

that military flesh is heir to. Never shall I forget what a young lunatic I became on reading one morning in the 'Gazette': '1—th Foot—John Jones, Gent., to be ensign, by purchase, vice Muffin, who retires.' How I blessed Muffin! No words in the vocabulary were strong enough to express my admiration of Muffin's retiring disposition. I laughed, cried, sung, danced, and did everything but stand on my head. For the sake of the furniture, I was turned out of the drawing room, and went raving mad in the kitchen; I shook hands with the butler, kissed the housemaid, hugged the cook, and upset the entire domestic economy of the whole establishment. What a lucky fellow I was, too! the 1—th—a crack light-infantry regiment. I was not to be a common 'mudcrusher,' wearily tramping along hard roads to hoarse words of command, but a gay, dashing 'light bob,' scampering merrily over hill and dale to the music of a ringing bugle! How unceasingly I bothered the unfortunate tailor to make haste with my uniform, and what a nuisance I became to all my friends when it did come home. I was never tired of buttoning myself up in my red coat, and corking a pair of curly moustaches on my innocent upper lip, to see how I looked with those martial appendages. How ardently I sighed for the reality! and how unmercifully I scraped at my unhappy checks, in the hope of encouraging the growth of an invisible whisker! I must have added materially to the income of Mr. Rowland and the manufacturer of the Rypophagon Shaving-soap in those days. Excepting my sister, who was never tired of hearing of the heroic achievements I intended to perform, and my mother, who had an idea that I was going off to be shot, as a matter of course, what a relief it must have been to the whole circle of my acquaintance when I started to join my regiment. And when I had undergone the introductory gymnastic ordeal, and had escaped from the clutches of the grand inquisitor, what a pleasant, free-and-easy life I found it. My first night at mess, too! I thought I had never seen anything so brilliant and fascinating. My brother-officers were so kind and civil, so anxious to put me at my ease, and so particular in taking wine with me because I was a stranger. How dreadfully tipsy I became in consequence, and what a headache I had next morning! I suppose no one was ever so deliciously soft as I was, or had such a number of hoaxes played upon him. I became sharp, however, in my turn, and played them upon others. What pleasant recollections I have of those early scenes and companions, and how a few short years have changed us all—how the hare has been passed by the tortoise—what blighted hopes and ruined prospects have been the fate of some, and how all the high-flown aspirations of youth have dwindled into the sober matter-of-fact of middle age, and the splendid castle in the air, peopled with rank, wealth, and beauty, been replaced by furnished lodgings and a wife and family!

Of the ensigns who were my contemporaries on joining, Miles Adamant is the only one still in the regiment. He was quite a veteran compared to us, and we used to call him the grandfather of the ensigns. He had been six years in the army; but as he was poor, and poverty being a sort of military crime, he had been passed over several times by junior, or them, longer purses. It but, fortunately, work for poor Miles, who was heart-breaking and of his profession, was enthusiastically and of his profession, to see boys of a few months' service promoted over his head, not from any merit of their own, but merely because they happen-

ed to have rich governors. He had none, poor fellow, his father, who had been a general officer, having died when he was quite young. His mother, by strict economy, had contrived to give him a good education, and when he got his commission, in consideration of his father's services, was able to afford him a small annual allowance. With this he struggled manfully on, and kept himself free from debt till he was appointed adjutant, which gave him his lieutenantcy, and a welcome addition of £5 a day to his pay. From that time he ceased to be a burden to his mother; and though his means did not permit him to keep pace in many respects with his more fortunate comrades, no one in the regiment was more thoroughly respected and looked up to. If any youngster got into a scrape, he always went to Miles Adamant for advice. He was the referee in all disputes, the peace-maker in every squabble, and in deciding a bet, his opinion was considered more valuable than that of the omniscient editor of 'Bell's Life' himself. In about ten years, Miles worked his way up to the top of the lieutenantcy, was again passed over by richer men than himself, and at length got his company by a death-vacancy, a couple of years before the Crimean campaign. At the battle of the Alma he distinguished himself by a 'terrific combat' with four Russians, and was honourably mentioned in despatches. At Inkerman he was third captain, and all his seniors being placed hors de combat in that mortal struggle, he 'won his spurs' by bringing the regiment out of action. He did his work like a man all through that dreadful winter, and escaped without a scratch till the memorable attack on the Redan, when a conical bullet from a Russian rifle, whirling along in search of its pre-destined billet, effected a lodgment in his hip, and finding its quarters very snug, refused to be ejected. No one supposed he could live with a lump of lead firmly imbedded in the bone, and Miles' name appeared in the ominous list of 'dangerously wounded.' For a long time his life hung upon a thread; the shock to his nervous system had been so great, that even a person moving about his hut caused him excruciating agony; but skilful treatment, however, and a strong constitution, pulled him through; his troublesome visitor became a tenant for life, and with the exception of a perceptible limp, he is now as strong and hearty as ever. He returned the other day from the scene of his glory, as brown as a berry, and covered with honor and hair. He is now a lieutenant-colonel and a C. B., and decorated with a medal, four clasps, the Legion of Honor, and a beard down to his waist! Report says that he is about to be married to a beautiful heiress, who, like Desdemona, loves him for the dangers he has passed. Long life to him! No man better deserves his good fortune.

