

well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment :—but finish the story.” —“ ’Tis finished already,” said the corporal—“ for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honor a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and, as we went down together, he told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas !” said the corporal, the “ lieutenant’s last day’s march is over !”—“ Then what is to become of his poor boy ?” cried my uncle Toby.

“ Thou hast left this matter short,” said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—“ and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.” —“ Your honor knows,” said the corporal, “ I had no orders.” —“ Thou,” quoth my uncle Toby, “ thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*, but certainly very wrong as a *man* :

“ In the second place—for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse ”—continued my uncle Toby, “ when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my *house too* ;—a sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us we could tend and look to him ; thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman’s, and his boy’s, and mine together,—we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

“ In a fortnight or three weeks,” added my uncle Toby, smiling, “ he might march.” —“ He will never march, an’t please your honor in this world,” said the corporal.—“ He will march,” said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—“ An’t please your honor,” said the corporal, “ he will never march, but to his grave.” —“ He shall march,” cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot that had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—“ he shall march to his regiment.” —“ He cannot stand it,” said the corporal.—“ He shall be supported,” said my uncle Toby.—“ He’ll drop at last,” said the corporal ; “ and what will become of his boy ?”—“ He

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