

hours, and there is nothing left for him but to pass the remainder of the night as he best can, in hunger, incold, and in discomfort; and he marches in the morning without having enjoyed either rest or refreshment. Such is often the fate of young regiments for a longer period than would be believed, filling the hospitals, and leading to all manner of evils. On the other hand, see the old soldiers come to their ground. Let their feelings of fatigue be greater or small, they are no sooner suffered to leave the ranks than every man rushes to secure whatever the neighbourhood affords as likely to contribute towards his comfort for the night. Swords, hatchets, and bill-hooks are to be seen hewing and hacking at every tree or bush within reach; huts are quickly reared, fires are quickly blazing; and while the camp-kettle is boiling, or the pound of beef frying, the tired but happy souls are found toasting their toes around the cheerful blaze, recounting their various adventures, until the fire has done the needful, when they fall on like men, taking especial care, however that whatever their inclination may be, they consume no part of the provisions which properly belongs to the morrow. The meal finished, they arrange their accoutrements in readiness for any emergency, (caring little for the worst that can befall them for the next twenty-four hours,) when they dispose themselves for rest; and be their allowance of sleep long or short, they enjoy it; for it does one's heart good to see 'the rapture of repose that's there.'

STRANGE WOUNDS.

In April, 1812, one of our officers got a musket ball in his right ear, which came out at the back of the neck; and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was obliged to wear it looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry) he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again!

FAMILIARITY ON A BATTLE FIELD.

Colonel Beckwith's manner of command on those occasions was nothing more than a familiar sort of conversation with the soldier. To give an idea of it, I may as well mention that, in the last charge I saw him make with two companies of the 43d, he found himself at once opposed to a fresh column in front, and others advancing on both flanks; and seeing the necessity for an immediate retreat, he called out, 'Now, my lads we'll just go back a little, if you please.' On hearing which, every man began to run, when he shouted out again, 'No, no! I don't mean that—we are in no hurry—we'll just walk quietly back, and you can give them a shot as you go along.' This was quite enough, and was obeyed to the letter—the retiring force keeping up a destructive fire, and

regulating their movements by his, as he rode quietly back in the midst of them, conversing aloud in a cheerful encouraging manner—his eye all the while watching the enemy to take advantage of circumstances. A musket ball had, in the meantime, shaved his forehead, and the blood was streaming down his countenance, which added not a little to the exciting interest of his appearance. As soon as we had got a little way up the face of our hill, he called out, 'Now, now, my men this will do—let us show them our teeth again!' This was obeyed as steadily as if the words 'Halt, front' had been given on parade, and our line was instantly in battle array, while Beckwith, shaking his fist in the faces of the advancing foe, called out to them, 'Now, you rascals, come on here, if you dare!'

FIRST ADVENTURE OF A SAILOR.

'Tis pleasant round a winter's hearth,
With a bright fire blazing high,
To choose sad talk amidst our mirth,
And sigh, with happiest hearts on earth,
O'er griefs that chanced before our birth,
And dangers long gone by.

Old Song.

One Christmas evening, an old man sat in a great arm-chair close to a bright fire. His hand was on a book, but his chin was sinking on his breast, and though his spectacles (with the red firelight glare upon them) were staring straight on the page, his eyes looked very much as if they were shut.

"Come grandfather!" exclaimed a fine young midshipman, who bounced into the room, followed by his two brothers, "put down your book, and tell us a story."

The old gentleman started,—his book fell from his hand,—he pushed up his spectacles, rubbed his eyes, settled his wig, asked what o'clock it was, and finally, complained that the boys never would let him read in peace.

Just then, he felt a little twitch from behind. He looked round; it was Willy, the youngest, the darling boy, sitting astride on the back of his chair, with one hand holding his grandfather's book high above his head, and with the other pulling his pig-tail, or as he called it, his bell-rope, by way of gaining attention.

"Ah! you little rogue," said the grandfather, smiling, "what are you doing with my book and my pigtail?"

"Tell me what the last page was about, and you shall have them both again."

"And what if I cannot?"

"Then you must tell us a story, as we asked you to do."

"Well, then, the last page was about—*Buonaparte*."

"What about him?"

"Let me see—he went to Moscow."

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" cried Willy, clapping his hands. "Bony left Moscow three pages ago!"

"Well, then, I see I must submit," said the happy looking old man. "What sort of story will you have?"

"Boarding the *Bucentaur* in Trafalgar Bay," said the young sailor, "or cutting out a frigate, or sailing under the guns of some frightful French battery."

"No," said James, who was a pale and pensive looking boy, and he grasped his grandfather's arm as he spoke. "No,—tell us about that dreadful storm, two days after a sea-fight, when the dead drifted along on the tide, and knocked against your boat. And tell us how you thought you knew among them the face of your friend, and you almost thought he spoke to you, the wind whistled so loudly as his body drifted by in the tempest. Tell us something like that. Come, make haste, before the candles are brought in, and let it be very horrible!"

"What say you, William?" said the grandfather, turning to his youngest, his namesake and favourite. "What shall it be?"

Willy smiled in his face, and climbed his knee, and looking up with his bright blue eyes, said, "I should like something dreadful, too; but I am tired of battles. Cannot you tell us something that you felt and saw when you was a little boy, like me?"

"Before I was your age, Willy, I lost my father, and because my mother was very poor, I was sent to sea. When I was nine years old I had made a voyage to Greenland, and seen many wonders,—great, terrible, and beautiful. I ought to be able to amuse you with accounts of huge icebergs, of whale and seal fishing, and many other things. The peril, however, that had most power over my imagination, and of course, the one I remember best, was the cat-o'-mimo-tails. So completely was I possessed, during that miserable year, with the dread of corporal suffering, that I saw nothing, felt nothing, and can relate nothing, of that trip. I never shall forget the first time that I saw my mother after that Greenland voyage. I ran home as soon as I could get ashore, but my wather had left her house, and the people who had succeeded could not tell me where she was. I was in agonies—I ran along the market-place to the well-known abode of Sitty, the old cake-wife. She told me, that my mother was sick, and poor, and lived in a garret over the way. She said that she looked in upon her sometimes, but that she had no doctor, because she could not afford to pay one. I had a few shillings that had been given me before I went to sea; I had them in my hand, wrapped up in the corner of a handkerchief. I ran off to the nearest doctor, showed him my money, and begged him to take it and come and cure my mother. He smiled at the offer of my purse, but a tear started to my eye when he saw my distress, and he willingly followed me, when I ran toward