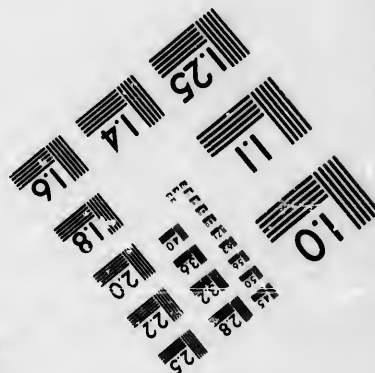
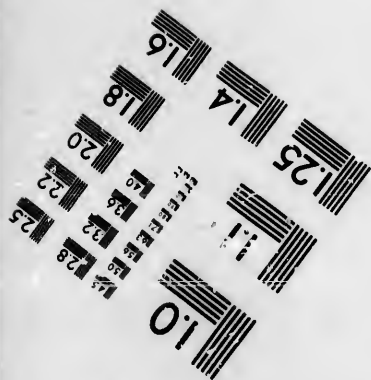
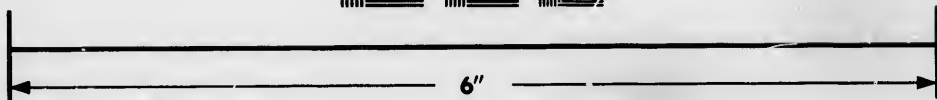
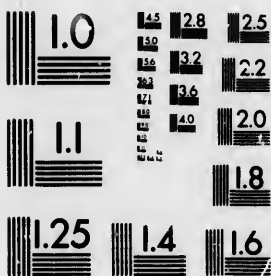


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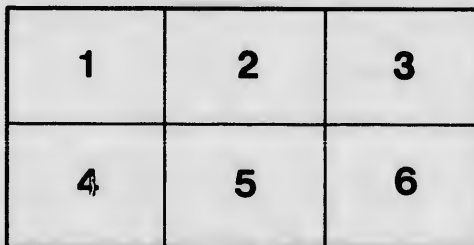
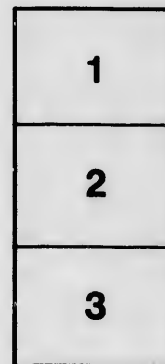
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HOURS OFF AND ON SENTRY;

OR,

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MILITARY ADVENTURE

IN

Great Britain, Portugal, and Canada.

BY ALEXANDER WALKER.

FIRST RELIEF.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOVELL,
ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1859.

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Hours off and on Sentry.

THE ENLISTMENT.

ALL persons agree that prefaces of every description are bores. Notwithstanding this, however, there exists among the generality of readers a laudable and praiseworthy desire to enquire, regarding the author of any production which may come under their observation—who is he? what is he? Having in view this desire, and as my only motive in writing is the amusement of the long hours of a winter evening, I consider that a short narrative of the “why?” and “because,” which cast my lot among the community from which my memories are drawn, might form, as it were, a connecting link between my readers (should I ever have any) and myself, I at once proceed, without further prefacial remarks, to gratify all the curious queries hinted at above.

An elaborate genealogical and historical account of my family, and a minute and carefully drawn up topographical description of the place of my nativity, would, I am afraid, have but few charms to attract attention; and having a kindly regard for the feelings of those who may honor my lucubrations by a perusal, I will, sacrificing the egotism of the thing, waive all such dissertations, and relying on the

supposition that no doubt can possibly exist of the fact that I really had a father and a mother, and actually was born, if not at Montreal, at least somewhere else, I dismiss the subject with the old Aberdonian mid-wife's consolatory remark, "Far better a teem hoose than an ill tenant."

With regard to school-boy days, least said is soonest mended. Kind and contra school-masters have been so often dragged before the public, will he nil he, and shown off with all their various points and qualities, good and bad, as the case might be, that any attempt on my part to delineate the ruling Academicus of my Academia would be, not only presuming, but preposterous. I will therefore give those days, with their well-remembered smile or word of approbation, together with their equally well-treasured scowl of anger, the go bye; promising always that many and many a time, when walking my "lonely round" in the dark and silent hours of night, those days have thrown their ever-living light across my solitary path, and I have in imagination revelled again amid the scenes and joys of boyhood.

Having proceeded thus far, satisfactorily I hope to all parties, I will, with my reader's kind permission, take another step which will bring both him and I to another period of life; the transition state, neither that of man or boy, but partaking of a most delightful mixture of both, when every thing around seems clad in holiday apparel, when we see things through a glass, not "darkly," but too brightly, when we invest the world and the ordinary circumstances of life with a bright and blooming beauty, which, so often, under the stern teachings of reality fades away and leaves the scene in its true and natural state. Not that I mean to say the reality is as forbidding as the ideal was tempting in its aspect. I am not of those who imagine that the path of life is so studded with thorns and briars that there is no spot upon which the foot may rest without feeling their sharp points pricking to the bone. Nor am I one who dreams that that path is strewn with roses, where every step we take but

leaves one pleasure to find another. No, faith! The thorns have pricked me more than once, but I never thought very much about them; I merely tried to press them out before they had swollen too much; and when I came across the fragrance of the roses, inhaled the pleasing atmosphere with a right good will—and so jogged on.

But to return. Having arrived at the age of seventeen, I was placed in a situation in life, from which, in perspective of course, I saw future greatness stretching itself visibly before me. But—alas for human frailty!—how true it is, that, when placed against the sweeping current of youthful passion,

The best laid schemes o'mice an' men
Gang aft agley.

All my schemes went terribly “agley,” because on the impulse of a moment—the flashing of a thought—I determined to enlist; conscious, too, that such an action would sap the foundations of all the air-built fabrics reared by those who loved me well and by myself.

My readers must not imagine, from my having come to this decision, that my brain was a storehouse of romance in which chivalric deeds, martial glory, high renown, and all “the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of war,” were jumbled together in most admirable confusion; neither must they think that my soft and pliant heart had been, like many a favorite beauty's flowers, made the plaything of a moment, and then picked to pieces and trodden under foot, and that I had recklessly and thoughtlessly immolated myself upon the altar of unrequited passion. No such thing. There was nothing of the romantic and little of the entertaining, but a wonderful amount of the foolish, in the presiding cause of my enlistment; but such as it was, creditable or otherwise, as thereby hang my tales, I will lay it before the reader, in the hope that, haply, it may lead some young fellow as rash as I was then to pause and think.

Thus it was. An intimacy having sprung up between

several youths of my own age and myself, it was our custom to meet of an evening in the rooms of one or other of the members of our "Friendly Association," as we had denominated ourselves, for purposes of instruction or amusement, according as the opportunity or the whim for either presented itself. The circumstances which occurred on the night of my last meeting with the association aforesaid, are indelibly and vividly impressed upon my memory. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since that meeting took place, but it stands up, with all its accompaniments, as clear and distinct as it stood before me the succeeding morning and threw its shadow over all the days of my after life.

We had enjoyed a rather "free and easy" night of it in the rooms of a young man from the country, who was consequently in lodgings, and—enviable situation—master of his own domicile, having no paternal censor to watch over his proceedings. Previous to breaking up for the night, our host proposed a jorum of hot punch; and, as Father Mathew and Teetotalism were unknown at the time of which I write, and the city we were living in was famed far and near for its punch, we, nothing loth, at once accepted the proffered kindness. Whether it was that the whiskey punch was brewed rather strong, or that our heads were rather weak and unaccustomed to such libations, it soon began to make us feel that, if "we werena fou we just had plenty," and that every one of us was ripe for mischief of any kind, no matter what. Nothing, I dare say, would have come amiss—a "forlorn hope" itself would have had us then for willing volunteers; but I will not trust myself to descant upon the ability existing among us to fulfil its duties. However, time slipped away unconsciously, and we could scarcely credit the fact that it was close upon the "wee short hour ayont the twal" before we had manifested the slightest symptom of stirring. We then, however, began to think it was "high time for bed, sir," and accordingly sallied forth into the street.

Every thing around was wrapped in solitude and silence, save when the muffled figure of some guardian of the night would break the solitude by throwing its shadow athwart the glare of the bright gas-lights which stretched along the street, far as the eye could reach, until the brilliant vista terminated by a beaming eye of fire—or when his monotonous drawl, “pa-a-a-s-t o-o-o-ne o-o-o-clo-o-ock,” jarred upon the silence.

The long line of glittering lamp-posts immediately took the attention of one of our squad, a dapper little fellow of about five feet nothing, but possessed of a frame in which was combined a degree of elasticity and muscular power which, and I have since seen all descriptions of men, I never saw equalled in a person of his size; and a bold, daring, hardy little fellow he was too.

“Eh! man!” he exclaimed, “what a fuss we would raise among these auld buffers of policemen, if we could only manage to put out a wheen of the gas-lights! I’ve a good mind to try.” We laughed at the little fellow, and our laugh was long and loud—and little wonder at it. The lamps were placed upon elegant iron posts, upwards of thirteen feet in height, and our hero was but five; the idea, therefore, of his putting them out tickled us more and more, and we laughed longer and louder than ever.

I suspect our laughter, mingled with the fumes of the punch, had rendered the sensibilities of our little chum rather sharp and keen, for giving us a glance of supreme contempt he shouted, “I’ll let you see how it can be done!”—and, before we had time to speak, scarcely to look, with a single spring he was half-way up one of the stalks which supported a lamp,—another bound, and, that light was quenched. Agile and elastic as a cat, he dropped upon the pavement, and was off in front. Scarcely had we gathered our rather dumb-founded faculties together, and determined to pursue and stop him, when another light blinked its last for that night,

or morning rather. On he went—lamp after lamp going out, as it were, by magic.

Policemen were standing staring at the unwonted phenomena with wonder and amazement, until at last one of the fraternity caught a glimpse of our aerial friend in cue of his flights from darkness into light. Sharp and shrieking was the din of the rattles as they instantaneously sprang up in answering discordance—loud, and fast, and furious, through the previously silent street, rang the rapping of the iron-shod bludgeons on the echoing pavement—hot was the pursuit and many and bitter were the Gaelic imprecations and threats which were hurled after our flying lamp-extinguisher by his panting followers. On--on, he kept his course, and darkness followed him with her shadow—light after light kept winking its last glimmer—and every intersecting street was adding to the number of hot and angry pursuers.

Having quenched the light of his thirtieth lamp, the little fellow seemed to flag in his exertions—perhaps the excitement of the whiskey punch had died away and left his muscularity exhausted. Certain it is that his pursuers pounced upon him *en masse*, every one striving to be in at the death—this one grasping his collar, another seizing his arm, another his shoulder, and so forth, in fact, clutching with angry vindictiveness by any thing and every thing that could afford a grip for a policeman's hand.

Just as we came up to the scene of capture, panting and puffing with exertion, our little friend was looking round his host of foes with a most rueful countenance, and a most delapidated exterior. He occupied the centre of the scowling group, minus his hat, his coat too had passed through its share of trials, and portions of it fluttered in the night breeze in a manner the very reverse of graceful or agreeable, his trowsers were "tattered and torn," and "his whole" presented a striking illustration of the effects of an illegal assumption of the office of "Leerie light the lamps." Didn't

the policemen shake him? Aye, did they, till, as our companion afterwards said, his bones rattled like those of the skeleton at the door of the Hunterian Museum.

The conduct of the police, aggravated no doubt by the magnitude of the offence and the smallness of the offender, was indeed almost brutal; and on our venturing to remonstrate, and obtain some gentler treatment for our friend, at least until the constituted authorities should award his punishment, we were assailed with a volley of abuse, collared as aiders and abettors, and received a most distinct intimation that our friendship for the offender would be enhanced by being allowed to accompany him to the police station in the capacity of fellow-prisoners. This might have been, for aught we knew to the contrary, very good police law and logic; but looking upon it, as we did, as a most unreasonable and unjustifiable infringement of the rights and liberties of the subject, it was not at all likely that a parcel of heedless young fellows, laboring too under artificial excitement, would tamely submit to such summary proceedings.

Accordingly, as we had no particular desire for inspecting the interior arrangements of the police station, we made a most determined dash for liberty. The result was a general *melee*, every one, however, fighting for "his ain hand." In the contest one of the civic guards took a fancy to examine the texture of the coat I wore, but thinking his conduct rather rude, I threw off his grasp; scarcely had I done so when a heavy bludgeon came in contact with my cranium, which in turn came in contact with the causeway, where I lay without feeling or motion. Returning sensibility found self and comrades prisoners of war, and the victorious party busily engaged in picking up the *debris* of the battle-field in the shape of battered heads, battered hats, and battered lanterns, to be brought against us as evidence on the morrow in the Halls of Justice. (?)

This duty having been performed, we were formed up in the centre of a "hollow square" of policemen and marched

into durance vile. On arrival at the police station the affair was rendered so very bad by the details of our captors, that no deposit for our appearance at the magistrate's "morning levee" would be accepted, and we were "locked up."

The blow I had received was a pretty severe one, and what, between it and the thoughts and feelings which chased each other with tumultuous swiftness throughout that long, long morning of imprisonment, I passed some of the most bitter, most dark, and most miserable hours of my existence.

The hour of the Court's sitting at length came round, and we were ordered before the magistrate. The feelings I experienced I will not attempt to delineate—overwhelming shame was most predominant. The examination, and the remarks which passed upon the affair, I never heard—I was oblivious to every thing. Once only did I raise my head, and glance furtively around me. In that glance I thought I could discern the features of my respected master looking down on me, more in sorrow than in anger. Years after I discovered I was wrong, that I had been mistaken, that there was not a single person in the court who knew anything about me. That glance, however, and the impression it left upon my mind, was enough; and after the amount of the fine imposed upon us had been declared, and we were reconducted to our "cells," I said mentally, "this is my last day in Glasgow." That afternoon, at four o'clock, saw me seated on the stage-coach for Edinburgh, forty-two miles off; and the next morning found me enlisted in His Majesty's 101st Regiment of Highland Light Infantry.

Having thus introduced myself to the reader, I will now introduce my tales. Whether the impression I have made by my "first appearance" be favorable or otherwise, I can, of course, have no opportunity of judging, and will not, therefore, trouble myself much about the matter. I will merely state that the following sketches are given quite independently of chronological or any other arrangement. I wrote them down as they rose up in my memory, without reference to

time or any thing else, and, if utterly destitute of any claim to be considered as "orient pearls," they have, at least, an undoubted right to be looked upon as having been at "random strung." With these remarks I conclude, hoping that I, although an old soldier in some respects, but a perfect recruit in literary matters, will receive a little indulgence in going through my facings before the public.

A SOLDIER'S FRIENDSHIP.

CHAPTER. I.

THE RESCUE.

IN the dusk of a beautiful summer's evening in the year 1842, two young men belonging to our regiment, at that time stationed in Montreal, were returning to barracks after the enjoyment of a stroll during the cool and balmy hours succeeding sunset, rendered so peculiarly agreeable by their cool refreshing breezes, after the glare and heat of an almost overpowering summer's sun.

Both men were about the same age, twenty-four or twenty-five years; their forms displayed every attribute of manly strength and beauty, and their faces were radiant with those marks of ardent, daring spirit, and careless enjoyment, which stamp the buoyant years of youth before the stern and iron hand of adversity or suffering has left its deep and ineffaceable impression on the human heart—impressions whose influence are spread over the whole system, and which assert their power upon the face and form of him who has quailed beneath their withering potentiality. Adversity, however, in any very serious shape or form, had, as yet, never crossed the path of the two men I am speaking of; at least the casual observer would have arrived at that conclusion from their quick, elastic step, erect and faultless forms, and the merry glance of the eye, the clear and ringing laugh, which passed between them as they pursued their onward way.

They were engaged in earnest conversation, discussing, in their own peculiar style, the merits of a long and hot field-day which had preceded their evening's ramble. Generally speaking, soldiers are great criticisers of the actions of their officers; and it has often excited my surprise to hear how ac-

curately true, in most instances, were the deductions come to by the men when treating of the character of an officer, whether looked at in the light of a disciplinarian or of a gentleman. Not a single officer in a regiment but has his faults and his foibles, his good points and his merits, registered as it were in the minds of the men of his corps; and fond as officers are of applying nick-names upon each other, the men are equally fond of that practice, and I have generally found that the *nom de guerre* of the barrack-room bestowed upon these gentlemen, was, so far as character and capabilities were concerned, the most expressive of the two.

Thus, in the discussion of some, to them, important manœuvre in light-infantry tactics, and the neatness with which it had, or had not, been carried out, the comrades had got completely engrossed, in fact, were nearly coming to loggerheads with each other in defence of their respective opinions, when a piercing cry burst upon their ears; so sharp, so wild and full of terror, that for a moment or two they stood irresolute, scarcely knowing how to act. It was but for a moment, however, for casting a rapid and searching glance around into the now gradually darkening street, one of the men exclaimed,

"Fred! that's a woman's voice! and see," he continued pointing to the corner of a solitary street running up from the Quebec suburbs, "there she is."

So indeed it was; at the spot pointed out a weak and fragile woman was struggling violently in the arms of a strong and resolute man. The unequal contest, however, was not to be of long endurance; the man who had spoken, Andrew Wilson, made but one spring, and administered one blow, which rung like the stroke of a hammer on an anvil upon the cowardly assailant, and he stood supporting a sobbing trembling girl upon his arm, while the ruffian who had assaulted her lay senseless at his feet.

With the best expressions of comfort and respect which Andrew could command, he strove to reassure the almost

fainting girl, entreated her to lean upon his arm, and never to distress herself about the dastardly coward, who was now gradually recovering the use of his faculties. The scoundrel, with returning sense, rose and crawled away when he saw the girl under the protection of two young and able men, one of whom he already knew by experience was a hard-hitter, and both clothed in a uniform which those who wear make it their proudest boast shall always be foremost when weakness wants protection or where danger menaces.

I have no doubt but that at this assertion the would-be moralist will curl his lip and launch out into that strain of vituperative and ignorant declamation which brands our soldiery as thoroughly and completely immoral and degraded. Those, however, who know better can afford to laugh at such dogmatical ideas and conclusions. It is true that amongst soldiers there are, and always will be, found men who by their conduct disgrace humanity and themselves, and, in the minds of unthinking people, create unfavourable impressions of the community with which they are connected. Yet this will I maintain, that more vice, more wickedness, more systematic organised immorality, will be found to exist amongst an equal number of civilians living in the same grades of society as those from which the army receives its men, than in the army itself. No better school than the British service can exist for the training up of men, who, had they not found in its ranks a discipline and a watchfulness which they could not evade or baffle, would have preyed upon society at large with unrestrained and ungovernable ferocity, until every man's hand would have been against them, and their lives would have been one long or short career of crime and misery. Under the power of discipline, example, never-ceasing superintendence, punishment of what might to others, and sometimes even does to soldiers, seem the most trifling and unimportant breach of orders, and the as impartially rendered meed of encouragement and indulgence due to meritorious conduct, such men are converted into good and faithful sol-

diers, and very often in their old age become respectable and respected members of society. On the other hand the lad who enters the service under the impulse of any of the thousand and one motives which prompt human beings to do that which in the calm and sober hours of thought and reason they never would do, need never be afraid that under the British flag the principles of truth and honor which may have been inculcated on his mind by the warm and anxious tenderness of a fond and doting mother, or the upright, honest teachings of an affectionate father, will be subverted or overthrown, and that the inevitable consequences of his enlistment will be his sinking into a state of universally repudiated blackguardism. Let him have no such fear. Let him but be true to those principles, true to himself, and he will soon find that the ranks of the British army are very different indeed from, perhaps, his own preconceived ideas, or the dreamy philosophy of those who seem to find pleasure in lowering and debasing the character of a service which it is their bounden duty to raise and elevate on all and every occasion. But I tell all such men—and tell it too from that best of all sources, experience—that in the ranks of the brave defenders of our country, hearts will be found, though covered by the uniform of private soldiers, which bound with a consciousness of right and wrong, and a sense of the principles of true honor, in no way inferior to those of their, so considered, more civilized; but in my opinion most ignorant, detractors. I would tell them, too, that when they want men utterly devoid of self—willing to expend their utmost strength in their defence, or to part with their last shilling to alleviate their poverty—let them come to the ranks of the British army and they will find such men, thick “as leaves in Vallambrosa.”

Indulging in this long digression, however, I am afraid I have been guilty of a most ungentlemanly action in having deserted my freshly rescued heroine without one single word of apology; but I hope that, for this time at least, the feeling which prompted the inadvertency will prove my best excuse

to the reader, especially when I promise in future to mean-
der gravely through the channel of my story—if I can.

Should I, as many wiser men than I pretend to be have
done; leap the bounds prescribed by rule, I will endeavour
to do so just at a point so dull and tiresome, that my reader
will be forced to confess that for once a good thing has been
done, and "that the relief was marched off" just at the pro-
per time and place.

With faltering speech the young girl thanked her rescuer,
and the very tones of her voice told how deeply grateful she
felt, although her words were few. As she lifted up her head
and glanced at Andrew, her eyes still quivering with tears
and but half subsiding emotions of terror, yet so full of gra-
titude, he could then observe that those eyes were black and
piercing and that they lighted up a face and features of more
than ordinary beauty. In speaking of that first glance An-
drew said he felt a strange sensation pervading him, a sense
of familiarity with those eyes, and that he had often received
that tearful glance before, it sunk into his heart with such a
warm and kindly feeling; he felt that if she had given him
such a glance before the ruffian who had assaulted her had
crawled away, he would have crushed him like a moth for
daring to look at, far less to insult, such trembling youth
and beauty.

As the girl regained her composure and a sense of security,
Wilson made many inquiries with the view of soliciting in-
formation as to whether she knew the person who had assail-
ed her so rudely. The result of those enquiries was, the
discovery that she was acquainted with the man; that he
was a young person of dissolute habits, who, she supposed,
she must have offended in some imaginary manner, as she had
never done so to her own knowledge, and who had attacked
her in the manner they had seen as she was returning from a
visit to the house of a friend. Andrew Wilson and Fred.
Thorburn were equally anxious to obtain his name and place
of abode; on purpose, as they said, to gratify a wish they

had formed for a more intimate acquaintance with him. This, however, the young woman would not give, and, perceiving the subject was disagreeable to her, they considerably forbore urging her to communicate any further information in connection with it.

In case of any further attempts at personal rudeness, the two comrades offered to escort her home, which offer was at once accepted, without any of that affected, but oft-times never felt, hesitation which some consider so captivating. Pleased with the entire confidence in their honor which this conduct displayed, they conducted their charge, now free from alarm and fear, in safety to the paternal dwelling, which being at a considerable distance gave them an opportunity of exerting themselves to amuse and interest her on the way. On reaching her home, the old folks, when told of what had happened to their only child, and the manner in which she had been saved from further abuse, poured forth their thanks in a manner which plainly told that the heart dictated what the lips had spoken. With many kind invitations from the well-pleased parents, "no to be strangers, but to gie them a ca' as often as they liked," the two soldiers bade them good night, and hurried homewards.

I suppose, and have little difficulty in thinking my supposition true, that my readers are by this time pretty anxious to obtain some additional knowledge of the several parties I have brought before their notice. Such a wish being perfectly natural, and founded on the never-cloying appetite for increasing our stores of knowledge so inherent in the human mind, and as I am not one of those superlatively-perfect philosophers who will not open their bag of knowledge without knowing all about the why and the wherefore, I will at once proceed to enlighten my readers with that, which, as it came easily, can be easily given away.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMRADES.

THE names of my heroes I have already given ; they were Scotchmen by birth, born and bred in the same county town ; had attended the same school, and been in their days of boyhood the greatest cronies that could be found round the countryside. As they grew up in years Wilson was apprenticed to a shoemaker, Thorburn to a wheelwright. Time rolled on and found our friends at eighteen years of age as closely bound in ties of matured though youthful friendship, as their days of early boyhood had been in their joint career of mischief-making.

About this time one of the "bickers," for which the county towns "o' our ain gude kingdom o' Scotland" are so much celebrated, had almost driven the staid and sober burghesses of—— into a state of frantic commotion ; the like was never known in the town since the great splore which took place on the passing of the Reform Bill. This bicker had been attended with circumstances which placed those who were known to have participated in the conflict in rather a dangerous predicament, at least for some little time to come. No lives had been lost in the *melée*, but several very serious wounds had been inflicted on the "nobs," as the boys of the upper class were called ; and the to-do made about the affair by the parents of those who were injured, made the lads of the opposite faction rather timorous. Now our two friends, as being the most stout and determined leaders of the latter faction, were so tightly looked after, that the "toon was sune ower het to haud them," so they set off for Glasgow ; and as boyhood and coming manhood had been spent together, they determined that they would spend together the brightest days of life in the service of Her Majesty

Queen Victoria, and carried the resolution into effect by enlisting into the 101st regiment.

The scholastic attainments of the two men were of that description which, in a Scottish regiment, are designated in regimental returns as "middling"; a denomination that implies the possession by the man of an education which, in the course of time and a little additional self-cultivation, will enable him to perform every duty required by the service with ease to himself and satisfaction to those who are placed in authority over him. They were steady, sober men, regular and willing soldiers, and in personal appearance, when under arms, the perfect beau ideal of what soldiers should be; and in a corps where all were alike distinguished for a never-failing attention to personal cleanliness, to the high condition and efficiency of their arms and accoutrements, they were pre-eminently distinguished as "clean soldiers." The acquisition of such a title in such a regiment is by no means an easy matter; it requires what may be, not improperly, termed a strained attention to those things: such attention had been displayed by Wilson and Thorburn, and the consequence was that they bore the character of being "twa as clean sogers as stood in the corps."

My civilian readers may imagine that I am placing a great deal of stress on the cleanliness of soldiers, but I, myself, consider that in any regiment in which the interior economy is such as to call on the men for constant attention to this important consideration, it will be found that the truth of the saying "cleanliness is next to godliness" receives ample illustration, and tends materially to increase that self-respect without which no man, soldier or civilian, can ever attempt to become a really good man. On this subject the late Sir C. Napier, in his *Remarks on Military Law*, made some such very excellent remarks that I cannot forbear giving them here, more especially as it will enable civilians to judge more correctly of the importance of this feature of military discipline.

Sir Charles says :—"Soldiers must obey in all things. They may, and do laugh at foolish orders, but they nevertheless obey ; not because they are blindly obedient, but because they know that to disobey is to break the back-bone of their profession. To regularity of habit the soldier is trained ; he is taught the necessity of it in principle, and is obliged to practice it. The first lesson he learns is to be exact in waiting upon time ; his hours of going to bed, rising, of going to meals, of going to parades, are all fixed, and he is punished if he neglects to attend to them with precision ; his person, his arms, his room, must all be cleaned, and they are examined at least twice a day in every well-commanded regiment. Now we know that if arms are cleaned once a month and carefully put by, they would remain perfectly serviceable ; and that men and rooms, if examined once a day, or once in two or three days, would be sufficiently watched to secure cleanliness : but then habits would be lost. The irksomeness of having a musket constantly in the hand, and of ever watching time, would gradually increase, and encroach upon the system of obedience, and the greater the distance between the hours when obedience is demanded, the greater number of instances of disobedience would occur, till, finally, disobedience would become the rule, obedience the exception ; and a man's body being equally dependent upon habit with his mind, would soon feel the musket to be no longer its companion but its torment ; and a shadow falls upon the glory of an army when soldiers grow tired of their arms.

"Thus by frequent and close attention to the ordinary proceedings of a camp or garrison, exact obedience becomes a habit ; and men accustomed to obey in trifles rarely disobey in matters of importance So are soldiers trained for war."

True words those,—the words of a man high in power, who condescended to come down from his high position and place himself in contact with the men he commanded ; studied

their habits and inclinations, and from that study obtained the foundations upon which in after days he built up many monuments which will keep his memory ever fresh in the minds of the men who benefitted so much by his exertions in their behalf.

But to return. Shortly after the arrival of the regiment in Montreal, Wilson had been sent to work in the regimental shoemaker's shop; and as he was remarkably sober, and wonderfully saving, he soon began to amass a little money. This was placed in that most useful institution, the regimental savings bank; and as he saw his treasure gradually increasing, and heard of the great demand for men of his craft in this country, he determined upon working hard until he was master of a sum of money sufficient to purchase the discharge, not of himself alone, but also of Thorburn—who, although he would have obtained plenty of employment were he clear of the service, had no means of earning money in the corps, as his trade was one not called into exercise in a "marching regiment."

Thorburn, however, would not hear of this project. He used to tell Wilson, "I listed for guid, an' I'll stay wi' them for guid." Although Wilson was very much disappointed at this unexpected opposition on the part of his comrade, yet he was fully determined that he would apply for his own discharge so soon as he had accumulated the funds necessary for that purpose.

Such was the condition of the male characters of this homely sketch at the time I introduced them to my readers; and as it will prevent interruption in the course of my narrative, I will now enlighten them as to those who have already, and will in future, appear to claim their notice.

First I will turn, and with much pleasre indeed, to my charming little heroine, Mary Morrison. I knew Mary personally, and the longer I did so the more I liked her. Mary's father was a Scotchman, who, with his wife—an English woman—had emigrated to Canada immediately after marriage;

and by continued steadiness and constant application to his trade—that of a shoemaker—he had maintained himself and family in a station of great respectability; and, as the old man used to say, “had managed ae way an’ anither to lay bye a gowpen or twa o’ dollars for a rainy day.” The union of Mary’s parents had been blessed with four children; but one by one, in childhood, they had been taken by “Him who giveth and who taketh away;” and Mary alone was left to shed comfort round the paternal dwelling. The hearts of the old couple were wrapped up in their young and lovely daughter; she was their centre of attraction, their all in all. Well was this fond, absorbing, engrossing love returned on Mary’s part; and if a never-tiring wish to please, a never-satisfied desire of doing everything to promote their happiness and comfort, a ready, willing, and cheerful obedience to every parental command, and a total abandonment of self in thoughts of their interests, can repay parents in any degree for the years of mixed happiness and anxiety entailed upon them by the care of their offspring,—then were Mary’s parents well repaid.

I do not know that Mary was entitled to be called a “pretty girl,” “a beauty,” or any other of the multitudinous titles applied to young ladies in general, and actually meaning nothing in particular; because what may appear in the light of either qualification to one person, may assume a directly contrary appearance in the mind of another. Mary Morrison, then, was a *woman*, a true, whole-souled woman; and when I repeat that definition to myself I can see rising up before me a bright array of beauties other than those of face and form, before which the masculine nature must bend in admiring submission. Mary seemed to have become a personal embodiment of the ruling feminine distinctions which mark respectively the countries from which her parents claimed their origin. There was much of the soft, luxurious delicacy and fragrant perfume of the rose in her disposition; dashed with a sleeping but ever-existing symboli-

zation of the fact that in cases of emergency and necessity the hardy and repellent thistle would find in her no unworthy or unfit representative. There was a character stamped upon her features which beauty alone can never give. When you looked upon her it was easy to perceive that, quiet and gentle as she was, an inborn intellectual dignity dwelt about her which graced with tenfold charms her every word and action. I have certain ideas of my own with regard to female beauty, to which I attach a certain amount of faith and importance; but as I do not mean to force my readers to accept, *volens volens*, my version of this matter, and being afraid that if I attempted a personal description of Mary Morrison those ideas would tinge all I might say on the subject, I think the best plan will be to let it alone. Should any one, however, feel in the slightest degree disappointed at this decision, I prescribe the following formula for their own private satisfaction: R. Take the last novel which may be at hand; turn up the longest and most elaborate description of a heroine suited to your respective tastes; lay it down again and say—Aye! that's just the thing—that's just the sort of woman Mary Morrison must have been: then picking up this most desultory sketch of mine, give me your company quite contented and satisfied. As for myself, though I may plead guilty to the charge of not describing beauty, I will boldly challenge any attempt to prove that I cannot feel its power—yes! in a quiet corner I can dream over that power for hours together; and Mary Morrison was one well calculated to form the presiding image in all such dreams.

Having thus brought my *dramatis personæ* before my audience, I will now proceed with the action of the piece.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST LOVE.

ON the way towards their quarters, and after their arrival there, the subject of discourse between the comrades was completely confined to the evening's adventure. It was something to them new and engrossing. They had, of course, formed many casual acquaintances, but never under circumstances so calculated to impress their minds as those which marked their introduction to Mary Morrison.

Wilson indeed could do nothing but talk of Mary; his every word was an enthusiastic eulogy of the beauty and simple modesty of the girl they had so opportunely saved from perhaps, a greater degree of violence than they had even dreamed of.

"Fred," said he, "after I drop working to-morrow night, will you come with me to call on Mary and see how she is getting on after her fright?" Thorburn, as a matter of course, consented at once and willingly, and the comrades parted for the night.

There was, however, little rest for Andrew Wilson that night. His principal disturber was a little bright, black-eyed beauty, bearing a wondrous resemblance to Mary Morrison, who was continually running into the most desperate and dangerous predicaments, and whom Andrew was making equally desperate and dangerous attempts to save and rescue. No sooner, however, had he succeeded in getting her clear of some wonderfully brought about scrape, than his services were put in requisition to snatch her from a still greater danger. On each and every occasion on which he thus succeeded, he was rewarded for his exertions by a glance from those black eyes, which he solemnly averred was the very fac simile of the glance with which Mary Morrison had so

timidly thanked him for his aid. At last it seemed that all the opposing influences which beset his little tormentor had been successfully overcome; that he sat beside her quietly, silently and joyfully, looking away down into the depths of her dark and lustrous eyes, which beamed upon him with a strange expression of confidence and dependence, mingled with an indescribable betrayal of the fact, that every portion of her mind and body seemed, like his own, wrapped round with a covering of unspeakable joy. Under such influences it seems rather odd that one should fall asleep; far more in conformity with our ideas would be the full and waking enjoyment of such sensations: truth, however, compels me to state, that, having brought his dream to this happy conclusion, Andrew Wilson dozed off to sleep.

Next morning, Andrew was up and at his work—no, not work, he was in his place and on his seat at the shop—and whether it was Mary Morrison that was breaking the awls, scattering the birse, stealing the wax, hiding the knife, playing all sorts of “Andrew Martins” with him, setting things at sixes and sevens and shoemaking at defiance, Andrew could not tell. Certain it is that, after several vain attempts to settle down, he felt that it was altogether useless; he therefore sought and obtained leave for the whole of that day, and left the work to look after itself.

When Wilson reached the barrack-room he found that Thorburn was absent on some fatigue duty, and that if he wanted his company he would be forced to wait until his return. This he did, but with what amount of patience the reader may imagine. Fred at last made his appearance, and shortly afterwards the comrades started to pay the promised visit.

On arriving at Mary's dwelling they were warmly and freely welcomed by Mr. Morrison and his wife; and Wilson thought, when he stepped forward to press the proffered hand of Mary, that, along with the blush which mounted to her brow, he detected the slightest possible expression of inward

satisfaction at the meeting. When hand met hand, however, in the grasp of friendly union, he felt the touch dash through his frame with the light, warmth, power, and instantaneousness of electricity, and beneath its potent power he felt the walls which had hitherto guarded the citadel of his heart crumbling into dust, leaving an open space into which the enemy could march unmolested and unopposed, and take full and complete possession. From the moment Andrew Wilson felt that touch, he was bound, fettered like a slave; yet the bonds were light and pleasant things, and he hugged his slavery to his breast with the fond and gushing tenderness with which a mother strains to her bosom the first-born claim to maternal love.

My kind reader must not be afraid that I am going to bore him with a maudlin mixture of love and sentimentality: I have no such malicious intention. Love, among the class whose story I am telling, is a sentiment felt in its minute and tenderest vibrations, but its feelings are but rarely expressed, because they are far above any powers of expression. Throned in its own dominion, the heart, it hoards its every thought as the miser hoards his gold—it hides its treasure within itself so deeply and securely that the very breath of heaven may not touch it, in case it touch too rudely.

It will therefore be sufficient for my readers, that is, if they are any thing like reasonable sort of beings, to inform them that Mary Morrison and Andrew Wilson very soon came to the conclusion, that, although their bodies might be separated, their minds were linked together with a bond which as it became older became stronger; and that at last, in a moment when all those troublesome realities called reason, duty, and that sort of thing, had gone forth on a rambling excursion and were "not at home," Wilson whispered some cabalistic words in Mary's ear. What they were we cannot say for certain; but Mary's low, distinct and silvery tones, as she murmured, "Yours, Andrew; yours forever!" swept upwards till they melted away in a sweet hum like that of

distant and melodious music. On his return from that happy meeting, Andrew committed one foolish action, and that was to apply to Don Pedro for some verses on the subject of "first love." Don, the reader must recollect, was the acknowledged Poet Laureate of the regiment, and his services in the way of ode-making, on subjects varying from the depth of absurdity to the height of sublimity, were pretty often required, and as cheerfully accorded.

Next morning Andrew received the following address to his lady love. I imagine it was the reflex of some of the Don's own feelings more than it was of those of Andrew; but be that as it may, and as my lover was neither an English bard nor a Scotch reviewer, it pleased him exceedingly well :—

MY FIRST LOVE.

Oh! weel mind I my first fond dream—
 A lassie bricht an' fair—
 A gem o' spotless purity,
 Resplendent, rich and rare.
 Her beauty shamed a' worldly words,
 Nae human tongue might tell
 The charm that ower that maiden hung,
 Or whar'in lay its spell.

Maybe 'twas in her forehead high;
 Truth on a throne sat there,
 Within a tower o' spotless white,
 Untouched by grief or care;
 Wha's polished surface, calm an' clear,
 Shone like a placid stream,
 Reflectin' joys an' pleasures pure,
 Kent only in a dream.

An' oh! that lofty, snawy brow,
 Hid mony a secret mine
 O' soul-born jewels, worthy o'
 Sae beautiful a shrine.
 An' frae amang her gowden locks
 Love glane'd wi' pawkie e'e,
 An' frae ilk weaviu' ringlet cast
 A silken net ower me.

A SOLDIER'S FRIENDSHIP.

Maybe 'twas in her dark, black e'en,
 Which yet, wi' lambent ray,
 Frae mid their darkness sent a licht
 Like simmer's brightest day ;
 Ah ! warm as simmer's warmest sun,
 Was every glance she gave ;
 It poured upon the gazer's heart
 Love's welling, swelling wave.

Thae e'en, when dancin' wi' delight,
 Seem'd like some ripplin' stream,
 Wha's glancing waters shone aneath
 A bricht and sunny gleam.
 Yet saft as waft o' angel's wings,
 Thae beamin' orbs could be ;
 When bath'd wi' pity's pearly draps,
 They seem'd Love's native sea.

Maybe 'twas in her ruby lip,
 Sae fu' o' promis'd bliss,
 Sae ripe an' temptin'—oh ! what joy
 Tae press them wi' a kiss.
 Thae lips, tae, they were but the gates
 O' music's balmyest sound ;
 An' Nature's sweet, melodious strains
 Gush'd frae them when unbound.

For when she spak, her low, saft voice,
 Like some sweet birdie's sang ;
 Thro' ilka corner o' the heart
 Wi' heavenly sweetness rang,
 Her breath was fragrance very sel',
 Just like the mornin' breeze,
 Scatt'ring its perfume pilfer'd frae
 Sweet flow'rs an' buddin' trees.

Her face was like a sunny day
 When nae dark cloud was nigh
 Tae damp the bloomin' glow that spread
 Ower earth, an' sea, an' sky.
 An' licht an' lithesome was her form,
 Her boundin' step as free
 As mountain deer upon the hicht,
 An' licht as licht could be.

Aye! let her gang whare'er she wist,
 There followed in her train
 A band o' hearts, blythe captives led,
 In Love's fast-bindin' chain.
 Weel, weel I mind my fancy's First,—
 That lassie young an fair!
 But like a sunbeam passed the dream,—
 I'll never see her mair!

After the comrades had, in each other's company, paid many visits to Mary's dwelling, and as they were returning homewards one evening, the following dialogue took place:

"I see finely how it is, Andrew," said Thorburn, "the upshot of this acquaintance atween you an' Mary Morrison is no very hard to tell: but a very short time will pass till you an' her are joined thegither for guid. Noo, as I feel mair and mair, every time I gang wi' you to see her, that the place is nae place for me, that I hae nae bisness there, I am just gaun to tell ye that I dinna intend tae gae back again. Ye need na glower sae at what I'm sayin', nor ye maunna get angry wi' me for what I've said. It's no but that I ken weel that the kindness which Mary an' the auld folk aye gie me is genuine an' sincere; or that the sincerity o' your friendship has altered in the least; but I canna help seein' an' feelin' that my presence could be vera weel dispens'd wi', and no be vera sairly miss'd; and therefore, Andrew," and his voice trembled as he said it, "I will go back no more."

"Why, Fred," returned Wilson in reply, "what's the matter wi' ye? Hae I done ony thing to mak' ye use me in this kind o' way? You are the only true and leal comrade I ever had, an' jist as I am beginnin' to feel a' that ye are worth abune the rest, ye turn roun' and want to cast me aff a' thegither. Ye wadna hae your discharge, and I gied in to you; and noo, altho' the time we hae to be thegither is short enough in a' conscience, ye want to mak' it shorter. What hae I done to mak' ye change in this way?"

"Ye have done naething to me, Andrew," replied Thorburn, "an' I tell't ye sae already; but its nae use talkin', my

mind's made up, an' ye ken very weel that when I say a thing I mean it. An' mair than that, I consider it's the best thing that could be done for a' parties; an' sac I mean to stick to my resolution."

Wilson well knew that further opposition on his part would but increase an acerbity of temper which he had latterly observed was gradually gathering over the once light-hearted Thorburn, and which he had never previously displayed; he in consequence let him have his own way,—Wilson giving himself up more and more to the pleasure of meeting and conversing with his own darling Mary.

Little did he dream that beneath an outwardly calm demeanour, his friend was internally devoured by the bitter gnawings of an unrequited attachment. On the first evening of their acquaintance with Mary Morrison, Thorburn had, equally with Wilson, been struck and delighted with her personal appearance and demeanour; and the embers of an attachment were lit, which every succeeding visit fanned and nourished into a fierce and burning flame. How bitter, then, were his feelings when he awoke to the consciousness that the love which he cherished, which he knew would never change, must lie burning in his bosom, unknown and unacknowledged for ever. When, however, he once fully saw that Mary was wholly and truly devoted to Wilson, he adopted the resolution of persevering in the line of action which he had communicated to Wilson; and from that evening he never saw Mary Morrison as Mary Morrison again.

CHAPTER IV.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

MONTHS rolled on, and meanwhile Andrew had not ceased to cultivate the good opinion of Mary's parents. With her father he had succeeded to such a degree, that nothing the old men could give would, in his opinion, have been good enough for Andrew. By old Mr. Morrison's side a seat was reserved and specially set aside for Wilson; and every evening, when his work in barracks was finished, Andrew would surely be found occupying the seat of honour. Now, Wilson was a good tradesman, and his seat by Mr. Morrison's side, gave him many opportunities of lending the old man a helping hand in the furtherance of any pressing work, as well as beguiling his leisure hours by conversation. Many a time did the old man express his regret that "sic' a clever han'" should ever have enlisted, and questioned Andrew as to the possibility of his being able to leave the service. Elated with these indications of Mr. Morrison's good opinion, Andrew on one of those occasions told him all his plans, and his intention of purchasing his discharge and remaining in Canada for the purpose of carrying on his trade. As the conversation flowed on, the old man without reservation expressed the most hearty good-will towards my hero, and even offered to advance him whatever money he might require to carry out his intentions. To this proposition, however, Andrew would not consent, as he was determined that his own hard work should alone enable him to obtain his discharge.

Inspired by the kindly feeling for his interest expressed by Mary's father, he seized the moment of confidence and poured out to the old man his tale of love for Mary; and expressed a hope that Mr. Morrison would look upon his attachment with a favorable eye. For a moment the old man seemed stunned

and wonder-struck. It passed away, however, and, rising from his seat, after a few moments of thought, he merely said, but it was said mildly, nay kindly, "Guid nicht, Andrew ; guid nicht. Come back the morn."

Andrew had also risen, and, when he received this reply, his colour changed, his broad chest might have been observed struggling and heaving, as it were to find a vent for the conflicting emotions which were battling within, but to which all means of escape seemed denied. He turned round mechanically, but the old man was gone, and all around him seemed a perfect blank. Unconsciously he found himself on the street, wandering he knew not whither, nor did he care. As returning thought asserted its dominion, he directed his careless steps towards his quarters, and arrived there in a state of mind too much engrossed with its own affairs to pay much heed to the many remarks which were passed on his unwonted silence and melancholy appearance.

I will not attempt to describe my hero's feelings during the silent and weary hours of that long, long night. He hoped and despaired, despaired and hoped, by turns. Ever and anon the figure of the old man would stand up before him, and his mild "guid nicht, Andrew ; come back the morn," rung in his ears with such a variety of tone and modulation, sometimes cheering and elevating, at others stern, repellant, and forbidding, that he could find no peace, no rest ; at last imagination caught one mutation of the tones more kindly seeming than the others, which lulled his burning brain into a momentary dream of joy and forgetfulness, and he sank beneath the struggle into a deep and troubled slumber.

