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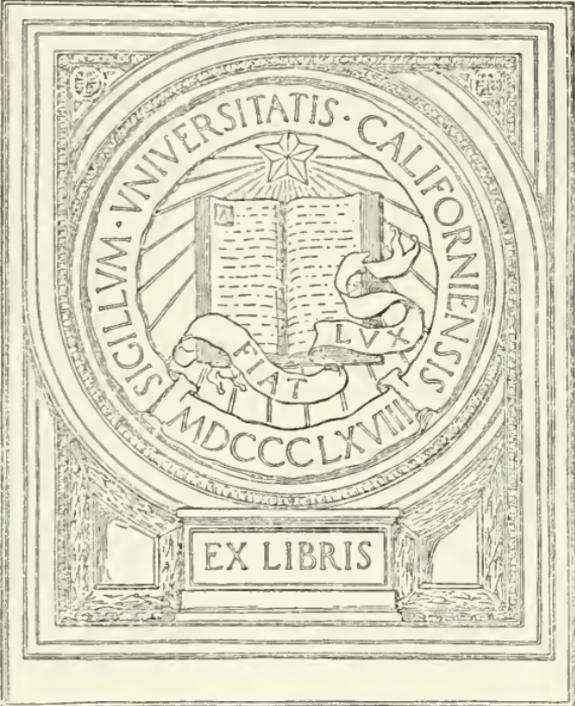
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[For remainder of List see end of Volume

ANECDOTES OF SOLDIERS



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ANECDOTES OF SOLDIERS IN PEACE AND WAR

ARRANGED BY

J. H. SETTLE
11

METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published in 1905

PN
6268
5654

“THE ISLAND RACE”

“Sire, I know the British ; they will die on the ground
on which they stand rather than lose it”

Marshal Soult to Napoleon at Waterloo

“Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;
But of all the world's great heroes,
There's none that can compare,
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadiers”

Old English Ballad

MAR 27 '43

GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THIRTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES	I
MARLBOROUGH AND HIS TIMES	26
REIGNS OF GEORGE I. AND II. . . .	36
REIGN OF GEORGE III. . . .	54
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND HIS SOLDIERS	82
THE PENINSULAR WAR	92
WATERLOO	155
WELLINGTON	204
REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA	226
THE CRIMEAN WAR	237
THE INDIAN MUTINY	263
CHINA, AFGHAN, ZULU CAMPAIGNS, ETC. (1860-1881)	284
EGYPT, SOUDAN, BURMAH, ETC. (1882-1897)	313
THE INDIAN FRONTIER	328
THE SOUDAN (1898)	342
MAINLY HUMOROUS	353
THE BOER WAR (1899-1902)	443
INDEX	589

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ANECDOTES OF SOLDIERS

THIRTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES

KING RICHARD I

KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, during his Crusades, experienced on several occasions the magnanimity and generosity of Saladin, his great opponent. It is recorded that once, when Richard was dangerously sick, and his disorder required fresh fruit and snow to render it cool, the generous Saladin sent both in profusion, thus saving the life of the only foe he dreaded. Indeed, so feared was Richard that the Saracens would say to their restive horses, "What do ye start at? Dost think thou seest the English king, Richard?"

DEATH OF MONTFORT

SIMON DE MONTFORT, Earl of Leicester, fell at the Battle of Evesham, in 1265, when his army was defeated by Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward I. With his son Henry by his side, Montfort struggled on foot against a host of foes, who were animated by the exhilarating consciousness that the victory was theirs. It is said that, feeling for the brave youth who fought by his side, and for the few bravest and best of his friends that were left of all his followers, Montfort stooped his great heart to ask the Royalists if they gave quarter. "We have no quarter for traitors," was the merciless answer; whereupon the veteran exclaimed, "God have mercy upon our souls; our bodies must perish!" and rushed amid his foes with resolute despair.

Other historians describe Montfort as answering those who summoned him to surrender with: "Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers, but to God alone." Before he himself fell, Montfort saw his son killed, as well as nearly all his noble adherents. He died with his sword in his hand. It is a striking fact that, twelve years before, the dying Bishop Grosseteste of

Lincoln had declared, as he laid his hands on the head of De Montfort's son, Henry, "Oh, my dear son! You and your father will die on one day, and by the same kind of death, but in the cause of truth and justice."

EDWARD THE CRUSADER

WHEN he became King of England, on the death of his father, Edward I., the greatest warrior sovereign who has ever ruled over these fortunate isles, was away in the Holy Land conducting a Crusade. Though beset with many difficulties, and though his small force of soldiers seemed to melt away through decease and desertion, Edward still marched on against the Saracens. When his nobles wished him to turn back, he airily said, "I will go on, if I go on with no other follower than my servant!" It was on this Crusade, at Acre, that he narrowly escaped death by an assassin's dagger, his faithful wife, Eleanor, saving his life by sucking the poison out with her own lips. Two months after his father's death he heard of the event, but nearly two years elapsed before he arrived in England to commence his rule as king.

EDWARD IN SCOTLAND

WHEN Edward I. was on his campaign in Scotland, in 1298, he was told that thousands of his soldiers, Welshmen, ranking under the remembrance of their own country's wrongs, were on the point of going over to the Scots. "I care not," said the King loftily; "let my enemies go to my enemies; I trust that in one day I shall chastise them all!" That day soon came. On receiving information that the Scottish army was near, in the wood of Falkirk, he exclaimed in a rapture, "Thanks be to God, who hitherto hath delivered me from every danger. They shall not need to follow me; I will forthwith go and meet them!" The result was the Battle of Falkirk, when the Scots were terribly defeated, with a loss of over 20,000 men. The King had been thrown by his charger just before the battle, but, regardless of the pain he suffered, having had two of his ribs broken, he took a leading part in the victory.

WALLACE THE PATRIOT

A STAIN on the soldier-like character of Edward I. was his execution of Wallace, the Scottish patriot. The only excuse that can be made is that the King, eager for a United Kingdom, felt that such an end could not be obtained while Wallace lived.

After his betrayal Wallace was led in triumph through London, "all men and women wondering upon him."

His trial took place in the great hall at Westminster, a mock crown of laurel being placed upon his head, because it had been commonly reported that he had said he ought to wear a crown in that hall. When Sir Peter Malorie, the King's justice, impeached him of treason, the Scottish warrior replied, "He was never traitor to the King of England; but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them." This was quite true, for Wallace never acknowledged fealty to Edward, and therefore could be no traitor to him.

His death was inevitable, however, and on the 23rd of August, 1305, "the peerless Knight of Ellerslie" was dragged at the tails of horses to the common place of execution, hanged on a high gallows, and, while he yet breathed, his bowels were taken out and burnt before his face. His head was then cut off, and set up on a pole on London Bridge; his right arm and quarter was sent for exhibition at Newcastle, his left to Berwick, his right foot and limb to Perth, and his left to Aberdeen. So perished Sir William Wallace, to whom Thomson's lines are very applicable: "Great Patriot Hero! Ill-requited Chief."

WALLACE MONUMENT

IN the garden of Robroyston House, in the Kelvin Valley, on the site of the house in which Sir William Wallace was betrayed into the hands of the English in 1305, there was, in August, 1900, unveiled a memorial cross, the funds for which had been raised by public subscription. The cross is seventeen feet high, and stands on a pedestal eight feet high. On the front, cut in relief, is the Wallace sword, also a shield with a lion rampant, and the words "In Defence." On the upper part of the pedestal, also cut in relief, is the name "Wallace" and the date "MCCCV." On the lower part of the pedestal are four bronze panels, with the following inscriptions:—

1. This memorial, erected 1900 A.D. by public subscription, is to mark the site of the house in which the hero of Scotland was basely betrayed and captured, about midnight on the 5th of August, 1305, when alone with his faithful friend and co-patriot, Kerlie, who was slain. Wallace's heroic patriotism, as conspicuous in his death as in his life, so roused and inspired his country, that within nine years of his betrayal the work of his life was crowned with victory, and Scotland's independence regained on the field of Bannockburn.

2. "Dico tibi verum libertas optima rerum nunquam servili sub nexu vivito fili."

3. "Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride, or nobly die."—BURNS.

4. "We are not here to sue for peace, but to fight for the freedom of our country."—WALLACE, at Stirling Bridge.

GLORIOUS BANNOCKBURN

THE Battle of Bannockburn, so glorious in Scottish history, was fought on 24th June, 1314. At daybreak, before the fight began, the Scots gathered round an eminence, and Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, celebrated Mass, afterwards impressing on his hearers the duty they owed of fighting to the last for the liberty of their country. The end of the Abbot's discourse was hailed with a great shout by the assembled soldiers, and they then marched to the battlefield to take up their positions, Abbot Maurice going at their head, barefoot, with a crucifix in his hand.

As soon as the men had formed, the Abbot again addressed them, and when he prayed for victory they all fell upon their knees. "They kneel!" exclaimed some of the English soldiers, who were witnessing the scene from their own positions; "they beg for mercy!" "Do not deceive yourselves," answered Ingelram de Umfraville; "they beg for mercy, it is true, but only from God." Mistakes on the part of the English resulted in Bruce's men obtaining a great advantage, and when the English, mistaking a party of boys who rushed towards the field for the sake of plunder for a new Scottish force, fled from the scene, the victory was complete.

SIEGE OF CALAIS

WHEN Calais was besieged by Edward III. of England, the governor of the city turned out of the place every individual who did not possess a sufficient supply of provisions to last several months. Men, women, and children to the number of seventeen hundred were thrust outside the walls, and they advanced in mournful procession to the English camp. Edward ordered them to be kindly received, gave them a plentiful repast, and, before allowing them to pass through his ranks into freedom, gave two pieces of silver to each person. Later on in the siege, when matters were becoming desperate in Calais, five hundred more were turned out of the city by the governor; but Edward, whose patience was exhausted, refused to allow these unfortunate people to pass, and they nearly all perished miserably of starvation between the walls and the English camp. As is well known, Calais was eventually taken, after a year's siege.

A DOUGLAS EXPLOIT

WHEN Edward III. made his first expedition against the Scots in 1332, and had proceeded as far as Durham, he offered a free pardon, and a reward of £100 to any person who would

bring him intelligence of the enemy, whose whereabouts he was unable to find. The first account which he did receive of them was in a way little expected. While the two armies were lying on opposite sides of the River Wear, an alarm was created, in the middle of the night, by shouts of "A Douglas! A Douglas! Die, ye English thieves!" That gallant chieftain had passed the river with two hundred followers, and was galloping into the English camp, cutting down all who were in their way. The King himself had a narrow escape, for Douglas rushed towards the royal tent and cut the cords of it with his own hand. Three hundred of the English were slain, and the Scots escaped with very little loss, so complete had been the surprise.

SCOTTISH KING CAPTURED

AT the Battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, the Scottish army was defeated at every point by the English under Earl Percy. Not only did the Scots lose 15,000 men, but they also had their King, David II., captured. David disdained to flee, and his nobles, forming a circle round him for his protection, prolonged the fight until two wounds, which the King received, brought him to the ground. There was great competition among the English knights to secure the high honour of making David a prisoner, and as soon as the King fell, one knight called Coupland sprang from his charger to seize hold of the royal prey. A violent struggle ensued, in the course of which Coupland lost two of his teeth; but he held on to the King like grim death, and finally, with the assistance of eight friends, carried the prisoner safely through the opposing party. The knight took David to his castle of Ogle, in Northumberland, from whence he was in due course conducted to London, where he remained a prisoner for many years. For his capture Coupland was knighted and awarded a grant of land.

CRESSY AND THE BLACK PRINCE

A MEMORABLE incident, which every schoolboy knows, occurred at the Battle of Cressy, 1346. The Black Prince's battalion, according to the ancient chronicler, "at one period was very hard pressed; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who sat on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and others, such as be about the prince, your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you, that you and your battle will come and aid them:

for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado.'

"Then the King said, 'Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?' 'No, sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.' 'Well,' said the King, 'return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for an adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive; and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for, if God be pleased, I will this journey be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.'" Spurred by these words to further effort, the Black Prince and his men won a great victory, among the slain being the blind King of Bohemia, whose crest, the three feathers, have been worn by every British Prince of Wales since.

VICTORY AT POICTIERS

BEFORE the Battle of Poitiers, in 1356, the Black Prince could obtain no information concerning the movements of the French army, and when he suddenly came in sight of it near the village of Poitiers he was surprised by the vastness of the force. "God help us!" he exclaimed, as he viewed the enemy, "we must make the best of it." He had only 10,000 men in all, while the French numbered 60,000 foot and horse. So certain did the defeat of the English appear that a French Cardinal persuaded King John to allow him to ride over to the English camp, with a view to arranging terms and preventing the flow of Christian blood.

"Save my honour," said the Black Prince to this envoy, "and save the honour of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms."

He offered to give up to King John all the towns, castles, and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years. But John, thinking he had the English completely in his power, would only consent to a treaty on condition that the Prince, with one hundred of his chief knights, gave himself up to the French. The Black Prince, of course, refused, and, bidding the Cardinal farewell, said, "God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow." As is well known, the French King was captured and his forces beaten. An old couplet says:—

"But the battle of Poitiers, won in France,
Was the noblest of all his fights."

THE CAPTURED FRENCH KING

KING JOHN of France was among the captured at Poitiers. He fought on foot, battle-axe in hand, and it is said that by his side was his son, a boy of sixteen, who, keeping his eyes constantly on his father, and neglecting all thoughts of himself, cried out, as he saw any blow about to be struck, "Father, guard yourself on the right; guard yourself on the left," etc. The King was twice wounded, and once beaten to the ground.

A young French knight, attached to the English army, at last forced his way towards the King and said, "Sir, yield you!" The King replied, "To whom shall I yield me? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? If I might see him, I would speak to him." The knight answered, "Sir, he is not here; but yield you to me, and I shall bring you to him." "Who be you?" quoth the King. "Sir, I am Denis of Morbecque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I am banished the realm of France, and I have forfeited all I had there." Then the King gave him his right gauntlet, saying, "I yield me to you."

It was with great difficulty, however, and not till special assistance had been rendered, that John was brought in safety to the English quarters, the whole of the knights and others around struggling each to make him his particular conquest. John was treated with great courtesy by the Black Prince, but, brought to England, he never regained his liberty, and died at his residence, the Savoy, in London.

ESCAPE OF DOUGLAS

UNDENIABLY clever was the ruse by which Archibald Douglas obtained his freedom after Poitiers. Among his fellow-captives was Sir William Ramsay, who saw with dismay the peril in which a life of so great importance to Scotland was placed, and a brilliant idea occurred to him. Striding up to Douglas with every appearance of indignant anger, he began to cuff him soundly, saying, "How comes it, varlet, that you are wearing your master's armour? Perchance you have murdered him, and left his body on the field." Asked what he meant by behaving in that way to a nobleman of rank, Sir William burst into scornful laughter. "Nobleman, indeed! A scoundrelly lackey who somehow has got his master's armour. I know the rascal. Forty shillings is enough ransom for him. Off you go, sirrah, and search for your master's body." And Douglas, with all the crestfallen air of a detected impostor, slunk off—to freedom.

RETURN OF THE BLACK PRINCE

PERHAPS the most remarkable public entry into London made by any commander of a victorious army was that of the Black Prince on the 24th of May, 1357. He had with him many prisoners, including the King of France, taken at Poitiers the year before. The cavalcade was met at Southwark by a thousand of the chief citizens on horseback. It passed through streets almost every house in which was decorated with tapestry hung outside the walls, and so great were the joyous crowds that it took the Prince nine hours to ride from London Bridge to Westminster. With characteristic modesty, so becoming to a brave warrior, the Black Prince did not take the leading place in the procession. Mounted on a little pony, he acted as attendant on the captured King John, who rode on a magnificent and richly caparisoned white charger. When they arrived at Westminster Hall they found Edward III. seated on his throne, surrounded by his court; and, as the noble-minded son had done, the kingly father gave the honours of the day to the royal prisoner.

VALUABLE PRISONER

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN, the great military hero of France, fell twice into the hands of the English. The first time he was taken prisoner at Auray, in 1364, and was ransomed for 100,000 livres. The second occasion occurred in 1367, when he was captured by the Black Prince at the Battle of Navarette, in Spain. The Black Prince felt disposed to retain possession of so redoubtable an enemy, and Bertrand hinted that the English were afraid to let him go. "What, Sir Bertrand!" exclaimed the Black Prince. "Do you imagine that we keep you prisoner for fear of your prowess? By Saint George, it is not so; for, my good sir, if you will pay one hundred thousand francs, you shall be free!" "My Lord," replied Guesclin, "through God's will, I will never pay a less sum!" And pay he did, within a month, and went off in haste to besiege a town, while the Black Prince repented him of what he had done at leisure. Within a few years Guesclin had regained for France most of the English possessions in the country.

BLESSING THE BANNER

JUST before the Battle of Navarette commenced (1367), Sir John Chandos, whose name as a knight and a commander is only a little less famous than his sovereign's, brought his banner rolled up together to the Black Prince and said, "Sir, behold here is

my banner ; I require you to display it abroad, and give me leave this day to raise it ; for, sir, I thank God and you, I have land and heritage sufficient to maintain it withal." No knight, it may be observed, could raise his banner unless he had a train of not less than fifty men-at-arms, with their usual complement of archers and followers.

"The Spanish King and the Black Prince," says Froissart, "then took the banner between their hands and spread it abroad, the which was of silver, a sharp pyle gules, and delivered it to him, and said, 'Sir John, behold here your banner ; God send you joy and honour thereof !' Then Sir John bare his banner to his own company and said, 'Sirs, behold here my banner, and yours ; keep it as your own' ; and they took it, and were right joyful thereof, and said that by the pleasure of God and St. George they would keep and defend it to the best of their powers ; and so the banner abode in the hands of a good English squire, called William Allestry, who bare it that day, and acquitted himself right nobly." The battle, as usual, it may be added, ended in favour of the Black Prince.

CHEVY CHASE

THE Battle of Chevy Chase, in 1388, was fought between the great Border families of Percy and Douglas. Percy had vowed he would take his pleasure in the Border woods three days, and slay the Douglas deer. Earl Douglas heard of the rash vaunt, and said, "Tell him he will find *one* day more than enough." Percy's aim was the armed encounter thus promised, and with greyhounds and fifteen hundred chosen archers he duly appeared at Chevy Chase, also known as Otterburn, in Northumberland.

After taking his sport at Douglas's expense, gazing on a hundred dead fallow-deer and harts, tasting wine and venison cooked under the greenwood tree, and saying that Douglas had not kept his word, Percy saw the Earl advancing to the scene, with "full twenty hundred Scottish spears." A dreadful battle ensued. "Yield thee, Percy," cried Douglas, "I shall freely pay thy ransom, and thy advancement shall be high with our Scottish king." Almost immediately he dropped, struck to the heart by an arrow. "Fight on, my merry men," cried he, with dying breath. Percy took his hand : "Earl Douglas, I would give all my lands to save thee." Percy himself was taken prisoner, and the Scots won the battle, though they lost their leader.

VALOUR AT AGINCOURT

THE Battle of Agincourt, which Henry V. gained over the French in 1415, was rendered memorable by many remarkable feats of valour. One of the bravest of Henry's men was David Gam, a Welsh captain, who, the day before the battle, was sent to reconnoitre the enemy's position. On his return he reported that "there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away!" The estimate was a very appropriate one, seeing that the English numbered only 9,000 men, while the French amounted to no fewer than 60,000 men. In the battle David Gam, seeing his King in danger, rushed to his aid with two of his countrymen. They succeeded in saving him, but at the expense of their own lives. As they lay dying on the field, King Henry, in gratitude for their noble service, knighted the three Welshmen. Never were honours better gained!

KING HENRY AT AGINCOURT

AT Agincourt English valour rose to its highest pinnacle. When the armies were in martial array, the French highly confident and joyful, and the English rather depressed, King Henry, in bright armour, distinguished by a rich coronet on his helmet, mounted on a horse of "fierce courage," with the royal standard borne before him, with cheerful countenance and words full of resolution, rode through the ranks. Most of the English knights were doubtful of the wisdom of fighting the enemy. Walter Hungerford expressed a wish that some of the many men then living in idleness in England could be present on the field. "No," exclaimed Henry, "the fewer there are, the more honour; and if we lose, the less will be the loss to our country. But we will *not* lose; fight as you were wont to do, and before night the pride of our numberless enemies shall be humbled to the dust." Spoken like an English king!

As at Cressy, the English archers practically won the day. Their leader, Sir Thomas Erpingham, as soon as King Henry gave the order, "Banners advance!" threw his truncheon into the air with great enthusiasm and cried aloud, "Now strike!" The archers at once ran forward to within bowshot of the enemy, planted their stakes, and did great havoc by the rapidity and impetuosity of their flights of arrows. The French made a charge, which for a time threw the archers into confusion, but, leaving their stakes and slinging their bows behind them, the

archers rallied, grasped their billhooks and hatchets, and with bare and brawny arms sprang among the knightly *mêlée*, making the welkin ring with the English war-shout. The slaughter among the French was tremendous, and hundreds of nobles fell in that resistless charge.

The English knights afterwards made their charge, and the victory was won. No fewer than 10,000 French were killed, including the Dukes of Alençon, Brabant, and Bar, besides thirteen earls and ninety-two barons, while 14,000 were made prisoners, including the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon. The English lost comparatively few, about 1,000 it is thought, but among that number were the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk. When the battle was won, Henry called to him the French herald, who had been captured, and asked him to whom the victory belonged. "To the King of England," replied that officer. "We have not made this slaughter," said the King. "It is the wrath of Heaven on the sins of France. What is the name of that castle yonder?" The herald answered, "My lord, it is the Castle of Azincourt." "Then," exclaimed the King, "from henceforth this battle shall be known to posterity by the name of the Battle of Azincourt." Modern usage has altered the name into "Agincourt."

SCOTLAND'S EMBLEM

THERE is no thistle so interesting as the common purple thistle of Scotland. It is neither a handsome nor agreeable flower in itself, but it is the national flower of the "Land o' Cakes," and it is honoured for that reason. This is how it chanced to attain that distinction:—

Once upon a time, in the early-known history of the country, the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded their land. The Danes did not believe in making an attack upon an enemy in the night, but on one occasion they turned aside from their usual custom, and dearly did they pay for it. As they were creeping, noiselessly and unseen, in the dark, one of their number stepped upon a thistle; its sharp prickles pierced his bare foot and made him cry out with pain. His cry awakened the soldiers of the Scottish army, and springing to their arms, they drove back the Danes with great slaughter, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland. Over the gate of the now-ruined palace of Linlithgow, where Mary Queen of Scots was born, the thistle, with the following motto below it, is engraved: "Touch me who dares."

A BATTLE OF THE ROSES

THE Battle of Wakefield, in which the Duke of York and 3,000 Yorkists were killed, was fought on the last day of 1460. Among the slain was the young Duke of Rutland, fourth son of the Duke of York, who was scarcely twelve years old. He was brutally murdered by the ruthless Clifford, one of the chief supporters of Margaret. According to Hall, the historian, the murder occurred as follows:—"Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland . . . a fair gentleman, and a maiden-like person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the Earl out of the field, by [past] the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town [Wakefield]; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was.

"The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak; but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone with fear. 'Save him,' said the chaplain, 'for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that word, the Lord Clifford marked [recognised] him and said, 'By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin'; and with that word stuck the Earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the Earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said." A more barbarous act never disgraced the chivalry of England. It filled all right-feeling men with disgust, and even by many of his own party the cruel peer was stigmatised "a tyrant and no gentleman."

With reference to the boy's father, the Duke of York, Hollinshed says his death was fully as barbarous as that of his son. "Some write that the Duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a mole-hill, on whose head they had put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges [sedges], or bullrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland, they kneeled afore him, as the Jews did to Christ, in scorn, saying to him, 'Hail, king without rule! hail, king without heritage! hail, duke and prince without people or possessions!' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head." The head, it is further recorded, was presented to Queen Margaret, who ordered it to be fixed on the gates of York,

and a paper crown placed upon it in mockery. All this was afterwards terribly avenged by Edward IV., who, in memory of his slain brother, caused a chapel to be built upon Wakefield Bridge, which is still to be seen.

THE ENGLISH WAY

IN the attack on the forts of Zutphen, in 1586, which were held by the Spaniards, the Dutch were assisted by some English soldiers under the Earl of Leicester. One of the English officers, whose name was Edward Stanley, distinguished himself by a daring action which is hardly to be equalled in military history. One of the forts was defended by 300 Spaniards, and in the attack Stanley had a pike thrust at him by one of the enemy. The stroke was not effective, fortunately, but the Englishman, with great rapidity, seized hold of the weapon with both his hands and retained such a strong grasp that the Spaniards, unable to release the pike, drew Stanley up into the fort. There the gallant Englishman put his back to the wall, and, drawing his sword, dispersed the enemy before him. Before the Spaniards could recover from their astonishment, other English soldiers had scrambled up the works, and in a very short time the fort had been captured.

SIDNEY'S DENIAL

THE Battle of Zutphen has been rendered memorable for all time by the great act of self-denial on the part of Sir Philip Sidney, who was mortally wounded. In the fight he displayed undaunted and enterprising courage, and had two horses killed under him. As he was mounting a third he was wounded by a musket-ball shot out of the trenches, his thigh-bone being shattered a little above the knee. The wound causing him keen pain, Sir Philip turned his horse and slowly rode back to camp, on arriving at which, being thirsty through loss of blood, he called for water. His want was instantly supplied, and he was in the act of putting the bottle to his mouth when he saw a wounded soldier, who was being carried past, casting wistful looks at the vessel. Without wetting his lips, Sir Philip took the bottle from his mouth, and handing it the soldier, said, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." When the man had drunk what he required, the gallant Sidney pledged the soldier in what remained of the precious fluid. Sixteen days later, to the grief of the whole army, Sir Philip, then only thirty-two years old, breathed his last.

DEATH OF SIDNEY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY died on the 17th of October, and some few hours before the end came it was evident that he was rapidly dying. Mortification having taken place, there was no pain. Some days before Sir Philip had said, "I fear not to die, but I am afraid lest the pangs of death may be so grievous that I shall lose my understanding." Shortly before he drew his last breath he took a last farewell of his friends and kinsmen. To his brother he said, "Love my memory; cherish my friends: their faith to me may assure you they are honest; but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and Word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." These were his last words. He soon lapsed into so deep a calm that his attendants thought him insensible. One bent over him and said, "Sir, if you hear what I say, let us by some means know it; and if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand." Sir Philip immediately raised his hand to show that he had heard, and then put his palms together on his breast in attitude of prayer. And so they remained until they grew cold and stiff in death.

OLDEST REGIMENT

"PONTIUS PILATE'S BODYGUARD" used to be the extraordinary nickname given to the 1st Foot—now the Royal Scots—which has the distinction of being the oldest regiment in the Army. The name originated during a dispute between the regiment (then known as the "Regiment de Douglas," or "Douglas Ecosais"), when in the French service in 1637, and the Picardy Regiment, as to the antiquity of the two corps. The Picardy Regiment laid claim to having been on duty on the night after the Crucifixion. To this the 1st Foot wittily rejoined, "Had we been on duty, we should not have slept at our post!"

A SOLDIER'S ANSWER

DURING the insurrection in Ireland in 1641, the Earl of Ormond and Sir James Coote, who commanded King Charles's troops there, were given orders to pillage, burn, and destroy the possessions of the enemy. Coote followed these instructions rigorously, but Ormond allowed the voice of humanity to guide many of his decisions. In spite of this, Lord Gormanston, who commanded some of the rebels, remonstrated by letter against his proceedings, and even threatened, if they were continued, to make Ormond's

wife and children answer for it. The Earl of Ormond, in his reply, reproached Lord Gormanston with his disloyalty; and, vindicating himself, declared his resolution of prosecuting the campaign against the rebels, at the hazard of everything dear to him, in accordance with the King's command. "My wife and children," said he, "are in your power. Should they receive any injury from men, I shall never revenge it on women and children. This would be not only base and unchristian, but infinitely beneath the value at which I estimate my wife and children."

SAVED BY INHUMANITY

IT is a curious fact that a night spent on the battlefield is, in the majority of cases, actually beneficial to the wounded. In Clarendon's account of the Battle of Edgehill, which occurred in 1642, the case is mentioned of Sir Gervase Scroop, who recovered after "he had fallen with sixteen wounds in the body and head, and had lain stripped among the dead from three in the afternoon on Sunday, all that cold night, all Monday and Monday night and till Tuesday evening, for it was so late before his son found him. The next morning after, being Wednesday, there was another gentleman, named Bellingham, found among the dead, and brought off living by his friends with twenty wounds! The surgeons were of opinion that both these gentlemen owed their lives to the inhumanity of those who stripped them, and to the coldness of the nights—which stopped their blood better than all the skill and medicaments could have done; and that had they been brought off within any reasonable distance of time after their wounds they had undoubtedly perished."

NEHEMIAH THE VOLUNTEER

SOME years ago there was published a series of nine letters, found in the State-paper Office, which had been written in 1642 by one Nehemiah Wharton, who appears to have been an officer in one of the troops of London Volunteers that joined the army under the Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary leader. The letters were addressed to a merchant, evidently his old master, at the "Golden Anchor, in St. Swithin's Lane." When at Northampton, Nehemiah was able to be of assistance in forcing some soldiers to return some plunder to a "worthy gentleman not on the royal side," and for his services was rewarded by the gentleman with a "scarlet coate lined with plush, and several excellent bookes in folio of my own chusing."

Unfortunately, when proudly returning with his gifts, accompanied by a few only of his men, he was met by a troop of horse "belonging unto Col. Foynes, who pillaged me of all, and robbed mee of my very sword; for which cause I told them I would other have my sword or dye in the field, commaunded my men to charge with bullet, and by devisions to fire upon them, which made them with shame return me my sword." Nehemiah was so enraged at this, that for a night and a day he watched the gate to catch the plunderers on their return; but though he "searched every horseman of that troope to the skin, and took from them a fat bock, and a venison-pasty ready baked," he lost his own goods.

FAIRFAX AT NASEBY

THE year 1645 saw the fight at Naseby, when Charles I. was totally defeated by the Parliamentarians under Lord Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell. In the battle Fairfax had his helmet beaten off, but, nevertheless, continued in the fight bare-headed. When Colonel D'Oyley told him he exposed himself to too much danger, and offered his own helmet, Fairfax declined it, saying, "It's well enough, Charles." He then ordered D'Oyley to charge a body of the King's Foot, which stood unbroken, in the front, whilst he would do the same in the rear, and meet him in the middle. The manœuvre was executed immediately, and in the charge Fairfax killed an ensign. One of D'Oyley's troopers having secured the colours of the slain ensign, he boasted afterwards that it was he who had killed the ensign. On the colonel chiding the trooper for this, Fairfax said, "Let him alone, I have honour enough; I can spare him that!" In the same fight General Skippon, being wounded early and urged to quit the field, replied that "he would not stir as long as a man would stand by him."

RISE OF CROMWELL

THE Right. Hon. John Morley, M.P., writing of Cromwell, says:—"It was not until 1645 that Cromwell had begun to stand out clear in the popular imagination, alike of friends and foes, as a leader of men. He was now the idol of his troops. He prayed and preached among them; he played uncouth practical jokes with them; he was not above a snowball match against them; he was a brisk, energetic, skilful soldier, and he was an invincible commander. In Parliament he made himself felt, as having the art of hitting the right debating nail upon the head. The Saints had an instinct that he was their man, and that they

could trust him to stand by them when the day of trial came. A good commander of horse, say the experts, is as rare as a good commander-in-chief: he needs so rare a union of prudence with impetuosity."

CROMWELL AND HIS MEN

CROMWELL was a strict disciplinarian, and was often very severe in punishing those of his men who did not render full obedience. A soldier once waited upon him, as he said, in the name of the Lord, to know the destination of one of the fleets then on the point of being despatched with troops. Cromwell replied, "My good friend, the Lord shall know, for thou shalt go with the fleet." He then gave orders for the soldier to be stowed away in the hold of one of the vessels, and actually sent the man out, thus confined, with the expedition. When Cromwell captured Bristol in 1645, he stopped the looting which his men had begun. Six of the soldiers, however, disobeyed the order, and, as a punishment, Cromwell compelled them to draw lots to determine which one of the six should die. The unlucky soldier who drew the fatal number was hung on the spot, while, not content with that, Cromwell sent the other five to Oxford under a flag of truce, for deliverance to the Royalists, who were requested to deal with the culprits as they thought fit!

CROMWELL'S SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN

DURING his campaign in Scotland in 1650, Oliver Cromwell was frequently out-generalled by Leslie, who commanded the Scottish army in favour of Charles II. On one occasion Cromwell headed a body of his men in an attack on 3,000 of the enemy's cavalry, who were paraded on the west side of Edinburgh, hoping to bring on a general engagement; but the Scots were too wary, and retreated before Cromwell could get near them. One of them, however, fired a carbine at the English general, upon which Cromwell, with that humour peculiar to him, shouted out to the Scotsman that "if he had been one of his soldiers he would have punished him for firing at such a long distance!" Shortly afterwards the Scots made a bad blunder in tactics, on seeing which Cromwell said, "God is delivering them into our hands; they are coming down to us!" He was not far wrong, for in the Battle of Dunbar that ensued, the Scots were defeated with a loss of 3,000 killed, while 9,000 of them were taken prisoners.

SIEGE OF WATERFORD

THE gallantry of the two brothers Croker, the one a lieutenant and the other a non-commissioned officer, at Cromwell's siege of the city of Waterford, in 1650, is in itself a story of romance. Cromwell was reduced to great straits by the obstinate resistance of Clonmel, the shiretown of Tipperary, and but for the opportune arrival of Lord Broghill with reinforcements, must have withdrawn from the place, baffled and defeated, for the soldiery were sick and ill-supplied with clothing and provisions. Clonmel fell by the united efforts of himself and Broghill, and thence the English general straightway proceeded to reduce the strongly fortified city of Waterford. The summons to surrender was indignantly refused by the native defenders, and the cannons opened on the devoted city. Under cover of the smoke Lieutenant Croker, and Sergeant Croker, his brother, with thirty musketeers, were detached from the besieging army, with orders to fire the suburbs, so that the avenues of the city might be more effectually opened.

A tempestuous wind was blowing at the time, and as the straw and thatched cabins of the peasantry and their stacks of corn and hay were successively set on fire, the dense volume of smoke rolled in upon the city, penetrating to its remotest corners, and creating in the minds of the inhabitants the impression that the whole place was on fire. They retreated gradually from the outworks, whence the densest smoke proceeded, and at the same time the two Crokers, with their men, swiftly and stealthily approached the undefended walls. Fortune favours the bold. At the foot of the fortifications were a few stout ladders that had been employed shortly before in the removal of some of the bastions, and the brothers, hearing no sound of the sentinel's tread, nor hum or voice of armed men, resolved on an immediate escalade. They explained their views to the little band, who at once gave their acquiescence. The ladders were raised in a moment to the battlements, and with drawn swords and charged muskets the two-and-thirty heroes mounted the wall.

They found but one man on the summit, whom they at once slew, lest he should raise the alarm, and then, forming themselves into a compact body, they rushed into the terrified city. In the streets as they passed along they encountered only a few straggling soldiers, whom, without difficulty, they cut down, and the smoke from the suburbs, together with that of their muskets, so concealed their numbers that the Irish believed the whole army had got into the town, and therefore made no resistance. They fled

on all sides, casting away their arms to facilitate their escape. Still the Crokers pressed on, for their object was to reach the western gate that they might throw it open to their friends; but the lieutenant and two or three of his men now fell dead from shots fired from the houses as they went by them. Sergeant Croker, however, and the remainder marched up to the main guard and seized all the great guns, from which they proceeded safely to the western gate and threw it open.

Meanwhile the English, not knowing what had happened, conceived that the Crokers had perished in the flames of the suburbs, since they did not reappear after their work was accomplished. The army was drawn up at the west of the city, and thence all eyes were directed in amazement at the panic they heard going on within. Suddenly one of the sentinels challenged, and Lord Broghill riding up to him learned that the nearest gate of the city was set wide open, and a small party was marching out towards the English lines. He rode forward to reconnoitre, and through his perspective glass recognised Croker and his handful of men, whom he at once galloped out to meet.

Without answering his lordship's queries how he came thither, Croker only waved his sword over his head and called on the whole army to enter the town, for Waterford had fallen! The city was evacuated as the English marched in, and the castle only held out a few days, when it likewise surrendered. When the surviving brother, Hugh Croker, presented himself to Cromwell, his general welcomed him by a firm grasp of the hand, stooping down from the warhorse on which he sat to give the hero his salute. A moment later Cromwell took from his pocket a slip of paper, and resting it on the pommel of his saddle, he wrote an order for Croker to receive the forfeited estate of Sir W. Coppinger, near Tallow, in the county of Waterford.

Captain Croker soon after proceeded to get possession, and was received and kindly entertained by Sir Walter's fair daughter. He mentioned the unpleasant character of his mission, and displayed his authority. The maiden heard him in speechless grief, but bowed her acquiescence. She only craved leave to remain with her aged father within their ancestral walls until another dwelling, and one more suited to their fallen fortunes, could be provided. Such entreaty could not be refused. He were less than man, and unworthy of a soldier's name, had he denied her supplication. The Irish beauty remained in possession of her Castle of Lisaburn. The dreaded victor was converted into the pleading suitor for her hand and heart. He was accepted, and a long and happy union abundantly confirmed the wisdom of his choice.

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

ONE of the most remarkable of British commanders was George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was born in Devonshire in 1608, fought both for the Royalists and the Commonwealth during the Civil War, and finally, in 1660, restored the Stuarts to the English throne. Monk gained victories both on sea and land, and in every sphere, by his kindly yet firm treatment, secured the respect and goodwill of all men. A saying in his camp was: "There is not a soldier ever so sick or ill-shod, who would not make an attempt to follow George Monk." This is all the more extraordinary as Monk was a strict disciplinarian. Bishop Burnet says: "I remember well of three regiments coming to Aberdeen. There was an order and discipline, and a face of gravity and piety amongst them, that amazed all people." The regiments, of course, were Monk's.

Monk declared himself first to be a Royalist, and as such he fought bravely, as was his wont, rising to the rank of major-general. In 1644, however, he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Parliamentary troops under Fairfax, and for two years was in captivity. The Rebellion then being over, Monk decided to throw in his lot with Cromwell, who had no small opinion of the value of the captive. "Money," says Clarendon, "which he loved dearly, aided Cromwell not a little in obtaining his decision." On the eve of his release from the Tower, for the purpose of taking over a command in Ireland, he remarked to a fellow-prisoner, "I am going to do His Majesty the best service I can against the rebels in Ireland, and I hope I shall one day do him service in England."

While Cromwell lived, Monk faithfully served the cause of the Commonwealth, but he never lost his partiality for the Stuarts. This was suspected by Cromwell, who once sent this humorously worded warning to him in Scotland: "There be who tell me that there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart. I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him up to me."

After the death of Cromwell, Monk, who held the balance of power, was so slow and cautious in moving in favour of the Royalists that they became alarmed, and feared that they had been mistaken in him. He was sounded by his chaplain, Dr. Price, an ardent Royalist, who urged him to declare at once for Charles II. "Would you, by over-haste," Monk exclaimed, "bring my head to the block for the King, and so

ruin the whole design?" When at last the King was safely on the throne, he showered honours on Monk, making him Duke of Albemarle and Master of the Horse. In spite of the fact that he had been the means of restoring Charles, however, Monk never forgot that he was a subject. "The Duke of Albemarle," said the King, "does not presume on the services of General Monk."

Monk must have had his craving for money satisfied during his last years. Besides income from other quarters, he had an annuity of £7,000 a year, secured upon lands taken from the royal domains. He lived for nearly ten years after the Restoration, fighting in the meantime some naval battles against the Dutch, and finally died calmly and quietly, without a sigh, while seated in his chair, on the 3rd of January, 1670, in his sixty-second year. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, the King attending the funeral. It is a curious fact that, some 180 years later, another great commander, the Duke of Wellington, died in his chair.

INTERCEPTED DESPATCH

THERE is a tradition in Scotland that the restoration of Charles II. was produced by a dram of brandy. A messenger from the Parliament of England had brought letters to General Monk, who was then staying in Edinburgh. The messenger was also carrying despatches to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and he happened to mention this circumstance to one of Monk's servants. This man, a sergeant, saw something unusual in the affair, and, rapidly deciding upon a course of action, he prevailed upon the messenger to drink a dram of brandy with him at a neighbouring alehouse. Other drams followed, and before long the messenger was so drunk that the sergeant was able to take the papers from his custody without detection. These he at once took to Monk, who, on perusing the contents, found an order for his arrest and detention at the Castle. Parliament had become suspicious of his actions, and wished to have him placed so that he could do no harm. It is said this incident decided Monk on that course of policy which, as everybody knows, placed Charles on the throne.

MARLBOROUGH AS A CAPTAIN

AT the siege of Nimeguen the great Duke of Marlborough, then only practically beginning his military career, attracted the notice of Turenne, the celebrated general, who was then engaged in reducing the Dutch fortresses. Turenne always spoke of Marlborough by the title of "the handsome Englishman," and

soon had an opportunity of putting his spirit to the test. A colonel having scandalously abandoned, without resistance, a position which he had been ordered to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, "I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret that my 'handsome Englishman' will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer who lost it commanded." The wager was instantly accepted, and the General found that his confidence had not been misplaced, for Marlborough, who was then known as Captain Churchill, expelled the enemy after a short but desperate fight, and afterwards maintained the position.

PIOUS AND BRAVE

AT the Battle of Seneffe, Belgium, in 1674, between the Dutch and the French, the Prince of Condé, commander of the last-named forces, sent word to Marshal de Nevailles to be ready to engage the enemy. The messenger found him hearing Mass, and on this being reported to the Prince, he muttered something in abuse of over-pious persons. But the Marshal having performed wonders during the engagement, he, having been told of the Prince's remark, afterwards said to him, "Your Highness, I fancy, now sees that those who pray to God behave as well in battle as their neighbours." This battle was severe and indecisive. The Dutch, it is interesting to note, were commanded by the Prince of Orange, who afterwards became William III. of England.

PRINCE OF ORANGE

AT the Battle of Seneffe the Prince of Orange had a very narrow escape. Entirely disregarding his friends' warning to keep in a place of safety, the Prince charged at the head of the Dutch in many places where the fighting was fiercest. On one of these occasions he got among the enemy, and, thinking they were his own men, ordered them to charge. They answered that they had no more powder. Discovering his mistake at that instant, the Prince bolted from among them, placed himself at the head of one of his own troops, charged, and completely routed the body of men he had previously mistaken for his own soldiers!

At the Battle of Montcassel, the first regiment of Dutch infantry began to break at a critical portion of the fight. The Prince of Orange rallied them several times, but was at last borne down by the flight of his men. Angry at the disgraceful affair, the Prince, sword in hand, cut one of his men across the face, saying aloud, "Rascal, I'll set a mark on thee, that I may know

where to find a coward." The Prince was carried away by the torrent of the runaways to the remainder of his troops, who fortunately stood their ground, and enabled the Prince to accomplish a satisfactory retreat.

SOLDIER AND SOVEREIGN

ONE of the finest compliments ever paid by a sovereign to a victorious general was that which Louis XIV. of France paid to the great Condé, when the latter arrived at Versailles, in 1674, after fighting his last fight, the Battle of Seneffe, against William of Orange. Louis paid Condé the high honour of going to the top of the grand staircase to meet him. The great commander, suffering severely from gout, was scarcely able to mount the steps at all, and he besought the pardon of the King for making him wait. "Cousin," replied Louis, with a smile, "when one is so loaded with laurels it is, of course, difficult to walk."

WILLIAM AT THE BOYNE

THE Battle of the Boyne, fought in 1690, ended in the victory of William III. over the Irish forces, who were fighting on behalf of the deposed monarch, James II. William, persisting as usual in putting himself in the most dangerous positions, had several narrow escapes, not only from the enemy, but from his own men. One of the Inniskilling Dragoons, mistaking the King for an officer belonging to the enemy, levelled his musket at him. "What!" cried William, "don't you know your friends from your foes?" Placing himself at the head of the Inniskillings, William called out, "What will you do for me?" The soldiers raised a great shout when they saw who was the speaker. "I have heard much of your valour," continued the King, "and doubt not now to witness it." So saying he led them in person across the river.

During the passage a shot struck his holster, and the officers urged him to go back. "Never mind," said the King grimly, "I will see you over." And so he did. Later on in the fight William placed himself at the head of some soldiers and ordered them to charge. Lord Scarborough in turn ordered them to stand still, and when the King looked round after going a little way he found himself alone, and was forced to return.

DIED IN GLORY

IN the Battle of the Boyne William lost his old general, the Duke of Schomberg, who was killed in mistake by his own soldiers as he was crossing the river. He was eighty-two years old, and died as he had always wished to do. The Duke's father and several brothers had been killed at the Battle of Prague in 1620, and his eldest son fell mortally wounded three years later at the Battle of Marsaglia. The brave Caithmote, one of Schomberg's best officers, also fell at the Boyne. After he had received his mortal wound he was carried back through the river by four soldiers, and, though in the agonies of death, cheerfully encouraged those who were crossing to do their duty. His last words were, "À la gloire ! à la gloire !"

A KINDLY KING

WILLIAM III. exhibited a remarkable instance of magnanimity towards Richard Hamilton, the treacherous friend who had betrayed his confidence and fought against him at the Boyne. When brought before the King as a prisoner, William asked him if his cavalry would make more fight. "On my honour, sir," replied Hamilton, "I believe they will." "Your honour," muttered the King, as he cast a scornful eye on the figure before him. This sarcasm was "the only revenge," as Macaulay remarks, "which he condescended to take for an injury for which many sovereigns, far more affable and gracious in their ordinary deportment, would have exacted a terrible retribution."

DIED A CENTENARIAN

A STORY is told of the bell known as "Great Tom" at Westminster, which on one occasion struck thirteen o'clock, an event which was very fortunate for a soldier. The incident occurred in the reign of William III. The soldier had been stationed as a sentinel either in or near the Abbey, and was suspected and tried for having fallen asleep at his post. The poor fellow attested his innocence of the charge laid against him, and verified it by the fact of having heard the great bell on that very night strike thirteen. Several witnesses swore to having heard it as well. The sentinel was acquitted. It remained a mystery to many as to how the mishap could occur, until a poor mechanic solved the problem. The name of the sentry who had his life thus saved was Hatfield ; he died in 1770 in Aldersgate, aged 102.

SCOTTISH HERO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HUGH MACKAY once belonged to the 1st Foot, and, after a glorious and energetic career, he fell in 1692 at the Battle of Steenkirk, when the British, under William III., were defeated by the French, under Marshal Luxemburg. Mackay had command of the British division of the allied army, a position in which he was succeeded by Marlborough, then not very well known. During the battle Mackay was ordered by the jealous Count Solms to a post which he saw could not be maintained, and sent his opinion about it, but the former orders were confirmed, so he obeyed them, saying, "The will of the Lord be done." He fell with 3,000 of his men, other slain officers besides Mackay being Sir Robert Douglas, Sir John Lanier, the Earl of Angus, and Colonel Roberts. Mackay was buried the next day on the battlefield, and even the phlegmatic King William, who attended the funeral, exclaimed, as the gallant Scotsman was laid in the grave, "There he lies, and a braver or better man he has not left behind him."

MARLBOROUGH AND HIS TIMES

BLenheim

THE year 1704 was rendered memorable by the Duke of Marlborough's great victory over the French at Blenheim, in Bavaria. Marlborough's men numbered 52,000, and the French commander, Marshal Tallard, had 56,000 men. At five in the afternoon Marlborough broke through the enemy's line and won a complete victory, the French losing over 30,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the English and their allies lost 5,000 killed and 8,000 wounded. Among the captured was Marshal Tallard himself. Among the victor's spoil were 120 cannon and 300 colours and standards. During the fight Marlborough displayed all the qualities of a great general—firmness and determination, clearness of judgment, coolness in time of danger, quickness in seizing opportunities, and personal courage when such was necessary. Before the battle he received the Sacrament in the presence of his chaplain, and after the fight was over he declared that he believed he had prayed more that day than all the chaplains in his army.

A DESPATCH OF VICTORY

THE first news of the great victory of Blenheim that reached England was contained in a few lines which Marlborough had hastily written in pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket-book. He had then been sixteen hours on horseback, the enemy were still being pursued, and he himself was completely tired out. The short despatch, which was sent to his wife and carried by Colonel Pack, was as follows:—

“I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the Queen, and to let Her Majesty know that her army has gained a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Pack, will give Her Majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another, more at large.—MARLBOROUGH.”

As promised, the longer despatch, to Mr. Secretary Harley, was written the next day.

HONOURED PRISONER

MARSHAL TALLARD, after his capture at Blenheim, was brought to England, and for some short time he resided at Chatsworth, the fine home of the Dukes of Devonshire, in Derbyshire. He undoubtedly had a very pleasant time there. With the politeness and felicity of thought and diction that have been considered so characteristic of his countrymen, the Marshal, when he took leave of Chatsworth, said to the Duke, "When I return to France, and reckon up the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out all that I have spent at Chatsworth."

MARLBOROUGH'S MODESTY

THE news of the victory of Blenheim created an astonishing enthusiasm in England, and honours were showered on the victorious general in profusion. But Marlborough himself did not lose his head. In the speech whereby the Lord Keeper announced to him the thanks voted to him by the House of Lords, the following passage occurred: "The honour of these glorious victories, great as they are, under the immediate blessing of Almighty God, is chiefly, if not alone, owing to your Grace's conduct and valour." To this Marlborough made the noble reply: "I am extremely sensible of the great honour your lordships are pleased to do me; but I must beg on this occasion to do right to all the officers and soldiers I had the honour to command. Next to the blessing of God, the good success of this campaign is owing to their extraordinary courage."

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

WHEN besieging Barcelona, in 1706, the Earl of Peterborough, one of the most successful soldiers of the eighteenth century, gave an instance of conduct highly characteristic of his methods. He was parleying with the governor of the city at the gates, when the foreign soldiers under D'Armstadt burst into the town. The governor at once accused Peterborough of treachery, and loaded him with execration. The English general was furious, and he said, "You do injustice to the English; but permit me to enter the town with my soldiers, and I will instantly repress the outrages, and return to the gates to finish the capitulation."

The governor was astonished at the offer, but it was so earnestly made that, after short consideration, it was accepted. The Earl entered the town at the head of his troops, drove out the pillagers, making them leave their booty in the town, and

then returned with his soldiers to the outside of the walls. The Spaniards were amazed at the conduct of Peterborough, and capitulation terms were readily concluded, especially as the garrison were allowed to march out with the honours of war.

