

pised my poverty—my misery. I know your motive is good, but if you knew all, you would not wonder that I loath and detest the draught you offered me. Oh, sir, it has debased me into the wretched thing I am, and its curse has not rested there, it has reflected sorrows on me that have made me ready to defy my Maker, by rushing into eternity, to escape the pain of a wounded spirit."

"Compose yourself, my poor fellow," interrupted Mr. W., drawing a chair to the fire, and motioning the youth to be seated. "I am sorry if I have unintentionally wounded your feelings; I confess what you said has excited, I hope, better feelings than curiosity, and I feel desirous of knowing what unfortunate events can have placed a youth like yourself in your present melancholy circumstances."

"I hardly know, sir, whether you will have patience to listen to an account so full of folly and ingratitude, as that which I have to relate, but your kindness encourages me. Two years ago, sir, this summer, I had a happy home, and kind parents; I was the second child, and only son of a family of five. My father was a respectable tradesman, in the environs of London, and I was apprenticed to a near neighbour of his, whose son was my constant companion and fellow apprentice. I had been religiously trained by my parents, and they looked forward with hope and joy to the time when I should be a comfort to them, and a protector to my sisters, three of whom were mere children at the time I am speaking of; the eldest was some years older than myself. On the day that I completed my 17th year I obtained a holiday for myself and my master's son, who was one year older, and we purposed going to town to visit the British Museum. It was a beautiful morning, in the end of June, when we set out, and our way laying through St. James's Park, we loitered to listen to the band. While so engaged, a respectable man accosted Henry (my companion) and myself; we insensibly got into conversation with him; he seemed to us a very well informed person, and his remarks were chiefly eulogies on the military profession. As I had been taught to think differently on this subject, I entered into an argument with him, but he overruled or confuted all my opinions, with such an air of easy agreeable banter, that I soon began to think I was wrong. Henry, as well as myself, was much impressed with his conversation; he began to speak of the British Legion going out under General Evans; on the admirable opportunity it would afford to our young men of seeing the world, instead of wasting their time in learning mechanical trades; then he entered into such an animating description of Spain, where he said he had been, of its orange groves, its vineyards, and myrtles, its beautiful women, with their picturesque costume, and the distinction which he said would certainly fall to the lot of any intelligent, well-looking youths who might go there; in short, before he had half done with his glowing eulogy, a longing for adventure was kindled in our bosoms, and we felt very unfortunate in being "chained," as this man termed it, "to our trades, like galley slaves to the oar;" nevertheless, we had no idea of breaking from our duty, though, through the representations of this man, we felt for the first

time in our lives, sentiments of discontent at our condition in life. We were infatuated with his discourse, we knew not how to break from him, and when we intimated the manner in which we purposed spending the day, and talked of going on, he invited us to take a parting glass with him. I am ashamed to say that neither my companion or myself had sufficient resolution to refuse him; nor did we own that we had neither of us been in a public house in our lives. His compliments had induced us to think ourselves men, and we fancied it would be exhibiting a foolish relic of boyhood to plead the orders of our parents.

"We little knew the consequences of this first step in the paths of disobedience. We partook of some ale in a public-house in one of the streets leading from the park; neither of us were accustomed to drink; and spirits of any kind we had never tasted. After we had drank the ale, he insisted on our taking something stronger; the less evil paved the way for the greater, and when the rum was brought our scruples vanished, and we partook of that which proved a bitter cup of woe to both. I suppose the effects of the ale and spirits were instantaneous, for I have but a confused remembrance of anything more during the day. It seems to me that we were among a crowd of persons, and in different places, and then suddenly we were on the water; various indistinct visions passed over my mind in connexion with the events that followed, but nothing accurately. When the sun was high in the heavens next day, I was awoke by Henry, who looking at me with an expression of grief, asked me if I knew where we were? I looked about in bewildered surprise, for we were on board a crowded steam vessel, and the white cliffs of Old England were fast receding from sight.

The intolerable head-ache and burning thirst, which is the legacy of intemperance, were as nothing compared to the feelings of my mind when I thought of my fond parents, their tender care, and the anxiety and distraction I knew they would feel at my absence. My lamentations were answered with shouts of laughter from the persons, chiefly young men of desperate fortunes, who surrounded us. They assured me that I and my companion had voluntarily entered the service of the Queen of Spain as recruits in the British legion; and that we had both denied being apprentices, which in the frenzy of intoxication, I supposed, we thought derogatory; oh, how bitterly did I lament my folly but it was too late. My friend, after the first burst of natural emotion, set his mind to work to derive consolation from the necessity of the case; he told me to recollect what the man had said about the success which intelligent young men might meet with in Spain; in fact, poor fellow, he talked himself into good-humour, until I caught some of his enthusiasm, and imagined that we should come home with nothing less than officer's commissions, to solicit the forgiveness of our parents.

"You, heard sir, of the suffering that befel the legion, in that land of intestine discord. Our first station was in a Franciscan Convent at San Sabastian. It damped our military ardour to find ourselves chosen as officer's servants, which, though we in our pride despised, many thought us fortunate in obtaining. The privation that most afflicted the British troops was scarcity, and bad-