

When the redskin's not engaged in heavy slaughter,
 Or considering how to make a rifle pit,
 His capacity for Hudson Bay fire-water
 Is just as great as ours is, every bit,
 Our feelings we with difficulty smother,
 While we're shooting down the rebels one by one ;
 Taking one consideration with another,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(*Cho.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's &c.

When the country's fairly over-run with Fenians
 Who are spreading consternation through our land,
 Just now while we've got our fighting dander risen,
 We should take the matter thoroughly in hand.
 Whilst we're guarding House of Commons, jails and bridges,
 Expecting to be shot up towards the sun,
 And be picked up by the piece in sundry ditches,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(*Cho.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's &c.

When we're out all night on picquet when its raining,
 And the drops are gently trickling down our backs,
 Walking slowly up and down till morning's waning,
 To frustrate any rebel night attack.
 When we think what fools we were for volunteering,
 Coming out here thinking it would be such fun,
 And we long for homes and friends endearing,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one,

(*Cho.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's &c.

Sergt.—"Picquet—shoulder arms—right turn—quick march."

[*Exeunt* 1 R. E.]

[*Enter* BAXTER HILL, 2 R. E. CHAWLIE *preparing camp fires—*
the lights turned down.]

Hill (*crossing over to OPERATOR.*)—"Line working?"

Tel. Op.—"All right now, sir."

Hill.—"Take down and send this despatch. (*Dictates*)—'Clarke's Crossing :
 Troops encamped on east side river. One-half of force crosses to-
 morrow, being Grenadiers, Winnipeg Battery, French's Scouts.
 Whole force proceed north to-morrow. Ninetieth, A. Battery and
 Boulton's Horse this side of river. Rebels reported entrenched twenty-
 five miles north.' (*To OPERATOR*) Good evening."

[*Exit* 1 L. E.]