CURIOUS WOUND

AT the Battle of Ramillies, which the famous Duke of Marlborough gained over the French in 1706, a very peculiar incident occurred. Ensign Gardiner, then in his nineteenth year, received a shot in the mouth from a musket-ball, which, without knocking out any of his teeth, or touching the fore part of his tongue, went through his neck, and came out about an inch and a half on the left side of the vertebræ. The ensign felt no pain, but he dropped to the ground soon after receiving his wound, and, among the dying, lay all night on the spot where he had fallen. He made an almost miraculous recovery, and afterwards took part in all the other battles of the Duke of Marlborough. It was this ensign who, as Colonel Gardiner, fell nobly at Prestonpans, in 1745, while making a stand against the Highlanders.

CENTENARIAN SOLDIER

IN the churchyard at Longnor, in Staffordshire, there is a curious epitaph, which shows that the deceased was remarkable also for his career and longevity, and which reads as follows:—

“In memory of William Billinge, who was born in a corn-field at Fairfield-head, in this parish, 1679. At the age of twenty-three years he enlisted into His Majesty’s service, under Sir George Rooke, and was at the taking of the fortress of Gibraltar, in 1704. He afterwards served under the late Duke of Marlborough at the ever-memorable Battle of Ramillies, fought on the 23rd of May, 1706, where he was wounded by a musket shot in the thigh; afterwards returned to his native country, and, with manly courage, defended his Sovereign’s right at the rebellions in 1715 and 1745. He died within the space of 150 yards of the place where he was born; and was interred here the 30th of January, 1791, aged 112 years.

“Billeted by death, I quarter’d here remain;
When the trumpet sounds, I’ll rise and march again.”

FEMALE FIGHTER

ALMOST the last shot fired by the French at the Battle of Ramillies, in 1706, wounded a trooper in Lord Hay’s Regiment of Dragoons (now the Scots Greys). With a fractured skull, the soldier underwent the operation of trepanning, when it was discovered that the supposed “man” was really a woman. It

turned out that she had followed her husband to the war, and after discovering him had continued to serve, making her partner promise not to disclose her sex. She had enlisted under the name of Christopher Walsh in 1693, and, until her discovery thirteen years later, had served in different regiments through several campaigns. Naturally, the news of the exploit of Mrs. Richard Walsh, which was her married name, spread rapidly through the army, and the plucky woman received many kindnesses from officers and men. The great Duke of Marlborough himself took an interest in her, and persuaded her to be remarried to her husband. The ceremony was attended by a large number of officers, who all kissed the bride before leaving.

"Mother Ross," as she afterwards was called, was appointed cook in her husband's regiment; but at the siege of Ath she could not resist the sound of battle, so, seizing a musket, she killed one of the enemy. Unfortunately, at the same moment, a ball from the enemy struck her in the mouth, splitting her under lip and knocking one of her teeth into her mouth. In the account of her life which she afterwards published, she says of the above incident: "Both this shot and mine, with which I killed the soldier, were so exactly at a time, that none could distinguish whether I fell by the recoiling of the piece or the enemy's ball. My husband and some of his comrades ran to take me up, and, seeing the blood, imagined I was shot through the head; but I convinced them to the contrary by spitting the ball and tooth into my hand."

Some time later, when a Captain Montgomery ridiculed the horse she rode, she challenged him to a race. "I offer'd to run her against his horse for a pistole," she says, "and we would both ride. Brigadier Godfrey, who was by, laid another pistole on my side. We both went to the place chosen to run upon, and starting at the beat of the drum, he suffer'd me to keep pace with him for some time; but finding he was going to leave me, I made a furious push at him, flung man and horse into a ditch, and thus won the race. The brigadier laughed heartily at this stratagem; the captain was half angry; but I got a couple of pistoles." Mrs. Walsh's husband was killed at the Battle of Malplaquet (1709), but at the end of eleven weeks she married Hugh Jones, a grenadier in the same regiment. Her second husband being killed, she married a soldier of the Welsh Fusiliers, named Davies, who survived her. Eventually "Mother Ross" retired on a pension of a shilling a day, given by Queen Anne, and on her death in 1739 was buried with military honours in the cemetery belonging to Chelsea Hospital.

WON A COMMISSION

ONE of the least-known heroes of the Army is Sergeant Littler, who belonged to the 16th Regiment. He was a man of immense physical strength, but was of such a gentle and peaceable disposition that, had he not often proved his bravery on the field, many would have suspected he was something of a poltroon. Though he lived in times when soldiers were noted for their vicious habits, Littler led a pure and Christian life. He was frequently offered promotion from the ranks, but preferred to remain where he was. When the English army advanced to undertake the siege of Lille, in 1708, the French, in retiring across the river, drew up a large drawbridge. The colonel commanding the 16th Regiment offered a purse of guineas to whoever should succeed in cutting the chains of the bridge, so that, by allowing it to drop, the troops would be able to cross. Several men essayed to secure the reward, one after the other, but were all killed by a vigilant enemy.

Then Littler stepped forward, saying, "Sir, I don't want the money, only let me make the attempt, for the honour of the regiment." Consent was given, and the gallant fellow at once swam the river, hatchet in hand, and, under a galling fire from the enemy's ramparts, successfully cut the supporting chains. He then returned, having during his enterprise received a couple of flesh wounds. For his valour Sergeant Littler was rewarded with a commission, which, heedless of his protests, was assigned to him. He was duly gazetted to an ensign in the 3rd Foot, or Buffs, and when he retired from the service had the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

A BETTER JOKE

WHEN General Oglethorpe was in Holland in his youthful days, serving with the army of Prince Eugene, a Prince of Wurtemberg, at an entertainment, filliped some wine into Oglethorpe's face. The latter turned his eye on him and remarked, "That was a good joke, but we do it better in England," and thereupon threw a glassful of wine into the face of the prince! Later in life General Oglethorpe took several large bodies of colonists to America and founded Savannah. He died at Cranham Hall, Essex, on January 30th, 1785.

THE DUKE'S APOLOGY

THE Duke of Marlborough, in 1709, was opposed to the famous Marshal Villars, whom he eventually defeated at Malplaquet. Once the English commander was compelled to retreat, and he sent

a note, by means of a trumpeter, to Villars, containing an apology for decamping. "Do me the justice to believe," said he, "that my retreat is entirely owing to the failure of the Prince of Baden, but that my esteem for you is still greater than my resentment of his conduct."

GALLANT PRINCE

THE Battle of Malplaquet, fought in 1709, ended in the defeat of the French by the English and Dutch under the command of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. There were 120,000 men on each side, but the advantage of position was with the French, who were behind earthworks and other defences. Time after time the allies charged the French positions, but the dreadful hail of bullets broke column after column. Among the most courageous of the allied leaders was the Prince of Orange, who at last, to rally his dispirited men, seized a standard and, almost alone, rushed up to an entrenchment of the enemy, where he planted the colour and called out to his men, "Follow me, my friends; here is your post!" However, the Prince and his force were once more hurled back, and it was only after a long time that the position, which seemed impregnable, was finally carried. The French were eventually compelled to retreat, but their loss was only 10,000 men, against 18,000 lost by the English and Dutch.

A MARLBOROUGH STORY

THE late Mr. Augustus Hare, in his book of recollections, has an extraordinary story of an act of treachery on the part of the great Duke of Marlborough, which it is, to say the least, rather difficult to believe. He says:—"Colonel Thomas Tolle-mache was distinguished in the wars of Queen Anne's time. The Duke of Marlborough ordered him to attack Brest. There were reasons which made him very doubtful of success, and he represented to the Duke that the only chance of it lay in a surprise; still the Duke ordered him to attempt it. Brest was found thoroughly prepared, the hoped-for surprise was an utter failure, and Tollemache fell in the attack. The French Government had been forewarned, and it was afterwards found that it had been forewarned by Marlborough!" Mr. Hare adds that the Duke d'Aumale, when he visited Helmingham, the seat of the Tolle-mache family in Suffolk, said that the thing he was most anxious to see was the monument of the betrayed officer, and that "he had himself read, in the archives of Brest, the letter of the Duke of Marlborough warning the garrison of the coming attack."

A FIGHTING SPEECH

WHEN the Duke of Marlborough was besieging Mons, in Belgium, the Duke of Argyll of that time joined an attacking force when it was on the point of shrinking from the contest. Pushing among the soldiers and baring his breast, the Duke exclaimed, "You see, brothers, I have no concealed armour; I am equally exposed with you; I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture. Remember you fight for the liberties of Europe and the glory of your nation, which shall never suffer by my behaviour; and I hope the character of a Briton is as dear to every one of you." The soldiers received this stirring speech with cheers, and, making the assault under the Duke's leadership, carried the work.

WITTY REPLY

IN the days of Marlborough, one of his generals, on a short holiday in England, was dining at the Mansion House one day, when an alderman sitting next to him remarked, "Yours, sir, must be a very laborious profession?" "Oh no," replied the warrior airily; "we fight for four hours in the morning and two or three hours after dinner, and then we have the rest of the day to ourselves!"

CHAPLAIN'S ADVENTURE

IT is said that the Rev. Mr. Young, a learned and much-esteemed friend of the novelist, was the original of Fielding's Parson Adams. It is added that the likeness was very remarkable. Mr. Young had as close an intimacy with the Greek authors, and as passionate a veneration for *Æschylus*, as Adams himself. The overflowings of his benevolence were strong; his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred, too, upon the most interesting occasions. When he was chaplain, for instance, of a regiment serving in Flanders, he thought proper, one fine summer's evening, to indulge himself in a walk. During the stroll, struck with the charms of the landscape, and, perhaps, with some appropriate passage in his beloved *Æschylus*, he extended his studies until he arrived very quickly within the enemy's lines, being brought to a stand by the repeated challenge of "Qui va la?" The officer in command, however, was a good sort of chap. Finding out the unpremeditated nature of the visit, and noticing the unaffected simplicity of his prisoner, he gave him leave to pursue his classical studies in a walk back to the English camp.

A GOOD DEED

AFTER the taking of Bouchain, in 1711, the estates of the See of Cambrai were exposed to the plunder of the troops, who, after a victory had been gained, were very difficult to manage. The Duke of Marlborough, however, having great respect for the Archbishop, the celebrated François Fénelon, ordered a detachment of troops to guard the magazines of corn at the Château Cambresis, and gave a safe conduct for their conveyance to Cambrai. The soldiers were very short of bread, and a great outcry arose at the British commander's action, but Marlborough, determined to leave the Archbishop the corn, sent a corps of Dragoons to escort the grain safely to its destination. This deed by the great general was a fine tribute in honour of the equally great Christian philosopher, who, then sixty years old, was held in reverence throughout the civilised world for his genius, piety, and generosity. It was an action that reflected the greatest possible credit on Marlborough, who could have made good use of the corn for his own troops, but did not do so because he knew that the Archbishop would have been placed in difficulty by the loss of his store.

PRINCE AND WARRIOR

PRINCE EUGENE of Savoy, whose name is so intimately connected with the victories of the Duke of Marlborough, began his military career by departing in secret from Paris for Vienna, with a large body of young Frenchmen, to fight against the Turks, then threatening the whole edifice of Christendom. The famous but unamiable minister, Louvois, when he heard of the young abbe's escape, remarked with a sneer, "So much the better; it will be long before he returns." The speech was repeated to Eugene, who replied, "I will never return to France but as a conqueror!" History shows that he kept his word—one of the very few instances on record where a rash vow was afterwards justified by talents and resolution. The Prince, by the fame of his victories, became immensely popular in England. When he visited this country in 1712, Queen Anne presented him with a sword, valued at £5,000, while, according to Horace Walpole, an old maid bequeathed him £2,500, and a humble gardener £100.

COMPLIMENT TO MARLBOROUGH

QUEEN ANNE'S son, the young Duke of Gloucester, was entrusted by his uncle, King William III., to the care of Marlborough, then an earl, who was nominated by His Majesty himself to the post of governor. In giving over his nephew to the care of the Earl, the King said, "Make him like yourself, my lord, and you will make him all that I can wish." The words alone might have been one of those phrases which so seldom have meaning on the lips of anyone; but combined with the trust reposed—the education of a king for a great nation—they form one of the most splendid compliments that ever a monarch addressed to a subject. In his future career Marlborough must have often recalled the words with justifiable pride. Unfortunately the young Duke died in 1700, when only eleven years old.

MARLBOROUGH IN DISGRACE

THE Duke of Marlborough had one great failing, and that was a low passion for money which stained one of the brightest names in British history. Irrespective of what was granted to him by a generous country, he made immense sums in the way of commissions from the contractors to his army. When, during the later part of his life, he fell into disfavour, these things were all raked up against him. The public were well aware of the Duke's failing. It is recorded that after he had been deprived of his offices (which had brought him in over £60,000 a year), the Duke was in a chair in St. James's Park, with the curtains drawn, on the Queen's birthday. The mob, who believed it to be Prince Eugene, cheered enthusiastically, but the Duke drew back the curtains, looked out, and with a sign showed his dislike to the salutation. The mob, finding their mistake, and that it was Marlborough, cried out, "Stop thief!" which was a "thorough mortification to him."

In 1712 Lord Poulett insinuated in the House of Lords that Marlborough contrived to have his officers placed in situations where they were sure of being killed, in order to fill his own pockets by disposing of their commissions. This was too much for the Duke, who at once sent a written challenge to Lord Poulett. When the duel was about to take place, Queen Anne, though Marlborough was then in disgrace, wrote him a letter, entreating him on pain of her displeasure not to proceed to such extremities. Lord Poulett then made the Duke a proper apology.

One of Marlborough's great rivals was the Earl of Peter-

borough, who was once passing along the street at the time of the Duke's disgrace, when he was pointed out to an excited crowd as the great general. The multitude at once conceived him to be the Duke of Marlborough, and proceeded to insult him with the indiscriminate haste with which the vengeance of a crowd is generally expressed. Nothing that Peterborough could say would persuade them of their mistake, until at last he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; in the second, they are very much at your service!" The mob shouted loudly, received his purse, and allowed him to depart, quite convinced that he was not the Duke, who would never act in so generous a manner.

BRITISH DEFEAT

DURING the campaign in Flanders, in 1712, the English and Dutch allied army suffered a rather heavy defeat at a village called Denain. Only a portion of the army was at Denain, under the command of the Earl of Albemarle, who was separated from the main army, under Prince Eugene, by the River Scheldt. Communication could only be kept up between the two forces by one pontoon bridge, and when the French made their attack this bridge broke down, and Prince Eugene, bringing up his men, was forced to remain a passive spectator of the catastrophe occurring on the other side, as he had no means of crossing the river. When his entrenchments were forced Albemarle made a gallant resistance, and finally, calling on such troops as he had left to follow him, he rushed forward, as he supposed, at their head.

Marshal Villars, the French commander, described the resulting position as follows: "I entered the entrenchment at the head of the troops, and I had not gone twenty paces when the Duke of Albemarle and six or seven Imperial lieutenant-generals found themselves at my horse's feet. I begged them to excuse me if the present state of affairs did not allow of all the politeness that I owed to them; but the first step was to provide for the security of their persons." With 3,000 of his men, Albemarle was made a prisoner, but he obtained his release a few months afterwards.

REIGNS OF GEORGE I. AND II.

HALF-PAY TACTICS

AT a fiercely contested election for Shrewsbury in the reign of George I., a half-pay officer, who was a non-resident burgess, was, with some other voters, brought down from London at the expense of Mr. Kynaston, one of the candidates. The old campaigner regularly attended and feasted at the houses which were opened for the electors in the interests of Mr. Kynaston, until the last day of polling, when, to the astonishment and indignation of the party, he gave his vote to the opponent. For this strange conduct he was reproached by his quondam companions, and asked what could have induced him to act so dishonourable a part, and to have become an apostate. "An apostate!" exclaimed the old soldier. "An apostate! By no means. I made up my mind about whom I should vote for before I set out on my campaign, but I remembered Marlborough's constant advice to us when I served with our army in Flanders: 'Always quarter upon the enemy, my lads—always quarter upon the enemy!'"

SAVING THE COLOURS

THE Battle of Dettingen, at which George II. was present, was fought in 1743. Among those who distinguished themselves in the fight was a private of Bland's Dragoons, of the name of Thomas Brown, who had not been more than a year in the Army. After having had two horses killed under him, and lost two fingers of his left hand, Brown saw some of the enemy carrying off the regimental standard, which they had captured. Putting spurs to his horse, Brown galloped among the enemy, shot the soldier who was carrying the trophy, and having seized it and thrust it for safety between his thigh and saddle, the gallant soldier fought his way back through the ranks of the enemy. Covered with wounds, Brown bore the colours in triumph to his comrades, who received the gallant warrior with three rattling cheers.

In this exploit Brown had received eight wounds in the face, head, and neck, while two bullets had lodged in his back, from whence they could never be extracted. He also had three balls through his hat. The fame of Tom Brown spread through the kingdom, and his health was drunk everywhere with great enthusiasm; pictures were painted of him, and his deeds were chronicled in song and prose. He had to retire from the service owing to his wounds, however, and was given a pension of £30 a year, but he only lived a little over two years, dying in January, 1746, at the town of Yarm, in North Yorkshire.

THE KING'S MISTAKE

As is well known, the 3rd Foot, or the East Kent Regiment, is called "The Buffs," from the facings of that colour which adorn its uniform. It took part in the Battle of Dettingen, in 1743, as also did the 31st Foot, now known as the 1st East Surrey Regiment, which was almost exactly similarly clothed as the 3rd Foot. In the course of the action the 31st displayed such extraordinary gallantry that George II., the British commander, could not resist showing his approbation. He rode up to the battalion and said, "Well done, old Buffs!" Several of the men at once replied, "We are not the Buffs, sir." With ready wit the King responded, "Then well done, *young* Buffs!" Ever afterwards the 31st was known by the nickname of "The Young Buffs."

BATTLEFIELD HUMOUR

THE first Marquess Townshend, born in 1724 and died in 1807, was a noted officer who rose to the rank of Field-Marshal. He took part in the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden, and Laffeldt, and was also in at the capture of Quebec. A biography of him was published in 1901 by Mr. John Murray. Here is a story of the Marquess. When young and engaged in one of his first battles he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon-ball, which scattered the poor lad's brains in every direction. The Marquess's eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer, observing him, supposed he was intimidated at the sight, and addressed him in a manner calculated to cheer his spirits. "Oh!" said the young Marquess, with calmness, but severity, "I am not frightened. I am puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

VALOUR THAT WINS

IN the year 1745 a French squadron arrived off the little island of Arsuina, British West Indies, and landed 650 men for the purpose of capturing it from the British. The governor was a man named Hodge, who had only a force of twenty-two men to oppose the enemy's large number, yet he was not at all daunted. Assembling his little band, he addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, I am an utter stranger to all manner of military discipline, so have nothing to recommend to you but load and fire as fast as you can, and stand by one another in the defence of your country; so God bless ye." The brave band immediately shook hands, and solemnly bound themselves to either drive the French away, or die in the attempt. They attacked the enemy in a narrow path, from behind a breastwork, and killed or wounded over one hundred of their number. This proved sufficient for the French, who at once boarded their vessels and sailed to more congenial quarters. Strange to say, in this short and sharp conflict brave Governor Hodge had not a man of his twenty-two either killed or wounded!

JOHNNY COPE

THE Battle of Prestonpans, in which Prince Charlie defeated Sir John Cope, was fought on September 21st, 1745. It was a complete surprise for the English soldiers, who thought they were in comparative safety, as a morass was between them and the Scots. During the night, when the two armies lay asleep to be ready for the battle next day, a Jacobite gentleman named Anderson offered to lead Prince Charlie and his men across the morass at a place not guarded by the enemy. The offer was accepted, and, three abreast, the Highlanders, in almost unearthly silence, moved across. The British Guards tried to stay the advance, but they were carried away by the rush of the Highlanders, who, first discharging their pistols in true Highland style, rushed on the British with the claymore. In a few minutes they had put the royal troops to flight, and captured the artillery, stores, and money-chest of the defeated army.

Sir John Cope himself was among the fugitives, and fled headlong into Berwick, where he was welcomed by Lord Mark Ker with the observation that he "believed he was the first general in Europe that had brought the first tidings of his own defeat." For years afterwards the pipers of the Highland regiments in the British Army played a tune called, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakken yet?"

COLONEL GARDINER

AMONG the English killed at Prestonpans was the pious Colonel Gardiner, who commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons. Speaking to his men the day before, he said, "I cannot influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it." On the Highlanders' sudden attack the Colonel's men ran away, but he himself, perceiving a party of foot soldiers without an officer standing against the enemy, took his place at their head, though already twice wounded, saying, "Fight on, my lads, and fear nothing." At that instant he was cut down by a Highlander's scythe, which was fastened to a long pole, and, while he lay on the ground, the stroke of a broadsword or Lochaber axe put an end to his earthly and adventurous career. Prince Charlie, when he viewed the body of his fallen foe, exclaimed, "Poor Gardiner, would to God I could restore thy life!" Colonel Gardiner was a Scotsman by birth, and he was killed not far from his own home.

CAPTURED BY A HORSE

AT the Battle of Kirk, in 1745, Major Macdonald, having unhorsed an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it; nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which apparently its original master was commander. The melancholy and, at the same time, ludicrous figure which Macdonald presented when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived. He had not the presence of mind of another officer, of another period, who, when he saw himself being carried into the enemy's lines by a captured horse, at once killed it, and so saved himself from being made a prisoner.

DREAD CULLODEN

OF the 2,500 Highlanders who fell at Culloden, two-thirds were put to death *after* the battle. The savage cruelty of the pursuit earned for the Duke of Cumberland the title with which his name is inseparably connected—"The Butcher." Horace Walpole wrote: "Great intercession is made for the two earls (Kilmarnock and Cromarty). The King is much inclined to some mercy, but the Duke, who was not so much of a Cæsar after a

victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed to present him with the freedom of some company: one of the aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be the *Butchers*.' At the same time, it must be admitted that the English people generally called for strong punishment. The nation had been greatly frightened, and no passion is more prone to cruelty than fear.

DRUMMER-BOY'S FATE

SHORTLY after the Scottish Rebellion of 1745 a drummer-boy of a regiment then in Perth was in a public-house, when, someone proposing the Pretender's health, he drank to the toast. The woman of the house informed against him, and, tried by court-martial, he was sentenced to be shot. The execution took place on the North Inch, and the poor youth was buried there. The spot for many years was marked by a stone, on which was cut the figure of a drummer-boy beating his drum. After the execution the boy's mother went with his shirt, stained with his life's blood, to the public-house, and, smiting the door-posts with it, imprecated divine vengeance on its inmates. The bereaved mother's curse was not in vain, for the family owning the house dwindled away and died in poverty. The custom of a tavern would naturally decline when it became known that the owner had been the means of bringing a patron, and he but a simple boy, to a shameful death.

WIT IN WAR

AT the siege of Ostend, in 1745, which was garrisoned by English soldiers, one of them was holding up a loaf of bread in a boasting manner, when a shot took off the uppermost half, leaving the other in his hand. Without betraying any surprise, the man coolly said that "the shot had divided fairly and left him the better half." In the same siege, during a sally from the town against the enemy, an English officer had one of his arms shot off by a cannon-ball. Taking hold of the severed member, he carried it back into the town to the surgeon, to whom he said, "Behold the arm which but at dinner did help its fellow."

AIDE-DE-CAMP'S ADVENTURES

THE Battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 11th of May, 1745; that of Culloden on the 16th of April, 1746. At the first-named conflict the second Lord Albemarle commanded the British first line, and at the other battle his son, Lord Bury, acted

as an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland. On the morning of April 16th Lord Bury had a narrow escape from assassination. Under the pretence of asking quarter, a Highlander had got within the English lines, his object being to kill the Duke of Cumberland. Mistaking Lord Bury, who happened to pass in a showy uniform, for the Commander-in-Chief, the Highlander suddenly seized one of the soldiers' muskets and discharged it at the aide-de-camp, fortunately without effect.

As for the Highlander, he "received the next moment with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which his own existence was immediately terminated by another soldier." Before the battle commenced Lord Bury was sent forward to reconnoitre something that looked like a battery, and, when within a hundred yards of the enemy, they opened fire on him. This was the beginning of the conflict. The Duke selected Lord Bury to carry the news of the victory to the King, who ordered a reward of one thousand guineas to be paid to the lucky aide-de-camp.

QUITE IRISH

WHEN General O'Kelly, an Irishman in the French service, was introduced to Louis XVI. soon after the Battle of Fontenoy, His Majesty, during the course of some conversation, observed that Clare's regiment had behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," replied the General, "they behaved very well, it is true—many of them were wounded; but my regiment behaved better, for we were *all killed!*"

STORY OF FONTENOY

THE story of the exchange of courtesies between the English and French Guards at the Battle of Fontenoy has long since been placed, by competent authorities, among the "Mock Pearls of History." According to tradition, the two corps found themselves opposing one another at a distance of about thirty paces. A pause ensued, when Lord Charles Hay stepped forward, and, taking off his hat, called out in French, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire." "We never fire first, gentlemen," responded the Marquis d'Auterroche, commander of the French; "fire yourselves." It was then the custom of the French army to receive the enemy's fire before themselves firing; but, as will be shown, the story is not true.

What actually occurred was told by Lord Charles Hay himself, in a letter to his brother, Lord Tweeddale, written shortly after the battle, in which he says:—"It was our regiment (the Grenadier

Guards) that attacked the French Guards, and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our regiment, and hoped they would stand until we came up to them, and not swim the Scheldt as they did the Mayn at Dettingen. Upon which I immediately turned about to our regiment, speeched them, and made them huzzah—I hope with a will. An officer (d’Auterroche) came out of the ranks and tried to make his men huzzah: however, there were not above three or four of their brigade that did.”

SELLING LIFE GUARDSMEN

AN officer’s letter of 1746 throws an interesting light on the military arrangements of the period. The writer was General Hawley, who was with the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, and commanded the Life Guards. He says:—“I have moved my camp, and have pitched fronting Grosvenor Park gate. You muste remember a single chattau that fronts the gate, where the Duke has been twice by seven o’clock about his dragoons’ cloathing, horses, &c. He is so full of them, I think he has forgott the Guards; however, I am reducing the size of my men and horses. *I have sold him 12 of my men above six foot highe for six guineas a man, with their own consent tho’.* I am trying to recruit the Horse Guards with my tall horses, and then I’m sure you’ll laughe, but pray keep that a secret. Crawford’s troop does bite if they can find the money, and I hope Charley (Lord Cadogan) and Tyrawley will bite too. Dell (Lord Delawarr) won’t, tho’ they are all crowded with pipers and blind ones.” This letter, as well as others of the gallant general’s, was published in Lord Albemarle’s *Fifty Years of My Life*.

KING GEORGE AND HIS OFFICERS

GEORGE II. was a strong advocate of duelling in the Army. As is well known, he challenged his brother-in-law, Frederick William of Prussia, to a hostile meeting, which was only prevented with difficulty. In 1746 two officers under the then Lord Albemarle’s command, Ensign Campbell and Lieutenant Ferguson, quarrelled, with the result that Campbell knocked the other down. A court-martial ensued, and in connection with it the Secretary for War (Henry Fox), writing to Lord Albermarle, said:—“Mr. Ferguson is justly acquitted of the charge against him; but his complaining to a court-martial instead of resenting in another manner the usage he had received from Campbell, it must be supposed will necessarily prevent the officers of his

regiment from rolling with him. H.M. particularly asked if they had not their swords on when this happened, and bids me tell your Lordship *that as an officer, not as king*, it is his opinion that if Campbell is pardon'd, a hint should be given to Ferguson that he must fight him or be broke."

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

AFTER the Battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland was very unfortunate in his campaigns. In 1747 he was defeated at Lauffeld (or Laffeld) by Marshal Saxe, owing to his being out-generalled, and ten years later his military career was ended by the signing of the Convention of Closterseven (or Kloster-Zeven), by which his army of 30,000 Hanoverians and Hessians laid down their arms, and were broken up as a force without becoming prisoners of war. George II. publicly disclaimed this convention, and threw the whole blame and responsibility on his son. When the Duke first appeared in the royal presence, the King never addressed a word to him, but said aloud, in the course of the evening, "Here is my son, who has ruined me and disgraced himself." Resenting this treatment, the Duke resigned all his appointments and retired from active life. Pitt, the great Commoner, boldly took the side of the Duke, and when the King once said that he had given no orders for such a convention to be signed, the statesman answered, "But full powers, sir—very full powers." It was afterwards proved to be so, for a letter from the King to the Duke is extant, in which His Majesty says: "I trust my affairs (in Germany) entirely to your conduct." The Duke never took any steps to vindicate himself at the expense of his father.

OLD OFFICER'S WISH

DURING the campaign in Germany, in 1745, Lord Townshend, who commanded one of the brigades, gave a dinner to his officers, as is usual with generals on a march. When the soup was served up a universal complaint was made of its horrid taste. An inquiry was instantly made into the cause, when it was found that the French, by whom the place had been occupied as a hospital only two days before, had thrown many of the bodies of their dead into the wells, for the purpose of expediting the process of interment before retreating. The dinner-company, on hearing this explanation, at once broke up in disorder; but old Major Hume, of the 25th Regiment, who had been a soldier almost from his infancy, and often, no doubt, fared on viands not the most delicate, proceeded with characteristic indifference to

finish his dinner, exclaiming that the soup was good, and that it would have been better if the whole French army had been in the water of which it was made! Was such a thing as enteric fever, one wonders, known in the Army in those days?

CLIVE AS A CLERK

IT is not generally known that Clive, afterwards the conqueror of India, tried to commit suicide when, tied down for the time being to book-keeping and office work, which he loathed, he worked in the Writers' Buildings at Fort St. George, Madras. One of his young companions happened to look him up in his room, and found him sitting in gloomy contemplation. Clive pointed to a pistol which lay on the table, and asked his friend to fire it out of the window. The friend did so, and on its discharge Clive jumped up, exclaiming, "Well, I am reserved for something. That pistol I have twice snapped at my own head!" He became connected with the East India Company's European Regiment (now a part of the British Army, and known as the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers), rose through the various grades, and eventually commanded it. In less than seven years from the date of his attempted suicide he was commanding an army against his country's enemies, being then only twenty-six years old.

BRAVERY UNPUNISHED

GEORGE II. appreciated bravery when it was brought under his notice. On one occasion the judgment passed by a court-martial on two officers of the Army was put before him for signature. One of the officers had been brought to trial for disobeying the orders of his commander, and fighting instead of retreating, thus dislocating the general's well-laid plans. When the matter was explained to the King, he refused to sign the order of punishment to be inflicted, saying, "Oh, the one fight, the other run away!" The official explained that General — did not run away, but that, for the proper carrying out of his schemes, he merely retreated. "I understand," said the King impatiently; "one fight, he was right; the other run away, he was wrong!" In vain the officials renewed their arguments and explanations; King George absolutely refused to be the agent of inflicting punishment on an officer who, with characteristic British pluck, had gone on fighting instead of retreating. He finally said, "The one face the enemy and fight, he right; the other turn his back and not fight, he wrong." And the officials had to retire defeated.

THE SCOT ABROAD

BEFORE entering the service of Prussia, Marshal Keith, the Scotsman, was in the Russian Army. He first distinguished himself in 1737, when he was a lieutenant in the army under the command of Count Munick sent to capture Otchakoff from the Turks. By his valour and skill Keith, at the head of 8,000 men, contributed most materially to the storming of the place. In the attack Keith gave an instance of that tenderness and humanity with which his name and military glory are inseparably connected. He checked the ferocity of the Muscovite soldiers, and exhorted them to spare the lives of their enemies.

He saw a Cossack on the point of cutting off the head of a child of seven years of age, as she was struggling to extricate herself out of some rubbish which had fallen upon her, and at once stayed the soldier's hand. The father of the child, as Keith afterwards learned, was a Turkish pasha of some eminence, but, as she was now an orphan, the gallant Scotsman adopted her and treated her as his own daughter. When she grew up she took over the management of his household, and showed herself not unworthy of the kindness she had experienced.

DEATH OF KEITH

MARSHAL KEITH was killed at the Battle of Hochkirchen, in 1758, as he was charging the Austrians for the third time at the head of his Prussian soldiers. The Austrian generals, who eventually won the battle, shed tears on seeing the body of Keith, and ordered it to be interred with every possible mark of military distinction. Keith died very poor. His brother, after the Marshal's death, wrote to Madame Geoffrin: "You can have no notion to what a vast treasure I have succeeded by the death of my brother. At the head of an immense army he had just levied a contribution upon Bohemia, and I find seventy ducats in his strong box!" Assuming the money to have been gold ducats, the Marshal's fortune would have amounted to £35 in English money!

SCOT MET SCOT

IN 1739, the Russians and Turks, who had been at war, met to conclude terms of peace. The commissioners were Marshal Keith for the Russians and the Grand Vizier for the Turks. These two personages met, and carried on their negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded they rose to

separate, but just before leaving the Grand Vizier suddenly went to Marshal Keith, and, taking him cordially by the hand, declared in the broadest Scotch dialect that it made him "unco happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station." As might be expected, Keith, who himself was a Scotsman in the service of Russia, stared with astonishment, and was eager for an explanation of the mystery. "Dinna be surprised," the Grand Vizier exclaimed; "I'm o' the same country wi' yoursell, mon! I mind weel seein' you and your brother, when boys, passin' by to the school at Kirkaldy; my father, sir, was bellman o' Kirkaldy!" Think of the curious position of these two Scotsmen, living a life of adventure abroad, and meeting in the extraordinary capacity of representatives of their respective adopted countries!

GIANT SOLDIERS

FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of Prussia, who died in 1740, had a peculiar mania, and that was to get sons of Anak for his giant regiment of Prussian Blues. He entrapped his recruits by every means, both fair and foul, and when he had exhausted the supply of his own country, he extended his operations all over Europe. These giants were merely for show purposes, being too precious, in the King's opinion, to risk in war. Frederick knew every one of his big Grenadiers by name, his height, and his place in the ranks. He insisted on every soldier marrying the tallest woman to be found, with a view to producing a giant race of guards, but in this he was unsuccessful. The soldiers were not happy in the service, and hundreds attempted to desert. This mania of the King's was well known, of course, at the foreign courts, and it was used as a lever in the regions of diplomacy. "Send me," wrote Grumkow to Prince Eugene in 1720, "twenty-four of the finest, tallest, and youngest men in Hungary, Croatia, and Bohemia. I shall be able to do more with this present here in the matter of the treaty (of Hanover) than with the most powerful arguments."

There is a story, probably not true, told of an occasion when Frederick was reviewing his regiment of giants in the presence of the French, Spanish, and British ambassadors. Turning proudly to the foreign representatives, the King asked each of them in turn whether an equal number of their countrymen would care to engage such soldiers. The French and Spanish ambassadors politely replied in the negative; but the British ambassador said, "Sire, I could not venture to assert that an equal number of my countrymen would beat the Grenadiers, but I am perfectly sure

that half the number would try!" One of these giants was Maximilian Christopher Muller, a man of eight feet, who, having an affection of the legs, was reluctantly discharged by his royal master. Muller came to England, where he earned a considerable sum by exhibiting himself at the various fairs. He has been immortalised by Hogarth in the "Southwark Fair," where Muller is depicted on a show-cloth over a booth. Frederick died on the 31st of May, 1740, his last words being "Vanities of vanities," and the giant Grenadiers, to their delight, were dismissed to their homes. A full and interesting account of this unique corps is given in *The Romance of a Regiment*, by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, B.A., published in 1898.

FRENCH COOLNESS

AT the Battle of Minden, in 1759, the bravery was not all on the side of the British. A corps of French grenadiers, commanded by M. N. Perer, was exposed to a battery that carried off whole files of men at once. Not wishing them to fall back, M. Perer rode slowly down the front of the line with his snuff-box in his hand and, taking no notice of the bullets that were flying about him, said, "Well, my boys, what's the matter? Eh, cannon? Well, it kills you, it kills you, that's all, my boys; march on, and never mind it!"

HE KEPT THE WATCH

WHEN a certain General Bligh was a captain in a marching regiment, he and his wife put up at a Yorkshire inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the meantime some sporting gentlemen of the country came in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company, asked who they were. The landlord told them he did not know, but he believed the gentleman was an Irish officer. "Oh well, if he's Irish," said one of the sporting men, "a potato will serve him. Here, waiter, take this watch (pulling out an elegant gold watch), carry it upstairs, and ask the Irish gentleman what's o'clock." Captain Bligh, as may be imagined, was not pleased at such an impertinent message, but, recollecting himself, he took the watch from the waiter, and desired him to present his compliments to the company, and he would tell them before he parted.

The result of the message was that his dinner was sent up to him in peace and quietness; after eating which he placed a couple

of large horse pistols in his belt, and going downstairs, introduced himself to the company by telling them he was come to let them know what o'clock it was ; but first he begged to be informed to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged. Here a dead silence ensued. Captain Bligh then began on his right hand by asking them severally the question. Each of them denied knowing anything of the circumstance. "Oh, then, gentlemen," said he, "I find I have mistaken the company. The waiter a little while ago brought me a most impertinent message from some people in this house, which I came, as you see (pointing to the pistols), properly to resent, but I find I have mistaken the room." Saying this, he wished them a good evening, which they as politely returned. He paid his bill, stepped into his carriage, and drove off with the gold watch in his pocket, which he kept to his death, and left it by his will, with a large fortune, to his brother, who was Dean of Elphin !

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

THE death of Major-General Braddock, in 1755, was a most distressing affair. With a force of men he was proceeding to invest Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh), North America, when he fell into an ambush arranged by the French and their Indian allies. Declining to retreat, Braddock fought the invisible enemy for two hours, when, after having four horses shot under him, he was mortally wounded. The survivors then beat a hasty retreat under command of Washington, the only staff officer who had escaped unhurt. A bullet entering his right side had caused Braddock's mortal wound, and there is a story told to the effect that it was inflicted by one of his own men, who was indignant at the General's stubbornness in holding an impossible position.

Braddock was with difficulty brought off the fatal field, and borne in the train of the fugitives. All the first day of the retreat he was silent ; but at night he roused himself to say, "Who would have thought of it?" At sundown on Sunday, July 13th (the battle having been on July 9th), he roused from his lethargy to say, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time," and died. He was buried before dawn in the middle of the track, and the precaution was taken of passing the vehicles of the retreating force over the grave, to efface whatever might lead to desecration by the pursuers. Long after, in 1823, his grave was rifled by labourers employed in the making of the national road close by, and some of the bones carried off, but

the remainder were buried at the foot of a broad-spreading oak, and the grave is still to be seen about a mile west of Fort Necessity. Of the eighty-six officers who took part in the engagement, no fewer than sixty-three were killed or wounded, and of the 1,373 men only 459 escaped unhurt.

WOLFE AND PITT

WHEN Wolfe was given the command of the expedition to Canada by Pitt, he was only thirty-two years old. The Prime Minister had great confidence in the youthful general, however, but he was to experience rather a shock before Wolfe left England. The day before the departure of the expedition the general attended upon Pitt to receive his final instructions, and he stayed to dine with the great Prime Minister and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. The topic of conversation was naturally the conquest of Canada, and Wolfe, fired by his own glorious thoughts, broke forth into a strain of gasconade. He drew his sword, rapped the table with it, flourished it while walking round the room, and talked of the mighty things he would achieve. Pitt and Temple were so amazed at this somewhat childish exhibition that they listened in silence and dismay. When Wolfe had departed, it is recorded that the Prime Minister threw up his hands and raised his eyes in a gesture of despair. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "that I should have entrusted the fate of my country to such hands!" Braggart as he was, however, Wolfe made good his words by taking Quebec.

ADVANCE ON QUEBEC

THE story of how a captain of Fraser's Highlanders deceived the French sentries, when Wolfe was proceeding on his daring venture which ended in the capture of Quebec, exhibits a brilliant example of presence of mind.

The French had posted sentries along shore to challenge boats and vessels, and give the alarm occasionally. The first boat that contained the English troops being questioned accordingly, a captain of Fraser's regiment, who had served in Holland, and who was perfectly well acquainted with the French language and customs, answered without hesitation to "Qui vive?"—which is their challenging word—"La France"; nor was he at a loss to answer the second question, which was much more particular and difficult. When the sentinel demanded "A quel regiment?"

the captain replied, "De la Reine," which he knew, by accident, to be one of those that composed the body commanded by Bougainville. The soldier took it for granted this was the expected convoy with provisions for the garrison of Quebec, and saying "Passe," allowed the boats to proceed.

In the same manner the other sentries were deceived—though one, more wary than the rest, came running down to the water's edge and called, "Pourquoi est ce que vous ne parlez pas haut?" (Why don't you speak with an audible voice?) To this interrogation, which implied doubt, the captain answered with admirable presence of mind, in a soft tone of voice, "Tais-toi ; nous serons entendus;" (Hush, we shall be overheard and discovered.) Thus cautioned, the sentry retired without further altercation.

The captain who thus answered the sentries is supposed to have been Brigadier-General Simon Fraser, who had fought at Bergen-op-Zoom and Minden, and, serving under General Burgoyne, finally died a soldier's death at Saratoga, in 1777.

WOLFE'S PRESENTIMENT

COMMANDER JERVIS, afterwards Lord St. Vincent, had charge of the maritime preparations for Wolfe's descent on Quebec. The two had been schoolmates, and were on intimate terms. The following interesting incident is extracted from Tucker's *Memoirs of Earl St. Vincent*:—

"Everyone knows how gloomy our prospects were before the Battle of Abraham and capture of Quebec, and that even Wolfe determined upon that assault as the dernier chance of success. 'In England,' says Lord Orford, 'the people despaired, they triumphed, they wept; for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory; joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance; the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose; not an incident but was heroic and affecting.' There still, however, does one incident remain, which, it is believed, is not yet generally known, and which, as Commander Jervis participated in it, should be related.

"On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Sir James Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend; at which, saying that he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Sir James unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the minia-

ture of a young lady, with whose heart his own 'blended,' he delivered it to Commander Jervis, entreating, that if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther."

PIPES IN WAR

NOTHING so much encourages the Highland soldier in battle as the sound of the bagpipes. At the Battle of Quebec, in 1759, the general complained to a field officer of the conduct of a Highland regiment which had been repulsed and driven back in disorder. "Sir," replied the officer, "you did wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning. Nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in action; even now it would be of use." "Then let them blow as they like," said the general. The pipers did, and the result was a most vigorous and successful charge on the enemy.

LAST WORDS OF WOLFE

WHEN the immortal Wolfe fell on the Heights of Abraham, Quebec, his principal anxiety was to prevent his soldiers gaining any knowledge of what had happened to him. "Support me," he said to those who were near him; "let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours! Oh, keep it!" With these words still lingering on his lips, the great and youthful commander expired.

There are, however, various renderings of Wolfe's dying speech. Thackeray, in one of his novels, makes one of his characters say that Wolfe "never spoke at all after receiving his death-wound, so that the phrase which has been put into the mouth of the dying hero may be considered as no more authentic than any oration of Livy or Thucydides." Several historians have expressed similar opinions; but, on the other hand, eminent authorities have incorporated the incident in their works, though giving slightly different versions. According to Green, this is what occurred: "They run!" cried an officer who held the dying man in his arms; "I protest, they run!" Wolfe rallied to ask who they were that ran, and was told "The French." "Then," he murmured, "I die happy." Mr. Roberts, in his *History of Canada*, gives Wolfe's last words as "God be praised, I die in peace."

AN OLD SOLDIER

IN an old volume of the *London Magazine* for 1763 there appears the following interesting account of an old Yorkshire soldier, who appears to have been 109 years old:—

“About two months ago I had an opportunity of conversing with Robert Oglebie, the old travelling tinker, and took the following account from him. He seems to be a healthy, strong man, and carries his budget at his back, and works at his trade, and does not appear to be above 80 years of age. He says he has not eaten any fresh meat for twelve years, but lives chiefly on bread and milk, butter, cheese, and puddings. He travels twice a year from Rippon to York, thence to Leeds, and home again, and complains of the badness of trade this war time and the scarcity of money; he carries along with him the following copy of a register belonging to the church at Rippon.

“‘Robert Oglebie, son of John Oglebie, of Rippon, born November the 16th, 1654. As appears by the parish register. Witness my hand, SETH ROWE, clerk.’

“He says he was born at Rippon and placed out apprentice to Mr. William Sellers, of York, coppersmith and bellfounder, and served him seven years, and worked with him afterwards as a journeyman; from thence he went to Hull, and was pressed as a soldier in the second year of King James II., and sent over to Holland in Brig. Stanhope’s battalion; was with King William at the Battle of the Boyne in Ireland; was wounded in the thigh at the siege of Brussels, and discharged at Amsterdam. He afterwards served Queen Anne, was at the battles of Almanza and Malplaquet, and continued a soldier under King George I. and King George II. till he obtained his discharge. He was a soldier in all 48 years, and says he has six sons now in the Army. He married at the age of 22, and lived with his wife 73 years, and had by her 25 children, 12 sons and 13 daughters; his wife died about 13 years ago. His father lived to the age of 140 years, and there is a monument erected for him in Tanfield Church, near Rippon.”

IN MEMORIAM

ONE of the most curious of soldier's epitaphs is the following, which is on an old tombstone in the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral :—

In memory of
 THOMAS FLETCHER,
 a Grenadier in the North Regt.,
 of Hants Militia, who died of a
 Violent Fever contracted by drinking
 Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May,
 1764, aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will towards his comrades this stone is placed here at their expense, as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
 Who caught his death by drinking, cold, small beer,
 Soldiers, be wise, from his untimely fall,
 And when ye're hot, drink strong, or not at all.

This memorial, being decayed, was restored By the
 Officers of the Garrison, A.D., 1781.

An honest soldier never is forgot,
 Whether he die by musket or by pot.

This stone was placed by the North Hants Militia, when disembodied at Winchester, on 26th April, 1802, in consequence of the original stone being decayed.

REIGN OF GEORGE III.

FROM THE RANKS

WHEN a former Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Percy, was with the army at Cork, previous to his departure for America, he observed a fine boy in the ranks as a cadet. On inquiring as to his name and connections, the boy said: "My lord, I am the son of an old officer who, after many years' service both abroad and at home, is a captain in the royal household near Dublin. I am his third son, and my elder brothers are now in the Army." His lordship was so much interested in the boy, and so greatly admired his pluck in entering the ranks, that he instantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to purchase an ensigncy in the 5th Regiment, now the Northumberland Fusiliers. The commission thus obtained was given to the boy, who, in the battles of Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, and others of the American War of Independence, showed that he was not unworthy of the honour bestowed upon him. The above event occurred in the year 1774.

THE EARL'S FUSILIERS

EARL PERCY commanded the 5th Regiment in the American War. After the Battle of Bunker's Hill, in 1775, he gave to the widow of every soldier of his regiment who had fallen in the action an immediate benefaction of seven dollars, paid their passage home, and instructed that a further sum of five guineas should be given to each woman on landing in England. The sick and wounded he supplied with wine, fresh provisions, etc., and their families received generous gifts from the same noble source.

In the ordinary course of duty, the Earl was unceasing in his attention to the wants of his men. He provided each company with a large tent at his own expense, so that the women and children, who in those days always accompanied their soldier-husbands and fathers to war, should have suitable shelter. The servants of the Earl's family at home were soldiers, or their wives, who had been in his regiment, the 5th Foot; and, alto-

gether, his lordship lost no opportunity of showing his consideration for his men. The result was that the 5th Regiment was one of the best-disciplined and best-conducted in the service, for the soldiers never dreamed of doing anything that would offend their noble commander, who, they knew, never required any service performing which he was not ready to do himself.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE

A FEW days before the Battle of Brandywine, in 1777, during the American War of Independence, General Washington had a narrow escape from death or capture. Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the army, thus relates the circumstance:—"We had not lain long when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkable high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him.

"Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in, and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."

SPY'S FATE

THE following story illustrates the importance of a postscript, written, in this case, by a member of the sterner sex. A spy named Palmer, sent by Sir Henry Clinton, the British com-

mander, during a part of the American War of Independence, had been detected furtively collecting information of the force and condition of the American post at Peekskill, and had undergone a trial by court-martial. A vessel of war came up the Hudson in all haste and landed a flag of truce at Verplanck's Point, by which a message was transmitted to Putnam from Clinton, claiming the said Palmer as a lieutenant in the British service. Putnam wrote the following reply:—

“HEADQUARTERS,

“7th August, 1777.

“Edward Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

“P.S.—He has accordingly been executed.”

IN SAVAGE HANDS

IN 1764 the 42nd Black Watch were engaged in fighting the Indians in North America. On one occasion some of the Highlanders fell into the hands of the savages, and they were, as a matter of course, tortured and burned to death. Their captors, to prolong their own enjoyment of the spectacle, sacrificed their victims singly. When the turn of the last of the group came he signified that he possessed a secret by which a warrior could be rendered proof against the sharpest tomahawk, and offered himself as a subject for experiment. The soldier, whose name was Macpherson, was conducted to the woods, where he collected some herbs, and having mixed their juices with suitable incantations, he smeared the compound around his neck. He then laid his head on a block, and inviting forward one of the most powerful of the Indians, satisfied himself of the keenness of his tomahawk, and desired him to strike his hardest. The savage did as instructed, striking with such force that the Scotsman's head flew several yards from the body, and the savages, to their disgust, were thus cheated of their pastime.

STOUT OFFICER

A FAT officer of the 42nd Regiment, during the American War, was Major Murphy. In a skirmish in 1776, being separated from his men, he was suddenly attacked by three of the enemy. His dirk had slipped behind his broad back, and owing to his

corpulence, he could not reach it! He defended himself as well as he could with his fusil, and at last, in sheer desperation, rushed at the enemy, seized the sword of one of his assailants, and sent the three flying.

Later, at the attack on Fort Washington, Major Murphy distinguished himself again. The fort stood on an almost perpendicular hill, up which the Highlanders scrambled like cats. When half-way up some of the men heard a melancholy voice below crying, "Oh, my soldiers, my soldiers, are ye going to leave me here?" Looking back they saw poor Major Murphy at the foot of the hill, panting and perspiring from his efforts to mount, but failing owing to his extreme obesity! The appeal did not fall on deaf ears; some of the soldiers ran back, took the major in their arms, and carried him from ledge to ledge until they reached the summit, from whence they drove the enemy and made 200 of them prisoners.