Morning came ; the "rouse" sounded through every corner of the barrack square ; men got up, and amid the din of voices laughing and shouting, the clattering of iron bedsteads as they were folded up in no very gentle manner, and the call of the sergeant, "Rouse, boys ! rouse !" given at a pitch of voice which might have wakened the seven sleepers, poor Andrew arose. He looked jaded, pale and miserable. Sleep had brought

no refreshing on its wings to mind or body. His comrades marked the change and strove to rally him into better humor; but it was of no avail, he was completely prostrated by his conflict of the past night, and the uncertainty which still threw its dark shadow over all his thoughts. It was nonsense to think of working, so he merely reported himself at the shop and obtained leave for the day. The hour of parade came round, but as he did not attend parades it brought no change to him; the bustle of getting ready and turning out passed by unheeded; he could not bear even to stand and watch the regiment as it went through its several evolutions; his mind was away from the service and all its associations, and he felt completely out of place—fairly brought to a perfect stand-still. He went to the reading-room, but he could not sit still and read for five consecutive minutes; he strolled to the library, but having got there found that he had forgot the book he wanted to have changed; he stood at the ball alley, but was too "lame or lazy" to play; he looked at the quoits, but would not "take a side;" he went into the shop among his fellow workmen, but could neither join in the conversation, nor in the laugh drawn out by some merry story. At last the long-wished for and welcome sound of the guard bugle was heard; Andrew flew to his room, got "dressed," and in a very few minutes was coursing on his way to Mr. Morrison's house.

On his arrival there, Mrs. Morrison met him at the door; a smile was on her face, at least he thought so, and seizing it as an omen of good tidings, he hurriedly bade her good morning, and dashing past, in another moment had the old man's hand firmly grasped within his own. "Tell me ———," was all he could utter; his emotions were too strong for speech, and he stood gazing into Mr. Morrison's face with a strange and indescribable expression of countenance, which affected the old man almost to tears. "Tuts! tuts!" he said; "be calm, man—be calm! Mary is yours for better or for worse, for weal or woe. But, Andrew, man, ye maun guide her weel, for as she has been to me a kind an' lovin' dochter, sae will she prove tae you a kind an' lovin' wife."

The feelings which had kept Wilson up so long, relaxed their overstrained tension, and without a word, scarcely without a sigh, the strong man sunk into a chair feeble as a child. At last, a murmured "Thank God ! thank God !" escaped from his lips; he bent his head, and covering his face with his hands wept silently but joyously.

On the preceding evening Mary had been sent for by her father, and was made acquainted with what had passed between Wilson and himself. He told her that in so far as he was concerned he would never for a single moment place himself in opposition to any thing which she considered essentially necessary to her own happiness. That he had long paid attention to the mind and manners of Wilson ; that he thought he was a prudent, worthy and deserving young man ; and that if the sentiments which he entertained towards her were reciprocal, nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to see her united to a man he considered worthy of her, and that was giving that man a very high character indeed. On her part, Mary could not speak ; her feelings completely overpowered her. Wilson had not mentioned his intention of speaking to her father, and she was consequently taken completely by surprise. Bursting into tears, she clasped her father in her arms, and kissing his withered cheek with fond and deep affection, she confessed that her heart had been given up to Andrew Wilson from the night in which she had first formed his acquaintance.

Drying up her tears and patting her blooming cheek, her father then entered into considerations for the future. He said he had come to this decision after a long and serious consultation with her mother ; and the only condition annexed to the willing consent of both was, that she should never quit her parents' roof until death dissolved the ties which had hitherto bound them so closely together. He also said, that on Andrew's obtaining his discharge, he would place in his hands the active management of his business. "I'm gettin' auld noo, Mary lass," said the worthy man, "an' weak an' frail, an' rest an' ease

wad be unco welcome tae me. Sae ye see I'm obleegin' mysel' as weel as you in this matter o' a waddin' and a' that sort o' thing, ye ken. Na ! na ! lass !—ye needna blush sae—sic things hae aye been, and will be to the end o' time. I was lauchin' to mysel' this mornin', when I thoct on the story I had heard lang syne about ane o' oor great Scotch lawyers, wha after havin' feathered his nest unco weel, ye may depend, took a nice braw place in the kintra, and left the toon and toonsfolk to tak' care o' themsel's, while he took care o' a very nice bit garden o' his ain. The yard furnished him wi' a' that he wanted for the hoose in the way o' kail, cabbage, turnips, an' ither vegetables. Weel, ye see, ae day a when o' his big Embro freens cam tae see him ; an' jist at the vera time they cam, he was delvin' awa' in his yardie like anither Trojan. The gentlemen wad e'en be in tae see him whar he was, reason or nane, an' in they went. There he was, in his sark sleeves workin' awa' for the bare life. When he saw his braw veesitors, he stopp'd delvin'—an' lauchin' an' lookin' up at them, he said :—' Weel, gentlemen—here we are, ye see, enjoyin' the *otium cum diggin' a tawtie l'*—What a lauch they had, ye may be sure ; it was a gran' play on a when Latin words meanin' that he was enjoyin' his ease wi' dignity an' honor. He was a smart cheild, that, I tell ye. Weel, ye see, I was thinking when I might expec' tae enjoy my ease, when wha comes in but Andrew, an' tells me a' his story ; an' then I thinks tae myself—here's a chance. If Mary likes the lad, weel an' good ; I hae a when o' guid customers, an' I couldna' put their wark in better han's ; an' when Andrew gets acquaint wi' them, I'll get as muckle ease as I like, either at diggin' a tawtie, or closin' a boot for yere ain wee feet."

With regard to other things, the old man was equally generous. He said, too, that it was very likely that Andrew would be in a great hurry to get married ; that is, if he was to judge of other people by himself, for he recollected well that when he got married, he was perfectly restless till the job was fairly done. As to time, then and everything else, he left it all to herself and Andrew.

My readers will thus see that Andrew was not deceived when he hailed the smile on Mrs. Morrison's face as a happy omen ; and when I say that on that morning he felt superlatively happy, I convey but a very faint idea of the tumultuous joy which reigned paramount in his bosom.

The meeting which took place with Mary, immediately after the partial faintness which intense and unexpected joy had produced upon him had passed away, must be left to the reader's imagination. It was a meeting of two devoted hearts ; and all such meetings should be sacredly preserved from every eye and ear, save those who, alone and uninterrupted, enjoy their enchanting sweetness. I would be the veriest and most selfish miser of those mines of heart-felt feeling. I would guard the entrance to their privacy with a sword of fire ; and I would treat the intruder into those hallowed precincts with the direst punishment man could invent.

CHAPTER V.

SMILES AND TEARS.

ON his return to barracks, Wilson met with Thorburn; and thinking that every person ought to feel as happy as himself at the favorable consummation of the dearest wishes of his heart, he communicated the good fortune which had fallen to his lot to his comrade. In addition also, he made Thorburn acquainted with a fact, which as yet even my readers are not aware of—namely, that he had coaxed Mary into a promise of allowing the marriage to take place in a month from that date; provided always that the permission of the commanding officer was obtained: if his sanction was refused, he was then to wait until “the discharge” was forthcoming.

Thorburn listened in silence to the rattle of the happy young man, whose every word was striking despair deeper and deeper into his heart. He could not speak; a painful feeling of suffocation was stealing over him; his breathing grew thick and laboured, and he was apparently on the point of falling to the ground, when Andrew observed the change. Supporting his friend by the arm, he exclaimed: “Good God! Fred, are you gaun tae fent?” The sound of Wilson’s voice acted like magic; and Thorburn, with an effort, threw off the incubus which had weighed him down. “It’s naething,” said he; “I think the heat o’ the day has sicken’d me, that’s a’; an’ this confounded coat, too, is as hot an’ heavy as a couple o’ blankets, an’ as ticht as a weel screw’d-up drum;”—and the better to hide his real feelings he employed himself in unbuttoning the offending garment. Andrew thought that this statement was the true one, and that the feeling of faintness would soon pass away; and so,

indeed, it did, and Thorburn soon got "all right again," at least so Andrew thought.

Thorburn having completely regained his composure, returned again to the subject of their previous conversation. "I'm unco glad, Andrew, to hear o' your great guid luck; an' I hae nae doot that wi' Mary Morrison for a wife, your life will be a happy ane, an', wi' the prospec's her faither hauds oot, I think it likely tae be a prosperous ane. In fac', Andrew, the man that wadna' be happy wi' Mary Morrison for a wife, should never ken what happiness was. It pleases me unco weel, tae, tae ken that ye will aye hae somebody beside ye that ye love sae weel; because I ken that were I leavin' you, as I maun do, without a freen' at a', ye wad miss your auld cronie gayan' sairly I fancy; wi' Mary Morrison beside you, however, ye needna care if the hail warl left ye, so as they left ye thegither."

"What?" exclaimed Wilson, "what the mischief's up noo? Whar are ye gaun tae? what pliskie is this that has got hand o' ye noo? Have ye been appointed aid-de-camp to the commander o' the forces, or are ye gaun oot tae New South Wales tae scour the kintra for bushmen? No! nane of thae; then whar in the muckle black deil's name are ye gaun tae?"

Thorburn replied very seriously, "I am gaun, Andrew, to join the Reserve Battalion. Ye ken it has jist arrived here, an' that oor regiment is greatly aboon its strength, jist for the vera purpose of recruitin' and fillin' up the young battalion. This mornin' at parade, the names o' a' the men that are tae be transferred were read; an' I heard mine called amang the rest. We parade the morn's mornin' and join the Reserve at once."

Tears were actually gathering in Andrew's eyes as he listened to his comrade, and, grasping his hand with a pressure which spoke of heartfelt feeling he said, "Fred! Fred! maun we pairt this way at last? Our days o' sport when we were weans thegither, the blythe times we spent as

boys an' men, the auld hame-steadin' an' the auld folk leevin' in't, are a' risin' up in my mind e'eno; an' as they come up, ane by ane, you are mix'd up in them a'. An' its a' come tae this at last! I never dreamed or thocht o' this. I kent that we wad hae tae pairt some time or ither, sin' ye wadna tak' your discharge; but it has come on sae sudden, Fred, that I feel as if a dark heavy cloud had spread itsel' ower a brieht and sunny sky, an' it has damp'd a' my ain selfish joy wi' care an' sorrow. Maybe I deserv'd it a' for bein' sae proud and uplifted."

"I feel it tae, Andrew," rejoined Thorburn, "but duty, ye ken, duty maun be dune, do't wha likes; an' it's a pairtin' takin' place only twa or three days suner than it wad itherwise hae dune; you will be leavin' the regiment in a wee while, an' I wad far suner be in the Reserve than here, mair especially as oor Major tak's command o't. I wad far suner serve under an officer I ken, an' like, than aneath ane I never saw afore, an' wha, besides, disna seem tae me tae hae muckle o' the cut o' a sodjer aboot him. I think, Andrew, wi' a' respec' to your trade, he wad mak' a far better shoemaker than a curnel; so I am off tae the Reserve, an' upon the whole I don't think I could hae dune onything better."

Here the conversation ceased, and, wrapped up in the silence of their own thoughts, and in communion with the memories of other days, they reached their quarters and parted for the night.

Next morning, Thorburn joined the Reserve battalion, part of which occupied the same barrack in which the regiment lay.

In the meantime, Wilson had obtained the sanction of the commanding officer to his marriage. This, under other circumstances, it might have been hard with him to manage; because the Major had publicly declared his intention of refusing "liberty to marry," for the simple reason, as he very justly observed, that the proportion of married men in the regiment greatly exceeded that allowed by regulation; and

that he would consider himself guilty of an act of inhumanity in giving his consent to an union, which, the moment that an order for the removal of the regiment arrived, would only occasion misery the most intense; those who had so lately been united must then be separated, perhaps never to meet again; and that, in coming to this determination, he considered he was performing an action, not only the most beneficial for the men under his command, but equally so to that sex whom it was every soldier's duty to cherish and protect from evil. As it was well known that Andrew was on the eve of "sending in his name" for discharge, this resolution was put aside in his favor, and the desired permission was granted.

The narrative of marriage ceremonies and festivities is no doubt a very agreeable thing when referring to the parties interested; and although many people aver that the recital is productive of pleasant ideas in the minds of those who have the fortitude to endure such details, I, for one, consider them rather tedious affairs in general; and likely to prove more so in the present instance, when it is taken into consideration that I have no splendid dresses to describe, no sentimental exhibition of feeling in a crowded chapel to chronicle, or the excellencies of a sumptuous breakfast or dinner table to dilate upon. In this conclusion I think my readers will agree, and in all probability feel perfectly satisfied when I inform them that Andrew Wilson *was* married to Mary Morrison, and, as Fred. Thorburn observed, if he did not enjoy rather more than a comparative degree of happiness with his young and loving bride, he did not deserve his good fortune.

Thorburn was not present either at the marriage or the feast. It happened rather strangely that, on the morning of the day which was to see the lovers united for ever, Thorburn reported himself sick; and the day of Wilson's marriage was passed by his comrade in the regimental hospital. Whether that sickness was bodily or mental I will not pretend to say, although I have every reason to suppose that the latter cause

had more power in the matter than the former. Certain it is that Fred. Thorburn was in the hospital and passed that marriage day with feelings which must be left to the imagination of the reader.

After marriage every thing rolled smoothly on with the youthful pair; and any unfortunate individual who had had the misfortune to lose either happiness or contentment, would have found—had he taken the trouble of enquiring—that the tenants had taken up a permanent residence in the dwelling of the Mcrrisons, and did not seem to have the remotest idea of giving up possession of their billet.

In the meantime, Thorburn, along with the Reserve Battalion, had proceeded to Chambly, where that portion of the regiment was to remain stationed for some time.

After the lapse of a few months, and just at the period to which I have brought my little history, Andrew had acquired, the means of purchasing his discharge, and his name had been enrolled in the orderly-room for that purpose.

It may be as well, perhaps, to explain to the reader inexperienced in military matters that no soldier can claim his discharge as a matter of *right*, even by paying the stipulated amount of money; and that an application for discharge by purchase can be refused at any time: but this is rarely done unless in cases of emergency, or under very peculiar circumstances. It has been found too, that men who have given in their names for discharge have afterwards regretted doing so; and testified the sincerity of such regret by their almost immediate re-enlistment. To remedy this, and to give men time to think calmly and deliberately on what they are doing, the military authorities require that the name of a man who wishes to purchase his discharge should be sent into the regimental orderly-room, where it remains for the space of one month. If, in the course of this time, no public emergency has arisen to prevent the soldier's being discharged, and he has remained firm in his intention of leaving the service, the necessary formalities are set in motion, and

thirty days afterwards the man's discharge is placed in his hands.

With this explanation before them my readers may imagine the feelings of Andrew Wilson, when, a few days after he had sent his name in for discharge, he was summoned to attend at the orderly-room, the commanding officer wishing to see him. On appearing before the colonel, he was told that a notification had been received requiring the regiment to be held in readiness to embark for the West Indies on the shortest notice.

"I am aware," said the Commanding officer, "that to you, Wilson, this circumstance will prove very unpleasant; and I am exceedingly sorry, indeed, that I cannot pursue any other course than that pointed out by the regulations of the service, and that is, to inform you that your claim for discharge is useless. You are not the only one so situated, there being other men who have, with equal grounds of consideration, made the same claim, and who must bear with the same disappointment. This, of course, is no consolation to you; but, as the corps is at the present moment under its established strength, I cannot afford to part with a single man after having received the notification of readiness."

Poor Andrew! There he stood motionless and speechless. He would have spoken, he would have pleaded—oh! with what earnestness—for a revocation of this, to him, life-destroying sentence, but he could not. He was completely paralyzed. His lips refused to open; his eyes assumed the dull glassy glare which bespeakes utter unconsciousness, or a consciousness far too great for utterance. He was led away to his barrack-room, and it was hours before he became fully alive to his utterly wretched situation, and the realization of the fact, that his high hopes were shipwrecked and lost—that his dreams of love and happiness had been scattered to the four winds of heaven with a ruthless and unsparing hand. And his wife! Good God! how was he to tell her this!—how was he to tell her that they must wrench asunder all the

home-ties which had bound them so closely together?—that they must part and become as strangers to one another! how was he to tell her all this? There was madness in the very thought. Poor fellow! he could not bear it, and shouting with a maniac wildness, "Lost, lost forever!" he sank on the barrack-room floor, insensible to all his sorrows. He was immediately conveyed to the hospital, and when consciousness returned it was but the consciousness of raging fever.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the young wife when the tidings of her husband's illness and its cause reached the hitherto happy home. There was no violent outpouring of sorrow, no tempest of woe; but working the stronger because it wrought silently, every lineament of her now pale face told that grief was busy, very busy at her heart.

But I cannot dwell on scenes like these. I have always loved to look on the brightest side of life's varied pictures; and although I would not fly from sorrow when it comes, but strive to meet it, as the brave man meets his enemy, with the determination to fight the battle stoutly and unfalteringly, yet I do not love to look on anguish whose pangs I can not lessen, or on grief for which I know there is no comfort save that which descends on the stricken heart from the mercy seat of heaven. Solitude becomes such sorrowing best; and so, drawing the veil of sincere condolence over Mary Wilson and her griefs, I will leave her for a while and return to Fred. Thorburn and the Reserve Battalion.

CHAPTER VI.

A SICK BED.

IMMEDIATELY after the arrival of the communication which ordered the regiment to be held in readiness for embarkation, an order was despatched to the Reserve Battalion for the Commanding officer to obtain a certain number of volunteers from the ranks of that battalion, for the purpose of completing the First previous to its departure for the West Indies. The call had apparently been promptly answered, because two days afterwards a party of volunteers from the Reserve Battalion marched into the barrack square at Montreal; the number of which seemed much larger than what had been required.

Scarcely had the "disperse" sounded and the volunteers were busily engaged making themselves comfortable in their new quarters, than some of the "old hands" were agreeably surprised by hearing the well known voice of Fred. Thorburn—who had always been a great favorite with the men of his company—shouting out in every direction "Whar's Andrew Wilson! Eh?—is he in the shop yet or whar aboots?" A few words sufficed to let Thorburn understand how matters stood with regard to Wilson, and the heavy sickness which had fallen upon him. "Aye!—aye!"—said Fred. "I thoct something o' this wad happen, but I didna think he wad hae ta'en the affair sae muckle tae heart: but its jist like him—jist like him. I maun be aff an' see him, hooever." And despite all the endeavours of his old comrades to detain him, with enquiries of—"what sort o' a corps was the Reserve?—hoo mony o' the auld han's had volunteered?"—and a host of similar questions—Thorburn, left their queries unanswered, and proceeded to pay a visit to his sick comrade.

On arriving at the hospital he was told that Andrew's life was despaired of, that he was completely insensible of what

was passing around him, and that no one was permitted to see him in his present weak state ; the surgeon of the regiment having given orders that at the present crisis of his disease, not even his wife was to be admitted, as the slightest mental excitement might have a fatal effect. Of course, under those circumstances, Thorburn, much as he wished to look again upon his old comrade, could not press for admission. He, however, asked whether any of the men of the regiment were sitting up with Wilson, and attending on him at night ? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, Fred returned to barracks, and immediately proceeded to the Serjeant-major's quarters. He told the serjeant-major that he wished to remain with Wilson until he had completely recovered ; and that as two men were detailed every day for the duty of attending on the sick man, he would take the place of one of them permanently which would leave only one to be told off for the duty, a duty which, as Fred observed, a great number of the men did not very well like, or very well know how to perform : he would therefore feel much obliged to the serjeant-major if he would obtain the Adjutant's permission for him to attend on Wilson so long as men were required to sit up with him. To this the serjeant-major at once agreed ; and as the close intimacy which had always existed between the comrades was well known throughout the regiment, the consent of the Adjutant was instantly granted to the proposed arrangement, and Thorburn was complimented on the feelings which had prompted him to offer his services.

Having got this matter satisfactorily arranged, Thorburn directed his steps to Mr. Morrison's house. On his arrival there he found that the house of joy had indeed been turned into a house of mourning. Mary was pale, sad and silent ; her father and mother were evidently labouring under the same depressing influences, and sorrow reigned in and around the dwelling.

He was kindly welcomed by the whole family, who expressed their surprise at seeing him in Montreal ; and sup-

posed that, hearing of Andrew's sickness, he had come merely to pay his comrade a visit. Thorburn, however, told them that such was not the case. He had volunteered for the first battalion, and he thought that under the circumstances, he would be able to do more good to Andrew than any one else. He then told Mary what he had done with regard to attending on Andrew personally; and also told her to "cheer up her heart; there was better times comin'," with such a kindly warmth, that he succeeded in infusing some of his own sanguine feelings into the breasts of his grieving companions. Promising to visit them occasionally, and report Andrew's progress in getting well, because, he said, he was sure to get well, and receiving their thanks for his kindness and attention, the young man retraced his steps to barracks.

Thorburn, having completed his arrangements in barracks, and left his goods, gear and chattels, in charge of a comrade, received the authority which constituted him a watcher by the bed of sickness—perhaps of death. With this warrant of admission, he again presented himself at the hospital, and after exchanging his coat for a jacket more suited to his future duties, and his heavy "ammunition boots" for a pair of light and noiseless slippers, he proceeded to the ward in which his comrade lay.

It was the hour of the surgeon's visit, and when Thorburn entered, he found that gentleman seated by Wilson's bedside, watching his countenance anxiously and patiently; one hand was on the sick man's wrist, and it could be seen, by the action of the fingers, that it was not the strokes of the pulse which he was counting by their motion, but that those fingers were feeling for the very existence of a pulse—feeling, too, apparently in vain. Whenever Thorburn opened the door of the ward, the unengaged hand of the surgeon was raised in warning as if to forbid further movement. Shutting the door cautiously and gently, he stood perfectly still, and watched what was passing around him.—Stretched on the bed before him lay the form of his old and well-tried friend. What a

change was there! That blooming face, which he had so often looked upon with admiration as the index of a mind embodying all that was manly and truthful, and which, in its full grow of health and happiness, he had so often thought actually presented the finest specimen of manly beauty he had ever seen, now reposed beneath the surgeon's gaze, white as the pillow upon which it rested, and apparently as devoid of life and feeling; the full round cheeks had drooped into hollow caverns, over which the national high cheek bones cast a shadow which, from where he stood, looked to Thorburn like the very shadow of the valley of death resting on the face of his comrade. The eyes, formerly so full of fire, and gleaming with conscious happiness, were wide open; but, alas! there was no fire, no feeling in their gaze. Fixed upon the ceiling of the ward, without scarcely a perceptible motion of the eyelid, they glared out with the dull, glacial, infiltrated moistness which, reminding one so much of death, is so painful to look upon in the living subject. Wilson's manly form, which had so often graced his position as "right hand man" of the smartest and best looking company of the regiment, was now so wasted and withered away, that a slight degree of elevation in the coverings of the bed was the only indication that a human form reposed beneath. On a small bedside table at the head of the cot could be seen a Bible; an orange, which had seemingly been broken, and then listlessly thrown by; a glass containing wine; another with medicine; and also several of the medical comforts with which the British government so liberally supply the sick bed of the British soldier. The silence was most oppressive; the very breathing of every one in the ward seemed labored and heavy as if an incubus was lying on each breast, weighing down its action with an overpowering pressure; and as Thorburn looked and thought, thought and looked, he felt the flood-gates of his breast give way, and tears had been unconsciously trickling over his face for some time before he was aware that he was actually and truly

doing that which, as a man, he had never done before—weeping.

By-and-bye, the Doctor, gently placing the sick man's hand under the bed-clothes, rose to his feet. He was a tall handsome man, with a most commanding mien, and a peculiarly erect and soldierlike bearing; his countenance was highly intellectual, lighted up with those bright black eyes which at times, I have thought, when their gaze was intently rivetted on the face of another, were calmly but surely making the circuit of the mind and body they were examining, with but little reference to the words which were flowing from the observed one's lips, and which with his thick, waving, raven hair, tinged here and there with silver threads, gave his face a pleasing yet aristocratic expression; the regularity of his features, his well-defined aquiline nose, and the traits of determination which lingered over his finely-formed lips, presented a specimen of physiognomy which once seen was not easily forgotten. His conduct too was in accordance with those characteristics; he had not been long in the regiment before the "schemers"—and there is always a certain proportion of such characters in every regiment—knew that it was no use to "try it on" with Doctor C—: his dark eye was unbearable, as one fellow said,—"it read you like a book." On the other hand, he was to the really sick man a staff of comfort and support; he never failed in attention by day and night; at any and at every hour he was ready for the responsible duties of his post; and his ministrations were so thoroughly gentle, and so scientifically conducted, that many a man, in his day, left the regimental hospital thanking him for having received a new lease of life—another chance to struggle through the contest of the world. As he rose to his feet and looked down on the wan, wasted, withered form, stretched out before him, the scene presented a perfect study for a painter—a beautiful illustration of man's intellectual and physical majesty and power, and his equally mental and corporeal humiliation and impotence.

The Doctor stood looking at his patient for some time; and anxiously and eagerly did Thorburn watch every varying expression of the keen eye, and every light or shadow which swept over the doctor's face as he stood so engaged. At times he was led to hope, as he thought he saw an expression of doubt which lingered in the doctor's eye pass away, leaving a more hopeful gleam behind; this hope would again be cast down as the surgeon's eyelids drooped, and his whole face seemed but the realization of deep profound thought without one ray of what those thoughts might be. At last, shaking his head slowly but undecidedly, he turned away from the bed and left the ward.

Thorburn followed him to the surgery; and having told the hospital sergeant that he wished to speak to the doctor, was at once admitted. Thorburn had no need to tell much of a story; as I said before, the close comradeship which subsisted between the two men was well known, and the medical gentleman was not at all surprised when he was told that Thorburn had come to the hospital to attend permanently on his sick comrade.

"Noo, doctor, sir," continued Fred, "I jist want tae ken what you think o' Wilson. Is there ony houpes o' his gettin' better? Gin I saw him only able tae ken what he was aboot, I think I ken somethin' wad dae him mair good, doctor, than a' the drugs in yere surge-y: no but what they are a' unco usefu' at times."

"Indeed, Thorburn," replied Doctor C—, and a smiled mantled his face as he spoke, "I did not imagine you were coming here to prescribe medicines, but merely to administer them regularly; however, if it will do the poor fellow any good, I promise you shall have your way. Let me hear this great secret of yours."

"Na! na! doctor, ye hinna tell't me yet whether Andrew will ever come oot o' that dead-like trance we left him in e'en noo; an' gin he disna come oot o' yon, my secret wad be o' unco little use."

A Soldier's Friendship

A shade of doubt crossed the surgeon's visage, as he replied, somewhat hesitatingly, "I have no doubt but that, in the course of an hour or so, Wilson will awake to full consciousness ; but it is his terribly prostrated state which makes me feel anxious about the effects of that awakening. Despite of all our care, something may occur which will bring back his sorrows on his enfeebled mind, and, if such should be the case, I am positive that instant death would be the consequence."

"Exactly sae, sir," returned Thorburn, "that's jist what I wanted tae ken. Noo, sir, dae ye think guid news wad hae ony bad effec' ? Say, for instance, if he heard that he wasna tae be separated frae his wife, wasna tae gang tae the West Indies at a', but that he was tae stay quietly in Canada, get his discharge an' a' the like o' that ; dae you think the kennin' o' that wad dae him ony harm when he cam' tae himself ?"

Doctor C—— looked at Thorburn with no ordinary degree of surprise, and asked him, "What do you mean ? Have you any authority to make such a statement ?"

Fred made no reply with words, but presented a written document for the surgeon's inspection. That document was a certified copy of a regimental order transferring Private Andrew Wilson from the First to the Reserve Battalion, and Private Frederick Thorburn from the Reserve to the First, in place of Andrew Wilson.

Having perused the paper the doctor looked up at Thorburn, and the feelings of his heart were evident in the whole expression of his face, and the pleasure which flashed from his eye. With one of those impulses which so much become the gentleman, and which are so dearly prized by the soldier, he grasped Thorburn's hand, and shaking it cordially and heartily he said : "Well, after all, I do not know, Thorburn, but what your medicine will have a better effect than mine ; at all events, we will try it by-and-bye. In the meantime, my sergeant will give you instructions as regards your attendance on Wilson, and I will see him again in the course of a couple of hours : but do nothing until I tell you."

Fred saluted and left the room; the warm shake of the hand, the expression of the doctor's opinion which he saw favored his project, had so completely overpowered him that he could not even tender his thanks for the kind and considerate manner in which he had been treated.

Having received the necessary instructions from the hospital serjeant, Thorburn returned to the ward in which his comrade lay; and the man who was there in attendance having left, glad to be relieved, he sat down by the bedside.

Still and motionless as ever, Andrew Wilson lay there; his breathing was scarcely perceptible, and as Fred surveyed the wreck of manly strength which met his gaze, his thoughts reverted to the far-off home, and the heavy hearts that would be in it were Wilson to sink beneath his sickness; and also of the disconsolate wife who was even then weeping in a nearer home for him who lay there senseless and unconscious of either care of sorrow. As he sat and gazed and thought, the shadowy glens, the sunny slopes, and the brawling burns of old Scotland, rose up before him as vividly and fresh as the last time they had together, hand in hand, wandered and scrambled through them. The scenes of their after life passed in rapid review before him, and, as the last most memorable vision, Andrew's marriage with Mary Morrison, rose to view, Thorburn unconsciously drew a long deep sigh of sorrow, unmingled, however, with one sentiment of anger or regret. He thought on what he had done, and for whose sake it had been done, and the thought seemed to rouse him up to renewed exertion and action.

Still no movement in the sleeper; but as Thorburn looked at him more attentively it seemed as if the action of the lungs was becoming more loosened and unconstrained; the light covering over the sick man's chest seemed to rise and fall more distinctly and regularly, and the sound of the living breath in deep natural sleep was becoming, slowly but gradually, more and more perceptible. Thorburn knew well that this was a state of things much to be desired; and moving

away from the bedside, afraid that the sound of his breathing might disturb the sleeper, he sat down close by the door in order to guard against any noise or disturbance which might be inadvertently made by any one coming into the ward. Scarcely had he assumed his post when a low, slight tap, warned him that some person wanted admission. With one hand raised, ready to deprecate the utterance of the slightest sound, he gently opened the ward door. What was his astonishment when, on doing so, he found himself face to face with Mary Wilson! Acting with determination he merely said, "Hush!"—the next moment he was beside her in the passage, with the door of the ward closed, and his arm in her's leading her away in a contrary direction. "I must—I will see him Fred!—he is dying!—he is dead!"—exclaimed Mary, and she turned up her brimful eyes so piteously and inquiringly in Thorburn's face, that he felt the tears fast rising to his own.

In answer to Mary's enquiring look and exclamations, Thorburn said that Andrew was indeed very unwell, so unwell that for his sake and for her own hopes of future happiness, the surgeon had given orders, which he, as a soldier simply, was bound to obey, and which he would, as Andrew's friend, obey to the very letter; these orders were to the effect that no one, *no matter who or what they were*, unconnected with the hospital was to be admitted into the ward in which her husband lay. Andrew's life, he continued, depended on the faithful execution of those orders; and he was sure that Mary's own good sense would teach her that, under such circumstances, she should not persist in her wish to see him. "He's no deed yet, Mary, lass," he said in conclusion, "he's worth hauf-a-dizen deed men at this moment, an' we hae great houpees that in a wee while he'll be as strong an' hearty as ever."

By this time they had reached the room occupied by the hospital serjeant, into which Thorburn led Mary, and having introduced her to the serjeant's wife, with a request that she would accompany Mary home when she got a little more

collected, he returned to the bedside of his comrade. Before leaving, however, he said that he would call on Mary in the course of the evening, when he hoped that he would be able to bring her good tidings with regard to the progress of her husband.

On returning to the ward, Thorburn found Wilson much in the same state as when he left; the breathing of the sick man was evidently becoming more regular; the eyes had closed, and the wasted features had lost somewhat of the vacuity which had overshadowed them, and were assuming an appearance of natural and profound repose. Two hours passed thus; at that time the surgeon cautiously entered the room. Glancing his eye towards his patient's bed, he merely said "Sleeping?" "Ever since, sir," was the answer, and the doctor slipped along until he came to the side of the bed. Thorburn watched his every look and motion with intense earnestness. The surgeon looked a long time in Andrew's face, and a gentle expression of satisfaction seemed to steal over his own features as he gazed; he bent his head, and placed his ear close to Andrew's breast. During this examination his face exhibited a great change; the apparent satisfaction formerly depicted on it became pleasant and more pleasant, until, when he stood up it actually gleamed with a smile of the most perfect exultation. Silently leaving the ward, he beckoned Thorburn to follow him. When in the passage, Thorburn, in reply to the doctor's questions, told him all the changes he had marked since he had been beside Wilson.

"Good!" returned the surgeon. "Should he enjoy two hours more of such a sleep, I give you leave to tell him what you like—gently though, and cautiously—very cautiously. I will return in about two hours, and ascertain how he gets along."

One hour—two hours passed away, and still the sleeper slept; the doctor came and went, gratified and pleased; and Thorburn watched contented and unwearied. Three hours, four

hours—and Wilson still slept on. About that time, the sick man opened his eyes, and as instantly closed them; again he looked, and also turned on his bed. In a moment Thorburn was at his side, and when his features met Wilson's gaze a bright smile lighted up the pale face of the invalid, and he feebly stretched out his withered hand to welcome his old and faithful friend. The exertion and the awakening were but momentary; with his thin hand grasping that of Thorburn, Andrew once more fell off into profound and refreshing sleep. The smile which had gleamed upon his countenance when he recognized Thorburn, did not fade away; it seemed stamped upon his features as he lay sleeping and smiling; and thus the comrades sat and lay, hand in hand, until the afternoon had passed away, and the shadows of evening were beginning to throw their sombre hues over everything in that silent and solitary ward. There they sat and lay; one buried in apparently pleasant thought, the other in an equally pleasant slumber. Time passed as unheeded by the waking as by the sleeping man; gradually darkness crept into the room, and silently and noiselessly threw its dim obscuring mantle over everything within it—the living men and the inanimate furniture. A tap at the door, and the cautious entry of an orderly with a shaded light, were the first events that awakened Thorburn to consciousness of the lapse of time, and a recollection of the promise he had made to call upon Andrew's wife.

The orderly came over to where Thorburn was sitting, and whispered in his ear that the other man who was in attendance on Wilson had arrived, and was in the kitchen; and that if Thorburn wanted to be relieved the man would be sent up. In reply, Thorburn told the orderly that he would wait a while before being relieved, as he wanted to be with Wilson when he awoke.

The orderly left the room, and scarcely had he done so when Wilson, opening his eyes, and looking up at Thorburn, said, faintly but distinctly: "Thank you, Fred! thank you!—this

is kind, unco kind. God bless you, Fred! God bless you!" The tears rose in a full flood to Thorburn's eyes, and he laid down his head on the bed, and sobbed and wept like a very child.

When he recovered himself he asked Andrew how he felt? "Weel, Fred, weel, I feel unco weel, but unco weak. How's Mary, eh, Fred! how's Mary—is she a' richt?"

"A' right, Andrew, she was here the day; I'm gaun to see her the nicht; an' she'll come and see ye the morn."

Andrew seemed pleased, and Thorburn by degrees brought round the conversation to regimental affairs. "I heard this mornin' Andrew, that the Reserve had sent mair men than were wantit, an' that it was vera likely that the men wha wantit their discharges wad get them yet."

"It's a puir chance, I doot, Fred;" said Wilson; "there's aye a lot o' thae sort o' stories fleein' about whan a route comes in. I dinna believe't, Fred."

Thorburn was wonderfully pleased to see the quiet way in which Wilson took the subject; and thinking certainty better than suspense, he determined to communicate the fact of Wilson's transfer at once. He therefore replied, "Deed, Andrew, it's true, an' ye maun believe't, for I have turn'd unco deaf if I didna hear your name read oot this mornin' as bein' transferred tae the Reserve. Sae ye see, for Mary's sake, ye'll need tae get weel terrible fast; an' I'm gaun tae tell her this mysel' whan I see her the nicht, an' I'll tell her tae, hoo muckle better the good news has made ye feel already. Eh! Andrew?" Wilson said not a word; he lay perfectly still: at last, his eyes filled with tears which over-flowed his face in a perfect stream, and turning on his side, he again fell fast asleep. Just at this moment the doctor entered the ward. Thorburn acquainted him with what had occurred; what he had done, and how his tidings had been received. Doctor C. then examined the sleeping man attentively, and watched his breathing for a short time.—"Well, Thorburn," he said softly, "I think he will do now. That last dose of your medi-

cine seems to have agreed with him wonderfully well; and would not be the least surprised to find that, under its influence, he would enjoy a sound night's rest. If so, his life is safe."

"Could I leave him, sir, for hauf-an-hour?" enquired Thorburn; "I wad like tae gang an' see his wife, an' tell her this guid news, sir. The ither man's doon in the kitchen, an' he'll keep watch till I come back."

"Certainly, Thorburn—most assuredly," returned the doctor, "see the poor thing at once! Tell her, from me, that I now consider her husband out of all danger, and that I hope soon to have him out of bed. Tell her, too, that if she wishes, she can visit him to-morrow. I will tell the sergeant to send the other man up to relieve you."

The man came immediately; Wilson still slept soundly; and in a few minutes more Fred had donned his "regimentals," and was hurrying towards Mr. Morrison's house.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST.

THORBURN'S tidings were, indeed, "tidings of great joy." It seemed that Mary had given up all hopes of her husband's recovery; and indeed, as Thorburn himself thought, there was a time during his sickness when all her dark forebodings had every appearance of being fully realized. The joy therefore with which the intelligence of his improved condition was received, was as elevating in its effects as the other had been depressing; but, when Thorburn first hinted that there was a possibility of Andrew's remaining in Canada, and afterwards made a positive assertion that this was already an accomplished fact—that Andrew had in truth been transferred to the Reserve battalion—the feelings of Mary and her parents were almost overpowering; words were denied them in which to express those feelings, and it will not be expected that when the living voice fails in giving utterance to the emotions of the heart, that my feeble pen should succeed in depicting their intensity.

Feeling that his mission in that house had been successfully accomplished, and anxious to be again beside his comrade, Thorburn departed, leaving the happy family to the undisturbed enjoyment of the pleasant feelings which his communication had called into existence.

It would be needless and uninteresting in me to carry the reader though all the scenes and circumstances which marked Wilson's return to convalescence and his progress to robust health. I question if the detail of meetings between a young wife and husband, whose hopes in life had apparently been sunk to the very verge of despair, but who had emerged from beneath the dark shadow which had thrown its enervating power around them to the enjoyment of a brighter existence

and a richer mine of heart-felt fondness than they had ever previously imagined, would prove very interesting to the ordinary reader, or tend to communicate a tittle of the glowing contentment which filled to overflowing the bosoms of Wilson and his wife; rendering them, lowly as they were, living exponents of old Andrew Marvell's most delicious picture, when he says :—

What wondrous life is this I lead !
 Ripe apples drop about my head ;
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
 The nectarine and curious peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach ;
 Stumbling on melons as I pass,
 Insnar'd with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness ;
 The mind, that ocean, where each kind
 Doth straight its own resemblance find ;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs doth glide ;
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings
 And whoops and claps its silver wings ;
 And, 'till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

It would also tire my reader's patience were I to tell him how Thorburn watched and nursed his old comrade through his passage from childish weakness to renovated strength—how soft and gentle seemed the workings of his heavy hand—how pleasant and elastic the pillow smoothed down with almost a mother's care. Suffice it to say that Andrew did recover under all these cheering influences, and that, too,

wonderfully fast. He had just been allowed to extend his perambulations as far as the hospital yard, when the order arrived for the embarkation of the First battalion of the regiment.

The parting between the comrades was an affectionate one; bibles were exchanged by the two men, and Mary had a package of little comforts in readiness which only a woman knows how to prepare and think of; arrangements were made for future correspondence, and at last they separated with feelings which only themselves fully realized.

Shortly after the departure of the First battalion, Wilson was so far recovered as to be able to join the Reserve—his wife, of course, remaining with her parents in Montreal. On Andrew's arrival at Chambly, he became aware of the full extent of Thorburn's friendship. Fred had, indeed, told him that the principal motive which prompted him to volunteer was a wish to see foreign lands,—and he would not for the world have lost the chance of paying a visit to the West Indies. Wilson, however, got a rather different account of the matter from the sergeant major of the Reserve, who, on his joining, spoke to him very highly in commendation of his friend; and congratulated him on possessing a comrade who was capable of acting in the manner that Thorburn had. Further conversation brought out a detailed account of the circumstances connected with Thorburn's volunteering.

It appeared that Thorburn had received intimation, from a comrade, of Wilson's discharge being refused, and his consequent sickness. Immediately on receiving this intelligence, he presented himself before Major D. and volunteered to take Wilson's place in the first battalion. He told the story of their intimacy, and the effect which the refusal of his comrade's discharge would have upon his future prospects, in such a simple, unaffected and impressive manner, that the Major at once consented to communicate with the commanding officer of the regiment on the subject of the transfer of the two men. The same packet which brought the order for a

volunteer offer to be given for a certain number of men, brought also the Colonel's approbation of Thorburn's transfer, and a request that the Major might, if he thought proper, endeavour to obtain some additional volunteers to proceed with the regiment in place of married men, many of whom would otherwise be separated from their wives and families. Thorburn was quite delighted at the success of his application, and wished to start for Montreal at once. This, however, would not be allowed; the Major told him that next day a volunteer offer would be given to the first battalion, and he would be sent to the regiment along with the other volunteers.

Parade was formed next morning; and the Major read the order for volunteers. In a moment double the required number of men stepped to the front of the battalion, and expressed their readiness to volunteer. Satisfied with this, the Major ordered the men to "fall in," and told them that although the order specified only a certain number of men, yet he would give those who wished to perform a meritorious action, an opportunity of doing so now. He then told them of the number of men, with wives and families, who would be forced to accompany the regiment unless men could be obtained in their stead. Many of those wives and families would, he said, be left behind; and much misery, much wretchedness, would be the inevitable consequence; and if any of them would volunteer to take the place of those men—loath as he felt to part with the soldiers under his command—he would, knowing how much the action would influence the happiness of others, allow them to do so. During the Major's remarks not a move could be seen in the walls of living men by whom he was surrounded: he spoke feelingly and well—his heart was a kind one, and his soldiers knew it—but when he had concluded, a universal movement seemed to pervade the whole battalion, as if they would have volunteered *en masse*—and had he only asked them, they would have done so. Telling those who wished to accept the offer

he had given, to send their names into the orderly room, he dismissed the parade. Scarcely had the words, "lodge arms," passed his lips, when one of the men called out, "three cheers for Major D.," and then a cheer arose—such a cheer as a regiment of British soldiers only can give—and unconsciously lifting his hand to his cap in return for the unexpected tribute of affection, the Major, with a full heart, turned and rode off the field.

That day somewhere about thirty names were registered as volunteers for married men, in addition to the number required to complete the first battalion.

Next day the volunteers left; and I have endeavoured to show the good effects, in one instance, of the generous disposition which exists in the hearts of British soldiers, and which has been, and will be again, so often and so beneficially displayed. Thorburn's friendly sacrifice had suggested the idea of a farther attempt to alleviate similar distress, and the reader is aware how successfully that attempt was made.

In due course of time Wilson obtained his discharge, removed to Montreal, and in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and worldly prosperity, time flew past him pleasantly and quickly. Letters from Thorburn brought intelligence of his promotion, step by step, until he had attained the rank of color sergeant.

A longer time than usual had passed, and no letters from Fred; their arrival had hitherto been so regular that they were looked for as a matter of course. The second mail arrived, and still no tidings. The third had just reached Montreal, and Wilson and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs Morrison, were gathered round the table in conversation. The subject of that conversation was Thorburn; and many were the doubts, many were the fears which rose up in their minds, and found expression in their words, that some misfortune had befallen him—that he had been overtaken by disease, perhaps by death. His very last letter contained details of the ravages which fever was making among the men of the

regiment, in the island where he was stationed, Barbadoes ; and now it seemed certain, from his long silence, that the terrible disease had seized himself.

In the midst of all these dark doubts a rap came to the door : it was the postman with a letter for Andrew. The letter was from the hospital sergeant of the regiment, as Andrew saw from the envelope and the commanding officer's signature. He turned it over and over in silence. "It was frae Barbadoes," he at length said, "but no frae Fred." At last he broke the seal, and an enclosure fell out. He stooped to pick it up, looked at the address, saw it was in Thorburn's hand writing, and nervously tore it open. Not a word was spoken by any of the sorrowful party ; they were intuitively aware that the letter was a messenger of woe, the bearer of bitter tidings.

Andrew read the letter from beginning to end ; as he finished, the hand which held it dropped listlessly by his side, his head bent beneath the load of sorrow which had fallen upon it, and he sat, one hand covering his face, with scarce a sign of life save the convulsive heaving of his frame, as his great grief strove to find some cranny of escape. He sat thus until Mary, fondly encircling his neck with her arm, and whispering with her sweet low voice in his ear, broke the silence by enquiring, "what is it, Andrew dear ?—what is the matter ?" Lifting the hand which held the letter, he stretched it towards her, and muttering "There! there!" rose and left the room.

