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Selections.

[From Once a Week.

History of a Love-Letter.

"Four letters for you, ma'am, to-day," said my maid Bridget, breaking in upon my solitude one morning as I sat busily to work upon a muslin frock, being a gift destined for my little godchild on the approaching auspicious occasion of her completing her third year.

"Four letters!" I re echoed in surprise, letting the delicate piece of embroidery fall to the ground, while I took them from Bridget's hand. "Why I did not expect one!"

The damsel doubtless thinking that they would themselves be better able to account for their unexpected appearance than she, wisely forbore to attempt it, and, as she quitted the room, I proceeded, after a hasty glance at the handwriting and postmarks borne by the covers, to gratify my curiosity by opening my despatches.

"What can Martha be writing about again so soon?" was my soliloquy ere I commenced reading No. 1. Martha was my only sister, married some ten years before, and the mother of as many children. "Baby" had "cut his first tooth!" He had been longer about the business than any of his nine predecessor babies, and mamma had been fearful his darling gums were destined to prove a physiological wonder by remaining toothless forever. Her anxiety was now happily removed, and she wrote "in haste" to bid me rejoice with her. Although she spoke of haste, her letter consisted of eight closely written pages. She gave in an ascending scale the latest biographies of all her olive branches. Fanny, (the destined possessor of the frock,) was "growing such a sweet affectionate child." She was "always talking of Aunt Mary. Did Aunt Mary remember next Thursday would be her birth-day?"—But I must cut sister Martha short.

Letter No. 2 was an intimation from my Aunt Betsey, a maiden lady, that she proposed shortly to spend "a week" with me, "if convenient." Now, although Aunt Betsey never evinced the slightest satisfaction in my society, though she found fault with everything in my house and domestic management, yet her "week" was never less than a month, and kept recurring a good deal oftener than I liked; yet for the life of me I dare not say her visit was not convenient. No, Aunt Betsey knew perfectly well that her proviso was a safe one.

Letter No. 3 was soon dispatched, being an appeal in behalf of missions to some distant Borioboola Gha.

And No. 4! Now, as a lady is always supposed, as a matter of course, to reserve her most important intelligence—the *creme de la creme*—for her P. S. so No. 4, though last, will be preconceived not least. And, in truth No. 4 contained an offer of marriage. Scarcely could I believe my eyes. Hereby, suppose not, dear reader, that I had never received an offer before. Nor, although I acknowledge myself not so young as I had been, suppose not either that I thought it so impossible I should ever receive another. No, there were no gray hairs in my head; there were no wrinkles on my brow; I might without vanity deem it possible I should have a lover yet to come. It was not the offer that astonished me, but that Mr. James Warrington should be the man to make it. A clap of thunder is often made the simile of something sudden and unexpected, yet the thunder-clap is commonly preceded by some darkening of the heavens—some indications of the approaching storm. Mr. Warrington's offer, on the contrary, had been preceded by no sign whatsoever. I had given him my hand to shake, and had been sensible of no tender pressure. I had met him out walking, and he had passed me with a bow. I had spent many an evening in his company, and he had never offered to see me home. Yet the letter I now received was assuredly signed with the name of James Warrington. Who was James Warrington? Before transcribing his letter I must, to the best of my ability, answer this question for the reader's enlightenment.

Of Mr. Warrington's birth and parentage I knew nothing; of his worldly circumstances likewise, nothing beyond what he now told me. He had never been a resident in the place where *I write myself a citizeness*, but about six months previous he had paid a visit of some length at the house of some acquaintances of mine in this city. Their respectability was received as a voucher for his. Mr. Warrington was handsome, gentlemanly in manner and appearance, lively and well informed, and he speedily became a favorite in C——. He was invited everywhere. Some few persons indeed there were who whispered, "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" But the questions remained without an answer, and it might have been he had dropped from the clouds, and after he had inhabited this lower sphere of ours for a period of some six or eight weeks, had been caught up again by the same elements. I knew of no particular bright eyes that strained their wistful gaze after his flight. I knew of no one tender heart that mourned its sun departed. Mr. Warrington had been universally liked by the ladies, and had appeared to like their society, but as far as my knowledge went, he had quitted C—— heart whole. And now their cause this letter for me by the post. It was dated from some street or square in London. Its style I thought singular. It had no formal commencement; thus it began:—