NEAT CAPTURE

IN a skirmish with the American rebels in 1777, Sergeant Macgregor, of the 42nd Regiment, was severely wounded and left insensible on the ground. Unlike Captain Crawley, who put on an old uniform before Waterloo, the sergeant, who seems to have been something of a dandy, had attired himself in his best, as if he had been going to a ball instead of a battle. He wore a new jacket with silver lace, large silver buckles in his shoes, and a watch of some value. This display of wealth attracted the notice of an American soldier, who, actuated by no feeling of humanity, but by the sordid desire of stripping the sergeant at leisure, took him on the back and began to carry him off the field.

It is probable that the American did not handle Macgregor very tenderly, and the motion soon restored him to consciousness. He saw at once the state of matters, and proved himself the master of the occasion. With one hand he drew his dirk, and grasping the American's throat with the other, swore that he would stab him to the heart if he did not retrace his steps and bear him back in safety to the British camp. The effective argument of a glittering dagger before his eyes quickly decided the American, and he hastened to comply with the order. On the way the two were met by Lord Cornwallis, the British commander, who thanked the American for his "humanity," but the latter had the candour to admit the truth. His lordship, much amused, gave the American his liberty, and afterwards, on Macgregor retiring from the service, procured for him a situation in the Customs at Leith.

ORIGIN OF THE RED PLUME

THE 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry is allowed to wear a red plume in the hat, and for a very curious reason. In 1777, during the American War, the Light Company of the regiment made great havoc in the ranks of the enemy, especially at the Battle of Brandywine, by its accurate shooting, and the Americans threatened, when they could obtain a favourable opportunity for revenge, to give the marksmen no quarter. To prevent mistakes being made, therefore, and to distinguish themselves from their comrades, the Light Company dyed their feathers red—with blood, according to tradition—in place of the green worn by the light companies of the other regiments. In consequence of that, the 46th secured the nickname of "The Red Feathers." The corps also became known as "The Light Bobs" and "The Lacedæmonians," the last-named being given because, in 1777, their colonel made them a long harangue, under heavy fire, on the Spartan discipline and military discipline, and the courage shown by Leonidas at Thermopylæ.

GENERAL AND PLAYWRIGHT

GENERAL JOHN BURGOYNE, who went out to command in America in 1774, is the only British commander who has attained note as a dramatist. Previous to the evacuation of Boston, he had prepared a tragedy, to be performed as a relaxation from the toils of discipline, by some of the officers and soldiers in whom he had discovered a genius for theatrical exhibition. The piece was named *The Siege of Boston*, and was attended with a *dénouement* of which neither the author, performers, nor audience had the least expectation. At the moment when a crowded house was impatient for the show, the enemy opened a battery of heavy cannon against the town. The audience, who thought the discharge of artillery which they heard to be a prelude to the play, gave the warlike sounds every mark of their approbation; and when one of the performers entered on the stage in great hurry and agitation to tell them that the siege was begun in good earnest, they considered him as performing his part in the piece, and received him with loud applause! It was not long, however, before the enemy's balls gave a new and unexpected turn to the tragedy of the evening.

In 1777 Burgoyne was forced to surrender at Saratoga to the American general Gates, and for this he was recalled to England. It is interesting to note that, writing from headquarters, Washington sent the following letter to the unfortunate British general:—"Far

from suffering the views of national opposition to be embittered and debased by personal animosity, I am ever ready to do justice to the merit of the gentleman and the soldier, and to esteem where esteem is due, however the idea of a public enemy may interpose. . . . Viewing you in the light of an officer contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverse of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be unacceptable to me ; but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathise with your feelings as a soldier, the unavoidable difficulties of whose situation forbid his success, and as a man whose lot combines the calamity of ill health, the anxieties of captivity, and the painful sensibility for a reputation exposed, where he most values it, to the assaults and malice of detraction.”

General Burgoyne died in 1792 at the age of sixty-nine. His natural son, born in 1782, was Sir John Fox Burgoyne, who was chief of the engineering department during the Crimean War.

IRISH TROOPER'S TRICK

DURING the American War of Independence, in 1776, a very clever feat was performed by an Irish trooper, Private M'Mullins, of the 17th Lancers. He was riding alone when suddenly he was fired upon by four rebels. In those days it was customary for British cavalrymen to hang down from the saddle to such an extent that the head nearly touched the ground. M'Mullins, immediately the shots had been fired, adopted this artful move, and the rebels, thinking they had killed the soldier, came up without reloading their rifles. When they had arrived within easy distance of him, M'Mullins suddenly raised himself erect again, shot one assailant with his carbine and another with his pistol, and attacked the other two with his sword. They were so completely demoralised that they speedily surrendered, and the gallant trooper drove them before him into camp. As a result of his exploit, M'Mullins received promotion, and his conduct was brought by the general officer commanding to the notice of the King, whose interest in the doings of his soldiers was notorious.

ONE TO HANG

A FAVOURITE anecdote of James Smith, one of the authors of *The Rejected Addresses*, related to a Colonel Greville. The Colonel requested young James to call at his lodgings, and in the course of their first interview told the particulars of the most extraordinary incident of his life. He was taken prisoner during

the American War along with three other officers of the same rank. One evening they were summoned into the presence of Washington, who announced to them that the conduct of the English Government, in condemning one of his officers to death as a rebel, compelled him to make reprisals; and that, much to his regret, he was under the necessity of requiring them to cast lots to decide which of the four should be hanged.

They were then bowed out, and returned to their quarters. Four slips of paper were put into a hat, and the shortest (the fatal one) was drawn by Captain Asgill, who exclaimed, "I knew how it would be; I never won so much as a hit at backgammon in my life!" As Greville told the story, he was selected to sit up with Captain Asgill, under the pretext of companionship, but in reality to prevent him from escaping, and leaving the honour among the remaining three! "And what," inquired Smith, "did you say to comfort him?" "Why," replied Greville, "I remember saying to him when they left us, 'D—— it, old fellow, never mind!'" Captain Asgill's wife, however, persuaded the French Minister to interpose, and the officer was permitted to "escape."

SURGEON AND HERO

A NOBLE-HEARTED man of the latter half of the eighteenth century was Robert Jackson, a Scottish surgeon, who, when in America, offered himself for service with the first battalion of the 71st Regiment. Jackson had no friend whatever in the country, but Colonel (afterwards Sir Archibald) Campbell, the commander, took him at once on to his medical staff, saying, "I require no testimony to your being a gentleman; your countenance and address satisfy me on that point."

He speedily distinguished himself by succouring the wounded under fire; but his most notable sacrifice was when, seeing Colonel (afterwards General) Tarleton in danger of falling into the hands of the Americans, he pressed him to mount his own horse, and then quietly proceeded in the direction of the enemy, waving a white handkerchief. The American general, who did not know what to make of such conduct, asked Jackson who he was? He replied, "I am assistant-surgeon in the 71st Regiment. Many of the men are wounded and in your hands. I come, therefore, to offer my services in attending them." He was sent to the rear as a prisoner, and he spent the first night in dressing the wounded, taking the shirt off his back for bandages. He also attended the wounded Americans, and as soon as possible Washington sent him back to the English lines, not only without exchange, but even without requiring his parole.

On another occasion the British sick and wounded, who had been placed in a building which became the centre of the American line of fire, were without medical assistance for some time, because several surgeons did not care to risk their lives by entering such an exposed edifice. They had agreed to cast lots, when Jackson, coming up and learning the reason, stepped forward at once, and with characteristic nerve and simplicity said, "No, no! I will go and attend to the men!" Which he did, returning unhurt. Shortly afterwards he again fell into the hands of the enemy, and, released on parole, made the voyage back to Great Britain. He travelled on foot through England, Scotland, France, and Italy, but was extremely poor. Such a deplorable object did he look, indeed, that on arriving at Southampton (with only four shillings in his pocket) he was hooted by the mob, who took him for a Methodist preacher!

Shortly afterwards, while tramping inland, he attended the son and daughter of a poor man who could not afford to pay for a physician. He prescribed for them, and was touched by their simple expressions of gratitude. "Their thankfulness," he said, "for a thing that would perhaps do them no good, gave me more pleasure than a fee of, I believe, twenty guineas, much in need of it as I was." It is pleasant to add that Jackson eventually married a lady of fortune, and, except for periods spent on foreign service, lived at Stockton-on-Tees. In 1827, when in his seventy-seventh year, he applied for an appointment on an expedition for Portugal, but before anything was done this truly fine gentleman died at Thursby, near Carlisle.

EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ

THE execution of Major John André by Washington in 1780, and especially the method of the execution, does not form very pleasant reading. Major André was captured while journeying to New York—then in British hands—after having had an interview with General Arnold, an American who desired to join the British forces. He was tried by the Americans, found guilty as a spy, and condemned to death by hanging. The night previous to his execution the Major addressed a letter to General Washington, pleading hard to be shot as an officer, instead of being hung like a criminal; but the missive had no effect. Washington had hardened his heart.

On the morning of his execution the Major, who was only twenty-nine, shaved himself, talked happily, and was the most cheerful person on the spot. Up to the last moment he thought

his solicitation to be shot would be granted, and when, on walking to the place of execution arm-in-arm with two officers, he came in sight of the gallows, it was a great shock. "It is too much," he said; "I had hoped that it might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier." In Westminster Abbey there is a monument which was erected to his memory by King George III., and close by are the remains of the unfortunate officer, which were deposited there in 1821.

GOOD AND BAD SHOOTING

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M'LEROTH, of a former 95th Foot, or Rifle Regiment, related the following anecdote of an incident that occurred during the American War of Independence:—"In an action of some importance, a mounted officer of the enemy was on the point of being made prisoner; only one way presented itself, by which he had a chance of escaping, and this was along the front of our line, within musket range. He embraced the alternative, and, although the whole brigade fired at him, both man and horse escaped with impunity."

Another incident of the same war told by the Colonel is the following:—"In order to cover themselves as much as possible from the enemy's aim, at the siege of Yorktown, our soldiers had each three bags of sand, to lay on the parapet. Two of these were placed with their ends at a little distance from each other, and the third crossed over the interval, leaving a small loophole for the soldiers to fire through. The American riflemen, however, were so expert that, on seeing a piece protruded through the hole, they levelled towards it, and penetrating the opening, frequently shot the men through the head."

TROPHIES

A YOUNG American girl was travelling through Canada, and in one of the public parks of Montreal she saw an old cannon standing in a small enclosure, carefully guarded by a British soldier. Interested in what appeared to be an old relic, she questioned the man about it, "That cannon," the soldier replied, with an appropriate swagger and a wave of his hand, "was captured by the British troops from the Americans at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, in 1775. We keep it here in memory of the victory." For a moment the fair American was staggered, and then she answered, with spirit, "That's all very well; but, at any rate, we have the hill!"

WORTH PROMOTION

THE Russian Marshal Suvoroff was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and occasionally absurd questions. One bitter January night he rode up to a sentry and demanded, "How many stars are there in the sky?" The soldier answered coolly, "Wait a little, General, and I'll tell you," and then, turning his face upwards, deliberately commenced counting, "One, two, three," etc. When he had reached one hundred, Suvoroff, who had become half frozen, thought it was high time to ride off, and he did so, not, however, without first inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the soldier found himself promoted!

PIPES IN INDIA

WHEN the regiment then known as the 73rd Highlanders was in India in 1778, General Sir Eyre Coote thought at first that the pipes were "useless relics of the barbarous ages and not in any manner calculated to discipline troops." But he soon had good reason to change his opinion. At Porto Novo, the 73rd was the only European regiment among the army of 9,000 men, with whom General Coote defeated Hyder Ali's force of 80,000 men. The 73rd led all the chief attacks on the enemy, and the General's notice was specially attracted to the pipers, who always blew the hardest when the fire of the enemy was hottest. This so pleased General Coote that he called out, "Well done, my brave fellows, you shall have a set of silver pipes for this." He was as good as his word, for he gave the men a sum of money, with which they bought the new instruments, bearing an inscription recording the General's opinion of the gallant pipers.

LOYAL NATIVE SOLDIERS

THE native troops of India have often distinguished themselves by their loyalty, especially at times when British power had been weakened by reverses and other damaging influences. When the remnant of Colonel Bailey's army was delivered up by Tippoo Suldaun, to whom it had been compelled to surrender in 1780, it was marched across the country to Madras, a distance of 400 miles. "During the march," said an officer, "the utmost pains were taken by Tippoo's guards to keep the Hindoo privates separate from their European officers, in the hope that their fidelity might yet sink under the hardships to which they were exposed, but in vain; and not only did they all remain true to their colours, but swam the tanks and rivers by which they

were separated from the officers during the night, bringing them all they could save from their little pittance; 'for we,' they said, 'can live on anything, but you require beef and mutton.'" The same loyalty is characteristic of the Sikhs, whose sole ambition is to remain "true to their salt."

SAVED BY HIS CHARGER

AFTER the Battle of Arnee, in 1782, Hyder Ali caught some of the British troops in ambush by a very clever trick. He made up an apparently valuable convoy, consisting of elephants and camels, and sent it, with only a weak escort, within sight of a portion of the British lines. The tempting bait proved too much for an officer nearest to the convoy, and, with more zeal than prudence, he attempted to carry it off. General Sir Eyre Coote, the British commander, seeing the trap at once, sent Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards General) James Stewart to warn the foolhardy officer, but though he galloped at full speed he was too late, arriving just in time to see the troops that had gone after the convoy enveloped by a large party of Hyder Ali's cavalry, who had been hiding close by.

Colonel Stewart himself was nearly killed, and he owed his life to the horse on which he was sitting. He set the animal at a wide ravine, and landed safely on the other side, thus getting away from the enemy's horsemen, none of whom dared to perform the same feat. Colonel Stewart never forgot that the horse had saved his life, and when he left India he deposited sufficient money to keep the aged animal the rest of its life, and to pay a groom to look after it. The horse was alive in 1799, when General Stewart visited Madras, and the noble animal appeared to recognise its old master.

MARSHAL BERNADOTTE

DURING the siege of Cuddalore, in 1783, by the British, under General Stewart, the French, having received a strong reinforcement from the fleet, made a sortie, which, however, was unsuccessful. They left a number of their wounded in English hands, one being a young French sergeant, whose charming manner attracted the notice of Colonel Wangenheim, commander of the Hanoverian troops in the service of England. The colonel caused the sergeant to be brought to his own tent, where he was treated with much care and kindness until, completely cured, he was exchanged.

Twenty years later the French, under Marshal Bernadotte,

were in Hanover, when Wangenheim (now a general) went with a large company to pay Bernadotte a visit. In the talk that ensued Wangenheim spoke of his service at Cuddalore, upon which Bernadotte said that he had served there too. "Do you not recollect," continued the French marshal, "a wounded sergeant, whom you took under your protection during the siege?" Wangenheim replied that he certainly did. "He was a man of fine talents," he said; "I have never heard of him since. I should be delighted to hear of him." "That young sergeant," said Bernadotte, "is the same person who has now the honour of entertaining you, and who esteems himself happy to acknowledge here publicly all that he owes to you!" Needless to say, the gallant Wangenheim was greatly surprised.

GREAT LITTLE GENERAL

AT the siege of one of the forts of Tippoo Sultan, in India, during the year 1790, the breach made by the cannon, having been found practicable, was ordered to be stormed at two o'clock in the morning. General Meadows, Governor of Madras, determined to be one of the party, and he duly took part in the attack. But on arriving at the breach, he found, to his extreme disgust, that he would be unable to get up without the assistance of the soldiers, so he called out, "Bravo, my fine fellows, well done! But is there none of you that can stop to help up your little general?" "Oh," said an Irish soldier, "is that you, General? Then, by the powers, we'll not go without you. I'll help you up, let what will come out of it!" He was as good as his word. It was the same General Meadows who gave out in general orders that the word "difficulty" was unknown in the military dictionary and among such troops as he then had the honour to command.

GENERAL MEADOWS AGAIN

GENERAL MEADOWS, when reconnoitring in the Mysore country during the war against Tippoo, was shot at by some of the enemy's gunners. A twenty-four-pound shot struck the ground just in front of him, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he not stopped. Promptly pulling up his horse, General Meadows, taking off his hat with great politeness, good-humouredly said as the shot rolled on, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentlemen of your family!"

ORIGIN OF YEOMANRY

IT is to Arthur Young, the great Suffolk agriculturist, that Britain owes the inception of the Yeomanry cavalry. The germ of Young's idea of forming a "militia of property" for this country is contained in some reflections on the French Revolution at the end of his *Travels in France*, published in May, 1792. In August, 1792, he repeated the suggestion in volume xviii. of his *Annals of Agriculture*, and expanded it in his well-known pamphlet entitled *The Example of France a Warning to England*, which went through four English editions in 1793-4 (besides two editions in French—one published at Brussels and the other at Quebec), and which made a great sensation in its day.

Young, in the pamphlet referred to, makes this statement:—"A regiment of a thousand cavalry in every county of moderate extent just disciplined enough to obey orders and keep their ranks might be enrolled and assembled in companies three days in every year, and in regiments once in seven, at a very moderate expense to the public. . . . It has been said that such a militia is impracticable; I will not reason on a case absolutely new, but we may venture to assert that a law which legalises and regulates the mode in which all the land proprietors in the kingdom . . . may instantly assemble, armed, in troops and regiments . . . a law which prepares the means of security and defence, while the rage of attack unites and electrifies the enemies of peace and order, must be good, and may be essential to the salvation of the community."

In his autobiography, first published at the beginning of 1898, Young says that his "great plea of a horse militia produced immediately three volunteer corps of cavalry, which multiplied rapidly through the kingdom." At a dinner once given by the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, Young was told "by a gentleman of great property, captain of a troop of Yeomanry, that whenever his troops met he always drank my (Young's) health after the King's, for being the undisputed origin of all the Yeomanry corps in the kingdom."

It may be mentioned that Arthur Young was born in London in 1741, and spent his boyhood and many of his later years at Bradfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. He travelled over many parts of England, and, in the years 1787 to 1790, journeyed through France. He died in 1820, at the age of seventy-nine, the last nine years of his life being passed in blindness, and was buried at Bradfield.

YEOMANRY STORIES

MANY humorous stories are told of the old Yeomanry corps which came into existence consequent on the first Napoleon's threats of invasion. We are told of one Yeoman officer, whose temper was anything but mild, vigorously abusing a recruit for some trifling error. He was rather surprised to hear the indignant recruit reply, "Confound it, sir! I'll raise your rent for this after the training!" The recruit was the officer's landlord.

When the same corps was returning from a march, the colonel, on coming to a cross-road, gave the order, "Straight on!" Almost immediately he missed the trampling of hoofs, and turned round to find himself alone with his trumpeter. "Why, where the deuce is the regiment?" he asked angrily. The trumpeter replied, "Gone down Martin's Lane, sir; it's a bit shorter that way"!

YEOMAN SENTRY

A YOUNG lieutenant of a Kent Yeomanry regiment was surprised to see one of his men, who was on sentry, gravely present arms to him. Going up to the man, he asked him if he did not know that he had to present arms only to field officers. "Yes, sir," replied the trooper; "but I don't know the 'present,' so I want to practise it a bit"! Later, the officer passed the same sentry, and with the same result. "What, are you still practising?" he asked furiously. "No, sir; oh no! I presented because I do like you so, sir; thought you'd take it as a compliment"!

UNCOMMON RECRUIT

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the famous author and poet, became so depressed in 1793, soon after leaving Cambridge University, that he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, now the 15th Hussars. "On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment," says a biographer, "the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired, 'What's your name, sir?' 'Comberbach' (the name he had assumed), replied Coleridge. 'What do you come here for?' next asked the General, doubting whether he had any business there. 'Sir,' said Coleridge, 'for what most other persons come—to be made a soldier.' 'Do you think,' said the General, 'you can run a Frenchman through the body?' 'I do not know,' said Coleridge, 'as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away.'

'That will do,' said the General, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks."

The poet, however, made a poor soldier, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He gained the friendship of the whole regiment by writing letters for the soldiers, who, as a sort of repayment, attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months' service, his history and circumstances became known. He had written under his saddle, on the stable wall, a Latin sentence ("Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!"), which led to an inquiry by his captain, who sent Coleridge back to his friends.

OFFICERS OF THE PAST

IN 1793, before Talavera and other Peninsular battles had been written upon the scroll of fame, the British Army was in a wretched condition. Commissions in those easy-going days were, it is recorded, granted as a favour, sometimes to mere infants, or to lads who drew pay as officers while they were being caned as schoolboys. A Scotch story, quoted by Alison, runs that when a loud noise was heard in the nursery of a Scottish family of rank, the nurse explained, "It's only the Major roaring for his parritch"!

The British general of the period, according to Lord Grenville, was merely "an old woman in a red ribbon." Lord North, on looking over a list of officers submitted to him for commands in America, said, "I don't know what effect these names may have on the enemy, but I know they make me tremble"! And it was officers of this type that led English troops in the first engagements of the great war with France. Wellington had not then come to the front.

DUKE OF YORK'S ADVENTURE

DURING his unlucky expedition to Flanders, in 1794, the Duke of York had a narrow escape of being captured by the French. In company with an Austrian general and two other officers, the Duke arrived at a village near Tournay which had been taken the preceding day from the enemy. Supposing it to be still in English hands, the Duke and his companions rode through it at full gallop. On turning the corner of one of the streets, however, they almost ran into a body of French, who had in the meantime occupied the village. The enemy, thinking that the Duke was at the head of an advancing force, fired a volley at him and retreated, one of the bullets killing the Austrian general.

Recovering from their error, however, the French pursued the English officers, who galloped at top speed for a river a short distance away. Throwing themselves off their horses, the Duke and one of the officers waded across, but the remaining officer crossed on horseback. The enemy kept up a continual fire on the party, but all got away safely; the Duke, meeting with a led horse, mounted on it, and soon arrived at the British headquarters.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH

AT the siege of Famars, Flanders, in 1793, the 14th Foot, then known as the Bedfordshire Regiment, suffered a repulse by the French, whose buglers were playing the Republican air, "Ca Ira." The regiment was composed of young men who had never been in action before, though evincing the most daring courage, and the check threw them into disorder. Seeing this, Colonel Doyle galloped to the front, rallied his men, and ordering the buglers to strike up "Ca Ira," said, "Come on, lads! We'll beat them to their own d— tune!" A brilliant charge was the result, the enemy's battery was captured, and in the end Famars itself was rushed and taken. The loss of the regiment was comparatively slight, owing in a great measure to the action of Colonel Doyle, and the men were specially thanked in general orders. By special order of the Duke of York, too, the air was adopted as the regimental "march-past," and it is still played by the present 14th Foot, the West Yorkshire Regiment.

A RECRUITING DUCHESS

THE Gordon Highlanders date back to the year 1794, when, at the time of the French Revolution, the present second battalion was raised in Scotland. The fourth Duke of Gordon had married a daughter of the fighting Maxwells of the Border, a woman of great beauty and spirit, who bore him five daughters and a son. Fired with the ambition to aggrandise still further the ducal family into which she had thus married, the "Daring Duchess," as she was called, succeeded in procuring illustrious husbands for all her daughters; but for her son, who had seen some stirring service in the Scots Guards, she could not find a wife, and so she resolved to marry him to a regiment. More soldiers were wanted to fight the battles which the ambition of the French had made imperative on England, and in 1794 the Duke of Gordon, known as "The Cock o' the North," was granted a letter of service, empowering him to raise a regiment of infantry among his clansmen.

This was in February, and by the month of June—so easy had it been to procure recruits—a magnificent battalion of over a thousand strong paraded at Aberdeen, ready to go anywhere and do anything. Never before had any regiment been raised so quickly, but never before had the same peculiar means of enlistment been employed. For, decked out in tartan plaid and plumed bonnet of blue silk and velvet (which is still preserved in the regiment, and forms the palladium of its rights), the “Daring Duchess,” accompanied by her son, the future colonel of the battalion, set out on a recruiting tour throughout the glens and straths, and feeing fairs of all the countryside, and offered a kiss from her own sweet lips to all who would accept service under her banner! What martial youth could withstand the blandishments of such a recruiting sergeant as this?

TRAGEDY

IN 1795, Grant's Fencibles were encamped near Dunbar. One day, which happened to be the weekly market day in the town, when the soldiers themselves procured most of their own provisions, they were kept longer at drill than usual. When at last they were dismissed, some of the more recently joined men grumblingly said, “It's high time; the market is over.” This trifling remark was held to be mutiny, and the four offenders were tried and ordered to be shot. The execution was to take place on Gullane Links. All the troops from Musselburgh and Dunbar were present. The Grant Fencibles were placed in the foreground, but the flints had been taken out of the muskets of all excepting the sixteen whose painful duty it was to shoot their comrades, and immediately behind the sixteen were thirty-two men of the Scots Brigade with loaded arms. Behind the foot soldiers were the cavalry, and behind the cavalry were the artillery with two loaded field-pieces and matches burning.

A great crowd of spectators had assembled. Only three of the condemned men were brought to the place of execution, the fourth having obtained a pardon, and, of the three, only two were to die. Lots were to be cast for the life of one, and the joy of he who thus escaped is said to have been excessive. One of the men to suffer was tall and handsome; the other was small and little. The former met his death bravely, but the latter leapt up at each discharge, or flung himself on the ground, and was shot with difficulty. He cried, “Where is all my friends noo?” and a voice from the ranks of the Fencibles replied, “They have taken the flints oot of our firelocks.” Two little

girls from Gullane, records the chronicler of the tragedy, when all was over, filled their pinafores with sand and covered over the traces of the deed. A cairn of stones was afterwards erected to mark the site.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS

IN the war between Austria and Napoleon, in 1797, a young English peer, Lord Brome, son of the Earl of Cornwallis, was one of the aides-de-camp of Prince Ferdinand, an Austrian arch-duke. He was then only an ensign, but his father bought him a lieutenant-colonel's commission in General Napier's regiment, on condition that he allowed the last lieutenant-colonel, who was very old, and had a large family, to draw an annuity of £300 a year during his life. This the young peer readily consented to give, and for a long time the annuity was regularly paid. Not only that, but when Lord Brome resigned his commission, he solicited the post for the major of the regiment, who had been for many years in the service, and who, having a large family, was quite unable to purchase the commission. On the request being granted, his lordship declared that he would still pay the annuity of the old lieutenant-colonel out of his own private fortune.

PARSON WARRIORS

WHEN the French threatened an invasion of England in 1798, considerable alarm was occasioned throughout the country, and measures were speedily devised for resisting any attack. The clergy enthusiastically joined in the preparations, as may be seen from the following paragraph, which appeared in many of the public newspapers at the time: "The Bishop of Winchester has sanctioned the whole of the clergy of Hampshire, and especially those of Wye, to take up arms in the present crisis, and also to do whatever they may think best for the service of their country."

CUTTING

SOME of the British troops in the Irish rebellion did not particularly distinguish themselves as regards the performance of feats of valour. A certain general, at a notable society function in Dublin, was admonishing a begging woman to leave the place, when she said, "It is I that am proud to see yer honour here in the red coat you wore the very day ye saved the life of me boy, little Mickie." "Indeed," replied the general, not sorry to hear anything to his credit on such an occasion, when eminent people were within hearing distance, "I had forgotten all about it. How did I save his life?" "Well, yer honour,

when the battle was at its hottest, yer honour was the first to run, and when me little Mickie saw the general run, he ran too, the Lord be praised!"

GALLANT SERGEANT

THE storming of Seringapatam, in India, during 1799, was rendered memorable by the performance of many gallant deeds. The forlorn hope at the breach was led by a sergeant of the light company of the Bombay European regiment, who volunteered his services for the occasion. He was a native of Scotland, and his name was Graham. He ran forward, amid a hail of bullets, to examine the breach, and, mounting it, pulled off his hat and shouted, "Success to Lieutenant Graham!" (alluding to the commission he would probably obtain if he survived). He then rejoined his party and the assault was made, the gallant Graham himself carrying the colours, which he planted on the top of the rampart, and shouted, "I'll show them the British flag!" At this moment, when the last word had scarcely got out of his mouth, he fell dead beside the colours he had so bravely carried, having been shot through the head.

LOOTING OF SERINGAPATAM

AFTER the capture of Seringapatam, the European soldiers became disorderly and started looting. During the night a report was made that the treasury of Tippoo had been forced, and that the soldiers were actually loading themselves with gold. It was true. The door generally used was securely guarded, but another had been discovered, and by that the plunderers had obtained access to the treasure. Colonel Wallace found the place crowded with soldiers and *one officer*, all busily employed in pocketing gold and jewels. The officer in question, who so disgraced his rank, died not long afterwards, and General Baird, out of respect to his family, as it is supposed, kept his name a secret. General Baird was relieved in the town next morning by another officer, who with a firm hand soon put down marauding. He had gallows erected in seven streets, from which seven looters were before long dangling. This officer was Colonel Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington.

FALSE GUIDE

DURING the siege of Seringapatam, in 1799, a curious incident occurred after a night attack on one of the forts, from which the besiegers had been greatly annoyed by a constant discharge of musketry. The troops were returning in the dark to the lines,

when Lieutenant Lambton went up to General Baird, the commander, and assured him that, instead of marching *from*, they were marching *on* the enemy. The guide, on being referred to, was obstinate in asserting that he was right, while Lambton declared that in the starlight he had clearly ascertained that, instead of moving to the southward, the troops were marching directly north. Baird procured a pocket-compass, and, putting a fire-fly on the glass, ascertained that his march was really erroneous and his guide entirely astray. Fortunately he had time to remedy the mistake, jocularly observing that "in future he should put more faith in the stars than he had done formerly." It does not appear to have occurred to the General that the guide was treacherous, so the occurrence must be taken as having been purely accidental.

POOR AIDE-DE-CAMP!

THE freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are surpassed in delicacy by those long since in vogue among the British residents of India. Soon after Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, was appointed a major-general for his services in India, he happened to stop in Calcutta. At breakfast, one morning, the hero was served with boiled eggs. He took one, broke the shell, and dropped it with an air of disgust. "Laurell," he cried to his valet, "what do you mean by giving me a bad egg?" The valet hurried to his master, and examined the egg with the utmost seriousness. "I entreat your forgiveness," said he, "but it's all a mistake. The stupid servant has gone and given you an aide-de-camp's egg by mistake!"

NAPOLEON AT ACRE

DURING the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1799, which was so successfully defended by Sir Sidney Smith, a shell from the fort fell at Napoleon's feet, while he was in the trenches. One of the corps of guides threw himself between his general and the shell, and so shielded his commander. Luckily for all concerned, the missile did not explode. At the moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon started up, exclaiming, "What a soldier!" This brave man was afterwards General Dumenil, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who was governor of Vincennes in 1814. When the invading Russians summoned him to surrender Vincennes in that year, his laconic reply was, "Give me my leg and I will give you the place."

DEEDS THAT LIVE

IN 1801 the Archduke Charles of Austria was called from the Governorship of Bohemia to take the command of the Austrian army, which at the Battle of Hohenlinden had been defeated by the French and Bavarians under the command of Marshal Moreau. Near the scene of action he met a number of wounded soldiers who had been abandoned on the road by their commander, for want of horses to draw their carriages in the retreat. The Archduke, who on many occasions had exhibited striking instances of humanity, immediately ordered the horses to be taken from several pieces of cannon that were being hauled to the rear, saying, "The life of one brave man is better worth preserving than fifty pieces of ordnance." The abandoned guns fell into the hands of Moreau, who, however, when he heard of the motive that had prompted the sacrifice, immediately ordered the whole to be sent back to the gallant Archduke with his compliments, observing that he should be unworthy of being the opponent of his Imperial Highness if he took advantage of so noble an act of humanity.

DIPLOMACY

LORD ALBEMARLE tells a good story of a canny Scotsman, on the authority of his cousin, Sir William Keppel. "The name of Sir William," he writes, "recalls to remembrance a brother knight and one of his oldest friends, the late Sir David Dundas. This officer served under my grandfather at the reduction of Havannah (in 1762), and succeeded to the chief command of the army during the temporary retirement of the Duke of York. Sir William told me that, being one day at the Horse Guards, the Duke expressed a wish to know whether he or Sir David were the tallest. The ex-Commander-in-Chief and the Commander-in-Chief elect stood back to back. Sir William, who measured them, declared they were exactly of a height. When the Duke had retired, Keppel asked Dundas why he did not keep his head still while under the process of measuring. 'Well, man,' was the reply of the wily Scotchman, 'how should I just know whether His Royal Highness would like to be a little shorter or a little taller?'"

OFFICERS' ECONOMY

IN March, 1801, the *Times* newspaper, of London, contained the following paragraph:—"When economy in the consumption of wheaten flour is so strongly recommended in His Majesty's Proclamation, it may not be improper that the Public should be

acquainted that at the mess of the officers of the 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, stationed at Tynemouth Barracks, bread is totally dispensed with, and, as a substitute, roasted and fried potatoes are introduced. No flour is used for pies or puddings. The paste or crust of the former is made entirely of potatoes, and nothing but rice is used for the latter."

ON EGYPTIAN SHORES

THE landing of the British army in Egypt, on the 8th of March, 1801, was a stupendous piece of gallantry. It was done in face of a great French army, which waited with artillery, behind fortifications, ready to sweep the disembarking British into eternity. As the boats containing the soldiers approached the shore—the sailors in each, with characteristic daring, trying to beat the others—many were sunk by shot and shell. But the cry was, "Give way fore and aft!" and the sailors tugged furiously at the oars. Sir Ralph Abercromby was in the barge of the *Kent*, the flagship, and as he saw his soldiers drowning before his eyes, he desired the officer in charge of the barge to place him in front of the fire.

"I command you, sir," said the veteran; "my personal safety is nothing compared with the national disgrace of the boats turning back. Example is needful in this tremendous fire, which exceeds all I ever saw. Oh, God! they waver—onward, brave Britons, onward!" This apparent wavering was occasioned by a shell sinking the *Foudroyant's* flat boat with sixty soldiers in her, and by the rush of the smaller ones to pick up the sinking soldiers. The lieutenant in command of the barge respectfully said that he had the orders of Sir Richard Bickerton not to expose the General unnecessarily to fire, or land him until the second division were on shore. The British lines, closing to cover their heavy losses, rapidly approached the landing-place. The French infantry in heavy masses now lined the beach, and the roar of musketry was incessant and tremendous.

Sir Ralph, in great agitation, again ordered the officer to put his boat in front of the triple line, and was met by that officer respectfully declaring that he "would obey the orders of his Admiral alone." The old General made an abortive attempt to jump overboard, saying, "Without some striking example, human nature could not face such a fire." The sea was being literally ploughed up by innumerable musket-balls, making a spray that sometimes even hid the boats from view. Most of the boats succeeded at last in reaching the shore, and with a stirring cheer the British soldiers leaped on the beach, and were at once

engaged with the bayonet among the enemy. One of the first regiments on shore was the 42nd Foot, which, led by Sir John Moore, of Corunna fame, carried all in front of it by a gallant bayonet charge. The enemy never recovered from this surprise, and that night the British army camped on their first line of defence. No braver exploit than the landing of the army in Egypt is to be found in British military annals.

DONALD'S ORDER

ON the landing of the army in Egypt a rather humorous incident happened. One of the Highland regiments found opposed to it a French battery, strongly posted on the heights in front, and guarded by a French regiment. The order to "Fix bayonets" was given by the major, and the men obeyed with alacrity. Then followed the command, "Prime and load," whereupon a voice came from the ranks, saying, "No prime and load, but charge baignets (bayonets) at once!" The voice belonged to Donald Black, an old Isle of Skye smuggler. The men promptly obeyed the call of their comrade, and they charged in such vigorous fashion that the enemy could not withstand them, and had to leave the ridge in possession of the gallant Highlanders.

IRISH HUMOUR

DURING the war against the French in Egypt, in 1801, there occurred the following incident, which is related in Cadell's *Campaigns in Egypt*:—"An Irishman, Dan Fitzgibbon, of the Grenadiers, like most of his countrymen, possessed both courage and humour. He was placed at a bank which he was to fire over, but on no account to show himself. Poor Dan, not taking this advice, jumped upon the bank every round he fired, to see if he had hit anyone. At last a Frenchman shot him through the back of the left hand. It was seen that something had happened, and he was asked what was the matter. Dan, very quietly looking at his bleeding fist, and scratching his head with the other, said, 'I wish I knew who did this!'"

TRAGIC COINCIDENCE

DURING the Battle of Alexandria, Egypt, in 1801, a very curious incident happened. An aide-de-camp of General Craddock, who commanded a brigade composed of the 8th, 13th, and 90th Regiments, had his horse killed in carrying orders. He therefore begged permission of Sir Sidney Smith, who was on shore assisting the troops, to mount a horse belonging to his orderly dragoon.

As Sir Sidney was turning round to give the order for the soldier to dismount, a cannon-shot took off the poor fellow's head. "This," said Sir Sidney, "settles the question. Major, the horse is at your service."

BADGE NOBLY WON

WHEN at Alexandria in 1801, the 28th Foot, now the Gloucestershire Regiment, distinguished itself by performing a valiant feat. During the battle they were attacked in front, flank, and rear by the French cavalry, but the colonel ordering the rear rank to "Right about face," they repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. In remembrance of this exceptional movement, the men of the 28th were afterwards permitted to wear a badge both at the front and back of their helmets, and at the present day they still possess the distinction. It also secured for the corps the nickname of "The Fore and Afts," and "Brass before and brass behind."

DEATH OF ABERCROMBY

IT was in the Battle of Alexandria that Sir Ralph Abercromby received his mortal wound. Some French cavalry had suddenly charged the 42nd Regiment, which, with broken ranks, was fighting furiously, and Sir Ralph, hearing the noise, advanced alone to the spot. At this juncture some French dragoons appeared, and one, remarking that he was a superior officer, charged at and overthrew the veteran commander. He was about to cut him down when Sir Ralph, nerved with a momentary strength, seized the uplifted sword and wrested it from his assailant, while a Highland soldier, coming up, put his bayonet through the Frenchman. Unconscious that he was wounded in the thigh, the General complained only of a pain in his breast, occasioned, as he supposed, by a blow from the pommel of the sword during his struggle with the dragoon.

The first officer who came up was Sir Sidney Smith, who, having broken his own sword, received from Sir Ralph the weapon which he had taken from the Frenchman. The veteran continued on the field until perfectly assured that the French defeat had been decisive, and then, weakness overpowering him, he had to be carried off in a hammock. The mortal wound had been caused by a gunshot. An aide-de-camp, after failing to persuade Sir Ralph to leave, went and told Colonel Abercromby, the General's son, that his father was bleeding to death on the field. The Colonel at once galloped up to his father, and said, "Dear father, has your wound been examined?" Sir Ralph, who had lost much blood, turned affectionately to his son, and muttered, "A flesh wound—a mere scratch!" When the

wound was seen by the surgeons it was at once pronounced to be dangerous, and the same evening Sir Ralph was gently conveyed on board the *Foudroyant*.

When the figure of the veteran was seen lying on a grating, a look of deep concern was on every face. The General's features were convulsed with agony, but, afraid of adding to the anguish of his son at his side, not a groan or sigh escaped the veteran's lips. Admiral Lord Keith himself superintended the hoisting of Sir Ralph on board, and the work was accomplished with surprising gentleness. "I am putting you to great inconvenience," said the wounded General in faltering accents; "I am afraid I shall occasion you much more trouble." "The greatest trouble, General," exclaimed Lord Keith, as he took hold of one of Sir Ralph's hands, "is to see you in this pitiable condition." As he relinquished the hand, Lord Keith burst into tears, and many another gallant sailor's eye on board was damp. Sir Ralph lingered in acute pain for three days, and, on his death, the body was sent to Malta, where it was buried in the north-east bastion of Valetta.

NOBLE GENERAL!

AN anecdote is told of Sir Ralph Abercromby, which strikingly shows that characteristic consideration for others which was the ruling spirit of his life. When, after the Battle of Alexandria, he was being carried off mortally wounded, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head to ease it. He felt the relief, and asked what it was. "Only a soldier's blanket, sir," was the reply. "Whose blanket is it?" "Only one of the men's, sir." "I wish to know the name of the man to whom the blanket belongs," persisted Sir Ralph. A short pause ensued, until the information had been obtained, when the reply was given: "It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42nd, Sir Ralph." "Then," replied the sorely wounded General, "see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

EMPIRE PUNCH

IN 1801, when the British troops were in Egypt, the force under Abercromby was joined by one sent from India. The vessels which conveyed the soldiers from England had taken in their provision of water from the Thames; the troops which came from India had brought with them a supply from the Ganges. A party of British officers mixed some of the water from these two famous rivers together, adding some of that of the no less famous Nile; and, making with it a bowl of punch, they drank it on the top of one of the Pyramids!

GRENADIER'S PRESENTIMENT

THE following singular instance of presentiment is related in Cadell's *Campaigns in Egypt*.—"When the inlying pickets turned out in the morning, a soldier of my company (the Grenadiers), named M'Kinlay, came up to me, handing a paper, and said, 'Captain, here is my will; I am to be killed to-day; and I will all my arrears and everything I have to my comrade, Hugh Swift.' 'What nonsense, M'Kinlay!' I replied to him; 'go into action, and do what you have always done: behave like a brave soldier.' He answered, 'I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will.' To satisfy him, I took it, and the man fought with the pickets during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, we rejoined the regiment; we had suffered much, but M'Kinlay was standing unhurt, close to me, upon which I observed to him, 'So, M'Kinlay, I suspect you are wrong this time.'

"The right of the regiment being posted on the round of a hill cut into steps for the vines, a body of the enemy's sharpshooters came close under us, and opened a fire to cover their retiring columns. M'Kinlay, seeing one of them taking aim over the arm of a fig tree in our direction, exclaimed, 'Look at that rascal going to shoot our captain!' And, advancing one step down the hill, he presented at the Frenchman, who, however, was unfortunately too quick for him, for in an instant afterwards poor M'Kinlay was shot through the neck, and killed on the spot. The same ball gave me a severe contusion on the breast, and I fell with the unfortunate man, and was actually covered with his blood. He was one of the best soldiers in the Grenadier company, and was much regretted; indeed, but for him, it is probable I should not have lived to tell this tale. The will was duly forwarded to the War Office, whence an order was issued for his comrade Swift to receive all that was due to him."

REGIMENT OF LAWYERS

THE 14th Middlesex (Inns of Court), one of the Volunteer corps attached to the Rifle Brigade, has the nickname of "The Devil's Own." This sobriquet was conferred in 1803 by no less a person than King George III., who was inspecting the corps at a review. He was inquiring what troops they were, and Erskine, the great lawyer, who was in command, replied, "They are all lawyers, sire." "What! what!" exclaimed the King, "all lawyers! all lawyers! Call them the Devil's Own!—call them the Devil's Own!"

Another account differs slightly from the above. In Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, Lord Eldon, referring to the review by George III., in Hyde Park, of the Metropolitan Volunteers, is stated to have given the following account of the spectacle: "I think the finest sight I ever beheld was the great review in Hyde Park before the King. His Majesty, in passing, addressed Tom Erskine, who was colonel, asking him the name of his corps. He answered, 'The Devil's Own.'" It is said that Sheridan was really the one who invented the title in regard to the Temple corps, and that the public christened the Lincoln's Inn corps "The Devil's Invincibles."

"IMPOSSIBLE"

SPEAKING of the siege and capture of Gawilgarh, during the Mahratta War of 1803, an officer who took part in the affair told the following story:—

"We had been one night working hard at a battery half-way up the hill, and afterwards cleared a road up to it, but no power we possessed could move our iron battering rams above a few hundred yards from the bottom, so steep and rugged was the ascent. I had just been relieved from working by a fresh party, and was enjoying a few moments' rest on some clean straw, when the officer commanding the working party came up to Colonel Wallace, who was brigadier of the trenches, and reported that it was impossible to get the heavy guns up to the battery. The Scotch colonel looked at him in simple astonishment. 'Impossible!' he exclaimed. 'Hoot, mon, it must be done, for I've got the order for it in my pocket!'"

Nevertheless, it was not done. The word "impossible" may not exist in the bright lexicon of youth, but it does exist in the vocabulary of military mechanics.

INDIAN HEAT

WHEN General Lake, after his successful campaign against Holkar in 1803-4, had decided to withdraw into the East India Company's territory, the hot season was, unfortunately, far advanced. Even in the shade the thermometer frequently exceeded 130 degrees of Fahrenheit, so that, when simply resting under the shelter of the tents, the sufferings of the soldiers were excruciating. During four days of the march they buried from ten to fifteen Europeans a day. Young men, who set out in the morning full of spirits, and in all the vigour of health, dropped dead immediately on reaching the camping-ground, and many were smitten on the road by the overpowering force of the sun,

the rays of which darted downwards like a torrent of fire. The persons who were thus struck suddenly turned giddy, foamed at the mouth, and as instantaneously became lifeless.

Matters were made worse by the scarcity of water, owing to the carriers dying off. The native sepoy soldiers suffered as much as the Europeans. "Water! water!" was the constant cry of all. One sepoy, it is recorded, overcome with thirst and fatigue on the road, offered a rupee, all the money he had, for a single draught; but the carrier whom he addressed, having only a little for his master, passed on. In a state of frenzy, the sepoy then snatched up his musket and shot himself through the head.

TWICE AN OFFICER

THERE is only one private soldier in the history of the British Army who has twice won a commission from the ranks. This hero was John Shipp, who, a parish orphan from the village of Saxmundham, in Suffolk, joined the 22nd Regiment in 1795. He was engaged with his corps in the Kaffir War of 1800, and two years later went to India, where the 22nd fought under the command of General Lake. In two desperate but unsuccessful assaults on Bhurtpore, in 1805, it is recorded that Sergeant John Shipp led the forlorn hope, and, though many fell, he himself came out unharmed. He was rewarded for his gallantry with a commission in the 65th Regiment, which he shortly afterwards sold. Quickly squandering the money thus obtained, Shipp enlisted again, and actually once more, before he was thirty years old, succeeded in gaining a commission! He took part in the pursuit of Holkar to the banks of the Sutlej, which ended the war.

"THE DIRTY SHIRTS"

THE 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers received the nickname of "The Dirty Shirts" during the siege of Bhurtpore, India, in 1805. They had been working in the trenches, when General Lake arrived, taking the men unawares, and catching them stripped to their shirts, which like themselves were in a very dirty condition. As the General's eye glanced over the men, one of them felt that their appearance called for some explanation, and, with a salute, he volunteered the information that "they'd been so hard at it for some weeks past that they hadn't had time to pay attention to such things as shirts or anything else than peppering the enemy." The General smiled, and said, "My men, your appearance does you honour. You have sacrificed personal comfort to the duty you owe your country." "Dirty Shirts" became a title of which the 101st were very proud.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND HIS SOLDIERS

HIS BIRTH

IT is a curious and little-known fact that Napoleon narrowly escaped being born an Englishman. France and England had long been wrangling about the possession of Corsica, and only a few months before the birth of the great commander in 1769 the matter had been settled in favour of France. One wonders what effect it would have had on the career of Napoleon had the diplomatic difficulty been arranged so that Corsica became a part of the British Empire.

As it was, Napoleon Bonaparte did once attempt to gain admittance to the British Navy. When he was at Brienne, Lawley, who later became Lord Wenlock, was his fellow-pupil. One day the little Corsican came to his English schoolmate and showed him a letter addressed to the British Admiralty, requesting permission to enter the Navy. "The difficulty, I am afraid," said Bonaparte, "will be my religion." Lawley replied, "You young rascal, I don't believe you have any religion at all!" "But my family have," answered Bonaparte.

HEROIC DEATH

AT the Battle of Austerlitz it was Napoleon's order of the day not to weaken the ranks in order to give assistance to the wounded. General Valhubert was among those who fell, being severely wounded in the thigh by a cannon-ball. Some of his soldiers stopped to attend to him, but, waving to them to be gone, he exclaimed, "Remember the order of the day; you can pick me up after the victory!" He was afterwards removed from the field, but the wound proved to be mortal. The gallant officer met death with great tranquillity. "In an hour," he wrote to the Emperor, "I shall be no more. I do not regret life, since I have participated in a victory which will ensure you a happy reign. When you think of the brave who were devoted to your service, remember Valhubert."

MEDALS CRITICISED

AFTER Napoleon's return from Austerlitz, Denon presented him with silver medals illustrative of his victories. The first represented a French eagle tearing an English leopard. "What's this?" asked the Emperor. Upon Denon explaining, Napoleon said, "Thou rascally flatterer! You say that the French eagle crushes the English leopard; yet I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea that is not taken. I tell you that it is the leopard that strangles the eagle. Melt down the medal, and never bring me such another!" He found similar fault with the medal of Austerlitz. "Put 'Battle of Austerlitz' on one side, with the date; the French, Russian, and Austrian eagles on the other, without distinction. Posterity will distinguish the vanquished."

LOST HIM BATTLES

NAPOLÉON was a very fast eater. At a grand dinner at the Tuileries not more than forty-five minutes elapsed from the sitting down of the Emperor and his guests to the serving of the coffee. The guests were then bowed out. Napoleon took food at all times, the moment that appetite was felt, and his establishment was so arranged that, in all places and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee might be forthcoming at the word.

This habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on the occasion of two of the most critical events of his career—at the Battles of Borodino and Leipzig, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of the Battle of Dresden, too, just before Leipzig, the German novelist, Hoffmann, who was present in the town, asserted that the Emperor would have done much more than he did had it not been for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions, which he had partaken heartily of.

WORDS TO ENCOURAGE

IN speaking to his soldiers, no one could employ more striking or appropriate words than Napoleon. When the British were carrying all before them in the Peninsula, and when the power of France in that quarter was tottering in the balance, the Emperor, in an address to his army, sought to raise the drooping spirits of his troops by saying, "Soldiers! I have occasion for you! The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the continent of

Spain and Portugal. Let your aspect terrify and drive him thence! Let us carry our conquering eagles even to the Pillars of Hercules; there also we have an injury to avenge."

WHERE HE LEARNED LAW

NAPOLEON I. had an extraordinary mind. He appeared never to forget anything he cared to remember, and assimilated information as the stomach assimilates food, retaining only the valuable. An incident will illustrate this remarkable quality of his mind. When forming the "Code Napoleon," he frequently astonished the Council of State by the skill with which he illustrated any point of discussion by quoting whole passages from memory of the Roman civil law. The Council wondered how a man whose life had been passed in camp came to know so much about the old Roman laws. Finally, one of them asked him how he acquired this knowledge.

"When I was a lieutenant," Napoleon replied, "I was unjustly placed under arrest. My small prison-room contained no furniture except an old chair and a cupboard. In the latter was a ponderous volume, which proved to be a digest of the Roman law. You can easily imagine what a valuable prize the book was to me. It was so bulky, and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that had I been confined a hundred years I need never have been idle. When I recovered my liberty at the end of ten days, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislation. It was thus I acquired my knowledge of the civil law."