The letter was as follows : "My dear friends, when you receive this letter the hand which wrote it will be cold, and the heart which dictated it will be pulseless and painless—dead to every earthly feeling of sorrow or of joy. I am fast 'wearing awa tae the land o' the leal,' Andrew, and I cannot part from you without one last word. Be kind to Mary Morrison—she was the bright spot in my life, Andrew, as you value the last blessing of your old friend and comrade, be kind and loving to her. My father and mother, my

kith and kin, Andrew, have all passed away even as I am passing now, and I have left what little of the world's wealth I am possessed of to your wife. Tell her to take it as my dying gift, and with it my dying wish that evil may never cross her path, or sorrow darken with its shadow the threshold of her door. Farewell, friends; may God bless you always, here and hereafter."

So died the true soldier, true man, true friend, leaving his bones to bleach on a foreign soil, far from the home of his childhood and the friends of his youth; a willing sacrifice to the promptings of his generous heart, to the call of his friendly and loving nature.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

I HAVE already introduced my readers to our poet laureate, Don Pedro. He was pretty much in the habit of contrasting circumstances that occasionally sprung up in the regiment with similar incidents which he had experienced in the Portuguese service. His narratives were always listened to with attention, at least by me; and there is hardly one of his stories which I do not recollect as well as if it had been repeated but yesterday. These stories interested myself a good deal, and it is under the supposition that they may, perhaps, interest my readers that I have noted them down—not according to any arranged system—but just as they happened to strike my memory, and I had the time to commit them to paper.

I had not been a great length of time in the regiment when I first became acquainted with Don Pedro; and the present sketch was induced by my recollection of the first time I ever heard him giving the men on guard "a twister," as they used to call a story told for the purpose of wiling away time.

I belonged to the Depôt at the time, and we were stationed at Buttevant, in Ireland—a confoundedly dull hole at its best; and where, if some means of amusement were not generated by the men themselves, time hung heavy enough upon their hands; and the canteen or the village taproom were, too often, found crowded with those who had no idea of enjoyment unconnected with sensual indulgence. At that time the service was a very different thing from what it is now-a-days; and the exertions of government in ameliorating and improving the condition of the soldier have not only been very great, but the introduction of those improvements has had the effect of creating a great revolution in the *morale* of the soldier of the present day.

At the time I speak of, there were no garrison libraries, no regimental reading and lecture rooms, no school-rooms, where a man, so inclined, could make up for the neglect of his younger days ; there were no healthy out-door recreations for the men ; no ball-alleys, racket courts, cricket fields, or other means of enjoying their spare time either in intellectual or physical improvement. The regular routine of parades and other duties gone through, the soldier was thrown upon his own resources for the remainder of the day ; and, according as his disposition inclined him, it was spent either for weal or for woe : too often for the latter, not only as regarded themselves, but also as being the means of inducing younger and less experienced men to tread the same path—a path leading to the destruction of every manly principle, and surely terminating in the ruin of every hope of future advancement, and blasting character for ever.

As a matter of course, such men did not represent the general character of the service ; they were but a portion of that service, and, although at that time much more numerical than at present, I am proud to say that even then in the ranks of our soldiery there existed many, very many, good men, and there was also a soil which only wanted care and cultivation to yield a splendid harvest. That care and cultivation has been extended with a liberal hand, and the rich return which has accrued must be very pleasing to the hearts of those who first set those great moral movements in motion.

But to return. The Depôt was stationed at Buttevant, and the regiment in Canada ; the time was that of the disturbances in the latter country in 1837-8. Our regiment had been engaged in quelling those disturbances, and a number of the men had been sent to England on account of wounds, or bad health, induced by the exposure incident to that winter campaign. Don Pedro was one of those men ; and, soon after his arrival at Chatham, was sent with others to join the depôt of his regiment.

Of course every man who came from the "old corps," where fighting was going on, was a perfect hero; and his life was tormented by the continual demand for information made upon him by the recruits of the depôt.

One evening when I was on guard along with Don Pedro, the conversation happened to turn upon the way in which men felt when they were brought under fire for the first time. Don was an authority in these matters, and it was determined to submit the views of the several parties for his judgment thereon. At the time the discussion took place, however, Don was on sentry, and, of course, could not be consulted until he had been relieved.

Immediately on this occurring, Don was questioned as to how he felt when charging up the hill at Beauharnois. How did I feel?—he said in reply—Well, I'll tell you how I felt; if I had got blind S—— at the point of my bayonet as we dashed up the face of that hill, I would have made him charge the enemy whether he felt inclined for such an operation or not. Nothing like touching up those sort of fellows behind, it's the only way you'll get them to go forward.

However, boys, it was charging up that hill that poor Pate Turner was shot dead, and several other of our chaps received pretty hard knocks. You know McAulay of No. 6; it was there he received that bullet which entered his mouth, knocked out one or two of his teeth, countermarched round his gums and his left jaw bone, and at last made itself scarce by boring a hole in the back of his neck. A pretty narrow escape that; and what is better than all, Mac, after spitting out a mouthful of blood, looked round with clenched fist, to see who had struck him on the mouth and knocked his tooth out; seeing no one who had any appearance of having done so, he charged up the hill as savage as a bulldog, and knew nothing about his wound until the affair was over.

You all know that the conduct of a certain person at that skirmish cost him, afterwards, many a red face; and, had

his example been followed, the whole regiment would have felt the effect of it. As it was, the boys did their duty well, and the Colonel thanked them well for doing it.

One day shortly after the brush, and when the men of our company occupied the "priest's house"—a better billet or a kinder landlord I never had—Mickie Burke, an Irish volunteer who had joined us, was abusing the person I was speaking about in no very measured terms; in fact, Mickie was calling him the reverse of everything that was gentlemanly. A serjeant coming past just at the time heard what Mick was saying, and immediately ordered him to be made a prisoner. Mick was of course confined; and next morning brought before the Colonel for punishment.

I must, however, let you know that Mick was very much liked both by officers and men. He had all the oddity, drollery, and good temper of a genuine Irishman; and was besides as clean and smart a soldier as we had in the regiment: his only fault was that he turned up his little finger too often, and was more frequently paraded for "pack drill" than for marching to church. And, I don't know how it was, but Mick would use liberties in speaking to an officer, that we Scotch chaps would never have dreamed of, and which were met with a laugh more readily than with a frown.

Well, Mick was brought before the Colonel—who had of course been previously made acquainted with the cause of his confinement. On entering the *habitant's* house—which had been converted into a temporary orderly room, and in which the colonel and captains had assembled to "dispose of the prisoners"—Mick, instead of standing up in the position of "attention," as he was in duty bound to do, and wait patiently until the colonel had "told him off," proceeded to peer under the table at which the officers were seated, and into every corner and cranny of the room. "Steady, sir, steady—stand to your front, sir," said the colonel, rather sternly, "what are you looking for?" "What am I lookin' for, yere honor, is it?" said Mick, "well by japers!

sir, I'm lookin' for justice ; but, by my soul, sir, I can't find it here at all, at all." "Take him away, sergeant, take him away," said the colonel ; and it could be seen that it was with no ordinary effort that the bursting laugh, which echoed through the house as Mickie disappeared, had been kept under control. However, as there was truth in the reflections which Mickie had been making, and which had led to his confinement, there was no more about it ; and he did, after all, find that there was justice to be had even in a temporary orderly-room.

But this has nothing to do with what we were talking about. I won't pretend to say how every man feels when brought under fire for the first time ; but I will tell you how I felt, or rather how I didn't feel, the first time I was so situated. That, you know, was not at Beauharnois ; I had often been under fire before that, so it was nothing new to me then.

It was in Portugal that I made my first attempt at shooting men ; and I do not think it at all likely that I will ever forget the occasion. We were lying at a place named Valle, a short distance from the small town of Cartaxo, which had at one time during the Peninsular War been the head quarters of the Duke of Wellington, when doing what we were doing at the time I speak of—investing the city of Santarem. One day an order came for the instant turn-out of the English, Scotch, and Irish regiments, together with a battalion of French volunteers, and a corps of Portuguese Caçadores.

In twenty minutes we were under arms and formed up at the alarm post. What the row was, no one knew ; but we were immediately marched off in the direction of our outposts and the city of Santarem. Of course we thought there was to be a skirmish of some kind, but had no idea of what it would be.

We had just left Valle behind, when a hussar from the outlying picquet dashed up at full speed, and communicated

with the commanding officer. The result of this communication was to pass the word for the whole column to "break into double time." Accordingly off we started at the double; and it soon began to leak out that the enemy were expected to make a sortie in force, in order, if possible, to drive in the out-posts; and take possession of our position in front of the city.

It was on hearing this intelligence, that I first began to think any thing about what might happen to myself in the coming struggle. But these thoughts were all so confused and blended together that I could never, to this day, separate them distinctly. Visions of father and mother, brothers and sisters, home scenes of love and affection, mangled and bleeding bodies trampled under foot in a foreign land, and thoughts of death, and being hurried into eternity with unrepented sins weighing down the soul, rose up before my mind with such startling rapidity and such incongruous connection, that it were a vain task to endeavour to analyze or describe them. Years became moments, and a lifetime flashed before me in the space of a minute.

On we went—the same influence seemed to pervade us all—there was no song to cheer the march—no laugh at jokes flying from file to file—but all pressed forward, sternly, steadily and silently. By-and-bye came the sound of dropping shots from big guns, interspersed with the crack of the musket. Then came the incentive to increased speed in the shape of—"forward, men!—forward!"—and away we went, silent as ever.

At last we reached the position assigned to our regiment—the side of a hill which overlooked the enemy's line, and commanded a full view of the plain which stretched from our position to the river Tagus, on the opposite bank of which stood Santarem. On the right of the hill occupied by the corps was a battery of six guns, but as yet not a shot had been fired from our side.

Save the occasional discharge of a gun, from a battery

opposite to our own, and a random shot or two from the muskets of the men who manned it, the enemy had made no decided demonstration. Symptoms of preparation for an attack, or something else, had, however, been observed by our sentries; and a deserter from the enemy's camp, who had been brought in that morning, had by his information corroborated those suspicions.

We were ordered to lie down on the face of the hill; and although our whole position was now lined by about five thousand armed men, not a sound was to be heard, not a sign to be seen, indicative of the presence of such a force; nothing was visible but the usual sentries of the out-look picquets, who would now and again pop out from their cover, and, casting a glance around, as if they were the only human beings there, would again resume their posts apparently afraid of the straggling shots of the enemy.

What a dismal time that was, that lying idly on the hill!—wondering whether or not you would ever go down it again in life and strength. Perhaps not, you might think, perhaps it will only be as a mutilated carcass, or a cripple for life. Oh! the hour we lay on that hill was one of the dreariest, and most depressing I ever passed in my life.

A general feeling of uneasiness was beginning to spread among the men; there was an almost continual popping up of heads above the level of the hill, and many a long stretch of the neck to try and make out what the enemy were doing, or what they intended to do.

At the end of an hour, passed in this manner, the battery opposite to our position opened fire upon the hill. I expect that the occasional popping up of the men's heads had given our opponents some idea that there was mischief lurking behind all our apparent quietness.

The opposing battery, however, did no great harm; it might form a very good protection in the event of an assault from us in the plain below, but against our battery it was perfectly useless. The only annoyance it gave us was in

the shape of a shell or two every now and again, and these even were more calculated to frighten than hurt; the whole of them always topping the hill and falling harmless on its sides, or rolling away into the valley below.

We had one hearty laugh during the time we lay doing nothing; and that laugh seemed to have broken the sort of icy, frozen feeling which predominated among the men, and as it were woke up their devil-may-care characteristics from what had been rather a long sleep.

Two of our fellows had gone down to the bottom of the hill for some purpose of their own, and, during the time of their sojourn there, a shell came over from the enemy, and fell a few yards in rear of them. Of course, the fall of the shell, and the rising up of our two men were simultaneous; scarcely had it lighted on the ground, which was wet and muddy in the hollow from recent heavy rains, when it exploded, and for a moment or two the men were hid from view in a cloud of smoke and mud. We had some dread that they were injured, but as the smoke cleared away our apprehensions vanished, and a roar of laughter ran round the summit of the hill.

Flying up the hill—not running—were the two men who had been so unceremoniously disturbed, and presenting the most ludicrous spectacle I ever saw. They were holding up their clothes after the most approved fashion of huddling, and the tails of the coat of one of them were fairly thrown over his head and kept in that position by a thick layer of mud. When they got up to their places the laugh got louder than ever; it was impossible to resist laughing at them, although they had so narrowly escaped with life, because they were coated, posteriorly, with a perfect mail of mud, and presented a bewildered appearance which altogether made them look wonderfully obfuscated, whimsical and farcical. From that day henceforth those two men were known only by the name of the "mud-larks."

Soon after the occurrence of this incident, we heard the

sound of continuous firing; and on peeping over the hill saw a considerable body of the enemy pushing on for a bridge which crossed a small rivulet running past the foot of the hill where we were stationed. By and bye, we could observe the picquet, which guarded the out-post, falling back on our position; firing and retiring as if driven in by a superior force.

This circumstance fired the blood of our fellows, and a number of them started to their feet, at the same moment bringing their muskets to the present. "Down men!—down!"—shouted the Colonel—"don't let them see your red coats yet! You'll get enough of it by-and-bye. It's all right down below there."

Down again we had to squat; but that did not prevent us noting what passed in the plain before us. Steadily and regularly our picquet retired, harrassed by occasional charges from a strong party of the enemy's dragoons. Our hussar picquet occupied the end of the bridge at our side, where they had splendid cover behind an elevated mound which, for about twenty yards, formed, with the exception of a small open portion close to the bridge, a natural continuation of its parapet, only a good deal higher. Behind this fortification of nature's construction, stood saddled, bridled, mounted, and sword in hand, between forty and fifty hussars; and at the opening I mentioned, three dismounted men, with carbines at the ready, were watching and taking advantage of every opportunity of a shot "that would tell."

During the time I was watching all the proceedings going on, I can't say that I thought of any thing except what was passing around me, and how long it would yet be before we got into action. Friends, home, self, and every thing else seemed swallowed up in the interest excited by the scene before me; and I even saw, now and again without any particular sensation, a man of the retreating picquet falling, and as he fell being picked up by his comrades and carried along with them.

At last the picquet reached the bridge, and formed in line in front of the enemy until the men bearing their wounded comrades had crossed the bridge in safety; then, pouring a withering volley into the pursuing horsemen, they retired by double files from the centre, passed the bridge and were safe alongside the hussars before you could say trap-sticks.

The parting volley they had given the enemy staggered them not a little, and several empty saddles told that it had not been given in vain. The chap that commanded the enemy's cavalry seemed to be a man of mettle; he very soon had his men re-formed, and they dashed at the bridge at a swinging gallop.

Not a move, not a sign on our side, save that the mounted hussars seemed settling themselves on their saddles, tightening a belt here, slackening a buckle there, looking at the priming of a carbine, or running the hand along the edge of a sword, and giving it a shake as if to prove its weight and balance. The three dismounted men sat on one knee like so many statues, with the carbines laid along the raised knee, the left hand supporting the barrels, and the forefingers of the right on the triggers. On came the dragoons, gallantly led by their commander; and just as his horse made the first spring on the bridge, one of the hussars I mentioned, slowly brought up his carbine, took aim, and—when the enemy were half across the bridge—fired. The man bore the reputation of being a "dead shot," and he proved it then. The leader of the enemy's party had evidently been his mark, and he must have hit him, it was said, right through the heart. However this may be, the effect was, that at the same moment we heard the crack of his carbine, we saw the gallant young fellow who was leading the enemy's dragoons, spring into the air—straight up from his saddle—to a distance of several feet, and then his body fell on the bridge. This circumstance threw the enemy into disorder—the fall of a leader always disorders Portuguese troops, and our hussar doubtless knew

it—and they had only time to lay the bleeding body of their late commander over a horse's back, when our hidden cavalry charged them with an impetuosity which nothing could withstand, and they turned and fled, totally routed and broken up. Our fellows did not follow far; they were aware that this cavalry skirmish was but the precursor of something more decided.

Well it was they did so. Immediately the discomfiture of their cavalry was observed by the enemy, their whole force debouched on the plain, pushing steadily forward for our position—horse, foot, and artillery. Our battery on the hill opened fire on the enemy, and a detachment of artillery lower down, of whose presence we were not aware, followed the same example. Nor were the enemy idle; their battery and artillery opened also, and the united roar made the hill on which we were lying tremble and shake again.

“Now then!” shouted the Colonel high above the din, “now then, my lads!—up!—let them see your red coats now!” I won't forget old Charlie's appearance that day in a hurry. His whole face was lighted up with excitement, his eyes gleamed, one would have thought, with living fire, and his long red beard floated and streamed about on the wind as he dashed to and fro among the men, forming no bad illustration of his own fiery temperament.

When we started to our feet it was then I felt what it was to be under fire for the first time. But if I could not explain my feelings when marching to the ground, you will not expect that I will be able to explain those which prevailed when I stood up amid the crash and roar of artillery and the continued rattle of musketry. All I know about the beginning of the affair is, that, at the word of command, I loaded and fired, more with the regularity of a piece of machinery, than from any actual feeling of the mind in connection with the action of the body. This lasted during the space of a few minutes—while we fired three rounds, I think; then, however, a change came over not only myself, but, apparently,

every man standing there. The bullets of the enemy had begun to take effect; a comrade was dropping here and there, and as he dropped, a muttered imprecation could be heard hissing through the lips of the men near where he fell. The color-sergeant of our company stood on my right—he had only been appointed a week before, and that was the first day he had worn the badge of his promotion on his arm—and just at the fourth round he was hit: the bullet struck him on the arm, cutting through the staff of the colours embroidered on his coat, and shattering his arm to pieces. He was well liked by the men, and as he fell and was carried away to the rear, a bitter cry for revenge rang through the company.

By degrees this feeling became general throughout the regiment—the great object seemed to be who would fire fastest—and the great wish that we might be allowed to close with the enemy—to meet them at the bayonet's point. Wouldn't we speak to them then? I think we would. The men seemed completely changed; their nature had become altered, and their fierce and savage instincts obtained perfect predominance.

Of what was passing below we knew little or nothing; the whole field was covered with a heavy mantle of smoke, which only opened at intervals to show the flash of the guns after the shot from them had buried themselves in the face of the hill on which we stood. At last word was passed that the battery opposite our post was breached, and that a general charge of our force, supported by cavalry and artillery, was to take place. The Colonel rode out to the front, and, having told us that we were ordered to assault and carry the battery in our front, said: "Now, men, no hurry; take it easy going down the hill; the brook is quite shallow, and, once formed on the opposite side, then let them see what the Scotch Fusileers can do. Old Scotland forever! Quick march!"

Away we went, the battery covering our advance, and the smoke of the guns preventing our being seen. We reached

the rivulet, and, dashing through it, were soon formed upon the other side. On we went; and being now on a level plain, we could see a little better what we were about.

Drawn out in line in front of the battery, we observed a couple of regiments of the enemy's infantry; who, as soon as they observed us, fired a volley; they were too far away, however, to do much harm. The battery by this time commenced to annoy us considerably; they had depressed their guns to reach us, and the dropping of many men before a withering fire of grape, proved that their range was good. On we went, without firing a shot, in a column four deep but pretty well opened out, diverging as much as possible out of the sweep of the enemy's fire. Another volley from the infantry told us, however, that we were getting quite near enough to get killed by their bullets; and the Colonel at once deployed the regiment into line. He then took up his position in front of the centre, and gave the word of command—"slope arms!—double, march!" A little distance farther, through the shot of the battery and the bullets of the musketry, and he turned round in his saddle—waved his cap and shouted "prepare to charge!" Down came the bayonets of the front rank in a long line of glittering steel—on we went, still at the double—the faces of our enemies were beginning to become distinguishable, and their volleys were picking off some of our fellows at each discharge. On we went, till at last, old Charlie, in a voice which rang along the line, and I believe through the heart of every man in it, cried out—"Follow me, lads! Forward! Close up the rear rank! Charge!" The word had hardly left his lips, when a wild cheer rose up, and we dashed down upon the foe with the force and fury of a whirlwind. Stand!—they could not stand a second—long before we reached them, they had broken and fled towards the battery. On we swept, maddened and furious, and with another mad hurrah! stormed the breach. They struggled pretty well there; but it was no use. Our men, myself among the number, became changed

into incarnate demons—blood—blood—seemed to be the universal craving—and as the bayonets were plunged into the body of an opposing foeman, and the red tide of life spurted out on face and hands, the fire of destruction burnt up more desperately and fiercely. Wounds were unfelt, unheeded. On, with savage yells and bitter curses, dashed our fellows through the breach; and, where the contest grew too close to use the bayonet, the clubbed firelock came down upon many a head, crashing through the skull with a horrible sound, and scattering blood and brains around. Fear, thought, life, death, mercy, feeling, and all the attributes of humanity, had disappeared in a ravenous appetite for blood—men became savage brutes—and the forward yell was more that of a pack of famished wolves on the scent of blood, than the cry of civilized men. We were bound to get in and in we would be; and after a short but bitter fight our fellows were streaming over the ramparts, and our colors floating from the highest point of the battery.

In other parts the attack was equally successful, and the enemy were driven into Santarem in disorder. Our cavalry charged them to the banks of the Tagus, and our infantry, including your humble servant, took possession of their picquet-houses, levelling them with the ground, and bringing in the doors, window shutters, and so forth, to cook our dinner with.

So, said Don, there!—you have heard all I have got to say about being under fire for the first time.

THE FALSE ALARM.

ONE evening, the men composing the guard on "Bloody Bridge," Dublin, were gathered round the guard-room fire, grumbling and growling at a terrible rate against the weather, the lateness of the arrival of the Officer of the day to "take the guard," things in particular, and every thing in general.

The morning had been wet, and the guard had mounted in that form, of all others detested by soldiers doing duty in Dublin, technically termed "cloaked;" that is, with the great coat put on over the full dress uniform and accoutrements, and consequently very confining and disagreeable to the person wearing such an equipment. All day long the rain continued; down it came in that thick, heavy, all-pervading, continuous patter, so very different from the sudden and transitory rain-bursts which characterize the country in which I am now writing—Canada; down it came without ceasing, and as each successive relief came into the guard-house throughout the day, the grumbling increased in proportion as the rain continued, until at the moment I have introduced the ill-natured guard to the reader their crustiness and crabbedness had reached its climax, because, owing to the unusual lateness of the visiting Officer, they could not even lie down for a stretch on the guard-bed, with any prospect of a long continuance to their "off-sentry nap."

Under the circumstances, this state of mind is not to be wondered at; and any soldier who looks back to the wet guards he has mounted, will candidly acknowledge that he

never grumbled with such downright, earnest, hearty good will, as he used to do on those occasions.

Sentry-go is, in many instances, a very pleasant duty. At times, especially when planted on posts similar to those which abound in the garrison of Dublin, and in favorable weather, the two hours pass away like a thought, and it is only when the "halt—carry arms—pass" of the relieving corporal strike upon his ear that the sentry becomes aware of the lapse of time. There are other spots, too, in some quiet secluded country-nook, amid the verdant fields of his own or other countries, where time flies even quicker than it does in the crowded city; where far brighter sensations are experienced, and where fancy wanders wild, far, far away, to scenes and faces left behind long, long ago—left, perhaps, for ever.

Many a dream, pleasant ones they were, have I had on sentry; and many smiling faces, even from the far-away grave in the well-remembered church-yard, have borne me company in my pacings to and fro. However, being on sentry on such a day as the one I am writing of was by no means calculated to inspire the most romantic mind with any amount of interest or excitement. Sentry-go, on a rainy day, is one of the heaviest, dullest, most tiresome bores in the whole category of boredom. I have scarcely ever seen a soldier who would not willingly endure four hours of military tiresomeness of any description, and there are a good many such things in the service, before he would stand one hour's sentry on a thorough wet day.

Of course on such a day there is no walking about upon your post; that would be but poor comfort, as in five minutes time your clothing, arms, and accoutrements, would be in such a predicament that hours would afterwards hardly suffice to bring them into guard-mounting order, at least in "piping times of peace." The sentry-box, therefore, is your only resource, and a most confoundedly disagreeable one it is. Cooped up within its narrow bounds, you keep gazing out at the dull prospect in front until you get thoroughly infected

with the raw, damp, chilling atmosphere which surrounds you. Imperceptibly your thoughts and feelings become equally damp and chilling, and on such a day and in such a situation, all the dark clouds which have cast their influence over your past or your present existence seem to gather again around you, and reminiscences of all that is disagreeable and humiliating in general, afford your mind amusement by no means calculated to beget a cheerful and contented disposition. While all this is going on internally, externally the rain comes down with its incessant, interminable plash, plash, plash, on the roof and walls of your by no means water-proof "wooden great-coat;" and you are awakened from some disagreeable ideal to as disagreeable a reality by finding that you have been standing under a leak in your sentry box, and can feel that the penetrating "drop" has wormed its way through all your clothing, and is at last chilling your shoulder or your arm with its peculiar dampness. Half facing to right or left in your "narrow house," you take up a new position, determined to try your watery enemy on another flank, but it is all of no avail; hardly have you taken up the fresh stand ere you hear a tap-tap-tap coming down obstinately and determinedly on the crown of your regimental hat, and you are in for it again. Perhaps, you may think, that, as the hat is neither silk or felt, that it requires neither pipe clay or blacking on the crown, and that if it is not, it ought to be water-proof, you will stand where you are; you act upon this resolution, and preserving an almost statutory immobility of position, you surrender yourself once more to the *désagremens* of your situation. This is all very good for a while, you fancy you are "all right" at last, and you begin to think how long you have been "on," and how long it will be before you get "off." In the midst of those thoughts, however, you give a start as you feel a cold, creeping, congelating sensation spreading itself down the back part of your head, your neck, your spine, and you shiver from head to foot under its power for a moment or so, and then find out that the

crowns of your cap had filled to overflowing, had overflowed and sent its superfluous waters on a voyage of discovery in search of a warmer and more congenial climate, and in which laudable object they had so successfully succeeded. With a muttered anathema on sentry-go and sentry-boxes, on those who invented and those who made them, on the one you are in and those any where else, you give yourself up to your fate, and let the rain drop, drop, drop, soak, soak, soak, wherever and whatever it will, with a most stoical and stubborn indifference; and when at last the "relief" comes round, you find a vent for your bottled-up ill-nature in growling at their delay in "turning out," and hinting that you are very forcibly impressed with the idea that you have been kept "on" a full half hour over your allotted time.

What am I about? Here have I been scribbling away about bores and wet weather, until I have, I am afraid, made myself the greatest bore of all, and completely tired out the patience and equanimity of my readers.

I left my guard grumbling and growling, cranky and crusty, and will again introduce them to the reader—perhaps in a similar frame of mind after my long and tiresome digression—not a whit more amiable in their dispositions than when I left them.

I formerly observed that the men could not even take a stretch on the guard-bed, although the night had worn far on, and it was very nearly midnight. The reason of this was that the officer of the day, Captain A—, of the —th Dragoons, was well known to be what our fellows called, "a regular hackler;" and if the men had lain down, and perchance dropped off into a nap, and so been one moment late in falling in when that gentleman visited the guard, there was every probability that the whole guard would be reported for "inattention on duty," and get "marked for drill," sergeant, corporal, and men. This fact, therefore, kept the guard on the *qui vive* with a vengeance; and they were waiting impatiently for the sentry at the door to give the welcome shout that announced the captain's approach. Nor had they

to wait very long : the long-looked for cry, " Guard turn-out !" echoed up the narrow staircase leading to the guard-room, and in a couple of seconds more, we had seized our arms, rushed down stairs, and were out and formed up under the " pitiless pelting " of the unrelenting rain. Just as we had got steady, a horse and rider dashed past us with unslackened speed, the horseman's dark riding-cloak floating out behind him on the still darker night.

" Where is the officer ? " enquired the sergeant of the sentry at the door ; " I don't see him any where at all. What do you mean by turning us out in all this rain ? "

" I thought that was him, " replied the sentry, pointing to the rider fast disappearing in the darkness, " because when I challenged, I thought he answered ' rounds. '

The sergeant was a rather choleric Scotchman, and uttering a by no means complimentary eulogy on the smartness of the nonplussed sentry, ordered the guard to " turn in. "

Scarcely, however, had we reached the top of the stair when again " guard turn-out ! " rang through every cranny of its narrowness, with a viciousness which plainly told that the sentry was smarting under the verbal castigation which had been inflicted on him by the sergeant.

Down stairs we rattled, and in a twinkling were out and under arms, ready for the arrival of the Captain, who was known to have said " that he would give a trifle just to take one of the guards of the 101st ' short, ' on some of his nightly visits. " This he had never yet managed to effect with " our corps ; " and although the night I am writing of was one in every way favourable for such operations, he was doomed to be disappointed, not only with regard to our guard, but to every other in the garrison ; we were too sharp for him, too " wide awake " to be caught napping when he was officer of the day. This smartness obtained for us from the men of Captain A——'s own regiment, and the others in garrison, the expressive soubriquet of " the Wide-oes. " Up he dashed : the escort received the countersign, allowed him to pass, and at the word carry arms, we made the butts

of our firelocks ring again as if to tell him we were there, and waiting for him.

"All right, sergeant?" he shouted. "All right, sir," replied the sergeant. "Turn in your guard," and he was off, orderly splashing in rear, to continue his round of inspection.

The smartness of the turn out and the rather self-laudatory remarks which were bandied to and fro by the men of the guard on the uselessness of any one attempting to "take in the Wide-oes," had a wonderful effect in restoring their good nature. Amid the wiping of firelocks, ramrods, and bayonets, rendered necessary by the exposure to the rain consequent on the turn-out, the rain indurated lines on the men's faces began to stretch out and gradually disappear; their eyes began to glisten with something of the usual careless, reckless, circumstance-defying gleam characteristic of the soldier; and a long, loud laugh, at an imitation of Captain A——'s manner and tones, when "taking a guard," proclaimed that their ill nature had been completely thawed out.

The firelocks, previously wiped dry and then rubbed down with an oil rag, had been placed in the arm-rack; pipes were paraded for a comfortable smoke, previous to having an hour or two's sleep, and gathered round the fire the men were for the first time throughout the guard chatting away socially and merrily.

In the height of their enjoyment, however, another shout from the sentry below warned two of our number, that the faster they smoked their pipes, and the more they took of the heat of the bright and glowing fire they would be better able to resist the dampness of the weather—that shout was, "sentry-go!"

The relief was soon ready, marched off, and the men who had been out, were sitting enjoying the comfortable fire with great manifestations of delight, when the sergeant, turning to the lad who had been on sentry at the guard-room door, asked what the mischief had made him turn out the guard to

a nobody in the first instance ; and why he had not used his ears to better purpose in the second ?

"Besides," he continued, "I think you'll be nothing the worse of a little more drill to sharpen you up a bit, and make you able to tell the difference between an officer of the day and a forty-second cousin of your own ; and I warn you that I will send your captain, to-morrow morning, a recommendation to that effect.

"Come now, sergeant, you mus'nt be so hard on the lad," exclaimed our friend Don Pedro — "you know well enough the boy is but a recruit, and that this is only his second guard. Besides, I tell you what it is, the oldest soldier here might have made the same mistake as he did ; more especially on such a night as this ; and more than that, sergeant, you know that when a recruit yourself, you would not have liked to have the 'stricts of game' carried out with yourself in the same manner. Why ! you're going to recommend him for drill for turning out half a dozen men by mistake, in a garrison town too, and when there's precious little use in turning out for any thing at all. Why !—I once turned out five thousand men by giving a false alarm,—in front of the enemy too, and the devil a word was said about it after all : so give the lad a chance this time."

"I tell you what, Mr. Don," replied the sergeant, "when I was a gulpin like that shaver, I just had the 'stricts of game' played with me, as you call it, and no mistake ; and, for doing less than he has done to-night on the first guard I mounted, I was ordered three extra guards. However, the service is much better now than it was in those days—three extra guards were no joke, let me tell you, and so, while we are taking a smoke, if you tell us the story of your turn-out, I *will* give him a chance this time."

"Done!" shouted Don, "here goes!" I will not give the story in the man's own words, because I can't ; but as it struck me very much at the time of recital, I will endeavour to give it as well as I can.

DON PEDRO'S TURN OUT.

You all know I was out at Portugal for a while—if I hadn't Lucky Ellis wouldn't have christened me with this confounded nickname of mine—and the turn out I am going to tell you about, took place when I was there, in the service of Her Most High and Holy, and I don't know what all besides, Majesty, Donna Maria, and under the command of her uncle Don Pedro. The Don was not a Colonel you must recollect, he was a Generalissimo, and a tail of other things as well, which it would do you no good to know, even if I was able to tell you what they were; of course we saw him but seldom, and neither knew or cared much about him. I belonged to a Scotch regiment, the Scottish Fusiliers, commanded by a Scotchman,—who had been a Captain in the British service at one time, but had left it, from some cause or other—they used to say he was one of the "discontented captains." However, that doesn't signify much; he was our Colonel, and a better man to lead other men into action never drew a sword. He was all pluck together—odds were nothing to him—he would, and did, more than once, lead his regiment against four times their number, and beat them too; and if he exposed his men to danger, as some said he did rather rashly, he was always in the thick of it himself. He had paid pretty dearly, now and again, for his well earned reputation, having received in his several actions no less than thirteen wounds of various degrees of severity and danger. Old Charlie, as we used to call him, was well liked by the men, and although he held the reins of discipline with a pretty stiff hand, not one of them but would have followed

him on any expedition, no matter how desperate or dangerous; in fact, we gloried in him, and in belonging to his regiment. He was rather an oddity in his way. When he entered into the Portuguese service he made a vow that he would never shave until Donna Maria was securely seated on her throne, and Don Miguel—who you must understand wanted to be King of Portugal—rendered powerless to do her any harm. This vow he most religiously kept; and I tell you I thought him a queer looking character, the first time I saw him after joining, with a long fiery red beard hanging down from his face almost two feet in length.

Well, we were stationed at a little village, called Valle,—opposite to the strongly fortified city of Santarem which was held by the enemy—and separated from the city by a long low-lying plain, from which I believe the village we were in derived its name. We were pretty strong, our division numbering somewhere about fifteen thousand men, under the command of General Saldanha. A motley lot we were; English, Irish, Scotch, French, Belgian and Portuguese regiments mixed and mingled in all directions. Caçadores and Highlandmen pitched their tents together; and often would the old soldiers of the former entertain us with their stories of the “petticoated soldiers” of Wellington’s time, who were brought to their recollection by seeing our tartan trews.

Altogether we agreed wonderfully well considering: and I remember well that at that time the greatest intimacy existed between the men of our regiment and those of the French battalions, so much so indeed as to create remark and surprise. There was one body of men, however, from whom we all kept away, British, French, and Portuguese alike, and those were the Belgians: they were a set of the most inveterate thieves and robbers I ever came across, they would steal your knapsack from under your head when you were sleeping, and thought no more of carrying off a pile or two of your arms, than a London pickpocket would of carrying away your purse.

The company to which I belonged was quartered in a building devoted to keeping wine; it was large and roomy, and formed at least a shelter from the sun and rain. I must tell you of a farce which took place here, before I commence about the turn-out.

All along both sides of the building were ranged a number of those large, I don't recollect ever hearing their name, barrel-looking affairs for holding the wine after it has been pressed out, previous to its being put into regular wine casks to be sent on board ship; barrel is not the name, because they could have held a dozen barrels each: I have seen a table set up inside one of them, and twenty men sitting round it enjoying themselves, and plenty of room to spare at that. The barrels then in our quarters were, some full, some half-full, and the greater number empty. You may depend upon it that our fellows were not long in taking advantage of those which contained the wine; and, by means of one contrivance or another, did not require to purchase any wine for home consumption so long as they had this supply to draw from. This state of things was too good to last long, and was brought to a termination in consequence of a circumstance occurring which spoiled the whole affair.

An old soldier, named Bob Stewart, who was rather fond of his grog, had got up very early one morning—in fact, when all the men of the company were sound asleep on the floor, their only bed, upon which, however, a plentiful supply of loose straw was spread. He had had a drop too much the night before, and was prowling about to get hold of one of the private spigots, so that he might quench the almost unbearable thirst that was destroying him, or, as he said himself, "he wanted a hair o' the dug that had bit him." His search was unsuccessful, and he did not know what to do. At last, he turned his attention to a sort of hatchway, which is placed at the end of each of those reservoirs of wine, for the purpose of letting the wine out gradually when it gets low, and he thought he would try and ease one of them up a little, and so get a drink. Having, by dint of sounding

with his knuckles, found one which he thought was low enough inside to allow of the hatch being moved, he placed an empty canteen in a convenient position to receive the precious liquor, and applied himself to lift up the hatch gradually and easily. How he pulled! long he strove without attaining his object, and many a curse he vented on the barrel and on the wine that was in it. Stung to madness by his want of success he put forth all his strength and gave one long, strong and determined heave at the hatch. Up it flew like a shot!—and out gushed the wine with a force and power which knocked Bob over on his back, and the liquor he was so anxious to get was pouring over him in a perfect deluge.

By-and-bye, from this corner and from that came cries of astonishment and muttered oaths of indignant surprise, and at last a universal shout resounded from one end of the building to the other;—men started to their feet in amazement, exclaiming what's the matter?—what's up?—what the devil's this?—"Why," said one fellow, "we had better start the song, 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat,' for by my soul we're all afloat!—and more than that, we're doing what the fish in the sea never done,"—he added as he stooped and threw aside the straw from the floor—"we're swimming in wine, bedad."

True enough it was wine. And then the search commenced to find out where the wine came from; and that too was soon discovered. Old Bob was found lying in front of the now empty barrel, utterly insensible. He was picked up and attended to immediately, and was soon restored to consciousness, the first use he made of which was to tell us the whole story as I have told it to you. The color-sergeant came up cursing and swearing as if he had been a private trooper in a cavalry corps, and didn't belong to a simple Fusilier regiment at all.

Just then, too, as if the devil would have it so, who should come into the place but the old owner of the house and the wine that was in it. At the very first step he made into the room, swish went his foot upon the wet straw which covered the winery deluge below. On he went, step after step—swish

swash—swish, swash—until he stood in the middle of the floor. It was worth a Jew's eye to mark the look of uncertainty, of wavering and indefinite thought which played upon the face of the old Portuguese farmer, as he bent his body, and carefully putting away the straw from a portion of the floor, found his worst fears more than realized, found that it was indeed his darling and well hoarded wine which was fast soaking out of sight into the clay floor, and the poor old fellow thought he was lost and ruined for ever.

Assured that it really was his wine which was thus trodden under foot, he rose slowly up, lifted his clasped hands above his head, and with a face the picture of despair, and a voice trembling with grief and rage, he exclaimed—"Jesu Maria! —St. Antone!—diabola tu!—ma vino boa! ma vino boa! ma vino boa!" Despite the real grief of the old chap, there was something so richly ridiculous in his whole appearance, and the tone in which he uttered his half prayer, half curse, that for the soul and body of us we could not refrain from laughing at the old boy until our sides were like to burst.

The old Patrone was not long, however, in making his way to the Colonel. Down he came actually foaming with rage; and if the company never had a name before, it was christened that morning with wine instead of water, a colonel instead of a clergymen, and with names not at all like those with which old Cromwell delighted to honor his soldiers.

Strict search was made among the wine barrels, and a goodly number of spigots were found where no spigots should be. The colonel himself discovered a barrel where a bayonet had been made the tool for broaching. The capabilities of a bayonet for drilling holes in human flesh are undisputed, but when the same operation was tried on a barrel, it was a failure: the bayonet broke and a piece of the weapon was left in the wood of the wine tub.

The colonel, as I said before, was pretty knowing, and, before we knew what he was about, the bugler had sounded the alarm.—When the alarm sounded there, we wanted no

directions as to the manner of turning out : it was always in full marching order. Uproar and noise reigned, of course for a few minutes after the unwonted summons ; a very few, however, and then the men commenced to turn out—a good number of the knapsack straps of our company being pretty well tinted with the "vino tinto."

In about a quarter of an hour the regiment was under arms and on parade ; reports were collected, and the men reported present with the exception of those on duty. "Order arms!"—shouted old Charlie—"fix bayonets—shoulder arms—rear rank take inspection order, double distance—march!"—were bellowed out in rapid succession, and we stood wondering what was in the wind. "Order arms—steady—steady men, not a move!" was the next order of the day, given in a most unmistakeable growl of anger. The colonel dismounting, commenced at number one company, and inspected, man by man, the bayonets of the regiment.

Then we saw what he was after : he wanted to discover who had the broken bayonet which had made so bad an anger. He could not manage it, however. Whoever it was that had been guilty of the deed, had not been so foolish as to keep his broken bayonet ; there were plenty of opportunities for getting it exchanged in another regiment when at the alarm post every morning, and he had, no doubt, taken that precaution.

If the colonel could not find the bayonet, he found the way to the pockets of every man of the company ; and when we "signed the books" at the end of the month, we had to submit with the best grace we could to a deduction of four shillings and sixpence per man for spilled wine—or, as we said, for Bob Stewart's bitters. We did not see the old Portuguese Patrone when he received his cash, but I have no doubt his face wore a very "broad grin" on that occasion ; and that, if he prayed any at all, his prayer would be that we might empty a tub every day, because he never in his life before received so much money for wine.

Well, that was a turn-out, to be sure, but not the turn-out which I promised to tell you about. As I told you before, Valle was opposite the city of Santarem, and we had a very strong picquet posted close to the lines of the enemy, generally somewhere between two and three thousand men, which remained on that duty for forty-eight hours.

One day our regiment composed part of that picquet, and found the sentries for the different posts nearest to the line of the enemy's picquets. It fell to my lot to be posted on the outermost of all, on the night I am going to tell you about.

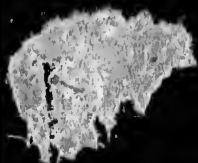
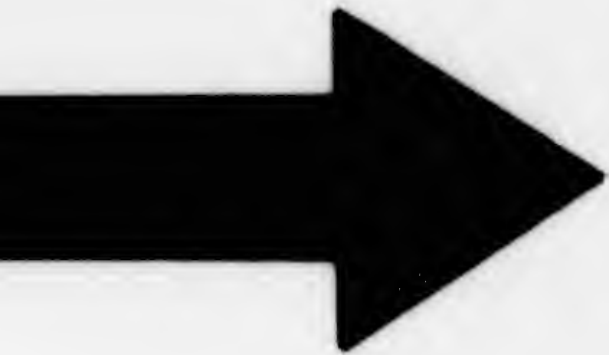
It was a solitary spot; above me and in rear of me rose a high mountain chain, the summit of which was occupied by the regiments of the picquet, and at intervals, between the main body and the post I occupied, a connecting chain of sentries were planted; at my feet ran, or rather stood still, a small rivulet, or "burn," the boundaries of the "debatable ground"; and away in front spread a long level plain terminated by the river Tagus, on the opposite side of which towered up the fortifications of Santarem.

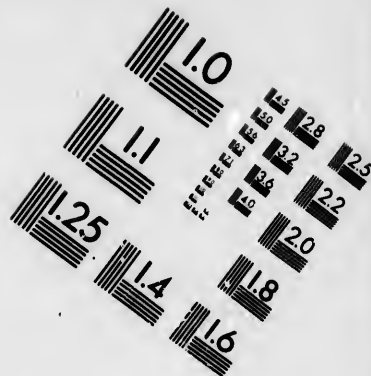
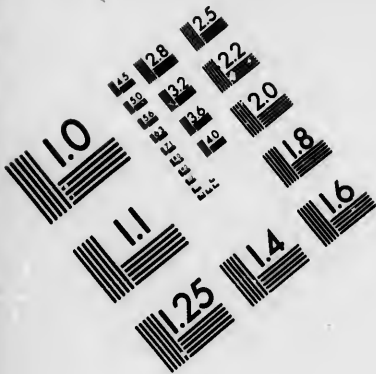
The post was all very well in the clear light of day, but when night came on it was far from pleasant. I went on sentry at eleven o'clock at night; after the steps of the relief had died away on their return to the picquet-house, I felt as if I were cut off from my comrades altogether.

There is something which takes hold of the mind, at least it always did on mine, when planted on such a post. Your orders are always very strict; the responsibility of such a post is very great; not only your own safety, but perhaps the safety of an army rests upon your individual attention to the important duties of your charge. With such thoughts driving through one's brain, you may imagine how earnestly and eagerly I stretched out my neck and peered out into the darkness which stretched over the plain like a funeral pall; and how eagerly I cocked my ear to try if I could distinguish anything like the sounds of approaching footsteps from the enemy's direction.