"I love you, Mary, with all my heart and soul, distractedly, devotedly, unchangeably. Forgive this abrupt and incoherent declaration. How long has all utterance been denied me! How often, in the time gone by, when I saw you day by day, and every day loved you more and more, did the words of passion rise to my lips, and I repressed them until my heart well nigh burst. Did you never read my feelings, Mary? Ah yes, I think you must have done so, in spite of all my boasted self control. Once, in particular I wonder if you recall time. (no indeed, I do not,) I felt almost sure you had discovered my secret, and there was a look in those dear blue eyes (my eyes are brown, he can never have looked at them well,) those dear blue eyes which sent a thrill through me, and inspired me with a hope which has shone before me like a *beacon through all this* dark night of absence (more like an *ignis fatus* than a beacon, I'm sure—the vain man—seen in my eyes, indeed.) Yes, Mary, (he is very free with my name.) I could remain no longer near you without speaking; I could not speak while my worldly prospects were so gloomy and uncertain. I had no fortune: you, too, I knew had none (well, £200 a year is not much, to be sure, but still I think it need not be called nothing by a penniless adventurer.) Poverty would have seemed a light ill to me with you by my side, but I could not bear the idea of your having to contend with all its trials and difficulties.—So I tore myself away in silence from the place which your presence made like a heaven to me. Of the following six months I will not speak, save to say that never for one moment has your image been absent from my thoughts. And has my Mary in all that time, I wonder, ever thought of me? (Very seldom, if the truth must be told.) At length, after disappointments numberless, and hopes deferred until my heart was sick, I yesterday received two letters. One was from an influential friend, and contained the information that he had succeeded in obtaining for me an honorable appointment, whereby a competent income was secured me. After a moment's pause of self-congratulation, I opened the second letter, and found myself most unexpectedly the inheritor of a considerable legacy by the will of an old friend of my father, *just deceased*. Thus was my tongue loosed from its fetters. Mary, I love you with all the fond, deep, and true affection of which a man's heart is capable. Say not, dearest, that the feeling finds no response in your own; suffer me at least to come and plead my cause by word of mouth. You have no parents from whom I must seek to obtain permission; I do not consider that your aunt has any right to withhold it. I wait, therefore, but your own word to hasten on wings of love and joy to your side.—Mary, my own, deny me not. It shall ever be the one dearest aim of my life to make you happy. Adieu.

"Most devotedly yours,

"JAMES WARRINGTON."