RETREAT FROM ACRE

NAPOLEON seized every opportunity of raising himself in the eyes of his soldiers, who distinguished themselves by their astonishing devotion to his cause. After the failure of the attack on St. Jean d'Acre, in 1799, the miserable French army marched across the desert to Egypt, wild Arabs hovering round them all the time, ready to cut off any man who fell behind his companions. Napoleon issued an order that every horse should be given up to the service of the sick. Soon afterwards one of his attendants came to ask which horse the General wished to reserve for himself. "Scoundrel!" cried Napoleon, "know you not the order? Let every man march on foot—I first. Begone!" Napoleon accordingly, during the remainder of the march, walked by the side of the sick, cheering them by his eye and voice, and exhibiting to all the soldiery the heroic example of endurance and compassion.

RESTORED TO FAVOUR

CONSTANT, the valet of the Emperor, in his very interesting *Memoirs*, of which an English translation was published in 1896, has given many stories of Napoleon. He tells how a dying soldier cries "Vive l'Empereur!" as he passes, and is given his epaulettes on the spot by the gratified Emperor. A gun-carriage sticks, and wounded men are tugging at it; the Emperor jumps down from his horse, and, amidst tremendous cheering, puts his shoulder to the wheel. The best story, however, is the following: "At the beginning of the battle, the Emperor saw a battalion advancing whose chief had been suspended two or three days previously for some slight misdemeanour. The poor officer was marching in the rear ranks of his men, who adored him. The Emperor noticed him, bade the battalion halt, took the officer by the hand, and placed him once more at the head of his men. The effect of this was simply indescribable."

AFTER MOSCOW

THE following story shows Napoleon in a different mood, the incident taking place only two days after his arrival in Paris from the terrible retreat from Moscow:—"The Emperor seemed very merry, and as if he had recovered from all his fatigues. I was about to withdraw, when his Majesty said, 'Constant, stop a moment. Tell me all that you saw on your journey.' I told him some of the grim sights I had witnessed; of the dead, the dying, and the wretched human beings struggling hopelessly against hunger and cold. 'Well, well, my lad, you go and rest,' said he. 'You must want it. To-morrow you shall resume your duties.' This I did next day, and found the Emperor absolutely the same as he had been before entering upon the campaign. One might have said that the past was as nothing to him, and that living now in the future he saw victory once more smile upon his standards, and his enemies humiliated and conquered."

WHEN NAPOLEON SURRENDERED

IN his *Narrative of the Surrender of Bonaparte*, Captain Maitland, of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, on which the fallen Emperor surrendered in 1815, gives the following description of Napoleon:—"He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and a very small foot, of which he seemed very vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and

shoes. His hands were also small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light grey, his teeth good; and, when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing: when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark and gloomy cast. His hair was a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black; and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being a light sallow colour, different from any other I ever met with. From his being corpulent, he had lost much of his activity."

HONOURS WELL EARNED

MARSHAL LEFEBVRE, one of Napoleon's chief officers, was a man of keen humour. A very old friend, who had not had so brilliant a career as the Marshal, went to see him once in Paris. The General received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel. The friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table. "Oh!" he continually exclaimed, "how happy you are!" "I see you are envious of what I have," said the Marshal at last; "well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had. Come into the court, and I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. . . . What! you won't? Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me." For taking Danzig, in 1807, the Marshal was made Duke of Danzig; in the Russian campaign, so disastrous to the French, he commanded the Imperial Guard. He died in 1820, aged sixty-five.

NARROW ESCAPE

BARON DE MARBOT tells in his *Memoirs* how his light boots once saved him from being killed by Austrian lancers. At the Battle of Eckmuhl, Bavaria, in 1809, he was ordered by Marshal Lannes to conduct a regiment of Cuirassiers to a point where it was to charge a regiment of Croats. The French duly charged, and annihilated the Croats, but carrying their charge too far, were in their turn repulsed by a regiment of Austrian lancers. As the French retreated at a gallop, they came to the place where Marbot was standing, his horse having been killed. Two mounted soldiers gave him their hands, and thus, half lifted from the ground, he bounded along between the horses, which galloped at a rapid pace into their own lines.

“It was time for my gymnastic course to end,” says Marbot, “for I was completely out of breath, and could not have continued. I learned then how inconvenient are the heavy long boots of the cuirassiers in time of war; for a young officer in the regiment who, like me, had his horse killed under him, and was supported by two of his comrades on the return journey in the same manner I was, found himself unable to keep pace with the horses on account of his heavy boots. He was left behind, and was killed by an Austrian lancer, while I escaped by reason of my light boots.”

COSTLY VICTORY

NEXT to the British, Napoleon found the Russians the hardest nut to crack. At the Battle of Borodino, on September 7th, 1812, the Russians desperately resisted the fierce attacks of the French for many hours, and the loss on each side was about the same, no fewer than 40,000 Russians and the same number of French being slain. The battle, indeed, might be called drawn, were it not for the fact that the Russians at last retired, leaving the way to Moscow open to the French. When he saw the result of the fight, Napoleon said, “Another such victory will ruin me.” Out of one Russian division of 30,000 men, only 8,000 survived. One French regiment lost 1,200 men in carrying an entrenchment, in which more than half were left dead. On reviewing his army the next morning, Napoleon noticed the thin ranks of this regiment, the 61st Imperial, and he asked the colonel what he had done with one of his battalions. “Sire,” replied the officer, “it is in the redoubt.” Both armies, in the battle, numbered about 130,000 men each.

OBEYING ORDERS

DURING one of the battles in which the French were engaged in 1812, Colonel Kobilinski, an aide-de-camp of Marshal Davoust, was severely wounded. The hospital waggons had been left in the rear, and the Marshal gave him in the care of a company of Grenadiers, telling them to guard the wounded officer, and take him on a litter to Wilna, the nearest town, where he could be cared for properly. It was a toilsome journey over a snow-covered wilderness, but the little band pressed forward, seeking to conceal from their wounded charge the terrible evidences of ruin about them.

Several times they were attacked by bands of Cossacks, but fought their way through. In an enemy's country, insufficiently

clothed, scantily fed, and delayed by their hapless burden, one recollection sustained them: a Marshal of France had said: "I confide Kobilinski to your honour; you will restore him to me." After several weeks of this severe travel a storm came on, and all but five of the little company perished. The survivors were half-stupefied, but their charge still lived, and they lifted his litter and moved steadfastly forward.

Towards evening they came in sight of Wilna. The revulsion of feeling was too violent, and two of the men died before the city limits were reached. Two others tottered on for a short distance, and then only Jacques Dufour was left with the wounded man. He looked at the litter in despair. Then, conscious of his inability to lift it, he clutched his fingers into the canvas and dragged it after him, calling loudly for help. His cries were heard by a sentinel, and before long he was in the presence of Marshal Davoust. "Where is Colonel Kobilinski?" asked the Marshal. "He is here, monsieur," was the reply. "And the company?" "Present, mon maréchal." "I ask for the company," repeated the Marshal. "I have answered. Present!" said the soldier. "But your comrades?" "Buried, monsieur, in the snow." The Marshal did not speak, but he opened his arms, and gallant Jacques flung himself into them. He was repaid, amply repaid, he thought, for weeks of cruel suffering. And promotion and a red ribbon were bestowed upon him before Kobilinski, after all that had been done for him, succumbed to his wounds.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI, a famous Pole, joined Napoleon in his invasion of Russia, in the hope that his services would secure the freedom of Poland. He fought valiantly, with a large body of his countrymen, at Smolensk, at Borodino, and at Leipzig. After the last-named conflict he covered the retreat of the French army, but was drowned in crossing the River Elster. This recalls an extraordinary incident. When the Prince was a boy, his mother consulted a celebrated deaf and dumb Bohemian gipsy as to his fate, and the answer, written on a slip of paper, was, "Hüte dich von einer Elster" ("Beware of the Magpie"). This prediction was not only disregarded, but nearly forgotten, until its remarkable fulfilment at the Prince's death. As before stated, he was drowned in the Elster (Magpie) during the retreat after Leipzig.

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

IN Napoleon's Russian campaign of 1812 a French general was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons, on consulting, declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with composure, but his valet, who was among the people surrounding the wounded officer, showed his profound grief by making loud lamentations. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said the master, with a gay air, to him. "It is a fortunate thing for thee; thou wilt have but one boot to clean in future!"

TREASURE THAT BROUGHT DEATH

AFTER the destruction of Moscow, Napoleon was compelled to seek safety by a rapid return to the frontier. He himself hurried on in advance of his army. The removal of the war treasure, which at that time consisted of twelve million francs, was entrusted to Marshal Ney. The gold was transported in barrels, and placed on carriages drawn by picked horses. These horses, though the best in the host, were not able to save the treasure. The Emperor never saw it again. Not far from Vilna the waggons stuck in a defile, and no efforts availed to move them. Rather than see the treasure fall into the hands of the Russians, Ney made the fatal mistake of ordering it to be distributed among the soldiers. The command was obeyed, and the men eagerly took the gold, throwing away their belongings in order to fill their knapsacks with the yellow coins. Only a few of those who thus foolishly encumbered themselves ever reached the frontier. They perished in the attempt to carry their treasure, which, after all, thus fell into the enemy's hands.

In striking contrast to the above was the course taken by Sir John Moore when on his famous retreat to Corunna, in 1809. To prevent the treasure of the army falling into the hands of the French, he placed it in charge of a reliable officer, with a strong guard, with instructions to throw it down a precipice after the army had passed. This was done, and the British were able to continue their march without encumbrance.

SAVED BY COOLNESS

MARSHAL NEY, who had commanded the rear-guard of the French army under Massena in the Peninsula in 1810, also led the rear-guard of the French army in the disastrous retreat from Moscow in 1813. Passing over an unknown country, and surrounded on every side by relentless enemies, the Marshal

displayed all the talents of a resourceful general. His troops marched in the form of a square, and repeatedly they were charged by immense corps of Cossacks, who, however, were always repulsed. The constant strain at last began to affect the troops, and, when the Dnieper had been passed, all were in despair, everyone giving himself up for lost. At this critical state of affairs some officers sought Ney to receive his orders, and, to their surprise, he was found crouched beneath a ridge of snow, attentively examining a chart which was laid out before him. The calmness of their General, in such a moment of danger, effectually dissipated the fears of the soldiers, and Ney was able to conduct his marvellous retreat to its conclusion.

CURT ANSWER

ON Sir Sidney Smith's invasion of the South American coast, in 1808, the Marquis of Alorna returned the following laconic answer to the British, the commander of which had asked for safe passage and supplies, wishing at the same time to know if he and his troops would be received as friends or enemies: "We are unable to entertain you as friends or resist you as enemies."

MODEST AND SUCCESSFUL

ONE of the least known of British generals is Sir George Beckwith, who entered the Army as an ensign in the 37th Regiment during July, 1771. He took part in the American War, and passed through the various grades until, in 1808, he was appointed Governor of Barbadoes, with the command of the forces in the Windward and Leeward Islands. As Great Britain was then at war with France, General Beckwith organised an expedition for the conquest of Martinique, which, by July, 1809, had been captured. The French eagles then taken were despatched home, and they were the first ever seen in England. For his success General Beckwith received the thanks of Parliament, while the King created him a Knight of the Bath. In 1810 he invaded and captured Guadaloupe, the last of the French possessions in the West Indies.

Just before he returned to England, in 1814, the Legislature of Barbadoes presented to him a Bill for a service of plate. "This Bill, gentlemen," said modest Sir George, "is the only one from which I must withhold my consent." After the General's departure, however, the Bill was passed, and Sir George was duly presented with a service of plate valued at £2,500. He died in London, in 1823, during his seventieth year.

OFFICER AND FREEMASON

AN incident of the Walcheren campaign of 1809 was related by the late Lord Wantage, v.c., in 1898, at a banquet at Reading, on his installation as Provincial Grand Master of the Berkshire Freemasons. His lordship said that it was his lot in early life to be first interested in Masonry by an event that happened to his father, the late General Lindsay, when serving in the Walcheren Expedition. He was shot through the leg, and, being quite disabled, he fell into the hands of the enemy; but no sooner was he carried from the field of battle than he discovered that his captor was a brother Freemason, who, true to the traditions of the craft, like a Good Samaritan, dressed his wounds, carried him into his own house, and took charge of him until the time of release, defraying all costs, without any security for repayment.

TOO MUCH PRAISE

WHEN the Scots Greys were once stationed at Worcester, a short time before the commencement of the Peninsular War, two young officers, who had had a long leave of absence and were just returned from France, one day at the mess extolled the appearance of the French troops at a review near Versailles. The Black Mousquetaires and the Gendarmes especially came in for much praise. The colonel of the regiment was much irritated at this talk, as some strangers of consequence were present. At last, not being able to keep his tongue out of action any longer, he broke out with, "Well, sir, are you done? G——d d——n your Black Mousquetaires and your Gendarmes! You may praise them as much as you please, but, by G——d, the Inniskillings and we have counted the buttons on their backs a dozen times!"

THE PENINSULAR WAR

WELLINGTON IN COMMAND

IN June, 1808, Sir Arthur, who had been promoted to lieutenant-general on April 25th, was appointed to the command of the forces assembled at Cork, with instructions to proceed to the coast of Portugal and co-operate with the Spanish and Portuguese commanders. The night before he left London to take command at Cork, Wellesley had a conversation with J. W. Croker, who had undertaken to discharge the Parliamentary business of the Irish Office during the Chief Secretary's absence at the seat of war. After discussing some Bill which was then in preparation, the General relapsed into a reverie, and remained silent so long that Croker asked him what he was thinking about.

"Why, to say the truth," he replied, "I am thinking of the French I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders, when they were capital soldiers; and a dozen years of victory under Napoleon must have made them better still. They have besides, it seems, a new system of strategy, which has outmanœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful: but no matter: my die is cast: they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will outmanœuvre me. First, because I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it is a false one as against steady troops. I suspect all the Continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand."

During the voyage out Sir Arthur devoted his leisure to acquiring a rough knowledge of the Spanish language, by means of a dictionary and a Spanish translation of the Book of Common Prayer, so that by the time he reached Castile, as he told Lady Salisbury, "I was perfectly able to understand the addresses of congratulation made to me for some little successes I had had about Oporto, and so on." [From *The Life of Wellington*, by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., etc.]

COLONEL LAKE'S DEATH

IN the Battle of Rolica, or Roleia, the first of the Iron Duke's Peninsular fights, fought in 1808, Colonel Lake, commanding the 29th Foot (now the 1st Worcestershire Regiment), was among the slain. He stormed one of the passes, which was defended by the French 82nd Regiment, and just before the final charge he turned to his men, his face glowing with delight, and called out, "Gentlemen, display the colours!" The colours were spread to the breeze, and the Colonel, turning again to his men, exclaimed, "Soldiers, I shall remain in front of you, and remember that the bayonet is the only weapon for a British soldier."

Up a steep narrow ravine the Colonel, on horseback, led the Grenadiers of his regiment, and after a most desperate conflict, in which three hundred of his men were killed or wounded, he arrived at the summit. Here the French made a sudden and powerful attack, during which Colonel Lake fell, and his soldiers would have been driven back had not the 9th Regiment opportunely come up. At the top of the hill, before his fall, the Colonel seemed to bear a charmed life. One French officer afterwards stated that he had fired seven shots at him, the last of which made Lake fall. The ball that killed him went quite through from side to side beneath the arms. Sergeant-Major Richard stood over his Colonel's body, until he himself fell wounded in thirteen places. His last words were, "I should have died happy if our gallant Colonel had been spared."

WANTED TO FIGHT

OF Colonel Lake a characteristic anecdote is related. "The evening before the affair of Rolica," runs the account, "there was every reason to believe the regiment would be among the first troops engaged the next morning, and there were two bad subjects under sentence of a court-martial for petty plundering. Colonel Lake, when he formed his regiment in the evening for the punishment of the two culprits, knew full well that every man was satisfied they deserved it, but he did not say that. He spoke to the hearts of his soldiers; he told them he flogged those men not alone because they deserved it; but that he might deprive them of the honour of going into action with their comrades in the morning, and that he might not prevent the guard who was stationed over them from participating in it. The regiment was in much too high a state of discipline to admit of a word being said, but they were repeated all the evening from mouth to

mouth ; and the poor fellows who were flogged declared to me that they would willingly on their knees at his feet, if they dared, have begged, as the greatest favour he could bestow, to be allowed to run the risk of being shot first, with the certainty of being flogged afterwards if they escaped."

PLUCKY PIPER

AT the Battle of Vimeira (1808) a piper of the 71st Regiment was wounded in both legs as his corps was advancing at the charge up the rising ground against the French. The gallant Highlander, whose name was Stuart, refused to leave the field, and, propping himself up on a bank, he continued to play his comrades on. As the first company passed him, he called out, "Gang along, my braw laddies ; I canna be wi' ye fechtin' ony langer, but deil hae me if ye shall want music !" And he blew with the full force of his lungs, thus encouraging his comrades, who, against tremendous odds, drove back the enemy. For his plucky act the Highland Society presented Stuart with a set of pipes elaborately ornamented and bearing an inscription recording the gallant deed. He was afterwards the official piper to the Highland Society.

SAVED BY A HIGHLANDER

AMONG the captured enemy at Vimeira was the French general Bernier, who, in the desperate struggle that was taking place, would have been killed had not Corporal Mackay, of the 71st Regiment, intervened. The gratified General at once offered his purse to Mackay, who, however, refused the gift. Almost paralysed with astonishment, General Bernier said to Colonel Pack, "What manner of man is this who saves my life and refuses my money?" To this inquiry, Colonel Pack, who as a major-general afterwards fought at Waterloo, said, "Sir, we are British soldiers, not plunderers !" This action of the gallant Corporal did not go unrewarded. Wellington at once promoted him to the rank of sergeant, while, on the arrival of the news in England, the Highland Society unanimously decided to present Sergeant Mackay with a gold medal, bearing a suitable device, as a mark of the sense the Society entertained of his meritorious, manly, and disinterested conduct.

IRISH RIFLEMAN

IN the retreat on Corunna in 1809 the 95th Foot, now the Rifle Brigade, distinguished itself greatly by acting as the rear-guard. One of the most reckless members of the corps was an Irishman,

named Tom Plunket, whose courage was of the highest order. At Calcabellos, during the retreat, the French, under a young general called Colbert, pressed very hard on the British. Their General, mounted on a white charger, was very conspicuous in leading his men in attempts to dislodge some of the 95th, who had taken up their post in a vineyard.

When the officer was making another charge at the head of some chasseurs, Tom Plunkett suddenly ran forward, lay down on his back on the snow-covered ground, placed his foot in the leather sling of his gun, and, carefully sighting, shot the General dead into the arms of his trumpeter. Hastily reloading, Tom then lay down again, and killed the trumpeter with his second shot. Tom Plunket fought at Waterloo, but was afterwards dismissed from the Army as a drunken incorrigible. With his wife, who had had her face fearfully disfigured by the explosion of an ammunition waggon at Quatre Bras, Tom tramped for many years through the country; and one day, without warning, he suddenly fell on to his face, and was picked up dead.

MOORE AT CORUNNA

AT Corunna the 42nd was with the 50th, and these two regiments bore the brunt of the fighting. In the advance on the village of Elvina, Sir John Moore said to the men of the 42nd: "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" When the Highlanders, owing to some misunderstanding, came to a halt, Moore exclaimed: "My brave 42nd, join your comrades! Ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." They then charged under the eye of Moore. To the 50th, as they were fighting gallantly against superior numbers, Sir John exclaimed: "Well done, the 50th! Well done, my majors!" The majors thus apostrophised were Stanhope and Napier, and in the deadly conflict that at once ensued Stanhope fell mortally wounded, while Napier was taken prisoner by the French. It was immediately after this that Moore received his mortal wound, a round shot knocking him from his horse and shattering his shoulder.

FRENCH KINDNESS

WHEN Napier (afterwards Sir Charles, the conqueror of Scinde) was wounded and taken prisoner at Corunna, his sword was returned to him by General Renaud, who begged him to wear it as he had used it so well. He had behaved very bravely during the action. On one occasion, to encourage his men, he jumped on to a wall, in full sight of the French, waving his hat and

sword. Yet no fire was drawn upon him, because, as he himself afterwards related, the French captain in charge had prevented his men from firing on the gallant Englishman. "Instead of firing at him," said the French officer, who did not know who Napier was, "I longed to run forward and embrace the brave officer." After his capture, Napier was treated most kindly by the enemy, and one of Marshal Soult's aides-de-camp offered him "money, anything." The gallant Soult himself provided the British officer with a bed in his own quarters, and all the French officers, particularly Baron Clouet, overpowered Napier with kindnesses.

The friends of Napier, hearing nothing of him for three months, feared that he had been killed. A flag of truce was eventually sent to the French headquarters with inquiries, and this message was taken to Marshal Ney by Baron Clouet. "Let him see his friends," said the Marshal; "he can then tell them that he is well and well treated." Clouet made no move, but continued looking earnestly at Ney, who at last, with a smile, asked, "What more do you want?" "He has an old mother, a widow and blind," replied the gallant and tender-hearted Clouet. "Has he?" answered Marshal Ney, with that chivalry that played so prominent a part throughout his brilliant career; "let him go, then, and tell her himself that he is alive."

OFFICER'S CHILDREN

A CHARMING story is recorded of Sir John Moore's campaign against the French in Portugal. An English officer had the misfortune to lose his wife, who had accompanied him to the war, and he was left with three very young children. He was then under orders to march with the army in its advance into Spain, and, divided between a sense of public and private duty, he scarcely knew what to do. He was advised to apply to Sir John Moore for leave to take the children back to England, but this, he felt, was hardly the proper thing to do at such a time. The difficulty was finally solved by a Portugese nobleman, at whose residence the officer was billeted. "Never mind, my dear friend," said the nobleman, "cease to grieve; leave your infants with me! Behold my three daughters! They shall each discharge the duties of a mother to one of your infants, and I will be a father to the whole." "So we will, dear father!" exclaimed the daughters. Overpowered by such an act of beneficence, the captain, briefly expressing his thanks, hurriedly left the room.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE

THE following striking account of the last moments of Sir John Moore, at Corunna, was related by his brother, Mr. James Carrick Moore:—

“Captain (now Viscount) Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when Sir John said with soldierly feeling, ‘It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.’ His serenity was so striking that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal: he expressed this opinion, and said that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

“Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, ‘No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.’ He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

“The soldiers had not carried Sir John far when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird, who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the Commander, generously ordered them to desist and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, ‘You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful’; and he ordered the bearers to move on. But, as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

“Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who, seeing his General borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, ‘Anderson, don’t leave me.’ As he was carried into the house his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master, to console him, said, smiling, ‘My friend, this is nothing.’

“He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said at intervals,

‘Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice! Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—everything. Say to my mother——.’ Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and, not being able to proceed, changed the subject.

“‘Hope! Hope!¹ I have much to say to him, but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham² and all my aides-de-camp safe?’ (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard³ was mortally wounded.) He then continued: ‘I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne⁴ has my will and all my papers.’ As he spoke these words Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, ‘Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon⁵ and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a lieutenant-colonelcy to Major Colborne; he has been long with me, and I know him to be most worthy of it.’

“He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, ‘Have the French been beaten?’ He assured him they had on every point. ‘It is a great satisfaction,’ he said, ‘for me to know that we have beaten the French. Is Paget⁶ in the room? On being told he was not, he resumed, ‘Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.’ Though visibly sinking, he then said, ‘I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying. It’s great uneasiness; it’s great pain. Everything François says is right. I have great confidence in him.’ He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then, seeing Captain Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, ‘If all his aides-de-camp were safe’; and was pleased on being told they were. After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, ‘Stanhope, remember me to your sister.’⁷ He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed, leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country.”

¹ Sir John Hope, afterwards the Earl of Hopetoun, who succeeded to the command.

² Afterwards Lord Lynedoch.

³ Son of Sir Harry Burrard.

⁴ Afterwards Sir John Colborne and Lord Seaton.

⁵ Sir Willoughby Gordon, Secretary to the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief.

⁶ The Hon. Brigadier Paget, afterwards Sir James Paget, who commanded the reserve.

⁷ Lady Hestor Stanhope, niece of William Pitt, who was in love with Moore, and who, after his death, led a wandering life until her own death in 1839.

TALAVERA PRISONERS

THE British prisoners who had the misfortune to be captured at Talavera were generally treated kindly by the French. In the case of the officers, those who happened to be wounded were carefully attended to, while in the case of others means of escape were actually placed in their way! During the three days that some British officers were at Castel Legos, with a very slender guard, they were treated by General Villate with the utmost consideration. He sent dinner to them from his own table, with abundance of wine. His aide-de-camp and brother-in-law, Captain Cholet, visited them twice a day, to see that they wanted for nothing; and two, and sometimes three, surgeons visited them (by order) twice a day to dress their wounds. In short, the greatest possible kindness and attention was shown to them; and even their escape, on the night of the 31st of August (1809), was easily effected, if not connived at, as the French retired without insisting on the officers being taken away, although carts had been provided.

Of Marshal Victor a charming story is told. When he entered Talavera he found some of the wounded, French and English alike, lying on the ground in the Plaza. After complimenting the English, and observing that they understood the laws and courtesies of war, he told them there was one thing they did not understand, and that was how to deal with the Spaniards. He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one English and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishman should always be served first! Victor, who had been made marshal by Napoleon on the field of Friedland, in 1807, was at this time in his forty-fifth year. He died in 1841.

FRIENDLY OPPONENTS

IN the interval between the first and second day's fighting at Talavera, a remarkable incident occurred. A small stream, a tributary to the Tagus, separated the two armies, and, after the deadly fighting, both French and British went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted together like old acquaintances, and exchanged brandy-flasks! Others of the soldiers were engaged in carrying away the wounded, Frenchmen helping British and the latter helping the other. When the bugles sounded the recall, many of the rival soldiery shook

hands, and parted with many expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes they were again charging one another with the bayonet.

A few days before, according to the *Recollections of a Subaltern*, there were similar occurrences, French and British living upon the most amicable terms. "If we wanted wood for the construction of huts, our men were allowed to pass without molestation to the French side of the river to cut it. Each day the soldiers of both armies used to bathe together in the same stream, and an exchange of rations, such as biscuit and rum, between the French and our men, was by no means uncommon."

HIGHLANDER'S SON

AMONG the captured at Talavera was a medical officer of the 23rd Light Dragoons, but he rendered so much assistance while in Madrid to the French wounded that Napoleon, some time afterwards, ordered him to be liberated, and presented the gallant surgeon with a sum of twelve hundred francs from the public purse.

After two months' stay in Madrid, the British prisoners were marched for France, and, when near Segovia, the attention of this surgeon was attracted to a little boy, about seven years old, who was riding in a waggon, apparently under the care of a Spanish woman. The surgeon asked a few questions of the child in Spanish, and was answered, to his surprise, in the same language.

On making inquiry elsewhere, he learned that the boy was the son of a Sergeant M'Cullen, of the 42nd Highlanders, who had fallen at Corunna about a year before, and that the mother having also died in the retreat from Salamanca, the child had fallen into the hands of the French. He had been adopted by a humane French officer, who, the surgeon was told, still possessed him. After hearing this story the British prisoners petitioned the French officer to deliver up the child to them, his own countrymen, but he refused to do so, promising, however, to take good care of the boy.

Shortly afterwards the French officer was ordered on duty elsewhere, and, with his charge, he parted from the British, who thought they had seen the last of them. Not long afterwards, however, one of the officer-prisoners discovered the poor child in Tolosa, in the Pyrenees, in a most forlorn condition, forsaken by both the French officer and the Spanish woman. The officer immediately took charge of the boy and kept him until his arrival in Paris, where, by a most fortunate chance, he met the

surgeon who had first interested himself in the child, and who, having received his passport, was just starting for England. It was agreed that the boy should go with the surgeon, and the other officer wrote letters to the War Office, to the Duke of York, and to the Marquess of Huntly, who then commanded the 42nd Highlanders, explaining the circumstances of the case.

On arrival in London the surgeon immediately left the letters at their several addresses, and next morning he received an answer from the Duke of York intimating that H.R.H. would be glad to see the surgeon and his interesting charge. The visit was made, and the Duke, talking to the child, found that he knew German and French as well as Spanish, the first-named having been learned from a Saxon servant which the French officer had. The Duke was so much pleased with the boy's appearance that he resolved to put him in the Military Asylum, a school for boys, and with that intention he wrote a letter to Sir David Dundas, drawing notice to the case. In due course all the preliminaries were settled except one, and that was the receipt of a certificate from the Marquess of Huntly. With his charge the surgeon was proceeding to Richmond House one morning for this document, when, near the Horse Guards, he overtook a sergeant of the 42nd Highlanders, who had a letter in his hand addressed to the Marquess. Suddenly struck with the idea that the man might be able to give some information regarding the boy's father, the surgeon asked the sergeant if he had served in the late campaign in Spain.

On being answered in the affirmative, he further asked if he knew a Sergeant M'Cullen, who was killed at Corunna. The man, evidently much agitated, replied that he knew of no such man who was killed at Corunna, and begged to know why he asked the question. "Because," answered the surgeon, "this is his orphan child, whom I found in Spain." "Bless your honour!" cried the soldier in great excitement, "I am the man! It's my child!" The surgeon was staggered at the revelation, and for some moments the feelings of each party would not permit of them speaking. It turned out that the unsealed letter carried by the sergeant was from Colonel Stirling, commanding the battalion, then lying at Canterbury, informing the Marquess of Huntly that Sergeant M'Cullen was not (as supposed) killed at Corunna, but only wounded, and safely got off the field; and that he had sent the man to London so that he might personally answer any questions. The child was duly placed in the Military Asylum.

TIMELY ACT

THE action of the Coa, in 1810, which was brought on by General Crauford's disobedience of Wellington's orders, was remarkable for some of the stiffest fighting in the Peninsula. The Light Division was attacked by 18,000 of the enemy, and retreated in beautiful order, contesting every inch of ground. The bridge over the Coa was the only way of retreat, and it was commanded by the French artillery, but the British got over successfully. The passage of the troops was protected by the 43rd and 95th Regiments, who held their post against tremendous odds.

"At this moment," says Napier, "the right wing of the 52nd was seen marching towards the bridge, which was still crowded with the passing troops. M'Leod, a very young man, but with a natural genius for war, immediately turned his horse round, called to the troops to follow, and, taking off his cap, rode with a shout towards the enemy: the suddenness of the thing, and the distinguished action of the man, produced the effect he designed—a mob of soldiers rushed after him, cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs, and the enemy's skirmishers, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped short. Before they could recover from their surprise the 52nd crossed the river, and M'Leod, following at full speed, gained the other side also without disaster."

GALLANT DEATHS.

THE first fight in which the famous 43rd took part after their arrival in the Peninsula was that on the Coa, which, indeed, may be said to have been won by the 43rd and 52nd Regiments. The conflict, one of the fiercest ever contested, was rendered remarkable by two incidents. The British made a splendid retreat across the bridge, and among the last to come down was a gigantic Ulsterman named Stewart, nicknamed "The Boy" because he was only nineteen years of age, though of great strength and stature. Throughout the stubborn action he had fought bravely, and when at last he reached the bridge he refused to cross it. Turning round, he regarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud as follows: "So! This is the end of our boasting. This is our first battle, and we retreat! 'The Boy' Stewart will not live to hear that said." Then striding forward in his giant might, he fell furiously on the nearest of the enemy with his bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them.

Still more touching, and not less heroic, was the death of another Irishman of the 43rd, Sergeant Robert M'Quade. In a desperate charge during the battle he saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests in a high gap in the bank awaiting the uprising of the enemy. Sir George Brown, then a lad of sixteen, attempted to ascend to the fatal point, but M'Quade, himself only twenty-four, pulled him back, saying, in a calm, decided tone, "You are too young, sir, to be killed." And then offering his own person to the fire, he fell dead, pierced with both balls.

BRITISH RIFLEMAN

ONE of the finest soldiers that ever marched in the ranks of the old 95th Rifles was Major George Simmons, who fought in practically all the Peninsular battles and at Waterloo, where, for a third time, he was wounded. His journals and correspondence were published in 1899, the volume being entitled *A British Rifleman*. Describing the fight at the Coa, Simmons says:—

"I was shot through the thigh, close to the wall, which caused me to fall with great force. Being wounded in this way was quite a new thing to me. For a few moments I could not collect my ideas, and was feeling about my arms and body for a wound, until my eye caught the streams of blood rushing through the hole in my trousers, and my leg and thigh appeared so heavy that I could not move it." He was carried to the rear, and in the midst of his own suffering had time to note the noble endurance of others, one of whom, a private of the 43rd Light Infantry, had been placed on a palliasse of straw, and was dying. "But his noble nature," says Simmons, "would not allow him to die in peace when he saw an officer so humbled as to be laid near him on the bare stones, and he begged of me to lie on the palliasse beside him. I have experienced many such kindnesses from soldiers, and indeed, if I had not I should not be alive to tell the tale."

Major Simmons retired in 1845, after thirty-six years' service, a physical wreck.

STRANGE EVENT

ON the night of the 23rd of September, 1810, a few days before the Battle of Busaco, a most remarkable incident happened to the Light Division, which was bivouacked in a pine wood. Sir William Napier, in his History, only briefly alludes to it. "One of those extraordinary panics," he writes, "that, in ancient times, were attributed to the influence of a hostile god,

took place. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were among them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."

The Light Division was formed of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments, and was considered the flower of the British Army. Napier himself, in his work, says that the division was "composed of three regiments singularly fitted for difficult service. Long and carefully disciplined by Sir John Moore, they came to the field with such a knowledge of arms, that six years of warfare could not detect a flaw in their system, nor were they ever over-matched in courage and skill." It is only necessary to read the accounts of the fights on the Coa and at Sabugal to understand what this corps was capable of doing.

THE LIGHT DIVISION

AT the Battle of Busaco the French were repulsed by the Light Division, under the command of General Crauford. Napier, in his picturesque language, describes the critical point. "Crauford," he writes, "in a happy mood for command, made masterly dispositions. The tableland between him and the convent was sufficiently scooped to conceal the 43rd and 52nd Regiments drawn up in line; and a quarter of a mile behind them, on higher ground and close to the convent, the German infantry appeared to be the only solid line of resistance on this part of the position. . . .

"The enemy's shot came singing up in a sharper key; the English skirmishers, breathless and begrimed with powder, rushed over the edge of the ascent, the artillery drew back, and the victorious cries of the French were heard within a few yards of the summit. Crauford, standing alone on one of the rocks, had been intently watching the progress of the attack, and now with a shrill tone ordered the two regiments in reserve to charge. The next moment a horrid shout startled the French column, and 1,800 British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill. Yet so brave, so hardy, were the leading French, that each man of the first section raised his musket and two officers and ten men fell before them—not a Frenchman had missed his mark. They could do no more. The head of the column was violently thrown back, and a long track of bleeding carcasses marked the line of flight."

CONNAUGHT BOYS

AT Busaco the 88th Connaught Rangers made a charge that earned for them the praise of Wellington. Three full and fine regiments of the French army were advancing against that portion of the allied force that had given way. The Connaught Rangers were ordered forward to the critical point. Their colonel, Wallace, rode in front of his men, and told them what they were to do. "Now mind what I tell you," he said. "When you arrive at the spot I shall charge; and I have only to add, the rest must be done by yourselves. Press on them to the muzzle, I say, Connaught Rangers—press on to the rascals!" And "press on" the 88th did, and the confounded French regiments were hurled back in disorder.

The official record says: "Twenty minutes sufficed to decide the question and to teach the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz that, with every advantage of position on their side, they must yield to the Rangers of Connaught." After witnessing the gallant affair Wellington galloped up, and gripping the Colonel by the hand, said, "Wallace, I never saw a more gallant charge than that just made by your regiment!" Owing to their daring in action and boisterousness in camp, the 88th, during the Peninsular War, secured the nickname of "The Devil's Own Connaught Boys."

TENDER SCENE

IMMEDIATELY after the Battle of Busaco (1810), when each side were removing their wounded men, the following extraordinary incident, as related by Napier in his History, occurred:—"A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain, driving an ass, loaded with all her property, through the French army. . . . She passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile, and which the friendly troops; for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her."

RETREAT OF WELLINGTON

WHEN Massena marched into Portugal, in 1810, at the head of his great army, Wellington, who could not think of opposing such a host with the comparatively small number of men he had under his command, commenced his retreat to the famous lines of Torres Vedras. Wellington issued a proclamation advising

the Portuguese to retire with him, and many followed his advice. A large number, however, not liking to abandon their homes, stayed on, determined to trust the French.

On the British evacuating Coimbra a large number of the inhabitants remained; but on an alarm being given that the enemy were approaching, they ran shrieking to the bridge, which, being narrow, at once became completely wedged by the people crowding upon it. Others, having their flight impeded, threw themselves into the river, and generally the sight was of a most distressing description. The captives in the local jail, thinking they were going to be left as victims to the ferocity of the French, set up loud screams. Fortunately, these were heard by Wellington, who sent his aide-de-camp, Lord March, to release them. Thus all the inhabitants of Coimbra succeeded in escaping, and, on arriving, the French found a deserted and burning town.

REJOICED TOO SOON

MARSHAL NEY, one of the very greatest of Napoleon's generals, commanded the rear-guard of Massena's army in 1810, when the great French force had to retreat from Portugal owing to failure of supplies. He fought several conflicts with the British troops that were constantly treading on his heels. On retreating through the small town of Pombal, the inhabitants, as soon as the first of the English troops appeared in the place, rang all the bells to express their joy at the failure of the French. It is even said that effigies of Massena and Ney were burned in the market-place. At any rate, Ney, hearing the sounds of joy, at once turned back with his full force, and driving out the few English that had arrived, set fire to the town. He then wrote a polite letter to the Duke of Wellington, saying that he was sorry to have been compelled to use such strong measures; but he felt it necessary to prove to his lordship that it was hunger, and hunger alone, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

SEEKING LOOT

DURING the retreat of Massena from Portugal the French soldiers resorted to every possible means to discover hidden food and booty. In his history of the war Southey says:—"The French plundered after the most scientific and approved methods; they used to throw water on suspected places, and watch its absorption, judging that the spot where it dried the quickest had been lately disturbed. No qualms of conscience prevented the orthodox Catholic soldiery of the French army from rifling the

most sacred places. The communion plate and silver lamps and candlesticks vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Not content with what the churches offered above ground, or from a zeal for antiquarian research, they despised a superficial or traditional account of former modes of burial, and investigated the point by breaking open the tombs."

In another part of his book Southey says:—"The French soldiers had been so long accustomed to plunder that they proceeded in their researches for booty of every kind upon a regular system. They were provided with tools for the work of pillage, and every piece of furniture in which places of concealment could be constructed they broke open from behind, so that no valuables could be hidden from them by any contrivance of that kind. Having satisfied themselves that nothing was secreted above ground, they proceeded to examine whether there was any new masonry, or if any part of the cellar or ground-floor had been disturbed; if it appeared uneven, they dug there: where there was no such indication, they poured water, and if it were absorbed in one place faster than another, there they broke the earth. There were men who at their first glance could pronounce whether anything had been buried beneath the soil, and when they probed with an iron rod, or, in default of it, with a sword or bayonet, it was found that they were seldom mistaken in their judgment. The habit of living by prey called forth, as in beasts, a faculty of discovering it: there was one soldier whose scent became so acute, that if he approached the place where wine had been concealed, he would go unerringly to the spot.

"Wherever the French bivouacked, the scene was such as might rather have been looked for in a camp of predatory Tartars than in that of a civilised people. Food and forage, and skins of wine, and clothes and church vestments, books and guitars, and all the bulkier articles of wasteful spoil, were heaped together in their huts, with the planks and doors of the habitations which they had demolished. Some of the men, retaining amid this brutal service the characteristic activity and cleverness of their nation, fitted up their huts with hangings from their last scene of pillage, with a regard to comfort hardly to have been expected in their situation. The idlers were contented with a tub, and, if the tub were large enough, three or four would stow themselves in it."

A PRIZE

MANY of the British soldiers did a bit in the plundering line when they had the opportunity. In *The Hussar* this incident is mentioned:—"Some of the dragoons, with a quarter-master,

immediately mounted and followed the French, who were now approaching their goal, and took little notice of these few horsemen. The quarter-master, however, saw an opportunity of doing a little business ; observing, among those who lagged in the rear, one man with a ledger in the slings of his knapsack, he naturally concluded that such gear in the French, as in our service, belonged to those who carried the purse, and, on the strength of this analogy, he by degrees approached him of the ledger, and returning his sword, and advancing at speed, he pounced upon his prey, and seizing him by the collar, shook the musket out of his hands, and bore him off. He proved to be a paymaster's clerk, and carried sixty doubloons, then worth about four guineas each."

CAPTURE OF AN EAGLE

AT the Battle of Barrosa, Spain, in 1811, the regiment that most distinguished itself was the 87th Foot (1st Royal Irish Fusiliers). It had the distinction of capturing the first French Eagle of the war. The 87th was opposed to the 8th French, whom they drove back by a ferocious bayonet charge. In the charge a young ensign of the battalion, perceiving the French Eagle, cried aloud to Sergeant Patrick Masterman, "Do you see that, sergeant?" He then rushed forward to seize the trophy, but was shot in the attempt. The gallant sergeant avenged the death of his officer by running his antagonist through the body, and, afterwards cutting down the standard-bearer, took the Eagle and carried it safely out of the fight.

As modest as he was gallant, Masterman was rewarded for his bravery by being given a commission as an officer. To this day the Irish Fusiliers, in commemoration of the event, are called "The Eagle Takers" and "The Faugh a Ballagh Boys," the latter being in honour of the Irish cry of "Clear the way," which they made when charging with the bayonet. The regiment also bears, as a plume, the Eagle and the number "8."

BATTLEFIELD PET

AFTER the Battle of Barrosa the wounded of both nations were, from want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field of action the whole night and part of the following day. General Rousseau, a French general of division, was of the number ; his dog, a white one of the poodle kind, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the General did not return with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him. The faithful creature

found its master at night in his dreary resting-place, and expressed his affection by moans, and by licking the hands and face of the dying General. When the latter died it seemed to be aware of the dreadful change, and, attaching itself closely to the body, for three days refused the sustenance which was offered.

When the body of the General was, like the rest, committed to its honourable grave, the dog lay down upon the earth which covered the beloved remains, and by silence and deep dejection evinced its sorrow. General Graham, who had personally seen the remains of the dead General deposited in their last resting-place, observed the little mourner, and at once adopted it as his own. It remained with its new master until its death many years afterwards, in General Graham's Perthshire home.

CAUGHT NAPPING

THE 2nd Foot, now the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, was for long known by the nickname of "The Sleepy Queen's," which was bestowed upon it, in 1811, for being the corps most at fault in permitting General Brennier to escape from Almeida. After blowing up his guns, and damaging all his material, the French general left the fortress one night, and, marching without a stop, succeeded in joining the main army under Massena. The Queen's, with the 4th and 36th Regiments, made a strong effort to correct their blunder. Throwing off their knapsacks, the men of the three corps marched rapidly after the enemy, and, catching them as they were crossing the bridge at Puerco, were able to give them a few volleys. But the fact remained that the force had got off.

When Brennier's escape was reported to General Picton by an Irish officer the former was highly enraged. "What the devil were the 2nd doing?" he asked. "Faith," returned the Irishman, "I suppose they were asleep." "Asleep!" roared Picton. "What, then, was the 36th about?" "Devil a one can tell," replied the Irishman coolly; "but maybe they were watching the 2nd, for fear somebody would waken them!" However, at following battles, especially at Salamanca, the Queen's more than wiped away the Almeida stain.

FIRST BLOOD

IN 1811, when Marshal Beresford, under Wellington's orders, advanced to reduce Badajoz and relieve Campo Mayor, a smart affair occurred, in which the 13th Light Dragoons (now 13th Hussars) distinguished themselves. The French were in the act of retiring from the last-named place, and, to protect

their battering-train, they charged the 13th Dragoons. This was repulsed, and, though the enemy numbered four cavalry regiments, the 13th retaliated by charging them! The effort was a great success; the French were ridden through and thrown into such disorder that, carried away by the excitement, some of the British soldiers actually pursued them to the gates of Badajoz, where, indeed, a few of the dragoons were captured. This was the first Peninsular battle of the 13th, and they were much congratulated on the event. Beresford is stated to have said to Colonel Head, the commander, "I believe, Colonel, that you would have galloped into Badajoz if the gates had been open?" "Faith, General, I believe I would!" was the Irish answer.

BLOODY ALBUERA

THE Battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May, 1811, is remarkable as the bloodiest conflict of the Peninsular War. In only four hours of fighting, 15,000 men were killed and wounded. Of the 6,000 British soldiers who began the fight, less than 2,000 remained unharmed. Three British generals were killed, while five were wounded. Some regiments suffered terrible loss, especially the 57th (now the 1st Middlesex), which, out of 584 men, had only 168 left standing; while, of its twenty-four officers, only one was unharmed. When attacked on every side by the enemy, Colonel Inglis called out to his men, "Die hard, my lads, die hard!" The Colonel was among the slain.

In commemoration of the battle, the Middlesex Regiment has since been called "The Die Hards." Another regiment, the 66th (now the 2nd Royal Berkshire), lost sixteen officers and 300 men, killed and wounded, in the conflict. This great loss was caused by a mist, which concealed the advance of the enemy's Polish lancers, who, taking the British by surprise, were able to charge through and through, spearing right and left. The French themselves lost 8,000 men, including two generals killed, while they left 800 of their worst wounded on the field.

GENERALS IN DANGER

AT Albuera both General Beresford, the British commander, and Marshal Soult, the French commander, were in great personal danger. Beresford was furiously attacked by a lancer, who, under the influence of his favourite brandy, was riding recklessly, like his fellows, about the field, killing the British wounded. General Beresford, however, seized the horseman's spear, pulled him off his mount by sheer strength, and laid him

on the ground, where his orderly dragoon put an end to the man's struggles with his sword.

Soon after, in trying to get the Spaniards to advance to the help of the British, Beresford seized a Spanish ensign with the colours and dragged him to the front, hoping thus to inspire the troops to follow. As soon as the General relaxed his grasp, however, the ensign flew back to the rear, while the cowardly Spaniards refused to stir. Marshal Sout, when he saw his troops being beaten by the British remnant, rushed into the thickest of the fire, and encouraged and animated his men, but the effort proved fruitless, as the advancing British carried all before them. At one time a Spanish and British regiment were firing on one another in mutual mistake, but this was put right by Colonel Arbuthnot, who, at risk of his life, gallantly rushed between the two forces and stopped the firing.

SOME MOTTOES

THE Buffs, or East Kent Regiment, formerly the 3rd Foot, were given the nickname of "The Resurrectionists," owing to the way they apparently rose from the dead after being dispersed by the Polish lancers at the Battle of Albuera. They have also been nicknamed "The Buff Howards" and the "Old Buffs." It is related that some short time after Albuera several officers of various regiments were dining together, when one inquired what was the motto of the 85th Regiment. "Aucto splendore resurgo" (Once more I rise with increased glory), replied one. "And what is that of the Buffs?" he asked. "They have none," was the reply. "Well," remarked the officer. "I would suggest that the 85th should keep their 'with increased glory,' and let the Buffs take the 'I rise once more' part of it." This witticism was resented by an officer of the Buffs, who challenged the other officer to a duel.

PLUCKY IRISHMAN

IN the affair at El Boden, on the 25th of September, 1811, the British infantry, under Picton, was for some time in a very dangerous position. Forming squares, they had to repel many charges of the French cavalry. One square was formed of the 5th and 77th Regiments, and, during a charge at them, a French officer had his horse shot under him, both falling together. The officer, although not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead, waiting for an opportunity to escape. This he would doubtless have been able to do, as the French infantry were rapidly advancing, had not a German hussar, riding up to the spot, made a

cut at the fallen officer. This caused the latter to jump at once on to his feet, and, with his sword at the guard, to set the German at defiance. Another German hussar then galloped up, and desired the officer to surrender, but the latter gallantly declined.

The English soldiers near by were impressed by the officer's fine bearing, and many thought he would be able to defend himself against both his opponents. At this point, Ensign Canch, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and proceeded rapidly to the spot, in the hope of persuading the gallant officer to surrender, but before he arrived the hussars, finding they could not subdue the brave man with the sword, shot him with a pistol, to the great regret of the British looking on. It was afterwards learned that the officer was an Irishman in the French service, and major of his regiment.

FRENCH ARMY ANNIHILATED

ONE of General (afterwards Viscount) Hill's most notable exploits was his surprise of Marshal Girard at Arroyo de Molinos, in the early morning of the 28th of October, 1811. The weather, which was vile, was favourable for a sudden attack, and when a dragoon informed him of the advance of a body of men, the French general was convinced that these troops were Spanish. He jocosely remarked that "Messieurs les Anglois lay too long a-bed to be stirring by times on such a morning!" But he was soon undeceived. When discovery was no longer to be dreaded, the British gave a loud cheer, and the pipers of the Highland regiments (the 71st and 92nd) with, as Lord de Ros remarked, "some spirit of waggery," struck up the old Highland tune, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakken yet?" No shots were fired—the bayonet was to do all the work—and before long Girard's army had ceased to exist, the victors retiring with a large number of prisoners, and all the arms and baggage of the French.

FELL IN THE BREACH

AMONG the officers who fell in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo (1812) was General Mackinnon, who was blown up in the assault on the large breach. He was a brave officer, having fought at Talavera, where two horses were killed under him, and led the last charge in person at Fuentes d'Onoro, when the British were left in undisputed possession of the field.

A short time previous to his fall, he had paid a visit to England for the sake of his health, and he then seems to have had a presentiment that it was the last time he would see his

country. Walking one evening in the garden, his wife, to whom he had not been long married, took him to the spot where, with all a woman's pride, she had planted a laurel to commemorate every action in which her husband had been victorious. Mackinnon, deeply affected, could only whisper, "Alas! love, the cypress will be the next." The General was hastily buried by his men inside the breach he had, at their head, so bravely won, but afterwards the officers of the Coldstream Guards, with whom Mackinnon had served in his regimental days, raised his honoured remains, and interred them at Espeja with military honours. Napoleon, who had known Mackinnon in their younger days, expressed great regret on hearing of the General's death.