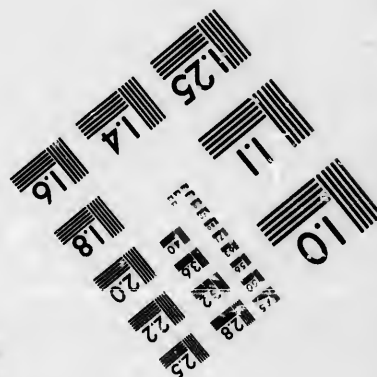
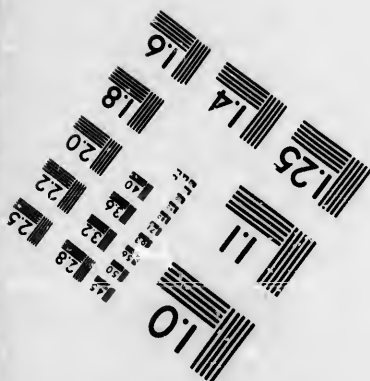
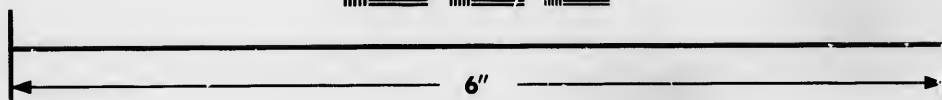
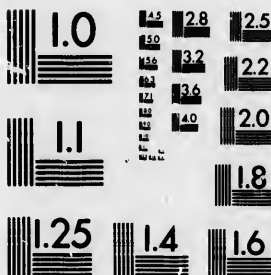
Strain as I would, however, I saw nothing save the glim-







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mer of the myriads of fire-flies which were dancing about, and heard nothing save the chorus of the army of bull-frogs which sent their music from the little rivulet I spoke of, or the "sentinele alerté!" of the enemy's sentries, posted at no great distance from myself.

Slowly, very slowly, did the minutes drag along. Twenty times in five minutes would I think I heard a sound different from those which belonged to the time and place, and as often was the musket brought down to the ready, and I would stand and listen eagerly, but did not hear any thing odd again, nothing but the croak—croak—grunt—grunt of the bull-frogs at my feet.

I could spend two hours telling you of all the things I thought of during that two hours sentry-go. The many schemes by which a fellow taking advantage of the darkness of the night, could manage to crawl along the field, drop into the muddy ditch, and stiletto me before I knew where I was, and thus allow a force of the enemy to pour in and take possession of our lines. These and ten thousand such-like ideas kept my mind constantly on the stretch.

At last I was sure I did hear something strange. I stood still, down came the firelock, and I listened, ear and eye as keen as could be. Again I heard it. It seemed like the sound of a bell a long way off, and apparently coming from the plain on my left; gradually it came nearer and nearer, and as it grew more distinct, I was positive it was coming from Santarem, and began to think what it could be at all.

I could make nothing of it but that it was some one driving the enemy's cattle, the leading animal always carrying a bell, and that the driver, having mistaken his road in the dark, was taking his herd away from instead of to his camp. Nothing was to be seen, but the sound of the bell came nearer and nearer. I cocked my firelock, and challenged in English; after waiting a second or two I challenged again in Portuguese: still no answer. For the last time, I sung out in English; waited again; no answer: the bell was coming quite near me, and I lifted my piece to my shoulder and fired.

A wild bellow from the front, told that my fire had taken effect somewhere; and the rattle of the shots of the sentries in rear of me, as they each in turn took up the alarm, soon roused up the main body of the picquet. Then came the notes of the different regimental buglers sounding the alarm; and in a few minutes the sergeant of my own picquet, with an escort of two men, was at my post.

I told my story, and pointed in the direction from whence I thought the cry had come; I had never moved, but, with my eye on the front, had commenced re-loading.

On opening up a thicket, there, stark and still, lay an immense bullock; I had hit him right between the horns, but no appearance of humanity. Of course the sergeant hurried off to tell that it was a "false alarm," and in a short time the bugles were heard sounding the "lie down." A little longer and a corporal and another man came up and relieved your humble servant, and when I got up to the picquet-house, I was ordered to "strip my belts," and told that I was a prisoner.

During all this time there was a great row among the enemy's sentries; they were challenging and counter-challenging, and seemed to be quite in a stew to know what the matter was. No doubt they firmly expected that we were going to attack them; but we didn't do it that night.

Next morning I was taken before the General; and on hearing the affair, he at once dismissed me, saying I had done quite right—that I could not well have done anything else.

Now you see, sergeant, that was a turn out, and no doubt about it, and a false one too, and yet I got off without being recommended for drill: and I expect you will let this lad off as easy.

"Well, I think I will," said the sergeant, "especially as I passed my word already that I would."

"All right," returned Don; "and when I come off sentry next time, I'll tell you all about my first joining the Queen of Portugal's service, and how they managed us in Lisbon.

*Bound for
the
Wars*

BOUND FOR THE WARS.

THE next relief had hardly time to put up their firelocks and light their pipes, before the sergeant and the remainder of the guard were clustered round Don Pedro, claiming the fulfilment of his promise to tell them about his entering the Portuguese service; and Don, no way backward, proceeded to enlighten them as follows:—

I can't tell you what it was that tempted me to enter the service of Donna Maria; it must have been, I suppose, one of those impulses which so often drive men to do things they had no idea of doing, and which in very many cases make or mar a man's future prospects for ever. I firmly believe that if I had not entered the Portuguese service, I would not now have been where I am; but the taste of soldiering I got in Portugal, although certainly none of the sweetest, gave my mind a military bias which forced me to enter the British service shortly after my return to Scotland.

At the time of which I am speaking, every corner of the streets of Glasgow, with the exception of those sacred spots guarded by "No bills posted here," were covered with large flaunting, flaming placards, calling upon every young man in the city who professed to have a particle of feeling against oppression and injury, to show that the ancient spirit of chivalric heroism and daring hardihood so pre-eminent in the Scottish character, had not entirely passed away, and that men were yet to be found in Scotland willing to do battle to the death in the cause of the injured and helpless; more especially when the appeal for aid came from a young and lovely Queen, persecuted and defrauded of her rightful honours by an artful, designing and ambitious uncle.

Such sort of stuff, and a great deal more of what was very soon discovered to be "bosh," with promises of splendid pay, double rations, large allotments of fertile land, or fabulous sums of money, on the successful termination of the war, formed the principal inducements held out to the modern chivalry of the youth of Glasgow who might volunteer to take up arms in the cause of abused and unprotected innocence.

It was the reading of one of those placards which first induced me to think of becoming a soldier. There was a good deal of the adventurous in my disposition at that time, and a secret hankering for visiting foreign lands which this expedition to Portugal would tend very much to gratify. There was besides a feeling of manliness in the idea of a boy like me, (I was only about sixteen then,) throwing up a good situation, leaving father and mother, brothers and sisters, and though last, not least, a little sweetheart of my own, to fight the battles of a distressed and beautiful Princess, which pleased me wonderfully, and which made my heart respond to the tail-piece of the recruiting poster—"Viva Donna Maria!"

Accordingly, I went to the address indicated on the placards, intending at once to register my name on the records emblazoned with those of my confreres in the glorious crusade against tyranny and unprincipled ambition.

On arriving there, however, my ideas underwent a slight revulsion. The call to arms had been answered, but by whom?—why, by the most heterogeneous mass of humanity it was possible to imagine; and there they were, gathering round the recruiting office—a rather seedy looking establishment in an out-of-the-way street—singly and in groups, and discoursing in a kind of slang altogether incomprehensible to your humble servant.

A few respectable-looking citizens were watching the recruits with a degree of apparent interest; and instead of walking boldly into the office, and proclaiming my intention to devote my youthful energies to the redemption of Donna

Maria's usurped authority, I gradually got myself ensconced among my respectable elders, and like them gave a watchful ear and eye to what was passing round about me.

One after another the motley crowd went into the recruiting office and received a supply of money, which was very soon transferred to the tills of the low public houses in the vicinity; the prevailing topic of conversation among them being relative to "gettin' the bitters," "splicin' for a gill," and so forth.

You all know what sort of a character a "Glasgow Kee-lic" is; well, there was plenty of them there—regular jail birds—you could have told them in a moment by their feathers. Boys not fourteen years of age from cotton factories, covered with flakes of cotton and stinking with the oil and grease of the mill, were walking into the office with the air of men, demanding and receiving their "daily pay," for they seemed to have been enlisted some time previously. Poor miserable-looking wretches apparently in the last stage of poverty and starvation, were creeping cautiously and fearfully into the office for the same purpose, often thrust aside, insolently and violently, by some robust blackguard of the street as he strode forward and took precedence of the spirit-broken, misery-crushed applicant, at the desk of the paying clerk. Now and then a young mechanic would make his appearance from some opening in the crowd, make his *entree* and his *exit* almost simultaneously, and pass as quickly from observation.

On such occasions, I could hear the words from those among whom I was standing: "What a pity it is to see such a decent-looking lad throwing himself awa' amang such a lot of neer-do-weels," and many other remarks of a similar nature.

From the conversation going on around me, I also learned that a vessel, named the "Lusitania," had sailed from Glasgow for Lisbon some months before, with two hundred and fifty volunteers for the Portuguese army, composed wholly of respectable young artizans; and many conjectures were

made as to the probable fate of that vessel and those men, for it appeared they never reached their destination, and no clue had been obtained at that time as to their fate; nor has the mystery been solved even up to the present day, although many strange and improbable rumours have been circulated concerning that vessel and her passengers. Certain it is, that intelligence from any one who embarked in her never reached Scotland, nor was a vestige of the vessel ever found whereby her fate might be traced.

Now, seeing what I saw, and hearing what I heard, it might have been expected that my hastily-formed resolution would have vanished into thin air. But it did not. I merely determined to keep my own counsel while in Glasgow, and that I would not enter my name as a volunteer until I had left the city.

Before I turned my steps homeward, I heard that, two days from that time, the steamship "Royal Tar," would leave Greenock for Lisbon with a portion of the volunteers from England and Scotland, and that the "Royal William" would follow in a few days with the remainder.

My resolution was at once formed, and I determined to start with the first-named vessel.

No living soul in Glasgow knew of my intention, nor had I the slightest idea of letting it be known; so, on the morning of the day on which the steamship was to leave Greenock, I got up pretty early, put on three shirts, one over the other, two pairs of trowsers and two vests after the same fashion, a coat and overcoat, and passed out of my father's house as if I was but proceeding about my usual business. I met my sister Mary on the stair, and felt a strange longing to give her a kiss before leaving. The moisture gathered in my eyes as I kept back the fulfilment of the wish, and, merely bidding her "good morning" as usual, I passed out.

I never saw Mary again. When I came back to Scotland all I could get in place of my fond and loving sister was a hillock in the church-yard, and a cold stone bearing her well-remembered name—a name engraved on a warmer, if not a

more lasting monument, my heart, in characters which death only can efface.

Going down to the Broomielaw, I soon found the steamer which was to take the volunteers to Greenock and put them on board the "Royal Tar." Not wishing to let my intention of joining them be known, even then, I took a cabin passage in the steamboat, and kept aloof altogether from my future companions.

In due course of time we arrived alongside of the "Royal Tar" at Greenock, and I then leaped upon her deck along with the others; and, when the little steamer moved towards the shore and left us alone in the stream, I felt for the first time, a pang shooting through my heart at the thought of leaving home and friends, and all that was dear and beloved, may be leaving them for ever; and as I lay over the bulwarks in a half dreaming state, looking down into the bosom of the clear, deep river, a well-known face and a pair of tearful yet shining eyes seemed to look up to me through the quiet waters with an upbraiding and sorrowful glance, and I felt my heart warm to the kindly lassie I had parted with in anger the night before. Taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, I scrawled out the following lines; lines you have often heard me singing, and which as often bring back to my memory the day I left home for the first time.

STANZAS ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

Adieu Adieu! my bonnie Jean,
 Adieu! Adieu! to Scotia's isle!
 I'm gaun awa' noo ance for a',
 An' ne'er again I'll see thee smile.

It is my fate that bids me gae,
 An' I maun follow at the ca',
 Tae ither lands across the sea
 Tae ither regions far awa'.

An' yet, my Jean, whate'er my fate—
 Let fortune smile or frown on me—
 I'll ne'er forget the happy hours
 I've spent at hame alang wi' thee.

I canna' weel forget those hours—
 For they were hours o' sparkling bliss
 Which seldom constant cheer the way
 O' wanderers in a war! like this.

I canna' weel forget those joys—
 Joys which I thoct would last for aye—
 Joys, Jeanie! which a word o' thine
 Has blasted in a single day.

Why did ye let me bask sae lang
 Within the sunshine o' your smile.
 Which kindled love, but didna' tell
 The love would meet wi' naught hut guile?

Why did ye let me look upon
 A face as radiant as the day—
 But didna' tell its beauty's pride
 Was but tae lure and then betray?

'Twas cruel, Jeanie! thus in sport
 Tae spread love's never failin' wiles—
 An' then tae break the trustin' heart
 That cam' within their fatal toils!

'Twas cruel, Jeanie! thus tae crush,
 Aneath thy beauty's high disdain,
 A heart wha's pulse beat but wi' thine—
 Wha's hopes and thochts were a' thine ain!

Adieu! Adieu! my bonnie Jean!
 May ilka happiness be thine;
 An' may ye never feel sic pangs
 As those which rack this heart o' mine!

A rather melancholy train of ideas seized me after having given vent to the above effusion, and I remained perfectly heedless of what was passing round about me, till my attention was roused by a wild cry of pain, mingled with the noise of a universal cheer which rose from the crowd of volunteers on the opposite side of the steamer.

I immediately started from my moody reverie and repaired to the spot which seemed to be the centre of attraction. Lying on the deck was the body of a young man dressed in

the uniform of a lieutenant of the new service into which I was so ambitious of entering: he was insensible and bleeding profusely from a wound on his head, received by striking against a ringbolt in the deck, on falling from the high paddle-box of the steamer.

The surgeon of the ship and several of his brother officers had gathered round the fallen man; the former striving to restore him to consciousness, the latter uttering bitter imprecations against some person in particular, and Glasgow volunteers in general.

On making enquiry, of one of the men standing about, as to the cause of the uproar and the accident, he told me that he had watched the whole proceeding, and that, it arose out of the following circumstances:

During the time we had been aboard, several lighters had come alongside with supplies of provisions and other stores; and that that one—pointing to a lighter fast nearing the quay—brought the last load, and in consequence the steamer would be under way in the course of half an hour.

A smart young fellow, on hearing this would be the last boat which would come alongside, and that we would be off so soon, seemed to take a great fancy for the vessel, and choose the best spot to make a minute examination of her: that spot was the top of the paddle-box of the steamer, against which the shrouds of the after mast of the lighter pressed, as she discharged her cargo of supplies into our larger ship.

There he stood, one hand grasping the shrouds of the lighter, and apparently engaged in paying particular attention to the labors of the men employed in unloading the craft.

He had been observed from the quarter-deck of the steamer; and it was supposed in that quarter that the young man had "ta'en the rue," and was preparing to leave the vessel in the last boat which would afford him such a chance. In consequence of this suspicion, the young lieutenant we had seen lying on the deck, had stepped upon the paddle-

box, apparently with the intention of taking a survey of surrounding objects, but in reality to watch the young fellow, and, if he had any intention of "clearing out," to disappoint him.

The lighter had finished unloading, the rope which made her fast to the steamer had been cast off, and her crew were unloosing the sail previous to shoving her ahead. The young volunteer was preparing for a spring on board of her, when the officer seized him by the collar with one hand, and, thrusting the other into his breast, drew out a pistol and presented it at the head of the intending deserter.

Quick as was the action on the part of the officer, it was followed up by as sharp, sudden, and unexpected an opposition from the youthful volunteer. Scarce had the pistol been presented, when it was grasped by the right hand of the lad, twisted by a strong and dexterous wrench, and, in far less time than I have taken to tell you, the weapon had changed possessors, and the parties on the paddle-box had changed positions.

"It was now the volunteer's turn to level the pistol at the head of the officer: that, however, he did not do. With a flashing eye, and a sneering laugh running over his whole face—a good-looking lad he was—he stood facing the officer, as cool and collected as possible.

"That's the way ye fecht whar' ye come frae, I suppose," said the volunteer, holding up the pistol in one hand, while, with the other arm extended and the hand clenched, he kept the officer from pressing too closely upon him. "It's a' vera weel, nae doot, whar' folk are accustom'd tae't, but it winna fricht a Glasgow chap. See!" said he, "this is the way we manage things in a row in the Trongate."

Suiting the action to the word, the pistol spun high up into the air; and, before we heard the splash of the fall in the water, he had struck the officer a back-handed blow on the breast which had thrown him from the paddle-box, turned to the lighter which was just forging a-head, and

with a cat-like bound had sprung at and caught the shrouds, where he hung by one hand, while with the other he waved us all good-bye. It was the officer's cry of pain, as he struck the deck, and the sympathetic cheer of approbation, inspired by the volunteer's conduct, from the throats of his companions, which had woke me up from my dream of fireside faces, and fireside joys, and fireside tenderness.

The officer soon recovered his senses ; and it was found that, barring a good long cut on the back of the head, his injuries were of no great consequence.

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UNEXPECTED FRIENDS.

You may, perhaps, be surprised that no effort was made to arrest the deserter ; but you must bear in mind that we were on a very different footing to what we would have been had it been the regular service. The enlistment was altogether voluntary—we were never sworn in ; in fact, the whole affair, although public enough, was managed in that peculiar, “on the sly” style, which at once tells a man of any intelligence, that those who command him feel that they do not in reality command at all. This, however, applies only to the time we were in Scotland, or within sight of Scottish land ; after we had left our native shores behind us, we soon found that we had also left our free and easy liberty of saying and doing as we liked ; and began to feel the galling yoke of military discipline and unhesitating subordination.

Half an hour after the occurrence of the affair I have told you of, we set sail, or rather set steam, for Lisbon. Just as the steamer began to move, every soul on board gathered on deck for the purpose of giving the farewell cheer to Scotland. One lad took off his cap, and held it above his head ; his example was followed by all, and we stood silent and expectant.

The leader of the movement looked round, and, as he did so, I could see a big, big tear gathering in his eye, and his voice shook as he said. “God bless a’ our freens ! God bless auld Scotland ! Three hearty cheers for Hame !”

As he finished, a cheer, and such a cheer, rang up from the deck of that ship ; that cheer seemed to be loaded with all

that was good in the hearts of those from whose throats it arose—its effect was spreading and contagious: it reached the quarter deck and was taken up there, it reached the ships in the stream and at the quays, it spread along the wharves and streets of Greenock, until it seemed as if the whole population of the place had lifted up its entire soul and voice in one prolonged and hearty shout.

I have heard many a cheer under many different circumstances; I have heard and joined in the wild, wicked cheer, more like a yell, with which we hurled defiance on our foes as we rushed madly onwards in the deadly charge; I have heard and joined in the long, loud, ringing cheer of victory, and the deep-mouthed bitter shouts of revengeful soldiers spurring on to avenge the fall of some favorite officer, but I never heard a cheer which left its "mark" as I may say, so strongly on my mind, as the one I heard on leaving Greenock for Lisbon.

Our departure and the consequent rush of all hands on deck, gave me a capital opportunity of seeing how many were on board, and what kind of shavers they were. In number there appeared to me to be about three hundred or so, bearing every possible variety of personal appearance. There were men of all ages, from sixty to fourteen; clothed in all manner of garments from the gentee to the rather seedy, thence to the shabby, and so on through all the gradations of clothing down to the torn and fluttering rags of the almost naked beggar of the streets of Glasgow. There was, as might well be expected, every cast of countenance among this multifarious assembly; the haggard, weary, careworn, poverty-stricken faces of prematurely old men, the bloated, dissipated, blood-washed-out visages of fast, perhaps dishonest, clerks; the clear bright eye and blooming cheek of the young and foolish; the scowling and repulsive features of the notorious thief; the devil-may-care glance of the careless mechanic who had volunteered "just for a change;" and the pinched and withered forms and faces of

boys and men, whose very life-blood seemed to have been dried up, or drawn out, by the unwholesome heat of the cotton factory and a life of reckless drunkenness. They were a strange lot, and I felt myself involuntarily drawn away from their companionship. It was too late now, however; at least I thought so as I looked up and saw how fast we were dashing through the water on our way to a strange and distant land.

All on board the steamer, apparently, did not appear to have entertained a similar opinion; for, after we had left Greenock about half-an-hour's sail, all hands were suddenly aroused by a loud splash in the water, and the cry of "a man overboard!"

On looking towards the river, we soon saw a human head rising out of the water; the owner thereof shaking it well to drive away the superabundant moisture which was streaming from it, and putting back with one hand the hair which obstructed his vision, while with the other he kept himself afloat.

In a moment the engine was backed, and many people were shouting to the man in the river to "keep up your heart! we'll throw you a rope directly!"

To this good advice, and good intention, however, the aquatic volunteer replied: "Ye needna fash. I've changed my mind; I'm e'en gaun baek to see my auld mither again." So saying, he struck out like a waterdog for a wherry which was passing at the time, and in a few minutes we saw him clambering over her gunwale laughing like mad.

We then proceeded on our way; and that was the last attempt made to leave the "Royal Tar."

After this, measures were taken to reduce the many discordant elements and beings congregated on board of the vessel into something approaching order and system. The officers and men were commanded, for the time being, by a gentleman named Major Brown. This officer had apparently been service, because he proceeded to make arrangements after a most approved military and systematical manner.

Amongst our number there was a goodly muster of old soldiers of the regular army—seven years' men, as they were called. Those men Major Brown assembled on the quarterdeck, and gave them probationary rank as sergeants, to be confirmed on their arrival at Lisbon, should their conduct and abilities warrant his recommending them for such promotion.

To those sergeants he then gave lists, containing the names of a certain number of men, with instructions to form them into messes, take over from the quarter-master a certain portion of the vessel for their accommodation, draw bedding, rations, and all other allowances, and, in fact, to look after the wants and comforts of those men in every possible way.

Immediately after receiving those instructions, the men set about carrying them out; and in a very short time a perfect Babel of noise and seeming confusion prevailed from stem to stern. Names of men were bawled and bandied about in all sorts of tones, and every known variety of note, from the deep rumbling growl of the double bass to the shrill and piercing squeak of some broken-down treble.

By-and-bye, however, this din died away, and the men got gradually formed up under their respective sergeants. They were then led away to take up their allotted places of accommodation on the main deck of the steamer. After this came the hubbub and bustle of drawing bedding and stores from the quarter-master—a person of the name of Flint, as arrant a rogue as ever drew the breath of life, and of whom I will have to tell you a little more by-and-bye; then a "put bye" for the day, in the shape of lots of hard ship-biscuit and mouldy cheese. All this having been done, comparative quietness prevailed over the ship.

As I had not given in my name it had not, of course, been called, so that I remained berthless, bedless, biscuit-and-cheeseless, and wholly dependent on my own resources. However, I was prepared for casualties of this description, and, as I did not feel much inclined for sleep, I did not re-

gret the berth or the bed ; while in case of hunger assailing me, I had stored away a small supply of Abernethy biscuits in my coat-pocket, which could be rendered available at any moment.

Night gradually drew on, and as gradually, one by one, those on deck crept below, and endeavoured, I suppose, to make themselves as comfortable as possible. In this they appeared to have succeeded wonderfully well ; for no great length of time had passed away before sounds of song and merriment came streaming up from the open hatchways, and the volunteers seemed to have entered into the soul and spirit of careless and reckless soldiering with a hearty good will. I have no doubt that the ration of strong and unadulterated rum, which had been served out a short time before, added to sundry smuggled bottles of Scotch whiskey, had their due effect in producing that state of things. Be that as it may, the sounds of rejoicing also dwindled away by degrees, succeeded by grateful silence, broken only by a hollow rumbling from below, like the snore of a bevy of giants, and the dash of the waters as the steamer threw them aside in her rapid onward course.

Tired at length of travelling to and fro within such a narrow compass, I went forward to the bow of the vessel, and, leaning over the bulwark, watched the phosphorescent masses of sparkling water which gushed away from her cleaving forefoot like streams of living light. I must have got into a sort of half-sleeping dreaminess, induced by the lulling wash of the waves and the steady motion of the ship ; because I started up, with a strange feeling of nervous apprehension, when I felt a hand come heavily down on my back with a wonderful degree of familiarity.

"Holloa! Alick! what the de'il brought you here, my man!" uttered by the voice of an old school-fellow and brother clerk, and followed by a grasp of my hand in both of his, accompanied with a shake of unmistakeable pleasure and a laugh of hearty gratification were the first things that

rendered me fully alive to the fact, that my old chum, Sandy Smith, stood before me, and that, after all, I was not so completely alone as I had fancied myself to be. Along with Smith there was another young man, who I had often seen, but with whom I was not much acquainted; we were soon introduced to each other, and in a very short time it might truly have been said of us,

Three blyther hearts, that lee lang nicht,
Ye wadna' fand in Christendie.

How pleasant that meeting was on that steamer's deck. I have often thought of it, and wondered at its still present, pleasurable feelings. It came upon my heart like meeting with a long-loved face in the still dark wilderness of a foreign land—like a stream of sunshine pouring its flood of light into the black, yawning, rugged, chasm of a rifted mountain. I felt my spirit change under the influence of that meeting, and spring up again with all the buoyancy of youthful health and spirit.

Smith told me that his comrade and himself, to avoid being seen by any one—as they had fairly determined to try the adventure of the Portuguese service—had kept stowed away below until that time; and that coming upon deck, for the purpose of getting their legs stretched, and enjoying a mouthful of fresh air, they had with astonishment and surprise recognized me as I lay stretched over the bulwark, apparently asleep.

Chatting over the past, the present, and the future, we continued to pace the deck until it became apparent that the attention of Major Brown had been drawn to us; because, descending from the quarter-deck, he came forward and accosted us, requesting to be informed whether it was pleasure or necessity which kept us on deck after all on board had retired for the night.

In reply, we informed him that it was a mixture of both; the first motive, however, being that which kept us there at the present time, whatever the latter might do when we felt

anxious to go below, as we had no allotted berths to which we could retire.

Further enquiries, on the part of the Major, drew from us several particulars as to the circumstances under which we had come on board; that our names were not even yet registered; and that, in fact, we were there present in no known capacity, either as soldiers or marines. On hearing this the Major seemed to assume a greater degree of familiarity, and strongly advised us to enter the service as cadets; stating that, were we willing to do so, he would at once enrol our names in that capacity, and order us the quarters and allowances incidental to the rank: adding also, that he had no doubt but that we would receive commissions soon after our arrival in Portugal.

Thanking him for his kindness, we told him the plain and simple truth, that under other circumstances we might gladly have availed ourselves of his generous intentions; but that pockets whose only contents were a few shillings, and bankers who had neither funds or existence, would not agree very well with cadetships, and we would, therefore, rough it out in the ranks as best we could.

"In the meantime, then," said the Major, "I will send the Quartermaster to you, and he will give you berths to which you can retire when you feel inclined."

Shortly afterwards, the Quartermaster appeared, and, conducting us below, gave us very comfortable quarters among the acting staff-sergeants of the ship.

Smith, and Wylie (the name of the other young man), remained there; but feeling no inclination for sleep, and preferring the clear air above to that of the main deck, I again got on the fore-castle, and was very soon lost in the train of thought which Smith had so unceremoniously interrupted.

The night was beautiful and I paced the deck unconscious of everything save a strange medley of unconnected and incongruous imaginings, in which I was completely absorbed.

Having, almost from the time I was able to write a legible

hand up to the present moment, had a great inclination to scribble in verse, the scene and time was one well calculated to induce a young enthusiast, as I then was, to commit his thoughts to paper.

The moon shone calmly and brightly, affording a truly poetical light, but whether it inspired any poetical feeling or not, you will be able to judge for yourselves ; because, lugging out pencil and paper, I stretched myself along the deck, and produced the following reflections :—

NIGHT.

I love to sit alone and gaze upon the ocean wide,
As glorious Spl's declining rays athwart its bosom glide,
And changing—as each changeful breeze by zephyr fancy roll'd—
Its glassy, deep, transparent blue into a field of gold,
Bedecked with myriad mazy gleams of diamond splendour bright—
Now sunk in shade, now streaming forth with pure effulgent light :
While o'er the sky those parting rays threw many a changing scene,
Of ruby deep, and purple bright, of azure, gold, and green,
And as he sinks a crimson glow spreads o'er the surface vast,
Proclaiming far and near that now another day has past.

Then comes the Night—the solemn Night. Its shadowy fantasy,
Its misty, thought-inspiring garb, are precious things to me ;
For, as the night-winds wing their way across the ocean's breast,
A strain of mystic music springs which lulls the soul to rest,
And every wave which rolls along upon that mighty sea,
Speaks to the watcher's waking soul of his own far-off countrie :
And in each murmur starts afresh the voices which had roll'd
Their floods of music o'er his heart—the sounds of days of old.

Yes!—mid Night's calm and tranquil reign there hover's o'er the head
Sweet thoughts which please, and thoughts which pain, of living and
of dead ;

And thoughts of bright and happy Home, that never-tiring theme—
The weary wand'rer's waking wish—his midnight's pleasant dream—
Which softens with a magic pow'r the stormy strife of day,
And wafts us, in night's silent hours, to scenes far, far away.

When thus enrapt in gazing on the beauty of the scene,
The mind of man is gently fill'd with soothing so serene,

That balmy sleep unconscious steals upon the wearied frame,
 And gives to thought's fantastic forms a dwelling and a name.
 In sleep's blest hour the captive's chain is shiver'd, rent, and he
 Stands forth once more as what he was, the fearless and the free—
 Once more he treads his native soil, as some bright summer's morn
 Sheds all its beauty o'er the spot where he was rear'd and born—
 Once more he hears the sighing breeze, the distant waterfall,
 Strike sweetly on his longing ear, as hailing his recall;
 He hears the river rushing past with hoarse and changing voice,
 Amongst whose eddies, and dark nooks, so oft he did rejoice :
 Until the ear, the eye, the heart, are filled unto the brim
 With childhood's feelings—oh! how rich those feelings are to him!

Sleep heals the sick, pours balm and oil upon the aching heart—
 Sweeps care and sorrow far away, blunts disappointment's dart,—
 Gives untold wealth to poverty—gives gnawing hunger food—
 Gives rest to toil-worn, weary forms, yet shrinks from fashion's brood ;
 Loves more the poor man's lowly cot, than lordly palace hall—
 Prefers the bed of oaten straw, to rich embroider'd stall—
 Seeks out the hardy mariner, and, 'mid the lightning's flash,
 The thunder's hollow booming roar, the wild waves' warring crash,
 Enfolds him in her soothing arms with slumber sound and deep,
 As that of cradled infancy, when hush'd by song to sleep.

Then hail thee, Night! and hail thee, Sleep! What tho' the captive's
 dream

Be broke by chain and dungeon dark, without one sunny beam—
 What tho' the sick man wake to pain, the aching heart to woe,—
 The poor to pinching poverty, the hungry man to throw
 His dark despairing eye around, in bootless search for bread—
 The mariner in time to hear the rending crash o'er head,
 Of splintering spar, and groaning beam, and tall and stately mast,
 As lowly sinks their tow'ring pride before the stormy blast—
 Still will I love the power which spreads, afar, o'er land and sea,
 Sweet moments, which, by those who feel, can ne'er forgotten be.

I do not know whether the reading of that production has
 produced the same result on you, as its composition did on
 me—a feeling of drowsiness : but it most certainly did so,
 and shortly afterwards I made my way below and was very
 soon really and figuratively in the "land of dreams."

ATTEMPTED MUTINY.

NEXT morning Major Brown again spoke to us in a very kindly and unceremonious manner, and stated, that, although we could not accept his first offer, he would not lose sight of us, and that he would use his interest in our behalf when we reached Lisbon.

The passage was a most favorable one, and, with the exception of one "row," which occurred on the fourth day out, presented nothing worth telling you. That affair was as follows :—

Among the other allowances made to the men, and they were all of a most liberal character, was that of a certain quantity of tobacco; if I mistake not, half an ounce a day. This tobacco was served out twice a week, and the day of which I speak had been that on which a fresh supply was due. In the course of issue one of the men, a blackguard-looking fellow he was, took umbrage at the portion handed over to him, and he at once commenced to vent a torrent of Billingsgate abuse on the Quartermaster, calling him every name he could imagine save that of gentleman.

Mr. F., who was not by any means a man of lamb-like qualities, sprung at the fellow's collar, and, willing or not willing, dragged him upon the quarter-deck, and brought him before Major Brown, making at the same time a statement of the man's insubordinate conduct.

The Major, I suppose, imagining that this would be a good opportunity of letting the lads see and feel that they must

render themselves amenable to discipline, at once caused the man to be hand-cuffed, and sentenced him to be confined for forty-eight hours.

Every portion of the proceedings was eagerly watched by those below—the quarter-deck was a pooped one, railed in, and of course elevated about seven feet from the main deck. When the handcuffs were produced and put upon the prisoner's wrists, a murmur of discontent spread through the crowd underneath. At the rendering of the Major's sentence it burst out into a yell of anger, and "We won't stand that!"—"he doesn't deserve it!"—"he did quite right!"—"the quarter-master's a d—d rogue and a cheat,"—"we'll tear your quarter-deck to pieces if you don't let him go!" were the exclamations which were shouted out by one or other among the excited group of volunteers.

Major Brown, taking the whole matter with a wonderful degree of calmness, came to the rail of the quarter-deck and endeavoured to reason with the men below. He might as well have striven to stay the rolling of the ocean: his words were unheeded, and his voice was drowned by the shouts of the now infuriated mob.

At length one man, named Atty Connor, I think—a man with the most repulsive-looking countenance I ever saw on a human being, and a frame of herculean strength—sprung on the quarter-deck, seized the prisoner in his arms, and in the twinkling of an eye had leaped back with him in his grasp into the centre of his comrades. A loud derisive cheer from the rioters showed their appreciation of Atty's daring.

Having obtained their man, the next object was to relieve him from his manacles; this was very summarily effected by means of a hammer and one of the iron ring-bolts, on which the man laid his hands while Atty with one blow shivered the handcuffs to pieces. These pieces he gathered up and stepping aft threw them among the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, exclaiming, "That's the way we serve your handcuffs, and we'll serve you the same if we have any more

of your forty-eight hours' work here." Another cheer followed this sally, and other shouts arose—"Where's the quartermaster?"—"bring him out!"—"let's throw the scoundrel overboard!"—proved that there was some "agitator" in the crowd who was urging them on to commit more mischief.

At this moment Major Brown again came forward to the rail of the deck, and, in a voice before which the yells of the crowd gave way at once, he shouted "Silence! Let every man who will stand by his officers, for his own sake as well as theirs, jump up on this deck." There was a pause for a second or two, and then about forty or fifty men sprang up and ranged themselves around him. "Thank you, men," he said, "I see there are good men among you yet, and there are many more down there still, but I'll do with what I've got."

He then ranged about thirty men along the rail with orders to drive down with feet and hands any one who might attempt to come up. "I will relieve you in five minutes," said he, and, bidding the remainder of the men follow him into the cabin, he went below.

The men ranged along the rail formed a sort of screen, which, added to the height of the quarter-deck, prevented the rioters from seeing what was going forward in that quarter. One or two made an attempt to clamber up but were repulsed; they then went to the coal hole, obtained a supply of ammunition from that magazine, and commenced pelting those on the quarter-deck with pieces of that useful commodity.

Within the appointed time the Major again came on deck with the men who had followed him below, but who were now armed every one of them with a loaded musket. Placing those men a short distance in our rear with the musket at the "order" so that they might not be seen from the deck, he instructed us, whenever he gave the word, "Fall back," to close into the right and left sides of the vessel from our centre, and leave a clear front for the party in rear,

The same word of command was to move that party to bring up their muskets to the "ready" and "present."

Having made those arrangements, he then, with a double-barrelled pistol in his hand, walked down among the noisy crowd. Moving about until his eye rested on Atty Connor, he pushed the men aside till he reached him; when laying his hand on Atty's collar, he said quietly, "Come along, my man; I mean to make you my prisoner." Atty made a motion of resistance, but the pistol was at his head. "One struggle" said the Major—"and I blow your brains out. Men," he continued turning to those around him, "this blackguard has caused you to commit a very serious crime; I intend to punish him for it, and I *will*. It is of no use to try your strength against mine, for look"—pointing up to the quarter-deck, and giving the word 'fall back'—"if you lift a hand to attempt his rescue, I give the word fire, although I should be the first to fall." As if they had been a piece of cloth exposed to the flame of a scorching fire, the undisciplined rabble curled up on itself and drew far back, until the Major and his prisoner stood out in clear, distinct, and unmistakeable prominence.

Atty saw that he was now left to his own resources, and felt how foolish it would be for him to attempt any resistance; he therefore submitted with fear and trembling to the force of circumstances.

The acting sergeant-major was called for, and Atty was delivered into his hands to be made a prisoner and kept in close confinement for the remainder of the passage. This order was carried into effect; and after sundry distant and discontented mutterings and grumblings, the petty insurrection which had been so summarily handled died away completely.

There was, however, a strict watch kept by all hands upon the doings of the Quartermaster, and many things were noted down, day and date, the exposure of which

was reserved for a future day ; this movement was conducted under the advice of an old soldier named McCormick, who told the men that whenever they were placed under the command of a General, if their complaints were not attended to by regimental officers, that gentleman would examine them carefully and give every possible redress and satisfaction.

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1840

ARRIVAL AT LISBON.

SEVEN days after leaving Greenock, we came in sight of Belem Castle, a very strong fortification, mounting I do not know how many guns, which defends the approach to the city of Lisbon. The river Tagus is, at the point where this Castle is built, rather narrow, and the position built upon is a good one for the purpose of commanding the entrance to the harbour. Arrived opposite this place, a gun from the castle brought our vessel to, and a boat from the shore brought several Portuguese officials, glittering in all the splendour of gold lace, alongside.

The officers went to the cabin, and the boat's crew came up and mingled among our men, making their observations with every appearance of great interest. If we were objects of curiosity to those men, they were not less so to us, and not a movement did they make which was not followed by hundreds of enquiring eyes. Their dark and swarthy complexion, light and loose system of clothing, trousers and shirt, with a many-colored sash round the waist, and a night-cap with a long pendant tassel attached for a head-dress, were talked about and commented on in every variety of style, according to the general bent of mind of the commentator; and in the majority of instances those remarks were far from being very creditable to the subjects of them. Their style of smoking, especially, excited nothing but laughter; they pulled away for a short time at what appeared to us to be nothing more or less than a small roll of paper some two or three inches long, and, instead

of puffing the smoke out of their mouths as any reasonable Christian would do, they rolled it out through the nostrils in perfect clouds.—The conclusion of the smoking, however, was the most laughable of all; having satisfied themselves, the paper roll was carefully extinguished, and as carefully deposited behind the ear, in the same fashion that a clerk stows his pen away.

The appearance of the officials on deck put a stop to all further investigation; they descended to their boat, pushed off and made for shore, while we once more got under way and made for Lisbon.

Belem Castle is, I think, situated something like two miles below Lisbon, so that we were not long in steaming that distance. On reaching Lisbon the scenery around is very pretty and interesting, and gives you the idea of a rich and fertile country. Just above the city the Tagus widens out almost into a small lake, forming, as I was told, a most secure, while my own eyes assured me that it was a most magnificent, harbour. The view of the city from the harbour was remarkably fine. The whole expanse of the river was dotted over by the ships of many different nations, and of every variety of rig; small boats propelled by sail and oar were skimming backwards and forwards, between those vessels and the shore, or between the opposite banks of the river. The city itself extends in a straggling, irregular manner along the banks of the river for, I should imagine nearly a distance of two miles; above it, looking like a sentinel posted to keep watch and ward over the city slumbering at its feet, looms the strongly fortified castle of St. George—almost itself a city in extent. Looking around, I was particularly pleased with the appearance of the country. There was something rich and southern-looking in the luxurious vegetation which clothed the hills on the river's sides: vineyards, orange groves, orchards of all kinds, and plantations of ripening grain, spread themselves out before the eye far as it could reach, and impressed me with very favourable ideas of the country I had come to visit.

However, this won't do; I must get ahead with my story, otherwise I'll never have done with it. We were landed at a place, called Black Horse Square by our fellows, and were there met by a number of our own countrymen who had arrived in Lisbon a short time before from some of the English ports. How the Lisbonites did stare and gape when we landed—and how we stared and gaped in return—I leave you to imagine. The men having been arranged into something like military order, we were all marched off to a barrack, which I thought we would never reach. Never talk about narrow dirty streets till you have marched through the streets of Lisbon; after that you may speak about them, for in one half hour's travel you'll provide your nose with such a variety of disgusting smells, and your eyes with such a multitude of abominable sights, as will serve you to illustrate sermons on dirty streets for a life time.

We reached our destination at last. It was situated on the outskirts of the city, and went under the title of Valle de Pereira barracks. Having been told off to our various rooms, we entered and took possession. I have heard some of our boys grumbling about barrack rooms,—I only wish I had them in that Portuguese barrack for one night; I believe they'd never grumble at a British barrack-room again. The only portion of the room which was clear was a space leading from the door to the wall in rear, and exactly the breadth of the door; on the right and left the room was filled up with a guard-bed of the very same construction as those in our guard-houses. Not a particle of furniture was to be seen, not a table, or form, mop or broom, and the dust was inch deep,—in fact, nothing but the walls and the boards. It was at night, however, that we enjoyed all the benefits attendant on those delightful barrack-rooms; fleas by the million, mosquitoes by tens of millions, and every dirt-engendered creeping thing kept us fully amused during those hours which should have been devoted to rest and sleep. That night we all felt the truth of what we had often enough heard, that

there is no rest for the wicked, and, from comparisons drawn from that first night in Portugal, we must have been a lot of very wicked characters indeed.

However, somehow or other, we managed to get through it, and next morning and all day there was nothing but parading and mustering, forming and re-forming, transferring here and transferring there, until at last we had made the formation of six companies. Major Brown had not forgotten his promise, because Smith, Wylie and myself, were ordered to attend at the office of the Commanding officer, a Major Dalrymple, and give specimens of our penmanship and acquaintance with accounts. Our endeavours in those respects seemed to have given satisfaction, as Smith was appointed Orderly-Room Clerk ; Wylie, Hospital-Sergeant, and myself Paymaster's Clerk. The Paymaster, Mr. Duncan, a perfect gentleman, who had previously held a commission in the British Service, had also temporary command of a company, and at his request I took charge of the books of that company.

I was now very comfortable as regarded quarters ; a very nice little room being appropriated for the purpose of Paymaster's office, and in that room I worked and slept. Time did not at all hang heavy on my hands ; I had plenty of work to do making out muster-rolls and estimates, and attending to the financial matters of Mr. Duncan's company.

The drilling of the men was also immediately set in motion, and many an odd scene, you may depend, occurred in Valle de Pereira barracks during those days. When I contrast the soldiering I saw then with what I have seen since, I often laugh till my sides ache again. When I think of the clean and spotless uniforms and erect and steady bearing of our soldiers now-a-days, and then look back at the slouching slovenly gait, and parti-colored vestments which characterized the Scotch Fusileers in Lisbon, I often wonder how ever it was managed to lick them into anything like shape at all.

I very often had occasion to be about the barrack square, and always found plenty of amusement in observing what was going on. A busy scene it was: here a party of men were slashing water upon the dusty guard-beds and floors of the rooms, as if it had been a ship's deck they were washing, and scrubbing away for the bare life with the only substitute they could get for scrubbers—birch brooms; while the hot sun performed all the duties of a mop, drying up the damp boards in a wonderfully short space of time. Men were busy in all directions preparing as best they might, for the furtherance of their future comfort; parties marching here and there for the necessary supplies of beds, bedding, and other accessories of a similar nature. It was quite delightful to mark the gusto with which the "old soldiers" were watching and commenting on the various exhibitions of *gaucherie* and *naivette* made by the "green horns." And what stories I heard illustrative of the verdant crop of military ignorance which abounded in the Fusiliers!—nay, I often enjoyed specimens of which I had ocular demonstration. Standing at the main entrance of the barracks, just after the dinner bugle had sounded, my attention was attracted to a man coming towards the gateway in a most cautious and careful manner, his whole appearance combining a wonderful amount of ridiculous anxiety; his coat was unbuttoned, trowsers without braces, slouching about his heels, shirt-collar loose and neck bare, while his cap hung on the back of his head as it would on a peg in the barrack room; he had one hand behind his back evidently containing something or other of which he was most careful, as was manifested by the slow and awkward pace at which he progressed. Onwards he came until he arrived opposite the officer commanding, who happened to be standing at the gateway, when he halted, saluted the officer after a fashion, with the unoccupied hand, at the same time bringing carefully round to the front the one which had hitherto been kept constantly in rear. The object upon which he had displayed so much

care and attention, was then fully revealed to sight in the shape of a basin filled with soup. Amid the suppressed and choking laughter of the men who were standing about, the recruit proceeded to lay his case before the officer:—"Is that a dinner for a soldier, sir?" said he, pointing to the basin of soup. The officer, smiling almost "through tears" of laughter, questioned him as to its faults. Quantity not quality was what he complained of; and on the officer telling him to proceed to the orderly of his mess and tell him that if he was not instantly supplied with double allowance, that orderly might look out for a nice dressing indeed. The man walked off, after another "kind of a salute," quite contented. Immediately after came another complainant, who was quite indignant because he had not obtained "salt for his dinner." They were not as yet very particular about the attendance at parade. Instance: one of the men coming in from town some half hour after the others had been paraded and were busy at drill, when accosted by a serjeant with, "Are you for drill?" "To be sure I am," was the answer. "Well," observed the serjeant, "don't you see you should have been here long ago?" "Well, well," rejoins the recruit, "will you just tell them I'm coming, serjeant," and with the greatest nonchalance imaginable, the fellow stalked off to his barrack room.