I have already said once I could scarcely believe my eyes, and I must say it again.—Yet the lines were bold and free, and fair to read. I had had a note from Mr. Warrington once before, when he was staying at C—, (a few brief lines of thanks accompanying a book I had lent him,) and I remembered the handwriting well—so well that I rejected the idea, which came across me for a moment, that this ardent epistle must be a forgery.—Besides, who would play me such an ungentlemanly hoax? I had always lived at peace and charity with all mankind; I knew nobody who bore me any ill-will, and the matter could not be viewed as a simple joke. No, it must be true: Mr. Warrington must be really in love, or really fancy himself in love with me. Strange, very strange—what could have inspired him with such a passion? Was it my brown, alias blue, eyes? There was a pier-glass over the chimney-piece. I got up to take a survey of my own image therein.—What did I behold? A round face, shaded by dark-brown hair; two brown eyes as aforesaid; a nondescript form of nose, neither Roman, Grecian, nor aquiline, nor very obtrusive, nor yet exactly a snub; a rather wide mouth; a set of regular white teeth; a complexion pale, neither brown nor fair. Item, rather a neat little figure. It was not altogether an ugly picture, yet very far from one I should have expected Mr. Warrington to admire. He always struck me as a man who would inevitably select a beautiful woman for his wife. Since to beauty, however, I could make no pretensions, it must be some other charm which had procured for me this conquest, and I was utterly at a loss to decide what this might be. Accomplishments I had few to boast, my music was far below the average of a boarding-school miss, and though the walls of my drawing-room were profusely decorated with the works of my pencil, Mr. Warrington had never seen these master-pieces, so I could not owe my triumph to those Italian skies, purple mountains, silvery streams, and green trees with the nymphs reposing between them. I rather prided myself upon my powers of conversation, but these had never seemed to possess much attraction in the eyes, or *ears* I should rather say, of Mr. Warrington. He talked more to old Mrs. Hearnaught, who could only be talked to through a trumpet, and to Miss Thickskull, whom nobody could talk to through anything but the purest good nature, than he had ever done to me. Ever! No, once, and but once, I recollect my conversation did appear to interest him. It was when I was speaking of ferns. The book I lent him was on that subject. If I married Mr. W. I should certainly choose a bridal-wreath of ferns. Some species of the delicate *Adiantum* or *Maidenhair* seemed by its name peculiarly appropriate for such a destiny. If I married him, did I say? Yes, that was the question. Here was I foolishly wasting time in idle guesses as to what could have induced him to ask me, and neglecting the great point whether I should say yes or no. I had no one to consult hereupon but myself. The course of love in my case "hung" not "upon the choice of friends." No, it might run on a smooth and rapid river without danger of meeting any obstacle to its current. Parents I had none. My Aunt Betsey, Mr. Warrington had justly considered, had small right to be consulted—so small that I wondered it had occurred to mention her. I recollected, however, that she was spending one of her longest weeks with me while he was at C——, so that he might very probably think she resided permanently with me, or I with her. No, I had no need to ask Aunt Betsey anything about the matter. But did I love Mr. Warrington? I could not say that I did, but I loved nobody else, and might it not be that I only did not love him because I had never regarded him in the light of a lover? Was not Mr. Warrington young, handsome, and everything that a girl's fancy could desire? Were not his circumstances, according to his own showing unobjectionable? Was I not often very lonely in my solitary dwelling? Was I not frequently sighing for some sweet companionship? I had lost my mother in infancy. I was but just emancipated from school when my only sister married, and a few months later death suddenly deprived me of my dear father, who was all in all to me. I had then accepted the home Martha offered me, but though always treated with the utmost kindness both by her and her husband, I could not help feeling myself somehow a stranger and intermeddler in their domestic happiness. At the end of a year I determined to have a home of my own, however lonely and joyous it might be. I came to C—— Friends I had found and kind ones, and the years of my life here had not been unhappy: still I was conscious of something wanting, of sympathies unclaimed, of—of—might it not be in Mr. Warrington's power to make my lot happier? I had been romantic, I had had my dreams of ideal bliss, I was conscious that in all this self-questioning, this hesitation, there was wonderfully little romance. It was not the love I dreamt of. But time and youth were fleeting, and such dreams becoming more and more unlikely ever to be realized. Still I hesitated what answer to return Mr. Warrington. I was not prepared to write, "Come, I await you with open arms," but was it necessary either to do this or to bid him avaunt? Might I not choose a middle course,—the *happy* medium?

My mind was made up. It wanted a good many hours to post-time, but that was no reason why I should not write my letter at once. I took out my writing case and a sheet of note paper from it. No, five quires for a shilling might do very well for making out washing bills upon, or even for the ordinary purposes of letter writing; but it was not worthy of bearing the transcript of an answer to an offer of marriage. I placed before me in its stead a sheet of superfine cream laid, and brought my pen to bear upon its smooth surface.

"My dear Sir,"—No, such a commencement was in too marked contrast to Mr. Warrington's passionate address. Those three words would of themselves suffice to give the death-blow to his hopes—he would dash my letter into the fire, having read no farther. I took a second sheet, and wrote "My dear James." No, maidenly reserve would not permit me to use such familiarity to a man whom until that very moment I had regarded quite as a stranger. With my third sheet I succeed better.

"MY DEAR MR. WARRINGTON:—Your letter this morning received, has surprised me very much indeed. I am, however, deeply sensible of the honor you have done me, and although I cannot at present say that I return the sentiments you have been pleased to express for me, I do not feel that it is impossible I should ever be able to do so. I know you so little, and you, too, know so little of me, that I cannot feel certain that on farther acquaintance you might not discover I was not at all what you thought me, that your sentiments for me and wishes might not change. Cannot we meet as friends, without further engagement on either side for the present? On these terms, I should be very happy to see you again at C——. Meanwhile believe me,

"My dear Mr. Warrington,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARY HENDERSON."

Having read over this epistle, and found nothing to alter therein, I folded it in an envelope, sealed and directed it. Nothing further remained but to carry it to the post, which I purposed myself to do, while taking my usual morning walk before dinner. The next hour, however, put an end to this project. The sky had all the morning been threatening, it began to rain, and soon settled into a determined wet day. Well, no matter, I could stay in and finish little Fanny's frock, and Bridget could take the letter by and by. Talk or think of a certain person, and—my maid's journey to the post was scarcely settled in my mind, when there came a tap at the door of the room in which I was sitting, immediately followed by the appearance of her round, good humored face within it.