NERVES OF STEEL

MAJOR GEORGE NAPIER was shot down in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo; he was made a football of for about a quarter of an hour, while the column passed over him as he lay. He was picked up with his arm shattered; Lord March bound his sash about it, and bade him go and find the amputating place. He discovered that locality after an hour's search, and then sat down at the end of a *queue* of men to wait his turn, which came two hours later. Then there was a dispute between the surgeons on a point of etiquette. Napier had asked his own regimental surgeon to do the business, but a superior staff surgeon successfully asserted his right to perform the operation of amputation.

It took twenty-five minutes, the staff surgeon's instruments being blunted by much use. The stump was bandaged, and Napier bidden go and find quarters. He walked about on this quest most of the evening, finding at last a house in which a number of other wounded officers had gathered, and he remained there sitting by the fireside with his stump taking its chance for a considerable time longer, until the death of the gallant General Crawford gave him a bed vacancy. During that same night there arrived a soldier of his own regiment who had been searching for his officer for hours.—ARCHIBALD FORBES.

WAR COMEDY

IT is a curious fact that Lieutenant Mackie, who led the forlorn hope in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, miraculously escaped without a wound. Pressing "over the dead and the dying, he reached the further bank of the retrenchment, and found himself in solitary possession of the street beyond the breach, while the battle still raged behind him." Mackie belonged to the 88th,

the famous Connaught Rangers, who, from the investment of Rodrigo to the fall of Badajoz, a period of twenty-six days only, lost 25 officers and 556 men!

An officer who lay with a shattered leg in a corner of a traverse, where he stayed until he could be picked up, saw an amusing incident. After the lapse of an hour, he heard a footstep, and into sight came an 88th man, staggering with a bundle of spoil which he had managed to collect. Thoroughly tired out, the man fixed his bayonet, and, laying down, placed the bundle under his head and went to sleep. In a few moments a Portuguese camp-follower peeped round the corner, looked suspiciously about, substituted a truss of straw for the bundle, and vanished with the plunder which the drunken Ranger thought to be so carefully secured!

DUEL TO THE DEATH

OF the storming of Rodrigo, Grattan, of the 88th, in his reminiscences, related the following:—"Each affray in the streets was conducted in the best manner the moment would admit of, and decided more by personal valour than discipline, and in some instances officers as well as privates had to combat with the Imperial troops. In one of these encounters, Lieutenant George Faris, of the 88th, by an accident so likely to occur in an affair of this kind, separated a little too far from a dozen or so of his regiment, and found himself opposed to a French soldier, who apparently was similarly placed. It was a curious coincidence, and it would seem as if each felt that *he* individually was the representative of the country to which he belonged; and had the fate of the two nations hung upon the issue of the combat I am about to describe, it could not have been more heroically contested.

"The Frenchman fired at and wounded Faris in the thigh, and made a desperate push with his bayonet at his body, but Faris parried the thrust, and the bayonet only lodged in his leg; he saw at a glance the peril of his situation, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him; the odds against him were too great, and if he continued a scientific fight, he must inevitably be vanquished; he sprang forward, and seizing hold of the Frenchman by the collar, a struggle of the most nervous kind took place; in their mutual efforts to gain an advantage, they lost their caps, and as they were men of nearly equal strength, it was doubtful what the issue would be.

"They were so entangled with each other their weapons were of no avail, but Faris at length disengaged himself from the grasp

which held him, and he was able to use his sabre ; he pushed the Frenchman from him, and ere he could recover himself, he laid his head open nearly to the chin ; his sword-blade, a heavy, soft, ill-made Portuguese one, was doubled up with the force of the blow, and retained some pieces of skull and clotted hair ! At this moment I reached the spot with about twenty men, composed of different regiments, all being by this time mixed pell-mell with each other. I ran up to Faris—he was nearly exhausted, but he was safe. The French grenadier lay upon the pavement, while Faris, though tottering from fatigue, held his sword firmly in his grasp, and it was crimsoned to the very hilt.”

IRISH FARCE

AFTER the capture of Badajoz in 1812, Private Macarthy, of the Royal Sappers and Miners, left the fortress in search of plunder. As his blue coat (then the colour of the uniform of the corps) was worn into innumerable holes, and otherwise disfigured with variously coloured patches, he naturally felt an inclination to better the condition of his outer man. Seeing a sergeant of the 23rd Foot (Royal Welsh Fusiliers) lying dead in the breach with a very good coat on, he doffed his own and donned the other's coat, and, greatly gratified with the transfer, stalked off with the scarlet substitute.

In his perambulations, moreover, he was very successful in meeting with quantities of rum—a beverage for which he had a great *penchant* and a consuming thirst. Taking more pulls from the canteens of the slain than his head could carry, he soon became engaged in a game of fisticuffs with two privates of the Line equally “groggy” with himself. While doing his best to get the better of the odds arrayed against him, he was unluckily pounced upon by the provost-marshal, who was going his rounds, placed under arrest, and taken before General Thomas Picton. On being informed of the facts of the case, Picton angrily shouted, “Is it possible that a sergeant belonging to so respectable a regiment as the 23rd was found drunk and rioting with a couple of blackguard privates ?”

Macarthy, who was little of a spokesman, and who was too “cute” to “open his mouth and put his foot into it,” kept silent. The General then continued : “Conduct like yours, sir, deserves the heaviest punishment. Your commanding officer shall reduce you to the ranks and flog you well. March him away !” All at once a bright idea struck Macarthy, who was now thoroughly awakened from his debauched bewilderment and cloudiness of

brain. He made up his face to an amount of sadness that would have done credit to a well-paid mute, and implored the General to reconsider the sentence with a view to its mitigation. But Picton was inexorable. "Do, sir, hear me!" said Macarthy in studiously tremulous tones. "Well," said the General, his heart beginning to be a little touched, "what has the rascal to say for himself?"

"Only this, sir. If you think my crime deserves it, break me yourself, and do not write to my colonel." "Oh!" said Picton, his brow again becoming clouded with anger, "you think by your drivelling submission to draw a pardon from me, do you? But this will only make your example the more immediate. So, for fear you should escape through the mistaken kindness of your officer, I will break you at once, sir. Off with his stripes, marshal!" In a thrice the provost's men had the badges of the rank of the deceased sergeant removed, the General scolding and swearing while the degrading operation was being rapidly performed. When all was finished, General Picton dismissed Macarthy, strictly enjoining him to bear to his regiment the intelligence of his well-merited disgrace, and he added: "I will write to your colonel to prevent the service being again disgraced by the promotion of such a drunken and quarrelsome scoundrel."

Macarthy had cunning enough to appear overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. He was soon among his own comrades, the Sappers and Miners, however, telling his story amid roars of laughter!

BADAJOS STORIES

AT the siege of Badajoz a cannon-shot, fired by the French, struck the ground first, and then hit one of the British artillery-men on the back, felling him to the ground. He was thought to have been killed on the spot, but in a moment, to the surprise of his comrades, he jumped up unhurt, the shot having glanced off his knapsack. It is recorded that the fortunate soldier was afterwards known as "the bomb-proof man." In the same engagement a British soldier, having fired at one of the enemy without orders, was reprimanded by his colonel, who asked the man why he had so offended. "Why, zur," replied the soldier, scratching his head at the same time, "I arn't nought to eat this 'ere two days, and I thought as how I might find summat in his knapsack!"

BORN FATHERLESS

ON April 14th, 1812, an English lady was sitting on the balcony of a house in Lisbon. Her husband was at the front, in the army under Wellington, and that day news had arrived of the storming of Badajoz. Presently a group of English officers passed beneath, and she heard one of them say, "And so poor Grey has gone at last." The "poor Grey" was her husband, and the same day was born the child who became Sir George Grey, K.C.B., the great colonial statesman, and, dying in 1898 at the age of eighty-six, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The family name was really "Gray," but Sir George changed the method of spelling. The future knight was educated for the Army, but in 1837, when a captain in the 83rd Foot, he led an exploring expedition to Australia, and thus began his colonial career. He was twice Governor of New Zealand, and afterwards Premier.

DESPERATE COURAGE

AMONG those who took part in the storming of Badajoz was Harry Smith, then a major in the Light Division, but who afterwards became Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal. He was one of the first in the breach, and, as he says in his autobiography, "my red-coat pockets were literally filled with chips of stones splintered by musket-balls." When the men recoiled before the hail of balls, Smith wished to throw down the scaling-ladders to prevent them retiring from the breach. "D—— your eyes, if you do we will bayonet you!" said the men, not altogether relishing this desperate resolve. Sir Harry speaks of the horrible scenes of plunder and outrage that occurred after the storm, but at the same time he says that the British Army never displayed with greater success its splendid determination and courage. He says: "There is no battle, day or night, I would not willingly react except this. The murder of our gallant officers and soldiers is not to be believed. Next day I and Charlie Beckwith, a brother brigade major, went over the scene. It was *appalling*. Heaps on heaps of slain—in one spot lay nine officers."

BATTLEFIELD MARRIAGE

IT was after the storming of Badajoz that Sir Harry Smith, in romantic circumstances, met the Spanish girl who became his wife, and in his own words, written in 1844, "the solace and whole happiness of his life for thirty-three years." The day after the battle two ladies came into the British lines, the elder one

the wife of a Spanish officer and the younger one her sister, a child of fourteen. They had been expelled from their house and deprived of their jewellery by the "licentious soldiery," and they threw themselves upon the protection of the British officers. The younger of them, Juana Maria de Los Dolores de Léon, belonging to one of the oldest of families in Spain, and the lineal descendant of Ponce de Léon, the knight of romance, became the wife of Harry Smith, being wedded to him on the battlefield. Smith was then twenty-five, and the bride, as stated, was fourteen. Never was a union so happy. She accompanied her husband through his subsequent campaigns, sharing with him the march and the bivouac. She became the idol of the whole army, from the meanest soldier to the great Duke himself, and, as Smith himself says, "Blackguards as many of the poor fellows were, there was not a man who would not have laid down his life to defend her."

SOLDIERS RUN RIOT

THE fall of Badajoz was followed by a terrible scene of rapine and riot on the part of the British soldiers, who became absolutely unmanageable. In their search for gold, the men broke furniture, and gutted houses from cellar to garret, and many things which cannot be mentioned happened to the women of the unfortunate city. In the search for loot, churches were even robbed. A general officer ordered the provost to strip one of the soldier's wives of her under petticoat, which was found to be of red velvet bordered with gold lace six inches deep, evidently the covering of a communion table!

"On entering the cathedral," runs an account in the *Table Talk of a Campaigner*, "I saw three British soldiers *literally drowned in brandy*. A spacious vault had been converted into a spirit depôt for the garrison; the casks had been perforated by musket-balls, and their contents escaping, formed a pool of some depth. These men, becoming intoxicated, had fallen head foremost into the liquor, and were suffocated as I found them." The day after the capture, Wellington ordered the provost-marshal into the town, with a Portuguese brigade and the gallows, with instructions to execute any man found in the act of plundering. This brought the soldiers quickly to their senses.

A PRELIMINARY CONTEST

IN the *Recollections of a Subaltern*, this incident is related:— "Nearly at the opening of the Battle of Salamanca a considerable body of the enemy's tirailleurs pressed forward to that part

of the ridge occupied by the Third Division, and immediately in front of the 88th Regiment, the light infantry of which, commanded by Captain Robert Nickle, was ordered to drive back this force. He did so in a most gallant manner; but the enemy could ill brook such a defeat, the more annoying, as it was witnessed by the whole division, as also by a considerable portion of one of the enemy's *corps d'armée*. A reinforcement, commanded by an officer of distinction, rushed forward to redeem the tarnished honour of their nation, while some of the battalion-men of the Connaught Rangers, seeing the unequal contest their light infantry company were about to be engaged in—for the French were upwards of one hundred to sixty of ours—hastened to take a part in the fray. The detachment of the 88th lay behind a low ditch, and waited until the French approached to within a few yards of them; they came on in gallant style, headed by their brave commanding officer, who was most conspicuous, being several paces in front of his men.

“The soldiers of the two armies, posted at a distance, and lookers-on at this national trial, shouted with joy as they beheld their respective comrades on the eve of engaging with each other. But this feeling on the part of the French was of but short duration, for at the first fire their detachment turned tail, and were what they themselves would term ‘culbutes,’ leaving their brave commandant, with many others, mortally wounded behind. Captain Robert Nickle ran up to his bleeding opponent, and rendered him every assistance in his power. He then advanced alone, with his handkerchief tied on the point of his sword, which he held up as a token of amity, and, thus re-assured, some of the French soldiers returned without their arms, and carried away their officer with them. They were delighted with the considerate conduct of Captain Nickle, and embraced our men on parting.”

UNCONVENTIONAL ORDER

PAKENHAM, who commanded the 3rd Division (which consisted of the 45th, 74th, and 88th Regiments), began the attack at Salamanca. Wellington's order to him was characteristic. “Do you see those fellows on the hill, Pakenham?” he said. “Throw your division into columns of battalions, go at them directly, and drive them to the devil!” The gallant General replied, “Yes, if you will give me a grasp of that conquering right hand!” Nothing could be finer than the advance of Pakenham's corps. A level plain of nearly 800 yards had to be crossed before the enemy could be arrived at on the heights,

and during this advance a heavy fire was poured from the French guns, but, though many were killed, the British were not to be stopped. They mounted the hill, pushed the enemy before them, and finally cleared them away by a brilliant bayonet charge.

CARRYING THE COLOURS

IN the advance of the 88th Regiment (Connaught Rangers) at Salamanca, they had to suffer a most annoying fire from the French tirailleurs, who were out in skirmishing order. The two Irish officers who were carrying the colours of the corps noticed one of the French taking aim in their direction, and each thought that the shot was intended for him. Lieutenant Moriarty, who had the regimental colour, called out, "That fellow is aiming at me!" "I am devilish glad to hear you say so," replied his companion, Lieutenant D'Arcy, who was carrying the King's colour, "for I thought he had me covered!"

He was not much mistaken—the ball killed Major Murphy, of the regiment, and after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and carried away the button and part of the strap of his epaulette. The Major's death was speedily avenged, for a Ranger promptly shot the Frenchman through the head. Still, the 88th were excited to madness by the fall of a favourite officer, and they could scarcely be kept back from the charge. Noticing this, General Pakenham said to their commander, Colonel Wallace, "Let them loose!" Next moment a wild Irish *slogan* rent the air, and the French were flying before the Connaught bayonets. In this battle the 88th had two officers and nineteen men killed, and five officers and 109 rank and file wounded.

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

MANY were the heroic deeds performed at Salamanca. Captain Brotherton, of the 14th Light Dragoons, had been wounded by a sword-thrust through the side in an engagement at Guarena on July 18th (1812); yet on the 22nd, the day of Salamanca, he was again on horseback, determined to take his part in the fray. His commander absolutely refused to allow the gallant officer to fight in such a condition, so the latter secretly joined Pack's Portuguese Division in an undress uniform, and was again wounded in the attack at the Araíples.

Another case (also recorded by Napier, like the above) was that of a man of the 43rd, who was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing a marshy stream. He

refused to quit the fight, however, and, limping under fire in rear of his regiment, he marched with naked feet for several miles over a country covered with sharp stones, a stream of blood flowing from his wound.

Even a gentle lady, the wife of Colonel Dalbiac, braved the dangers of the battle, for, "forgetful of everything but that strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire; trembling, yet irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings more imperious than horror, more piercing than fear of death."

HARD TIMES

FOR the first two or three days after Salamanca the soldiers suffered greatly from want of food, and the inferior officers' sufferings were still more heavy and protracted. "They had no money," runs an account, "and many sold their horses and other property to sustain life; some actually died of want, and though Wellington, hearing of this, gave orders that they should be supplied from the purveyor's stores in the same manner as the soldiers, the relief came too late." At the sale of some effects of a deceased officer after Salamanca, the man who officiated as auctioneer on one occasion, on producing a prayer-book as the next lot for competition, remarked that "*he* must indeed be a brave man who purchased it, as that was the *fourth* time during a month he had submitted it for sale!"

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY

ONE of the immediate results of the Battle of Salamanca was the evacuation of Madrid by the French, under Joseph Bonaparte. Wellington's entrance with the flower of his army was grand in the extreme. He was met by the Spanish nobility, Church dignitaries, and principal inhabitants, and a significant ceremony was the presentation of the keys of the city to the conqueror. High Mass was celebrated in the cathedral, the Duke of Wellington himself attending. "I was much struck by the simplicity of the Duke's attire," said Leith Hay in his account of the ceremony; "he wore a light-grey pelisse coat, single-breasted, without a sash, and white neck-handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist underneath his coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked hat under his arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms."

WELLINGTON'S BEST

IT has been said that the Duke of Wellington was once heard to express himself to this effect, "that if required to particularise any of the battles in which he commanded for the purpose, that Salamanca is the one on which he would be best contented to rest his reputation as a general." The Duke was opposed to Marshal Marmont, one of the greatest of French tacticians, but he out-manceuvred the latter, and when Marmont made a blunder he took advantage of it with a promptness that speedily ended in the total rout of the enemy.

When the French marshal was making his flank movement that ended so disastrously to himself, Wellington was seated on a hillside eating a hurried meal, while the aides-de-camp were busy watching the enemy's movements with glasses. The bustle in the French lines attracted the Duke's notice, and he quickly inquired the cause. "They are evidently in motion," replied an aide-de-camp. "Indeed," said Wellington, "what are they doing?" "Extending rapidly to the left," returned the officer. Wellington at once sprang to his feet and seized the telescope; then, muttering that Marmont's good genius had deserted him, he mounted his horse and issued orders to attack.

REAL AND IDEAL

MANY years after Salamanca, when Wellington had laid down the sword he had employed so usefully on behalf of his country, Sir John Steell, the noted sculptor, was given an order for a statue of the Iron Duke. The sittings did not prove very satisfactory, as the Duke made no effort to look warlike, and, to judge from his face and attitude, might never have heard of Talavera or Waterloo. At last Sir John, losing patience, exclaimed, "As I am going to make this statue of your Grace, can you tell me what you were doing before, say, the Battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the field, cheering on your men to deeds of valour by words and action?" Sir John had hopes, by thus recalling former exploits, of making the Duke adopt that martial air which he was anxious to secure for the work he had in hand. But the attempt proved a miserable failure. "Bah!" said Wellington in evident scorn; "if you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand!"

FRENCH SMARTNESS

DURING the British retreat from Burgos in 1812 a fine piece of gallantry was performed by a French officer, which is recorded by Napier. The retiring British had blown up the bridges across the River Carrion, when "suddenly, a horseman, darting out at full speed from the column, rode down under a flight of bullets to the bridge, calling out that he was a deserter; he reached the edge of the chasm made by the explosion, and then violently checking his foaming horse, held up his hands, exclaiming that he was a lost man, and with hurried accents asked if there was no ford near. The good-natured soldiers pointed to one a little way off, and the gallant fellow having looked earnestly for a few moments, as if to fix the exact point, wheeled his horse round, kissed his hand in derision, and bending over his saddle-bow, dashed back to his own comrades, amidst showers of shot, and shouts of laughter from both sides."

HORRORS OF RETREAT

IN a minor way, the British retreat from Burgos was not unlike the French retreat from Moscow. Immense numbers of officers and men perished. An officer thus describes his adventures:—"We travelled the whole of that night, our army in full retreat, and the French in close pursuit. The animals were knocked up, and I unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, a French hussar regiment, who treated me vilely. They knocked the cart from under me, sabred the men, and dragged me into the middle of the road; stripped me, tearing my clothes into shreds, and turning me over with their sabres, plundered me of what little I had remaining; tore a gold ring from my finger, and then left me naked, to perish with cold and hunger. I lay in this miserable state two days and nights, with no mortal near me, except dead ones, one of which lay with his head upon my legs, having died in that position during the night preceding, and I was too weak to remove his body; I could not raise myself, I was so reduced.

"In this suffering state I continued to exist, which I attributed to some rum, of which I drank a considerable quantity from a Frenchman's canteen, who was humane enough to let me do so when I explained to him that I was a British officer. The rum soon laid me to sleep. The Frenchman was a hussar, and appeared to belong to the regiment who had treated me so inhumanly in the morning (it was now past dusk). I begged him

to take me up behind him. He shook his head, but kindly took an old blanket from under his saddle, covered me with it, and then rode off." In this wretched state the narrator was discovered by an Irish soldier, who turned out a true Samaritan. "The poor fellow found me literally in a state of starvation, and took me upon his back (for I was helpless) to the village; begged food for me from door to door; but the inhuman Spaniards shut them in our faces, refusing me both shelter and food, at the same time they were actually baking bread for the French. However, my fellow-sufferer, by good chance, found a dead horse, and he supplied me with raw flesh and acorns, which at the time I thought a luxury, believe me, and devoured, when first given me, in such quantities, as nearly put an end to my sufferings."

ALLIED ANIMOSITY

AT this period (1812) the Spaniards began to evince great hatred of the British, which, perhaps, was in some measure justified, as the troops, owing to slackness of discipline, had indulged in many excesses. "Daily did they (the Spaniards) attempt or perpetrate murder," says Napier, "and one act of peculiar atrocity merits notice. A horse, led by an English soldier, being frightened, backed against a Spanish officer commanding a gate; he caused the soldier to be dragged into his guard-house, and there bayoneted him in cold blood; and no redress could be had for this and other crimes save by counter-violence, which was not long withheld. A Spanish officer, while wantonly stabbing at a rifleman, was shot dead by the latter; and a British volunteer slew a Spanish officer at the head of his own regiment in a sword fight, the troops of both nations looking on; but here there was nothing dishonourable on either side."

Want and misery made the soldiers reckless, and they got drunk whenever they could, breaking open the wine-stores of the towns on the line of march. Under the influence of the liquor they murdered the peasants, who were hitherto friendly to the British. In one day Napier counted seventeen murdered natives, either lying on the road or thrown into ditches! Many of the soldiers were hanged, but that did not seem to abate the ferocity of the remainder.

PICTON THE FIGHTER

AT the Battle of Vittoria (1813) Wellington sent orders to Lord Dalhousie to advance with the 7th Division, supported by the 4th and 6th, and attack the bridge. The aide-de-camp, to whom

was entrusted the delivery of the order, chancing to pass General Picton, of the "Fighting Third," inquired of him whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. "No, sir," replied Picton; "but have you any orders for me?" The aide-de-camp replied in the negative. "Then pray, sir, what orders do you bring?" The officer told him, whereupon Picton burst out with, "You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the 3rd Division, under my command, shall, in less than ten minutes, attack the bridge and carry it, and that the 4th and 6th Divisions may support me if they choose." Then, with a shout of "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!" Picton put himself at the head of his men and galloped forward to redeem his promise. The deed was accomplished, though the 3rd had its ranks considerably thinned at the finish.

THE DUKE IN BATTLE

THE fighting in the Pyrenees was some of the hardest in the whole of the war. At a critical point of one day's operations Wellington, riding at full speed into the village of Sorauren, detected Clausel's column marching along the ridge of Zabaldica. He immediately sprang from his saddle, and pencilled a note on the parapet of the bridge, directing a certain movement to be made. The scene that followed, described by Napier, was highly interesting.

"Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only staff officer who had kept up with him, galloped with these orders out of Sorauren by one road, the French light cavalry dashed in by another, and the English general rode alone up the mountain to reach his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him, and raised a cry of joy, and the shrill clamour caught up by the next regiments swelled as it ran along the line into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved.

"Lord Wellington suddenly stopped in a conspicuous place; he desired that both armies should know he was there; and a double spy who was present pointed out Soult, then so near that his features could be plainly distinguished. The English general, it is said, fixed his eyes attentively upon this formidable man, and speaking as if to himself, said, 'Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the 6th Division to arrive, and I shall beat him!' And certain it is that the French general made no serious attack that day."

Wellington, it may be mentioned, was always mounted on a pure-bred English hunter, and frequently, in galloping about the field of battle, he left the members of his staff, not so well mounted, behind him.

IRISH COMPLIMENT

THE Duke of Wellington was once asked whether he considered personal beauty in a man of much use to him. He then related the following story:—

After the army had passed from Spain into France, and occupied the low plains of the Northern Pyrenees, the Duke directed Lord Hill to take up a position at a short distance from the main body, across one of the many streams in that locality. The water was very low, and easily fordable at the time, but during the night a very heavy rain came on. Nothing was heard of Lord Hill during the whole day; his position had not, evidently, been discovered by the French. On the following morning the Duke became anxious; he determined to pass over himself to ascertain the state of affairs.

A small boat was procured, the Duke got into it, and remained standing. The stream was very narrow, but deep. The boat touched the opposite bank, close to where an Irish sentry was posted; the man challenged the party, who could not give the countersign, on which Pat levelled his musket to fire at them. Looking along the barrel he recognised the Commander-in-Chief just as Wellington stepped on shore. He immediately brought his musket to the salute, and with the greatest good-humour called out, "God bless your craegid (crooked) nose! I'd sooner see it than tin thousand min." The Duke used to finish his story by adding, "I protest that that is the greatest personal compliment ever paid me in the whole course of my life!"

BRITISH COURTESY

DURING the passage of the Pyrenees the following incident, recorded in *The Bivouac*, happened:—"We perceived, not twenty yards off, a wounded voltigeur extended on the ground, and a young comrade supporting him. The Frenchman never attempted to retreat, but smiled when we came up, as if he had been expecting us. 'Good morning,' he said, 'I have been waiting for you, gentlemen. My poor friend's leg is broken by a shot, and I could not leave him until you arrived, lest some of these Portuguese brigands should murder him. Pierre,' he continued, as he addressed his companion, 'here are the brave

English, and you will be taken care of. I will leave you a flask of water, and you will soon be succoured by our noble enemy. Gentlemen, will you honour me by emptying this canteen. You will find it excellent, for I took it from a portly friar two days ago.'

"There was no need to repeat the invitation. I set the example, the canteen passed from mouth to mouth, and the monk's brandy vanished. The conscript—for he had not joined above a month—replenished the flask with water from a spring just by. He placed it in his comrade's hand, bade him an affectionate farewell, bowed gracefully to us, threw his musket over his shoulder, and trotted off to join his regiment, which he pointed out upon a distant height. He seemed never for a moment to contemplate the possibility of our sending him in durance to the rear; and there was about him such kindness and confidence, that on our part no one ever dreamed of detaining him."

FORTUNE OF WAR

WHEN the first assault on San Sebastian had failed, in 1813, and our troops retreated to the trenches, the enemy advanced beyond his defences, or clustered on the ramparts, shouting defiance, and even threatening a descent in pursuit. To check this movement, an animated fire of round and grape was opened from a British battery, the thickest falling on a particular spot of the breach where lay a solitary grenadier of the Royals, shot through both legs, and unable to extricate himself from his awfully perilous position. His fate appeared inevitable, when a French officer stepped forward, walked coolly through the hottest of the British fire, lifted his wounded enemy in his arms, and bore him off, himself unhurt, fortunately.

This gallant deed, needless to say, was not forgotten. On the subsequent fall of the fortress, he was among the prisoners captured, and, with the other surrendered French, was sent to England. On arrival he was instantly given his liberty, and sent back to France. There another piece of good fortune awaited him, for Napoleon, having been apprised of the officer's gallant conduct, promoted him to a regiment on service in Spain. Joining his corps in that country, he was again, in an attack on an outpost, made a prisoner by the British! Thus in the course of six weeks he had visited England, stayed in Paris, been presented to the Emperor, travelled to Spain, and been made a prisoner again!

GHASTLY ASPECT OF WAR

ONE of the batteries at San Sebastian was constructed in a thickly-peopled burial-ground. "A more ghastly circumstance can seldom have occurred in war," says an account of the affair, "for coffins and corpses, in all stages of decay, were exposed when the soil was thrown up to form a defence against the fire from the town, and were used, indeed, in the defences; and when a shell burst there it brought down the living and the dead together. An officer was giving his orders when a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him; two coffins slipped down upon him with the sand, the coffins broke in their fall, the bodies rolled with him for some distance, and when he recovered he saw that they had been women of some rank, for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and their livid faces. The soldiers, in the scarcity of firewood, being nothing nice, broke up coffins for fuel with which to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and, till the hot sun had dried up these poor insulted remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight."

BOLD ENGINEER

THE Peninsular sieges were always remarkable for displays of personal intrepidity on the part of British officers and men. In the operations at the siege of San Sebastian, in 1813, the pipe of a ruined aqueduct was accidentally laid bare. It opened on a long drain, four feet in height and three feet wide. "Through this dangerous opening," says Napier, "Lieutenant Reid of the Engineers, a young and zealous officer, crept even to the counterscarp of the horn-worn, and finding the passage there closed by a door, returned without an accident. Thirty barrels of powder were placed in this drain, and eight feet was stopped with sand bags, thus forming a globe of compression designed to blow, as through a tube, so much rubbish over the counterscarp as might fill the narrow ditch of the horn-work."

SAN SEBASTIAN

THE storming of San Sebastian, on the last day of August, 1813, cost the British dearly, though the casualties were not so great as at Badajoz. The officers and men killed numbered 761, while 1,697 were wounded, and 45 missing. Sir Richard Fletcher, the head of the Engineers, who had helped to plan the lines of Torres

Vedras in 1810, was among the killed, and Generals Leith, Oswald, and Robinson were wounded. Sir James Leith's wound was caused by a plunging shot, which struck the ground near the spot where Sir James was standing, rebounded, and hit him on the chest, knocking him prostrate. The officers in his company thought that certainly he had been killed, but he recovered breath and recollection, and, resisting all entreaties to quit the field, continued to issue his orders.

OFFICER'S LUCK

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HARVEY JONES, R.E., who was left wounded in the breach after an unsuccessful attack on San Sebastian, owed his life to a fortunate mistake. He was then only a subaltern; and describing the event, he said: "My attention was aroused by an exclamation from a soldier lying next to me, 'Oh, they are murdering us all!' Upon looking up, I perceived a number of French Grenadiers, under a heavy fire of grape, sword in hand, stepping over the dead, and stabbing the wounded; my companion was treated in the same manner; the sword withdrawn from his body, and reeking with his blood, was raised to give me the *coup de grace* when fortunately the uplifted arm was arrested by a smart little man, a sergeant, who cried out, 'Oh, mon colonel, êtes-vous blessé!' and immediately ordered some of his men to remove me into the town.

"They raised me in their arms, and carried me, without the slightest difficulty, up the breach on to the ramparts of the right flanking tower; here we were stopped by a captain of the Grenadiers, who asked some questions, then kissed me, and desired the party to proceed to the hospital. On passing the embrasures of the high curtain, we were exposed to a very sharp musketry fire from the trenches, and here it was that we met the governor, hurrying to the breach. He asked me if I was badly wounded, and directed that proper care should be taken of me."

The French sergeant's lucky mistake was due to the blue uniform and gold bullion epaulette which Lieutenant Jones was wearing.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

DURING the Peninsular War, at Fuentes one evening, soon after dusk, a French sergeant—a fine, handsome soldier—was brought in prisoner to the captain (J. F. Love) of the picket of the 52nd Regiment. The report made was that he had come over the line of sentries to take leave of a Spanish girl in the village, and was captured in the act. "Ah, sir, love has made me your prisoner," said the sergeant. "Well, then," was the

quick reply of the captain, "we will not be hard upon you for once. Go back to your captain, and tell him if love got you into this scrape, Love gets you out again. My name is Love, and you will not forget it!" The gallant sergeant was overcome, and left proclaiming his great admiration for the brave English soldiers.

DARING BRITISH SCOUT

LORD MALMESBURY used to relate a good story told him by one of Napoleon's officers—an incident of the Peninsular campaign. The French officer was reconnoitring with three or four troopers when they came suddenly upon a young English officer similarly occupied, mounted upon a superb thoroughbred horse. Summoned by the French colonel to surrender, he quietly cantered away with a mocking smile on his face. The Frenchman, who rode a heavy horse, pursued at full gallop. The Englishman allowed him to get quite close. Then kissing his hand, and leaving him behind, he shouted, pointing to his horse, "A Norman horse, sir." Again the Frenchman pursued, threatening to shoot his enemy if he did not surrender. He went so far as to point a pistol at him, but the weapon missed fire. With a roar of laughter, the young Englishman shouted again, "Made at Versailles, sir," and, giving the thoroughbred his head, was soon out of sight. It was most amusing to hear the old colonel tell this story, and describe his rage, adding, however, that he had always felt glad that he had not shot "the brave joker."

BRAVE, BUT FOOLISH

IN the Army life has often been risked, and sometimes lost, in the attempt to win a trumpery wager. During the Peninsular War, when the British army was in front of the enemy, Colonel Mellish appeared mounted upon a wretched steed, which provoked the derision of his brother officers. "It isn't worth five pounds," one of them remarked. "I'll bet you fifty pounds I get over forty for him," said the colonel. "Done!" exclaimed the other. The hare-brained colonel immediately rode off in the direction of the enemy, who, of course, fired upon him. Nothing daunted, the colonel continued to advance, until his horse was killed under him, when he hastily freed himself and returned to the British lines, where he promptly claimed the wager. The money was handed over to him by the other unlucky officer, for the Government then allowed a sum of £45 for every officer's horse killed in action!

THE DUKE'S KEEN SIGHT

THE following story shows the advantages of a good field-glass in war. Basil Jackson, who had frequent opportunities of seeing the Iron Duke during the hours of Waterloo, has recorded the interesting and characteristic fact that the only sign of nervousness that he remarked in him was that in a dangerous crisis he observed him moving in and out the folds of the powerful field-glass which he carried, and of which he made such admirable use in this and his other campaigns. English telescopes of the time were far better than the French, and it was looked upon as a prize when one of them fell into their hands. In one of Wellington's battles against Soult, he was able to read that very able general's intentions by his gestures to an aide-de-camp, and accordingly took prompt measures to counteract his plans; and years afterwards, when they were both old men, he astonished the Marshal by telling him how he had defeated him.

REMEMBERED THE DUKE

SO late as December, 1895, there died near Lisbon, in Portugal, an old lady who had known Wellington during the days of the Peninsular War. Her name was Rebecca Isaacs, and she had attained the age of ninety-nine. As a girl she hawked fruit to the men of the British army behind the lines of Torres Vedras, and in particular catered for the kitchen of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington. The old lady was wont to relate an anecdote respecting a dispute she had with Sir Arthur's servant about the price of some melons, and when she personally applied to Wellesley regarding the matter, her account was at once paid by the great general on the spot.

WENT ON SHAVING

THE Allies in the Peninsular were entrenched, when one morning the deputy adjutant-general went into Lord Wellington's quarters to tell him "the French had all moved off in the night, and the last of the cavalry were mounting to be gone." Wellington was at the moment engaged in shaving himself. "Ay," he said, stopping for a second, "gone, are they? I thought they meant to be off. Very well," and he resumed with his razor. Yet it was at a critical moment in the retreat of Massena.

WANTED A LIGHT

DURING the Peninsular War two English soldiers were standing together, when their attention was suddenly arrested by a bombshell thrown near them from the enemy's lines. This was a moment to show "cool courage." One therefore knocked the ashes from his pipe, hastily refilled it, and exclaimed, "Jack, I'll bet thee a ration I light my pipe at that fuse," pointing at the same time to the shell, the fuse of which was evidently far spent. "Done!" cried the other, "I'll bet thee." The challenger accordingly walked up to the shell, lighted his pipe, and then deliberately stamped his foot upon the fuse to extinguish it. His comrade, who was close at his elbow, now burst into an amazing fit of passion, calling him by all the saints in the calendar—not for winning the wager, but for putting out the fuse before he had lighted his own pipe!

A YORKSHIRE REGIMENT

THE 1st West Riding Regiment, the old 33rd Foot, is nicknamed "The Haver-cake Lads," because its recruiting sergeants in the days of the Peninsular War used to carry oat cakes on the point of their swords in order to entice the hungry to enlist. "Haver-cake" means oat cake in Yorkshire, and the term is employed in the broad-acred county to this day. A story is told of a smart recruiting sergeant of the regiment, who addressed some intended victims as follows: "Come, my lads, don't waste your time listening to what the foot sojers says about their regiments; 'list in my regiment, and you'll be all right. Their regiments have always to march on foot, but my regiment is the gallant 33rd, the 1st Yorkshire West Riding Regiment, and when ye join headquarters, ye'll be all mounted on horses." It is said that this ruse was nearly always successful! The Duke of Wellington was for many years colonel of the West Ridings.

TRUE ENOUGH

A SMART reply once saved the life of a British soldier in Spain. He had been brought up before his superior officers for looting, and as it was determined to put a stop to the practice, he was sentenced to be shot. His general said to him, "What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for five shillings!" "Sir," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for sixpence!" This true and convincing answer appealed to the general, who allowed the man to go back to his comrades, after he had promised to do wrong no more.

BEFORE THE BATTLE

IT was during the Peninsular War. There had been much complaint from the Spanish natives of marauding on the part of British soldiers, and the general of division determined to make a summary example of several offenders. The French army under Marshal Soult was advancing to the attack, but the British general proceeded with the preparation for punishment. He ordered a hollow square to be formed, the men facing inward. A drumhead court-martial sat in the rear of every regiment, and as each culprit was found guilty he was led within the square, strapped to a triangle, and flogged.

In one angle of a square were two soldiers who had been caught in the act of committing highway robbery upon peaceable citizens. They were marked for hanging, and stood with ropes about their necks. Presently the ropes were fastened to the branches of a tree, and at the same time the delinquents were lifted up and held on the shoulders of persons attached to the provost-marshal. While this was going on, the British vedettes came in frequently to report to the general that the enemy were advancing. His only reply was, "Very well." The two criminals remained awaiting the awful signal for execution, which would instantly be carried into effect by the merest movement of the men on whose shoulders they were supported.

Suddenly a cavalry officer of high regimental rank galloped into the square and reported to General Paget that the pickets were engaged with the enemy, and were retiring. "You had better go back to your fighting pickets, sir," replied Paget, "and animate your men to a full discharge of their duty." General Paget was then silent for a few moments, and was apparently suffering from great excitement. At length he addressed the square, saying, "Is it not lamentable to think that, instead of preparing the troops committed to my command to receive the enemies of their country, I am preparing to hang two robbers? But although that angle of the square should be attacked, I shall execute these villains in this angle."

The General then became silent for a moment, and the pickets were heard retiring up the other side of the hill and along the road which flanked it to the British left. After a moment's pause, he addressed the men a second time: "If I spare the lives of these two men, will you promise to reform?" Not the slightest sound, not even breathing, was heard within the square. The question was repeated: "If I spare the lives of these men, will you give me your honour as soldiers that you will reform?"

The same awful silence continued until some of the officers whispered to the men to say "yes," when that word loudly and rapidly flew round the square. The culprits were then hastily taken down from the fatal tree, and the soldiers faced about and made ready to receive the enemy.

OFFICER'S EXPERIENCE

A GRIM and ghastly story in the *Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G.C.B.*, shows the spirit entertained by the Spanish against the French during the Peninsular War. Sir Harry says:—

"This very fellow turned out to be the owner of the house my wife and baggage and I got into—the general's aide-de-camp, as was often the case, having shown her into one near the general. After I had dressed myself, he came to me and said, 'When you dine, I have some capital wine, as much as you and your servants like; but,' he says, 'come down and look at my cellar.' The fellow had been so civil I did not like to refuse him. We descended by a stone staircase, he carrying a light. He had upon his countenance a most sinister expression. I saw something exceedingly excited him; his look became fiend-like. He and I were alone, but such confidence had we Englishmen in a Spaniard, and with the best reason, that I apprehended no personal evil. Still his appearance was very singular.

"When we got to the cellar door, he opened it, and held the light so as to show the cellar; when, in a voice of thunder, and with an expression of demoniacal hatred and antipathy, pointing to the floor, he exclaimed, 'There lie four of the devils who thought to subjugate Spain! I am a Navarrese, I was born free from all foreign invasion, and this right hand shall plunge this stiletto into my own heart as it did into theirs ere I and my countrymen are subjugated!' brandishing his weapon like a demon. I see the excited patriot as I write. Horror-struck as I was, the instinct of self-preservation induced me to admire the deed exceedingly, while my very frame quivered and my blood was frozen to see the noble science of war and the honour and chivalry of arms reduced to the practices of midnight assassins. Upon the expression of my admiration he cooled, and while he was deliberately drawing wine for my dinner, which, however strange it may be, I drank with the gusto its flavour merited, I examined the four bodies. They were dragoons—four athletic, healthy-looking fellows.

"As we ascended, he had perfectly recovered the equilibrium of

his vivacity and naturally good-humour. I asked him how he, single-handed, had perpetrated this deed on four armed men (for their swords were by their sides). 'Oh, easily enough. I pretended to love a Frenchman (or, in his words, 'I was an Afrancesado'), and I proposed, after giving them a good dinner, we should drink to the extermination of the English.' He then looked at me and ground his teeth. 'The French rascals, they little guessed what I contemplated. Well, we got into the cellar and drank away until I made them so drunk they fell, and my purpose was easily, and as joyfully, effected.' He again brandished his dagger, and said, 'Thus die all enemies to Spain!'"

INFANTRY v. CAVALRY

IN the Peninsular War it was a favourite and not very pleasant joke on the part of the cavalrymen, who affected to despise the foot soldiers, to shout to some soldiers as the cavalry were passing the infantry on the march: "Are you tired of walking?" The infantryman, thinking he was going to get a friendly lift, would, assuming he had not been tricked in a similar manner before, reply "Yes." Remarking "Well, try running a while!" the cavalryman would gallop away. The infantrymen, however, for their part, ridiculed the horsemen unmercifully when they were in camp, where the cavalrymen were compelled to spend much of their time in attending upon their horses. While a hussar was one day engaged in "cleaning down" his steed, he was watched by an infantryman, who had leisurely sauntered up with his hands behind his back. "Halloa, Jack!" said the hussar, "think you'd like to be in the cavalry?" "Oh yes," replied the infantryman; "but only as a horse!"

A BROTH OF A BOY

PADDY SHANNON, of the old 87th Foot, joined the regiment when a mere boy, and served as a bugler during the Peninsular War. Wherever there was a row, any hard work to be done, or a spree (especially the last named), Paddy was sure to be in it. One day, shortly after the battalion had arrived home from abroad, Paddy was brought up before the commanding officer, Colonel Gough (afterwards famous as Lord Gough), for being drunk and disorderly. Before sentencing him to be flogged, according to custom in those days, Colonel Gough asked him, "What have you to say for yourself?" "Shure, now, Colonel,"

Paddy began, "do yer mane to say that ye're really goin' to flog me? Just ricollect who it was that sounded th' charge at Barossa, when you tuk th' only Frinch eagle captured that day, an' now ye're goin' to flog me!" "Take him down," said Colonel Gough, relenting; and Paddy marched away smiling.

In a few weeks Paddy was brought up again on the same charge as before. "Well, Paddy," said Colonel Gough gruffly, "the French eagle won't save you this time." "Shure, an' it's the same eagle that yersilf is proud about, an' Oi wasn't goin' ter mintion it, only it was yersilf that spoke about it; but Oi was goin' ter ask ye if it wasn't Oi who, when we difinded the breach at Tarifi, wid 22,000 Frinchmin agin' us, if it wasn't Oi who struck up 'Garry Owen to Glory, Bhoys,' which led our boys to glory an' victory both? An' now ye're goin' ter flog me!" "Take him down!" exclaimed Colonel Gough; and Paddy once more got off with a whole skin.

About a week later, however, Paddy was again in trouble, and on being brought before his colonel, the latter said sternly: "Here again! None of your eagle or 'Garry Owen' stories this time." "Well," began Paddy cheerfully, "I ask ye, before th' whole rigiment, who was it that picked up the French Field-Marshal's staff at the Battle of Vittoria? Wasn't it Paddy Shannon who tuk it? Paddy Shannon, who niver got a stripe or received a ribbon, a star, or a coat-ov-arms, or received anything, except th' floggin' ye're now goin' to give me!" "Take him down," said Colonel Gough again, for the third time. So Paddy got off once more.

BLUFF!

IN the Peninsular War an Irish soldier, failing to make the running with his comrades when pursued by the enemy's cavalry, was in danger of being killed or captured. While the general body of the corps took shelter behind a wall, the one in the rear ensconced himself behind a tree-stump. A French dragoon had taken a strong fancy to Pat, and tried all he could to make him waste his fire; but Pat contented himself with covering his enemy until, his regiment advancing in full force, the French horseman retired with all speed. Astonished at the horseman getting away Scot-free, an officer asked Pat how he could be such a fool as not to shoot the Frenchman. "Is it shootin' ye mane, sorr?" asked Pat, with a grin; "shure, how could Oi shoot him whin Oi wasn't loaded?"

OLD SOLDIERS' DODGE

DURING the Peninsular War a regular custom was employed in distributing the rations among the soldiers. Attached to each company was a Portuguese cook, and when the food was cooked it was cut up and divided into messes, as nearly equal as was possible under the circumstances. Then an old soldier would take up a position with his back towards the dinners, while another took up each mess in succession, saying, "Who shall have this?" The answer would be "Jackson," "Roberts," "Brown," and so on, until the names of all the soldiers in the mess had been called out. In spite of the apparent fairness of this routine, however, the Portuguese cook invariably happened to receive the smallest dinner! When the soldier who was holding up the messes got a small portion into his hands, he would ask "Who shall have this?" with a peculiar intonation, and the result was that the other soldier would reply "Portuguese boy."

A MAN OF HIS WORD!

OF General Picton, the dashing leader of the "Fighting Third Division" in the Peninsular War, many stories have been told. At more than one period of that glorious conflict there was considerable difficulty in getting provisions up to the front for the British army. Complaints had been made again and again, and at last Picton, determined that his men should not suffer any longer, sent for the commissary-general, and told him that several necessaries must be had at once. The commissary-general replied that it was impossible.

"Oh!" said Picton, "do you see that tree yonder?"

"Of course I do!" replied the army provider.

"Very well, then. If my provisions are not forthcoming to-morrow morning, I'll hang you on that tree!"

The commissary-general was furious at being treated in that manner, and he rushed to the quarters of the Duke of Wellington and complained to the British commander personally.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Wellington, when he had heard the story; "and do you mean to say that General Picton threatened to hang you if his provisions were not brought up?"

"That is so, my lord."

"Well, then," responded Wellington, "if you take my advice you'll have them all ready to-morrow at the appointed time, or Picton will do it, for, by God, he is a man of his word!"

OFFICER SCOUTS

MANY of the British officers in the Peninsular War were mounted on splendid hunters, which, of course, were their own property, the Government making them an allowance in the event of the animals being slain. A striking tribute to the value of these mounts is paid by Baron de Marbot, a French officer who served in Portugal under Massena, in the interesting memoirs which he published.

“The English have a habit of sending single officers, mounted on fast thoroughbreds, to watch the movements of a hostile army,” he says. “These officers get within the enemy’s cantonments, cross his line of march, keep for days on the flanks of his columns, always just out of range. It was vain to give chase to them, even with the best-mounted horsemen. The moment the British officer saw any such approach he would set spurs to his steed, and nimbly clearing hedges, ditches, even brooks, he would make off at such a speed that our men lost sight of him, and perhaps saw him soon after a league further on, note-book in hand, at the top of some hillock, continuing his observations. This practice, which I never saw anyone employ like the English, might perhaps have saved Napoleon at Waterloo by affording him a warning of the arrival of the Prussians.”

FAMOUS SPY

ONE of the most daring officers of Wellington’s army, in the Peninsular War, was Colquhoun Grant, of whom, as an intelligence officer, the Duke said that “no army in the world ever produced the like.” Speaking French and Spanish like natives of those countries, he spent days among the enemy’s lines, and the strangest part of the thing is that he always wore his British uniform. The French took little notice of this circumstance, however, as many of themselves were wearing British uniforms, which they had taken from the dead on the battlefields to replace their own well-worn clothes. One of Grant’s exploits occurred in 1812, when he was despatched by Wellington to see if he could learn anything of the French intentions regarding Ciudad Rodrigo, which Marshal Marmont had openly boasted he intended to take by assault.

Accompanied by Leon, a Spaniard who attended him in most of these journeys, Grant successfully penetrated among the French, and, during a three days’ stay, was able to secure in-

formation that the enemy had no real intention of attacking Rodrigo. At the end of the third night one of his Spanish agents brought him a general order addressed to the commanders of the French regiments, saying that the "notorious Grant" was known to be among the cantonments, and that the utmost exertions must be made to secure him, the circle of the camp having been in the meantime strictly guarded. Seeing the danger of his position—for he would have been promptly shot as a spy if caught—Colquhoun Grant, after consulting with his peasant friends, travelled to the ford on the Tormes near Huerta, arriving before daylight next morning. Beyond the river cavalry vedettes were posted, two of which constantly patrolled backward and forward over a space of three hundred yards, always meeting at the ford.

It was absolutely necessary to get across the ford, however, so Grant, on horseback, hid behind some friendly Spaniards, who spread out their long cloaks, and thus concealed him from the patrols. When the latter had separated to the full width of their beat, he dashed through the ford, and, being unhurt by the volleys immediately fired at him by the astonished enemy, he reached an adjoining wood, where the pursuit was abandoned. The faithful Leon, being a native and unsuspected, met with no interruption, and soon rejoined his master. There was another daring British spy called Major John Grant, who was often confounded with Colquhoun Grant by the French. The value of the information received by Wellington from these officers can scarcely be over-estimated.

AMENITIES OF WAR

OF the friendly habits established between the French and British soldiers in the Peninsula, Napier records many examples. In case of an impending attack, rival outposts were warned in sufficient time to enable them to retreat into safety. On one occasion, owing to a mistake, a French picket was surprised by the 6th Division; some time after, in the Pyrenees, the French retaliated by surprising one of the British outposts. Napier tells how, on one occasion, an enemy's sentry, though only twenty yards from a British regiment, continued to walk his beat for an hour, and even went so far as to place his knapsack on the ground to ease his shoulders! When the order to advance was given, the sentry was told to go away, and one of the British soldiers helped him to replace his knapsack. The following morning a similar incident occurred, but in this case it

was the French, making an advance to the attack, who warned a British sentry to retire.

"A more remarkable instance happened, however," says Sir William Napier, "when Wellington, desirous of getting to the top of a hill occupied by the enemy near Bayonne, ordered some riflemen to drive the French away; seeing them stealing up too close, he ordered them to fire, but with a loud voice one of the old soldiers replied, 'No firing,' and holding up the butt of his rifle, tapped it in a peculiar way. At the well-understood signal, which meant 'We must have the hill for a short time,' the French, who, though they could not maintain, would not have relinquished, the post without fighting if they had been fired upon, quietly retired, and this signal would never have been made if the post had been one capable of permanent defence, so well do veterans understand war and its proprieties."