I could fill a book with instances of this description which occurred from time to time. We often see amongst ourselves affairs of this kind, but of course, as you must acknowledge, on a very limited scale; here we have an occasional batch of recruits and we get a laugh out of them pretty often; and so, where the whole regiment is composed of recruits, you will be able to judge what a ridiculous figure we did cut in general, and how much awkwardness and ignorance of military affairs prevailed amongst us.

In the course of a day or two after our arrival we received our clothing—that is, we received parts and portions of it, for it took a good number of days before we got it all. One

day was devoted to serving out boots, and not one half of the men even were supplied with those necessary articles in that day; a thing you know we can manage to do here in the course of half an hour. Next day, perhaps, a certain number received shell jackets; and the next again another lot would receive an instalment in the shape of trowsers.

The consequence of this unmethodical system was ridiculous in the extreme. As soon as the clothing began to be served out the barracks began to be crowded with Portuguese hawkers and pedlars who would purchase anything and everything, from a collarless, breastless, body-and-tail-less shirt, to a pile of arms, accoutrements, and ammunition.

Then commenced a general and indiscriminate sale of every article of civil clothing which could by any possibility be dispensed with. Those who had received regimental boots sold those they wore, and in a good number of instances those they had just received; the recipients of jackets sold their coats, and the trowser men followed suit with their civil O-no-we-never-mention-thems. Such a set of fellows you never saw in your lives as turned out for drill in Valle de Pereira square of a morning. It was a treat to cast your eyes along the various squads as they began to form up. Here you would have a man bare-headed and bare-footed, his whole and sole uniform consisting of a pair of regimental trowsers and a shirt; there another with a bright new red shell jacket tightly buttoned over a pair of fearfully tattered pantaloons, while his upper man was decorated with a brimless, crownless battered-out-of-all-form hat; further on you might observe some one who had sold his boots, but wanted to hide the fact, arrayed in an old broken-down gaping pair of slippers which some poor devil bad as himself had thrown away in disgust. These and a hundred other variations of uniform, which you may imagine, but which would take me half a day to tell, made the Scotch Fusileers, of Donna Maria of Portugal, look anything but interesting in those their palmy days of drill and dirt and half-nakedness.

THE BOUNTY.

This, however, was by no means the worst feature of things in this stage of our formation.

Just when the issue of clothing was in the state I have mentioned, no one man supplied with *all* his necessaries, Mr. Duncan received an order to pay the volunteers an instalment of their bounty, to the amount of about two pounds ten shillings sterling.

This was a cause of rejoicing throughout the barrack-rooms, and many where the "sprees" which were planned, and the "jolly blow-outs" which were anticipated by all parties on the promulgation of the order to attend at the Paymaster's office for the purpose of receiving bounty. Such a hum of voices, such a gabbling and laughing followed this announcement, that any one going in among the men would have fancied that they had been served out with an extra allowance of grog, so universal was the clatter which reigned in every quarter.

It was a busy day that with me; and I must say that if I worked hard in the office, I also laughed equally hard, for the many odd-looking characters who made their appearance there, and the many shifts they were put to, to stow away their money, afforded food for mirth for a month afterwards. You need'nt wonder at a good number of them not knowing what to do with their money, because you must bear in mind that many of them had no other clothing than shirt and trousers, and now and again some sort of a cap. Now

those trousers had no pockets, and as the bounty was paid partly in silver, partly in copper coin, about a pound's worth of the latter, you will at once see that a place to contain this pretty heavy supply was a matter of some consideration and importance. Where the volunteer possessed a cap the matter was set at rest at once, by his sweeping the whole contents of his bounty, silver and copper, into that receptacle. Where no such good fortune favored the applicant for bounty, the silver was carefully retained in the hand, while a tightening of the buttons of the waistband of the trousers converted the breast of the shirt into a money bag, where it was forthwith deposited : and for days and days afterwards one could hardly cross the square without picking up copper coins for ten or forty reas which had escaped from the breast of the shirts and found an exit by the legs of the trousers.

Of course, until the issue of clothing would be completed, the men had been confined to barracks ; but after the payment of the bounty all restriction was found impossible—it would have required a cordon of sentries round the barrack walls to keep the fellows from breaking out. To remedy this the veto was taken off the gate, and the men were allowed out, with the understanding that if they came back duly sober and penniless, in the course of three days, that it would be "all right."

Having got through the work of the day, Smith, Wylie and myself, determined to take a stroll down to the city and see how things were going on there. Of course, we too had received our bounty, and were bent on a little enjoyment after our day's labor.

Such scenes as Lisbon streets saw that night defy description. Volunteers in every stage of drunkenness, from the maudlin melancholy to the madly uproarious, were creeping, staggering, jumping and running about in every direction, to the evident terror and dismay of the always sober inhabitants of that dirty city. Vehicles and animals of every description had been employed by our loyal volunteers, and an

open carriage crammed with ten or twelve occupants, singing and shouting at the top of their voices, would dash past, followed by others in shirt and trousers, mounted on donkeys, steadying themselves as best they might by holding on to the reins with one hand, while the other held in its grasp the cap containing that which had made one ass the bearer of another—and which makes a donkey as well as a mare to go—their money; while here and there one might be seen rolling on the narrow pavement, his silver *crusada novo's*—new crowns—and his copper vintines, or pence, rolling beside him, for company's sake, from the breast of his shirt or from his pockets, and which were very carefully collected and also appropriated by the urchins and adults gathered round the victim of *aguardente* and *rumo*.

Disgusted with all we saw, we entered a respectable *café*, called for a bottle of the best wine, and, while discussing its merits, which were most delectable and wonderfully different from any we had ever tasted at home, had, as you may suppose, a long chat over friends in Scotland, and many speculations as to how our adventure would turn out; and before we rose to return to barracks, several very strong and unmistakable symptoms of home-sickness had manifested themselves amongst us. On enquiring the cost of our wine, for which we were prepared to pay a pretty good price, as the establishment was a first-class one, and furnished in a most elegant style with splendid marble tables, luxurious couches, and every comfort you could wish, we were much astonished to find that the price was only five vintines, or pence. A better acquaintance with the city, however, soon taught us that we had paid the regular price, as in a house of less assuming appearance a bottle of good wine could be obtained for two pence.

Returning to barracks, we found that a goodly number of the men had managed to find their way back; no small proportion of them mulcted of every ree of their cash, and, between drink and rage at their loss, not in the most agreeable

of tempers. The result of all this was fighting and noise in every room ; and if the sergeant in charge attempted to make the least display of authority in the way of striving to bring about a more peaceful and orderly state of things, he was pretty sure of having a heavy ammunition boot thrown at his head, or any other missile which was most convenient, no matter how hard or heavy ; and in several instances where the light was blown out, and a perfect shower of such things were aimed at them, they were forced to crawl under the guard-bed for shelter, otherwise they would have been seriously damaged.

Such figures as presented themselves next morning beat every thing ; broken heads, broken noses, black eyes, cut and bloody faces, were the badges of distinction generally worn outwardly ; while the inner man was no doubt fearfully torn and excruciated with the after consequences of an excessive use of aguardente—the spirituous liquor of Portugal—which far exceeds any thing which can be inflicted by any amount of Scotch Whiskey.

For about six days this state of things continued ; drill was out of the question, parade was a mere form, and license of every kind prevailed almost unchecked. Men were brought into barracks suffering from wounds inflicted by the knives of insulted Portuguese, who did not understand fighting with the fists at all. “No care socca, care facca,” they used to say, when our fellows placed themselves in a boxing attitude and planted a blow on some unoffending Portuguese countenance, which was almost as dextrously returned with a stab from the long spring knife which a Portuguese is never found without. Such conduct on the part of the inhabitants was, however, only the result of wanton insult on the part of our men. In general they were kindly, and obliging enough,—too much so indeed at times, because they would oblige a fellow who wanted to sell any of his necessaries by purchasing every thing he had, even to his firelock. This inclination to buy on their side, and the inclination to sell of many of our boys,

brought numbers of the men to the lash, and gave us a great many additional musters for "punishment parades." Shortly after our arrival in Lisbon, I have seen as many as twelve men flogged in a morning, and this not on one occasion merely but continuously for a fortnight.

However, the bounty got spent at last; the Provost Marshal had scoured every hole and corner in Lisbon and its vicinity, and the result was a full guard-house and a pretty extensive list of defaulters.

I had to proceed to the guard-house one day for the purpose of finding out the names of any men of Mr. Duncan's company who had been brought in and confined since the previous evening, and was much amused by a scene which took place while I was there. Two men were earnestly disputing about the rising and setting of the sun, and pointing to certain directions as those in which the natural phenomena took place. On my entrance I was referred to as umpire between the contending parties; but before I had time to say a word on the subject, an old seven year's man, with black eyes, broken nose, and half-drunken blear, started up, and settled the question at once: "What does that gulpin know about the matter?" said he: "it takes an old soldier like me to answer that question," he proceeded with drunken gravity. "Now, listen, you two gillygoollies, and I'll tell you all about it. The sun rises, d'ye see, at all times in the wine-shop; and sets, as it has done with you and I in the present case, in the guard-house.—There, now! isn't that true—isn't it just so?"—and he threw himself again on the guard-bed with the most provoking amount of self-complacency. After all he was not very far wrong; such a course too often marks the soldier's rising and setting sun.

From this time forward things began to move regularly every day; drill was carried on through thick and thin—four hours a day, wet or dry, and the consequence was that in the course of a month the regiment was formed up and drilled in battalion manoeuvres, and acquitted themselves remarkably

well. One incident which occurred in the course of those drills became a standing joke in the regiment, and at the time it happened you might have tied the whole corps with a straw, it was so shaken with laughing.

Among the men was one, named Anderson, a rather old man, and, from his general appearance and behaviour, a half-witted one. This man, when the regiment one day at drill had received the word of command "stand at ease," left his place in the ranks, and, deliberately walking up to the Adjutant, addressed him as follows:—

"Well, sir, I always thought there was but one fool in the regiment, and that fool was myself; it seems, however, that I have been mistaken, and that I am bound to have a companion. Now, sir, I'll tell you how I came to this conclusion; here have we, six hundred men, been knocked about in every corner of this barrack square for the last half hour, for no earthly good that I can see, but merely for your amusement, and I suppose to let us see how many long-nebbed words, which we can't and won't understand, you are able to screech off by the yard. All these things put together convinced me that there were two fools in the regiment, you the first and myself the other. Now, sir, you know very well that one fool is enough in a family, and I suppose in a regiment too; it will then be necessary that, for the regiment's sake, one of us ought to leave it. I'm not very particular myself as to whether I go or stay, and think I have more friends on my side than you have; at least I have not got so many people cursing and swearing at me when my back is turned as you, and perhaps you would like to volunteer right off. If not, I'll tell you how we'll manage; here's a pack of cards, let's play for it—the man who gets the first three twenty-fives stays, the one who loses walks."

Suiting the action to the word, old Anderson pulled a pack of cards from his breast, and, sitting down on the ground, invited the Adjutant to take a seat beside him and play out the game which had been proposed.

The Adjutant, Mr. Boyd, was a good-natured fellow, and if he didn't laugh at old Anderson it's a caution—and when he led wasn't he followed? I never saw such a general display of mirth, or listened to such a roar of laughter.

Mr. Boyd, however, called for the sergeant of the guard, and Anderson was handed over to his careful keeping to see what Major Dalrymple would say with regard to the odds on his game.

Next morning poor Anderson found that he must have won the game, as he not only had to stay, but had to undergo fourteen days' knapsack drill to remind him of the fact.

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PRISONERS AND PORK.

DURING the remainder of our stay in Lisbon nothing of any interest occurred, with the exception of the arrival of draft after draft of men from England, Ireland, and Scotland ; a deputation from our regiment to the General ; and a " pork row" --as it was called--which ended in bringing about the dismissal from the service of the Quartermaster who was so tightly watched on board of the " Royal Tar."

The deputation arose out of the following circumstances :—One morning a fatigue party of the regiment had been at the castle of St. George on duty at an earlier hour than usual ; on their return to barracks, and while passing through one of the public promenades of the city, they observed a party of men, chained together in couples by means of fetters reaching from the ankle to the waist, the attaching chain being made fast at the latter point.—These men were engaged in sweeping up the dirt and dust of the previous day.

On coming up to the party of prisoners, our men were somewhat astonished to hear themselves addressed in good broad Scotch ; and an earnest appeal was made to their feelings of nationality by imploring them to make some exertion in order to obtain the release of a good number of their countrymen who were in the same pitiable plight as those they saw before them.

The overseer of the gang came up at this moment, and further conversation was impossible. Enough, however, had

been seen and heard to set our fellows on the *qui vive*, and information was hunted for in every quarter, and at last obtained.

It seemed that those men had formed part of the first body of volunteers which had entered the Portuguese service. On their joining, a definite agreement was entered into between the Portuguese authorities and themselves that they should serve for a period of two years, and that on the expiration of that time all claims were to be settled and they were to be at liberty to proceed to England; the Portuguese government providing them with a passage home. The period of service had expired; the men had preferred their claims for arrears and gratuity; and some had accepted a fresh bounty and enlisted for an indefinite period, similar to that which characterized our own agreement, the termination of which was to be decided by "the proclamation of peace between the belligerent parties."

Others, "who had enough of it," wanted to be sent to England, but for a length of time their wants and wishes were unheeded. At last they took a decided step: they sent into their commanding officer, a notification that if their claims were not settled, and a passage home provided for them according to agreement by a certain day and hour, they would throw up their arms and do no more duty.

The appointed day came round but brought with it not the slightest notice of their claim or their notification; and at the appointed hour some thirty or forty men, all British, went to the pay sergeants of their respective companies, handed in their arms and accoutrements, stating that they would not perform another hour's duty, and requesting to be provided with a passage to England.

They were provided with a passage, but it was to the Castle of St. George, where they were confined and chained after the fashion we had seen, and employed as scavengers to clean the streets of Lisbon.

When all those things became known throughout the regiment, you would hardly believe what an amount of in-

dignation was felt by all ranks. It was proposed that this and that should be done; and some even went so far as to propose that we too should throw up our arms, and not do a hand's turn for one of them: nor was the proposition without a great number of steady and determined supporters. At last it was resolved that an address from the regiment should be drawn up, demanding the immediate liberation of those men upon condition of their being settled with, and again taking service on the same terms as ourselves; and if this was not agreed to that we could not think of serving a country which had treated our fellow countrymen and brother soldiers after such a tyrannical fashion; and that the sight of them sweeping the streets, chained like galley slaves, offered no very encouraging picture for the ensurement of our zeal and devotion in fighting the battles of Portugal; in the event, therefore, of our demand on their behalf not being acceded to, we requested that the name of the Scotch Fusileers, might be struck off the list of regiments in the Portuguese service and the men composing it furnished with a passage to Scotland.

I was one of the deputation appointed to wait upon the General and present this address. The address was presented, read over very carefully, and seemed to disturb the old white-haired general not a little. Having finished reading it, the general told us that he could do nothing in the matter beyond laying our complaint before the authorities competent to take action upon it. That he would do at once, and he hoped that by to-morrow he would be able to give us a satisfactory reply. In the meantime he urged us to behave ourselves like good soldiers, and to do nothing which would bring reproach upon ourselves; as, although he was not aware of the peculiar charges against our imprisoned countrymen, he was very much pleased with the spirit which had prompted our regiment to interest itself in their favor.

When we returned to barracks and gave an account of the reception we had received, every one entertained high hopes

that we would be successful in our application. Nor were those hopes unfounded; next day the general rode into the square, the regiment was turned out, and he informed them that their request had been granted. Before he had ridden there he had seen the men at liberty, and had taken their names as volunteers, into the Portuguese regiments now present before the enemy's lines, and that they would at once be sent to join their respective regiments. He also said that we might expect in the course of a very short time to follow in their footsteps and be placed in a position where we would find opportunities of distinguishing ourselves, and which, under the command of our brave and daring commander, he had no doubt we would not allow to pass without doing so. At the conclusion of his speech the regiment with one voice greeted the old general with three hearty cheers, followed by three cheers for Donna Maria.

Many of the liberated men came up to barracks to thank us for what we had done, and many a tale was told of what they had endured during their imprisonment of upwards of four months. However, soldier-like, they seemed to have forgot it all in the enjoyment of present liberty and plenty of loose gold and silver, which they scattered about with all a soldier's proverbial prodigality.

The Quarter Master's affair was a great and a greasy treat. We were entitled on certain days—pork days—to three-fourths of a pound of pork per man; well, one day when the pork was cut up and divided into shares, it was found that the portion which fell to every man's lot was so exceedingly small that no description of weight in our possession was light enough to weigh it: in size each share of pork measured about three-fourths of a cubic inch. The men of my company thought the cook had been "doing them a trifle," but on enquiring throughout the other companies, it was found that all were alike. A general commotion among the men ensued. The occupants of one room turned out with their bayonets fixed to their rifles, and on the point of each bayonet each man

had stuck his allowance of swine's flesh. With an uproarious shout this example was followed like a flash of wild-fire. Room after room turned out, until at last the whole regiment was in the square, bayonets, pork and all, and they then directed their steps to the Quartermaster's house. He was rather afraid to present himself at first, but at last came down stairs and out into the square. Then occurred a scene which I cannot describe to you, the equal of which you never did, or ever will see. There stood the astonished Quartermaster, before him rose and fell like the heavings of the sea the movements of about six hundred angry men, every one of whom seemed to be striving to get as near him as possible. Standing thus, at last one fellow pushed the pork on his bayonet's point under the Quartermaster's nose, asking the question, at the same time, "Is that twelve ounces of pork?" Others followed up this example, and kept poke, poking their bayonets and pork in the poor man's face, while those not near enough for such an operation contented themselves with throwing their pork at him from a distance. Human nature, especially when armed with a sword, could not stand this; and the Quartermaster, becoming perfectly infuriated with passion, drew his sword, and was in the act of making a cut at the crowd of men that surrounded him, when his arm was seized by the man I spoke to you about sometime ago, McCormick, who wrenched the sword out of his hand, broke it in two across his knee, and then threw the pieces over the barrack wall. A wild yell of delight hailed this exploit; the Quartermaster rushed into the shelter of his house, and the laughing soldiers pelted his door with their rations of pork until a perfect hillcock of grease had gathered at his door-step.

The result of this was that we were made to pay pretty dearly for breaking Mr. F's sword, while Mr. F. was broken himself, and dismissed the service in disgrace; a great many instances of self-appropriation on his part having been proved against him.

Just at this moment, "sentry go!" came booming up the stairs of the Bloody Bridge guard, and a consequent stir took place. "That's right," said Don; "I have now told you all about my entering the Portuguese service, and I think I'm entitled to a snooze for the next two hours. So saying he threw himself on the guard-bed and was soon sound asleep.

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A NIGHT ATTACK.

"Come, Don," said one of the men of the Barrack Guard, "let's have a Portuguese yarn, to wile away the time. Dublin Jack is officer of the day, and it's hard to say at what hour he will "take" the guard; so there's little fear of being interrupted."

"What sort of a yarn would you like," queried Don—"something about love and murder, I suppose? You fellows are terribly fond of these kind of things."

"Anything you like," was the reply of those sitting round the table; and the men commenced settling themselves on the form preparatory to Don's commencing the yarn.

On the guard-bed, however, one of the men was lying fast asleep, and snoring away with a noise so alternately stridulous and trombonish, that it was no use for any one to commence telling a story while the wheeze and the whistle, the squall and snort of that fellow's nasal embossment was ringing through the guard-house. Shaking was of no use, unless to make the grunting louder and deeper, or the piping more jarring and discordant.

"Leave him to me," said Dash; "I'll fix him in two twos. I'll spoil his snoring for this guard, any how. I owe him an old grudge, for he mounts the same guard with me always. I don't know how the mischief they managed to make that chap's name commence with a D.—Had it been a W, an X, or a Y, he would have fallen into the hands of somebody else; but as it is I can't help it, so here goes?"

Dash at once procured a piece of an old newspaper from the sergeant, and have thoroughly saturated it with grease—in fact, wasted half a candle upon it, notwithstanding the cry of the men that they would be left in darkness for a part of the night. “All right,” said Dash, rubbing the grease into the paper with increased energy; “you’ll have enough to last you till the morning comes; and after that, you know, you don’t want candles to let you see to sleep.”

His greasy plaster having been fully prepared by this time, he placed it over the boot of the sleeping man just above the toes of the feet. Having left it there until the glistening appearance of the paper told that the heat of the foot had been communicated to it, he proceeded to set it on fire. I tell you what, the sleeper felt it at once. He turned from this side to that; drew up the devoted leg and again threw it out from him as if he would throw it away altogether. It was no use however; the greasy paper stuck fast and blazed away. The pain soon became too much for him, and he sprung to his feet with a yell and an oath, and commenced rubbing his foot with one hand, and his eyes with the other. A shout of laughter from the men was all the consolation he received; and although he saw quite plainly what they had been up to, he knew it was no use to try and find out the perpetrator of this style of ruse, and he sulkily lit his pipe and went outside to see if the evening air would cool his passion and his foot.

This annoyance having thus been disposed of, the men once more gathered round the table, and requested Don to go on with a story.

I don’t know what brings it into my head, just now, said Don—whether it was the attack you made on that fellow’s foot, and the surprise you gave his snoring—but I’ll tell you about a night attack we made in Portugal, and how we surprised and took a very important post out of the enemy’s hands.

We had been, at the time I am speaking of, about one month on the line of march—forced marching—in pursuit of

Don Miguel—I'll tell you something about that marching by-and-bye,—and had just come in sight of the fortified castle of Ourem, situated on a high hill and having full command of the little town bearing the same name as well as of the whole country around it.

With the exception of the hill or mountain upon which the castle is built, the ground surrounding the town of Ourem is pretty level—in fact, it is a valley lying at the foot of a range of mountains which cost us many a blistered and bleeding foot, and many a weary march and wet shirt, before we crossed it.

Of course, the moment the head of our column debouched on the open country, the castle opened fire, and as we advanced we began to find out that we were rapidly coming within range of its guns. It literally bristled with cannon—that much we could see, and we could also see that it would be almost impossible to reach the town, which lay nestled under the wing of the fortified mountain, without some fellow losing the number of his mess, and being forced to stick his spoon in the wall and drop eating.

To make our entry into the town as safe as possible, the order was passed along, when about two miles from the castle, to open out into "Indian file," and "double" round the mountain, and so into the town. A two miles double to weary men was no very agreeable thing; but there was no help for it. Had there been anything in front for us to fight, it would have been nothing; we would have gone at it with a will. As it was, it was nothing more or less than dodging death.

Away we went; and I recollect that in passing one part of the road, right in the sweep of the guns of the castle, we chaps in rear were laughing at the fellows in front who kept bob-bob-bobbing their heads at every discharge of the guns from above, as if they had been a parcel of the bobbing mandarins I had often seen sawing away in the windows of the tea-shops in Glasgow. However, laugh as we might at a distance, we had no sooner got up to that point of the road

than we felt our heads begin to jerk and whisk, up and down, after a similar fashion, and that too whether we would or not—we could not help it. Every gun that was fired brought the muscles of the neck into first-rate play, and it might well be said of that run round the castle of Ourem that we did, and without a bit of a joke about it, “go bobbing round” in earnest.

Now, you know, it was not the mere report of the guns which occasioned all this—we were quite accustomed to that—but it was the wh-is-is-ish of the heavy bullets as they sped through the air around us, fast and furious, which made the heads duck and dive after the fashion I have mentioned. And even although many of us were well aware that when the confounded hiss went through our ears all danger was past, and that that bullet at least had gone to grass, we could not for the life of us refrain from giving it a polite nod.

At last we got into the town, and, strange to say, without a single man of the regiment being hit. In fact, all the casualties consisted of one Caçadore killed by a cannon ball, and a Frenchman wounded by the splinter of a tree which had doubtlessly stopped the shot that might otherwise have laid him low. Our commanding officers took no little pride to themselves in bringing in their men so scathless.

The town, from its situation, was completely out of range of the guns of the castle, let them be depressed as much as they could; the shot flew harmless over the houses and ploughed up the fields beyond. This was the reason why we sought the shelter of the town; and accordingly our men took possession of several squares, market places, and other open spots, where they formed up in close column, piled arms, and fell out to cook their dinner and obtain such refreshment as the place could afford, while our chiefs consulted on their future operations.

We were not permitted to enjoy this satisfactory state of things for any considerable time, however; and were very soon taught that this life is a life of change indeed.

I had just gone into a house at the corner of the square in which the Irish Fusileers and our regiment had piled their arms; and with my comrade was doing, and making others do, what we could to make ourselves comfortable. In accordance with orders given, we had sat down to a glorious dish of sardinhas swimming in olive oil and redolent of garlic, a couple of loaves of the finest and sweetest bread I ever tasted in any quarter of the world, flanked by two quartillas of vino boa; a draught of which gave your tongue and your teeth an edge that would make you enjoy any sort of a dinner, and went round your heart with a kindly, gladdening glow, which banished all weariness and weakness, and strung you up anew from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.

Well, we had just commenced our feast, and were beginning to enjoy it, when crash came something or another which made us jump till our heads bumped against the low ceiling of the room. The whole house shook and staggered again; the female inmates commenced shrieking and tearing down their long black hair, and the males were standing shivering with terror, crossing themselves earnestly and zealously, and muttering in shaky, terrified tones, "Jesu Maria! San Antonio! pauvre mio, pauvre mio!"

Leaving fish, bread, wine and all, we dashed outside and soon found out what had been the cause of all the din: a shot from the castle—evidently aimed at the square in which our arms were piled, and a number of the men walking, lying, and sitting about—had struck the corner of the house, and carried away a portion of its walls.

How they had managed to bring the castle guns to bear so low, we could not well make out. We did not remain very long in ignorance, however; for, just as we were standing gazing open-mouthed at the "hole in the wall" made by the chap who had so unceremoniously disturbed us at dinner, whish came another shot that passed clean up the centre of the square and the wind of which threw down the pile of arms nearest it, and they in turn threw down others. A rush

was made by all hands to save the arms, and in a minute or two neither man nor musket was to be seen in that square.

It was then that we observed that a convent, situated about half way up the mountain and facing the town, had been converted into a fortress. Guns had been mounted, and from the specimen we had already received, mounted to some purpose too—and that same conventual battery forced us, at last, to seek refuge in the back quarters of the town, as its shot and shell rendered the positions we had hitherto occupied rather too hot to be comfortable.

Finding that we had got ensconced out of reach of their shot, the guns of the convent soon slackened, and finally ceased firing when they saw that all the mischief they were doing consisted in battering down the dwellings of the terrified inhabitants. We had not done with the convent yet, however; it seemed destined to prove a very ugly customer to deal with in the event of our attacking the castle; and the whole talk was about what would be done, to get rid of the disturber altogether.

About ten o'clock that evening the regiment was ordered to fall in without arms, and on doing so the colonel informed us that the general had conferred a great honor on the regiment, by giving it the preference of assaulting and carrying the convent which had given, and was likely to give, so much trouble. A murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks on hearing this; and many a sly nudge and whispered, "Bravo, the Fusileers," passed from man to man.

The colonel soon saw this, and in a half-laughing manner said, "Hold on, men!—you can't all get on this affair. Two hundred men are all that are wanted, and the general requested me to get them by volunteering. I wish I could take you all; but I can't, you see. Let those who are willing to join in this attack step to the front."

In a moment twice the number wanted stood out, and the colonel seemed placed in a regular quandary: he did not want to check too harshly the spirit of his men, and still he did not want more than the half of those who stood before

him anxiously awaiting his decision. After hesitating for a short time, he gave the order, "Form up two deep." This having been done, he ordered the men to number from right to left, and it was found that there were exactly two hundred and six files, or four hundred and twelve men. He then told them off as right and left files, afterwards gave the command: "Right files, three paces to the front—left, three paces to the rear—march!" This of course divided the men into two equal parties; and stepping up to the left files, the colonel said, "Now, those in front are all I want at present; you'll all get a chance by and bye. Left files, to the right face; dismiss!"—and the poor fellows dispersed quite surly and disappointed.

As fortune would have it, I was a "right file," so I belonged to the party chosen for the attack. We were divided into two parties, one hundred strong each, and received orders to be under arms at midnight, ready to fall in at a moment's notice. We were also cautioned as to keeping profound silence, when the time for falling in came—not a word to be spoken above the breath.

Midnight came, but no colonel. We were all waiting most anxiously for the signal to fall in. After waiting for nearly an hour the Colonel at last made his appearance. We silently fell in with our respective parties; the colonel taking command of one, while the Major took the other. I belonged to the party under the latter. Besides the Major, we had another officer with us—Lieut. Ashe—a gentleman who had made himself a perfect "darling" amongst the men by his gentlemanly demeanour and daring courage. That gentleman's brother, accompanied the colonel.

A Portuguese guide having taken his place at the head of each party, we started off in silence. On arriving at the foot of the hill, we separated; the colonel's party making a detour to the right of the convent, while we struck off to the left. The hill was pretty heavily wooded, which circumstance, although it gave us a good deal of trouble in climbing up, helped to protect us from observation, and would, in the event of discovery, have afforded excellent cover from the

musketry of the enemy. On we went as silent as the grave, save when some fellow stumbled over a straggling stump or a knotted root, and you would then hear a muttered curse at his own foolishness for doing anything so ridiculous. McCormick—the fellow I spoke of as having broken the Quarter-master's sword at Lisbon—and I were the leading file next the guide; and we were quite close on the convent when our conductor lifted his hand and uttered a long low hu—s—h. He pointed through an opening in the trees, and there we saw a sentry lolling about in a wonderfully careless manner.

In a moment the Major was at our side; and McCormick, stepping up, said: "Leave him to me, sir; I'll fix him." McCormick then placed his firelock in my hand, and drawing his bayonet, crept along, on hands and knees, with the silent stealthy step of a cat. He was not three minutes away. "All right, sir," he said, as he saluted the major; "that chap won't tell the boys within we're comin', any how." "Did you kill him?" was the whispered question of the major. "What else, your honor?" said Mac; "the fool would have cold steel, and he got it. It's all clear, sir, up to the convent wall, and we could charge right in without any one knowing a hap'orth about it."

When we got up to the spot where the sentry had been posted, we found it just as McCormick had said—the road lay clear before us. We were halted; the word was passed to form sections and fix bayonets. We then moved on, silently as ever, until within about one hundred yards from the convent. At that instant we heard the crack of a musket a little to our right. Concealment was useless then, and the Major shouting out, "Prepare to charge!" away we dashed at the convent gate, just in time to meet the colonel's party. In we went; we got possession of the nest, but the birds were flown. That confounded shot had given the garrison the alarm, and they soon made themselves scarce, aided by back doors and the darkness of the night.

LIFE IN A CONVENT.

"Well, Don," said Dash, "how did you get along after getting possession of the convent? Did you find the nuns old and ugly enough to make you wish for a change of quarters?"

"Nuns, you fool!"—laughed Don, "why there was not a living thing left in the building; nor was it long before we began to find out that whatever inclination we had to remain in possession, the enemy had a decided objection to our doing so, and were fully determined to make our new lodgings as uncomfortable as possible.

We had scarcely got in, and were scattered about the rooms of the building, in search of nothing in particular, but merely in hopes of something or another turning up either of importance or value, when a shot came crashing through the roof, making a way for itself through the wall facing the town; filling the place with dust, lime, broken timbers and broken stones, and creating no little degree of dismay and astonishment amongst ourselves.

All those who had been straggling about were soon gathered together; and at first we thought it was all up with us, and that we would be forced to relinquish the prize we had just seized; a thing we regretted all the more that one of the explorers had made known the fact, that, in the refectory, he had found an abundant supply of excellent wine, although there was not the slightest appearance of any thing to eat. Shot after shot came smashing through roof and wall, and then we began to see that only to a certain extent

could the guns of the castle be brought to tell on the convent. That side of it which faced the castle was perfectly safe; and although they kept peppering away at us all night, or morning rather, all that they managed to do was to level the wall facing the town and destroy the greater part of the roof.

Under the shelter of the untouched walls we were all gathered together, enjoying ourselves pretty heartily, and laughing at the useless way in which they were wasting their ammunition. Not one of us attempted to stir out—it was too dark, and we were, of course, totally ignorant of the locality; so that any effort to reconnoitre would have been equally mad and useless.

Daylight at last let us see where we were, and also brought a cessation of the enemy's fire. I can assure you the prospect before us was anything but a pleasant one. A huge gap in the wall before us, and the floor of the building covered with the rubbish of the battered-in roof and wall, presented nothing very agreeable. On passing through one of the doors in the rear of the convent—that is considering the side facing the town as the front, although I was inclined to think, from the style and profusion of ornamental sculpture which characterized the side facing the castle that it was the proper front, as we soldiers say—we emerged into a splendid piazza supported by marble columns of immense thickness, and beautifully and elaborately sculptured. That portion of the wall which reached to the roof of the piazza was covered with pieces of porcelain so artistically united that it was almost impossible to tell where one part joined another; the whole presenting a porcelain picture painted with the richest and most gorgeous colours, and displaying a landscape of surpassing beauty. Beyond was an orchard, the trees of which were loaded with all the luscious fruits which Portugal so abundantly produces; and we were no time in helping ourselves to the natural wealth which lay so temptingly before us. The orange tree was there, loaded with beautifully green and glistening fruit; but we had been long enough in

the country to know that, eaten from the tree, the fruit is productive of many bad consequences; we, therefore, filled our haversacks with the golden balls, which, dropping from the tree at the command of nature, had ripened on the ground. The peach, nectarine, pomegranate, almond, fig, and chestnut, were growing around us in bountiful profusion;—every one helped himself to that which suited his taste, and the men dispersed themselves in groups throughout the garden, some lolling under the branches of the fig, others masticating the rich fruit they had plucked, under the shady shelter of the thick-trunked, thick-leaved cork-tree, and all enjoying themselves to the top of their bent.

Having procured such fruit as I fancied, I returned to the piazza, and was busily engaged in surveying the beauties of its porcelain painting, when—ping—came a bullet close to my ear, striking, smashing, and cracking the beautiful workmanship I had been so intently admiring. I felt rather queer, I tell you, when, with a start, I first looked at the fractured porcelain, and then at the ground, where I saw a flattened musket bullet lying at my feet.

You may depend I was not long in looking for cover—taking two paces to my right, I felt pretty safe, for I was then sheltered by one of the massive pillars which supported the piazza. Well was it I did so, for in a second or so a regular volley came down upon the porcelain, splintering and breaking it into pieces, as if it had been so much glass. Almost laughing at the fellows for their foolishness in throwing away good powder and shot, I slid down under cover of my marble bulwark, and seating myself on the marble pavement, said to myself, as I commenced eating my fruit, You'll tire of that sport, before I tire of this.

The volley, however, had of course startled the boys in the garden, and some of them, jumping to their feet, soon became objects of the enemy's attention, and a continuous stream of file-firing was poured into every corner of the orchard.

At this moment Major Black appeared at a door which opened opposite the spot and the pillar that I occupied. "What's all this about?" he shouted; but a glance served to tell him how things stood; and he immediately called out at the top of his voice: "Inside, every man of you! To your arms! Double!"

In a twinkling the garden was cleared; and we were all safe under the thick and still remaining walls of the convent.

Still the enemy kept blazing away at the wall; and at last McCormick stepped up to the Major, and, saluting, requested leave to expend twenty rounds of his ammunition on the fellows, who, as he said, "were having all the fun to themselves." He had scarcely made the request, when a shot from the castle told us that they had succeeded in depressing their cannon somewhat more; as the shot now entered the roof close to the coping of the wall, which was our only protection, and which under this new trial would in a short time be rendered fit to tumble about our ears, and bury us in its fall.

"Now, sir," persisted McCormick, "you see that, don't you? Well, sir, if you give me leave to expend the sixty rounds I have in my pouch, I will undertake to silence the guns up above which bear upon us down here. There's no danger about the affair at all; I don't believe the fellows could hit a mark at fifty yards; and besides, while I have complete command of the embrasures from the piazza, I have also lots of cover behind the twelve pillars which keep it up. Besides, sir, and I don't say it by way of a boast, you know the deuce a man in the corps makes a better or surer bull's eye than I do myself."

"I know that well, McCormick," replied the Major, "and if you think you can reach those chaps without danger to yourself, I give you my liberty to try."

"Thank you, sir," said the delighted McCormick; "just come out for a minute, sir, and see how nicely I'll touch them up."

Accordingly, the Major and Mac went out together, and two or three of us slipped out along with them.

Just as we opened the door leading to the piazza, another shot struck the roof so near to the wall that it shook and staggered under the concussion.

"You don't do that again, my man; I've marked you," said McCormick, as he proceeded to load his piece, while the enemy ran in the big gun for the same purpose. The gun soon appeared poking its muzzle through the embrasure ready for another crack at us. We could see the gunner approaching with his port-fire, and he was just in the act of stretching out his arm to discharge the gun, when he staggered backwards and fell; a shot from McCormick's musket had proved how deadly was his aim.

Those around the gun in the castle seemed pretty confused. No confusion about Mac, however; he proceeded coolly to reload, and turning round to me said: "Run for your firelock, Alick; I'll be the better to have one beside me ready loaded.

I looked towards the major who was standing behind the pillar next to us, and, receiving a nod of approval, I was soon on the spot again with my own firelock ready loaded.

Another gunner approached the gun, and attempted to fire it. It was no use; Mac's aim was too sure. So sure as a man stretched out his hand to apply fire to the priming of the gun so surely did he fall. Five men were cut down at one gun after this fashion. They tried another; McCormick changed his cover—followed them—picked their men off in a similar fashion, and at last they gave it up in despair, and troubled that side of the castle no more, except once; when, after allowing a good long spell of time to pass away, they made another trial, expecting, I suppose, that our marksman had left the place. The poor fellow, however, who tried to fire the gun found out to his cost that he was not away, but that he was at his post, with an eye like an eagle, and a steady hand that never failed. After this attempt no further effort was made on that side.

We were considerably annoyed every time we wanted water. There was a fountain of beautiful water which kept throwing its refreshing streams in copious showers at a distance of about ten yards from the end wall of the convent. The marble structure which surrounded the spring had been battered down by the cannon of the castle, yet still the water spouted up from amid the ruins as clear and as fresh as ever. To procure this water was a work of great risk and danger, as the spring was completely open to the observation and fire of the castle.

We were taught this lesson very early in the morning. One of the men thoughtlessly ventured out to fill his canteen, which he had hardly held up to receive the sparkling stream when he fell forward on his face over the broken marbles, and we could see the water spouting up, red and discolored with his blood. Two or three of us dashed out and carried him in, but he was dead—the bullet had passed through his heart. Poor Christie Russell! he was buried that night in the convent garden; and I never want again to be the bearer of such news to a widowed mother as I was to his when I arrived in Glasgow.

However, water we wanted, and water we would have. Many a dodge was tried to ensure safety for the fellow who ventured out for a supply. At one time McCormiek got the hint to blaze away at the embrasures, whether he saw any one there or not; and while the enemy were occupied watching him we made a sortie on the fountain. At others we would rig up a coat on branches of trees, clap a forage cap on the top of all, and pushing the effigy a little to the front, it was sure to be riddled by a volley from above. As soon as the firing ceased, the boys were in readiness to spring out and fill their canteens with the precious fluid.

This, Dash, was the life we led in the convent for two days. Our provisions and mining tools were brought up the first night we were in possession; the colonel having taken the first opportunity of returning to Ourem for the purpose of seeing them sent up.

By midnight of the second day we had undermined the remaining walls of the building, and were waiting the arrival of the powder with which we were to charge the mines.

This came up in due course, and having laid everything in proper train, we evacuated our temporary abode. We had just got to the foot of the hill, when the mines exploded with a terrific crash; and on looking back we saw that our work had been well done, and that scarcely one stone was left above another of the strong convent, with its massive walls and ponderous marble pillars, which had sheltered us so well.

Next day, about two o'clock, a flag of truce from the castle arrived at the gate leading into the town. Negotiations were entered into immediately, and, after two hours' consultation, the flag left the general's tent.

The result soon got wind; and that was, that the garrison had surrendered, receiving permission to march out, unarmed, but with the honours of war, previous to our marching into the fortress—the evacuation to take place at two o'clock on the afternoon of the succeeding day.

In accordance with orders issued by the general, the division was under arms at noon. After receiving instructions, the commanding officers of regiments marched off their men to the various stations assigned them. The division mustered, I dare say, about fifteen thousand men of all arms; and they were arranged in a sort of lane, stretching along both sides of the road leading to the castle, and terminating at its principal entrance.

At two o'clock precisely the castle gates were thrown open by the commandant of the castle, who still retained his sword—an act of courtesy on the part of General Saldanha. As soon as the little garrison came in sight, marching four deep, our commanding officers gave the word "present arms;" and with bowed heads the brave little band marched through the ranks of their conquerors. They were tall, and had been stout-looking men, but as they passed along we could not

help commenting on their emaciated and hungry-looking appearance: we thought they looked more like starved criminals than brave determined soldiers. We entered the castle of Ourem in triumph, and a good deal of plundering and dissipation followed as a matter of course. Amid the bustle and the hubbub consequent on taking possession of the immense stores of arms and ammunition which the castle contained—somewhere about one hundred mounted cannon, ten thousand stand of arms, and accoutrements of all descriptions—we soon discovered a clue to the emaciated and care-worn appearance of the garrison. There was not a loaf of bread to be had for love or money—meat was out of the question—and the inhabitants of the castle, as well as its garrison, had^d been living for three months on an allowance of one biscuit a day. No wonder the poor fellows looked lean and hungry.

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THE HANGMAN AND THE HANGED.

One summer's evening the men composing the regimental guard at Toronto, where the regiment was stationed, were amusing themselves in the various modes congenial to their varied dispositions. The day had been a hot one—so hot that, until the sun had set, enjoyment of any kind was perfectly unattainable. My readers need not feel any surprise at this assertion, because they themselves are perfectly well aware how much they feel the enervating influence of a summer's sun in Canada—even when in the open air and clothed with light linen apparel, a broad brimmed straw hat, and everything corresponding thereto.

Let them fancy, then, one of those broiling summer days, and only imagine their light linen coat converted into a red cloth one, padded with cotton wadding, and lined throughout with serge—buttoned up to the throat over a flannel and a linen shirt. Instead of a light loose riband round the neck, let them dream—and the dream will be quite sufficient for them—that its place has been usurped by a tightly-clasped leather collar from three to four inches in depth, and about two-eighths of an inch in thickness; that his nether man is clad in woollen tartan trews; his feet loaded with heavy ammunition boots; his head covered with a fabrication of felt, whalebone, Scotch bonnet stuff, and tufted, bugled, braided, and brassed, till its aggregate weight amounts to

somewhere about four pounds. Then over all this let him throw a set of accoutrements, with thirty rounds of ball cartridge in the pouch thereof, and he will form some idea of the pleasant feelings which prevailed among the men of the guard, not to speak of the beatitude of enjoyment realized by those who with Brown Bess, and her bayonet fixed, clasped in their arms, and a heavy knapsack strapped upon their backs, paced their posts for two mortal hours beneath the sun which glares out on such a day.

At the time, however, of which I write, the sun had sunk in all his glory ; a cool breeze was bracing up the lax fibres of the men's frames, and was hailed with an amount of grateful feeling which only men buckled and buttoned up as they were could thoroughly realise. The lazily inclined were stretched at full length, some on the guard-bed, some on forms, and some with their great-coats beneath them, on the flagged pavements of the archway, enjoying to the full the balmy and delightful breeze of evening. Some were working away, leisurely and contentedly, with pocket-knife and wood-rasp, manufacturing walking-sticks and fishing-rods. Here might be seen one with feathers, floss, gimp, gut and hooks, busking flies for killing trout, or barbs for hooking meaner fish ; there an industrious married man was busy with a broken pen-knife, marking shoe-brushes, mess-tins, razors, knives and forks, and the other hardware of a soldier's "kit," by cutting the man's name and regimental number on the articles—and many a "siller pound" the same man earned by his easy occupation. Smoking was perseveringly carried on by all, save those who had dropped off into a doze. Some were smoking and chatting, others smoking and reading, and a knot of three or four, with elbows on the guard-room table, and puffing out wreaths of smoke with a gusto and laziness almost Eastern in its complete and agreeable langour, were listening to one of the guard reading several paragraphs from a newspaper which the officer had handed in for their amusement.

The reader had just finished reading a paragraph regarding the execution of a murderer in the United States; where a prisoner, a negro, had volunteered to perform the duty of hangman, in the absence of that important public functionary, provided that he was set at liberty. The sheriff of the place had, as a matter of course, joyfully accepted an offer, which released himself from the performance of, certainly, a rather disagreeable duty. The negro's offer and the readiness with which he lent himself to the degrading task, became the subject of a running fire of comments from those who were listening to the details; but all in a greater or less degree reproaching the man's conduct.

"Why," exclaimed one of the men, who rejoiced in the soubriquet of the Flamer, "what are you making such a work about a black man's turning hangman for? It isn't so very long ago since a sodger played the very same dirty trick, and disgraced the whole British service by so doing! Don't you mind the Indian who was hanged down the country for murder and robbery? It was a sodger hanged that fellow; and he was a "saucy brigade" man to boot."