"Please, ma'am, I came to ask if you'd be so good as to let me go home this afternoon. Cousin Richard's just come to say mother wants to see me very much."

And Cousin Richard doubtless wants to walk home with you very much, too, I thought to myself. I had for some time had a suspicion that Bridget had an admirer, and the deepening flush in the damsel's at all times rosy cheeks, as she named the name of Cousin Richard, convinced me he was the man. I was never a hard mistress, and probably the having a love affair of my own on the way, made me look with a kindlier eye than usual on that of my domestic, so I said,—

"Very well, Bridget, I have no objection to your going to see your mother. I am afraid though you'll have a very wet walk." Bridget's home was something more than two miles off.

I did not hear the damsel's answer, very distinctly, but I am almost sure Cousin Richard's name was uttered again, together with something about a "big umbrella."

"Very well, Bridget," I resumed, "I have only to say farther that I shall expect you back by nine o'clock in the evening, and as you pass the post-office in going, don't forget to post this letter."

Bridget acquiesced with a pleased smile and a courtesy, took the letter from my hand and departed. I then settled myself industriously to work, now and then letting my thoughts follow the rustic lovers under their big umbrella, but more frequently centering them upon Mr. James Warrington and his extraordinary passion for my self. At two o'clock I dined. I had but just finished this meal when there came again a rap at the door, and cook entered (there was no one else to play the part of waiting maid, now Bridget was gone,) bearing a note in her hand.

"Please ma'am, a servant brought this from Miss Morton, and is to wait for an answer."

"Miss Morton," I mentally ejaculated, "I trust she's not going to give one of her stupid tea-parties." The note was as usual in her niece's hand-writing, but I soon discovered its purport was quite different to what I had so hastily deprecated. It ran thus:—

"DEAR MISS HENDERSON,—The enclosed came by post this morning, in an envelope addressed to me, evidently by mistake. I hasten to forward it to you, and beg you, in case you should in like manner, as seems probable, have received a note intended for me, to be so kind as to send it by the bearer.

"Ever, dear Miss Henderson,

"Yours affectionately,

"MARY MORTON."

With a presentment of what was to follow, I hastily glanced at the enclosure.

"Mr. Warrington presents his compliments to Miss Henderson, and would feel greatly obliged if she would kindly inform him of the name and publisher of the work on British Ferns she did him the favor to lend him on a former occasion. Mr. Warrington's uncertain recollection, and his wish to procure the book for a friend, must be his apology for troubling Miss Henderson."

Here was a pleasant mistake! What a simpleton I had made of myself! If it might have been but in my own eyes, it would have been tolerable, though humiliating enough. But, alas! my letter to Mr. Warrington was already in the post. Both he and Mary Morton would laugh over my vain credulity. Where was his letter which had so deceived me? It was quickly found. I could have torn it to atoms in my impatient wrath, but the recollection that it belonged of right to Mary Morton, that she had sent to claim it, restrained me. Enclosing it in an envelope in which I scribbled a line to Mary, telling her should call to see her the next morning, I gave the letter to the servant who waited for it, and was then at liberty to indulge my own reflections, which it will be imagined were anything but agreeable. I was not of any envious disposition, and could have given up the imaginary lover of some two or three hours without a grudge or a sigh. It was the idea of being laughed at I could not bear. Why had I not guessed the truth? Mary Morton was a very sweet, and moreover a very pretty girl, just the sort of a girl I might have imagined Mr. Warrington would fall in love with. She had been a school-fellow of my own, but was so much younger, that we had never been companions, and while she was Mary to me, I was always Miss Henderson to her. She was like myself, an orphan, and a maiden aunt had taken her to live with her "out of charity." These were the words at least, which the elder Miss Morton always used to everybody, although everybody had their own private opinion that never was soul less illumined by the divine light of charity than Miss Morton's, and, that the home, food, and clothing Mary received, were but poor payment for the labors which were daily and hourly imposed upon her, for the hard words and cruel taunts which were borne with such uncomplaining meekness. I had often thought how glad I should be if that pretty bird might be freed from its present cage, as now it would very probably be, but if these were the first steps towards such a deliverance, they were not at all such as I should have chosen.

