

tion, as heaven is above earth. My country—whose land is dearer to me than a [that foreign shores could boast, and yet I had sworn]—I raise my arm against her. I felt myself mad, not—my, totally reckless. Come what would, I thought, fate had cast for me an unfair die, and I was its victim. We consulted together, and conscience seemed to work mutually for each breast. What villains have we been—what sorry, mean, cowardly subjects are we, to call ourselves sons of Britain—to relinquish all right to share in the lot of that which is ever most dear to man—his native land. Day after day rolled on, and as they rolled, came with them deep remorse. Two of my companions in crime, miserable and conscience-stricken, drowned their cares in drink; but that could not drown mine, nor, with the other two, we were left to pine inwardly at the thoughts of those we had left behind.

The party began to see a difference in my appearance, and would sometimes question me as to the cause, but my pride, though cooled indeed, still bade me keep my own counsel. Their song of what they call nationality, bursting in each ear with some strain of boasted liberty, which is as far from America as it was from the West Indies forty years ago, and they seemed to be given with delight as an opportunity of casting hints and using epithets, which I read as applicable to myself. Upbraodings in all shapes were fired from all sides, and from the general result of the affairs I could see there were many more who had served under the British flag amongst the party, but I was unable to defend myself. I felt as though all they could say was far less than I deserved, and, therefore, brost quietly, and although most unwillingly, pocketed the intended affront. We were at length ordered to proceed to New York, to join the depot at Governor's Island; and glad, indeed, I was to get removed from Buffalo, hoping it might tend to quiet my unhappy mind. Oh! Sir, he continued, were it possible for me to picture the misery felt by a Briton in the army of the Americans, it would, I am sure, prevent every other soldier from deserting his colors; I speak from experience, and I am corroborated by many others whom I have met since my desertion. The desertion is in itself bad, but to swear to draw a trigger against the land of your birth, is past all human comprehension. Oh! that I could get back to my old corps, and I am sure the same wish is the most solemn one of my comrades; that could we but be once more restored to the society of the regiment we left, and get permission to return, with the promise even of any punish-

ment short of transportation, which, alas, we know is our doom if taken. We would most willingly return, for believe me, dear Sir, I never felt that I was an Englishman until I came on these shores.

Thus went on the corporal, and his feelings were borne out by the confessions of the other young men, one of whom I knew personally, and never did I see so much self-bated as on this occasion. Night began now to close in and I left them, and suffering from an accident I met with a short time before, I retired to my cabin, intending to call on them at Governor's Island; which in a few days after I did. On going to the beach at the end of Broadway I took a small boat and was rowed over to the Island, which in the distance appeared beautiful, well fortified, and contained several extensive well arranged streets and barracks; on our nearer approach I saw the fort guard and the sentinel walking his post. I immediately went to the officer of the guard and asked permission to enter, which he most politely gave; the sentinel hung down his head as I passed, and I was at once struck; standing for a moment, I remembered having seen him in India five years ago, and he seemed so much surprised at seeing me, that it would be almost impossible to describe it. He once belonged to H. M. 13th Light Infantry, and shared in the noble conquest of Jallalabad, and was in many a battle with me. What! W——, can it be possible that you are here? said I. I was going to ask where his decorations were, which he had so honorably won, and which had adorned his breast, but I checked myself lest I should too deeply wound the poor fellow's feelings; I am sorry indeed to see you; I could say no more, but, wrapped in astonishment and regret, I walked on, and now found myself in the fort yard, where all the recruits were undergoing their various classes of instruction in the American art of war. There were several officers about, who, seeing me, doubtless concluded I was a military man, and I must confess were exceedingly polite, and would have shown me anything I wished, but I declined the favor, because I waited particularly to see the corporal and his four companions, and should have been deprived of the object of my visit.

The squads contained about twelve each, men of all sizes and shapes, unsoldier-like, and uneducated. Their dress is of sky-blue cloth, with a broad white stripe down the side of their pantaloons; their hair long and uncombed; short trousers and long straps, and very dirty boots—some unlaced and others half-laced; and, on the whole, they appeared as one mass of uncultivated, half-dressed, tasteless objects. Their