

*Blon.* (*drawing himself up*)—"Well, it is all a lie, but a thundering good camp rumor."

[*Tableau.* CHAWLIE faints into a soldier's arms, and BLONDIE is rushed off the stage, 1 L. E., by several in disgust.]

*Soldiers*, (*grouped around CHAWLIE*)—"Stand aside!—Fan him!—Water!—Give him air!"

*Chaw.* (*recovering*)—"Was it all a dream or was I awake?"

*Omnes.*—"No, No, Chawlie, you are awake, you will be all right soon."

[*Group retire.*]

[*Enter JOE, 3 L. E.*]

*Joe*, (*to OPERATOR*)—"Wire all right, break thirteen miles back."

[*Exit L.*]

*O'Flynn*, (*rushing forward*)—"J. Michael Caesar O'Flynn is not left after all (*To OPERATOR*) Here, take this despatch down and rush it, (*dictate grandiose*.) "Your correspondent made due connection, with the forces at 2.33 this p m. As he rode into the lines, the sun, that great luminary of this universe, appeared for the first time, during the day, from behind a lowering cloud. All nature smiled with infinite joy and gladness; and the camp as seen, when it first broke upon the vision of your scribe, lay calmly at ease, on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan, peacefully gentle, as the breath of a sleeping babe. I saw the General to-day, and he seemed much pleased to see me. I understand that his capability for recognizing true genius, when he sees it, is remarkable. I have already drawn his attention, to several minor errors in his plan of the campaign, referring him to that great military work of *Whittle's* "On Campaigning; and also to the blunders of the Transport service. I will urge strongly on him the advisability of following up the Hoodoo trail, to which I have already referred, in a former despatch; and the military policy which, is clearly shown in "*Leacock on Windage*," first Edition, page 340. The General, in my opinion, should have a supply of amunition with him, but I neglected to ascertain this. Now that I have arrived at the scene of action, I may say, that I confidently feel, that we will crush this rebellion. Of this the readers of the great topical journal of your city, may rest assured." (*Rolling up his papers and notes*) "There I guess that will do for an opening volley. (*To OPERATOR.*) Did you catch on old boy, eh?"

*Tel. Op.* (*tapping away at instrument.*)—"I got it all, sir."

[*Exit O'Flynn, 1 L. E.*]