LOOTER HANGED

A MAN who had been a trumpeter in the Guards, serving under Wellington in Spain, and was ending his days as a parish-clerk in a quiet country village, was once asked if he had seen much of the Duke. "I never saw him but once," he replied, "and that seeing I shall never forget. We were in Portugal. The people of the neighbourhood, distrusting the honesty of their allies, had driven their pigs into the woods, in hopes of concealing them. Our men found it out, and the soldiers of the 8—th went out hog-hunting by moonlight. In firing at the pigs, they hit and killed some of their own comrades. When this affair reached the ears of the Commander-in-Chief, he was very angry. He knew well how necessary it was for the Portuguese to rely on British honesty, and to be sure of a just price for food; and he made it death for any soldier to steal from the people.

"I was standing," continued the informant, "close to the General immediately after this affair. He looked very much displeased. Just then a soldier came by with a sack of flour on his shoulder. 'Hallo, my man,' said the General, 'where did you get that flour?' 'I took it from the mill yonder, my lord.' 'Did you pay for it?' 'No, my lord; I took it.' There was an instant's pause. Then the Duke called out: 'Provost-marshal, do your duty!' The man was hanged on the spot; and, after that there was no more pilfering or plundering."

SPORT IN WAR

IN the intervals of fighting and marching, sport filled up a large part of the spare time of the British officers in the Peninsula. Lord Londonderry, in his book, said :—" For some time we contented ourselves with keeping pointers and greyhounds, and indulging as often as opportunities offered in the sports of shooting, coursing, and fishing ; but now a taste for hunting began to prevail amongst us, and fox-hounds and harriers, more or less numerous and good, were established in the different divisions of the army. At headquarters we were fortunate enough to become possessed of an excellent pack, which afforded us much amusement, and occupied time which otherwise would have hung heavily on our hands. In our quarters we lived gaily and well, war, balls, private theatricals, and agreeable parties, being things of continual occurrence."

Concerning these sports, the following occurs in the *Recollections of a Subaltern* :—" While the Light Division was at Gallegos, some greyhounds belonging to an officer strayed into the enemies' lines, and an opportunity was found, by means of the first flag of truce, to request their being returned. The answer was favourable, stating that they should be sent in on the first opportunity. A day or two after the enemy made a *reconnoissance*, and when their skirmishers were thrown out, the greyhounds were seen in couples in the rear, and on the first carbine being fired, they were let slip (the dogs of war?), and came curveting through the whistling balls to their old masters."

WOUNDED, BUT CHEERFUL

THE British soldier, even when badly wounded, has rarely been known to lose his cheerfulness. Speaking of the hospital after a battle in the Peninsula, a writer says : " We were about to leave the room when we perceived a *paillasse* in the corner, which had hitherto escaped our notice ; a pelisse of the 18th Hussars served as a coverlet, a little round head was upon the pillow ; a vivid eye, with the countenance of a deadly pallid hue, bespoke a wounded Irishman. ' Do you belong to the 18th ? ' ' Yes, plase your honour ' (the right hand at the same time carried up to the forelock). ' Are you wounded ? ' ' Yes, plase your honour ' (again the hand to the head). ' Where ? ' ' Run through the body, plase your honour. ' (We verily believe he said twice through the body, but cannot charge our memory.) ' Are you in

pain?' 'Och! plase your honour, I'm tolerably aisy; the Frinch daacter blid me, and to-morrow I shall see the old rigiment.' It is needless to say that we were deeply interested in this gallant fellow, who bore his dangerous wounds with so much composure; and it is a pleasing sequel to this anecdote to be able to state that he finally recovered."

FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDING

BETWEEN the British and French, during the Peninsular War, the interchange of gentlemanly civilities occurred frequently. In the *Recollections of a Subaltern* there is this story:—"While Hasparen was the headquarters of the 5th Division, the pickets of both armies avoided every appearance of hostility. Each occupied a hill, with sentries about two hundred yards apart. The French on one occasion pushed forward their vedettes, and seemed as if they designed to trespass on neutral ground. The captain of the English picket reported this encroachment, and received orders not to allow it. On the following morning he observed that the French vedette had been advanced about fifty yards, and he thought it most advisable to demand an interview with the French captain of chasseurs. A peasant was despatched, and returned with a message that the captain would wait upon the British officer immediately; and, in a few minutes, the parties met on the neutral ground.

"The Briton stated the orders he had received, and explained that, to avoid so *lache* a proceeding as to fire upon a vedette, he had solicited a meeting with the brave chasseur. The Frenchman expressed himself in the most flattering terms, and begged that the hussar might point out a situation which would be agreeable to him. A thorn bush, about one hundred yards behind the spot the French vedette was posted upon, was mentioned as equally advantageous for the security of the French picket; while it would be such as the hussar was permitted by his orders to allow. The chasseur gave orders accordingly, the vedette was placed at the very spot which was recommended, and the Frenchman, having expressed his satisfaction at the interview, produced a bottle of cognac; two or three officers on each side now joined the party; a happy termination to the war was drunk; and the captain, whose name was (we think) Le Brun, said, he trusted that it would not be the fate of war to bring into collision the parties who had met in so amicable a manner."

QUEER FISH

“WHAT has become of your famous General Eel?” said Count d’Erleon to a Mr. Campbell, when engaged in conversation with a number of Englishmen. “Eel!” said one of the latter, “that is a military fish I never hear of.” However, the general mystification was cleared by someone explaining to the Count that “General Lord Hill is now Commander-in-Chief of the British forces.”

STRANGE, BUT TRUE

THE following incident of the Peninsular War is given by Sir John Kincaid in his *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade* :—

“By an accidental discharge of a musket one day the ramrod entered the stomach, passed through the body, and the end of it stuck in the backbone of one of the men of our division, from whence it was hammered out with a stone. The poor fellow recovered and joined his regiment as well as ever, but was ultimately drowned while bathing in the River Tormes.”

In the same work Sir John also says :—

“It appeared singular to us who were not medical men that an officer and several of our division who were so badly wounded in the leg, and who were sent to the rear on gun-carriages, should have died of mortification in the limb which was not wounded !”

ABOUT FLOGGING

WHEN flogging was a far too common occurrence in the British Army it was often impossible for the best of soldiers to escape a share of it, and it became a point of the men’s creed that he should be able to take the punishment, however unjustly administered, without a murmur. The Northamptonshire Regiment (48th Foot) became known in those days as the “Steel-backs,” from the unflinching manner in which they took their flogging, and a story is told which illustrates how jealous the men were of the reputation which this doubtful evidence of courage gave them.

During the Peninsular War a private named Horenden was sentenced to a flogging for some breach of discipline, and at the twentieth stroke from the cat he fainted from exhaustion. This so annoyed his comrades that they afterwards refused to speak to him, whereupon, discovering the reason of the boycott, the poor fellow marched out one morning, when on parade, and going up to his colonel, publicly called him a fool. He was, of course,

again sentenced to be flogged, but that very night, while he was lying in custody, the corps was attacked by the French, and he was left unguarded. Running to the scene of fighting, the prisoner picked up a musket from a fallen comrade and joined in the conflict. He was desperately wounded, but seeing his colonel in the hands of one of the enemy, he shot the Frenchman and liberated his officer. After binding up the colonel's wounds, the attack by then having been repelled, this Spartan soldier, wounded though he was, made his way back to camp and took up his original position, that he might be in readiness for his flogging in the morning! However, during the night he died from his injuries, and his desire to prove that he could take a flogging as became a "Steel-back" was not gratified.

FEED FIGHTERS WELL

THE Duke of Wellington always considered the feeding of an army as the question of most importance in time of war. Once, during the Peninsular campaign, he was asked at his own dinner-table on whom, in his opinion, the command should devolve if anything happened to him. After some hesitation he named General Beresford, the victor of Albuera. There was a general expression of surprise, which Wellington could not help noticing. "I see," he said, "what you mean by your looks. If it were a question of handling troops some of you fellows might do as well, perhaps better than he, but what we now want is someone to *feed* our troops, and I know of no one fitter for the purpose than Beresford."

On another occasion a foreign prince took the opportunity of asking the Duke what was the best method of making good soldiers. "A very proper question, Prince," replied his Grace, "for, although you are now a young man, you may have to command an army. Feed them well, and house them well, and you will make good soldiers."

WELLINGTON AND HIS MEN

NO general ever commanded a better fighting army than did Wellington in the Peninsula. "When other generals," he once said, "commit an error, their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten; when I get into a scrape my army gets me out of it." It was not often, by the way, that the Iron Duke did get into a scrape! At another time during the same war Wellington wrote, in reference to the French: "They cannot stand us at all now." This admiration and confidence was

heartily reciprocated by the soldiers. "Bless thy eyes!" said one soldier, as Wellington rode past him for the first time after returning from Cadiz to the army, "bless thy eyes! I'd rather see thee come back than see ten thousand men come to help us."

HIGHLANDER'S ENDURANCE

INSTANCES of great pluck occurred almost daily during Wellington's campaign in the Peninsula. In one battle a private of the name of William Dougald, belonging to a Scottish regiment, was hit on the thigh by three spent balls in the course of five minutes, but though the pain was very great the soldier never quitted the front. A few days afterwards, when another engagement with the French seemed inevitable, Dougald, who was so lame that he could scarcely move his legs, was desired to go to the rear. "No," he replied, "I will die rather than leave my comrades." Suffering great pain and many extraordinary exertions, he managed to keep up with his company, and was thus enabled to take a part in the fight that soon afterwards began. Before fifteen minutes had gone by, poor Dougald was out of pain and trouble, a bullet having stretched him lifeless among the comrades he loved so well.

EVER A FIGHTER

DURING an engagement in the Peninsular War a private soldier, named William Bisket, had his thigh perforated by a musket-ball. With his musket in his hand he passed to the rear, the blood flowing from his wound with every stride he took. Turning to look back, after going a few hundred yards, he beheld his companions fighting bravely, but hardly pressed by the enemy, so, ignoring the wound he had received, he returned to the fighting line and renewed the combat with fiery vigour. He was asked why he had returned, and his reply was, "To have another shot at the rascals, sir, before I leave you." The gallant soldier fired once, and was in the act of levelling his musket a second time when another ball hit him on the arm above the elbow, completely shattering the bone. This compelled the gallant fellow to retire from the field.

YOUTHFUL LEADER

AT the passage of the Bidassao, when, of all the generals of Europe, Wellington was the first to plant a victorious standard on the soil of France, a striking incident occurred, described by Napier, during the attack by the Light Division and the Spaniards. "When Downie's brigade (Spaniards) betrayed a dangerous indecision and declined to go forward, there happened to be present

an officer of the 43rd Regiment, named Haverlock, who, being attached to General Alten's staff, was sent to ascertain Giron's progress. His fiery temper could not brook the check. He took off his hat, he called upon the Spaniards to follow him, and, putting spurs to his horse, at one bound cleared the abattis and went headlong amongst the enemy. Then the soldiers, shouting for 'El chico blanco' (the fair boy)—so they called him, for he was very young, and had light hair—with one shock broke through the French, and this at the very moment when their centre was flying under the fire of Kemp's skirmishers from the Puerto-de-Vera."

BETWEEN THE FIGHTING

SOON after his entrance into France, Wellington rested his troops for a time, as also did Soult, the French commander. The two armies were facing each other, and during the short term of inaction the opposing outposts became quite friendly with one another. Wellington, however, discountenanced these friendly relations. "Before this order was issued," said an officer, "the most unbounded confidence subsisted between us, and which it was a pity to put a stop to, except for such weighty reasons. They used to get us such things as we wanted from Bayonne, particularly brandy, which was cheap and plentiful; and we, in return, gave them occasionally a little tea, of which some of them had learned to be very fond. Some of them, also, who had been prisoners of war in England, sent letters through our army-post to their sweethearts in England, our people receiving the letters and forwarding them.

"The next day, there being no firing between us and those in our front, three French officers, seemingly anxious to prove how far politeness and good breeding could be carried between the two nations when war did not compel them to be unfriendly, took a table and some chairs out of a house which was immediately in our front, and one which we had lately occupied as a barrack; and bringing them down into the middle of the field which separated the advance of the two armies, sat down within a hundred yards of our picket, and drank wine, holding up their glasses, as much as to say 'Your health' every time they drank. Of course we did not molest them, but allowed them to have their frolic out. During the day, also, we saw soldiers of the three nations, viz. English, Portuguese, and French, all plundering at the same time in one unfortunate house, where our pie, our pig, and wine had been left. It stood about 150 or 200 yards below the church, on a sort of neutral ground between

the two armies; hence the assemblage at the same moment of such a group of these motley marauders. They plundered in perfect harmony, no one disturbing the other on account of his nation or colour !”

SOLDIERS AND GENTLEMEN

MANY stories of amenities between the rival armies can be related. An officer named Batty wrote :—“ During this period of mutual repose the French officers and ours soon became intimate. We used to meet at a narrow part of the river (the Adour) and talk over the campaign. They would never believe (or pretended not to believe) the reverse of Napoleon in Germany; and when we received the news of the Orange Boven affair in Holland, they said it was impossible to convince them. One of our officers took *The Star* newspaper, rolled a stone up in it, and attempted to throw it across the river; unfortunately the stone went through it, and it fell into the water. The French officer very quietly said, in tolerably good English, ‘Your good news is very soon damped!’

“ During the campaign we had often experienced the most gentleman-like conduct from the French officers. Once, when we were upon our alarm-post at break of day, a fine hare was seen playing in a cornfield between the outposts. A brace of greyhounds were very soon unslipped, when, after an excellent course, poor puss was killed within the French lines. The officer to whom the dogs belonged, bowing to the French officer, called off the dogs, but the Frenchman politely sent the hare, with a message and his compliments, saying that we required it more than they did.”

IRISH SOLDIER'S FEAT

A MOST amusing story is told by Cadell, of the period when the British army was on the Adour. He says :—“ A daring fellow, an Irishman named Tom Patten, performed a singular feat. At the barrier there was a rivulet, along which our lines of sentries were posted. To the right was a thick low wood, and during the cessation of hostilities our officers had again become intimate with those of the French, and the soldiers had actually established a traffic in tobacco and brandy in the following ingenious manner. A large stone was placed in that part of the rivulet screened by the wood opposite to the French sentry, on which our people used to put a canteen with a quarter-dollar, for which it was very soon filled with brandy. One afternoon, about dusk, Patten had put down his canteen with the usual money in it

and retired, but, though he returned several times, no canteen was there. He waited till the moon rose, but still he found nothing on the stone. When it was near morning Tom thought he saw the same sentry who was there when he put his canteen down; so he sprang across the stream, seized the unfortunate Frenchman, wrested his firelock from him, and actually shaking him out of his accoutrements, recrossed, vowing he would keep them until he got his canteen of brandy, and brought them to the picket-house.

“Two or three hours afterwards, just as we were about to fall in, an hour before daybreak, the sergeant came to say that a flag of truce was at the barrier. I instantly went down, when I found the officer of the French picket in a state of great alarm, saying that a most extraordinary circumstance had occurred (relating the adventure), and stating that if the sentry’s arms and accoutrements were not given back, his own commission would be forfeited, as well as the life of the poor sentry. A sergeant was instantly sent to see if they were in the picket-house; when Patten came up scratching his head, saying, ‘He had them in pawn for a canteen of brandy and a quarter-dollar.’ He told us the story in his way; whereupon the things were immediately given over to the French captain, who, stepping behind, put two five-franc pieces into Patten’s hand. Tom, however, was not to be bribed by an enemy, but generously handed the money to his officer, requesting that he would insist on the French captain taking the money back. The Frenchman was delighted to get the firelock and accoutrements back, and the joy of the poor fellow who was stripped of them may be conceived, as, if it had been reported, he would certainly have been shot by sentence of court-martial, in less than forty-eight hours.”

A PROMISE FULFILLED

WELLINGTON was very courteous to the French in the Peninsula, and the French, on their part, placed implicit trust in the word of the British commander. An instance occurred just before the Battle of Orthez, when the French army crossed over the bridge of the Gave du Pau. The Duke sent to Marshal Soult saying that no doubt a battle would take place the next day, but that the destruction of the bridge would be a serious loss and misfortune to the good people of Orthez. He promised that if Soult would abstain from blowing up the bridge, the British army would not cross it. The bridge was on French territory, and Soult had reluctantly decided to blow it up to prevent the

easy passage of the British, but, on receiving the Duke's promise, he at once gladly abandoned his intention. True to his promise, the Duke advanced his men across the fords, the crossing being made under the severe fire of the French. As for the bridge, it stands to this day.

THE DUKE'S ONE WOUND

IT is not generally known that Wellington was once wounded, the incident occurring in the Peninsula. In Lord Stanhope's *Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington* there is this passage:—"The Duke spoke of his only wound at Orthez—in the hip; but even that allowed him to continue riding the same day, though not to get over enclosures, etc., as he would usually do. Except that once, he had had balls through his clothes and hat, but not his limbs; he had often been struck, too, but never wounded. 'What,' I asked, 'is the distinction?' 'Struck,' he said, 'is from a spent ball, which may often be able to knock a man over and yet do him no other injury.' I observed to him how similar had been his fate to Napoleon's in this respect, Napoleon having, I thought, been wounded once only, in the leg also, in the campaign of Ulm."

MIGHT WAS RIGHT!

IN the course of a march soldiers get into some queer quarters, and a good story on the matter is recorded in a *Hussar's Life on Service*, which deals with the Peninsular campaign:—"A fortnight ago, just after the Battle of Orthez (27th February, 1814), opposite Aire, our regiment being in the advance, we established ourselves in a magnificent château, certainly the best-furnished house I have seen since I left England, decorated with a profusion of fine ormolu clocks. Just as we had congratulated ourselves on our good luck, and I had chosen for myself a red damask bed, an awful bustle was heard, indicative of no good, as was speedily proved to our discomfiture. Whether it was a judgment upon us for looking so high as a château, on the principle of those who exalt themselves being abased, I leave to divines to decide; but we quickly learned that, in consequence of the Fourth Division treading on our heels, and Sir Lowry Cole having as sharp an eye for an eligible château as ourselves, he had ordered his aide-de-camp to oust all its inmates under the rank of a major-general!

"Though possession, in civil matters, is said to be nine points of the law, it does not hold good in military affairs; and as the articles of war, as well as the gospel, teach us to avoid kicking

against the pricks, like the *well-bred dog* (I dare say you have heard of), we walked out to prevent being more forcibly ejected. This highly unsatisfactory incident took place in a shower of rain; and the only building near the manor-house was a mill, belonging to the estate, and into this we crept, and were doomed, instead of splendour, quiet, and cleanliness, and the harmonious chiming of the ormolu clocks, to put up (certainly not to be satisfied) with the bare walls, the eternal clack of the mill, and a considerable loss of good English blood from the attacks of thousands of hostile French fleas."

GENERAL HILL'S VICTORY

THE battles of the Nive, on the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, 1813, were very sanguinary affairs, as the French made attack after attack, most gallantly, in the hope of driving the invaders out of the country. The fight of the 13th was won by Sir Rowland Hill himself, who, on the right of the British line, had only 14,000 British and Portuguese to repel an attack of 30,000 French. Not only did he repulse the enemy, however, but he, in turn, also became the attacking party, driving back the French with great slaughter and actually capturing two of their guns! The 3rd and 6th Divisions had been instructed to go to Sir Rowland's aid, but the contest had ended before they arrived.

All the honours of the battle, indeed, belonged solely to Hill, and this Wellington himself frankly acknowledged. He could not reach the scene of the conflict until it was over, but as soon as he arrived he rode up to Sir Rowland, shook him heartily by the hand, and exclaimed, "Hill, the day's your own!" Wellington was extremely delighted with Sir Rowland's calm and beautiful conduct of the action, and with the intrepid and resolute behaviour of the troops. During the fight Sir Rowland had stationed himself on a commanding mount, from whence he could see the whole battle and direct the movements.

DEADLY SHOOTING

WHEN Bayonne was invested by the British in 1814, the accuracy of the shooting of the French artillery-men was such that it rendered absolutely necessary the placing of the British sentries in places where they could not be discovered. "A soldier of the German Legion," said an officer, "had been posted at the angle of a large house, with directions to look

round the corner from time to time, but on no account to remain exposed. Unfortunately he placed one leg beyond the angle of the building, and in a moment afterwards it was carried off by a cannon-shot.

"This might have been accidental, but a second and third instance immediately following served to convince us it was not so. A soldier of the light infantry, belonging to those stationed at St. Bernard under the command of Lord Saltoun, was posted behind a breastwork dug across the road which leads from the suburb of St. Etienne towards Bouraut, not far from the bank of the Adour. This road was looked down upon from the citadel, and was guarded with extreme jealousy by the enemy. The soldier was desired occasionally to look over the breastwork, but always to conceal himself again as quickly as possible; he, however, had the rashness to stand boldly upright on it, and was instantaneously killed by a cannon-ball, which literally cut him in two.

"A similar instance of their accuracy in firing occurred on the 23rd of February, when Colonel Maitland's brigade took shelter behind the sand-hills on the borders of the marsh in front of the intrenched camp. A drummer in the 3rd battalion of the 1st Guards had got upon the summit of the sand-hill, but had not been there many moments before a cannon-shot, fired from a battery of the intrenched camp nearest to the Adour, pierced the ground directly underneath his feet, and brought down the frightened drummer headlong amongst his comrades below, who were much amused on discovering that he had not sustained the slightest injury."

DANDY OFFICERS

IT is an extraordinary fact that British soldiers once fought under umbrellas. During the action of the 10th December, 1813, commonly known as that of the Mayor's House, in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, South of France, the Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Tynling, occupied an unfinished redoubt on the right of the high-road. The Duke of Wellington happened to pass with Colonel Freemantle and Lord A. Hill on his return to headquarters, having satisfied himself that the fighting was merely a feint on the part of Soult, the French commander.

The Duke, on looking around, saw, to his surprise, a great many umbrellas with which the officers protected themselves from the rain which was then falling. He sent Lord Hill up to the officers

with this message: "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas during the enemy's firing, and will not allow the 'Gentlemen's Sons' (as that regiment was named) to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the Army." Colonel Tynling, a few days afterwards, received a reprimand from Wellington for allowing his dandy officers to carry umbrellas in face of the enemy, his lordship observing that "the Guards may in uniform, when on duty at St. James's, carry them if they please, but in the field it is not only ridiculous, but unmilitary." It should not be forgotten, by the way, that these same dandy officers were those who were the bravest of the brave when serious business was intended.

RECORDS OF VALOUR

SOME of the Peninsular War medals, which, as is well known, were not issued until 1848, bear an extraordinary number of clasps. Two men—Private James Talbot, 45th Regiment, and Private Daniel Loochstadt, 5th Battalion 60th Foot, and formerly of the King's German Legion—established their claim to fifteen clasps out of the twenty-nine issued with it! The medal of the first-named, which is now in the collection of Colonel H. F. Eaton (Lord Cheylesmore), has bars for the following engagements: Roleia, Vimeira, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelles, Nive, Orthez, and Toulouse. What a glorious record of valour!

As regards number, however, the above is beaten by a man of the 95th Regiment (now the Rifle Brigade). His gravestone at Eastbourne bears this inscription:—

"In affectionate remembrance of Benjamin Elliott, formerly 95th Regiment (The Rifles). Died February 4, 1876, aged 91. He was present at the following battles:—Roleia (1808), Vimiera, Corunna, Almeida, Busaco, Fuentes de Honor, Badajoz, Albuera, Barrosa, Pyrenees, Pampaluna, St. Sebastian, Nivelles, Orthez, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, Waterloo.

"I have fought the good fight.
I have finished my course.
I have kept the faith."

It is interesting to note that the issue of the medals, belated as it was, was owing mainly to the efforts of the Duke of Richmond, aide-de-camp to Wellington in the Peninsula in 1810-14. The medals bear the head of Queen Victoria.

WON IN FAIR FIGHT

AMONG the Waterloo and Peninsular medals given out in 1848, at the command of Queen Victoria, was one, with an attachment of no less than twelve clasps, to Captain Humbley, of Waterloo Cottage, Eynesbury, St. Neots, who had served in the 95th Rifles (now the Rifle Brigade) throughout the whole of the war with France. He was actually present in twenty-three battles, several sieges, and numerous skirmishes and minor affairs of outposts. He had fought in five different kingdoms, and was six times seriously wounded, viz. at Flushing, in 1809, in the head; at Vittoria, in 1813, in the left arm; at Nivelles, in 1813, in the left eye; at Orthez, in 1814, in the right thigh; and at Waterloo, in 1815, very seriously in both shoulders.

With the Waterloo medal, Captain Humbley possessed fourteen decorations, and among many relics, he had the rifle-ball which lodged in his forehead at Flushing in 1809. The ball was extracted and the head trepanned. One of the balls placed in his left shoulder at Waterloo was never extracted, but the other in the right shoulder was taken out the second day after the battle, and was duly placed among the gallant captain's relics. Captain Humbley commenced his military career in 1803 in the Cambridgeshire Militia, then commanded by his friend, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke.

FAREWELL!

BEFORE returning to England, on the conclusion of the Peninsular War, the Duke of Wellington reviewed his fine regiments at the headquarters in the South of France, and then bade them farewell in a modestly written order, of which the following is a copy:—

“ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, BORDEAUX,

14th June, 1814.

“The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

“The share which the British army has had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces, and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

“The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

“Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour; and that he will at all times be happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted.

(Signed) “E. M. PAKENHAM, A.G.”

WATERLOO

FRENCH SPY

IN his *Journal of the Waterloo Campaign* General Mercer, of the British artillery, tells a good story of a piece of daring on the part of a French officer. "It was on the evening of the 15th of June (1815)," he says, "and about sunset, or a little later, that an officer of hussars rode into the little village of Yseringen, Leathes (an officer of horse artillery) being at the time at dinner with me at our château. He was dressed as our hussars usually were when riding about the country—blue frock, scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, pantaloons, and forage cap of the 7th Hussars.

"He was mounted on a smart pony, with plain saddle and bridle; was without sword and sash, and carried a small whip—in short, his custom and appearance were correct in every particular. Moreover, he aped to the very life that 'devil-may-care' nonchalant air so frequently characterising our young men of fashion. Seeing some of our gunners standing at the door of a house, he desired them to go for their officer, as he wished to see him. They called the sergeant, who told him that the officer was not in the village. In an authoritative tone he then demanded how many men and horses were quartered there, whose troop they belonged to, where the remainder of the troop was quartered, and of what they consisted.

"When all these questions were answered he told the sergeant that he had been sent by Lord Uxbridge to order accommodation to be provided for 200 horses, and that ours must consequently be put up as close as possible. The sergeant replied that there was not room in the village for a single additional horse. 'Oh, we'll soon see to that,' said he, pointing to one of the men who stood by. 'Do you go and tell the maire to come instantly to me.' The maire came and confirmed the sergeant's statement; upon which our friend, flying into a passion, commenced in excellent French to abuse the poor functionary like a pickpocket, threatening to send a whole regiment into the village; and then,

after a little conversation with the sergeant, he mounted his pony and rode off just as Leathes returned to the village.

“Upon reporting the circumstance to the officer, the sergeant stated that he thought the man had appeared anxious to avoid him, having ridden off rather in a hurry when he appeared, which, together with a slight foreign accent, then for the first time excited a suspicion of his being a spy, which had not occurred to the sergeant before, as he knew there were several foreign officers in our hussars, and that the 10th was actually then commanded by one—Colonel Quentin. The suspicion was afterwards confirmed; for, upon inquiry, I found that no officer had been sent by Lord Uxbridge on any such mission. Our friend deserved to escape, for he was a bold and clever fellow.” This incident occurred on the evening before the fighting at Quatre Bras, and three days before the Battle of Waterloo.

VETERANS IN COURAGE

MOST of the battalions that went to Belgium in 1815 were in the main composed of raw youths and untrained militia. Wellington always declared that, as regards discipline, his Waterloo army was the worst he ever commanded, and that if it had been composed of his old Peninsular troops, the battle would have been decided in three hours. The late Lord Albemarle stated that his corps, the third battalion of the 14th Foot, had 14 officers and 300 men under twenty years of age.

“These last,” he wrote, “consisted principally of Buckinghamshire lads, fresh from the plough, whose rustic appearance procured for them the appellation of the ‘Peasants.’” An old General Mackenzie, who inspected the battalion at Brussels, no sooner set eyes on them than he called out, “Well, I never saw such a set of boys, both officers and men!” Yet it was these boys, and others belonging to the remaining regiments, that, with the cool and tenacious courage so characteristic of the race, stood for hour after hour against the fierce and desperate assaults of Napoleon’s veterans.

THE MAJOR’S HORSE

AT Quatre Bras, two days before Waterloo, a major of the 42nd Highlanders, preferring to fight on foot in front of his men, placed his horse in charge of a drummer-boy of the regiment. After some severe fighting with the French cuirassiers and lancers, who repeatedly tried to cut up the British, and after receiving several severe wounds, the major fell to the ground

from loss of blood. Near him was a private of the regiment, Donald Mackintosh, who was mortally wounded almost at the same moment.

The little drummer-boy, seeing his officer fall, left the horse to go to his aid, and a French lancer, thinking the horse a fair prize, made a dash for it. The action was noticed by wounded Donald Mackintosh, who said, "Hoots, mon, ye mauna tak that beast; it belongs to our major here." The lancer, not understanding the Highlander, of course, seized hold of the horse, whereupon Donald, taking up a loaded musket, shot the Frenchman dead. A moment afterwards the Highlander himself fell back and expired. The wounded major was safely conveyed to the rear, and although he had received sixteen severe wounds in this fierce conflict, he recovered!

DEATH IN GLORY

AT Quatre Bras, where the Foot Guards, after a weary march of fifteen hours, arrived just in time to beat back the French, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, of the 1st Guards (Grenadier), was mortally wounded. On receiving his injury, he sent for his friend Colonel Thomas, and said, "I feel I am mortally wounded, but I am pleased to think it is my fate rather than yours, whose life is involved in that of your young wife." After a pause he added, "I should like to see the colours of the regiment before I quit them for ever." They were brought by the ensigns, who waved them over his wounded body. His countenance brightened, he smiled, declared himself well satisfied, and was carried from the field. The gallant officer died soon afterwards.

BLÜCHER'S NARROW ESCAPE

AT the Battle of Ligny, fought on the same day as Quatre Bras, Blücher was not only defeated by the French, but also had a narrow escape of being captured. He was leading the Prussian cavalry against the cuirassiers, when his horse, a beautiful grey charger, the gift of the Prince Regent of England, was wounded. It broke down and fell just as the Prussians turned to fly from the pursuing enemy. "Now, Nostitz, I am lost!" exclaimed the veteran to his aide-de-camp, as he sunk to the ground with his steed. Count Nostitz, who, in the confusion, had alone remained by his chief's side, instantly leaped to the ground, and sword in hand stood over Blücher, while the whole body of the French cavalry pressed on, totally unmindful of the group. Before the Count could take advantage of the calm to extricate the

General from beneath the dead charger, the Prussians had turned and charged the cuirassiers, and the whole mass again rushed past the fallen marshal. As soon as the Prussians had arrived (they knew nothing of what had happened to their general) Nostitz seized the bridle of a non-commissioned officer's horse, and with the aid of the soldier, placed the bruised and almost insensible commander in the saddle, hurrying him away before the return of the French.

THE DUKE WAS THERE!

AN amusing instance of the confidence inspired by the Duke of Wellington's name is given by Mrs. Charles Bagot in her book, *Links with the Past*. Lady Mornington, when the firing was heard in Brussels at the commencement of Waterloo, went to wake her maid. The woman merely sat up in bed, and imperturbably asked: "Is the Duke between us and the French army, my lady?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh, then, my lady," said the maid, "I shall lie down and go to sleep again!"

NIGHT BEFORE BATTLE

THE night before Waterloo, the conduct of the two opposing armies were strikingly different. The French spent hours in singing and drinking, and, in very high spirits, shouted expressions of defiance at the British, who, on their part, were silent and sorrowful. At Quatre Bras many a good soldier had fallen, and no man knew what the morrow was to bring forth. Great care was taken to keep the British sober.

Lord Albemarle said, "Prior to taking up our position for the night of the 17th, the regiment (14th Foot) filed past a large tubful of gin. Every officer and man was, in turn, presented with a little tin-pot full. No fermented liquor that has since passed my lips could vie with that delicious *schnapps*. As soon as each man was served, the precious contents that remained in the tub were tilted over on to the ground. We soon after halted and piled arms on the brow of a hill. . . . For about an hour before sunset, the rain that had so persecuted us on the march relieved us for a time from its unwelcome presence, but as night closed in it came down again with increased violence, and accompanied by thunder and lightning. . . . Wearied with two days of incessant marching, I threw myself on the slope of the hill on which I had been standing. It was like lying in a mountain torrent. I nevertheless slept soundly till two in the morning, when I was awoke by my soldier-servant, Bill Moles."

THE DUKE'S SECRECY

BEFORE Waterloo, no one was probably more uneasy than Lord Uxbridge (afterwards the Marquess of Anglesey), who, if Wellington should be killed, would be called upon to take over the command, and who knew nothing whatever about the Duke's plans. "I am in a very difficult position," he said to a friend. "If any accident happens to the Duke, I shall find myself Commander-in-Chief. I would give anything in the world to know the Duke's projects, and yet I dare not ask him what I ought to do."

After some consultation on the subject they went together to Wellington, and frankly told him the difficulty in hand. The Duke listened without impatience, and at the end of Lord Uxbridge's speech he said calmly, "Who will attack the first to-morrow, I or Bonaparte?" "Bonaparte," replied Lord Uxbridge. "Well," continued the Duke, "Bonaparte has not given me any idea of his projects, and, as my plans will depend upon his, how can you expect me to tell you what mine are?" Lord Uxbridge bowed, and made no reply. The Duke rose, and continued, touching him in a friendly way on the shoulder: "There is one thing certain, Uxbridge; that is, that whatever happens, you and I will do our duty."

He then shook his hand warmly, and they separated, Lord Uxbridge no wiser than before, yet feeling that Wellington trusted him exactly as far as his reticent nature would allow. Yet the great Duke did depend in a great measure upon the application of common sense to the needs of the moment. When he was once asked how he succeeded in conquering Napoleon's marshals one after another, he replied: "They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well, and answers very well, until it gets broken, and then you are done for. Now, I made my campaign of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on." On another occasion he confessed that his success in life was to be attributed to the application of good sense to the circumstances of the moment. Thus, although reticent by nature, it is possible that he did not remain silent from choice alone, but because his designs were liable to change at the last moment.

FEELINGS BEFORE BATTLE

SPEAKING of the sensations of a soldier before battle, Lord Albemarle, who was, it should be remembered, only sixteen years old at Waterloo, said, "If I were asked what were my

sensations in the dreary interval between daylight and the firing of the first cannon-shot on this eventful morning, I should say that all I can now remember (the reminiscences were written in 1876) on the subject is, that my mind was constantly recurring to the account my father had given me of his interview with Henry Pearce, otherwise the Game Chicken, just before his great battle with Mendoza for the championship of England. 'Well, Pearce,' asked my father, 'how do you feel?' 'Why, my lord,' was the answer, 'I wish it was *fit* (fought).' Without presuming to imply any resemblance to the Game Chicken, I had thus much in common with that great man—I wished the fight was *fit*."

KNEW THEIR DUTY

SPEAKING to Sir Walter Scott, a British officer said that he felt a momentary sinking of the heart when he looked round him, just before the commencement of the Battle of Waterloo, and considered how small was the part of our force properly belonging to Britain, and recollected the disadvantages and discouraging circumstances under which even our own soldiers laboured. A slight incident reassured him. An aide-de-camp galloped up, and, after delivering his instructions, cautioned a battalion of the guards along whose front he rode to reserve their fire till the enemy were within a short distance. "Never mind us," answered a veteran guardsman from the ranks; "never mind us, sir. We know our duty." From that moment the British officer said that he knew the hearts of the men were in the right trim, and that though they might leave their bodies on the spot, they would never forfeit their honour.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

WHEN the Battle of Waterloo was being opened by an attack of the French on Hougomont on the right, the Rifles were in the centre of the position, and their officers were standing in front of their men watching its progress. Sir James Kempt rode up and said: "Now, gentlemen, here you are, as usual, congregated together talking." An officer named Stillwell replied: "Oh yes, Sir James; we were just observing that there appeared to be a slight difference of opinion down yonder!" pointing to the fierce fighting at Hougomont.

INCIDENTS

DURING the course of the battle the Duke had several times to seek the shelter of the British squares. Once, suddenly throwing himself into the square of the 2nd Rifles, he

called out: "Look out, Rifles, or, by God! you'll be cut to pieces!"

During the battle Lieutenant Molloy, of the Rifles, came across a couple of dragoons who had taken a French officer prisoner, and were going to "stick" him. The officer cried to Molloy for mercy, and the dragoons said the French had treated our people in the same way. However, the lieutenant ordered them to march the officer to the rear. The officer took a bundle of letters from his pocket, and threw them away. They were love-letters from a girl in Paris to her Alphonse.

COLOURS SAVED

AT Waterloo, the standard-bearer of a Scottish regiment, believed to be the 73rd Foot, now known as the 2nd Black Watch, was killed, and he held the colours so fast in death that a sergeant of the regiment found it impossible to loosen the grasp in time to avoid the advancing enemy. So, making a violent effort, he raised the dead man, colours and all, on to his shoulders, and carried them into safety among his friends. The French saw the gallant action, and, though disappointed at losing a valuable trophy, they could not resist expressing approbation of the feat by clapping their hands and giving repeated shouts of applause.

BOY OFFICER

THE sixth Lord Albemarle, who died in 1891, was intended for the Bar. At Westminster School, however, he had such a habit of getting into scrapes that it became obvious that such a profession would never do. One fine morning, therefore, after a fresh breach of discipline, a letter from his father announced that his school-days were over, and enclosed was a letter from Dr. Page, the head master, to the parent, recommending a profession "in which physical rather than mental exertion would be requisite." This was at the beginning of 1815, and the result was that the young scamp, then under sixteen, was soon afterwards gazetted an ensign in the 14th Foot, known at the present time as the West Yorkshire Regiment. A few weeks after joining, the regiment was ordered to Belgium, and young Keppel had the distinction of carrying the colours of his corps at the Battle of Waterloo. This was the commencement of an interesting career, for Lord Albemarle became a general in 1874, and died in 1891, as already stated, at the great age of ninety-two.

HOLDING THE LINE

OF the part played by his battalion, the 14th Foot, at Waterloo, Lord Albemarle stated that, after remaining some hours in a ravine, the corps was brought forward to assist in filling up a gap in the line. "We halted and formed a square in the middle of the plain," his lordship went on to state. "As we were performing this movement, a bugler of the 51st, who had been out with skirmishers and had mistaken our square for his own, exclaimed, 'Here I am again, safe enough!' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a round shot took off his head and spattered the whole battalion with his brains, the colours and the ensigns in charge of them coming in for an extra share.

"One of them, Charles Fraser, a fine gentleman in speech and manner, raised a laugh by drawling out, 'How extremely disgusting!' A second shot carried off six of the men's bayonets, a third broke the breast-bone of a lance-sergeant (Robinson), whose piteous cries were anything but encouraging to his youthful comrades. The soldier's belief that 'every bullet has its billet' was strengthened by another shot striking Ensign Cooper, the shortest man in the regiment, and in the very centre of the square. These casualties were the affair of a second.

"We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette, while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum was capsized, and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly! The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit."

The regiment was afterwards moved forward to a position where a partial protection from the cannonade was afforded by the nature of the ground. As Lord Albemarle was rising from the square, a bullet struck a man immediately in front, who, falling backwards, knocked the young ensign down again. "With some difficulty I crawled from under him," said Lord Albemarle; "the man appeared to have died without a struggle. In my effort to rejoin my regiment I trod upon his body. The act, although involuntary, caused me a disagreeable sensation whenever it recurred to my mind."

SQUARES UNBROKEN

AT Waterloo the cuirassiers never succeeded in breaking one of the British squares, though they did all that brave men could possibly do under the circumstances. Lord Albemarle described them as passing and repassing between his square (the 14th Foot) and the next, which they made a show of assailing. Continuing his narrative, his lordship wrote:—"As soon as they were clear of our battalion, two faces of the attacked square opened fire. At the same instant the British gunners on our right, who, at the approach of the cuirassiers, had thrown themselves at the feet of our front rank men, returned to their guns and poured in a murderous fire of grape into the flying enemy. For some seconds the smoke of the cross fire was so dense that not a single object in front of us was discernible. When it cleared away the Imperial horsemen were seen flying in disorder. The matted hill was strewn with dead and dying, horses galloping away without riders, and dismounted cuirassiers running out of the fire as fast as their heavy armour would allow them. This is the last incident that I remember of that eventful Sunday."

HEAVY BRIGADE CHARGE

As is well known, the British light cavalry regiments at Waterloo were severely mauled by the French cuirassiers, and for the moment it seemed as if the latter were going to gain the day. At this critical juncture Sir John Elley obtained permission to bring up the heavy cavalry brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, Horse Guards, and Scots Greys, and this corps made a charge that simply swept the cuirassiers out of existence. Several hundreds of the French were forced headlong into a sort of quarry or gravel pit, where a hail of bullets soon put an end to their struggles.

One result of the famous charge was the immediate surrender of a body of 3,000 French infantry, who were made prisoners and sent off to Brussels. Many of the cuirassiers were also captured, among whom was an officer of fine martial appearance, who gave a smile of stern contempt when he heard the shouts of the exulting people of Brussels. "The Emperor," he said, "the Emperor will shortly be here!" And clenched hands and a darkened brow indicated the fatal consequences which would attend the arrival of Napoleon.

CAPTURE OF EAGLES

THE story of how the eagles were captured at Waterloo is worth telling (says Mr. W. H. Fitchett, author of *Fights for the Flag*). Captain Clark Kennedy, of the 1st Royal Dragoons, took one. He was riding vehemently in the early stage of the famous charge of the heavy cavalry, when he caught sight of the cuirassier officer carrying the eagle, with his covering men, trying to break through the *mêlée* and escape. "I gave the order to my men," he says, "'Right shoulders forward; attack the colours.'" He himself overtook the officer, ran him through the body, and seized the eagle. He tried to break the eagle from the pole, and push it inside his coat for security, but failing, gave it to his corporal to carry to the rear.

The other colour was taken by Ewart, a sergeant of the Scots Greys, a very fine swordsman. He overtook the officer carrying the colour, and, to quote his own story, "He and I had a hard contest for it. He made a thrust at my groin; I parried it off, and cut him down through the head. After this a lancer came at me. I threw the lance off by my right side, and cut him through the chin and upwards through the teeth. Next, a foot soldier fired at me, and then charged me with his bayonet, which I also had the good luck to parry, and then I cut him down through the head. This ended the contest. As I was about to follow the regiment, the general said, 'My brave fellow, take that to the rear; you have done enough till you get quit of it.'"

It may be added that the trophy captured by Ewart belonged to the 45th Regiment of Invincibles, and that the one taken by Captain Kennedy belonged to the 105th French Regiment. Stirring pictures of both events have been painted by noted artists. Sergeant Ewart resided in Salford, Manchester, for many years, and at his death he was buried in the cemetery of the old Swedenborgian Chapel in the locality.

DESPERATE VALOUR

AMID the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Even officers of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand-to-hand like ordinary soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to-day," said an officer to a friend, a young man of rank, who was arming him-

self with a third sabre after two had been broken in his grasp. "What would you have me do?" asked the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane of men; "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them!" He then again threw himself into the midst of the combat.

WARRIOR'S FALL

AMONG the fallen great at Waterloo was General Sir Thomas Picton, who fell mortally wounded when gallantly leading his men to the charge. His division, on the British left, covered the road from Brussels to Charleroy, and when the French advanced in deep and solid columns, Picton charged them with his infantry. The conflict was close and murderous, and it was here that the general fell. A musket-ball passing through his right temple, penetrated to the skin on the opposite side of the head, from whence it was cut out with a razor.

Upon stripping the body, it was found that he had been severely wounded at Quatre Bras on the 16th. This concealed wound had got into such a putrid condition that, even had he not been wounded at Waterloo, he could not have survived its effects. On the 11th of June, only seven days before the battle, Picton had embarked from England. When he left he appeared to have a presentiment that he would never return. "But," he said to a friend, "when you hear of my death, you will hear of a bloody day." "He fell gloriously," said Wellington, "leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most furious attacks made by the enemy upon our position was defeated."

THE FOREIGN ALLIES

AMONG the foreign troops on the British side at Waterloo was a regiment of Hanoverian hussars, who distinguished themselves in a most ignominious manner. They were a body of men remarkable for their handsome appearance and complete equipments. The Duke ordered them to support a charge made by the British, and when their commanding officer showed no alacrity in obeying the order, the Duke sent an aide-de-camp to say that the Hanoverians must either advance or withdraw from the field, and not remain there to show a bad example to others. The commanding officer, considering the option as serious, replied, thanking the Duke for his kindness, and stated that, in view of a fire of such unexampled severity, he would embrace the alternative of taking his men to the rear. This he at once proceeded

to do, in spite of the reproaches of the indignant aide-de-camp, who loaded him with every epithet that is most disgraceful to a soldier. This regiment was afterwards disbanded in disgrace, but many of the officers, who were braver than their commander, entered other corps.

LA HAYE SAINTE

OTHER Hanoverian troops, however, behaved very well under exceptional circumstances. The farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, in the centre of the British line, was defended by Hanoverian sharpshooters, who kept the French at bay until all their cartridges were exhausted. They then maintained a gallant contest with their bayonets through the windows and other openings, but the farmhouse being at last carried by the French, the gallant defenders were slaughtered to a man. If the commanding-officer had only had the presence of mind to have had a hole made in the rear wall of the house, close to which was the British line, a fresh supply of ammunition could have been readily passed through, and he could then have defended the place with renewed vigour. Wellington blamed himself for not having thought of the simple expedient. "I ought to have thought of that," he said, "but," he added, with a very unnecessary apology, "my mind could not embrace everything at once."

BELGIAN ALLIES

MANY attempts have been made in the way of white-washing the Belgian troops, regarding the part they played at Waterloo. If the Duke of Wellington had had to rely solely on their efforts, there can be no doubt but that the battle would have speedily ended in a French victory. The Duke himself saw a Belgian regiment giving way at the instant it was being taken across the ridge to fill up a gap in the first line, and personally riding up to it, he halted and re-formed it, intending to lead the corps into fire himself. Under the eye of such a leader, the Belgians dressed their ranks with great precision, and started to advance again with shouts of "En avant ! en avant !" (Forward ! forward !); but as soon as they encountered the storm of shells and bullets on the ridge, they turned and bolted out of the fight, leaving the Duke all alone in his glory. Without delay the British commander brought up a Brunswick regiment, which held its ground and behaved very well.

WELLINGTON'S STAFF

THE members of Wellington's staff, who had shared so many glories and dangers by his side, fell man by man around their chief, yet in their agony they seemed to regard only his safety. Sir William Delancy, struck by a spent ball, fell from his horse. "Leave me to die," he said to those who came to his assistance, "attend to the Duke." Sir Alexander Gordon received his mortal wound while expostulating with Wellington on the great personal danger to which he was exposing himself, and Lieutenant-Colonel Canning, like many other officers, died with the Duke's name upon his lips.

Wellington's aides-de-camp, in particular, acted with great ardour and energy on that memorable day. One young officer, on returning from another part of the field, where he had carried an important message, was shot through the lungs. Spurred on by a resolution to do his duty, however, the young aide-de-camp kept his saddle until he reached the Duke and delivered the answer to the message, when he dropped from his horse, to all appearance a dying man. Every officer on the personal staff of the Duke was either killed or wounded, but Wellington himself was entirely unhurt.

TWO GALLANT REGIMENTS

AT Waterloo, when they found that they could not break the British squares by ordinary means, the cuirassiers, in some cases, tried trickery. The 30th and 73rd Regiments were brigaded together under Sir Colin Halket, and to no square did the French pay more frequent visits, without, however, shaking them for a moment. At last, foiled in his charges, the commanding-officer of the cuirassiers lowered his sword, and several of the British soldiers called out, "Sir, they surrender!" But Sir Colin saw through the simple design at once, and he promptly answered, "Be firm, and fire!" The General justly suspected an offer of surrender to infantry, fixed to the spot in a defensive position, by cavalry who had the option of galloping away. The order to fire was speedily obeyed, and the cuirassiers were sent to the right-about, a laugh of derision ringing in their ears.

The Duke of Wellington several times visited the squares of the 30th and 73rd, and when he inquired on one occasion "how they were," Sir Colin told him that two-thirds of their numbers were down, and begged to be relieved by a foreign corps, so that his men could be given a short rest. The Duke told him, how-

ever, that the issue depended on the steady, unflinching front of the British troops, and that even a change of place was hazardous in the extreme. "Enough, my lord!" replied Sir Colin; "we stand here till the last man falls." As showing the extent to which the 30th, and its fellow-corps, the 73rd, had suffered, it is related that, at one time, Wellington sent Colonel Gordon to Sir Colin Halket to ask what was that square of his "which was so far in advance?" It was simply a mass of the killed and wounded men of the two regiments, which his Grace had mistaken for a square!

A pathetic incident in connection with one of these gallant corps has been told. Two officers were very closely attached to one another, but were not popular with their fellows, as they had opposed some arrangements of the mess. They honourably concealed the true reason of their conduct, which was that they could not afford the expense, as each had two sisters to support. The similarity of their circumstances made them friends. Throughout the day at Waterloo they did their duty nobly, and in the evening were both unhurt. One was saying playfully to the other, "I always told you they never would hit me. They never did it in Spain, and they have not done it to-day," when, before the words were scarcely out of his mouth, he was shot dead! The other flung himself beside the body, sobbing deeply, and several times inarticulately repeated, "My only friend!"

The 73rd was literally cut to pieces, and at the close of the battle, only fifty unwounded men were left, out of a total of over five hundred. Once, and only once, during the dreadful carnage, did they hesitate to fill up a gap which the relentless iron hail had torn in their square. Their colonel, William C. Harris (afterwards Lord Harris), at once pushed his horse lengthwise across the space, saying, with a smile, "Well, my lads, if you won't I must!" Immediately his horse was led back into the square, and the ranks closed up.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOIT

THE only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French general, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade-major, anxious for adventure. Baron Malortie tells the story in his book, *'Twix Old Times and New*. During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned. While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French

general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade-major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay anyone five pounds that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?" "Done—done—done!" shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then shouting "Good-bye!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and, throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp, and made for the English lines.