Some of the men on guard were well acquainted with the circumstance alluded to; but there were others, men who had joined the regiment since the affair took place, who of course knew nothing about it. These men were therefore anxious to hear the tale, and the Flamer having the reputation of being a first-rate story-teller, truly and figuratively, the cry became general for a yarn, and Flamer, nothing loth commenced to tell them all about the hangman. The substance of what he said was nearly as follows:—

The Indian I spoke of, he began, had been sentenced to death for robbery and murder. The man he robbed was a farmer, and it was supposed that he had struggled stoutly in defence of his property; this defence had, in all probability, aroused the naturally savage disposition of the robber, and he not only murdered the man, but mutilated and hacked the senseless body in a most barbarous and inhuman manner.

This conduct on the part of the murderer raised a cry against him throughout the country. The Indian being a reckless, dissipated, well known blackguard, and having been seen in the neighborhood where the murder was committed, suspicion at once fell upon him. The popular indignation was so strong, that he was soon captured, and committed to prison. His trial came on, and there was abundant evidence to prove that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and he was condemned to die on the gallows. Now, you know, executions for any crime don't very often take place in Canada; the people here seem to have a very great aversion to hanging any body, man or woman, no matter how great the crimes may be which they have committed; and, at the time I speak of, if you could only manage to get up a petition or two, or interest some of the "nobs" in your favor, although you had been sentenced to be hung, you would surely get off with a comfortable cell in the P. P.—as our fellows were wont to style the Provincial Penitentiary.

Whether it was that the public horror of the Indian's cruelty was too loud to be unheeded, or that no one felt interested enough about such an outcast as to exert themselves to obtain an amelioration of his punishment, I do not know. Certain it is, he was sentenced to be hanged, and it was as certainly considered that hanged he would be.

The morning of his execution arrived. The town was crowded with people. All the inhabitants of the district where the deed had been committed flocked in to see the murderer receive his punishment. The sight of a human victim was a rare one, as I said before, and the whole population of the town poured out to witness the spectacle of human justice requiring the due fulfilment of the Divine enunciation, "blood for blood."

At the appointed hour, however, there was no appearance of the condemned criminal. The muttered expressions of the crowd began to swell louder and louder; I suppose as

they began to imagine that they were, after all, to lose the spectacle many of them had come so far to see. By-and-bye, a rumour got into circulation among the multitude that the delay was occasioned by the want of a proper hangman. The person who generally performed the duties of a Calcraft being, by some means or other—I don't know what—prevented from being in attendance. Here was a pretty fix. The sheriff of the town, a good-hearted, jovial old gentleman as he was—had no notion of turning common hangman; and the difficulty was assuming quite a formidable appearance, when, lo! it turned up that a volunteer from the gaol had been found to perform the functions of executioner. The excitement of the crowd was not a bit abated by this intelligence; the direction of it was merely changed. The wonder as to whether the man would be hanged, was changed into the wondering enquiry of who would hang him? who was the man that had volunteered? and a thousand different questions and surmises were bandied about amongst the expectant rabble. At last, it came out that it was a soldier confined in gaol, who had agreed, for liberty and pecuniary consideration, to supply the place of the law's "finisher off."

In a short time after this the Indian was led out to execution; and the amateur hangman did his work with a coolness and *nonchalance* which the most experienced practitioner might have envied. No sooner had he performed his stipulated task, than the mob, with mob-like changefulness, hooted and groaned their disapprobation of the very man who had contributed to give them the very enjoyment their vitiated imaginations had gloated over. Saving this manifestation, however, nothing else occurred, and the old town soon resumed its humdrum every-day aspect.

When the rumour reached barracks that it was a soldier confined in the town gaol who had hanged the murderer, we pooh-poohed the very thought of such a thing—we would not believe it at all: and we never imagined that any soldier, no matter how wild and reckless he might be, would so far

forget the honour of his corps, if he had no respect for himself, as actually to volunteer to become a hangman. We were, however, soon undeceived. That very afternoon the "hangman" was brought to barracks by an escort which had been sent to the prison for him at the request of the Chief Justice of the place.

From the escort we soon learned that all that had been said about the "soldier hangman" was quite true. It appeared that shortly before the man's regiment had left —— for England, he had been committed to prison for robbing a jeweller's shop; was tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment; and consequently, when his regiment went home, he was left behind. Whenever the fellow heard that an executioner was wanted, he sent for the governor of the prison and offered his services, for his freedom and the sum of twenty pounds. No one asked him to undertake the duty: he came forward of his own accord and tendered his services. They were accepted; and having performed them, a message was despatched to barracks for an escort to be sent up to receive the man from civil control.

What a state the regiment was in when we heard that the hangman was to be attached to us! The feeling of detestation against the man and his conduct was the strongest I ever saw. It pervaded all ranks alike, from the Colonel down to the pioneer; it was thoroughly bitter, and incapable of being appeased.

The fellow was attached to a company, and told off to a room. Immediately on his entering it every man rose and left; and the whole men of the room stated that they would sooner sleep in the barrack-square than in the same room with that man. At last a corner was got for him in a passage, and there he sat or slept day after day, and night after night, unheeded, and uncared for; and when he did attempt to mingle among our fellows, he was kicked from post to pillar without mercy or compunction.

He seemed to have no feeling whatever—not the remotest

spark of shame at, or repentance of, his conduct. He braved every insult, every scoff, with the most consummate impudence, but never dared to lift his hand in return for the many cuffs and pushes he received. If he had, I do believe he would have been killed outright.

The commanding officer had sent a report of the whole case and the man's conduct to head-quarters, and was, as anxiously as the men, awaiting orders as to his disposal. A reply came, to the effect that we would be obliged to keep him until instructions should be received from Horse Guards. This was very annoying to the colonel. By-and-bye he managed to get rid of the bugbear which was tormenting himself, his officers, and his regiment. There was a detachment of another regiment doing duty in the same town with ourselves; and it being deemed but fair that it should have its due share of taking charge of the "hangman" as well as ourselves, he was, at last, handed over to their care.

The order which transferred him was somewhat as follows:—

GENERAL ORDERS, Montreal, ———.

Private Martin having avowed that, while he was a prisoner in the Civil Gaol, undergoing sentence of imprisonment with hard labour for feloniously stealing a watch, he had been guilty of most disgraceful and unnatural conduct in volunteering to be a common hangman, and *did actually hang a man* convicted of the crime of murder. The depraved wretch, unworthy of the name of a soldier, is to be removed to ——— at ———, where he will be considered a prisoner confined to the limits of the barracks, until the orders of the General Commanding-in-chief for his future disposal shall have been received.

He was treated by this detachment something after a similar manner to that adopted by ourselves; although I believe they were not quite so rough with him, and gave him

an old bakehouse to lodge and sleep in. He was never allowed to leave the barracks, and was employed all day sweeping about the barrack-square: all this he cheerfully submitted to, apparently quite contented.

The long-looked-for order from England came at last. These orders were that the man was to be discharged with the greatest amount of ignominy and degradation which could be imagined; and they were accompanied by some remarks from the commander-in-chief on the moral turpitude which must be the predominating characteristic in a man capable of such disgraceful, dishonorable, degrading, and unsoldier-like conduct—conduct which had never before had its parallel in the service—and which he trusted that this debased man would, for ages, continue the one solitary example.

This intelligence was not long in finding its way to town, and spreading through every quarter of it. In fact, our men made it their business to make it known, in order to show the estimation in which the man's conduct was held by those in authority as well as by themselves. He was brought to our barracks the evening before the award was carried out, so that the whole garrison might witness his degradation. Accordingly, on the morning on which the "hangman" was to be "drummed out," every avenue leading to the barrack gate was blocked up by human beings—you could have walked upon their heads they were so closely and compactly wedged together by the pressure of numbers. The gates of the barrack were shut, and admittance to civilians denied. Some few there were, however, who had got entrance hours before, and remained stowed away in the barrack-rooms until the hour of parade.

The mob outside seemed prepared to heap every indignity upon the man who had so signally disgraced himself and his profession; and had he fallen into their clutches, I am positive he would have been tossed and trampled to death.

They were patiently waiting until the gate would open, and allow him to come forth a broken and degraded man. Much as we hated him, however, we were not quite prepared to carry things to such a length; and we well knew that once in the hands of the mob no earthly power could save him.

The regiment was formed into line at double distance, open order, the rear rank facing about so that the men stood facing each other, and formed a long living lane through which the "hangman" was marched after the following fashion:—The letter and instructions from England were read, the man received his discharge, two large placards bearing the words "thief" and "hangman" were pinned, one on his back, the other on his breast, and a halter thrown round his neck, the loose end of which was held by a little drummer boy. The bugles struck up the "Rogue's March," and so he passed along the whole line. He never flinched, never hung his head during the whole operation, but actually laughed as he met the scornful glances which were turned upon him as he went on. There was a back gate to the barrack, which opened on a bridge across the river which ran past the town; instead therefore of marching the fellow round the whole square and putting him out at the front gate, when he reached the back one the serjeant in charge told the boy to let go his hold of the halter, and said to the fellow, "Run! run for your life." The back gate was opened, and the hangman bolted through it.

His exit, however, was soon known, and, amid the shouts of "He's out at the back gate!—the bridge—the bridge!" the mob poured round in the direction of the river. The hangman, however, had a good start—his pursuers could not make up to him—and although he was once felled to the ground by a stone, he sprang up again instantly and was off with the speed of a deer. That was the last we saw of him; and the first and last I saw ever of a military hangman.

THE HEAD OF THE HANGED.

"Well, Flamer," said one of the men, who, from his impetuous and impulsive character, was better known in the regiment by the name of Dash than by that recorded on the muster roll, "I also had a little to do with the job you have just been talking about, and if I do not know so much about the hangman as you chaps in barracks did, I knew a good deal more about the man that was hanged than you have any idea of."

"How was that, Dash? Let us hear all about it!" was the universal demand of the guard, and Dash proceeded to enlighten them somewhat in the following style.

He began by telling them that, at the time the murderer spoken of by the Flamer was executed, he was an orderly in the regimental hospital; that the hospital was situated in the centre of the town, and that therefore he knew but very little about the hangman, save when he visited the barracks, now and again, for pay, or anything else he might require. "My acquaintance, however, with the murderer, was," he continued, "much closer, for the time it lasted, than what yours, Flamer, was with the hangman. In fact, it was so very close and attended with such peculiar circumstances that, until the day I die, the recollection of it will never leave my memory.

"On the morning of the execution, after the doctor had gone round the wards, and the patients had all been attended to, I could hear, in my comings into and going out of the

surgery with the various medicines and dressings ordered, that the execution and the executed man were the principal subjects of conversation between our doctor, his assistant, and another young staff doctor, who had dropped in as he was passing the hospital.

“It seemed, from what passed, that they had all been present at the affair; and our assistant-surgeon—one of the finest officers I ever knew, and one who knew his business well, and performed it better—spoke in high terms of the cool, undaunted bearing of the man when meeting death; that he was sure that the fellow was no half-breed but an uncontaminated aboriginal. This opinion he had formed in consequence of having, from motives of curiosity, visited the man when in the condemned cell, and paid particular attention to the formation of the skull, and the physiognomy of the murderer. The stoical indifference manifested by him on the scaffold, seemed to render his supposition perfectly positive. The body had been given for dissection; and he concluded by wishing that he could, by any means at all, obtain possession of that man's skull,—‘it would,’ to use his own words, ‘form such a splendid specimen; especially as the fellow had a set of teeth so perfect and complete, that many a fashionable lady's mouth would water with downright envy at the very sight of them.’

“By-and-bye the officers left, and we went about the performance of the hospital duties in the usual manner. The regiment was remarkably healthy, and consequently we had few men in hospital, and but little to do, except in the way of cleaning and polishing up every corner of the building. You all know what sort of an hospital Dr. C. kept; and you may depend that when not otherwise employed, there was lots of washing, scrubbing, window cleaning, and stove polishing.

“It would be about two o'clock of the day I speak of, and I was busy tearing away at something or another in the

cleaning line, when the hospital sergeant called me, and said that the assistant surgeon, wanted to speak with me in the surgery.

"I was all over black-lead, whiting, mop-wool, and so forth and told him to tell the Doctor that I would be there in a moment; after I had taken the rough of the dirt off my hands, at least. The sergeant said I would do well enough—to come along just as I was, as the doctor was in a hurry, and would not keep me for any length of time.

"In I went, dirt and all, and very soon found out what it was the doctor wanted. What do you think it was? It strikes me you would guess a pretty long while before you would hit on the right answer; and so to save you bothering your brains about it, more especially as it will soon be 'sentry go,' and I belong to the next relief, I will tell you what it was. Nothing more or less, than to ask me if I would go that night, to the — hospital, get the head of the man who had been hung in the morning, bring it to our own hospital, and leave it in the dead-house until he came next morning, when he would take it away himself.

"Of course I asked some questions as to who I would get the head from?—what I was to say?—who I was to ask for?—and so forth. He then told me that he had arranged all about it; that I had nothing to do but go to the place, say I had been sent by him, and I would get what I came for. He told me, however, that I would require to be very cautious, and let the night be pretty well advanced before I started. The people of—— were pretty savage about such things; and if I allowed the least suspicion to fall upon me and what I was about, there was a great probability of my receiving more kicks than 'bawbees' in the course of the journey. If I was afraid, therefore, of any bad consequences he would not wish me to undertake the job.

"Afraid?—what had I to be afraid of?—I had become pretty well accustomed to work with dead bodies? and surely he did not think that I, a fellow who cared very little

for the head or hands of any living man, was such a child as to be frightened at the idea of carrying the head of a dead one; or that I was not knowing enough to throw a lot of green-horns off the scent, should they dream of giving me chase as a resurrectionist. Go!—of course I would go!—I would bring the head, and the feet too if he wanted them. So, it was settled that I would go to the hospital and get the man's head.

"I tell you what, Fiamer, before that night passed I had wished hundreds and hundreds of times that I had not blowed quite so much as I did about not being afraid, and all that; and what I would do, and so on; because, if there ever was one man more terrified, more cowardly afraid than another, that man on that night was myself. Aye! and at the present moment, were all the surgeons and assistant-surgeons in the service, from the first Royals upwards, to go down on their bended knees, and pray me to carry a murderer's head over the same road again, my answer would be no, ten thousand times no!

"However, I am putting the cart before the horse, so we will bring things into line and take ground to our proper front.

"Evening came, followed by a dark night, although the moon was at its full; her cheering light was obscured by masses of thick clouds, which at long and rare intervals would open up and allow a few rays of silver light to illuminate the surrounding darkness.

"Taking an hospital sheet neatly folded, under my arm; dressed in shell-jacket and forage-cap, with a handkerchief tied lightly about my neck, and three or four of the upper buttons of my jacket loose—ready for a run should circumstances require it—and with a stout oak stick in my hand, I started for the ——— hospital, shortly after nine o'clock. The sergeant said he would leave the front door of our own hospital unlocked, and would himself be on the look-out for my return.

“The hospital to which I was bound was situated a good distance out of town, and it was not long before I had left the streets and was pacing along the solitary country road leading to it—at least it was solitary enough at that time, although I believe it is pretty well built up now. That road was bordered on each side with tall old trees, through which, now and again, the white-washed walls of a neat country-house could be seen shining out even through the darkness.

“On I went. I did not meet a living being the whole way. Nothing disturbed me save the occasional barking of the house-dog as I passed some of the scattered dwellings. How it was, I cannot tell, but even the dog's bark struck upon my nerves with the stroke of a hammer, and made me start again in a way that surprised even myself: those feelings, however, were only momentary. On I went, and at last reached the hospital door.

When I rapped, the hospital steward, who had apparently been waiting for me, came to the door and opened it. On my telling him who I came from, he said, ‘All right; follow me. Have you anything to put it in?’ I told him I had; and he then explained to me that I must slip along very cautiously and lightly to avoid noise; and as he did not dare to light a candle, because there was a house opposite, the windows of which commanded a view of the dissecting-room, it would be as well for me to take hold of his hand, and he would lead me to the place.

“I did so, and we stepped on slowly and furtively, as I thought at the time, more like murderers ourselves than any thing else. At last we came to a door, which the steward opened, and whisperingly told me that we were now in the dissecting-room. Just at that moment the clouds rolled away in part from the moon, and a faint wavering kind of light gleamed throughout the place, and enabled me to form some idea of what it was, and I can assure you that that idea was by no means a very pleasant one.

"It was a large high hall, lighted from the roof and sides, and supported by a number of pillars. At the further end I could distinguish a long table, and what appeared to be an immense trough at the end of it. The other part of the building seemed fitted up for the accommodation of students to hear the lectures or listen to the anatomical dissertations of the various professors who attended the hospital.

"It was when I got into this room that I felt my first inclination to rue my rash undertaking. The light of the moon, as I said before, came into the place in such a dull, flickering, fluctuating, and vibrating manner, that every thing it fell upon seemed imbued with life. The tall pillars tottered under its influence like drunken men; the table seemed to rise and fall where it stood, and I kept fancying I could see great splashes of blood upon its surface; while the trough opened and shut, as the light went and came, till I thought it was a grave yawning ready to receive me. 'Come on,' said the steward, and he led the way up to the trough; I followed him mechanically. 'Now spread out your sheet.'

"I did so. The steward then plunged his hand into the trough, lifted something out of it, which he threw into the sheet, saying 'There! wrap it up!—wrap it up!—and be off.'

"I required no second bidding. Rolling up the sheet, after any fashion or no fashion, and, with a feeling of coldness creeping over my heart and spreading over my limbs, I lifted it once more under my arm, and in a moment or two more I was out on the road, and on my way home.

"The head seemed to have the weight of an elephant's head; I could not carry it for a hundred yards on a stretch without changing from one arm to the other. By-and-bye I thought I heard a foot overtaking me, hand over hand; coming along very quickly, and yet cautiously, as if to pounce upon me unawares. I felt my hand clutching itself instinctively, but there was no oak stick to grasp; I had

laid it down when I spread out the sheet on the floor, and, in the agitated state of my feelings on coming away had left it there. Why didn't I go back for it? Bless your heart I would not have gone back for it had it been the 'gold stick' itself. On I went; and I could sit here for hours and tell you of the fearful thoughts that sprung up in my mind one after another. At one time I thought a crowd as large as that which had thronged around the scaffold were after me in hot pursuit. I tried to run, but I could not, for anything, except the steady onward pace at which I was moving, my legs seemed utterly unavailing; all my efforts at increased speed were in vain and powerless. I thought I felt the hot breath of my pursuers burning the back of my neck like the blast of a furnace. I seemed to have eyes in the back of my head, for, without turning round, I could see the set teeth, the distorted faces, and the gleaming eyes of a tribe of maddened Indians as they dashed after me in full cry,—and could hear their yells of revenge ringing in my ears like the last sound I was to hear on earth. The perspiration streamed in floods from every pore, and, although the night was more than cool, I could feel it falling from my forehead like drops of heavy rain. Yet amidst it all, I pressed the confounded head closer and closer to my side, and trudged on more like a moving machine than a human being.

“By degrees this feeling died away, and I went along after a more reasonable and manly manner. Such reprieves were, however, only temporary. The crackling of a rotten twig beneath my feet; the sighing of the wind through the trees; the bark of a dog; any thing and every thing, no matter how insignificant or so easily accounted for, started them afresh, more formidable, more terrific, more demoniac, than any which had preceded.

“At last I reached the suburbs of the town; I strove to quicken my pace but it was useless. I was getting weak, faint, tired, and worn out, and I could scarcely keep my legs going, far less set them going quickly.

"As I got into town my ideas took another turn. I would meet an occasional pedestrian, and I thought every one I so met eyed me with suspicion. I heard a footstep behind me and it was magnified into the sound of thousands in full chase after me as a resurrectionist. Not afraid!—why I was the most miserable coward on the face of the earth—a child could have knocked me down with a push of his little fist. Not afraid!—I was mad—actually mad with fear. Such a walk, such a night, I do trust I will never take, never pass again

"I reached the hospital at last; the door was open, and the sergeant standing waiting my return. 'Well, Dash, how did you get on?' I could not speak; I dashed past him, down the back stair, out into the yard, flung open the dead-house door, and hurled sheet, head and all, into it as far as I could throw. What relief I felt when the detested burden was got rid up! I can't tell you what it was like, but its action was almost too much for me; and had the sergeant—who followed me—not been beside me to catch me as I staggered, I would no doubt have fainted away.

"He led me into the surgery, and, after giving me a stimulating draught of ammonia and ether, I gradually recovered, and slipped away to bed pretty considerably chop-fallen you may depend.

"There, Flamer," he concluded, "you have told us about the man that did the duty of hangman, but I have told you something you did not know about the man that was hanged; and more—I dare say you little thought that the Indian skull which you have so often seen in our surgery—with the hair on it as bright black and glossy as in life—was that of the man who had been hung by the 'soger hangman.'"

THE LINE OF MARCH.

SOME short time after Dash had narrated the foregoing incident, the route came in for the regiment to proceed to Quebec, where it was to embark for England ; and, in accordance with an old-established feeling of friendship, I determined that Don Pedro should be my "marching chum" during the journey. The billets on a line of march are generally for two men, and consequently even then comrades are always kept together. Comradeship is paid but little attention to in many regiments, but in "ours" it received the greatest degree of encouragement and fostering care ; and I have often thought that the unanimity which distinguished the "good old corps," in regard to the feeling and pursuits, intellectual and physical, of the men in it, might safely be attributed to the care with which the bonds of comradeship were preserved unbroken. Generally speaking, if the service required that a man should be transferred from one company to another, one was always searched for who cared little about his comrade, or who had actually never been able to find true comradeship. In a great many cases these transfers were made all right by handing over a married man, who, as a matter of course, always took *his* comrade along with him.

A great many erroneous ideas prevail amongst civilians about the marching of soldiers ; and I have often heard them bewailing the hard fate of the poor fellows "who had such a long road before them and such a weight to carry."

Now this is all very well, and quite consistent with the civilian's knowledge of the matter. When a regiment is seen by them, it is when on parade, and going through its evolutions with all the strictness of complete discipline. The serried ranks advance and retire, wheel and countermarch, break up into apparently disjointed fragments, and as quickly again become united into one invincible whole.

All this is done, to the civilian's mind, with so much stiffness of position—not an arm or hand, a leg or foot, a motion or a muscle of the body, being called into action unless at the word of command—that he thinks, accustomed as he is to perfect freedom of head, hand, and foot, that the constraint must be almost intolerable and unbearable, and that every minute passed under such constraint must be a minute of pain; he thinks, too, that the same precision is maintained on the line of march, and that consequently marching is even worse than drilling.

Such, however, is not the case. Let him divest himself of this idea, and watch the men closely and attentively as they go through their manœuvres, and he will soon observe that although the position is erect, steady and unwavering, yet every movement is made with ease and even with grace. It has become natural to those men to keep every motion of the body under due control, and no better example of this can be adduced than to compare the erect manly and graceful carriage which characterizes military men—the private far more than the officer—when they pass along the streets of our cities, with the slounging gait, and careless, awkward swagger of men who have no idea that personal carriage forms a subject of the slightest importance. Out-door exercises always tend to impart gracefulness of bearing. Men who love and practise cricket, hand-ball, quoits, or other games which call the muscles of the body into active play, are always marked by a light and springy tread, a free and graceful motion of the limbs, and an elevation of the whole body at once manly and becoming.

So with the soldier. I must say that "drilling days," to a recruit, are tiresome enough; but once passed the Rubicon of recruitism, and converted into a "duty man," all his sorrows in that line may be said to have passed away. The primary exercises of a soldier are a perfect combination of movements calculated to benefit health, and engender a graceful carriage and ease of motion; and this they do in a manner far superior to all the teachings of the dancing-master, who must, whether he will or not, fall back upon military calisthenics as his base of operations.

But here have I, after promising a line of march, been standing at a dead halt, egotizing, doubtless, to the great dissatisfaction of my readers. They must bear with me, however, and grant me an old soldier's privilege, that of being garrulous at times.

Well, about the march, I was going to say that soldiers enjoy marching better than any other phase of military existence—that is single soldiers; married ones don't fancy it at all; for moving about with a family is connected with expenses, and expenses don't sound nice in any ears, civil or military.

Civilians have no idea how pleasant and short an otherwise weary and long march, can be, and is, made by the men themselves. Barracks being given over; the men started and marched through the city in which they have been quartered, to the sound of the spirit-stirring music of their band, with three hearty farewell cheers to the people they have been living in fellowship with, they emerge on the open country. Then the reins of discipline are slackened to a certain extent. "March at ease" becomes the order of the day, and every man, habitually keeping an eye to his place in the ranks, strives to act up to the letter of the order. Stocks are unbuckled and stuck through shoulder-straps; the hook and eye at the neck of the coat, and a button or two, are unloosed; the firelock is carried any way and every way; pipes are filled, and lit and smoked; the bugles relieve the band,

and bagpipes relieve the bugles ; and so amid music, stories, laughing, joking, and smoking, the men " follow the drum " as light-hearted and as jovial as men need be.

And then, when band, bugles, and bagpipes have had a good spell of blowing, the word is passed for some one or another to sing a song. Such merry times as I have passed on those marches !—and such merry memories of them crowd around me as I write, that I almost wish I was once more " on the road " singing away as in days of yore.

The call for a song is soon answered ; and some chap with leather lungs, that could make his voice heard miles away, starts, " Bonnie laddie ! hieland laddie ! " or something with a chorus as good and a time as steady. Out spring the ramrods, which are thrown down the muzzle of the firelocks ; and when the voices of six or seven hundred men mingle together in chorus, combined with the jangle of six or seven hundred ramrods striking against the musket-barrel in unison with the voices, a band is extemporized, the full effect of which can only be realized by those who have joined in it and marched under its influence. Miles slip away like fun, and you find you have " done half the day's march," and are halted for dinner, before you begin to feel that you have a knapsack on at all.

Railroads, however, have made sad havoc with this sort of work, both here and at home ; in fact, marching, in the true sense, may truly be said to be, *non est*.

One night in our billet, Don Pedro and I got on the subject of marching in Portugal. Our accoutrements and things had got the " usual allowance of cleaning ; " and, having nothing else to do, Don sat down and enlightened me somewhat to the following effect.

Marching in Portugal was a very different thing from marching in Canada ; marching in war is a very different thing from marching in peace. Here you have your day's march of so many miles—never very many ; that finished, you get a comfortable billet and your pay, and can get

whatever you want placed in your hand. This lasts for a few days, and you reach your new quarters, and, amongst new faces and new friends, pass your time agreeably enough, till another route comes, and you go through the same course again. Such is marching in the "piping times of peace."

In Portugal our day's march, when we went in pursuit of Don Miguel, commenced at three or four o'clock in the morning; was carried on until mid-day, when we halted, got our pound of meat, cut and kindled a fire of brushwood, stuck our ration on the point of a ramrod, thrust it into the burning embers, frizzled it a bit, then clapping it on a biscuit hard as a millstone, sawed away at it as best we might. And, I can assure you, it went wonderfully well, especially as it was always washed down with a pint of glorious wine.

An hour's rest after dinner, and we were up and off again; and sometimes it was eight, and even ten or eleven o'clock, when we halted for the night. No such things as beds and billets there; the regiment was formed up in column of companies, piled arms, and the men fell out to pick upon the softest spot of a hard field; where, with knapsack for a pillow, I have slept twenty times sounder than ever I did on a bed of down. Let it rain or not, you could sleep there without a move until the sound of the "assembly" broke in upon your ears in the dull, dark morning, and giving your eyes a rub, your whole frame a rousing shake, and tossing your knapsack on your back, you were once more ready for the road.

This was not the case, on that march, for a few days only; for nine long months over hill and dale, mountain and valley, long interminable stretches of road, ankle deep in sand, with a blistering sun burning over head, and boots oftentimes minus a sole, did we "wend our weary way"—sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. Wherever and whenever the flying enemy changed his route, we changed ours, until, with taking his fortified towns, harrassing and cutting up his men when we got a chance at all, we brought him to bay at last. Of course about every

week or so we halted for a couple of days—always where we could ensure a good supply of water—and then such a universal “washing day” took place as you never saw the equal of: every man, Jerry Quinn used to say, all at once became a first-rate washerwoman.

Many a sad and many a laughable scene occurred on that long march—many a weary heart sank under its fatigue, bursting and breaking with prolonged toil, and seeking rest in a roadside grave—hurriedly dug, and as hurriedly refilled. Often, when the “fall in” sounded after dinner, have I seen men sitting down, with head bent upon their knees apparently too sound asleep to hear the bugle call, who upon attempts being made to rouse them up were found to be dead: insensible to every sound of drum or trumpet—who would never answer again at muster, until the utterance of that dread blast whose echo would burst the bonds of death, and

The greedy sea should yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal.

Often in the dark dreary morning when the “assembly” sounded, have I seen, lying on their cold hard bed, the bodies of men whose souls had passed away in the hours of sleep, let us hope to join an assembly of spirits in a region where toil and sorrow are never known, and love and harmony reign forever.

Strange as it may seem, every man of these who had thus died, were Portuguese, natives of the land through which we marched, and whose climate might have been supposed to have acted more fatally upon strangers, as we were, than on them. Not a single Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman died from fatigue in the course of that nine months. We had but one man who remained in rear of the division; and poor fellow, you could hardly blame him for it—he was fairly done up. I will tell you how it was:—

The rear guard had strict orders to look out for stragglers, because some of the “bad ones” would feign dysentery or some such disease, and fall to the rear for purposes of

plunder. When the rear guard came across one of those chaps, it was quite a common thing to administer "three dozen"—a drummer was always attached to the rear guard—and then strapping his knapsack on again, push him on to the front.

The knowledge of this power of the rear guard, I dare say, kept many a man up to the mark, who, if he had not been afraid of the degradation of the "lash," would have fallen out, and in all probability perished miserably.

Well, I was sergeant of the rear-guard one day—I recollect it well—and about ten o'clock in the forenoon we came up with one of our regiment, a man named Bridges, from Edinburgh. He was standing by the road side, leaning on his firelock, and what seemed rather strange to me, had his bayonet fixed.

Lieutenant Ashe, who commanded the rear-guard, went up to him, and knowing the man well, as a good and steady soldier, said, "Come, Bridges, my man, you must move on. You know you can't remain here."

"I *will* remain here, Mr. Ashe," was the reply; "I cannot walk another step. Look here!" and he lifted up one and then the other of his bare feet, which were swollen, bruised, blistered and bleeding. "And look there, sir," he continued, pointing to the road, where we stood watching the scene before us, and which had been repaired, according to the fashion of the country, by a long stretch of briers, brambles, and branches of trees; "would you ask a man with feet like mine to walk over a road like that?"

"You must go on, Bridges; I must obey my orders. Why did you not get up on some of the baggage mules or waggons when your feet were so bad? Why did you not report yourself to the doctor, and he would have given you a conveyance of some kind?" asked the lieutenant.

"I didn't want to do it," said Bridges; "I thought I could have rubbed it out till I got my boots soled—but that piece of road settles the question. Not one step farther do I move for mortal man."

Mr. Ashe called for the corporal of the guard and two men to take off Bridges' knapsack, and the drummer to step forward and do his duty.

I shall never forget Bridges' face when he heard that order given. It became pale and fixed as if he were dead; but if there was no life in his face, there was life in every glance which came from his eye, flashing as it did with the fires of despair. Drawing himself up to his full height—he was a tall stout fellow—and standing as firm on his feet as if they pained him not at all, he brought his musket to the charge, cocked it, and placed his finger on the trigger; and then bringing it in line with the officer's breast, he said in deep, husky tones:

"Mr. Ashe, I am loaded! If your drummer comes one step nearer me I will blow his brains out and bury this bayonet in your breast. I am a desperate man. Pass on with your guard, Mr. Ashe! I will join when I can. Pass on, sir, if you please. If not, then will I become a murderer; I am almost that already."

The officer looked at him for a second or two, pitied the state of the poor fellow, and gave the order "fall in; quick march."

As the words passed his lips, poor Bridges said, "God bless you, sir!" and sank down on the ground where he stood.

We passed on; and it was exactly twelve months before I saw Bridges again. He had been seized with a brain fever on the spot where we left him, but had been well cared for by some persons living near, who found him lying on the road, carried him to their own dwelling, and nursed him until he recovered. After that he had been sent, first to one place, then to another, whither it was supposed the regiment had gone. The information, however, was incorrect. After remaining some five months in Oporto, he joined us at Setubal shortly after peace had been proclaimed.

So, concluded Don, that little affair will give you some slight idea of what the line of march was in Portugal.

A SWIMMING MATCH.

Bathing parade had just been dismissed, and the men of the room to which I belonged were amusing themselves as best they might until the breakfast hour wore on; the time which would intervene being too short to allow of any cleaning operations going on that would tend to disarrange the order of the room, which in the men's absence had been nicely set in trim for the officer's visit, by the "orderly-man" who had remained at home.

Several of the men having filled pipes, and set everything in trim for a jolly good smoke before the coffee was brought up, had taken one of the barrack forms outside, and, seated at the door, were enjoying themselves very happily and contentedly. Of course, the subject of conversation was what had occurred at the bathing parade; and the feats of several expert swimmers were descanted on with great impartiality. Some would have it that Bill Henderson was the best swimmer in the regiment; others that Captain I—— claimed that honor, and adduced as evidence of the fact that the Captain was in possession of a silver medal and other tokens, presented to him by the inhabitants of Glasgow for daring intrepidity and exceeding powers of endurance in the water; that gentleman having, on the occasion of an accident on the Clyde, saved the lives of a great number of persons by his skill and ability as a swimmer.

"Well," said Don Pedro, who was among the number sitting at the barrack-room door, "I don't care what the

captain may have done, but I think I once saw a man swim longer and farther after a duck, than any man ever did when striving to save the life of a fellow creature."

"How was it, Don? Let's hear all about it? Coffee won't be up this half hour, and we may as well have a yarn as not."

Well you see, began Don, we were lying in Setubal at the time, or as the sailors used to call it, St. Ubes. That was the only place in Portugal where we had the pleasure of meeting with countrymen. Setubal being a shipping port, and of course frequented by British ships and British seamen, many a right good spree we had among them, you may depend,—but that's not the swimming match.

As I said before, we were lying in Setubal when the news reached us that peace was proclaimed. Well, you may depend upon it that every one felt glad enough to hear such good tidings; because, to tell you the truth, the most of us were heartily tired of the whole concern, and but very few, indeed, there were who did not long most anxiously for a peep at the hills of old Scotland, the waters of the Clyde, and the "cheerful blink o' my fireside."

General rejoicing among the inhabitants, and general license among the soldiers, was the order of the day. Our colonel entered into the spirit of the thing with great glee; and foot races, boat races, greasy poles, and swimming matches were got up by him for the occasion.

The foot races came off first in order. The colonel himself furnished all the prizes, which were three in number for each company of the regiment; they consisted of a pair of trousers for the best, a pair of boots for the second best, and a forage-cap for the third.

The colonel came up to our company just as the men were on the point of starting, and said: "Well, men, have you any objection to my entering the lists with you in this match? I think I could run a bit yet." Of course, the men were delighted: in fact, it was by touches of this kind that the

colonel was enabled to cover many imperfections in his character which did not smell very sweetly in the nostrils of his men.

Twelve men were stripped to the trousers and shirt, ready for the race, and the colonel made the thirteenth: all smart active fellows they were: and we were all quietly chuckling over the certainty that, opposed to some of the men, who were well known to be first-rate runners, the colonel would have no chance at all. In getting ready, Old Charlie even went further than the men, because he stripped off both shoes and stockings; and when he stood forward and took up his appointed place he looked rather odd like, indeed. There he was in white shirt and trousers, barefooted, with his silken sash tightly twisted round his waist, a glaring red handkerchief bound round his head, and his long red beard falling over his chest; there was a smile lurking round his mouth and dancing in his eye, as he "took the measure" of the men who were to run against him.

The signal was given and off they started in beautiful style. The spot chosen for the race was a green field, level as a floor, and as smooth; the distance measured round was a mile, and during the whole race every man engaged in it could be distinctly seen. I never saw a better foot-race: it was well contested, and let us see that there was more stuff in the colonel than we had given him credit for. The best runner was a sergeant named Abril, an Englishman; and he soon left all the others behind. The colonel kept pretty close to him until they were about half way round; then, somehow or other he crept up alongside of Abril, and there he stuck. Abril strove his best to get rid of him, but it was no use. Let the sergeant dash out, strain his nerves as he might the colonel was by his side like his shadow. Abril could not throw him away—he was always there—never in rear, never a-head, always alongside—and to mend the matter, while Abril's efforts made the perspiration pour over his face in a perfect stream, old Charlie was as cool as a cucum-

ber, and apparently taking things quite easy. I never saw such an easy, graceful runner; he sped on so lightly and so cleanly, and with so little exertion. The two in front were rapidly coming up to the winning post together, when the colonel turned round and said: "Well, Abril, I must get in first; it wouldn't do, you know, for a sergeant to beat his colonel." As he said so he somehow slipped ahead, and left Abril to his own thoughts—not very pleasant ones you may depend. How Abril did tug and strive to make up the lost ground. It was no use, however—for when he was about 100 yards from the winning point, the shouts of the company proclaimed, loud enough, that the colonel had won the race. Of course, instead of one of the men losing his prize our company had four prizes; because on Abril's reaching the post, the colonel placed a couple of moidores in his hand, and told him he had run remarkably well indeed.

All the races were over by dinner time; and it was after that that the greased pole and the swimming match were to take place. You may be wondering what connexion there possibly could be between a greasy pole and swimming; but there was a connexion and a very intimate one, indeed: it was no use for any one to try the pole who was not an experienced swimmer, and I'll tell you the reason why.

The barracks of Setubal were surrounded by a high and strong wall of masonry, with mounted cannon all round; in fact, it was a splendid specimen of fortification, and at the time we lay there, in capital condition—the barracks, walls, and wharf at Sorel put me much in mind of St. Ubes, on a miniature scale; only that where you have the river at Sorel, we had the sea at St. Ubes. Outside the walls was a wharf, and over one of the angles of this wharf, the colonel had rigged a spar, somewhere about thirty feet long—and well saturated with grease—over the water of the harbour, after the fashion of a ship's bowsprit, but having no upward inclination: it stood out on a dead level with the wharf. At the end of this spar, a great, fat, living duck

was made fast by the feet, and every flap of its wings made the spar shake again. This duck was to be the prize of the man who would crawl out on the greasy pole, untie it, and bring it to the shore after any fashion he thought proper.

Such laughing as that affair occasioned I never will forget; my head and sides get sore again now with thinking of it. Of course everything was prepared in case of any accident; such, for instance, as some fellow who could not swim having the hardihood to venture a trial for the duck: and half-a-dozen boats were manned and in waiting to pick up all and sundry who might come souse into the water.

One after another essayed the greasy pole, which, being pretty limber of itself, when the man attempted to crawl out upon it, went bobbing up and down; the springy motion, too, much accelerated by the flapping of the heavy bird at its extreme point—and the consequence was, that one after another of the aspirants for duckdom, before they had managed to get ten feet out on the pole, were tossed into the water, and instead of the duck only got a ducking: some amid roars of laughter from officers and men took shelter in the boats, and others swam away to land to hide their mortification by getting ashore at the barrack landing facing the sea.

Notwithstanding the many abortive attempts which had been made, there was no want of volunteers to try the capture of the duck even at the expense of a dive. At last, one of the men, a Corporal Quinn, who I believe was an old man-of-war's man, stood forward to take his turn at the pole. I forgot to tell you, that the only clothing the men had on when engaged in this sport, was a pair of light duck trousers, the worst pair they could muster from the pack. When Quinn stood forward, he presented a noble specimen of muscular humanity, and there was something about him which seemed to say, I'll have it by hook or crook.

He got on the spar, and it was easy to see that his sea-faring habits had not been forgotten. Let the pole bob and

spring as it pleased, Quinn stuck to it like a leech ; there was no such thing as throwing him off. Slowly and surely he worked his greasy way, and as he approached the extremity of the pole its elasticity of course increased. At length he reached its end, and after resting a little to allow the pole to get quiet, he proceeded to unfasten and secure his prize. This he also accomplished, and was in the act of dropping into the water, duck and all, when the string which had kept the duck a prisoner slipped through his greasy hand, and of course he had a practical illustration of the truth of the old proverb, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

As a matter of course, everything had been done to render the capture of the duck as difficult as possible ; and among other contrivances for this purpose, the legs of the bird had been so made fast that, once loosed from the pole the least slackening of the lashing would enable the duck to regain its freedom, although with clipped wings, and thereby give it an opportunity of using its well-known aquatic energies for the purpose of escape.

You may well imagine, therefore, how savage Quinn looked when the duck slipped through his fingers, and how still more wickedly he looked when he saw it, after a struggle or two, emancipated from its bonds and swimming away boldly in a seaward direction. For a second or two with eyes fixed on the liberated duck, and ears tingling with the laughter and cheers which rang from the wharf, Quinn lay motionless at the extremity of the spar ; then, dropping into the water, he struck out in beautiful style.

The Colonel knew the determined spirit of the man well, and immediately gave orders for two of the boats to follow and keep alongside of him, but at such a distance as to give man and duck fair play. The boat, of which I happened at the time to be acting as coxswain, was one of those that started in pursuit ; and I tell you we had a pretty long pull of it before we got back.

A stern chase is always a long chase, and much more so when a duck is driving ahead with a pretty good start, and a man is striving to obtain the mastery over it in, as one may say, its own element. Away went the duck, and away went Quinn after it. There was no such word in the book as coming up with the enemy hand over hand. Small as it was, the duck seemed to laugh at the endeavours of its pursuer, and gradually and surely kept increasing the distance between them.

Nothing daunted, however, Quinn swam on, and swam lightly, easily and swiftly, too; and I should say that nearly a distance of two miles had been gone over in the pursuit. Before this, however, we had several times pulled close up to Quinn, and offered to take him on board. The answer we always got was, "No, I'll have it yet, or I'll drown."

On they swam, and on we pulled. The duck had of course been frightened at the outset of the race, and had put forth no doubt all its strength when it found that it was pursued. By the time we had got over the two miles it was easy to see that Quinn was gaining ground, or water rather—slowly to be sure, for if the duck was getting tired so was he; at least, we in the boats began to think so. Still they swam on, and nearly three miles lay between us and the wharf; Quinn rapidly failing; his strokes were no longer regular or sweeping, his body did not breast the water as it had done some time before; and it was quite evident to us that he was fast approaching the state when he would be forced to declare that "he had enough of it."

So with the duck; its motion was becoming jerky and hobbling, and many a long wistful stretch of the neck declared that it too was beginning to think that the sport had been kept up quite long enough.

We were beginning to get afraid of Quinn, and had argued on the propriety of forcing him into the boat whether he would or not. Just as we had come to the determination of doing so, and had pulled close up to him for that purpose,

we observed that the duck had become stationary—was merely floating on the surface of the water. Quinn saw this too, and his old vigour seemed to return. Striking out with renewed power he urged himself ahead, and we kept pretty close in rear. On he went in famous style and at last came up to the duck. The bird several times dodged his attempt to seize it, but at length he succeeded in placing his hand upon its neck, and I tell you it was no gentle hug he gave it.

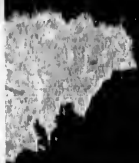
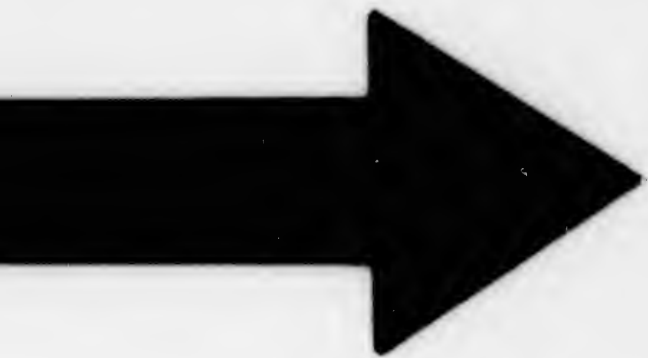
Well was it for Quinn that we had kept so close up with him, for, just as he grasped the bird, he began to settle down and sink, apparently quite done up. One of the men stretched out his arm just as he was disappearing, and seized him by the only thing which was left to seize, the hair of his head.

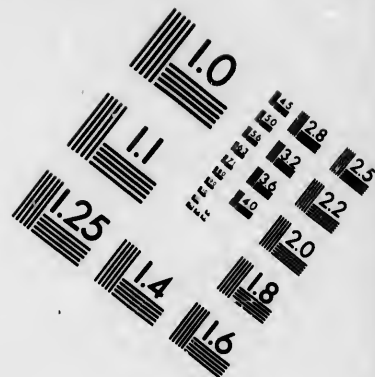
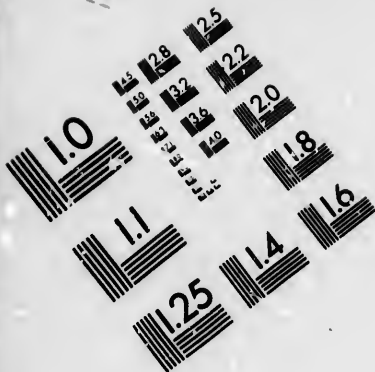
We soon had him on board, senseless, but with the duck still in his vice-like grip; and after a little slapping and rubbing, he soon came to himself again. A glass of rum, from a bottle placed in the boat in case of need, served still more to rouse him up, but it was a day or two after the swimming match before Quinn had the usual color in his cheek, or the usual springy tread which marked the man before it.

