

never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."—"I hope not," said the corporal.—"But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with the story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling, (the book was laid upon the bed;) and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.—If he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant;—I told him your honor was.—'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but, tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing: possibly he may know my story,' added he; 'pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent;—'I remember the story, an't please your honor,' said I 'very well.'—'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, 'then well may I'——. In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice—'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—"I wish, Trim, I were asleep."

"Your honor," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned; shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?"—

"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife—and particularly well that he, as