When the general's staff realised the meaning of the bold rider, they dashed after him. But he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire, for fear of hitting the general. Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns. Amidst the maddest of cheering, Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologised to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled, and in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said simply: "Praise my horse, not me!" The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy. Horses and servants were placed at his disposal, and he was sent under escort to Brussels.

AMATEUR AIDE-DE-CAMP

AN incident of Waterloo, heard from the great Duke himself, was told by Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, to the late Sir George Burns, in whose biography it was given to the public. At one moment in the battle the Duke of Wellington was left alone, his aides-de-camp having been despatched with messages. A gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him and said, "Can I be of any use, sir?" The Duke looked at him, and instantly said, "Yes; take this pencil-note to the commanding officer," point-

ing to a regiment in the heat of the engagement. The note was taken and delivered, its bearer galloping through the thick of the fight to execute his commission. After the battle the Duke made every inquiry, but never could find out to whom he was indebted for this brave service. He told Lord Shaftesbury that he considered this one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice, seeing that it was done without prospect of honour or reward.

FULL OF FIGHT

AT Waterloo Colonel Ferrier, of the 1st Life Guards, led his regiment to the charge no less than eleven times, and most of these charges were made after his head had been laid open by the cut of a sabre and his body pierced by a lance. Captain Thackwell, of the 15th Hussars, was wounded in his left arm, but instantly seized the reins with his right hand, in which was his sword, and still dashed on at the head of his regiment, the command of which had devolved upon him. Another shot took effect on his wounded arm, but he immediately seized the reins with his teeth. At the close of the day his arm was amputated near the shoulder.

SPOKEN LIKE A SOLDIER

A CHARACTERISTICALLY British incident was that in which Sergeant Samuel Goddard, 14th Regiment (afterwards captain in the Army and Military Knight at Windsor), played a part. He was out during the battle with an advanced party of skirmishers, when a wounded French cuirassier was thrown from his horse, and one of his comrades nobly returned and offered him the help of his stirrup. A light infantryman of the 14th was about to fire at the mounted Frenchman, who was rescuing his comrade, when Goddard interfered, saying, "No, Whitney, don't fire; let him off, he is a noble fellow!"

HUMOUR IN THE FIGHT

SEVERAL not unamusing incidents occurred in the course of the terrible conflict. Private Samuel Godley, 2nd Life Guards, was known in the regiment as the "Marquess of Granby," from the fact of having a bald head. He had his horse shot under him, and was thrown. As he got up, minus his helmet, a cuirassier rode at him and attempted to cut him down. Godley managed to kill his assailant, and mounting the Frenchman's horse, rode back to his regiment, his comrades welcoming him with shouts of, "Well done, Marquess of Granby!"

SOLDIER'S FRIEND

CAPTAIN FISHER, of the 40th Regiment, had his head taken off by a cannon-ball in the afternoon when standing near the colours. "There goes my best friend!" exclaimed a private of his company. "I will be as good a friend to you," said the subaltern, who immediately took the deceased's place in the square. This produced a grim laugh among the men, as they knew what the subaltern evidently did not, that the private had spoken ironically, for he was an old offender, and had constantly been punished by Captain Fisher.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPES

MANY narrow escapes from death occurred at Waterloo, and some notable instances are recorded in *The Waterloo Roll Call*, a work compiled by Mr. Charles Dalton, F.R.G.S. Captain Cheney, of the Scots Greys, had five horses killed under him in twenty minutes, and yet escaped unharmed. Lieutenant Doherty, 13th Light Dragoons, was "struck by a ball which was stopped by the interposition of his watch. He had taken it out to remark the time when the regiment was ordered to advance, and, not being able to return it, he put it into the breast of his jacket, and thus providentially saved his life."

Colonel Hay, 16th Light Dragoons, "was so seriously wounded that he could not be moved from the field for eight days." Lieutenant Simmons, of the 95th, "was shot through the liver, likewise had two ribs broken, and a bullet in his chest," but lived over forty years longer. (It may be mentioned that this officer's diary was published in 1899, under the title of *A British Rifleman*.) Lieutenant Craddock, of the 27th, "received a bullet through his cheeks, which carried away the roof of his mouth," yet he survived until 1851.

Captain Worsley, adjutant of the 3rd battalion, 95th Regiment, "was wounded at the siege of Badajoz under one of the ears. The ball made the circuit of his neck, and was taken out on the opposite side. He was again wounded at Waterloo under the other ear, the ball, as before, making the circuit of his neck! The wound he received at Badajoz had the effect of turning his head to the right, and the wound he received at Waterloo restored his head to its original position."

Lieutenant George Macdonald, of the 27th, who afterwards became a general and "Father of the British Army," was wounded "no less than three times during the day, one of the wounds being caused by a bullet which passed right through his body,

going in at the chest and coming out at the back." He was left for dead on the field, but the regimental doctor, who was greatly attached to him, searched at night for his body, to give it a decent interment, and discovered that there was still life left in it. He had him taken to the hospital, where the wounded officer was carefully nursed. Not only did Macdonald get well again, but he was from that time completely cured of asthma, which had troubled him for years. In after days, when he heard anyone suffering from this complaint, he was wont to say, curtly, "Put a bullet through him! Put a bullet through him!"

CAUGHT BY DEATH

IN the *Waterloo Roll Call* there is recorded the tragic fate of an officer. Colonel Hamilton, of the 30th Regiment, "had a very valuable charger, and knowing that if it was shot in the battle he would only get the Government price of £20, he exchanged horses before going into action at Quatre Bras with his steady old quartermaster, who, being a non-combatant, was to remain in the rear. The quartermaster's horse was what is called a 'safe conveyance,' but the colonel's charger was very high-spirited and fresh. He fretted and fumed at being kept back from the excitement going on in front. His rider had a bad time of it, and was a source of much amusement to the idlers and non-effectives around."

On the evening of June 16th, as Hamilton had been wounded, Major-General William Ponsonby sent his aide-de-camp to buy his horse. The transaction hung fire in some way, the animal did not change hands, and Ponsonby lost his life on the 18th from being badly mounted. While leading a cavalry charge against the Polish lancers, his horse stuck in a heavy-ploughed field, and was unable to extricate itself. He quickly took a picture and watch out of his pocket, and was just delivering them to his aide-de-camp for his wife, when the lancers were on them, and both he and his companion were killed instantly.

PACK'S BRIGADE

AT Waterloo Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B., commanded a brigade composed of the 92nd, 44th, and 42nd Regiments and the Royal Scots, which had nineteen officers killed and sixty-seven wounded in the battle and at Quatre Bras. Sir Denis himself was wounded, and Sir Thomas Picton, who commanded the whole of the division, was killed. Sir Denis was noted for his irascible temper, which severely tried those who served under

him. He commanded the 71st Regiment at Buenos Ayres in 1807, and, with his regiment, was taken prisoner. He afterwards managed to escape, however, whereupon there appeared written on the door the following couplet:—

“ The devil break the gaoler’s back
That let thee loose, sweet Denis Pack ! ”

Pack’s brigade at Waterloo had some of the severest fighting. The 92nd was at length reduced to less than 300 men, and the 44th and Royal Scots close to them had, owing to press of numbers, been compelled to give ground. At this critical moment Sir Denis galloped up and shouted, “ 92nd, you must charge all these troops in your front ; *and do it in your own way !* ” A loud cheer was the response, and the great French column was repulsed. While the regiment was in the act of charging, the Scots Greys came trotting up in rear of its ranks, when both corps shouted, “ Scotland for ever ! ” It was immediately after the charge of the gallant 92nd that the Scots Greys made their charge, capturing a French eagle and many prisoners. After this brilliant affair, Sir Denis Pack rode up to the 92nd and said, “ You have saved the day, Highlanders, but you must return to your position. There is more work to be done ! ”

WOUNDED OFFICER’S EXPERIENCE

COLONEL PONSONBY, who commanded the 12th Light Dragoons at Waterloo and was severely wounded, had some curious experiences while lying on the field. Soon after he had fallen a French lancer passing by saw him move, and exclaiming “ Tu n’est pas mort, coquin,” he thrust his lance into the Colonel. “ My head dropped,” wrote Ponsonby in a subsequent narrative, “ the blood gushed into my mouth, and I thought all was over.” Not long after a tirailleur came up and roughly searched him all over, robbing him of what money he had about him. He was hardly quit of this man before another appeared with the same intent. “ Then,” says Ponsonby in his account, “ came an officer, bringing up some troops, to which, probably, the tirailleur belonged, and happening to halt where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying he feared I was badly wounded. I said that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed to the rear. He said it was against their orders to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day (it was then about three o’clock in the afternoon, and fighting went on for five hours longer), every attention in his power would be shown to me. He further stated that he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that some

of our battalions had surrendered. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of the soldiers to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head. He then passed on into action—soon, perhaps, to want, though not receive, the same assistance; and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I believe, for my life. Of what rank he was I cannot say; he wore a great coat."

Continuing his narrative, Colonel Ponsonby says: "Then another *tirailleur* appeared, who came and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while. At last he ran off." The evening came, bringing with it the Prussians. "Two squadrons of Prussian cavalry passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground and tumbling me about cruelly. A German soldier, bent on plunder, came and pulled me about roughly before he left me." An English private next appeared, and, on learning Ponsonby's rank, picked up a sword and stood sentry over him. Next morning the Colonel was removed in a cart to a farmhouse, and laid in a bed. A surgeon slept in his room, and he was saved by continual bleeding, 120 ounces being taken from him in two days, in addition to what he had lost on the field. Yet Ponsonby recovered!

BROTHERLY AFFECTION

SERGEANT GRAHAM, Coldstream Guards, distinguished himself in the defence of Hougomont, and by his great strength was of much assistance in helping to close the courtyard gate against the French, who had managed to burst it open. At a later period of the day, when in the ranks along the garden wall, and when the struggle was most severe, he asked permission to fall out. The colonel, knowing the character of the man, expressed surprise at the request made at such a moment. Graham explained that his brother lay wounded in one of the buildings then on fire; that he wished to remove him to a place of safety; and that he would then lose no time in rejoining the ranks. The request was granted. Graham succeeded in snatching his brother from the terrible fate which menaced him, and, true to his word, was again at his post in a very short time.

WELLINGTON'S MAGNANIMITY

AN instance of the magnanimity of Wellington at Waterloo is a proof that war, diabolical as it is, cannot quench the noblest instincts of the heart. The Duke and his staff were evidently the mark of the French artillerymen, for they were nearly all

killed or wounded. An artillery officer, thinking it was quite fair to take reprisals on the French, went up to Wellington and stated that he had a distinct view of Napoleon attended by his staff; that he had the guns of his battery well pointed in that direction, and was prepared to fire. His Grace instantly and emphatically exclaimed, "No! no! I'll not allow it. It is not the business of commanders to be firing upon each other."

MILITARY BARBERS

A MIDST the fury of the conflict, some instances of military indifference occurred which deserve to be recorded. The Life Guards, coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharpshooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the park, "Bravo, 95th! Do you *lather* them, and we'll *shave* them!"

ESCAPED WITH A WHOLE SKIN

A DIVISION of the enemy having been repulsed with the loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares, of the 28th, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two, and wounded three others, when he was overpowered and taken prisoner by a body of infantry. The French stripped the officer of all his clothes, except his shirt and trousers, in which state he joined his regiment during the night. The lieutenant was fortunate in being able to escape with his life, as many other officers were slain by their captors.

WELLINGTON DURING THE CONFLICT

THE Duke of Wellington, during the whole of the engagement, displayed the greatest talent and the soundest views, and set a brilliant example of presence of mind, courage, and confidence. His system of tactics was admirable, and his plans, fully carried out, were eminently successful. He never for a moment doubted of victory, expressing at all times to the officers his confidence in the result, founded on his knowledge of the bravery of the British troops he commanded. "I know both my own troops and those with whom they are to fight," was his expression.

Never did a battle require more stoic fortitude from beginning to end, for the day frequently bore a serious and even alarming aspect; British endurance alone could have supported it. All who heard the Duke issue orders took confidence from his un-

daunted composure. When near a tree, the enemy's balls flying round him, he remarked, with a smile, "That is good practice; I think they fire better than they did in Spain!"

Wherever danger was most prominent there he was to be found, exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy with a freedom that made all tremble for his life; and it is remarkable that whilst his staff fell man by man at his side, he did not receive the slightest wound. According to Sir Harry Smith, the Duke, on getting back to his quarters after the battle, ate "hastily and heartily," and "when he had finished eating held up both hands in an imploring attitude and said, 'The hand of Almighty God has been upon me this day!'"

In the battle the Duke directed every movement, and headed in person several charges. He threw himself into the centres of squares charged by the enemy's cavalry, encouraging the officers by his directions, and cheering the nearly exhausted men by some words of inspiration. To the 95th, when expecting a charge, he said, "Stand fast, 95th! We must not be beaten, my friends; what will they say in England?"

To another regiment he said, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen, but we'll see who can pound longest!" Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm, but with repeated cries for permission to charge the French. "Not yet, my brave fellows; be firm a little longer—you shall have at them by-and-by."

The Duke's aides-de-camp, men endeared to him by their long services in the career of glory, and by their personal devotion to him, fell killed or wounded, one after the other. Of those who accompanied him during this "agony of his fame," his old friend, the Spanish general Alava, was the only one who was untouched, either in his person or his horse. At a moment when the Duke was very far advanced, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much. The Duke answered with noble simplicity, "I know I am, but I must die, or see what they are doing."

The Duke's return to Waterloo across the field of battle, where so many of his former friends and companions in arms lay mangled and lifeless, was a period of deep emotion; his feelings were overpowered, and he was observed to shed tears. "My heart," he feelingly wrote, "is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won; the bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant

friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."

In a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom he had the painful task of communicating a brother's death, he wrote:—"I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the losses the country and the service have sustained; none more severe than that of General Sir William Gordon. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot imagine that it is any to you. But I trust the result has been so decisive, that little doubt will remain, that our exertions will be rewarded by the attainment of our first object; then it is that the glory of the actions in which our friends have fallen may be some consolation."

In another letter, written from the field, the Duke, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus emphatically:—"I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me." The Duke had many extraordinary narrow escapes. Colonel Sir W. H. Delancy was killed while riding by his Grace's side. The Colonel was knocked off his horse by the wind of a cannon-ball, and it was afterwards found that the force of the wind had separated the ribs from the backbone! As he fell from his horse, Sir William gasped out to those who came to his assistance, "Leave me to die; attend to the Duke."

According to Sir Walter Scott, a friend had the courage to ask the Duke whether he had not looked often to the woods from which the Prussians were expected to issue. "No," was the answer; "I looked oftener at my watch than at anything else. I knew if my troops could keep their position till night, that I must be joined by Blücher before morning, and we would not have left Bonaparte an army next day. But I own I was glad as one hour of daylight slipped away after another, and our position was still maintained." "And if," continued the questioner, "by misfortune the position had been carried?" "We had the wood behind to retire into." "And if the wood also was forced?" "No, no; they could never have so beaten us; but we could have made good the wood against them."

When the Old Guard of the French retreated from the field, the Duke perceived at once their disorder, and also the advance of the Prussians on their right flank. It was remarked that the sharpness and precision of the Duke's vision enabled him to mention both these circumstances two or three minutes before they could be discovered by the able officers near him. He immediately commanded his troops to advance in line, and victory was soon within his grasp.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT

"THE hour is come!" exclaimed Wellington, closing his telescope, as he observed the near approach of the Prussians and saw the wavering of the French columns. He gave the command for the advance of the British Guards, who at once jumped on to their feet, for they had been lying down to avoid a furious cannonade made by the enemy to cover an attack by their Imperial Guard. It was long stated that the Duke has used the words, "Up, Guards, and at them!" when giving the order to advance, but he subsequently denied having made any such remark. The truth of the matter is that, when Wellington gave the order for the line to advance, a young officer of the Guards, in repeating the command, joyfully cried out to his men, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

FAMOUS OFFICER

AMONG those who fought at Waterloo was Sir Harry Smith, who had been in the Peninsular campaign, and who afterwards became famous as the victor of Aliwal, in India. Sir Harry almost missed the great fight. He was returning to England from America when, on the way up Channel, his ship spoke a strange sail. "Where are you from?" "Portsmouth," was the reply. "Any news?" "No, none." And then, when the ship was almost out of sight, there came the startling intelligence, as a sort of after-thought, "Ho! Bonaparte's back again on the throne of France." At once there was excitement on board the returning transport, for the officers felt certain that it meant war. As soon as he landed Sir Harry crossed over to Ostend and hurried on at express speed to Brussels, where he heard the booming of guns indicating the struggle going on at Quatre Bras. Pressing on, Harry Smith rode in hot haste to the front and joined his old leader, Wellington, who at once entrusted him with messages regarding critical movements to various parts of the field.

Sir Harry, in his published work, says: "Every moment was a crisis. . . . Every staff officer had two or three (and one four) horses shot under him. I had one wounded in six, another in seven places, but not seriously injured. . . . Late in the day, when the enemy had made his last great effort on our centre, the field was so enveloped in smoke that nothing was discernible. The firing ceased on both sides, and we on the left knew that one party or the other was beaten. . . . For a few seconds we saw the red coats in the centre, as stiff as rocks, and the French column retiring rapidly, and there was such a British shout as

rent the air. We all felt to whom the day belonged. . . . I saw the Duke, with only one staff officer remaining, galloping furiously to the left. I rode to meet him. . . . 'Desire them to get into a column of companies of battalions and move on immediately.' I said, 'In which direction, my lord?' 'Right ahead, to be sure!'

"I never saw the Duke so animated. The crisis was general from one end of the line to the other. . . . I had been over many a field of battle, but with the exception of one spot at New Orleans, and the breach at Badajoz, I have never seen anything to be compared with what I saw at Waterloo. The whole field from right to left was a mass of dead bodies. . . . All over the field you saw officers, and as many soldiers as were permitted to leave the ranks, leaning and weeping over some dead or dying brother or comrade. . . . To those who say the ultimate success of the day was achieved by the arrival of the Prussians, I observe that the Prussians were part of the whole on which the Duke calculated." Though in the thick of the fight Harry Smith was unhurt, and similar good fortune attended one of his two brothers, both of whom were in the Rifle Brigade. The other brother, Charles, received a slight wound in the neck.

HIS LORDSHIP'S LEG

TOWARDS the close of the battle Lord Uxbridge had the misfortune to be struck on the knee with a cannon-ball, and it was found necessary to amputate the leg. As he was being carried to the rear his lordship passed close to Wellington, to whom he said, in the language of the period, "Lost my leg, by God!" The Duke merely replied, "Have you, by God!" Uxbridge was taken to an inn in the village of Waterloo, where the operation was successfully performed, and the amputated limb was buried in the garden by the sympathising innkeeper, who planted a willow over it, and also a monument, the latter bearing this inscription:—

Here lies the Leg
 . of the illustrious and valiant Lord Uxbridge,
 Lieutenant-General of His Britannic Majesty,
 Commander-in-Chief of the English, Belgian, and
 Dutch cavalry ;
 Wounded 18th June, 1815,
 at the memorable Battle of Waterloo ;
 who by his heroism has contributed to the triumph
 of the cause of his fellow-men,
 gloriously decided by a brilliant victory on that day.

Lord Uxbridge, who was created Marquess of Anglesey for his services in the battle, lived with a cork substitute until 1854. Many amusing verses were written on his loss, which did not appear to affect him very much physically. The following are two verses of a rather long piece of poetry :—

“ Here rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid a British calf.

And now in England just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.”

When the Marquess became for the second time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1830–33), he was very unpopular owing to his coercive measures, and O’Connell quoted the lines :—

“ God takes the good, too good on earth to stay ;
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.”

The great orator then added these two lines of his own :—

“ This couplet’s truth in Paget’s case we find ;
God took his leg, and left himself behind.”

The Dublin populace also attacked the Marquess’s infirmity in verse, and often they sang within his hearing this short verse :—

“ He has one leg in Dublin, the other in Cork ;
And you know very well what I mean O ! ”

AS A FRENCHMAN SAW IT

A SPLENDID tribute to British bravery at Waterloo was paid by that fine soldier Marshal Foy, who had fought against Wellington in the Peninsula. He says :—“ We saw these sons of Albion, formed in square battalions, in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mount Saint John ; and to effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their ranks several times. The cavalry which supported them was cut to pieces, and the fire of their artillery completely silenced, and generals and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter.

“ Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops were all flying in disorder towards Brussels. Death was before them and in their ranks ; disgrace in their rear ! In this terrible situation neither the bullets of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point-blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France,

could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the *majestic movement* which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age."

FINAL STRUGGLE

WHEN Napoleon, bringing up nearly fifteen thousand veterans of his own Imperial Guard, determined to make a last desperate effort to turn the tide at Waterloo in his favour, it was fully expected, by the Duke of Wellington and the whole British army, that the Emperor would lead the charge in person. The corps had scarcely drawn a trigger all day, and it was about seven o'clock at night that they were brought forward. They were gathered on a highway within a quarter of a mile of the British line, the banks, which rose high on either side, preventing the soldiers being seen by Wellington. While galloping to this hollow way, a bullet struck off the pommel of the saddle of an officer who was near Napoleon. The latter coolly said, "You must keep in the ravine."

In this sheltered place the Emperor caused the Guards to defile before him, and then, addressing them, he told them that the British infantry and cavalry were entirely destroyed, and that they had only to sustain a fire of artillery to carry the position and win the day. "There, gentlemen," he concluded, pointing to the road, "is the way to Brussels!" A prodigious shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" greeted the conclusion of the address, and the noise, being heard by the British, gave the latter some indication of what was coming. As the Imperial Guard advanced, led by Marshal Ney, the British artillerymen, who had in the meantime been standing calmly beside their guns, started to pour in a terrible fire of cannister-shot, but, though their leading files were swept away by the hail of bullets, the Guards continued to advance undauntedly. Ney had his horse killed, but he still led his troops on foot.

At this critical point the 52nd Regiment, then commanded by Sir John Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton), put in an effective piece of work. Indeed, it is not too much to say that this gallant corps, which is now known as the 2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry, is entitled to the honour of having defeated the Imperial Guard. As the French advanced against the British Guards, the 52nd, which had gradually worked its way round to the flank, poured in several volleys and then charged the enemy

on the flank. Though they tried to defend themselves from this sudden assault, it proved too much for the French, who were thrown into a state of great confusion, and at once broke and fled. The French Guards thus never actually crossed bayonets with the waiting English Guards, for, by its attack, the 52nd had thrown the enemy into disorder before they could reach the British line. Not being aware of the feat of the 52nd at the time of the writing of the despatches, the Duke failed to call attention to it, and it is only within comparatively recent times that the gallant battalion has received the credit which it is fully entitled to.

THE ENEMY RUN

THE flight of the French from Waterloo was not one of the least extraordinary incidents of that memorable day. A complete panic seized most of the soldiers, and even the Old Guard was hurried along amidst the impetuous wave of humanity. "The line of retreat," said General Gneisenau, "resembled the shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind." The Prussian cavalry, who had arrived on the scene as the battle was ending, pursued the French with great ardour, and hundreds of the enemy perished that night by lance and sword. The Prussians had it almost all their own way, for the French were too panic-stricken to make a fight. Among those who fell was General Duhesne, who was trying to protect the rear of the routed army. He was overtaken in the village of Genappe by one of the Duke of Brunswick's Black Hussars, of whom he begged quarter. Briefly saying, "The Duke of Brunswick died yesterday," however, the soldier ran the general through the body. This was in allusion to the death of the Duke at Quatre Bras, where he had fallen like the gallant soldier that he was.

FRENCH REAR-GUARD

THE retreat of Marshal Grouchy's division after Waterloo reflected the highest credit on that general and his brother marshal, Vandamme. They conducted the corps unbroken under the walls of Paris, after repulsing a rear-guard attack of the Allies. Vandamme himself commanded the rear-guard, and during the operations he was severely wounded in the stomach by a musket-ball. Notwithstanding the pain and loss of blood, he still remained on horseback, encouraging his men by word and deed. On reaching the village of Dinant, where his army halted, the Marshal dismounted from his horse, and then it was

discovered that his breeches were full of blood. A surgeon offered to dress the wound. "Let me alone," growled Vandamme; "I have something else to do." He immediately began to examine the map, and to write his orders. The retreat altogether occupied eight days. Vandamme died in 1830 at the age of fifty-nine.

AMUSING BLUNDER

ONE of the few amusing incidents in connection with Waterloo occurred in reference to General Cambrone. In the retreat from the fatal field, when pursued by some British cavalry, this officer was said to have refused quarter, announcing to his opponents that "The Imperial Guard can die, but never surrender." The speech and the devotion of the General received honourable mention in the minutes of the Chamber of Representatives in Paris, but the next day, when it was discovered that Cambrone was a prisoner in the camp of the Duke of Wellington, the passage was ordered to be erased from the journal.

DEAD AND DYING ON THE FIELD

AFTER Waterloo, the work of disposing of the dead and carrying off the wounded occupied many days. The British dead were buried in several large graves, three hundred being in one grave opposite the gate of the château of Hougomont, which had been so valiantly and successfully defended by the British Guards. The bodies of the French were burned or cremated. A private letter of the time says:—"It is only four days since the burying of the dead bodies with which the field of the Battle of Mont St. Jean was strewed. Several thousand carts had been put in requisition for this operation in the department of Jemappe. After the lapse of ten, twelve, and even fifteen days, there were found among the dead carcasses great numbers of wounded, who, impelled by madness or hunger, had eaten of the bodies of the men and horses that surrounded them. I say madness, because there were some of them who even then cried, in their dying agonies, 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

EVENTS AFTER THE BATTLE

THE following is an extract from a personal account of Waterloo:—

"What can I say of the battlefield after the pursuit had rolled away and it was left to the searcher and the plunderer? If I could re-create one tithe of the horror those slopes and roads revealed you would sicken and turn away in disgust. Prussian, Belgian, and British there were, out on the plain that night, bent on no errand of mercy; stragglers and camp-followers creeping

from group to group, tearing the rings from the fingers, and the teeth from the jaws! Many a life was foully taken that tender nursing might have saved; but there were some groups that sought for a lost comrade or a favourite officer, and women there were, with woman's gentle sympathy, soothing and tending as only they can soothe.

"The bulk of the British force had gone to bivouac beyond and about Rosomme, which was behind the French position; but some detached portions remained where they had fought, too weary to advance with the others. Mercer was one of these, and creeping under the cover of a waggon, worn out with slaughter, he slept—waking to find a dead man, stark and stiff, beneath him! His men came to him in the morning and asked permission to bury one of their comrades. 'Why him in particular?' asked the captain, for many a bearskin-crested helmet was empty in 'G troop.' Then they showed him the horror of it. The whole of the man's head had been carried away, leaving the fleshy mask of what had been a face, from which the eyes were still staring wildly. 'We have not slept a wink, sir,' they said. 'Those eyes have haunted us all night!'"

NOT AFRAID

WHEN the brave Corporal Caithness was asked after the Battle of Waterloo if he had not been afraid, he replied, "Afraid! Why, I was in all the battles of the Peninsula!" It having been explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na, I did na fear that; I was only afraid we shou'd be a' killed before we had time to win it!"

DREADFUL SIGHT

SIR JOHN KINCAIRD, in his *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, records the following rather ghastly incident in connection with Waterloo:—

"Two of our men on the morning of the 19th lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition waggon for firewood, when one of them, striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. Looking in the direction of the explosion, I saw the two poor fellows about twenty feet in the air. On falling to the ground, by some extraordinary effort of nature caused by their agony, they again bounded for five or six times to the height of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. They were able to walk for a while with assistance, but died shortly afterwards."

ONE OF THE HEROES

SOME hitherto unpublished anecdotes of Waterloo, from the papers of Commissary-General Tupper Carey and General Staveley, were published in the *Cornhill Magazine* during 1899, and the following is an extract :—

“I have confined my description to what passed under my notice, and do not borrow from the narrative of others, yet I cannot forbear quoting the following extract from the narrative of a medical officer who was employed in attending to the wounded in the neighbourhood of Mont St. Jean after the battle, exemplifying the spirit which actuated our soldiery. He writes : ‘After we had been a day or two here, a short, thick-set, stout, English soldier came into the farm with a cudgel in his hand, but with scarcely the vestige of a countenance ; he stumbled upon me (having inquired for a surgeon), and said he would be obliged to me if I would put up his face. He had been struck by a shell, and the whole of the integuments of his countenance had been torn off, excepting at one point, and were hanging over his shoulders.

‘These he had been resolute to preserve, but had not met with professional assistance. The forehead, the skin round one eye, the soft parts of the nose, a portion of both cheeks, the lips, and one ear (I forget which) were literally detached and lying where I described them. Seeing the extent of the yet remaining attachments, and that the separated parts manifested no signs of putrefaction, I deemed the undertaking of replacement far from hopeless. By the aid of diachylon plaster, I certainly did succeed in restoring this poor object to the possession of the “human face divine.” No persuasion could induce him to remain where he was. “No ; he was in good health, thank God ! had a good stick ; the French were licked ; and now that he was a man again he would go to Brussels.” ’ ”

ASTONISHING RECOVERY

SIR CHARLES BELL, the well-known author of *The Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand*, used to tell the following story to his medical class :—A surgeon who went over the field of Waterloo after the battle found a man lying with his scalp cut off with a sabre stroke. He picked up the scalp, and finding the man breathing, though unconscious, he ordered him to be placed among the wounded, clapping at the same time the severed scalp on his head, in order that it might be buried with him, for he did not expect that the poor man would recover. The following day,

however, he found the man conscious and that the scalp was adhering to his head, but with the ends reversed; for the surgeon, thinking the man was dying, took no pains to fix the scalp properly. The soldier recovered, but for the rest of his life he had to wear the top of his head the wrong end forward!

HARDY HIGHLANDERS

THE British Waterloo wounded were very well treated by the Belgians, who were often compelled to admire the stoical endurance and hardihood of their patients. For many days most of the towns, especially Brussels and Antwerp, were full of the wounded, a large majority of whom, owing to the kind treatment experienced, rapidly got well again. One lady, who was housing a number of soldiers, said to Sir Walter Scott: "Your countrymen are made of iron, and not of flesh and blood. I saw a wounded Highlander stagger along the street, supporting himself by the rails, and said to him, 'I am afraid you are severely hurt.' 'I was born in Lochaber,' answered the poor fellow, 'and I do not care for a wound.' Ere I could complete my offer of shelter and assistance, he sunk down at my feet a dying man." Sir Walter recorded the fact that in one house in Brussels, occupied by a manufacturer and his two sisters, thirty wounded soldiers were received, nursed, fed, and watched, and that the only labour of the medical attendants was to prevent the good people from giving the soldiers more wine and food than would be good for them!

HUNGRY SOLDIERS

IN the march from Waterloo to Paris the British army suffered dreadfully from lack of food, and for once the Duke of Wellington did not, or was not able to, carry out his favourite maxim of keeping his soldiers well fed. The morning after the battle the army advanced to Nivelles, a nine miles' march, and Lord Albemarle in his *Recollections* speaks of a breakfast with his colonel as being almost the first food he and his captain had tasted since the 16th. He says:—"Meals on the march to Paris were few and far between. Indeed, if it had not been for an occasional hard-boiled egg from the pistol-holster of a friendly field-officer, I should have hardly imbibed sufficient nourishment to sustain life. Even Tidy, an old campaigner, and likely from his position (colonel of the 14th Foot) to have his full share of what was procurable, says in one of his letters, 'I am quite well, though sleeping out and going often without food.' Most of the British regiments marched into Paris barefooted and in rags, looking anything but conquerors."

FRENCH ADMIRATION

THIERS, the great Frenchman, recounting the entry of the British army into Paris after Waterloo, says:—

“Thus was the most constant and hated of Napoleon’s enemies in arms on French soil, under the command of a general who at once revived that uniformity of success which Marlborough, Talbot, Henry V., and the Black Prince had already given to their country. There is no use denying it: every circumstance considered, the Duke of Wellington was the greatest general whom the late wars brought forth for human contemplation. His mind was so admirably poised, notwithstanding the vivacity of his genius, that he was always equally ready and equally great on every occasion. He united the powerful conception of Napoleon to the steady judgment of Moreau. Each of these mighty captains was, perhaps, in some degree superior to Wellington in his peculiarity.

“Napoleon may have had more rapidity of view to devise a plan on the battlefield, and change his whole order of battle, as he did at Marengo—Moreau may have understood better the management of a retreating army before an exultant enemy; but the exquisite apprehension and intelligence of Arthur Wellesley served him in a moment, and took at once the conduct and the measures the occasion required. Many of our countrymen have contested his genius, but no man can deny to him the most equable judgment that ever shone forth in a great soldier. Men do not expect to see in the same person the active and the passive spirit equally great; nor does nature usually bestow such opposite gifts on the same man. In Napoleon a steady judgment and a patient endurance of calamity were not the concomitants of his impulsive genius and tremendous activity in war. Moreau had all this passive greatness. But the Duke of Wellington only had united the two gifts. More, the noble army he had so long commanded had gradually learned to partake of the character of their leader. No soldiers in the world but the English could have stood those successive charges, that murderous artillery, which they so bravely bore at Waterloo.”

THE DUKE AT DINNER

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was in Paris, in 1815, as Commander of the Allied Armies, he was invited to dine with Cambacères, one of the most distinguished statesmen and *gourmets* of the time of Napoleon. In the course of the dinner, his host helped the Duke to some particularly *récherché* dish, and expressed a hope that he found it agreeable. “Very good,” said the Duke,

who was probably reflecting on one of the many matters then giving him cause for anxiety; "very good, but I really do not care what I eat." "Good God!" exclaimed Cambacères, as he started back and dropped his fork; "don't care what you eat! What *did* you come here for, then?"

EXECUTION OF NEY

THE Duke of Wellington, in a tête-à-tête conversation with the late Lord Alvanley, at Walmer Castle, spoke to him as follows with regard to his not having interfered to save Marshal Ney's life:—"I daresay you have often heard me blamed for not having asked Louis XVIII. to spare Ney's life. Now I will tell you what happened, and leave you to judge whether I could have done anything at such a time. I must say that, in my opinion, Ney had no ground whatever for complaint; and, in strict justice, deserved his fate. Whether it was wise or generous to put him to death is quite another question. He was not included in the Convention of Paris, and I knew that he ran a great risk by remaining there. He knew at the same time that he could get a false passport, and that his escape could be connived at, but he choose to stay and take his chance.

"A little while before he was shot I went one evening to the Tuileries, and, on advancing to the King, was surprised by his turning me a cold shoulder. As I am not given to take offence, I thought I was perhaps mistaken; so I walked up to him again, and again he threw me the cold shoulder. Upon this I immediately left the palace, feeling very angry, and saying to myself—I'll be hanged if I come here again to be insulted by the King, or any other man; for there were others, members of his Government, who were unusually cold and distant to me that evening. I kept to my resolution; and, considering myself and my Sovereign, in my person, insulted, I did not for a good while go near the King or any of the Government. It was during this estrangement that Ney was executed. Now, I ask you whether, under such circumstances, I could have interfered? Ney's treason was undeniable; and, therefore, there was nothing, on the score of justice, to be urged in his behalf. If there had been I might have demanded his life. But, as it was, I could only have asked it as a personal favour to myself; and when I had just been insulted in this manner, and was not on terms with the King, how could I think of asking favours of him? My belief is, that they had offended me on purpose to drive me away, that I might not interfere to prevent Ney's death."

INSULTING THE CONQUERORS

THE French were very ready to be offensive to our officers in Paris after Waterloo. One day an Irish officer went into a restaurant, where there were officers of all nations, and ordered a beefsteak and potatoes. The waiter conveyed the order, mimicking the officer in a ridiculous voice: "Un biftek et pommes de terre pour un officier Anglais." The Irishman, a man of great strength, took the waiter outside, and held him over the balcony, and said he would drop him into the street. The waiter screamed. The French drew their swords—so did the Prussians; and there was a likelihood of a general scrimmage. But, according to an "Old Rifleman," who relates the tale, it got quieted down somehow.

MILITARY ART CRITICS

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in *Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk*, has the following concerning the occupation of Paris:—

"The Museum, which is open to all ranks and conditions, frequently, beside its other striking beauties, exhibits a moving picture of all the nations of Europe in their military dresses. You see the tall Hungarian, the swarthy Italian, the fair-haired Prussian, the flat-faced Tartar, English, Irish, Guardsmen, and Highlanders, in little bands of two or three, strolling up and down a hall as immense as that of the Caliph Vathek, and indulging their curiosity with its wonders.

"Some of their remarks must, of course, be very entertaining. One or two I caught. 'By ——, Jack,' said an English dragoon to his comrade, pointing to a battle-piece by Salvator, 'look at the cuirasses—they have got the Battle of Waterloo here already.' 'Pooh, you blockhead,' said the other, 'that a'nt the Battle of Waterloo; don't you see all the horses have got long tails?' I asked a Highland sergeant, who was gazing earnestly at the Venus de Medicis, 'How do you like her, countryman?' 'God bless us—is your honour from Inverness?' was the first exclamation, and then, 'I am told she is very much admired; but I'll show your honour a much better proportioned woman'—and the ambitious sergeant, himself a remarkably little man, conducted me to a colossal female figure, eight feet high. There is no disputing the judgment of artists, but I am afraid the beauties of this statue are not of a kind most obvious to the uninitiated."

FIELD OF WATERLOO

A CURIOUS instance of how history repeats itself is worthy of mention. In 1705, when Marlborough was threatening Brussels, the French, under Marshal Villeroy, agreed to give battle rather than yield the city. One of their main posts was Waterloo. Here a skirmish occurred, to the disadvantage of the French, and Villeroy wrote to Louis XIV.: "Waterloo is a bad post, as I have already explained to your Majesty." "More than once," said Earl Stanhope, "I have heard the Duke of Wellington advert with much interest to this singular coincidence, or contrast." No wonder the Duke commented on the statement, for he specially selected Waterloo as a position capable of great defence, and the result of the memorable battle justified his selection.

Another interesting circumstance in connection with the field of Waterloo is the fact that in 1697 it was crossed by a king of England. This was William III., who was encamped south of the position when he received information that the French intended to march on Brussels. He immediately put his army in motion, and, hurrying forward to the city, crossed the field of Waterloo the same evening. Marlborough, it is recorded, when near the place, remarked to his staff officers: "This, gentlemen, is the spot where I should like to fight a battle."

NEWS OF VICTORY

THE first news of Waterloo did not reach the public in London until the evening of the Tuesday, forty-eight hours after the victory. In her book, *The Landmarks of a Literary Life*, Mrs. Weston Crossland says that the whist club to which her parents belonged had met on that evening at the house of Lonsdale, the portrait painter. In the midst of a rubber the players were startled by the newsmen's horns, and cries of "A great victory!—Bonaparty defeated!" and "*Courier!*" The cards were thrown down, and the gentlemen rushed into the street to procure the paper at any price the newsman asked.

The details were comparatively meagre; yet they were ample enough to convey some idea of the victory gained, and to break up the party, sending home several medical men who were present, and who intended to proceed to Brussels, or make arrangements to despatch medical students without delay. The ladies also departed, for their task was to be up early to look for all the old linen they could find, and set themselves to work

to make a lint for the wounded. Not only did surgeons from all parts of the country hasten to the scene of slaughter, but dentists had their emissaries to extract the teeth of the dead soldiers! False teeth were then, in a grim sense, real teeth, and not made of enamel.

THE DUKE'S OPINIONS

THE Duke of Wellington, when he received the report at Brussels, on the night of the 15th of June, that the French had driven back the Prussians, and advanced to Quatre Bras (thirty-six miles in one day, thirty miles of which were fought), looked at the map, and would not believe it possible. The Duke told Lady Mornington: "I have taken a good deal of pains with many of my battles, but I never took half the pains I did at Waterloo. By God! there never was such a battle. 150,000 men *hors de combat*. Blücher lost 30,000, I can account for 20,000, and the French loss may be fairly reckoned at 100,000 more."

General Arthur Upton (born 1777) asked the Duke what he should have done had the Prussians not come up in time. The Duke replied: "The Prussians were of the greatest use in the pursuit. If they had not come up in time, what should we have done? Why, we should have held our ground. That is what we should have done! Our army was drawn up into a great many squares, with the cavalry riding among them. I saw it was necessary to present a length of front to the enemy, so I made them fall into line, four deep. That manœuvre won the battle; it was never tried before."

"After the pursuit of the French army to Genappe, the Duke of Wellington and my uncle, Henry Percy, returned to Waterloo. The Duke was very low, and said to my uncle: 'I believe that you are the only one of my A.D.C.'s left.' My uncle replied: 'But we ought to be thankful, sir, that you are safe!' 'The finger of God was upon me all day—nothing else could have saved me,' was the Duke's answer. My uncle replied that he had feared that the Duke was a prisoner when he got among the French. 'I got away through the 95th Regiment three times during the battle,' said the Duke." [From *Bygone Days*, by Mrs. Charles Bagot.]

WELLINGTON ON THE BATTLE

WELLINGTON, at one time or another, often referred to the crowning victory of his career. "People ask me to describe Waterloo," he said to Sir John Malcolm, in Paris, soon after the battle. "I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we

pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring. Bonaparte kept up his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops."

There is another version of this account as given by Wellington to a lady of fashion. The Duke said: "We pummelled them and they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest, so we gained the day."

"It was a battle of giants!" he said on another occasion. "Many of our troops were new; but they fought well, though they manœuvre ill—better, perhaps, than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds belief. They ran as at cricket."

Another account was given by the Duke in a letter to his old comrade-in-arms, Lord Beresford. He said: "You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers called gluttons. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

NAPOLEON ON THE BATTLE

IT is interesting to learn what Napoleon himself thought of Waterloo. He often expressed opinions on the event, some of which are contradictory. In *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1896, there was published an article, "Napoleon's Voyage to St. Helena," in which was the following paragraph:—"In a conversation last night with Sir John Cockburn it turned on Waterloo; he said that he should not have attacked Wellington on the 18th had he supposed he would have fought him; he acknowledged that he had not exactly reconnoitred the position; he praised the British troops, and gave the same account of the final result as in the official despatch; he denied that the movement of the Prussians on his flank had any effect; the malevolent, he said, raised the cry of '*sauve qui peut*,' and as it was already dark he could not remedy it. 'Had there been daylight,' he added, 'I should have thrown aside my cloak, and every Frenchman would have rallied round me, but darkness and treachery were too much for me.'"

The *Century Magazine* in 1900 quoted, from Dr. O'Meara's unpublished "Talks with Napoleon" at St. Helena, this judgment

of the imprisoned Emperor on the general who finally overthrew him:—"I asked him if he thought Lord Wellington merited the reputation he had gained as a general. He said, 'Certainly; I think he does. He is a very excellent general, and possessed of great firmness and talent, but he has not yet done as much as some others. He has not conquered upon so large a scale.' I observed that he had shown great judgment and caution latterly, but that at first he had been too precipitate in advancing into Spain. He said that he had shown a great deal of ability in the campaign of Spain. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'for man not to commit some faults. We are all liable to it, and the general who commits the fewest in number is the greatest general, and he has certainly committed as few as any one.' I then observed that still he was scarcely to be equalled to himself. 'Why, certainly,' said he, 'he has not done so much as I have done. He has not conquered kingdoms in the manner I have done, but he is an excellent general. His operations have not been upon so great a scale.'"

In his *Napoleon in Exile* O'Meara has the following:—"Speaking of Waterloo, Napoleon said, 'Everything was mine, I may say, but accident and destiny decided it otherwise.' He spoke with freedom of most of his contemporaries. But sometimes he was reluctant to name the Duke of Wellington. He said that Lord Wellington could not retreat. 'He would have been destroyed with his army, if, instead of the Prussians, Grouchy had come up.' Asked if he had not believed for some time that the Prussians who had shown themselves were a part of Grouchy's corps, he replied, 'Certainly; and I can now scarcely comprehend why it was a Prussian division and not that of Grouchy.'

"Asked again whether, if neither had arrived, it would have been a drawn battle, he answered: 'The English army would have been destroyed. They were defeated at midday. But accident, or more likely destiny, decided that Lord Wellington should gain it. I could scarcely believe that he would have given me battle, because if he had retreated to Antwerp, as he ought to have done, I must have been overwhelmed by armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were coming against me. By giving me battle there was a chance for me. It was the greatest folly to disunite the English and Prussian armies. They ought to have been united; and I cannot conceive the reason of their separation. It was folly in Wellington to give me battle in a place where, if defeated, all must have been lost, for he could not retreat. There was a wood in his rear, and but one road to gain it. He would have been destroyed. Moreover, he allowed himself to be

surprised by me. This was a great fault. He ought to have been encamped from the beginning of June, as he must have known that I intended to attack him. He might have lost everything. But he has been fortunate; his destiny has prevailed, and everything he did will meet with applause. Had it not been for the imbecility of Grouchy I should have gained that day.'"

INDIVIDUAL FEATS

UPON the return of the troops from the Continent after Waterloo, many stories became current concerning the prowess of various privates and subalterns on that memorable Sunday in June. The most famous case was that of Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, who, according to Sir Walter Scott, was "supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hands before he was killed by a musket or pistol-shot." But the fact is, that Shaw, being a noted pugilist, whose name was continually before the public, his performances were allowed to eclipse those of other soldiers who were his equals in daring, and who, although performing prodigies of valour, were forgotten soon after the first excitement of the event had subsided.

At all events the following notes are worth recording. They are in the handwriting of Benjamin Haydon, the celebrated artist, and are attached to some of his drawings now in the print-room of the British Museum: "The hand of Daikin, a Lifeguardsman, who killed three cuirassiers at Waterloo." "The back of Hodgins, corporal-major of the 2nd Horse Guards, who killed nine cuirassiers at Waterloo." "The chest of Shaw, who was killed at Waterloo, and who equally distinguished himself." Another private, John Bridge, a Nottingham mechanic, was credited with twenty-seven dead Frenchmen, all killed in hand-to-hand conflict! Shaw, it is interesting to note, was a native of Nottinghamshire.

HIGHLAND FLING

BETWEEN the Black Watch and the Gordon Highlanders there has always been a friendly rivalry. After the Waterloo campaign the 42nd arrived in Edinburgh some time before the 92nd, and was welcomed by a large crowd. A large crowd also welcomed home the 92nd, but the 42nd jocularly claimed that the size of the crowd on the second occasion was nothing to that which had welcomed them home. "We could hardly make way through the people," said one of the 42nd, speaking to a man of the 92nd. "Well," replied the 92nd man promptly, "you should have sent for us to clear the way for you, as we have often done before!"

SURVIVORS OF WATERLOO

IT is always interesting to read a soldier's account of a battle. In 1889 there resided in Truro, Cornwall, an old man named James Davey, who was then ninety-four years old, and who had fought at Waterloo. In spite of his great age he regularly walked twenty miles a day, and in appearance looked thirty years younger than he really was. The following narrative, which he gave in an interview, was stated by persons who knew of the facts to be strictly true:—

"I was born," said Davey, "on January 1st, 1795, and I must be the oldest man alive who fought in the Battle of Waterloo. My birthplace was at Carharrack, a little village in Cornwall, where I lived up to the time the great war broke out. I was then a member of the Falmouth Volunteer Corps, and, like many another young man, being fired with a desire to fight the French, I joined the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers. You see where the top of one of my fingers has been cut off? Well, that was done by a bullet on the cross road by the farmhouse at Ligny, near Quatre Bras, on June 17th, 1815. The same bullet, after striking me, knocked out four of the front teeth of a man behind me, and, passing through his brain, killed him instantly, so that I had a narrow escape. I saw all the fighting I wanted during the eighteen months that the war lasted.

"When I went into battle I felt a little nervous and excited, until some of the men began to fall around me, and then it was cut and slash. Bayonets and guns despatched many a man, but the bloodiest work was the hand-to-hand fight with sabres. Nine charges were made in one day, and the last but one, which commenced at Quatre Bras, ended on the fields of Waterloo, two or three leagues away. I could not stop to tie up my wound, but slashed away, and killed scores of brave fellows during that awful day. Many of the officers died in their ball clothes, for there was a ball at Brussels the night before, and they had no time to change their attire. The soldiers of one of the horse regiments had to mount with their sleeves hanging, in their haste, and so they fought with their bare shirt sleeve in sight. The regiment afterwards continued to wear a third sleeve, hanging in memory of this incident, and I suppose the custom still prevails."

In his *Words on Wellington* Sir William Fraser states that he can remember his father saying that on the evening of the battle he noticed many officers lying dead in silk stockings and buckled shoes, which they had worn at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the previous night. Davey, it may be mentioned, was not, as

he thought, the oldest man alive who had fought at Waterloo. General G. Whichcote, a Waterloo officer, who was born at Coventry on December 21st, 1794, was then living; and a still older survivor was Lieutenant Frederick Bayley, of the Royal Artillery, born on July 14th, 1791.

CAVALRYMAN'S ACCOUNT

AMONG the soldiers who fought at Waterloo was Thomas Hasker, who afterwards became a well-known Methodist preacher on Tyneside, and died in 1858 at the age of sixty-six. When eighteen years old he joined the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, penniless and friendless, and shortly afterwards became a member of the Methodist body. He was a most steady soldier, and afterwards said: "The Army took care of me when I was incapable of taking care of myself." Five years after enlisting Hasker and his regiment were ordered to the Continent, Bonaparte having suddenly made his appearance from Elba. The King's Dragoon Guards arrived at their appointed position on the field of Waterloo the evening before the battle, and in a driving rain, which extinguished their camp-fires, the soldiers waited for the break of day. Hasker's great friend, whose name was Curtis, seemed to have a premonition of his coming death, for he commended his wife and infant son to the care of Hasker. It may be mentioned that Curtis was killed, and that Hasker afterwards married his friend's widow.

This is Hasker's own story of the battle:—"On the 18th of June we were in a position behind a rising ground, which concealed from our view the French army before us, and stood there a considerable time dismounted with the horses' bridles in our hands. About eleven o'clock the balls came whistling over our heads, occasionally striking one or other of our men or horses. About two o'clock we were ordered to mount and ascend the hill, sword in hand. There we found the French cuirassiers cutting down our infantry. We charged them, on which they turned about and rode off, we following them, and as many as were overtaken were cut down. The regiment then took a direction to the left, and I found myself opposed to one man. We made several passes at each other, and he then rode off.

