

too far gone for any scenic attempt, he however commenced—

“ ‘ Free is his heart who for his Country fights, (hiccup) —
He on the eve of battle can resign himself to social pleasure,
Sweetest then (hiccup) when danger to the soldier’s soul endears,
The human joy that never may (staggers) return.’ ”

“ You must excuse me comrades, I can’t come it at present.” “ Go it Jack,” roared all hands. “ Its a fine thing,” whispered the person who sat next Claude; “ only he’s a little out at present—he’s been in a real play-house in his time.” The Kean of the —th regiment was completely beat, and tumbled forwards at his length on the floor. The noise and confusion increased, and Ellwood among the rest sunk to sleep. Claude still retaining his senses, went in search of the barrack serjeant; but he had not gone far in the open air, when his brain reeled, and he sunk on the ground.

Claude did not awaken to consciousness until the morning of the following day; he felt a burning thirst, his eyes were swollen, and fiery red, his head was as heavy as if it were a stone; and when he moved, his temples throbbed as if they would burst. Ellwood who was watching him, brought a vessel of water; he drank eagerly, and felt relieved. “ I thought you would never come to,” said Ellwood; “ I have been all right these three hours; take a hair of the dog that bit you.” So saying, he offered him a bottle, but the strong flavour created a horrid feeling of nausea. One of the — regiment who stood by, proposed his taking some bitters, “ They are an excellent thing to strengthen the stomach,” said this kind adviser. He accordingly mixed some snake-root, lemon juice and rum; Claude drank it, and felt enlivened. After some time he went in search of the barrack serjeant, whose house stood in a little grove of trees. The old man received him very coolly; desired him to sit down on a bench in the ye andah, and asked, “ How do you like