Again I asked myself why I had not guessed the truth. But Mr. Warrington had so far as my observation went, bestowed scarcely any more attention upon Mary Morton than he had upon Mary Henderson, and I could not blame myself for my want of penetration. No, Mr. Warrington was alone to blame. In a matter of such importance, why did he fail to assure himself he had put the letters into the right covers? Or why need he have written that note to me at all? He seemed pretty confident about the issue, surely, that matter of the ferns might have waited a verbal settlement on his arrival at C——. He had spoken of traveling hither on "wings," which agents of locomotion it might be presumed would at any rate be not less expeditious than the railroad. A short time ago I had been debating with myself whether I could *love* Mr. Warrington, and now the question was whether I could help *hating* him.

After a while this idea came into my head—might I not possibly arrest the progress of my letter? A friend of mine once told me she had effected such a purpose, but then that was in a small country village, where she was well known, and but few letters comparatively passed through the post-office. However, I could but try. It wanted yet nearly two hours to the time of closing.—Regardless of the rain which continued to fall heavily, I donned hat and cloak, and soon reached the post-office, but it was a fruitless errand.

"A letter, madame," I was politely informed, "once posted, becomes the property of the post-office, which is answerable for its being duly delivered as addressed."

"Well, then," I thought to myself, "there is no help for it. I must resign myself to ridicule, and try to put the best face on the matter when I go to see Mary Morton to-morrow." All the way home, all tea-time, and all the time after tea, I was revolving in my mind what I should say to her, unabled to arrange my thoughts in any satisfactory manner.

As the clock struck nine, Briget entered the room to announce her punctual return.

"Well, Bridget," I said, "I hope you have had a pleasant day, and found all well at home."

"Yes, thank you, ma'am," answered the damsel, smiling all over her round pleasant face.

"You put the letter I gave you into the post-office?" Bridget's memory was seldom or never in fault, and I put the question without any doubt of her reply. But, behold, the smile had fled from Bridget's countenance, and in its place was a look of confusion and dismay.

"Dear, ma,am, I am so sorry, but I quite forgot all about *the letter*."

"Bridget I could have embraced thee on the spot. Cousin Richard, Cousin Richard, I owe this to thee. Thou hast been a good friend to me this day, and in every gratitude of soul, I will henceforth do all I may to favor thy suit. Bridget shall be half an hour on her errand to the grocer's shop, which is but just over the way, and shall meet no reprimand from me on her return. And should I ever again chance to find the back-door open, and imagine I behold thy stalwarth form behind it I will hold my peace to the damsel on the subject of draughts as conductive to that neuralgia to which I am so often a martyr. And in due time (for I have heard thou bearest a good character, art in receipt of good wages from thy master,) I promise a wedding breakfast in this house, and that I will not let the bride depart without some suitable marriage gift." This jubilant apostrophe, I must remark was in the way of self-communing, and was not uttered aloud in the ears of Bridget, whom after she had returned me the letter from her pocket, I suffered her to depart with nothing beyond a consolatory assurance that the letter was of no consequence, and that she need not distress herself about it. When she was gone I immediately threw it into the burning grate, and viewed its speedy reduction to ashes with no little exultation.

Next morning directly after breakfast, I made my call on Mary Morton, having a motive for going early. I found her alone, and had never seen her look so beautiful.—Her features, her form, and her complexion had always been faultless, but there was generally an air of depression and melancholy on her countenance (caused doubtless by the tyranny of her aunt,) which was painful to look at. This had now given place to an expression of happiness which was perfectly radiant, and the beauty of her face was by no means lessened by the conscious blush which stole over it at my approach.—I went up and kissed her.

"Mary, my dear," I said, "I hope you are not angry with me for having found out your secret. It was not my fault, you know."

"Oh, no! dear Miss Henderson," she returned in a voice which was music's self, "but you wont tell any body else, will you?"

I vowed to be silent as the grave. And then I added, "I need not ask, Mary what the end of it will be, I see by your face that you have not told Mr. Warrington he must clip those 'wings' on which he promised himself such a delightful journey to C——. Don't be angry at my nonsense," I went on, as I saw the blush deepening on her cheek, "I am *so* glad, I hope you will be *very* happy. But have you sent your letter to Mr. Warrington yet?"

"No," she replied, "it was too late when I got *his*;" to hear her intonation of the pronoun was worth something. "Aunt wanted me to do something for her, and I had not time to write before the post went out."

"Then, Mary, I have a favor to ask of you. Don't tell him of the mistake he made. He might not like my having seen his letter to you, and I should very much prefer he should not know I had done so."