"Well," exclaimed Johnnie Hill, "that was a very good swim, there is no doubt; but Donald McKay, Sandie McFie and myself had about as narrow an escape from drowning as that, without having either a duck or a drake to console us."

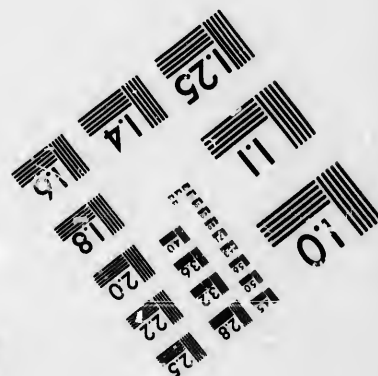
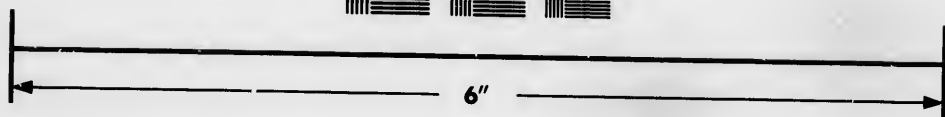
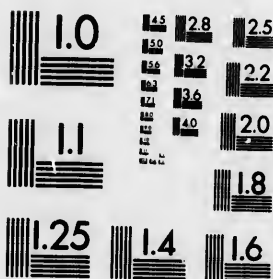
"How was that, Jock? Let's hear it?" was the cry from the men, and Hill accordingly told his story.







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AN UNEXPECTED PLUNGE.

The invalids and others had arrived at Liverpool, and, glad to be released from the confined and cramped-up ship we were landed on the wharf of one of the docks—the Wellington, I think.

The regiment, after being paraded and mustered, received their billets; and leaving our wives, children, and baggage, until such time as we found out the whereabouts of our respective domiciles for the night, we started in search of the desired information. McKay, Peggy Lauchlin, McPhie, and myself, were all billeted on the one house: two married and two single men. Well, after a good deal of hunting about, we found our landlord, who received us very civilly, and pointed out the rooms we were to occupy. I prefer being billeted in England to any other country. I don't know how it is, but actually I do believe that of all the places a soldier ever was billeted in, Scotland is the worst: if there is one single thing which can be done to annoy or humbug you, depend upon it it will be done there—that is generally speaking, and if you let the folks have their own way.

Having got our accoutrements and knapsacks stowed away in the best manner we could, McPhie and I determined to start off for our wives. McKay and Lauchlin volunteered to accompany us and lend a hand in putting our baggage on the carts. To this, however, we would not agree; Donald might come with us if he liked, but it would be better if some one were left to look after our things, and accordingly Peggy

agreed to stay behind, and have something to eat ready for us by the time we returned.—Peggy you know, was only a nickname, the bearer of which was as good a man as ever stood in the ranks.

The afternoon had been pretty well advanced when we landed, and by the time we started for the dock it was getting rather dark. Away we went, however; and as Donald wanted to get a glass of something or another, we put off a good deal of time looking for a place where he might obtain what he wanted. I had joined the St. Lawrence Division of the Sons of Temperance, when stationed in Quebec, and had faithfully kept, and intended to keep, the pledge I had then taken. Donald, as you all know, was pretty fond of his 'horn;' but the houses in Liverpool seemed all so grand and fashionable that, thirsty as he was, he would not venture into one of them, and it was not until we came to a middling-looking shop, in an out-of-the-way street, that he obtained his dram.

Having attained this object, we once more set out for the dock. It had got quite dark, we were unacquainted with the streets, and, without a word of a joke about it, after wandering here and there, and hither and yont, we began to feel that we were actually lost.

At last, I stopped a gentleman, and requested to be told the direction in which the Wellington dock lay. In reply he told me that I was still a good distance from it; but that I had only to go straight on, without turning to right or left, and I would find the dock at the end of the street. Somewhat encouraged to think that after all we had not made such a wide detour as we thought, and having now received a direct route, we proceeded with increased confidence. This was all very well so long as we were in the neighbourhood of the large and splendid shops which had now, one after another, began to light up; and I dare say we put off a little time looking in at the several windows and admiring the various displays—it was so pleasant, you know, to think that

these were "home" shops, and that we were actually walking, once more, in the streets of Old England.

By-and-bye we had got past all the shops, and reached a part of the street filled with private dwellings alone; and, as the lamps had not yet been lit, our road was dark enough in all conscience. On we went, and we thought the street never would have an end; I thought it was the longest street ever I walked through: the Trongate and Gallowgate joined together were nothing to it. Doubts began to spring up in our minds as to the veracity of the directions we had received, when a loud "holloa!" from McPhie, who was a little in front, attracted our attention.

"What's the matter noo, Sandy?" shouted Donald. "Well," said McPhie, "I dinna ken, but, my faith, we canna' get ony farther this gate. What will Mary think, I wunner, at my bidin' sae lang awa'?"—On looking about us, we found that Sandy had been brought up by a chain extended between several posts, and which seemed to form a boundary to the street.

McKay proposed to turn off to the right; McPhie did not know what to think; and I said that I supposed the chain was a sort of fence round some square or another, and that, as the gentleman had told me to go straight on, straight on would be the best course. There was not a living soul to be seen from whom we might obtain directions, and so we determined to proceed as I had indicated.

It was an easy matter to spring over the chain, and whether it was that McPhie was in a terrible hurry to see Mary (his wife) or not, I do not know; but certain it is he was over first, and kept up a position somewhat in front of Donald and myself. On we went, and had proceeded but a short distance when we heard a splashing in front as if a man were struggling in water.

"A dub there, for your life," said McKay, "and Sandy has not jumped far enough to clear it. Here goes!" and, taking a race, he sprung on in the front, and I soon heard another

spluttering match. I was half laughing as I thought to myself, well, Donald, after all you don't seem to have made a much better job of it than McPhie did. I had on a new pair of trews, and did not feel much inclined to "hansel" them with a dip amongst mud, so I determined that I would take a longer race than any of them seemed to have done, and so endeavour to clear the obstruction, whatever it might be.

Accordingly, I dashed off at the short quick pace best adapted to give one a good spring in taking a leap, when, all at once, the ground seemed to give way beneath my feet; I had nothing to support me; I was going down—down into empty space—without one single idea as to where I was going, when splash I went into the water, and sank, I could not tell you how far, but I thought at the time, farther than I would ever find the way back again.

At length my feet touched bottom, and, with a natural instinct, I gave my body an upward impulse. I soon came to the surface, and, while disgorging the water I had swallowed—not the very sweetest, I can tell you by the way—and rubbing my eyes to find out where I was, I distinguished Donald's voice hailing me with, "Is that you, Johnnie? We've found the dock at last—and no mistake!" McPhie was floundering about and blubbering, "Droon, droon, Mary! droon deid—oh! Mary!—Mary!—droon—droon!" I could hardly keep from laughing in his face, because I knew he was a good swimmer; and I saw at once that we had found out the Wellington dock, at least one end of it, with a vengeance.

Now, all this has taken a good deal of time to tell, but I can assure you the time looked wonderfully short to us, who were the sufferers. Having gathered together, we held a council of war, or rather a council of water, as to what we would do. We determined not to make a noise, or at least as little as possible, but endeavour to make some place in the dock where we might be enabled to land, without any one knowing anything about our misshap; because, if it

were known, the commanding officer would most certainly think we had all been drunk, and the men of the regiment would chaff us for everlasting about walking, running, or jumping into the Liverpool dock.

The sky had by this time cleared a little, and we could observe something dark on the water at a little distance from us; accordingly we struck out for it, thinking that it might be a landing stair, or something of the sort. Vain, hope, however! We came up to the spot, but on putting out our hands to lay hold of the supposed landing place, they went through the air and splashed in the water—it was nothing but the shadow of an angle of the dock.

Away we then made for the wall; but it was no use trying to get a hole or a cranny into which we could insert our fingers, or a stray rope by which we might manage to haul ourselves to the upper world. It was bootless all. As our hands scraped the walls nothing could be found but the clammy, grumous, slimy, putrescent surface, and, as the hand travelled over it, the heart sickened with a feeling of disgusting despair. Still we kept swimming about, hoping against hope, that we might yet find some avenue of escape. The lamps on the wharf were now lighted, and we knew that if we shouted some one or another would soon come to our assistance. The whole affair, however, had such a ridiculous look about it, that we were determined that assistance from above would be the very last thing we would try for.

We were pretty soon forced to this extremity; our heavy red coats and tartan trews, after becoming thoroughly wetted, hung about us like so much lead. We began to find out that if we kept paddling about like ducks in a pond, we would very shortly paddle to the bottom.

At last McKay shouted out for help, and immediately afterwards a policeman bawled out, "Vot's up? Eh?"

"Nothing up," shouted Donald, "I wish we were all up; but at present there's three men down, and most confoundedly low we feel ourselves; so do what you can to bring us up as soon as possible."

In a moment a life-buoy was thrown over, which, falling close by where McKay was swimming, he laid hold of; at the same time a rope was also thrown down, which I succeeded in getting into my clutches, and called out to McPhie to come alongside and tackle it also. By this time Donald had commenced his ascent. A number of people had gathered on the quay, and they were no time in bousing him up.

Now came our turn, and holding on to the rope for dear life, we were gradually reaching the edge of the dock wharf

Poor McPhie was very much fagged, and, as we were being pulled up, kept muttering over the names of his wife and child, of whom he was, indeed, very fond. I was getting pretty weak myself, and felt that if I had to hang on much longer, the probability was that I would very soon lose my hold; and just as I was congratulating myself on our safety—we had got to within a couple of feet of the quay—the rope gave way and down we went, poor Sandy and I, with a most unexpected and unwelcome plunge.

I soon reached the surface again, and found poor McPhie almost hopeless—in fact, giving it up in despair. Another rope had been obtained and thrown over, and, having caught it, I placed it in his hands, and told him that if he ever expected to see his wife and child again, to hold on like grim death.

I then took hold myself, and sung out to those aloft to haul away as quick as they could.

Those on the quay did not want a second bidding, and in a second or two we were swinging rapidly upwards. As we neared the top I could see strong arms stretched out to clutch us when we came within reach, and that was about the last thing I remember to have seen about the dock.

When I came to my senses I found myself before a large fire; with men and women working about myself and comrades: we were in one of the Humane Society's houses for the recovery of persons who had fallen into the river. One of the women came up to me with a glass of brandy, and

told me to drink it off. I refused ; but the woman told me I must as it was the doctor's orders that every person so situated as I had been, should drink a certain quantity of brandy. Still I hesitated. "Hand it here," said Donald ; "if he refuses the mercies sent us, it's a guid thing there are some reasonable men amang us. Hand it here ; I wad drink it war't twice as big : I'm shakin' like a dug in a wat sack."

Donald got the glass and another at the back of it ; and I, too, took a toothful, though much against the grain.

After that we were led into a large bath-room, and, as Donald described it "we were thrown into a muckle bath o' hot water, as gin we had been sae mony pigs tae be scalded."

Every attention was paid us ; we were taken out of the bath, dry rubbed and put to bed ; and when we got up early next morning, we found that all our clothing had been nicely dried and cleaned ; and giving the people our warmest thanks, we started for town, having been informed that, in the course of the evening before, all the women, children, and baggage had been taken away.

We reached our billet all right ; McPhie found his Mary and I found my better half, both in a wonderful state of perturbation at our absence. We also found that we had been reported absent, so we started for the adjutant's quarters to assign a reason for so being. I had got a certificate of our accident, which satisfied that gentleman, and the evening papers of that day, which we saw afterwards, told of the miraculous escape of three soldiers ; but, until the present moment, I don't believe a soul except ourselves knew all the outs and ins of the story. Next day we started for Chichester, and—but there's the breakfast bugle ; let's in for coffee.

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THE DEAD DOG.

Whatever the reason I will not pretend to say; certain, however, it is, that in a soldier's barrack great numbers of the canine species are invariably found. Whether this arises from the abundance of food which a dog always finds in such quarters, or the attention which they are sure to obtain from the men, is immaterial; perhaps it is a combination of those attractions which makes a barrack square very often appear as like the yard of an immense dog-kennel as any thing else. There you will be sure to find dogs of every description, old and young, from the playful long-eared lap to the ferocious fighting bull, the grizzly terrier to the silky-coated spaniel, from the colley to the greyhound, from the pug of King Charles to the majestic Newfoundland,—in fact, every thing doggish, whether for use or ornament, and many which are neither one nor the other.

Soldiers are peculiarly fond of animals, and consequently have many pets; in truth, any animal to which they become attached is soon taught to return that attachment; and in this way I have seen men skylarking and romping about with many different and often uncouth playmates.

There was one instance which occurred during the time the regiment was lying at Kingston, where a regimental pet created a wonderful amount of mingled laughter and consternation. This pet was an immense bear, the property of one of the officers, whose wants and wishes were supplied and attended to by a bugler named Jerry Reaoch. Jerry

and the bear had become so intimate, and such an excellent understanding existed between Bruin and his keeper, that a volume could be filled with the pranks and capers which distinguished their friendship. The animal followed Reaoch like a dog; obeyed every command he gave it; and many a time and often have the officers and men turned out to laugh at a pugilistic encounter between the two. The barrack square was the "ring," and there would the two combatants belabour each other with the greatest amount of good will; the bear, however, generally coming off second best; for, if he appeared the least irritated at any of the many somersets Jerry was sure to give him, and gave a tighter hug than usual, a sound box on the ear would bring him to his allegiance at once, and the grotesque gambolling would continue until the spectators were tired of laughing.

One day, after Jerry and his companion had been disporting themselves after such a fashion, the former, tired, I suppose, with his exertions, directed his steps to the canteen for the purpose of obtaining some refreshment. Bruin followed, and, after waiting on his master for some time,—who had meanwhile fallen into pleasant company and forget all about the bear,—turned his steps kennel-ward. It was close upon the dinner hour; soup, meat, potatoes and bread, had all been carried up to the rooms, and of course sent out a perfume extremely agreeable to the olfactories of hungry men, and peculiarly tempting to those of hungry bears. Attracted by the pleasant smell, Bruin diverged from his straight course into one of the passages, and, finding a room door open, deliberately walked in. The room happened to be what we call a "married room,"—that is, a room occupied by married people alone. The men were out, either on duty or pleasure, and the only inmates were three or four women and some half-dozen of children.

For me to attempt a description of the horror and consternation of those poor creatures when they saw the brute enter the room, would be presumptuous in a very high de-

gree. Terror struck them dumb; and huddled in a corner they silently watched the proceedings of the unwelcome visitor.

A cooking stove, the top of which was plentifully garnished with smoking "flesh-pots," at once attracted the bear's attention, and he accordingly snuffed up with much apparent satisfaction the pleasant odours emitted from that neighborhood. Stalking up to the stove, he poked his muzzle over the viands, and, having selected one for his own especial use, he placed his paw upon the stove for the purpose of eating the dainty morsel more at his ease. This movement acted like an electric shock. The women shrieked with the wildest dismay at the prospect of losing their own and their husbands' dinner; the children screamed for company's sake; and the bear uttered a deep, hollow growl of anger, disappointment, and surprise; because the stove was very hot, and he had scarcely placed his fore-paws upon it, when he found them tingling with a sensation he could not at all understand, which, added to the shrieks of the women and the cries of the children, disconcerted him altogether, and with a grunt of displeasure he turned and left the room, much to the satisfaction of those who were in it.

Into another room he went and looked about quite contentedly. Appearances, however, did not please him. He saw a stove similarly placed and similarly furnished as the last one he had visited, and very naturally supposing that it was likely to be as hot as the other one was, left it alone. His visit, however, produced more terror, more noise, more shrieking and more crying than ever. About this Bruin did not much care; finding nothing to his taste in that passage, he left it for the next.

Here he was more at home. Dinner was on the table; meat cut up and distributed on the plates, potatoes ditto; bread scattered up and down the table, and basins filled with soup just in fine trim for drinking, flanked every plate of meat. The "orderly men" gazed at their strange visitor

with surprise ; and not quite sure of the disposition which prompted this " morning call," they kept at a very respectable distance. The bear politely acknowledged the deference paid him by striding up to the table, placing his paws upon the form alongside of it, and assiduously proceeding to empty the well-loaded plates which stood so temptingly before him.

The shrieking of the women, and the cries of the children had by this time attracted the attention of a number of the men, and the noise and hubbub which ensued reached the canteen, and brought to Jerry's mind the fact that he had been accompanied by the bear, and that now the bear was not to be seen. Coming at once to the conclusion that there was an intimate connection with the noise he heard and his late companion, he dashed out of the canteen and was soon at the scene of action.

As he had anticipated, he soon found that " Black Peter "—as the bear was called—was indeed the cause of all the turmoil. Jerry soon ascertained the locale of Peter, and accompanied by a posse of men started in pursuit. The defaulter was easily found, and when Jerry and the men burst into the barrack room where Peter was enjoying himself, a universal shout of laughter sprung up which made the brute turn round his astonished but by no means diminished head.

It was impossible to avoid laughing. Standing on the iron bed-cots, and as far away as possible from Peter's contiguity, stood the orderly men, watching, half in terror half in fun, the destruction he was making in the " day's messing." Quite contented with his position, Peter was busy emptying plates and canteens, and causing heaps of potatoes to disappear with incredible rapidity. As I said before, the laugh raised by the men caused him to turn towards them ; the interruption, however, was but momentary, for perceiving such good natured demonstrations, he took it for granted that it " was all right " and renewed his attack upon the edibles.

Jerry, however undertook to reverse the decision he had arrived at, and coming up to Peter administered such a blow on the side of his head as sent him rolling over the form, and in his spluttering descent scattering soup, meat, and potatoes about the floor in admirable confusion. Just at that moment, the orderly sergeant in barracks, rapped the door of the room with his cane, shouted "Attention!" and in walked the captain of the day with the usual question, "Any complaints, men?"

At the word "Attention!" all the men in the room—with the exception of Jerry, who was sprawling on the floor boxing away at Bruin for bare life—sprung up to the required attitude with as much gravity as possible; but it was easy to observe that if there was any attention amongst them, it was solely devoted to keep down the laughter which was almost choking them. The officer was apparently delighted with the scene, because, after a hearty laugh, he repeated his original question. "Weel, sir," replied Jerry, who had by this time gained a standing position, with a firm hold of the collar round the bear's neck, "Peter's the only ane here that can tell ye; for he seems to have laid his lugs intae the dinner in earnest; an', gin we can judge fra a' he's left, he had na muckle to compleen about!" the officer turned on his heel and left the room in high good humour; and Jerry lugged Peter off to his kennel, amid the laughter of some and the denunciations of others—especially those who had to sing for a dinner.

But, after all, I think I hear my readers say, what has this to do with dogs? Nothing, nothing I grant; but pets happening to come in my mind, I could not help giving you this episode of Black Peter, as he was during his time *the* favourite pet of the regiment.

To return to dogs. It often happens that the number of those animals which attach themselves to a regiment become a perfect nuisance, especially during the dog-days; and under such circumstances the commanding officer institutes

a crusade against them, and all are doomed to death with perhaps the exception of some favourite who has established a regimental claim to exemption from the devastating decree, by some generally acknowledged good qualities.

During those crusades the pioneer corporal and his men penetrate into every creek and corner, nook and cranny, where it is possible or impossible to hide a dog; and wherever found the devoted animal is dragged forth and shot.

We had one little favourite, a terrier slut named "Rosie," who had always obtained immunity from the annual massacre. Rosie was one of the best and most courageous rats-dogs I ever saw, and it was her qualifications in this respect which always stood her in good stead in those hot days of persecution. The dog was universally liked too, its nature was friendly and affectionate, and it was such a proficient in all the tricks which a dog can be taught, and contributed so much to the amusement of the men, that every one of them looked upon Rosie with peculiar favour. Old age, at last, made Rosie's life a burden to herself, and, in a solemn convocation of her friends, held when a route came in, it was found that she would not be able to accompany us, it was determined she should be shot and buried before we left the place we were stationed in—St. John's, Canada East.

Now although Rosie was a general favourite, there was but one man to whom she attached herself as a master. This man's name was Billy Harmon, and a better-hearted fellow never trod: his bones are now bleaching before the battered walls of Sebastopol. Harmon would not allow any one to shoot the dog but himself, and, a grave having been dug at the back of the hospital, a few of us accompanied him to the ground. Billy carried the dog—it was unable to walk—and I carried the loaded musket.

Rosie was laid down close by the grave, and Harmon having stepped back a few paces, I offered him the musket.

Poor Billy! You may laugh, reader, if you like: when he lifted up his head to look at me as I held out the gun, I saw

that he was crying like a child—that the tears were streaming over his face hard and fast. I immediately saw that his feeling of attachment for the dog was too strong to allow him to kill it, and, bringing the musket to my shoulder, I took aim, fired, and poor Rosie was at rest.

On returning to barracks, dogs were the whole subject of conversation; and Don Pedro told us a story shewing that cruelty to a favourite regimental dog had been pretty severely punished by his Colonel, during the time the Scotch Fusiliers were quartered in Setubal. His anecdote was as follows:—

There was a favourite dog, named Sailor, attached to the regiment; he had been present with it long before I joined, and, up to the time I am going to speak about, had never received the slightest degree of ill-treatment, but on the contrary was treated with universal kindness.

Sailor was rather a peculiar dog; he would never lodge in a barrack room or attach himself to any particular soldier; all the men were alike to him, and his only quarters were the regimental guard room.

Sailor seemed to have selected a certain duty to perform, and he was never known to miss it. As soon as the sentry at the guard room door shouted the words "Sentry go," Sailor was up and off; round every post he would go, by day, and if he saw the sentinel walking about as he ought to do, he passed on; if, however, the soldier had strayed too far away from his sentry-box, Sailor's loud bark was an un-failing signal that the sooner he was at his post the better, if he did not wish the corporal of the guard to catch him past his proper bounds. How he would yelp too, if, on some out-of-the-way situation, a sentry was treating himself to a "draw of the pipe," or taking it too easy in any way when Sailor went his rounds. His appearance was the well-known signal to "brush up and get all square" before the relief arrived.

By night, too, he was equally assiduous in performing his self-imposed duty; and many a chap whom the balmy even-

ing atmosphere of Portugal had lulled into sound and dreamless slumber after the fatigue of a hard day's march, might thank Sailor for saving him from the claws of the Provost Marshal's cat. When Sailor did catch a sentry sleeping on his post, he was pretty soon wakened up; and it was really delightful to observe the dog standing perfectly still, waiting, as it were, to make himself sure that the man was wide awake by seeing him hugging his musket to his breast, and marching up and down on his proper round, and, when fully convinced that the man was all right, scamper off to the next post, wagging his tail with delight.

Well, I commanded the barrack-guard at Setubal one day, and among the men composing the guard was one named Atty Connor,—the fellow I mentioned as making himself so conspicuous by his mutinous conduct on the passage from Greenock to Lisbon. The day passed off as all guard-days generally do, in the same dull routine, varied by smoking, spinning yarns and sleeping, just as the inclinations of the men tended one way or the other.

The officer of the day had paid his nightly visit, and the guard, such as were not for sentry, applied themselves to the guard-bed to get an undisturbed nap. It was just eleven o'clock, and as the sentry called out "number one—and all's very well!" accompanied with the usual "turn out the first relief!"—our dog Sailor started up and went his invariable rounds.

Having paraded the relief, of which Connor was one, and marched it off in charge of the corporal of the guard, I also lay down on the guard-bed and slept until the call to turn out the next relief made me start to my feet.

The relief was soon marched off, and on its return, instead of the usual, "All right, sergeant," from the corporal, I was told by him that, on arriving at Atty Connor's post, he had nearly stumbled over something lying on the ground, and which on being examined turned out to be the body of our favourite dog Sailor, lying in a pool of his own blood, and quite dead.

Connor was immediately charged with committing the dastardly act. This, however, he vociferously denied; but heedless of his protestations, I ordered him to "strip his belts," and consider himself a prisoner.

The body of the dog was brought to the guard-house; and on examination it was found that death had been brought about by a wound in the breast. An immediate inspection of Connor's arms was then made, but the bayonet was found perfectly clean; and we were about to give up hopes of producing satisfactory evidence against the dog's murderer, when one of the men called my attention to the barrel of the firelock. There we found all that we wanted; upon the surface of the barrel, and also in the interior of the muzzle, we observed several spots of blood; and on searching Connor's person we found the blood-stained handkerchief with which he had cleaned his bayonet after giving vent to his savage nature upon the poor dog.

Next morning he was taken before the Colonel, and the several circumstances stated against him. The Colonel, notwithstanding Connor's plea that the dog attacked him on his post—which we all knew to be a flagrant falsehood—sentenced him to three days' marching drill, in the barrack square, with the dead dog strapped over the top of his knapsack.

Such a punishment I never saw before or since. The weather was very warm, and you may consequently imagine that it was anything but pleasant to march up and down with the rapidly decomposing carcase of a dog over his shoulders—why, on the second day you felt the stench whenever you entered the square! However, Atty did his punishment; and I have every reason to believe that his physical senses were as callous as his moral ones, for it did not seem to trouble him very much.

AN ALLOWANCE OF WINE.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Dash, as Don finished his story about Connor and the dead dog, "I wonder that fellow was not missed from muster some fine morning. I do believe I would have made one to cook the goose of such an inhuman monster. How did the men suffer him to remain in the regiment at all?"

Not through any particular liking they had for him, you may depend upon it, replied Don. They were situated just about the same way as you are here; and you know, Dash that our muster roll would bear a few names knocked off it and not be one whit the worse, whatever better. No man was ever worse liked than Connor; but unless he committed himself, and *was found out*, no one could interfere with him. When he was found out—which happened sometimes, as in the case I have told you of, and in another which I am going to tell you about just now, besides others which I may tell you about when we all get "off sentry" again—he got the full lash of the law and no mistake about it.

Nothing could better illustrate the feelings which prevailed with regard to Connor, than the circumstances I am going to tell you; it was the only time that the men had ever possessed supreme power over offenders, and the way in which they carried it out was marked with an extreme anxiety for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and making that power a terror to evil doers.

You are all aware of the detestation in which a thief is held by soldiers in general—and for this dislike there is good ground ; because, situated as soldiers are, living in common, and with whatever may be of value to them lying about a barrack room without any specific protection save an innate principle of honesty and integrity amongst comrades, a thief, has much, very much, in his power ; and consequently, when detected in any depredation, all feelings of mercy or forbearance are ignored ; and commanding officer and men, each after their own peculiar fashion, manifest in a most unmistakeable manner the feeling I have just alluded to.

The Commanding Officer, in the present day, is the only person authorized to deal with a dishonest soldier ; and the method adopted by him, generally speaking, is a Court Martial on the offender, the result of which, in nine cases out of ten, is an infliction of that degrading punishment, the lash—a punishment which is now only reserved for such and similar unsoldierlike offences—and after that being “drummed out,” or dismissed from the service with ignominy.

The men, when I first entered the service, were in the habit of taking the law into their own hands with regard to any soldier detected in the act of stealing ; and the assembly of a room or company court martial, before which the criminal was arraigned and duly convicted, was the general course adopted at that time. I must be properly understood here ; the power thus wielded by the men was only allowable under certain circumstances, and not as a usual thing ; the general custom at that time being, that when a man committed any petty crime, leading to an inference of want of principle on his part, the room or company to which the man belonged took cognizance of the offence, and punished it. In all other cases the commanding officer alone was the arbiter of the doom of defaulters. The punishment inflicted by such tribunals were, as some of you well know, not to be laughed at, although there very often were some portions of the sentence which would provoke a smile on the face of any per-

son—always excepting the dishonest soldier, who would, often in the strongest terms, appeal from the exercise of such a prerogative on the part of the men, and shrink before the withering scorn and contempt which marked the language spoken and the punishment awarded by those who had suffered from his depredations.

The following circumstance took place on our passage homewards. The only authority we recognized on board the brigantine which conveyed us being that of a sergeant-major, quarter-master sergeant, and several other non-commissioned officers, whom we had elevated to that position, and whom we could reduce just whenever we took it into our heads, or whenever those dignitaries did anything which we might consider as an infringement of the rights of free men.

The Portuguese government behaved very well to us in the way of providing for our wants on the passage, and everything had been furnished on a most liberal scale, such as bread, meat, wine, and all the other et ceteras required for a sea voyage. I have something to tell you about those same provisions and that passage home, at another opportunity. Well, at noon every day a pint of wine was served out for every man on board, and this wine was drawn by the orderly man of each mess—a mess consisting of twelve men.— This pint of wine was, as a matter of course, much relished after dinner, and I have no doubt that many of the men, had any necessity brought about a short allowance, would far sooner have dispensed with the dinner than with the wine. However, there was no necessity for anything of the kind; and both dinner and wine were looked for about twelve o'clock every day with a great amount of susceptibility and anxiety.

On a certain day Atty Connor was orderly man of his mess, and, as a matter of course, at the appointed time went to draw his twelve pints of wine. During Atty's absence, the work of mastication proceeded arduously and determinedly. The last piece of pork and biscuit had been devoured, and

not a spare pint of pea-soup was visible any where in the precincts of the mess—all that was eatable had become the prey of sharp-edged appetites—and all that was wanting to fill up the cup of happiness of eleven mortals was nothing more or less than—a cup of wine.

What made matters a great deal worse was, that our eleven saw, with longing eyes, and watering mouths, the members of the surrounding messes blowing their clouds and sipping their wine with an abandonment and relish which it was quite heart-breaking to see and not be able to enjoy.

By-and-bye patience began to give way, and the enquiries, "Where's Atty?" "What the deuce has the fellow done with himself and our wine?" were banded about from one to another; and to mend things, the orderly man of the mess next to Atty's asked where Atty had gone to, because he had seen him draw the mess wine just before he did, and of course Atty ought to have been at his mess with the wine along ago.

This was the crowning blow of all; the whole mess got up and betook themselves to the quartermaster-sergeant to ascertain whether or not Atty had drawn the wine for the mess.

It was found out that he had; and in five minutes' time the vessel was a scene of the most discordant din that could possibly be imagined. The news spread like wildfire that Atty Connor had stolen the allowance of wine for his mess, that he had got himself stowed away in some corner, and that he could not be found.

"Could not be found!" shouted some of the men; "why, if he was hid between the planking and the sheathing of the ship we'd find him—and see if we don't, and that very soon, too."

Well, after all, he was not found so soon as they expected, nor quite so easily. The main deck was searched from stem to stern, not a berth or corner was left unexplored, not

a great coat or even an odd forage cap was left unturned, and planks were torn up, lanterns were lit, and the hold of the vessel was searched, but all in vain. No Atty Connor could be found; and at last it began to be hinted that it was just probable that he might have fallen overboard unnoticed when the men were all at dinner, and so have been drowned.

"Bah!" said a man named David Emery, "Atty Connor was never born to be drowned; the mark of the gallows stares out of his face; I think hanging will be the only death he will ever die—and a precious sight too good for him such a death will be. Depend upon it, Atty's not far away."

As if in corroboration of the speaker's assertion, a multitude of voices on the forecastle were heard shouting, "Here he is! here he is! and as drunk as a lord!"

And such was the case. Atty had been found coiled up in the eyes of the vessel, under cover of a small forecastle deck, where some ropes were stowed, and where it was never dreamed a man could find room to sit or lie. However, Atty had found room, not only for himself, but for the wooden "monkey" containing the twelve pints of wine; and as that vessel was found to be empty, and Atty was found to be "dead drunk," it was but fair to suppose that a transfer of the wine from one monkey to another had been duly accomplished.

Atty was dragged aft in a state of complete insensibility, and the mess to which he belonged, and whose wine he had so greedily appropriated, were ordered to try him for the offence, and sentence him accordingly—receiving at the same time a caution to the effect that they need not be particular as to whether their sentence might be considered a reasonable one or not.

The trial was a wonderfully short one, and the testimony taken in evidence was supplied on quite a wholesale principle, and quite independent of anything like decorum or regularity. Emery, the man I previously mentioned, being the oldest soldier belonging to Atty's mess, was appointed

Puisné Judge of the court there assembled, and gifted with full power to try, sentence, and even assist to execute whatever punishment he might adjudge the prisoner.

Emery was nothing loth to accept the office, nor was he long in pronouncing his sentence, which he did in the following manner :—

“ Well, boys, it is quite evident that Connor has drunk your wine, my wine, and his own wine to boot; and the consequence is, that he has disgraced the mess to which he belonged, by getting so beastly drunk. For this offence I order the name of Atty Connor to be struck off the roll of No. 7 mess; that he be declared unworthy to belong to any mess; and that for the remainder of the passage he will sleep and mess by himself in the corner of the fore-castle where he was found. And besides this, as I like to carry out old Dr. Buckley’s principle, which you have all so often heard him impress upon your attention, ‘ Never drink wine without water, or water without wine,’ and being quite convinced that Connor has swallowed twelve pints of wine without one drop of water, which, being in contravention of the above medical regulation, and likely to prove subversive to the health of the insensible thief lying before you, I sentence him to receive twelve pints of sea-water as a corrective to his previous twelve pints of wine. The prisoner being too drunk to hear and understand this sentence, and as we are all convinced of the necessity of making immediate examples of all such *ladrones*, and also to bring him to his senses, I order a rope to be made fast round the prisoner, with that fastening called by the sailors a bowline hitch, and that he afterwards be dipped into the sea twelve times, and kept in the water until he shall have swallowed at each time at least one pint of the sea-water. Men, do your duty.”

The sentence was received with three cheers; the services of a seaman were put in requisition at once to make the dipping-line fast. This was done, Atty all the time lying without motion, indeed more like an inanimate than an

animate being. No sooner, however, was the line made fast than over-board the poor devil was tossed; and I can tell you, you never saw a chap get such a sudden awakening as Atty Connor got that time. The vessel was going through the water at the rate of three or four knots an hour, with a gently swelling sea, a light breeze, and a cloudless sky, and I thought it was inhuman the joy which marked every face when Atty opened his eyes and gave a wild shriek at his first immersion in the sea. Emery's calculations were pretty near the mark, for I believe Connor had scarcely "dipped" into the ocean when his allotted pint of sea-water was forced down his throat, whether he would or not.

The criminal was hauled up and let down once, twice, thrice, and four times. It was about the third dip before Connor was perfectly sobered, and then he begged and prayed, and promised and implored, by every thing on earth and every thing in heaven, for mercy and release. Five, six, seven, eight, and nine times, was he dashed into the waves like a filthy swab which was being washed, and this despite many fearful and desperate attempts to dig his nails into the side of the vessel as he was drawn up each successive time; and now his prayers were turned to curses, and as he came up each time he turned up a face, the natural hideousness of which was turned into something demoniac in expression and deathlike in its pallor, while his eyes flashed with the raging fires of madness, and his lips uttered foul and fearful blasphemies. Ten, eleven, twelve times was the rope tightened and loosened. But now all was silent. The body of the man hung on the rope listless and supine as if life had fled for ever; and as it was hauled up and dropped again into the sea, it instinctively brought to the ear the dull heavy sound which strikes upon it when a corpse slides off the grating, and disappears under the rolling waves. We began to get afraid by the time we had reached the tenth dip that the man was dead, but still there was no feeling of pity for him—no desire to commute his

sentence—he was doomed to get it all, even if he did die. At last it was finished, and Connor was drawn on board, the rope unfastened, and he was left lying on the deck in his drenched clothes to come to himself—if ever he did so—just how and when he thought proper. No one lent him a helping hand, he was left alone amid many, with no companionship but his own cruel hardened heart.

He did recover at last; and when he did so he was told of the sentence which had been pronounced against him, and was led off to “Connor’s Corner,” as the spot was designated; nor was he allowed to mix or mingle with the men on board during the passage to Scotland. The ducking, however, did not seem to injure him in any way—the man seemed made of iron—and some even went so far as to say that they believed Atty would take such another ducking for such another allowance of wine.

THE BIG PAY.

"Well, Don," said Dash, a few days after we had heard the story of Connor's wine stealing, "you promised to tell us something about your passage home to Scotland; there is no better time than the present, so give us a yarn on that subject."

The yarn, to be properly understood, replied Don, will be a long one, and consist of a number of different strands, yet all running together to form a single rope.

The original cause, then, of our going home at the time we did, will form the first thread of my present spinning, as from it sprung all the subsequent circumstances—that cause was known in the Scotch Fusileers under the familiar appellation of "the Big Pay."

Rather a curious title to be current amongst soldiers, more especially soldiers in the Portuguese service, where a regular line's-man's pay was three vintins a day, somewhere about three pence sterling, with the privilege of keeping himself out of that munificent sum. However, we were not so bad as that; indeed it would have been downright nonsense for the Portuguese authorities to have attempted to obtain volunteers in Britain upon such terms. Our agreement was to this effect:—We were to receive the same pay as the British soldier, according to rank; our rations were issued free of charge; and a kit complete was to be served out every year, the value of which was to be deducted from the amount of our arrears of pay when we would be settled with at the conclusion of the war, or rather on peace being pro-

claimed, the occurrence of which contingency was the agreed on termination of our period of service.

Those arrears—a thing you know nothing of in the British service—were contracted in consequence of the manner in which it was decided we should receive our pay; which, as I said before, being as much as you now receive, but without any of the deductions that diminish your nett amount of cash pretty considerably, was considered too much to be issued at once. We were to receive one-third of our pay daily, or four pence sterling for a private, and so on according to rank; and the remaining two-thirds was to accumulate until the termination of the war, when we would receive the whole amount, less whatever kit necessaries had been furnished us during our period of service. In addition to those arrears, each man was to receive an allotment of land, or if he preferred it, in lieu thereof, a certain gratuity, which was to be paid at the same time. The land was held out as an inducement for a number of our men to remain in the country, where their services as soldiers might always be depended on by the government. Those arrears and gratuity, therefore—and no inconsiderable sum did they amount to in the course of three years—were known under the name of "Big Pay," and were the constant subject of conversation, comment and grumbling, from the proclamation of peace until they engendered mutiny, disbandment, imprisonment, and finally, a passage to Scotland, with the prospect of their settlement ever taking place being very dim and distant indeed.

When peace was proclaimed, we were on our way to Lisbon; and a very pretty figure we cut on our arrival there. Our regimentals were almost completely worn out, and the original color of our clothing could hardly be pointed out for the multifarious patches with which they had been rendered weather-proof, or at least something decent; and I do not believe you would have found, throughout the whole regiment, a pair of boots for which you would have given a quarter dollar. However, we had the Big Pay in perspective,

and, never dreaming of any delay in its settlement, we were luxuriating, in imagination, in all the comforts and pleasures our anticipated wealth could purchase.

We remained some time in Lisbon, but, although our knapsacks were replenished and new clothing served out, not a single reea of the Big Pay had found its way to our pockets, nor was there any appearance of its doing so in any hurry. Grumbling was the order of the day throughout the regiment, and, despite all the put-offs which were put in force, it grew louder day by day.

At this time a circumstance occurred which gave rise to a rumor that our Colonel was not making quite so much exertion on our behalf as he pretended he was doing; and this rumor was strengthened by a report that in a very few days the regiment would be packed off to do duty in St. Ubes. The origin of the rumor was as follows—I will not vouch for the truth of the story, but I give it you just as it circulated through the regiment, and I can assure you that not a single man questioned the good faith of the recital.

The men employed in the navy were engaged under a similar agreement with ourselves, and, of course had arrears due them likewise. The amounts due the sailors were, generally speaking, much larger than those to which we were entitled; the reason being that under Admiral Napier the fleet had done good service, and the capture of Don Miguel's ships had given each man and boy an amount of prize money which rendered the Big Pay of the fleet a matter of even more importance than that of the army. Well, it appeared the sailors had been grumbling as well as the soldiers; that in their eyes the Lords of the Portuguese Treasury were nothing but a parcel of sons of sea-cooks; and that they'd be blowed if they'd stand it any longer. The Admiral, it seems, with that spirit of justice which shines throughout all the actions of the gallant family of Napier, whether soldiers or sailors, had a fellow-feeling with his men; and becoming disgusted with the many frivolous excuses by

which a settlement with his men was delayed from day to day; he sent information round the fleet, on a certain day; that he was going to the Treasury to make his last attempt at procuring a settlement of the claims of his seamen, and if he did not succeed, why—it would be no fault of his.

There were a good many men-of-war in Lisbon harbour at the time, and previous to his going up to the Government Offices he caused the British flag to be hoisted at the mast-head of every one of them. Three hours after that the rumor was flying through the barracks that the sailors and marines were to be "paid off" in two days; and of course, we thought that we had some chance of being settled with after them.

Well, the two days passed, and then it was seen that for once rumor had spoken truth. The men of the fleet were settled with; receiving so much cash in hand, and titulos, or notes, payable in England for the remainder. I spoke of the scenes enacted in Lisbon at the time we got our bounty, but they were as nothing compared with the mad-cap capers of the sailors at this time. I could not tell you what they did, or what they did not do, in the space of a week; sufficient for my present purpose, that several of them visited the barracks, and from one of the number, in reply to my question of how they managed to get settled with, I obtained the following elucidation of the mystery.

"Why, you see," said Jack, "the Admiral wouldn't stand any of their cursed shilly-shallying ways of working the concern at all. He had no notion of sailing under false colours, or backing and filling about anything he was going to do, as these lubbers had done for such a length of time. So, what does he do? Why, he starts off for the shop where the cash was kept, but before going he ordered the flag of Old England to be hoisted at every mast head. Well, d'ye see, no sooner had he got up to the castle of St. George and into the place where never so many lords are always watching the cash, than he brought them all to the window of the room, which commanded a first rate-view of

the river, and, pointing to the ships below, he said, 'There! my lords, there! do you see those ships and do you see that flag? Well, unless my men are settled by twelve o'clock of the day after to-morrow, I will carry every one of those ships to England under that flag—you won't try to stop me either, I dare say—sell them right off, and pay my men myself! There, what d'ye say to that!—yes or no?' Well you know what could the jumped-up lubbers say but yes—so yes they said, and so we pocketed the shiners?"

Such was Jack's account of the manner in which the seamen realized their Big Pay; ours was not quite so smartly arranged.

The expected settlement of our claims not following that of the fleet so quickly as we had hoped, a very disagreeable feeling on the subject was fast spreading throughout the regiment, and the arrival of orders to proceed to Setubal did not by any means tend to allay it. However, the colonel addressed the men on parade, and told them that their removal to Setubal was merely preliminary to their being settled with; that the place had been chosen because they would not have so many opportunities of spending their money as they would in Lisbon, and they would consequently be enabled to carry a much larger sum home with them to Scotland. The Colonel understood his men well, and so blarneyed them over that they left Lisbon in high glee.

The regiment arrived at Setubal, and remained for some time oblivious to all recollections of their former grievances. The principal cause of this forgetfulness was the peculiar duties the regiment was called upon to perform in the way of guerilla hunting, volunteer patrolling, anniversary dinners, burning a detested adjutant in effigy, and several things to which I may refer by-and-bye. The stimulating effect of these excitements having at last died away, the men returned to that interesting, never-tiring topic—the Big Pay.

The colonel went to Lisbon, came back, formed square,

and told the men that at last he had managed to obtain a specific promise of settlement. The money would be paid on such a day. Well, that day came, but no pay. Time after time was this dodge carried on, until the men themselves began to ridicule the idea of the existence of such a thing as "back rations," either big or little.

During all the time this delay was being drawn out, agents were busy among the men of the regiment persuading and coaxing them, with sweet words and glittering gold, to put down their names to an agreement to serve in Portugal in another regiment, but under the command of their present colonel. These emissaries did not succeed very well, however; and I am aware of several instances where some of the men took their gold moidores, and laughed at them afterwards.

The excitement with regard to the non-payment of our claims increased rapidly; and just when it was at its height, the colonel left for Lisbon, in order, as he said, to make a still more powerful effort to obtain a settlement. A few days after his departure, letters were received by the major and adjutant, to the effect that at last things were in a proper train at head-quarters; and that the claims of the regiment would soon be settled. The adjutant got all sorts of additional clerks into the orderly room, whose business it was to make up the accounts of the arrears due each man.

Was not this glorious news? You may believe it was; and in barracks and out of barrack, nothing was heard of, spoken of, sung of, or I believe, dreamed of, except the Big Pay. On every square yard of the barrack walls, and in every corner of the canteen, bags bursting with golden copulency were drawn with every variety of form and material, from pipeclay and chalk to black paint and brick bats. Some of those bags were labelled in large legible letters, "Big Pay," "One million Moidores," "Blood money £20," (in reference to a supposed arrangement by which any man who had been wounded was to receive that sum as

a compensation for loss of blood,) and I don't know how many other headings.

Well, a few days more passed away, and still the colonel did not return, and the fever of expectation began to cool down under the application of low diet. One morning—I recollect it well—quite an uproar was created in barracks by some chap who had got up pretty early coming in and telling us that every bag upon the barrack wall, portending to have for contents the “Big Pay,” “Moidores,” &c., had, during the night, been furnished with some ill-omened inscriptions, which boded no good to our hopes of settlement.

