

in the direction of the latter place, and not being aware of the cause of this movement, we began to suspect that we had been premature in numbering ourselves among those portioned off for the transatlantic war. Our hopes, however, or fears, or perhaps, more properly speaking, a mixture of the two, did not last long, for we proceeded no further than a distance of fifteen miles before we halted; nor had we continued in that position many days, when an order arrived for us to retrace our steps, and to make the best of our way towards Bourdeaux.

I need not observe that the promulgation of this order was a full confirmation of our first opinion; and that we, who had begun to dream of the society of fathers, sisters, wives, and friends, now looked forward with equal, if not greater satisfaction, to a renewal of the hardships and enjoyments of active warfare.

It was on the evening of the fourteenth that the route was received, and on the following morning, at day break, we commenced our march. The country through which we moved, had nothing in itself, unconnected with past events, calculated in any extraordinary degree to attract attention.

Behind us, indeed, rose the Pyrenees in all their grandeur, forming, on that side, a noble boundary to the prospect; and on our left was the sea, a boundary different it is true in kind, but certainly not less grand and sublime. Excepting these two