feeling—by those who are incapable of sacrificing the approval of the inward man to mere considerations of personal interest and expediency, I shall be judged in a nobler spirit. *They*, at least, will admit, that in adopting the line of conduct unfolded in the pages of this brief and local Memoir, I have studied that which was most befitting an honourable mind. As I have elsewhere had reason to observe, never did a more cruel system of injustice seek to work its slow and sinuous course beneath the mantle of liberalism. Every engine of his power had been put in motion, by General Evans, to accomplish the ruin of an officer, who had in no other way offended than by refusing tamely to submit—firstly, to his injustice—secondly, to his oppression, and that the utter overthrow of such officer has not been accomplished, is attributable, not to any forbearance on the part of his persecutor, but to his own innate integrity and right. Yet, this is the man—the political Tartuffe—the newly created Sir De Lacy Evans, (so created through his very apostacy to the cause he at one time affected to advocate,) whose watchwords are—or rather were—Liberty and Justice! To the English public, and more particularly to the English House of Commons, I charge him, in his capacity of Commander of the British force In Spain, with having been guilty of the most flagrant, groundless, and unprecedented tyranny that is to be found on military record. To the Horse Guards, moreover, I charge him with having violated one of the first and fundamental articles of our military code, in preferring an accusation of the most heinous and cruel nature against an officer bearing Her Majesty's commission, without affording even an hour's notice for defence. Let General Evans deny this if he can. There is not a document given in these Memoirs of which I do not possess the original. Finally, to him and his creatures, I address myself in the strong language of the poet :—

Falsus honor juvat et mendex infamia terret,
Quem nisi mendarem et mendacem.

THE END.