What a contrast was Rocket! The son of an opulent country gentleman, who allowed him £500 a year, and an unlimited supply of capital to purchase his promotion, no one stood a better chance of rising in his profession. But he was cursed with a love of display, and a wanton spirit of extravagance, that knew no bounds and brooked no control. The old military system of spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day, was perfect economy compared with the reckless way in which Rocket flung his money about. As soon as he got it, it was subjected to the well-known ornithological process of being converted into 'ducks and drakes.' If he had had £5000 or £50,000 a year, it would have been just the same. In matters of dress and equipage, he brooked no rival near his throne; he would be 'aut Caesar

aut nullus;' and if anything novel or strange appeared, his great ambition was, no matter what it cost, to 'cut it out' with something newer and more eccentric. He thought himself a capital judge of horse-flesh, and was victimized by all the dealers in the country; he ordered coats by the score, and watches by the dozen; and had more screws than he could ride, more clothes than he could wear, and more jewelry than he could carry. He kept a kind of open house, and was a little king among a set of men who smoked his cigars, rode his horses, and borrowed his money. Three times in five years were his debts paid by his indulgent father; but on the fourth application, a condition was imposed—that he would quit the army and live quietly at home. This proposition, Rocket, now a captain, rejected with scorn, and father and son parted in anger. Left to his own resources, he fell among thieves, the Jews made short work of him; post obits and other diabolical instruments soon failed to supply his still reckless expenditure; and, in an evil hour, he took to gambling. He became totally absorbed in this exciting pursuit, and having a clear and steady hand, played at first with ruinous success. Intoxicated with his good fortune, he became more extravagant than ever. In the meantime, his father died unreconciled to his prodigal son leaving the bulk of his property to a distant relation. Rocket had long since anticipated whatever came to him as a matter of right, and was now totally dependent on his pay, and his winnings at the card-table. Here his good fortune at length deserted him; his losses were heavy and frequent. In the hopes of retrieving them, he sold his commission. From this point his downward course was rapid; night after night luck was against him. One fatal evening, maddened with his losses, he grew desperate, and staked his all—his very life depended on the cast. A gleam of fortune seemed to shine upon him once more. One card alone stood between him and certainty. As the game proceeded, his chance grew brighter; the last card only remained to be dealt. With starting eyes he watched it as it fell upon the table—a heavy groan escaped him—it was the card, and Rocket was a beggar. Without a word he hurried from the room, and strode hastily through the streets to his lodgings. On the door being opened, he dashed up stairs to his room, and locked himself in. Alarmed at his master's pale face and haggard look, the servant was on the point of following, when the report of a pistol was heard, succeeded by a heavy fall. The door was burst open, and the unfortunate gambler was discovered extended on the floor, with a bullet through his brain.

How different again was Bubb—Alderman Bubb, as we called him, he was so gross a feeder. He would gorge himself like a boa-constrictor, and then fall fast asleep. He was the fattest and most thick-headed officer in the British army. He never brushed his hair, and was supposed to sleep in his clothes. When he attempted to write, he used to ink himself all over, and was known to have spelt 'door' d-o-o-r-e in an official letter. There was no examination in those days. Money and interest were the only qualifications; and, somehow or other, Bubb had both. Where he came from nobody knew; but he was supposed to be the son of a rich rum-contractor. When pumped as to his pedigree, he did nothing but grin—he did anything else. If, to make him a little lively, he was tossed in a blanket, he went up grinning, and came down grinning—no one seemed to enjoy the fun more than Bubb: he was too heavy, though