

sacred office would at once give him something like equality, that would be tacitly acknowledged on all hands. The young officer, turning this subject over in his mind, was not long in acting on the suggestion; and the first expression of his wish to his noble and indulgent parent, was promptly responded to by him, and joyfully acceded to by this sprig of divinity.

The reader may by this time be supposed to be sufficiently acquainted with the antecedents of the Rev. James Wilson, M. A., chaplain of the regiment, who was consequently an acknowledged member, *ex officio*, of the regimental mess-room. He had been very remarkable, from his early youth, for his staid and demure deportment; but, since the sacred character of clergyman had been added to that of student, it had seemed to add a proportionate degree of stiff, consequential dignity to his general bearing. His words were few, cold, and formal; his dress was without a wrinkle, and close-fitting; his coat had the military-clerical cut, and was buttoned close up to the chin; and, with his stiff-starched white cravat, it appeared as though he had completely lost the use of that beautiful appendage of nature in his neck, the universal joint, for if any object presented itself to him, either on the right hand or the left, the head could not by any possibility make an independent movement—the whole frame had to go simultaneously with it. It could not but appear to the close observer that there had been one grand radical defect in his education—his head had been cultivated at the expense of his heart; in fact, he seemed to have no heart, no affection, no sympathy, while, at the same time, the sacred office which he had assumed was continually making