

would come home wearied, and perhaps dispirited, with your visit; so the instant I got Charley to bed, I sent for a bottle of wine; now, don't shake your head at my extravagance, love, but take a glass, for I'm sure you stand in need of it."

She then poured him out a full glass of sherry, and placing her chair beside him, endeavoured, during their homely meal, to draw him into a tranquil frame of mind. She spoke to him of the child, who was growing, she said, more like him every day; of the confident hope she entertained that their present embarrassment would be but temporary; and then returning to the subject of 'little Charley'—for a young and fond mother's thoughts seldom wander long from her children—expatiated with delight on the surprising precocity of his intellect; how he smiled when she talked to him, just as if he knew what she said; how he was always looking about him—a clear proof of his quick faculty of observation; and how, in short, he was the handsomest, most affectionate, and most astonishing babe on the face of the earth! Thus the sanguine wife ran on, while her husband, catching the infection of her good humour, replied to her with an animation unknown to him for weeks; and after an hour spent in weaving plans for the future, they retired to their humble couch, happier than they had been since they quitted their cottage at West-end. Alas, it was the last gleam of sunshine they were destined to enjoy on this side the grave!

[Concluded in next Number.]

When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly, and with an air of contempt: but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute the falsehood.

STANZAS.

There is a winter of the heart,
When blasts of sorrow sweep the soul;
Rending life's silver cords apart,
And breaking pleasure's golden bowl.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing, to stay
The heart upon a waking dream;
That in an hour may fade away—
As bubbles burst upon the stream.

Condition of Wellington's Army in 1814.—At this time the clothing of the army at large, but the Highland brigade in particular, was in a very tattered state. The clothing of the 91st regiment had been two years in wear; the men were thus under the necessity of mending their old garments in the best manner they could; some had the elbows of the coats mended with grey cloth, others had the one half of the sleeve of a different colour from the body; and their trowsers were in an equally bad condition as their coats.

The 42d, which was the only corps in the brigade that wore the *kilt*, was beginning to loose it by degrees; men falling sick and left in the rear frequently got the kilt made into trowsers, and on joining the regiment again no plaid could be furnished to supply the loss; thus a great want of uniformity prevailed; but this was of minor importance when compared to the want of shoes. As our march continued daily, no time was to be found to repair them, until completely worn out; this left a number to march with bare feet, or, as we termed it, *to pad the hoof*. These men being occasionally permitted to straggle out of the ranks to select the soft part of the roads or fields adjoining, others who had not the same reason to offer for this indulgence followed the example, until each regiment marched regardless of keeping in rank, and sometimes mixed with other corps in front and rear. To put a stop to this irregularity, the men without shoes were formed by themselves, and marched under the command of officers and non-commissioned officers, in rear of the brigade. It is impossible to describe the painful state that some of those shoeless men were in, crippling along the way, their feet cut or torn by sharp stones or brambles.

To remedy the want of shoes, the raw hides of the newly-slaughtered bullocks were given to cut up, on purpose to form a sort of buskins for the barefooted soldiers. This served as a substitute for shoes, and enabled the wearers to march in the ranks of their respective companies.