

ed, and again it was repeated—and I could plainly distinguish in the clear tones and soothing melody of a flute, the well known pathetic air of the "Wounded Hussar." It came from the opposite camp, and probably served to beguile away the reflections of some lonely wanderer like myself.

I have listened to music in all its forms : I have heard, with a swelling heart, the proud notes of triumph in the hour of victory—the sweetest music to a soldier's ear ;—have yielded to the momentary exhilaration produced by a ball room orchestra ;—have experienced the fascinating entrancement attendant on the witcheries of song when warbled from the lips of female loveliness :—Yet there was a something in that simple melody, breathed in such an hour, and in such a situation, which surpassed them all.—It was so much in unison with the scene and my feelings at the time, that the enchantment it then possessed has continued to the present moment, and will to the latest hour of my existence.