Of course, we were out in the square in a trice, and there, sure enough, were our new inscriptions, large as life. Under one bag we found the words “Oh! but its lang o' comin'—lang—lang—lang o' comin'”; under another, “Better late than never;” and further on, “Don't you wish you may get it?” and so forth. In fact, it was quite disheartening to read those croakings, and we returned into barracks swearing that the fellow who wrote them ought to be soundly clobbered.

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THE MUTINY.

Such was the state of things in Setubal barracks when the Colonel arrived from Lisbon, and intense anxiety prevailed as to the tidings of which he might be the bearer. Many were the conjectures which were risked, and many the wagers which were laid, on the bright or gloomy character of the Colonel's news. While those of a sanguine temperament saw everything tinged with the rich and rosy colour of success, and would have staked their existence on the assertion that the Colonel had brought with him all the elements of a speedy settlement, and consequently an immediate return to our native land, for a sight of which we were all beginning to weary again; others who had been a little more behind the scenes, and could better judge of how the wires were pulled, as stoutly maintained that our claims were as far from settlement as they were the first day we set foot upon the sod of Portugal. Dissident as were the views of many on this part of the subject, there was one point in connection with it upon which the men were almost unanimous; that was, that we had been humbugged quite long enough, and that if the Colonel had not been able to obtain a settlement for us, we would endeavour to obtain it for ourselves; and that the first step we would take in this direction would be to throw up our arms and refuse to do duty.

This resolution was not the effect of combination or conspiracy; it sprung up simultaneously in the minds of the men, because it was the only course by which they could force the

authorities to pay attention to their just and reasonable claims; and though they were well aware that such conduct on their part would be considered mutiny, still they argued that according to agreement their period of service had expired long ago, and that their detention in Portugal was unjust and illegal. Some of the men also said that if a hair of their heads was touched in consequence of any action they might take to obtain redress, it would become a national affair, and Portugal knew too well the temper and the power of her ally, to think of adopting any such course. The fact simply was that Portugal was poor, very poor, just at the moment, and not very certain about the stability of her political position, so she wanted to stave off payment of her just debts to a distant day, and in the meantime retain our services, if possible, to strengthen her newborn power. So among all the men it seemed as if it had long ago been determined that, if the Colonel's palaver next day was not what it ought to be, a quiet but determined refusal to do duty was to be the course of action.

Next day, at the usual hour, parade was formed, and there seemed to be a new and strange sort of spirit manifested by non-commissioned officers and men. The men took up their places in the ranks with a lazy, listless, I-don't-care-whether-I-fall-in-or-not sort of gait and manner, altogether different from the sprightly and smart motion which usually characterized them. The non-commissioned officers seemed to have been smitten with the same contagion, or a fellow-feeling for it, because, when the men were leisurely coming up in their places, even after the "fall-in" had sounded, there were no smart shoutings out to "step out!" "double! double!" and so forth—not a bit of it, the serjeants looked on and took it wonderfully easy.

I recollect well that any of the ordinary sharp words of the officers, which at other times were allowed to go in at one ear and out at the other, were that morning cavilled at and commented on by the men with a wonderful degree of

viciousness and acerbity. I could not help laughing at old Somerville of our company. He was acting as covering sergeant, and, in taking up distance for the company, was going along rather easy, when the adjutant shouted out with a bitter snarling kind of a tone, "Sergeant Somerville, look sharp, sir!—are you asleep?" Somerville never minded, but kept up the pace he was at until he had gained his distance, when he faced about and took up his covering with a very sulky expression of countenance. I marched up the company, and as he fell to the rear when the "dressing" was completed, he said: "I say, Alick, did you hear that spoony upstart—that confounded old pioneer corporal—singing out to me, that was a sergeant in the British service when he was begging, to look sharp? Won't he look sharp by-and-bye? Aye! I believe he will—sharper than if he had a needle stuck through his nose, when he finds out that he may be an adjutant, but that he wants a regiment."

Parade having been perfectly formed, all eyes were turned anxiously towards the Colonel's quarters. He had not made his appearance that morning, although it was his general custom to be on the ground at every parade, even as early as non-commissioned officers' inspection. At last he came in sight, and many were the whispered remarks which passed from man to man as he came along. The prevailing opinion, however, was that no settlement had been obtained yet, and the reason given was that he had no papers in his hand; and of course settlements without papers were not to be dreamed of. Such at least were the conclusions arrived at by the men, but whether those deductions were strictly logical would be rather a hard problem to solve. It is strange that, let us have as many rules as possible to guide our reason and lead us to form just and true conclusions, and pronounce equally impartial judgments, we very often arrive at results exactly contrary, while other men arguing without rule, unable to give any "reason for the faith that is in them," arrive at marvellously correct deductions, and

draw inferences which are fulfilled, even to the very letter. However, that has nothing much to do with my story, so I had better get back to it.

The Colonel having called the regiment to attention, ordered the reports to be collected, and all that sort of thing, formed us up into a hollow square, and then proceeded to detail his labors at Lisbon on our behalf. He made a good long story of it, but the gist of the whole affair was what so many had predicted, that we would have to wait a little longer before we got a settlement of our claims. As a set-off against this, or, I suppose, as a sort of sop in the pan to keep us quiet, he said that, at his earnest solicitation, the Portuguese government had consented to settle with, and send home, any three or four men of a company who were particularly desirous of returning to Scotland. His reasons for soliciting this favor was that he knew there were a few men in the regiment—a very few he hoped—who did wish to leave it, and being anxious to do what he could for the benefit of his men he had obtained this boon as a very great favor indeed. He would therefore ask such men as wished to leave the comrades with whom they had fought and bled, and the colors beneath whose shadow they had so often marched on to victory, and, by their bravery and exploits, their cool undaunted courage and perseverance, had obtained for themselves immortal honor and never-dying fame. ("My eye!" whispered Somerville in my ear, "aint that a doing off on't! eh?—aint that coming the blarney over us and no mistake! eh?") Let the men therefore who were so very anxious to leave their comrades, their colors, himself, and the country they have assisted in obtaining peace and consequent prosperity, step to the front, and he would at once send off their names to Lisbon, where their papers would be immediately prepared.

At that time when a man under arms wanted to speak to an officer he brought his firelock to the "recover;" and you would almost have laughed had you seen the puzzled expres-

sion of the Colonel's face, and the surprise and anger which gleamed from his eye and shook the fiery masses of his long red beard as he looked around him and beheld the result of his eloquent peroration. Instead of seeing only one or two men take advantage of his offer, perhaps none at all, he saw his whole regiment at the "recover" with but very few exceptions—every man apparently more anxious than another that he should be observed.

Waving his hand, and giving the command, in a voice choked with emotion, to shoulder arms, he said: "Well, men, I did not expect this!—I did not think I had been so little liked among you! I thought that you looked upon me with at least a little of the pride and affection which I felt for every man in your ranks; but I see I was mistaken. Give your names into your pay sergeants, and let the pay sergeants send in the lists to the orderly-room this afternoon. Fall-into your places, and shoulder arms."

The order, however, was unheeded. Instead of falling back into position and shouldering their arms, the men shouted out, "No pay, no soldiering!" "No more sentry-go for four pence," and so forth. They also turned their firelocks butt uppermost, and dismissed themselves. As they congregated together near the Colonel, who was silently watching all their proceedings, one of the men called out, "No spite against the Colonel; three cheers for the Colonel, and three times three for old Scotland once more." The cheers were given heartily and loudly, and I could see the colonel's eyes moisten and tears roll down his cheek as he turned away to hide his emotion.

Some one among the crowd of men took the lead, and called out, "to the pay-sergeants, to the pay-sergeants;" and to the rooms occupied by their respective sergeants the men directed their steps. When arrived there, the scene baffled description. There was no regularity, no discipline, no order, nor did any one seem inclined to enforce either one or other. Arms and accoutrements were pitched down at the door of the

room heedlessly and carelessly, the man gave his name to the sergeant sitting inside, and so the agreement between the Portuguese government and the Scotch Fusileers was declared broken and both parties were free.

When the lists were taken into the orderly room, and the totals of them added together, it was found that out of five hundred men upwards of four hundred had given in their names as being desirous of their discharge from the service, and also requesting to be sent to Scotland forthwith.

Every available source of getting money was then applied to. Pay-sergeants were dunned for arrears, and forced to cash up at once; knapsacks were ransacked, and from the toes of neatly-folded socks, and from outer wrappings of old rags as numerous as those which swathed the Egyptian mummies, *crusado novos* and *moidores* were brought once more to the light of day; and the din in the canteen and the surrounding wine-shops soon told that the *vino boa* was adding its excitement to that which already prevailed.

There was, however, no violence done to any person or anything; but there was a very good reason for that—no one opposed the mutineers—the tide of disaffection was too strong for the reigning power—so might was right at that time.

There was one exception to this. Of course the barrack guards threw up their arms and accoutrements as soon as the men who were on parade had done so; but there were guards throughout the town who knew nothing about what had occurred, and of course, were waiting patiently for the new guard to come and relieve them. By-and-bye, however, as the men began to go out of barracks, the news spread, and, one after another, the men of the various guards deserted their posts, came along to barracks, and pitched their arms and accoutrements amongst the heaps already piled up at the pay-sergeants' doors. On the Main Guard, which was mounted by some thirty men, the news was received with most uproarious cheering, and the noise brought the captain commanding the guard from his room in double quick time.

to see what was the matter. When he came into the guard-room, he saw one fellow dragging the accoutrements off himself as if something terrible would be the consequence of his keeping them on one moment longer. There he saw another dashing the pouch with its ammunition disdainfully in a corner, and again a third tossing his sidebelt in the air and kicking it about as if he was at a most earnest game of foot-ball ; and the whole guard were shouting and jumping more like a parcel of madmen than anything else.

Now, the captain was a choleric old Scotch farmer, who had got his commission by bringing fifty "braw lads," from his own parish, to fight the battles of Donna Maria, and who was famed throughout the regiment for several words of command which he had once made use of when leading his company into action shortly after he joined : "Follow me, lads! I'll lead ye on tae glory!" and another, when he wanted his company to wheel correctly, "Gently, lads; gently! that's it!—there ye come, birlin' roon like a yett!" When he saw the condition the guard-room was in, he flew into a terrible rage, and, letting fly a volley of oaths at sergeant, corporals, and privates, he drew his sword, and rushing in amongst the men swore he "wad mak' some o' them a head shorter, gin they didna min' what they war about, and obey their superior officer as they ought to do." Before he had time to look round him, however, his sword was snatched out of his hand, and, what was worst of all, by one of his "ain lads," as he used to call them, and thrown away to the farthest corner of the guard room, while his servant told him what had occurred at barracks.

"Yere sodgerin's dune noo, sir," said that worthy, a ploughman from the captain's father's farm, "an' ye canna be ower thankfu'. Ye'll sune be in auld Lanrickshire again wi' something in yere han' it'll fit it a great deal better than yon toastin' fork; an' I'll get atween the stilts an' ahint the auld yauds ance mair. Sae gang awa' tae yere room, sir; yere no wantit here; the lads hae got a commission noo

that's no in your power tae gainsay, sae ye'll just be as weel tae keep quiet."

The officer followed the advice of his servant, and in a short time the men of the guard were enjoying themselves in the adjoining wine stores to the full extent of their means and capacity. Ten sentries were posted on the guard, and, of course, when the appointed time for relief came round, and passed, and no appearance of relief, those who were pretty near the guard-house stepped in from their posts to enquire why the relief had not been sent round. Finding no one there, they bent their steps to the captain, and requested him to see that they were relieved. I believe it was at the fourth or fifth visit of this kind, that the angry captain told them all to "go to — and get relieved by Auld Nick if they liked."

Night in barracks was worse than day; the wine had its due effect on the different natures of the men, and throughout its whole course we had every variety of fighting and friendship, crankiness and contentment, singing and swearing, crying and laughing, and all the concomitants of excess among such a number of men.

Next morning many woke up with aching heads and sore bones, pretty much unconscious of how they had passed the greater part of the night. Several sergeants who had determined to stay in Portugal—my chum, Alick Smith, among the number—were busy asking the men *if they would* parade at the usual hour, as the colonel wished to speak to them. The men agreed to do so; and at the usual hour we were all on parade, but without arms or accoutrements.

The colonel spoke for a long time, and strove to win us back to do duty; but it was no use: we were to a man determined to carry out what we had begun. Finding it was needless to speak to us, the colonel said he would write to Lisbon for instructions regarding us, and, with tears in his eyes, begged us to keep ourselves quiet and not commit any mischief.

THE PRISON HULK.

There was not a great deal of necessity for sermonizing on quietness; we had never intended to do anything of a violent nature, so that, after the first natural effervescence attendant on the explosion of the Big Pay humbug, we soon gradually settled down into our usual habits; that is to say, barrack room habits, not parading and sentry-go habits, because, although many schemes were tried to coax us back to our broken allegiance, every man of us remained true to the resolution we had made to "see it out now."

Three days elapsed from the time we gave up our arms until orders were received from Lisbon. We were paraded and told that orders had arrived; that we were to be sent off to Lisbon next day; and that our claims would be examined and settled there. Indeed, from what the Colonel said, we began to flatter ourselves that we had at last hit upon the only plan to effect an immediate settlement of the cause of contention which existed between the government and ourselves.

Next day we fell in at the appointed hour, and were marched off for Lisbon, under the charge of several officers. The Colonel did not accompany us: he remained to look after the balance of his men, a very small one indeed. Well, hard and harsh as the Colonel was at times, on the morning we left Setubal for Lisbon, and gave him a parting cheer, he cried like a child. Now this did affect a great number of the men, and I believe that had the colonel's agents followed us on the road, not a few might have been

persuaded to return. All hands, however, were not quite so soft, and some of the men went so far as to say that the colonel was something like the girls of Bilboa, he could bring the tear to his eye whenever he had a mind. Be this as it may, there was certainly a good deal of hypocrisy in his giving vent to tears, especially after giving vent to a long string of promised privileges which we were to enjoy on going to Lisbon, and assuring us of present good treatment and speedy settlement, when he knew at the time he was speaking that the very reverse of these things was in store for us.

Well, we got to Lisbon at last, and were quartered in the castle of St. George—rather an odd place we thought, especially as we had been told that we were to be sent to the Campo de Ourique Barracks, a place we were well acquainted with. Next day when some of the men attempted to go out at the castle gates for the purpose of taking a walk down to the city, they were turned back with the information that, in accordance with strict orders, not a man of the Scotch Fusileers would be allowed outside the castle walls.

Of course this intelligence, when communicated, caused a good deal of grumbling and growling; and a number of the men went to the captain who had charge of us and asked the reason why such an order had been given out—at the same time stating that if we were prisoners, the least that might be done was to tell us so, and then we would know what to do.

The officer said that what had been done meant nothing. As we were to be conveyed to Campo de Ourique barracks in the course of a day or so, we had been confined to the castle for the purpose of being kept in readiness for the change of quarters at any moment, but that when we got to those barracks we would have as much liberty as we wanted. This specious, and rather probable looking, excuse we soon found out was something like those with which we had previously been diverted, and was merely invented for the

purpose of keeping us quiet until we had been disposed of according to the arrangements of the government.

Those arrangements were managed with a good deal of tact and finesse; but still, there were many of our men who, if they had had their own way, would have rebelled against them, and by resistance and violence drawn down upon themselves and others the whole power of the government, which would of course have crushed them completely. In contemplation of the occurrence of such circumstances, and doubtful of the many specious promises held out to us, we had, immediately after our arrival at the castle of St. George, formed a sort of Regimental Committee, whose advice and orders were to be followed upon all occasions, without hesitation or comment. Each company had two representatives in the committee, who explained the wishes of the committee to the men and obtained their sanction or disapproval, as might be the case, of any intended course of action proposed to be adopted.

The first resolution come to by this committee was to the effect that whatever the government might do, short of downright personal violence, or an attempt to separate or break us up into detached parties, was not to be taken the least notice of; all commands not involving either of those consequences were to be implicitly obeyed, and should anything objectionable transpire, rules of action in accordance with the circumstances would be laid before the men for their adoption or rejection. To this resolution the men at once agreed; and if there were some few who under the influence of passion might have broken through this course of conduct, the good sense of the others was always strong enough to repress such exhibitions.

When the officer, therefore, gave us the above mentioned reason for our confinement we professed ourselves perfectly satisfied; but at the same time informed him that we had come to the resolution not to be separated, and that we expected, wherever we might be sent, that we should all be sent together. This, he said, was quite reasonable, and he

was glad to be able to inform us that the Portuguese government had never entertained the slightest intention of doing otherwise, and that on this point we might keep ourselves perfectly easy. Indeed, he believed that early the next morning boats would be in readiness to convey us to our new quarters.

We retired from the officer's presence, and, in conversation amongst ourselves, passed several remarks upon the information communicated that we were to be conveyed to Campo de Ourique by water. We were perfectly aware that we could go to the barracks by the Tagus, but it was on the whole rather a round-about road, and a very unusual one; and whether it was that we were becoming suspicious of every trifle that occurred, I really cannot say; certain it is that we looked upon the intended route with no great degree of favor, and after racking our brains in vain for a solution of our difficulty, consoled ourselves with the blind man's invariable conclusion, "We'll see."

That evening we received orders to be in readiness to embark at seven o'clock next morning. At the appointed time we paraded, and were placed under the charge of Capt. Calder, an officer much respected by the men. We marched from the castle down to Black Horse Square, where we embarked in boats which were waiting to receive us. That morning we knocked the Portuguese dust off our shoes in earnest, because that was the last time we trode the soil of the land.

Having all got stowed in the batteaux some way or another, we started for our destination, cheering the way with many a song of the "land o' cakes," the recollection of which was wakened up by the thought that we would soon see that land again, and round the old home-hearth tell many a tale of our service in Portugal. We were reckoning in this matter without our host. But I am anticipating. On we went, and, as we kept pretty well in with the land as we went along, nothing occurred to mar the genuine good nature which prevailed among us. By-and-bye, however, the leading boat edged

away from the shore and kept well out for the centre of the river. This attracted some attention. Many were the enquiries made as to the cause of the change in our route. Of course, it was attributed by some to shallow water, while others said that the idea of such a thing was shallowness in perfection, and that the Portuguese had proved too deep for us and were leading us away to some spot where we would be more completely in their power.

The expression of such sentiments soon began to raise a degree of clamour among the men, and, just as some of them had proposed to take the oars from the Portuguese boatmen and pull back to Lisbon, the leading boat drew up alongside of a large hulk moored in the centre of the river. In a quarter of an hour all the boats were clustered round the hulk, and we could hear a most animated discussion going forward; Capt. Calder, the officer in charge, entreating the men to go on board the hulk quietly, while the men refused to do so, and, amid loud and angry shouts, declared they would die first; that they would pitch every d—d Portuguese scoundrel into the river, and carry the boats back to Lisbon, and in a body proceed to the government offices and demand their just and lawful rights; and, if not satisfied there, they would then proceed to the British Consul and see if they could not obtain justice at his hand.

Captain Calder listened to those out-bursts quite coolly, and, as soon as he could obtain a hearing, he told them that their conduct was foolish in the extreme. Why, said he, quietness and docility is the best course you can pursue; and let me tell you, he continued, that from yonder castle, pointing up to the frowning battlements of St. George, sharp eyes are watching with telescopes every movement now going on amongst you, and the first Portuguese boatman who would be seen struggling in the water would only be a certain signal for those guns to open fire upon you and ensure you total destruction. Besides, you must recollect, men, that you are mutineers, that by throwing up your arms

without let or leave, you have thrown away all claim you might have possessed to the interference of the Consul. Take my advice, therefore,—go on board quietly and peaceably, and from what I know of the intentions of the government, I think you will not be detained here very long. You know *me* well enough to know that I would not make such a statement if I did not know it was true. Just at this moment also, the sergeant who had been appointed president of the regimental committee, and who happened to be in the same boat with captain Calder, rose up and said, that the remarks of the captain were correct and true ; that resistance of any kind on our part would be foolish and mischievous ; and, he concluded, I will show you the right way to do. So saying, he took hold of the ladder-ropes hanging by the side of the hulk, ran up the ladder, and was on the deck of our future prison before we very well knew what he was about.

You all know what example does among soldiers—it's worth a day's talking, in general ; and so it proved in this case, because, with a thundering cheer, the remainder of the men in the boat which the sergeant had left at once followed his example, and, the ice being once broken, the rest of the men went quietly on board in succession.

Yet, although they were quiet, it was a very "dour" sort of quietness—they did not at all like the idea of being confined in a hulk, like a parcel of convicts, barring the irons—and could not be expected to kiss the rod which had so scourged them. Wilder, however, the sergeant I have spoken of as being president of our committee, knew the characteristics of soldiers well, and he was aware that any circumstance, however slight, if turned to advantage, would dispel the gloom which rested over the faces of the men ; and that if he could only manage to draw them into a good hearty laugh, the present disagreeable circumstances would be forgotten, and the novelty of their situation would prevent their recurring to them, at least for some time to come.

Looking around him, therefore, for something to which he might direct their attention, he observed a guard, consisting of three Portuguese marines and a corporal, which was destined to rule over upwards of three hundred men. "Well, boys," he said, pointing to the guard, "the Portuguese people seem to have great faith in our good nature, and were not at all afraid of our running away with this confounded old hulk, when they placed such a guard as that over us. Why, we could toss them overboard any night we took a fancy to it, just as easily as we skivered a good many of their countrymen when fighting against them; so I think the best thing we can do with them will be to send them back with Capt. Calder, in case we might get angry with them some fine morning, and do them a mischief. Or, perhaps, it would be as well to keep them for the sake of knocking some fun out of them, either in teaching them English, or their teaching us Portuguese. What d'ye say?"

"Keep them where they are," cried one of the men; "they'll sweep the decks for us, and do all the dirty work besides, so that they will be more useful than otherwise; and when we do get tired of them, we'll pack them ashore in the first boat that passes." A loud laugh followed the last speaker's suggestions, and, amid a host of similar ludicrous details of the various duties to be executed by the Portuguese guard, the first bitter feelings of disappointment gradually died away, and the usual careless, good natured spirit once more reigned predominant.

Captain Calder, having thus got his duty performed—much more easily and satisfactorily, I think, than he anticipated—took his leave, and we proceeded to examine our new quarters, and take up our respective locations therein.

The ship had been an old man-of-war, and had her three lower masts standing. The 'tween decks were of good height, well lighted, and well ventilated, and altogether the residence was not such a bad one, only it was so confined.

Our rations, of excellent quality and good quantity, including a pint of wine daily, were brought along side every

morning; and on the score of provisions we had nothing to complain of. By-and-bye, however, those who used tobacco began to feel the pinching effects of a scarcity of supply. When we came on board there was little if any money amongst us, and, no pay being issued in our present mutinous state, what had then been in possession soon melted away. Snuffers were going about among the smokers, begging the ashes of the pipe to use in place of the ground tobacco. Tobacco at last became unknown, and tea, bread-crumbs, and even oakum, were substituted in its place.

Amusements, of course, we had none, except such as the men invented. Of these some were rather strange; draught-boards were manufactured, and the stakes played for were pinched noses, and the most ridiculous forfeits that could well be imagined.

Those who were ingenious with the knife were cutting and carving at all imaginable and unimaginable figures.

The most popular amusement, however, was an immense swing, which was kept flying most faithfully, except at mealtimes, from sunrise to sunset. The swing was constructed with a strong thick rope fastened to the heads of the fore and main masts of the ship; the seat was formed of one of the main hatches, and the extent of swing which the machine took was almost terrific to look at. Indeed, you may judge of how zealously our fellows went into the swing movement, when I tell you that the people of Lisbon, the day after it came into operation, sent over a most earnest request that we would discontinue such a very dangerous pastime, otherwise some of us would lose our lives by it. What a laugh there was when we received this message—and how high and fast the swing went afterwards, I leave you to imagine. The folks of Lisbon said we were all mad, and that it was no use to speak to madmen.

The time, after all, was very dull and lonely, and it was just as much as could be done to keep the men in anything like spirits at all, especially when the want of tobacco, and such little accustomed luxuries, were taken into account.

VISITORS AT THE HULKS.

Dull, heavy and monotonous was the time on board the hulk, and day by day it began to feel more dull, heavy and monotonous, than ever; even the swing began to move backwards and forwards, when it did move at all, with a long, lazy oscillation, as if the spirit which had hitherto prompted its high and rapid soarings was dying or dead; our most notorious sky-larkers and practical jokers were walking about the decks with faces as long as the bowsprit, and with minds as barren of mischief as if they had never luxuriated in mischief as their natural element; the Portugese guard were allowed to mend their clothing and clean their arms and accoutrements in peace, without being startled out of their senses by a wild rush of the men and a terrific cry either that "the ship was on fire"—that "the vessel had fallen over board"—that "six planks of the hold had given way, and that the water was pouring in through the rent as fast as it did through the aqueduct outside the city," or some such false and ridiculous alarm; the terror the guard displayed on all such occasions being the source of universal laughter to their tormentors. But there was none of that now; every man seemed to have become like a snail in disposition, and, crawling under the shell of selfishness, to have cast all his social qualities to the winds.

Nor had anything occurred to stir up the deeper feelings of the heart—sickness had not even laid its hand on one of our number, so that for want of objects to exercise them-

selves upon, our faculties were becoming as it were dulled and dimmed under the unvarying sameness which marked our prison existence.

There were none of those glad bursts of happiness which make the heart sing for joy, and the face beam out with a brightness before which more symmetrical beauty fades into nothingness; none of those dark clouds of sorrow which crush mind and body with an overwhelming power—which paralyse pulse and brain, and make the heart stand still in trembling terror; none of those incentives to ambitious minds which drive the blood careering through the veins with uncontrolled and fiery speed—which string nerve and muscle to the highest pitch of tension—which light the eye with an ardent glance, and, lifting the heart far above all considerations of danger or of death, carry man on to the commission of great deeds, or to a noble if it should be a nameless tomb; none of the warm feelings which live in hearts congregated round the happy homestead, because we were all strangers one to one another, with no true tie to bind us together—no communion with one another in moments of thought or reflection—therefore among numbers were we alone—in the midst of turmoil, solitary and silent.

The very river, and the hulk which floated on it, seemed to have become impregnated with the same sluggish feeling which pervaded the men—the waters lay still and smooth below us, and often, when leaning over the bulwarks of a calm clear evening with a moon above sailing quietly yet brightly through the expanse of heaven, and another below swimming placidly through the clear waters of the Tagus, I have thought what a perfect realization we formed of Coleridge's beautiful idea:—

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Happily for all hands, there occurred at last several incidents which served to waken us up from the half lethargic state of existence I have mentioned, and give a fresh, because new, impetus to our every day life.

The first of these was the arrival of a number of men from the Irish regiment, which, hearing of the step the Fusileers had taken, followed in their wake, and also threw up their arms, refused to do duty, and insisted on a settlement of their claims. The greater part of the regiment had been sent to Fort St. Julian, while the remainder were sent to keep us company. This accession to our numbers was hailed with rapture, more especially as the new-comers were, generally speaking, furnished with a good supply of tobacco; and the fumes of their pipes, awakened in the minds of our smokers a desire for indulging in the "fragrant weed" which long abstinence had almost entirely deadened. Of course, let our new comrades be as generous as possible, it was not likely that they could extend that generosity over all hands; and the consequence was that for a time after their arrival our old smokers were offering everything in their possession, that was worth offering, in exchange for a pipe-full of tobacco—and I have seen some of them running about with their daily pint of wine proffering it for "two or three draws of the pipe."

The stores of our Irish comrades under this heavy demand soon disappeared, and the aroma of tobacco became as scarce as ever; and, I believe, they began to repent that they had been so lavish of their treasure—nothing truer than the old fact, that we do not know the true value of many things until we lose them.

Shortly after the advent of our new friends, the men on deck espied a boat making towards the hulk at an hour of the day when boats did not usually visit us—the regular time being in the morning, the boats which then came being those with rations. Of course every eye was directed on the boat, and as she came nearer and nearer we could make out

an officer seated in the stern, but were unable to recognise who he was. By-and-bye one man, whose sight seemed keener than that of the rest of us, shouted out—"By thunder, boys, if that isn't the Curnel, I'll eat my hat, and that's no butcher meat!"

The news spread through the hulk like lightning that the Colonel was coming on board, and in a trice every man was on deck and peering over the bulwarks to satisfy himself of the truth of the assertion. No sooner had it become quite evident that it was indeed the Colonel who was approaching, than a council of war was held, and it was unanimously resolved that he should not be allowed to come on board.

Some were opposed to this and preferred letting him come and keeping him for company's sake. The wish of the majority, however, carried the day, and non-admittance was the sentence pronounced.

Whenever the boat came within hail, Wilder sang out "Boat a hoy!—what d'ye want?" "Officer coming on board" was the reply to this interrogation. "Officer needn't mind coming any farther,"—shouted Wilder—"we decline the honor of his company, especially as we did not send him an invitation." By this time the boat had got pretty near the hulk, and numbers of the men with lumps of coal, blocks of wood, or anything that was not too hot or too heavy to lift in their hands, were leaning over the bulwarks shouting out

"Go back!—go back!"—"we don't want you here—we have had quite enough of you already!"—"go back or as sure as your boat comes alongside we'll knock the bottom out of her, and sink you"—"go back; you don't come on the deck of this vessel unless at the peril of your life"—these and similar expressions were uttered in such tones, and with such gestures as would have convinced any one that the speakers were in earnest, and that the words were no empty threats, but predetermined resolves.

The men in the boat therefore lay upon their oars, and the Colonel got up with the intention of speaking. But lis-

tening was out of the question—yells, shouts, groans, and hisses filled the air, and, even if he had spoken not a word could have been heard. To describe the appearance of the Colonel at this moment is far beyond my power. He seemed to be swelling up bigger and bigger under the combined influence of surprise and anger at his reception, and his whole frame trembled and his countenance flashed with subdued concentrated passion.

“Go back—back where you came from, and stay there until you can come on board and bring the Big Pay with you,” roared one of the men, and at the same moment a block of wood thrown from the hulk just glanced past the Colonel’s head and fell with a heavy splash in the water. This was hint sufficient, he sat down in the boat, the men bent to their oars, and amid a volley of groans and derisive cries, its head was turned towards the shore. That was the last glimpse I had of my old commander.

I think this might have occurred about the middle of December; and day by day we were drawing near to that famous high holiday in Scotland in my young days—New Year’s Day. Many were the thoughts which sprang up in our minds as we sat gathered together in knots on the deck of the hulk, and chatted over the glories of the New year’s days we had spent in time gone bye; of the happy firesides where, if it could be managed by hook or crook, every member of the family was gathered together in loving and social reunion; of the blooming cheeks, the flashing eyes, and the silvery voice of some young maiden which at such meetings mingled with the heart recognized sounds of the voices that had lulled our infant slumbers, with the loving glances of a tender mother, and the proud gleam of a father’s eye as he gazed round on his children fast rising up into stalwart men and lovely women—well fitted, as he doubtlessly thought, to go forth into the world, and to work and hope as he and his partner had done with whole hearts along life’s pleasant or stormy paths. When we thought

on those things, and contrasted them with the prospect of the coming new year's day, the comparison was dismal enough ; and yet, more than one of the number seated there maintained that the old faces and the old voices were for ever near them and around them—and that the gleam of "yon lassie's" eye and the music of her voice was ever present night and day, lighting up the road to future joy and cheering them as they trod its ups and downs. Others said, "it was no use whipping the cat now—all we had to do was to make the best of a bad bargain ; and that at all events, come what would, we would at least have a pint of wine on new year's day, with which to drink the health of those we loved at home—and that was a great deal more than many who, like ourselves, strangers in a foreign land, would be able to say when the day came round.

The well remembered day came at last, and the first fellow who wakened up that morning very soon had every one else on board the hulk awake ; because he started to his feet and gave three such pealing cheers in honour of the new-born year, that, as if impelled by an electric shock, every man on board started to his feet and joined in a shout which made the timbers of the old ship vibrate—such a shout as was never heard there either before or since—such a shout as penetrated through the bulkhead which separated us from the Portuguese guard, made them jump like squirrels from their berths and sent them tumbling down our hatchway with gaping mouths, staring eyes, and ill concealed terror, to ascertain what was the cause of all the wild uproar.

Whenever the guard made their appearance the old spirit of mischief seemed to have again descended with increased power upon one and all of us. The poor fellows were seized hold of and shaken by the hands till their arms were nearly dislocated ; they were hugged, and pressed, and danced, and jostled round and round the main deck with such energy and din that the witches dance in Macbeth sunk into insignificance before it, and to such an

extent that there was not enough of breath left in their bodies to enable them to cry "hold! enough!" The strange and sudden reception they had received was of course to them altogether unintelligible; and I verily believe the poor fellows thought their last hour had at length come—that they were doomed to be torn to pieces by nearly four hundred mad and infuriated cannibals—and overwhelming terror was consequently depicted in every feature of their faces, every scared glance of their glaring eyes. This you may depend, added to the fun of the thing—louder rose the shouts and the snatches of song—wilder grew the dance round the deck—tighter grew the grasp of those who were whirling the poor Portuguese soldiers through the most unfashionable "figures" that were ever trod on any ball room-floor—until at last the leading file made his way up the hatchway. Of course the cry was "follow my leader" and in five minutes we were all on deck—the Portuguese marines much more like a parcel of dead men than fellows hailing in a New Year's Day. Having again given three hearty cheers in the open air, the echoes of which, I'll be bound to say, rang through the battlements of the castle of St. George,—the marines were left at liberty; and after being patted on the back in a very patronizing manner, were told that they might retire, and if they had the means—which we knew very well they had not—they might, if they choose get as drunk as lords.

The men could hardly believe their own eyes or ears when they found that, barring the "devil's dance" they had been led, there was no harm intended them, and they took the advice very willingly, but with a number of muttered oaths and grumblings which they might as well have left alone as we cared very little about them.

Just at this time one of the men happened to cast his eyes shoreward, and made out a boat steering apparently for the hulk. The question at once was bandied round the men—"who the deuce could this be?"—we knew it was too

early for the ration boats and we did not think old Charlie would pay us a visit so soon after his late affectionate reception.

The boat made good way and was soon close enough to enable us to distinguish that the person who sat in her stern was not dressed in uniform, and of course, the conjectures as to who it might be became wilder and wilder. At last, however, the features of the gentleman were discerned as those of captain Calder, an officer who as I have before told you, was deservedly loved by the men.

His recognition was the signal for a most unanimous cheer of welcome, and when his boat came along side, and he ascended to the deck, the cheer was repeated with thorough good will. The men pressed eagerly round him to hear the news—imagining that he had come to communicate some official information. Captain Calder, however, told them that he was not the bearer of any official tidings; that he was on the eve of leaving for Scotland, and that he did not wish to do so without visiting them, and bidding good-bye to the men in whose company he had passed through some dangers and endured many hardships. He had therefore chosen that day as the most appropriate one for his visit, and although to wish them a "Happy New Year," in their present position would sound rather odd-looking, he hoped that the present year would in its course, bring them more of happiness than they had enjoyed in the one which had just passed away. Knowing, too, that Scotchmen are fond of "keeping up" New Year's Day, and that we had nothing to keep it up with, he had adopted the old Scotch plan of not making a visit on New Year's Day with empty hands—and if they would accept a small present which he had brought for them in the boat, they would confer a very great favour on him indeed.

Such cheering as followed this speech of his, you may very well imagine—not I firmly believe, from any expectations which might have been raised by the mention of

his present—but simply from that keen feeling of gratitude and respect with which the true soldier always appreciates any unexpected display of regard manifested towards him by his officers—a feeling which has been known to cause many men cheerfully to sacrifice their lives for such gentlemen.

The Captain's present was brought on board; and I can tell you it far exceeded any thing the most sanguine had dreamed of. There were two breakers of rum, each holding about ten gallons; two bags of fine biscuit, and, what was the greatest treat of all, about twenty five pounds of tobacco, and a corresponding supply of pipes. The munificence of this present affected the men very much, and the thanks which were tendered to Captain Calder were so evidently sincere, that he had to turn away from the men who spoke to him, to hide the emotions which apparently filled his mind.

After remaining with us for about an hour, and telling us that, from what he had heard on shore, he thought we would not be kept much longer in confinement, as he believed a vessel had been engaged to carry us to Glasgow, and would in all probability be ready to receive us in about another month, Captain Calder took his leave, followed with the best wishes and sincere thanks of every man on board that hulk.

I can tell you after all, we had "a merry New Year's Day" of it; and I could dwell for a long time on the praises which were heaped on our generous "first foot," and on many stories that were told of his unselfish and self-sacrificing disposition, which had been shewn in many instances towards single individuals belonging to his company—I can't do this, you see because that fellow at the door has just sung out "sentry go!"—and as I belong to the next relief—I must be O. P. H. whether I will or not.

HOME AT LAST.

Captain Calder's calculation proved correct. Just about a month after his visit a small fleet of batteaux came alongside the hulk, and we received orders to pack up our baggage and step on board, for the purpose of being conveyed to the vessel destined to carry us back to old Scotland.

The packing our baggage and the taking it on board were matters which did not require much time or attention; in fact, there was hardly a single knapsack in the hulk which was worth carrying away; and besides, there was little use in lugging about a torn and tattered receptacle for clothing when we had not a single article of clothing to put in it—if our hearts were light at the prospect of once more reaching the shores of our native land, our wardrobes were equally light to carry, consisting as they did, of what we had upon our backs, and that in by no means the most respectable state as regarded appearance or material.

We were not long in evacuating our prison; the garrison of a long-beleaguered fortress never hailed long expected succor with greater joy than we received our notice to quit. The batteaux took us alongside a very tidy, trim-looking brigantine, which lay out in the river exactly opposite Black Horse Square, and in which we were ordered to take up our quarters.

On getting on board we found that although the vessel was rather small for the number of men to be accommodated, we would be very comfortable as the passage to Glasgow

was but a short one; and, glad of any change from the dull monotony of the hulk, I believe every man of us would have volunteered to go home in a fishing boat, had we been made the offer.

We had not been long on board before an official from the shore boarded the vessel, and directed us to choose from our numbers a sergeant-major and quarter master-sergeant—the first to attend to the discipline and rules of conduct to be observed on board, the latter to see that we received the proper allowance of provisions which the government had put on board for our use. This was done accordingly; our old friend Wilder being unanimously elected sergeant major, and Somerville—the man I mentioned to you before—as universally declared to be the only person fitted for the office of quarter-master-sergeant. He was a pleasant little fellow but a most determined “grumbler” and stickler for his rights, and had always been famed for acting towards the men when performing his duties as pay-sergeant, with the most scrupulous and conscientious honesty.

These preliminaries having been arranged; we soon had a specimen of the rations we were to receive, as the officer I have mentioned superintended their first issue, which took place immediately after we had decided on who was to be our provision overseer. The rations were excellent and abundant, indeed, we had never received such rations before; and we were told that the vessel contained sufficient for three weeks on the same liberal daily scale, the whole of which was at our own disposal; and if we had a surplus left when we reached Scotland, that surplus was to be our own. The officer then told us that he was coming alongside in the afternoon with a supply of clothing for us—a suit for every man. This intelligence was received with much pleasure, as you may well suppose, and we began to think that the Portuguese authorities had become wonderfully kind all of a sudden—the cause of such kindness being past our comprehension; indeed we cared little for the cause, the effect was the thing we looked to.

At the appointed time, a boat with the clothing came alongside, and the distribution at once commenced, the men being supplied as their names were called from an alphabetical roll of all on board. Each man received one loose jacket, one pair of trowsers, one *bonnet rouge*, three check shirts, two pair of socks, and a pair of shoes. The jacket and trowsers were made of materials something akin to the very worst description of Canadian cloth, and of two colours—one blue, the other of a nondescript hue which the men called "the convicts brown-grey broadcloth," and the thing they gave us instead of a cap was exactly the same as the *bonnet rouge* of the habitants of this country, and which is also the invariable head dress of the Portuguese peasantry. The other articles were coarse but still very serviceable, and in the delapidated condition of our wardrobe, were an acquisition not to be slighted.

The great treat, however was to see the anxiety with which every man went up to get his jacket and trowsers. It was all nonsense to think of getting a suit of blue, that was a blessing denied to all; next to this however the procuring a blue jacket was the height of their ambition; and as the blue and "convict" cloth was issued alternately, of course, only half the number could obtain their desire. Such counting of the roll from A to Z you never heard before, to see whether or not such a one was "to be or not to be" the recipient of a blue jacket; and it was quite amusing to mark the downcast look of some chap who had made sure of the distinction in his own mind when he found that by the intervention of some forgotten name all his calculations were scattered, and that when he walked up to the clothing chest the dreaded "convict broadcloth" was thrust into his hands.

The clothing was served out at last, and the officer then informed us that the Paymaster of the Forces would come on board next day with our pay, and that the vessel would start the day following.

Such talk as this news started! Pay—what pay? Will it be the Big pay? Is it a piece of humbug—or what is it at all? were the questions asked by all and answered by none; until at last the men turned into their berths weary with conjecture and yet continuing their conjectures throughout the night. No matter when you awoke during the course of that night you were sure to hear some sanguine fellows building all sorts of castles with the cash they were to receive on the following day.

Day broke at last, and many were the early watchers for the coming of the officer who was to convert that mysterious myth, the Big pay, into a tangible tinkling gold and silver reality. Very early that morning a boat full of men came along side of the brigantine; and we found that they were a number of the very men whom we had seen as prisoners sweeping the streets of Lisbon, and whose liberation had been brought about by our interference and representations.

As I said before, those men had been transferred to Portuguese regiments; and now had had their claims settled and were come on board to take passage along with us to Scotland; having in their pockets in golden sovereigns the full amount of their several claims—some having fifteen, twenty and thirty of those auriferous medals to show for their conduct during the campaign. So much, said we when we ascertained this fact, for the attention paid by the Portuguese Commanding officers to the rights of their men.

Of course the advent of those men so circumstanced gave something like foundation to the conjectures of the preceding day, and it was now with a sort of feverish anxiety that the men awaited the arrival of the Paymaster.

He came at last, and with him a large chest, evidently well stored with money. This was proof positive that our arrears were to be paid at last, and a loud hum of rejoicing rose among the men which could be heard through every corner of the vessel.

But, alas! for our golden dreams! When the books were arranged on a table placed on the upper deck, the money chest ranged along side of the Paymaster, and the first man called to receive his cash, we found that silver crusado novos to the amount of twenty four shilling and sixpence sterling were placed in his hand, for the purpose of purchasing any extra comforts he might wish; and we were told that our claims would be settled at home by agents of the Portuguese government appointed for that purpose.

What a revulsion took place after this mortification! What a torrent of invective and abuse was poured upon our Colonel in particular and on all and every thing Portuguese in general! But it was no use grumbling, so the men had to put the best face they could on the whole transaction. Like vultures scenting carrion, the Paymaster had hardly left the brigantine when she was surrounded with a swarm of bumboats, from which could be procured everything that was wanted and some things which we could have done far better without.

The arrival of these boats, however, served to attract the attention of the men from the consideration of their grievances, and in a very short time a goodly number of them were minus their newly acquired monies, and plus an inordinate quantity of rum and aquardente.

But I need not bother you with all the stuff that took place that night—you will be able to form a very good idea of it yourselves.

We set sail from Lisbon next morning, and a day or two at sea set all to rights. Then came thoughts of preparing to go ashore at the Broomielaw; and the thoughts of the "convict dress" rose up before us in hideous array. Many were the choppings and changings which took place; many were the fellows who having foolishly spent their cash in the bumboats at Lisbon were glad to give a blue jacket or a pair of trousers in exchange for a similar article of convict cloth and a crusado novo to boot. Many were the plans de-

vised to construct civilized head-dresses with which we might go ashore, instead of the confounded *bonnet rouge*, which when we were on the deck of the brigantine made her look the very beau ideal of a pirate ship manned by a fierce and numerous crew. Shell jackets and regimental trousers were carefully cut up into shreds, and those shreds converted into caps, and at least three fourths of our number were so provided with head gear.

Looking after those things made time fly quickly ; and we also had a bit of a breeze with the Captain of the vessel, who had been discovered by Somerville in the act of "jewing" us out of our due share of provisions, wine, &c. Somerville at once reported this to us all, and advised that we should demand the keys of our stores from the captain and keep them in our own possession. This was accordingly done ; and when the demand was made the skipper stamped, stormed, cursed and swore, called his crew to his assistance and all that sort of thing, and was proceeding to talk big about irons and so forth, when Wilder whispered in his ear—after the Irish fashion—that if he and his crew preferred a berth on board to one in the ocean his best plan would be to keep very quiet, and hand over the keys of the stores without any more ado. The captain's face paled under Wilder's insinuation, and, looking round on the scowling faces clustered around him, he sullenly surrendered the keys.

Nine days after leaving Lisbon, we were moored at the Broomielaw. I recollect it well ; I dashed on shore at once, afraid of been seen and took refuge in a tavern opposite the quay. There I remained until the shades of night screened me from observation, and under cover of the darkness I stole away towards home and was soon clasped in the fond arms of my loving mother—God bless her ! and kindly welcomed by a too indulgent father.

This concludes the first "relief" of my "Hours On and Off Sentry." It lies with the public to prove whether a "second

relief" would be welcomed as cordially as I have often welcomed it. If so, I will have much pleasure in shewing that I can again be at my post, and more in thinking that I have contributed in such a degree to the amusement of my readers, that they will again feel pleased to see me walking

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