

ness of provisions. At Bilboa and Ara our sufferings from insufficiency of food was intense, and the excessive cold in our marches through the mountainous sierras of the country, with the heat of the valleys, added to the diseases which famine was engendering. At Vitoria I fell sick of the fever that committed such ravages on the 3rd and 5th regiments that they were broke up. My constitution triumphed over the illness that was mowing down hundreds around me, when just as I began to recover, poor Henry was brought into the hospital. I was sufficiently recovered to take care of my friend, who was dear as a brother to me. Poor Henry lingered only three days, he died quite delirious in the delusion that he was nursed by his mother; it was heart-rending to hear the poor fellow address me in that character, and ask forgiveness with such touching expressions of filial affection as wrung tears from many an eye unused to shed them. After his death I became gloomy and despondent; I could not muster resolution to write the tale to his relations. I slowly regained a tolerable state of health, my master having died, I had to do duty in the ranks.

"In May, 1836, I was in the engagement at San Sebastian, and received the wound that has produced my lameness. Neglect, and previous bad health, aggravated my case, and kept me long an invalid; after some months my lameness being found incurable, I was no longer fit for service, and in the autumn, I, with several others, was sent home and landed in a state of destitution. One valuable thing adversity had taught me, when I reflected on my folly; the most prominent and culpable act was the sinful intoxication which commenced, and was the gate, as I may term it, that led to my miseries; and often, often, did I pray for strength to enable me to persevere in a resolution I had formed, never more to taste the accursed draught that had betrayed to ruin and death, two youths; who but for that fated act of intemperance might have been happy themselves, and the cause of happiness to others. It was morning when we landed at the Tower. I loitered about till night-fall, not liking to appear in my father's neighbourhood in my wretched apparel. I cannot describe my feelings as I approached the home I had so ungratefully left, and I thought I would turn back and hide my misery from my parents for ever; but then I called to mind the returning prodigal, and knowing that my father was a Christian, I encouraged the belief that he would rejoice to say, 'This my son was dead and is alive, was lost and is found.' As I drew near the house, sick at heart with anxiety, I perceived that it seemed strangely altered, and on venturing closer the dear name on the door was erased. I looked through blinding tears again and again, hoping to find myself mistaken, when the parlour window was opened. 'What do you want there, fellow?' said a stern man; oh! how unlike the face I dreaded but longed to see; 'go away peeping about my door in that suspicious manner.' I ventured to ask if Mr. Price lived there. 'No—no, you know that, there is no such person here, so begone, unless you want me to call a policeman.' My heart was too full to reply, I turned away and wandered into a narrow street in the neighbourhood, with my mind filled with such dreadful apprehensions, that I dared not for fear and shame inquire of the neighbours. As I lingered, not knowing what to do, I saw several poor women

standing in a group at the corner of a court, trying to comfort a little girl who was crying bitterly. I recognised in the child my youngest sister; pushing the women aside I called her by name; she knew me instantly, but her tears and cries redoubled, and when she called me her lost brother the pity of the women seemed to increase. 'Oh, don't take the poor fellow into the house,' they cried; but the child broke from them, and running down the court, I followed her into a miserable house, and up the stairs. When near the top of the second flight, 'Stop,' I cried, 'stop, Jane, where is our mother?' 'Here, George,' screamed the child; opening a door I rushed into the room. Oh, sir, how shall I tell you, my mother was indeed there, her coffin was the first, indeed the only object I saw on entering the room; my heart seemed suddenly to stand still with a sort of desperate calmness. I cannot account for it; I went forward and removed the lid, and there was the dear face that had always looked on me with a smile; I could not bear the cold sepulchral look that seemed to reproach me with my ingratitude. A film gathered over my eyes, and nature granted me temporary insensibility to my sorrow. When I recovered, I found my three young sisters weeping around me.

"As soon as we had regained a little composure, I asked for my father and eldest sister, and with many interruptions from their grief, I learnt that my parents had never known a day's happiness, or prosperity, since my ungrateful departure—that my eldest sister had married imprudently a few months after, and offended my father in consequence; that she had gone with her husband to the North of England, and had never written. Business losses, combined with the ingratitude of one child, and uncertainty about the fate of another, gave my father a disgust to the neighbourhood, and he determined, hoping to better his condition, and provide for those, who, as yet, had not disappointed him, to emigrate to America. He went out in the spring, but unable to take the family with him, he hoped to send for them in a short time; six months had elapsed, they had received a letter and a small remittance, but as yet he had not been able to send for them, and they told me my poor mother never complained, but gradually declined in health, fading away by such imperceptible degrees, that though she was ill, they did not think her near death, until a few hours before that event took place, three days previous to my return. I attended the funeral, the melancholy donation of the parish, on the day following, and on the humble grave 'renewed my vow of abstinence from all drinks that could intoxicate.'

"Nothing could exceed the poverty in which she died, and we all did our utmost to keep together by striving to exert ourselves in industrious pursuits. I obtained such employment as my miserable appearance would permit. My leg, however, got worse, and I was at length compelled to seek shelter in an hospital; I was there two months, and though better, yet my limb is irrecoverable.

"My little sisters, industrious and skillful in needlework, beyond their age, procure themselves a scanty livelihood at shirt-making. I grieve that I cannot help them as I ought. We have hitherto escaped the work-