

Sergt.-Maj., (*quick.*)—"Where is the alarm?"

Corp.—"Three shots in direction of No. 1 Picquet."

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! sound the assembly. Lively now!! (*Bugle sounds. A muffled noise in the tents.*)

Voices (within)—"Where are my boots? Where is that tunic, &c. (*Men rapidly turn out, insufficiently dressed, but properly armed, and fall in. BLONDIE falls in last, comes out of the tent making a prodigious effort to buckle his waist belt over his night gown carrying his rifle and wearing a nightcap.*)

Charlie, (*plunging out excitedly.*)—"Wha can I get cover?"

[*Rapid exit L.*]

Voice (in distance R.)—"All's well!" (*caught up and repeated.*)

[*Enter GENERAL I R. E. (with a lighted candle and drawn sword, wearing a dressing gown, carpet slippers and a tuque, followed by the A. D. C., and BAXTER HILL, note book in hand.*]

Gen.—"Well men, you have turned out in remarkably quick time. You are not in the best of trim as regards dress; but I see you all have your rifles and side arms, and that is the main thing, when the enemy is at hand."

[*Enter J. M. C. O'FLYNN running I R. E.*]

O'Flynn.—"Oh, it is only a false alarm."

CURTAIN.—GENERAL and A D.C. R. *side waltzing. O'FLYNN excitedly in the centre. HILL on L. Men drawn up at the attention in the rear.*

INTERLUDE.

THE MARCH AND DRILL OF THE HARD TACK BRIGADE.

[*Stage cleared. Twenty-eight members of the BRIGADE with sword bayonets in hand, drawn up in line, two ranks facing footlights. LEADER on the R. Costume.—Tunics and trousers, forage caps made of round roast-beef cans with a tassel on the top and chin-strap, a white canvas cross-belt with H. T. B. stamped on it, and a two-pound Armour.*