Mary readily promised. I saw to my great satisfaction, it had never entered into her head to imagine I should have believed the letter really meant for myself.

"Didn't you guess," she asked, "as soon as you read it, that it was meant for me?"

I believe it was my turn to blush now, but had my cheeks, by nature pale, been like unto peonies, Mary would have no suspicions what in truth I had "guessed." Perhaps she didn't remember that my own name was Mary. Doubtless also she would have deemed it an impossible thing to suppose that Mr. Warrington should be in love with *me*. After a moment's hesitation I answered,—

"Why no, my dear, I can't say I did. I had never seen anything suspicious either in Mr. Warrington's behavior or in yours. And you see there was no clue in the name, as I know a dozen Marys in the town, at least half of whom have blue eyes, and Mr. Warrington's acquaintance might very possibly have a wider range than mine. So it was the wisest thing to keep the letter until the proper person sent to claim it."

I shall not report our conversation farther. On my return home that morning, I wrote a brief note to Mr. Warrington, giving him the desired information about the ferns. Two days later he appeared at C——. Not only Mary, but Mary's aunt smiled upon the lover, which was perhaps as well, though in Mr. Warrington's opinion it did not signify. That tantino smile made all the difference in Mary's trousseau, which was in consequence a very handsome one. The wedding took place within three months; I was one of the bridesmaids, and I believe I may truly end my story in the old-fashioned manner, by saying that the marriage pair lived happily ever afterwards. My own history has likewise since then been a happy one, but that has nothing to do with this "History of a Love-Letter."

The Courtesies of War.

On one occasion an *attache* to the army, (in the Spanish peninsula) of no defined rank, was taken, and when questioned by the enemy as to his position in the army, with reference to a more general exchange than usual, put so high a value on himself that Lord Wellington would not confirm it, and he suffered continued imprisonment in consequence.

Several private gentlemen came out to the army, during short periods of excitement, as pleasure excursionists, such as Mr. Edwin James was a short time ago with Garibaldi. One of them was made prisoner in some affair, and being questioned as to his position, as he bore no uniform, declared himself to be an amateur! The French General turned up his eyes, and said that he had heard of amateurs in painting, amateurs in music, &c., but he never heard before of an amateur in war.

The British had greatly the advantage of the French in the position of prisoners; so many of them found means of escape by connivance of the natives. The feeling of the Spanish nation was so absolute and universal against the French, and so chivalrously honorable, that there was not an instance during the whole war, of a British soldier, officer or man, having been betrayed by them or not obtaining every possible assistance from them; that is, when in a state of absolute dependence on their aid; for when the English army marched into a town, in all their force and glory, none could show a higher tone and bearing of independence, or a greater determination to resist oppression or insult, than the Spaniards.

In their routes through the country, if the prisoner could by any contrivance get from under the eye of his escort, and among the inhabitants, he was invariably concealed and harbored until an opportunity offered of forwarding him to the army, during which time all his wants were scrupulously attended to.

When Col. Waters, a fine old soldier, and noted for understanding how to make the best of any circumstances, was caught during a reconnoitering excursion, the Duke of Wellington was asked whether they should send his things in for him by a flag of truce; but he said, "By no means; Waters will soon find his way out;" and in he came, sure enough, in a very few days. He was a great man for field spots, and being allowed by the French to ride his own horse, which, though not showy, was a capital jumper, in passing through a somewhat close country, he puts spurs to him, cleared, in fox hunting style, a stiff stone-wall fence, and galloped across the country, bidding adieu to his escort, and a flying pistol shot or two.

At the siege of Burgos the engineers were in very small number; so much so that the same few individuals were so much in the trenches as the necessity for refreshments would possibly admit. One, in particular, who had a more general superintendence than the others, commenced early to try and take a few liberties, by crossing the open from one part of the trenches to another, of course very charily at first, till by degrees the enemy became accustomed to him, and would allow him to do what they would not permit the others. Of course he received the compliment with respect, and did not attempt to take impertinent or obtrusive advantage of his privilege. Among his comrades the peculiarity was in joke thought to arise from a very peculiar kind of coat, down to his ankle, which he wore, being a new and outrageous fashion just arrived from England.

At the first storming of San Sebastian, which was unsuccessful, an officer, a very young man, was very forward on the breach, wounded, and taken prisoner. Among the