

After a rather tedious passage; the fleet arrived at Kingston. The Troops were disembarked, and lodged in Barracks; their first care was to examine their new island as they were pleased to term it. To Claude every thing was new; the land, the sea, the people were different from any thing he had seen; and he felt that wild throb of pleasure, which arises from novelty. While he looked round him in pleased perplexity, he saw amongst the persons who were employed in giving over barracks to the new comers, the identical old man who had given him the advice in the cathedral of St. Paul's. "Do you not know me?" said he, going up to him. "No, my lad," replied the old man. "I saw you first," said Claude, "in St. Paul's in London." "Oh, I remember," said the other, extending his hand; "you look well in the King's uniform. I am busy now, getting your regiment into their barracks, and have not been long here myself, being appointed Barrack Serjeant on this station; I will be very glad to see you to-morrow—any one will show you where I live." Claude now went in search of Ellwood, whom he found in the Canteen, with several soldiers of the regiment they came to relieve. He was singing in great glee when Claude entered. The old stagers were swarthy merry looking fellows, delighted with the idea of going home. They asked a thousand questions, each seeming to think affairs stood in England just as they left them years ago. One of them offered a tott of rum to Claude, but Ellwood whispered, "its no go, he does'nt take any hard stuff." "Well" said the entertainer, "I must get him some sangaree." Claude found this an agreeable drink; the bustle, and novelty of the scene, made him forget the caution he had hitherto observed, and he soon became too happy to notice the quality or quantity of what he drank. As a set off against the singing abilities of Ellwood, the entertainers produced a fellow who had been a strolling player. This worthy was