

lution. He replied, "Say what you please, I do not go." Ellwood turned muttering away, the only words that could be distinguished were "fool," and "coward." As he made this explanation to the party in waiting, they went off with a loud laugh. It grated harshly on the ears of Claude, but he bore it and conquered.

The comrades were divided for a short time, Ellwood being sent on detachment to a place at some distance. When they were about to part, "My dear fellow," said Claude, "mind what I have said to you; you have got into disgrace, and are already accounted a drunkard. "What, schooling me again?" said Ellwood pettishly; "I tell you there is more friendship in a pint of rum, than in a churn of buttermilk." On these terms they parted; Claude, from being regular in his habits, respectful in his conduct, and punctual in the obedience of orders, became much liked, and as far as his situation allowed, trusted with things that required diligence and activity. He got about this time what is termed the first step to a general officer—being made Lance Corporal, and though not of a vaia temper, he found himself casting sundry glances at the arm which wore the new ornament. The day he was placed on this first step on the ladder of advancement, he went to see the barrack serjeant, who was now his chief friend and adviser. The old man was very sprucely dressed, and was reading an account of the earlier campaigns of the war. "Well done, my boy," said he, "perhaps you may live to be a field marshal. This is the glorious day of *Vemiera*. [He pointed to his hat, which was adorned with a sprig of laurel]. See, here I am in print;" he read as follows:—"The left wing of the gallant — regiment maintained the hill until the flank of the enemy was turned; their loss amounted to thirty one killed, and forty wounded—one serjeant severely." That was *myself*," said the old man, drawing himself up, and waving the stump of his arm to and fro with great satisfaction.