

THE COMRADES.

"I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on
The concubine's cheek; for, if the devil be within, and
That temptation without, I know he will choose it."

SHAKESPEARE.

During the fearful struggles of that War, wherein
Bonaparte almost attained the object of his gigantic
ambition; when all the nations of the Continent were
subdued, and the people of the British Isles stood almost
alone,—

"Few and faint, but fearless still;"

The Recruiting Drum was heard in every village and
hamlet, and the gallant sons of "merry England," an-
swered the call with that enthusiasm which has always
hailed her invaders, and so often overthrown her ene-
mies.

In the remote town of Fowey in Cornwall, the annual
fair was just at the height of its merriment; and monsters,
wild beasts, giants, dwarfs, puppets, and conjurers offer-
ed their rival claims to public notice. At the sign of the
King's Head in the Market place was the recruiting ren-
dezvous of the gallant 79th Regiment. The party con-
sisted of a Serjeant, a Corporal, and two Privates, with a
Drum and Fife. On the principal day of the Fair as the
clock in the old church struck twelve at noon, Serjeant
Bell drew up his Party, and standing before them, un-
sheathed his sword, and ordered his musicians to strike
up "The Three Camps." At this sound the Babel of cla-
mour was hushed for a moment, and the fickle crowd
drew round to hear what this new candidate for public