

lady-killer, and supposed himself to be the observed of all observers. Indeed so he was, and he comported himself accordingly. And it was quite amusing to observe the way in which he would wink and smirk at the females as he passed them in the street, the boldness and the effrontery with which he would peer under their bonnets, and the pert yet unmeaning remarks that he would pass upon them to his companion. But he was an officer in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and that, like charity, was sufficient to cover a multitude of faults and failings.

There was one person whom we would not wish to overlook, or have it supposed that we slighted him in the most distant way, as, by the position he occupied and the sacred character of his office, he certainly should have been the first noticed in our sketches ; but, however, better late than never.

This gentleman was no less a person than the Rev. James Wilson, M. A., chaplain of the regiment. Educated at the celebrated University of Oxford, it might have been said, so far as literary attainments were in question, that he did very high honor to his *Alma Mater*. He was a son of a poor, or, rather, a comparatively poor man, who held the office of under-steward to a very wealthy nobleman in one of the midland counties of England.

This son of the nobleman's steward had been a very smart and intelligent boy in the village school, and had made such progress in all the departments of learning therein taught, that he had attracted the special notice of the village clergyman, who was ever ready to assist him in his higher studies, and so prepare him for col-