with shouts of triumph or defiance, burst forth, and the ominous cloud lowering more darkly, seemed peopled by those in deadly strife. An English cheer pealed high above all other sounds; a second followed; the mass was rent asunder, and, like the forked lightning from a thunder cloud, Ramsey rode forth at the head of his battery, his horses bounding madly, while the guns sprang behind them, like things of no weight, the gunners leaped to their places, and fighting hand to hand with the French cavalry, they flew across the plain.

'Nobly done, gallant Ramsey!' said a voice behind me. I turned at the sound; it was Lord Wellington who spoke. My eye fixed upon his stern features, I forgot all else, when he suddenly recalled me to my recollection by saying—

'Follow your brigade, sir. Charge!'

In an instant I was with my people, who intervening betwixt Ramsey and his pursuers repulsed the enemy with loss and carried off several prisoners. The French, however, came up in greater strength; overwhelming masses of cavalry came sweeping upon us, and we were obliged to retire behind the light division, which rapidly formed into squares to resist the cavalry. The seventh division, which was more advanced, were however too late for this movement, and before they could effect their formation, the French were upon