

were being raised in Ireland, England and Scotland by Sir Gregor McGregor and General D'Evereux in aid of General Boliver, who was then at the head of a Republican army, endeavoring to shake off the Spanish yoke. The temptations held out were so alluring, that thousands of fine young men were entrapped into that unfortunate service.

Trade being at this time very dull with me, subject to an enormous rent, and being in the prime of youth, enjoying good health, and rather of an ambitious disposition, I caught the infectious mania also. I gave up my business and on the 30th June, 1819, I started for Dublin, purchased a first lieutenancy in the 1st Regiment of Light Infantry, commanded by Col. Power, late Major in the 28th Royal Irish, for which I paid £60, and £40 more for my regimental dress. It consisted of a superfine green Jacket, with light blue facings, gold epaulets, triple gilt buttons, with the words, "La Legion Irlandesa" round the rim. The trousers were also light blue, with gold stripes along the legs; a beautiful sword with a brass scabbard; a very handsome crimson silk sash, and a very fine black cap.

On the whole, it was a most beautiful dress, more becoming than that of an United Irishman, fighting for the freedom of his own dear Isle, than of an adventurer to a foreign government. Had I that dress now as I wore it in Dublin at a public dinner given by the officers of the regiment at Morrison's Hotel to Mr. O'Connell, and other distinguished individuals, it would not be easy to purchase it from me. I parted with it under adverse circumstances, and I regret it sorely.

My commission was printed in the Spanish language, dated July 9th, 1819, and signed by Genl. D'Evereux as Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Legion. It is still in my desk amongst my papers.

I forgot mentioning that when riding in company with my brother Edward, from his house where I had been to bid him and his family farewell, I met with a serious accident in passing through the field to meet the mail-coach, by a fall