

join so paltry a one as that of the American. They had scarcely a drill-instructor that was not a deserter—scarcely a useful man in the whole Service that was not a dejected outcast of Old England—and who all cry aloud to be permitted to again return to the ranks of so noble, so brave an army. But then, the cry is, what is the punishment? Ten or fourteen years transportation—perhaps for life—we cannot, dare not, return, to become felons. They said, if Government would but mitigate the sentence and permit those, now absent, to return, the ranks of the other side would be soon thinned, and the misdeeds most gladly return penitent and comparatively happy at such a restoration to their former scenes of arduous bliss. Many indeed were the numbers pointed out to me whilst I stood there as men having belonged to different corps of our Service, and amongst the rest, the clean-looking young man on sentry under the arch, whom I had admired—he deserted from the Rifle Brigade. I had now to leave them, and sorry they were that they could not accompany me—they one and all declared that if they could return to the old 20th Regiment again, even with the certainty of two years imprisonment, they would gladly do so; and oh, said one of them, speaking for all, if you go back to Canada and see the 20th Regiment, do not forget to tell them the miserable state we are in, both in mind and comfort. Warn them, and warn the Service at large, that if they have one spark of British honour or soldier's blood in them, never to relinquish it for a nation with such bedaubed and hypocritical professions as we had held out to us. A deserter here must expect nothing but to be the butt and scoff and drudge of every one; and the once proud and high-disciplined heart of England's ranks feels himself cowed and unable to resent even an insult from them, because the blow they strike is so severe—you're a deserter! The blush rises and again turns pale; and though he may become excited, and, being powerful, take the sorry satisfaction of thrashing his opponent, still he feels himself beaten, because he is a deserter.

Those in authority, unwilling to openly insult the already perjured and unfortunate wretch, do so more deeply by withholding from him the right of indulgence, or by affording satisfaction for suffering, tells him quietly he cannot expect much better treatment from an excited citizen, since he well knows he is a deserter.

The very boys jeer and boast their superiority over you, and uphold you with your cowardice and fear to return, and challenge you to deny the fact, which emasculation accedes to, being a deserter.

The loss of happiness in the field, in the street, or in the barrack, of confidence in all, and every body, the fear of detection, and recognition, forgetful of being protected in a "Land of Liberty," the heaving sigh of the stricken heart, in the midst of revelry, the uninterrupted reflection on by-gone days, when all were the face of conviviality and comfort, the struggling emotions of the heart in remorse, are all consequent upon the simple and foolish step of desertion.

Such were the sentiments of the corporal and four of our 20th Regiment, in the United States Army, and it will, I trust, have the desired effect, to caution the men of our service against so rash a step; let them think of becoming bound slaves, forced to humble themselves to a Power opposed to their own sentiments and wishes—to become the menial drudges of a collected mob, who make a sorry attempt at discipline, and approach nearer a mob than an army, and who take every opportunity of being not only insolent, but oppressive, and you unable, consequently, to defend yourself, knowing you are a deserter—for, in the language of Bulwer, "He is indeed unarmed who has no excuse for crime;" and then the fact of swearing trost particularly to fight against your native land, there is something most heartrending in the thought, which I feel must strike every Briton with horror, when, if but for a moment, he reflects and asks, can I slay my father? my brother? my friends? Put but the question, can you leave your country's cause, and subject yourselves to such embittered oppression, and you will feel as I feel, and which is so beautifully and emphatically portrayed in the lines of a celebrated poet:—

"There's a magical tie in the land of my home  
Which the heart cannot break tho' the footsteps may roam.

Be the land where it may—at the Line or the Pole—  
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.  
'Tis loved by the freeman—'tis loved by the slave;  
'Tis dear to the coward—more dear to the brave.  
Ask of any the spot they love best in the earth,  
And they'll answer with pride—'tis the land of my birth."