"I turned to follow my regiment, but had not proceeded far when my horse fell. Before I had well recovered my feet, one of the cuirassiers rode up, and began cutting and slashing at my head with his sword. I soon fell down with my face to the ground. Presently a man rode by and stabbed me with a lance. I turned round, and was then stabbed with a sword

by a man who walked past me. Very soon another man came up with a firelock and bayonet, and, raising both his arms, thrust the bayonet, as he thought, into my side, near my heart. The coat I had on was not buttoned, but fastened with brass hooks and eyes. Into one of these eyes the point of the bayonet entered, and was thus prevented from penetrating my body. One of my fingers was cut off before I fell; and there I lay, bleeding from at least a dozen wounds, and was soon covered with blood. I was plundered by the French soldiers of my watch, money, canteen, haversack, and trousers, notwithstanding the balls from the British army were dropping on all sides as I lay there." Hasker was invalided home on a small pension, and, as before stated, lived until 1858.

CURIOUS MISSILES

VISITING the field of Waterloo with the Duke of Richmond, Wilson Croker heard some strange stories. One officer was severely wounded in the shoulder, as it was supposed, by a ragged bullet; on extraction it proved to be a tooth, shot from some unfortunate victim's head into the officer's arm.

Another case was that of a soldier named Donald, belonging to the 92nd Regiment, who was shot in the thigh by a musket-ball. The ball was extracted, but still the wound did not heal. A large abscess formed. Poultices were applied, and on an incision being made, lo and behold! a five-franc and a one-franc piece were extracted, together with a bit of cloth, the larger coin having been hit nearly in the centre and forced into the shape of a cup. This is probably the most painful way of obtaining money on record!

ROYAL ASSERTION

GEORGE IV., it is hardly necessary to say, was not present at Waterloo, but he spoke so frequently of the battle as if he were there in person that, at last, he began to really believe that he had been present. The Duke of Wellington dined frequently at Carlton House, and after his iced punch and a bottle of sherry the Prince (he had not then begun to reign) would invariably talk about the Battle of Waterloo, and speak of the way in which *he* had charged the French with the Household Brigade.

Upon one occasion he had the temerity to tell the Duke that he had completely bowled over the French cavalry commanded by Marshal Ney. Though he was willing to allow a lot, this statement was too much for the Duke to swallow, and he said: "I have heard you, sir, say so before; but I did not witness this

marvellous charge. Your Highness must know that the French cavalry are the best in Europe." At this same dinner, it is recorded, Sir Watkyns Wynn asked the Duke whether he had a good view of the Battle of Waterloo, whereupon the baronet received the following laconic reply: "I generally like to see what I am about."

LEGACY FOR BRAVERY

MANY years ago, during the life of the first Duke of Wellington, there waited upon him at Apsley House two gentlemen, who announced that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend, a Rev. Mr. Nacross, who had left £500 to the bravest man in the British Army, they called for the purpose of handing his Grace a cheque for that amount, being fully satisfied that in so doing they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The Duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely declined to receive the money, alleging that the British Army contained many as brave men as himself.

The Duke's visitors then earnestly requested that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal, after several pressing remonstrances, he acceded, promising in the course of two or three days to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time, therefore, they again made their appearance at Apsley House. The Duke received them with great courtesy, but assured them that he had found the task a great deal more difficult than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested that if they had no objection he would make his selection from the Battle of Waterloo, that being the last, greatest, and most important action of the war.

This point being adjusted, his Grace proceeded to state that Hougomont, having been the key to his entire position, and that post having been defended, not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by Major-General Sir James M'Donnell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer.

The executors repaired accordingly to Sir James M'Donnell, and, having acquainted him with the decision of the Duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his Grace's favour and approval, and observed that, although he

should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say that at one period of the day the French troops rushed upon Hougomont with such irresistible force that the gates of the farm were burst open, and for a moment the fate of the position appeared doubtful, when a powerful serjeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Fraser, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterwards the French were driven back, and the fate of Hougomont was decided.

Sir James added that the Duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was the key to his position, and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant officer who assisted him at so critical a moment in forcing out the enemy his proper share of the reward. He would therefore accept the £500, and divide it with Sergeant-Major Fraser, who accordingly, shortly afterwards, received £250 of the parson's legacy.

SOULT CAPITULATED

MARSHAL SOULT had been attacked by Count Jaubert with a number of epigrams, and the Marshal, meeting his critic at a reception of the Court of Louis Philippe, turned his back upon him just as the Count was coming forward to speak to him. This was done in the presence of thirty people. "Monsieur le Maréchal," said Jaubert quietly, "I have been told that you consider me one of your enemies. I see with pleasure that it is not so." "Why not, sir?" demanded Sout. "Because," replied Jaubert, "you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy." The veteran Marshal at once held out his hand, and the Count's success was complete.

THE VICTOR'S RETORT

THE above recalls to mind a story of the Duke of Wellington, who, for a few months in 1814, served as Ambassador at the Court of Louis XVIII. in Paris. The presence of one who had so very recently defeated them, however, was extremely galling to the French marshals, and at the receptions the latter showed their displeasure by turning their backs upon Wellington. On one of these occasions, the King apologised for their rudeness. "Never mind, your Majesty," replied the Duke, "they have got into the habit, and they can't get out of it!"

NEAT REPLY

A FRENCHMAN, meeting an English soldier who was wearing a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to speak of the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," exclaimed the soldier. "It did not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a *Napoleon!*"

LUCKY REGIMENT

WHEN Lord Albemarle's regiment, the 14th Foot, arrived in England after Waterloo it was suddenly ordered to Ramsgate to be shipped to the South of Ireland; but when the baggage had been embarked on the *Sea Horse* transport, another order, equally unexpected, came for the battalion to be immediately disbanded. To this change of mind on the part of the authorities, the members of the corps probably owed their lives, for the transport was wrecked. This is the account given by Lord Albemarle:—"On the 26th of January of this year (1816) the *Sea Horse* sailed from the Downs, having on board, instead of my regiment, the headquarters of the 59th, and a few days later was wrecked off Kinsale. The numbers on board, counting women and children, amounted to 394. Of these, 365 were drowned; among the saved were neither woman nor child. The troops that relieved us at Deal met a like fate. The *Lord Melville* and the *Boadicea* transports sailed at the same time with the *Sea Horse*. Like their consort, they also were lost off Kinsale. The *Lord Melville* saved all her crew but seven. Out of 280 in the *Boadicea* only 60 were saved."

ROYAL ACCEPTANCE

MARSHAL BLÜCHER, the famous general, was for some time in his earlier years in the Prussian cavalry, but he retired owing to troubles brought about by his own dissipation and insubordination, and for fifteen years afterwards employed himself by farming his own estates. His discharge from the Prussian service is curious and characteristic. Frederick, the King, wrote the following note, and addressed it to the commandant of Blücher's regiment:—

"Captain Von Blücher has leave to resign, and may go to the devil as soon as he pleases.

FREDERICK."

WELLINGTON'S ALLY

THE best-known anecdote about brave old "Marshal Vorwarts" is that when he visited England with the allied sovereigns in 1814. He was taken to the top of St. Paul's, and surveying from that altitude the—even then—immense Metropolis, exclaimed, "Ach! Vat a zity vor to zack!"

But there is another story in which Blücher appears in the character of a wag. He was a convivial warrior; and one night, after a dinner of Waterloo veterans, when the champagne, to say nothing of the punch, had gone round pretty freely, Blücher, who was in the chair, announced that he intended then and there to kiss his own head. There was a shout of "Impossible!" from the guests; but the Field-Marshal rose, and walking as steadily as he could to the vice-chair, saluted on both cheeks General Gneisenau, his chief of the staff, to whose sagacious counsels, he explained to the company, he had owed so much of the memorable 18th June, 1815. Blücher may have been very far gone in "fiz," but he had succeeded in paying a grand and graceful compliment to his valiant companion-in-arms!

FROM PRIVATE TO GENERAL

GENERAL SIR JOHN ELLEY is said to be the only officer who rose from the lowest rung in the ladder of promotion to the rank of a full general. He began his soldiering career as a trooper in the Royal Horse Guards, and, attaining to the rank of general, was, at the time of his death, colonel of the 17th Lancers. Sir John was the intimate friend and adviser of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, was knighted by King George III. and thanked by Parliament, and for some years represented the Royal Borough of Windsor in the House of Commons. The foregoing facts are recorded on the marble tablet which marks the last resting-place of the general in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. Sir John died in 1839.

SOLDIER'S ANSWER

SHORTLY after the Battle of Waterloo it was proposed to make some change in the uniform of the Life Guards, and George IV. ordered one of the soldiers of the corps to be sent for. One of the Waterloo men was despatched—a soldier who was said to have slain six or seven of the enemy in single combat on that memorable day. He was asked a number of questions, to each of which he assented, until the King, perceiving that the soldier's opinion was biassed by the presence of royalty and his own

officers, said to him: "Well, if you were going to have such another day's work as at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed?" To the immense amusement of His Majesty and everyone else present, the soldier replied, "Please, Your Majesty, in that case I had rather be in my shirt sleeves!"

A THREAT

AN old pensioner of the 42nd, and a good judge of the national "whusky," was brought before a Scotch bailie on a charge of over-indulgence in his favourite beverage. It was his third offence, and he trotted out his usual plea that he was "one of the last survivors of the celebrated Battle of Waterloo, yer honour." To this the bailie replied, "Weel, Sandy, I'll let ye off this time; but, mind ye—and it's as sure as death—if ye come here again, I'll clap ye in gaol, though ye were the last survivor o' the Battle o' Bannockburn!"

HE REMEMBERED THE THIRST

AN aged veteran, who had fought at Waterloo and who resided in a remote village in Scotland, was one day visited and interviewed by a party of gentlemen belonging to a literary club. Having listened to the old man's story about the famous battle and his share in the conflict, they thanked him profusely, and were about to depart, when the aged veteran remarked, "Oh, there's anither thing, gentlemen, that I can recall to mind." "Ah, indeed! What is that?" the literary gentlemen eagerly asked, expecting to hear a most interesting reminiscence. "Gentlemen," said the veteran in impressive tones, "I weel remember that I was just as thirsty during the whole of the battle as I am now." The party took the hint!

ONE OF THE OLD BRIGADE

IN 1898, according to the colonial newspapers, there were still survivors of the Battle of Waterloo living in Australia, though that conflict had taken place so far back as 1815. One of these old warriors was in the Liverpool Benevolent Asylum, near Sydney, and an enterprising reporter went to interview him. "So you were at the Battle of Waterloo?" queried the newspaper man. "Yes," said the old man, "I remember it all as if it was only yesterday." "Did you know Bill Adams, who got the Victoria Cross there?" asked the sceptical pressman. "I should think I did," replied the veteran. "He was serving in the same company as me!"

SOLDIER'S EPITAPH

THE following remarkable epitaph is to be found on a gravestone in Dumfries, marking the last remains of an old soldier:—

“Here lies Andrew McPherson,
Who was a peculiar person :
He stood six feet two
Without his shoe,
And he was slew
At Waterloo.”

OLD SOLDIER AND ROYALTY

ONE of the most famous inmates of Chelsea Hospital, that home of veterans, was John McKay, who fought at Waterloo. Many stories used to be told about him. On one occasion, when the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King Edward and Queen Alexandra) were paying a visit of inspection to the hospital, “Old John” was presented to Her Royal Highness, who honoured the veteran by offering him her hand to shake. John instantly closed the Princess’s hand between his by bringing his left hand down on hers, effectually imprisoning her. The Princess looked pleadingly towards the Prince, who was standing close by, and he, with the ready tact for which he is noted, instantly put his hand in his pocket, and, taking out a sovereign, offered it to John, who naturally had to release the Princess’s hand in order to take the proffered coin.

On another occasion, when John was commanded to Marlborough House to be present at the Inspection of Commissionaires, he was given a seat in the conservatory near the Princess, where he could have a good view of the whole proceedings. During the course of the afternoon the Princess, noticing that the old man was looking tired, asked him what refreshment he would like. “A drappy fusky,” John promptly replied, and some was brought to him by one of the valets. The man poured out a liberal “drop,” and was about to add water to it when John seized the glass, and, saying in horrified tones, “Na, na, mon, ye’ll just spoil it a’,” gulped down the half-tumblerful neat.

The night before John died he stood up by his bedside in the Infirmary, and supporting himself with one hand on it and the other on the next bed to him, danced a Highland fling to the accompaniment of “Tullochgorum,” hummed by himself. He then got into bed, was stricken with paralysis in his sleep, and passed away peacefully. John was a most strict and bigoted Presbyterian, and would not even speak to any minister but those of his own faith, as he thought all others Popish. He died on July 7th, 1886, aged 101.

WELLINGTON

NOT A LADIES' MAN

WELLINGTON, when a young officer, was at a ball one night, and, as usual, could not find a partner. (He himself once remarked that he never knew a woman to be in love with him.) Inheriting his father's taste for music, he consoled himself by sitting down near the band, which happened to be a remarkably good one. By-and-by the party broke up, when the other officers present were taken home by their lady friends, while young Wellesley was left to travel with the fiddlers. Old Lady Aldborough on one occasion put the Duke in mind of the circumstance, after he had become a great man, at which he laughed heartily, whilst she added with naïveté, "We should not leave you to go home with the fiddlers now!"

ARTIST AND SOLDIER

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, the eminent historical painter, having finished his picture, "The Battle of Waterloo, from the French Side"—which the Duke of Wellington happily characterised as "Very good, very good; not too much smoke"—called upon the Duke for the money by appointment. He was ushered into the study of Apsley House, where the Duke proceeded at once to the process of payment—a process, however, of much greater length than the artist anticipated. Taking up a roll of notes, the Duke unrolled and began to put them down in a slow and deliberate manner, calling out the amount as he did so, viz. "One hundred pounds," "two hundred pounds," etc.

This was tedious work, and Sir William Allan was much troubled with the idea that the great Duke, whose every moment of time was supposed to be of great value, should be thus occupied, and he contrived to blurt out, in his Scotch manner, that his Grace should not take all that trouble—a cheque would do. The Duke went on: "Five hundred pounds, six hundred pounds." The artist, thinking the Duke had not heard him,

raised his voice louder, and louder, and louder at each hundred, exclaiming, "A cheque will do, a cheque will do!" "Eleven hundred pounds," said the Duke. "A cheque will do, your Grace!" "Twelve hundred pounds." "A cheque, really a cheque will do!" repeated Sir William once more. "No," said the Duke at last, "a cheque won't do. Do you suppose I am going to let my bankers know I have been such a fool as to pay £1,200 for a picture? Why, they'd think me mad! I wish you good morning, Sir William!"

THE DUKE AS HOST

SIR JOHN MOWBRAY, in his *Seventy Years at Westminster*, gave the following sketch of the Iron Duke at Strathfieldsaye in his later years, the visit taking place in 1841. He said:—

"On being shown into the drawing-room, the Duke advanced, called me by my name, and shook hands. At dinner he sat in the centre of the table, with Erskine (J) on his right, and Wightman (J) on his left. Lord Douro sat also in the centre, opposite to his father. Lord Charles, the younger son, at the head of the table, and Mr. Gerald Wellesley, his nephew, the Rector of Strathfieldsaye, at the bottom.

"We were a party of thirty-five, comprising the M.P.'s for Hants and Winchester, the Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, Sir John Cope, and sundry magistrates of Hants and Berks. Everything about was full of historical associations—the place, the gift of the nation; the silver plate off which we ate at dinner, presented to Sir A. Wellesley in 1803 for his services in India, and bearing on them the name of Assaye, the beginning of his career of victory; silver epergnes in the centre of the table, the gift of George IV.; a beautiful dessert service, each plate with a separate view of some scene or view in Egypt from Denon's sketches, made for Napoleon and presented by Louis XVIII. to the hero of Waterloo.

"The house is not at all comparable to Blenheim; but the sight of all was to see the master of the house exhibiting the vigour and animation of his earlier days, looking a little paler than he did a fortnight ago, but still far better, I think, than he has done for nearly two years. He is feeble when he walks, but seeing him seated you would never believe that you saw before you the hero of a hundred battles. He was dressed in tights, with the Garter round the left leg, and its broad blue ribbon across his white waistcoat, with a Waterloo medal hanging from a red collar, and a star on his breast.

"We spent some time before breakfast with the Duke in the conservatory. He talked about the Battle of Vittoria, of which there was a picture in one of the rooms. One of the judges asked him what he thought of Siborn's model of the Battle of Waterloo. He said, 'That is a question which I have often been asked, to which I don't give an answer, because I don't want to injure the man. But if you want to know my opinion, it's all farce, fudge! They went to one gentleman and said, "What did you do?" "I did so and so!" To another, "What did you do?" "I did such and such a thing." One did it at ten and another at twelve, and they have mixed up the whole. The fact is, a battle is like a ball! they keep footing it all the day through.'

"At breakfast each guest had before him two brown Rockingham teapots, the upper one containing tea, forming a cover to the lower one, which held water. The Duke asked each guest separately whether he would have black tea or green, and the teapot was brought accordingly. After breakfast there was a meet of Sir John Cope's hounds. They threw off, leaving the judges and marshals to go to Winchester and his Grace to town."

QUEEN'S RETORT

A GRACEFUL compliment was once paid to the Duke of Wellington by Queen Victoria. Not everyone recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, not commonly worn at the end of the nineteenth century, bore the name of Wellington. When the Duke was Prime Minister he once visited Windsor Castle to consult with the Queen on an important State matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the Duke left the Castle Her Majesty remarked, "I hope your Grace is well shod?" "Oh," said the Duke, "I have on a pair of Wellingtons, and am proof against dampness." The Queen is said to have retorted, "Your Grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellingtons!"

HIS GRACE ANGRY

IN an interesting volume of letters, published in 1903, written by the Duke of Wellington to her father and mother, Lady Rose Weigall relates a good story. Her father was the eleventh Earl of Westmorland, and her mother was the Iron Duke's favourite niece. Lady Rose says:—

"I forget if it was at Walmer or at Strathfieldsaye that he one evening in the drawing-room rang the bell several times, and no

servant answering it, he became extremely angry. When at last a footman appeared, the Duke stormed (with very strong language) at his neglect of duty. I, a small child, so far from being frightened, thought it exceedingly funny to see the Duke angry, and went into fits of laughter. This checked him, and the footman interposed, saying, 'If your Grace will look, you will see the bell is broken, and never rang at all. I only came in for something else.' The Duke examined the bell, and then turned to the footman and said, 'Yes, I was wrong. I am very sorry, William, and I beg your pardon,' and then, turning to me, added, in his gruff voice, 'Always own when you are wrong.'

STRONG WILL

IT is probable that the habits of years on active service in command had made the Duke of Wellington somewhat arbitrary. His family, at all events, seem to have thought so. His son and successor in the title did not get on at all well with his distinguished father, who no doubt looked on him as too much of a trifler, a character which the Duke himself bore in early life, though he threw it off as soon as he got into a position of responsibility. The second Duke's feelings were thus expressed to Sir P. Macdougall: "My father," he said, "was an atrocious tyrant, and as he grew older he grew worse."

NEVER LATE

THE Duke of Wellington was a very early riser. His early habit of punctuality is pleasingly illustrated in the following anecdote:—"I will take care to be present at five to-morrow morning," said the engineer of new London Bridge, in acceptance of the Duke's request that he would meet him at that hour. "Say a quarter before five," replied the Duke, with a quiet smile. "I owe all I have achieved to being ready a quarter of an hour before it was deemed necessary to be so, and I learned that lesson when a boy."

THE DUKE AND HIS FRIEND

AN anecdote is told of the Duke of Wellington in connection with the aggressively dogmatic John Wilson Croker. At a dinner where both were present, Croker flatly contradicted the Duke respecting some incident that occurred at Waterloo. The Duke, who knew his man, submitted quietly. Shortly afterwards he happened to express his opinion about percussion caps, when Croker again dissented with the same offensive assertiveness.

Thereupon the Duke observed with unruffled good humour, "My dear Croker, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a good deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but, as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion caps!" A more exquisite snub was surely never administered.

GOOD AT REVIEWS

CROKER, by the way, is the hero of another story concerning the Iron Duke. When the Athenæum Club was first founded, Croker was urgent that no man should be admitted who had not in some way distinguished himself in literature. Soon after he proposed the Duke of Wellington, when someone said, "The Duke has never written a book." "True," replied Croker, "but he is a capital hand at reviews!"

MANIAC'S REPULSE

THE Duke of Wellington was once sitting at his library table when the door stealthily opened, and, without any announcement, in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen. "Who are you?" asked the Duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon," said the stranger; "I am sent here to kill you." "Kill me!" exclaimed the Duke in a matter-of-fact tone; "very odd!" "I am Apollyon, and must put you to death," said the other excitedly, as he came nearer to the Duke. "'Bliged to do it to-day?" asked Wellington. "I am not told the day or the hour; but I must do my mission," replied the stranger. "Very inconvenient," murmured his Grace; "very busy; great many letters to write. Call again, or write me word—I'll be ready for you." The Duke then went on composedly with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was in a lunatic asylum.

IN AND OUT OF FAVOUR

DURING his life the Duke of Wellington experienced the greatest extremes of popular favour and animosity. Soon after Waterloo his popularity with the London crowd became, to say the least, very embarrassing. For instance, on leaving Apsley House each day for his constitutional, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders, and asking where they should carry him. As

it was not to the Duke's liking to be escorted about in that fashion, he would say, as the best way out of the difficulty, "Carry me home, carry me home!" One day, it is recorded, he was in that manner twice brought home only a few minutes after leaving his own door!

In 1831, during the period of the Reform Bill, which he, true to his conservative principles, unflinchingly opposed, he fell distinctly out of favour with the London crowd, who hooted their one-time hero at every opportunity. Indeed, on one occasion the windows of Apsley House were stoned! The Duke's reply to this treatment was characteristic; he had iron shutters fixed to all the windows facing Piccadilly. In spite of the Duke's opposition, the Reform Bill was passed in 1832, and the people, only remembering Waterloo, again adopted the Duke as their hero, and cheered him as enthusiastically as formerly they had hooted him.

But the stern old warrior was not so ready to forget, and though many representations were made to him on the subject, he absolutely declined to remove the unsightly iron shutters. One day, when riding up Constitution Hill, he was followed by a crowd of several thousand people, who vociferously cheered the Duke and demanded a speech. His Grace took not the slightest notice of the popular excitement, but serenely continued his way until he reached Apsley House. Then, stopping for a moment outside the gateway, he turned in the saddle and pointed silently to the iron-closed windows, and, making an ironical bow, passed into the courtyard out of sight of the amazed crowd!

HIS CONTRIBUTION

A CAPITAL story of the Duke of Wellington was narrated by the Rev. J. Tillard Bonner. The Field-Marshal was asked for a subscription in aid of the restoration of a grand old church, but, in a letter that was characteristic, he declined to make any contribution. The letter ran as follows:—

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. C. As Mr. C. feels that his letter needs an apology, the Duke will say no more on that subject. But he must say that, as there is not a church, chapel, schoolhouse, or even a pagoda built, from the North to the South Pole, or to the uttermost ends of the earth, to which he (the Duke) is not called upon to contribute, he is not surprised at Mr. C., having already raised £7,500 towards the restoration of — Church, should make application to the Duke, who has nothing to say to S—, —shire."

The reverend gentleman was not beaten, however, for he sold the above letter for £5, so a subscription was obtained after all!

MELTING HIS FATHER

THE second Duke of Wellington, son of the Waterloo victor, was a very witty peer. The equestrian statue of the first Duke, now at Aldershot, was originally placed at Hyde Park Corner. It stands twenty-seven feet high, and weighs nearly forty tons, having been cast from guns captured by the great Duke in the war with France. When it was taken down from its position opposite Apsley House, the second Duke received a letter from an old friend, who wrote in a querulous manner concerning the ills of life that gather with advancing years. The Duke replied, condemning his friend's melancholy. "Look at me," he wrote; "take a lesson from me. I never complain—and yet I am old; I am failing in health (and here he enumerated various other calamities)—I have no son; I have only one eye—and now they are going to melt down my father!"

ABOUT A MONUMENT

THE Wellington monument in Somersetshire is an unfinished column, which was begun by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in honour of the victor of Waterloo; but when the Duke became the unpopular politician, the process of erection was suspended. After the great soldier's death it was wished that the monument should be completed, and a letter was written to the second Duke suggesting that he should bear some part of the expense! He wrote back, absolutely declining to do so. "If I were to finish this monument," he said, "it would be a monument to nothing. As it stands, it is a monument of your own ingratitude!"

HEAD FOR VICTORY

TWO professors of phrenology wrote to the Duke of Wellington asking if, in the interests of science, he would allow them to examine his head. The Duke consented, an appointment was made and kept by his Grace and the professors. Having completed their examination, the professors became silent for a few minutes. The Duke asked them what they had to say as a result of their inspection. "Well, your Grace," was the reply, "your head almost contradicts our science." "Why?" asked the Duke, with interest. "Because you have not an atom of courage, but you have the bump of caution excessively developed!" "Well," replied the Duke, "I won all my battles by caution." The above is the story as told, but it is a bold statement to say that the Duke lacked courage. His demeanour at Waterloo, to name only one battle, showed that he possessed courage of a very high order.

BLUCHER THE SECOND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* related that during the time that the Duke of Wellington, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, resided at Walmer Castle, a maiden aunt of his occasionally stayed in the then small watering-place of Walmer. This lady had a French poodle called "Blucher." One day, when passing the castle, the dog ran into the grounds. The lady remained outside, calling in an aggrieved voice, "Blucher, Blucher!" The old Duke looked over the wall, and remarked, "Madame, time was when I should have been extremely glad to see Blucher!"

SARCASTIC

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was in Vienna an Austrian Princess said to him one day at dinner, "How is it, my dear Duke, that we here in Vienna speak French so much better than you English?" "Ah, Princess," was the Duke's reply, "had Napoleon come to London twice with his armies, as he has to Vienna, no doubt we should know the language a great deal better than we do!"

THE DOCTOR'S COMMAND

DR. ABERNETHY'S most famous encounter was with Wellington, and for once in his life the Iron Duke found a match who compelled him to retreat. The Duke called to consult the doctor in office hours. His name was sent in to Abernethy, and he was shown into the waiting-room with other patients. As many of them belonged to the lower classes, and were admitted to the consulting-room in turn before his Grace, the Duke became impatient, and forced his way in without being summoned. The doctor, who was busy with a patient, looked up in surprise, exclaiming, "How did you get in, sir?" "By the door," was the impassive reply. "Well, sir," said Abernethy, who of course recognised his visitor, "I recommend you to make your exit the same way." There was no alternative. The victor of Waterloo was compelled to retreat by a city doctor!

CONCERNING RATS

LORD ALBEMARLE once told a really witty and amusing story about the Duke of Wellington, which was, in fact, a squib of his own reflecting on the high-handed autocracy of the Duke in the later days of his command in the Army. Sitting next to a lady at dinner who had a smelling-bottle containing musk, the

Duke is alleged to have said to her, "In India ladies put muskrats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats, then," the lady observed. "Not at all—about the size of English rats." "Then their smelling-bottles must be very large!" "Not at all—no larger than yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady, "You now see the difficulties we have at the Horse Guards; we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles!"

AUTOGRAPH CURIOSITY

TOWARDS the end of Wellington's life it became next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. The result was that collectors resorted to all kinds of stratagems, some of which were successful in obtaining the desired letter, which in certain cases made very curious reading. For instance, one autograph collector wrote the Duke a pathetic letter purporting to be on behalf of Mrs. Tomkins, washerwoman to the Marquess of Douro, the Duke's eldest son, and setting forth a plea that the young man had not paid his bill for at least three years. After mature consideration, his Grace, who was most punctilious in matters of correspondence, sent the "poor washerwoman" the following reply:—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquess of Douro is in debt to his mother, Mrs. Tomkins.

"The Duke of Wellington is not the Marquess of Douro.

"The Duke regrets to find that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill.

"Mrs. Tomkins has no claim on the Duke of Wellington.

"The Duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter in the hands of a respectable solicitor."

UNEXPECTED REPLY

THE Duke of Wellington detested being helped—not from ingratitude, but from two distinct feelings—one, that he did not like to be thought, what he certainly was not, decrepit; the other, that he knew very well that the majority of persons who helped him simply did so in order to be able to say that they had done so. This was to him revolting. Standing opposite to Apsley House one evening in Piccadilly, when the street was crowded, the Duke (says Sir William Fraser in his *Words on Wellington*) was hesitating on the kerbstone. A gentleman nearly as old as himself made some demonstration of assisting

him to cross the road, endeavouring to check the tide of cabs and other vehicles that were setting strongly.

When the Duke reached the gate of Apsley House, he touched his hat, and said, "I thank you, sir." The elderly stranger immediately uncovered. Holding his hat at his knee, he addressed the Duke as follows: "My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The Duke looked at him calmly, and in a voice not in the least choked by emotion, replied, "Don't be a confounded fool!" and walked into Apsley House.

SURPRISED !

MRS. ARBUTHNOT (wife of the Duke of Wellington's private secretary, familiarly called "Gosh") was fond of parading her intimacy with the great Duke before miscellaneous company. One day, in a large party, she said to him, "Duke, I know you won't mind my asking you, but is it true that you were so much surprised when you found you had won the Battle of Waterloo?" The Duke replied, "By G——! not half as much surprised as I am now, mum."

GENERALSHIP

NOT every man can draw an inference. Two men see the same fact; one draws from it another fact, the other man draws nothing. The observed fact makes no more impression upon his mind than a landscape does upon the mind of an ox. The Duke of Wellington could draw an inference, and this ability won him victories.

One day the Duke was fox-hunting, and the hounds, on reaching the bank of a small river, lost the scent. The master of the hounds apologised to the Duke. "I'm afraid, your Grace, our fun is over. The dogs can't pick up the scent." "Ten to one," replied the Duke, "the fox has crossed to the other side." "Not very likely, my lord. A fox hates water." "Ay, ay!" urged his Grace; "but he may have crossed over by some bridge." "I don't believe there is a bridge," answered the master of the hounds. "Well," continued the Duke, "unless you know to the contrary, though I was never here before, I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile."

The two men, followed by the hunt, pushed on, and less than a mile off came upon a rudely constructed bridge. The dogs crossed it, again took up the scent, and killed the fox. A nobleman, who had overheard the talk about a bridge, asked the Duke

how, if he was not familiar with that part of the country, he came to guess that there was a bridge in the neighbourhood. "Why," answered the victor of Waterloo, "I saw three or four cottages clustered together on each bank of the river, and I thought that the people living in them would be tempted by their social feelings to contrive some means of visiting each other. That same inference of mine won me one of my Indian victories."

PERSONAL TRAITS

THE Duke of Wellington, like Napoleon Bonaparte, would never allow anyone to shave him. He performed this delicate operation himself with consummate skill; but declared that he never could get his servants to keep his razors in order. He was in the habit of taking a number of them at a time to a little cellar, subsequently a newspaper shop, in Piccadilly, close to the Burlington Arcade; he waited while they were sharpened.

A man of very simple habits, he was asked if he found much advantage in being personally great. "Yes," he replied; "I can afford to do without servants; I always brush my own clothes; and if I were strong enough I would black my own boots." According to the late Sir William Fraser, the Duke took measures to prevent any attempted assassination. Soon after the Duke's death, an officer walked to Walmer Castle and asked his servant if he could spare any article, however insignificant, that had been used by the Duke. "There's a lot of umbrellas in that corner," was the reply; "if you like you can have one of them." The officer took up one of the umbrellas, and trying to open it, drew out a sword. "Oh yes," said the servant, in reply to the officer's exclamation of surprise, "there is a sword in every umbrella."

OMITTED HIS SON

THE Duke of Wellington was a great stickler for punctilio in what seemed to him the proper places. When the regiment of his son, Lord Douro, was quartered at Dover, the Duke was in residence at Walmer Castle, and the officers rode over and left their cards, as a matter of form. Soon after came an invitation from the Duke inviting all the officers to dine with him, but ignoring his own son. When Lord Douro asked for an explanation, the Duke gave it thus, with great good humour: "I make no distinctions in the service. Those gentlemen had paid me the compliment of a visit, and I invited them to dinner. You were not among them, so I omitted you in the invitation."

VALUABLE TIME

WELLINGTON wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under the doctor's instruction. The doctor, wishing to do full justice to his pupil, thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly the Duke saw him, he said, "I am obliged to you, doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is your young friend fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so; I can——" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington at once. "I know how valuable your time is; mine, just now, is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good morning!"

INFANTILE DARING

THE late third Duke of Wellington, born in 1846, was a grandson of the hero of Waterloo. While an infant he was one day brought to Apsley House to be shown to his illustrious grandfather, who became much interested in the little lump of humanity. As the child lay in his nurse's arms the Duke bent over him, and the infant, crowing merrily, caught his grandsire by the rather prominent nose, and pulled it. The nurse made as if about to interfere, but the Duke motioned to her to let the boy alone, and turning to Lord Derby, who was present, he remarked, "I rather like the novelty." Doubtless, many years had elapsed since anyone had dared to pull the Duke of Wellington's nose!

DUKE AND QUEEN VICTORIA

THE following anecdote does not refer to the war, but is worthy of note as showing the almost fatherly care and attention the Duke of Wellington bestowed on Queen Victoria in her younger days. When Colonel Molloy, an old Waterloo officer, on his return to England in 1851, called at Apsley House, he saw the Duke, who was very civil, and asked him where he had been, if he had made a fortune, etc. After some conversation, the Duke's coachman came in and said he had "been along the road, and I think it is quite safe for her to go." Colonel Molloy learned, no doubt from Greville, the Duke's private secretary, that this referred to the road from Buckingham Palace to Paddington having been remade, and as the Queen was coming up from Windsor, the Duke, unknown to Her Majesty, had sent one of his carriages to drive along it, and so practically to make sure it was safe and comfortable.

Another story of the Duke concerns the time when Queen Victoria came to the throne. Her first public act was to go in state to St. James's Palace to be proclaimed. She naturally wished to be accompanied in the state coach only by the Duchess of Kent (her mother), and one of the Ladies of the Household; but Lord Albemarle, who was Master of the Horse, insisted that he had a right to travel with Her Majesty in the coach, as he had done with William IV. The point was submitted to the Duke of Wellington, as a kind of universal referee in matters of precedent and usage. His judgment was delightfully unflattering to the outraged magnate: "The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind like a damned tinker's dog!"

THE WINCHILSEA DUEL

IN 1829, when the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister, he brought into Parliament a Bill which the Earl of Winchilsea most strenuously opposed, saying it was done under false pretences. A long and wearisome correspondence ensued, ending with the Duke writing, "For this insult I believe that his lordship will be anxious to give me reparation."

Without retracting, however, the Earl continued beating about the bush until he received a note in these words: "I now call upon your lordship to give me the satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give.—I have the honour, etc., Wellington."

To which the Earl replied: "The satisfaction which your Grace has demanded is, of course, impossible for me to decline.—I have the honour, etc., Winchilsea."

The parties met at Battersea Fields next morning, the Duke attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, the Earl by Lord Falmouth. Ground having been measured and places taken by the principals, at the word "Fire!" the Duke raised his pistol, but seemed to hesitate, for he saw that the Earl kept his pistol pointing downward, evidently not intending to fire. He then fired at random. The Earl did not discharge his pistol; and Lord Falmouth, stepping forward, delivered a memorandum to Sir Henry Hardinge, expressing the Earl's regret, whereupon the parties separated. Upon a subsequent inquiry by a Committee of the House, Lord Falmouth stated the condition upon which he consented to act as second to the Earl was that the latter should not fire at the Duke. He also said, "The Earl of Winchilsea thought that the injury he had done the Duke of Wellington was too great for a mere apology, and that he ought to receive his fire!" That

was the idea of "honour" in 1829; and it was said that the Iron Duke regarded it as the most absurd transaction in which he ever took part.

AN IRISH SUCCESS

"I AM going to dine with Wellington to-night," said a young Irish staff officer at the close of a hard fought battle in Spain. "Give me at least the prefix of 'Mr.' before my name!" said Lord Wellington, who, happening to ride past at the moment, had overheard the officer's remark. "My lord," said the Irishman, with the ready wit so characteristic of his countrymen, "we do not speak of 'Mr. Cæsar' or 'Mr. Alexander,' so why should I speak of 'Mr. Wellington'?" His lordship had nothing to say to that!

SLEPT AT WILL

WELLINGTON'S bedroom at Apsley House was the plainest room in the mansion. The bed was the one he used to rest in on the eve of battle. It had no curtains, and was hardly wide enough for a sleeper to turn himself in. The Duke was wont to say, when anyone alluded to the smallness of the bed, "When a man begins to turn in bed it is time to turn out!" No one could do with less sleep than the Duke, who also had the faculty of sleeping at will. Who does not remember that interval in the fierce fighting at Talavera when the Duke, taking advantage of the pause, calmly wrapped his cloak around him and went to sleep?

AT CHURCH

THE late Bishop Walsham How told a story to the effect that at the church of Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and when he ended his discourse the verger went up the stairs, opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to, and then opened it wide for the preacher to make his exit. The preacher, astonished at the movements, asked the verger in the vestry why he had shut the door again while opening it. The old fellow replied, "We always do that, sir, to wake the Duke!"

VERGER'S SARCASM

DR. HOPKINS, for so many years the organist at the Temple Church, London, which Wellington frequently attended, used to tell the following story: "On one occasion the Duke came in late to church, no notice being taken of him. At the end of the

service the verger came up to me and said, 'The Duke'—he was always the Duke, you know—'is here. Don't you think, sir, you had better play him out with "See the conquering hero comes"?' The verger was sarcastic.

SPARING OF PRAISE

MANY stories are related of Wellington's indifference regarding the food he ate. A first-rate chef was in the employment of the late Lord Seaford, who, not being able to afford to keep him, prevailed on the Duke to engage him. Shortly after he had been in his Grace's service he returned to his former master, and, with tears in his eyes, begged him to take him back again, at either reduced wages, or none at all, for it was impossible to remain longer at Apsley House. Lord Seaford asked: "Has the Duke been finding fault?" "Oh no; he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I served him a dinner that would have made Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he say 'noting.' I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by my cook maid, and he say 'noting.' Dat hurt my feelings, my lord!"

FIERY COOK

ANOTHER chef that the Duke had on one occasion laid himself out to prepare a soup which would surpass anything of the kind that had ever been done before, and which he named, in honour of his employer, "Soupe à la Grand-Duc." This was produced one evening at a dinner-party at Apsley House, and met with the commendation it deserved. All would have gone well had not the Duke, who was deep in conversation with his neighbour, helped himself to salt. This was reported to the chef, who, without waiting to change his working attire, came upstairs, and, boiling with indignation, entered the dining-room, and before all the guests discharged himself from the Duke's service. "The insult!" he exclaimed, as he quitted the apartment; "the insult, to suggest that my soup required even a grain more salt!"

GENEROUS HEART

IN the course of 1899 the London agent of a New York curio collector acquired from a private source a characteristic letter from the Duke of Wellington. It was written in response to an appeal for assistance by one of Napoleon's soldiers, who had lost a leg at Waterloo, and was living in destitute circumstances in Soho, London. The letter reads thus:—

“STRATHFIELDSAYE, *April 10th, 1844.*”

“In reply to Pierre Terront, the Duke of Wellington expresses his sympathy with a brave soldier of the army of Napoleon Bonaparte who was disabled at Waterloo, and has pleasure in sending him a £5 Bank of England note.”

It is a striking incident, and one that probably cannot be found in the career of any other great commander.

BUSINESS INTEGRITY

MANY men scorn to make a “bargain,” as they would to perform a dirty trick. They regard it as a species of imposition, or taking a mean advantage. The Duke of Wellington was one of these. He once purchased a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a “bargain,” as the seller was in difficulties and obliged to part with it. “What do you mean by a ‘bargain’?” asked the Duke. “It was valued at £1,100, and we have got it for £800,” replied the steward, with a smile of satisfaction. “In that case,” said the Duke promptly, “you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me again about cheap land!”

HONOURS GALORE

THE full titles of the Duke of Wellington ran as follows: “The most high, mighty, and most noble Prince Arthur, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Wellington, Marquis of Douro; Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley; one of Her Majesty’s Most Honorable Privy Council; Field-Marshal of Her Majesty’s Forces; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath; Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands; Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee of Spain of the First Class; Duke of Vittoria; Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count Vimeira in Portugal.

“Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece, of the Spanish Military Order of St. Fernando; Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Holy Ghost in France; Knight Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa (Austria); Knight Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of St. George of Russia; Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia; Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Portuguese Military Order of the Tower and Sword; Knight Grand

Cross of the Royal Military Order of the Sword of Sweden ; Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Elephant of Denmark, of William of the Low Countries, of the Annunciade of Sardinia, of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, of the Crown of Rue, the Family Order of the King of Saxony ; the Order of Fidelity of the First Class of the Grand Duke of Baden, and of several others."

UNWORN DECORATION

THE following anecdote, from the Memoirs of Lord Albemarle, shows what use the Duke made of these many distinctions conferred upon him :—" Private theatricals became all the fashion. Hatfield House was the first to follow the lead set by The Hoo, and I accepted an engagement in the new company. The pieces performed were French vaudevilles adapted to the Hatfield stage by Theodore Hook, and they suffered no deterioration in passing through the hands of the author of *Killing no Murder*. Charles Phipps was to act the part of a king of Sweden, but having no star, a despatch was sent to the Duke of Wellington to borrow his. The messenger returned with his Grace's Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword. It is worthy of remark that the box which contained the Order had evidently never been opened before."

DEATH OF HIS GRACE

THE Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle, near Deal, on September 14th, 1852. Preserving to the last the activity for which he was distinguished, the Duke took his customary walks in the grounds on the 13th, inspected the stables, and gave directions regarding a journey to Dover. After dining with his customary cheerfulness on venison, he retired to rest apparently in his usual health. Early on the following morning, when his valet came to awake him, his Grace did not get up, but ordered the apothecary, Mr. Hulke, to be sent for. He arrived at the Castle shortly before nine o'clock, and found his Grace complaining of uneasiness in the chest and stomach, though perfectly conscious, and answering all the questions put to him correctly. Medicine was ordered, and during its preparation the Duke took a little tea and dry toast.

"At this time," wrote Mr. J. W. Hulke, "there were no symptoms indicative of danger, and my father went home. Shortly he received another communication, stating that the Duke was much worse. My father and I directly went to the Castle. His Grace was in bed, unconscious, breathing labori-

ously. Remedial measures, which in former attacks had been useful, were now of no avail. Dr. McArthur soon arrived, and advised an emetic to be given, as this had been very serviceable on a former occasion. Soon after one o'clock he became very restless; he tried to turn on the left side, and there was occasionally twitching of the left arm. Respiration was extremely difficult, but easier when he was raised. This induced us to place his Grace in an easy-chair; and his breathing became immediately more free, but the pulse sank. He was now brought into a more horizontal posture; the pulse rallied for a short time, and then gradually declined. Respiration became very feeble, and at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock p.m. he expired. So easy and gentle was the transition that for a moment it was doubted. I held a mirror before his mouth. It remained bright. He was indeed no more!" The great Duke had passed his eighty-third birthday, having been born in Dublin in 1769, the same year which also saw the birth of Napoleon I.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAMENT

AT the time of the death of Wellington Queen Victoria was in Scotland, and she did not receive the sad news until the 16th of September. Her Majesty's grief was intense, and the words that she then wrote are most striking. They are as follows:—

"We were startled this morning, at seven o'clock, by a letter from Colonel Phipps, enclosing a telegraphic despatch, with the report, from the sixth edition of the *Sun*, of the Duke of Wellington's death the day before yesterday; which report, however, we did not at all believe. . . . We got off our ponies (at the Dhu Loch), and I had just sat down to sketch when Mackenzie returned, saying my watch was safe at home, and bringing letters: amongst them was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and alas! it contained the confirmation of the fatal news—that England's, or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced, was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!

"Lord Derby enclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley, saying that his dear great father had died on Tuesday, at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come. The Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a loss! One cannot think of the country without 'the Duke'—an immortal hero! In him centred almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject

ever had ; above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the Sovereign ; and how simply he carried the honours ! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided !

“The Crown never found, and I fear never will, so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter. To us (who also have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends) his loss is irreparable, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and his utmost confidence. His experience and the knowledge of the past were so great, too ; he was a link which connected us with bygone times, with the last century. Not an eye will be dry in the whole country.”

DEATH OF GENERAL GILLESPIE

THE Goorkhas of Nepaul, in the northern part of India, who now form such an admirable portion of the native Indian army, were only subdued by the British after several wars. In the attack on Kalunga in 1814, after the retreat had been sounded a second time, Major Ludlow took post in some ruined huts immediately under the wall of the fort, and considerable apprehension was felt for him and his party, who seemed likely to be cut off. General Gillespie, the commander, saw that it was requisite to do something to save the little band of heroes, and, being greatly vexed at the failures of the storming party, he turned to an officer standing by him, and said, “Sir, I will take that post, or die before it.” He then gave some orders, and, addressing the brigade-major, said, “Now, sir, I am at your service.” He advanced most gallantly towards the fort, waving his hat and cheering on the men, but at last fell shot through the heart, and died without uttering a syllable.

GOORKHAS AS ENEMIES

AT the siege of Kalunga it was observed that the Goorkhas, only partly civilised as they were, exhibited a spirit of the most generous courtesy towards their British opponents. Unlike most of the other native tribes of India, they showed no cruelty to the prisoners who fell into their hands, nor did they use poisoned arrows, or poison the wells from which the troops drew their supplies of water. They permitted the wounded and dead to lie until they were carried away by their own comrades, and not

a single soldier was stripped or robbed. They knew how generous the British were to their wounded enemies, and the gallant Goorkhas determined to be as generous. An interesting example of this confidence occurred one day, when the British batteries were firing rapidly at the fort. A man was seen to be advancing from the enemy's position, waving his hand as he did so. The guns, of course, were ordered to cease firing, and the man entered the British lines. He was a Goorkha, who, having had his lower jaw shattered by a cannon-ball, came over to his friend the enemy to have it attended to! The best surgical assistance was at once afforded to the stranger, who was kept in hospital until he recovered, when he was allowed to go back to his friends.

SOLDIERS' PET

AFTER the death of General Gillespie at Kalunga, "Black Bob," his splendid charger, was bought by the privates of the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons (now Hussars), of which regiment the general had formerly been commanding officer. While still bearing traces of his late master's blood, the charger was put up to auction, and, as several officers wanted him, the competition was severe. The privates of the 8th were determined to possess him, however, and finally he was knocked down to them for £500 sterling, which the men contributed out of their prize money.

The men had previously bought the charger of another deceased officer, and thus they had two steeds which, riderless, always marched in their ranks. The horses seemed to be aware of their own importance, and at the station at Cawnpore always took up their old positions at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given on drill and review days. In 1822 the regiment was ordered to England, and, their funds running low, the privates did not know what to do with the two chargers. At last it was decided to shoot the oldest, to prevent him falling into unworthy hands, and this was regretfully done.

With regard to the other, "Black Bob," it was determined to sell him to a gentleman living in Cawnpore. Still wishing to make everything favourable for their old friend, the men gave the purchaser back half his money on receiving a promise that "Bob should always have a good stable, a snug paddock, and be permitted to end his days in ease." This matter settled, the 8th duly embarked on the way for England, and "Black Bob" was left in his comfortable quarters. Missing his old friends and the familiar trumpet calls, however, the fine old charger became

depressed and refused to eat. He was led out for exercise, when he suddenly broke from his groom, and galloping furiously for his ancient station on the parade ground, neighed aloud, dropped down, and died.

NATURE AS AN ALLY

THE natives of India, as is well known, are very superstitious, and in 1817, when the Marquess of Hastings started on his campaign against the Pindarees, which ended in the total dispersal of that ferocious and daring band of freebooters, a circumstance occurred which made a great impression on the minds of the natives. His lordship and the army sailed up the River Ganges, but when they got to Allahabad the river was so unusually low that it was next to impossible for the fleet to have passed the sands of Pappanow. Just as the vessels reached the most difficult and shallow part of the river, however, the water suddenly rose four feet, with the result that the passage was effected in grand style. More peculiar still, the water, after the flood had passed, subsided to its former level! This singular circumstance was universally regarded as a good omen for the Army, and, as history shows, the campaign turned out most successful.

LORD HASTINGS, VICEROY

LORD ALBEMARLE, when Lieutenant Keppel of the 24th Regiment, was made an aide-de-camp in India to the Marquess of Hastings, the Viceroy, and speaking of his agreeable duties, one of which was to attend the Viceroy in his rides on elephants, Lord Albemarle said :—“I used greatly to enjoy these elephantine rides. It was gratifying to a youngster to be on terms of familiar intercourse with a man who, as soldier, orator, or statesman, had been before the world for nearly half a century. On public occasions Lord Hastings was the most stately of human beings ; you then saw only the haughty ruler over a hundred and odd millions of fellow-creatures ; but tête-à-tête in a howdah he was totally different, would talk freely on all subjects, and made no secret of his disputes with the East India Directors, who were everything in his eyes but his ‘much approved and esteemed good masters.’ But the subject that most interested me was his military life, beginning from 1773, when as Francis Rawdon, captain of grenadiers, he had two bullets through his cap at the Battle of Bunker’s Hill, up to 1817, when by strategically concentrating the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, on a given spot on a given day, he annihilated the Pindarees and wholly subverted the power of the Mahrattas.”

DIED FOR HIS MEN

IN the summer of 1819 the yellow fever committed dreadful havoc among the British troops quartered in Jamaica, especially among some regiments landed a short time previously. The contagion was so virulent that nobody could attend upon the sick without becoming affected by it, and many of the men fell victims solely to their humanity in administering to the wants of their afflicted comrades. Appalled at the inevitable destiny that appeared to await every man who entered the hospital as an assistant, the soldiers at last refused in a body to attend upon the sick any longer.

The officers pleaded with them to reconsider their decision, and, after a short pause, four privates offered themselves for the work. In a very short time, however, two of them were stricken with the disease, upon which the other two immediately withdrew. In this hopeless state of things, Colonel Hill, of the 50th Regiment, heroically exclaimed, "Then, my men, we must change our coats; since I cannot find a man in my regiment to attend upon a sick soldier, I must do it myself." Before the end of many days this noble-minded officer was himself attacked with the fever, and he died shortly afterwards. Colonel Hill was the oldest officer of his regiment, having served King and country for forty-seven years.

ONE COMMON FOE

SHORTLY before the first Burmah War broke out a dispute arose between the crew of H.M.S. *Fox* and the men of the 50th Regiment, both being stationed at Portsmouth at the time. So heartily was the quarrel taken up by both parties, and so fierce and frequent were the fights between the sailors and soldiers, that the authorities deemed it advisable to remove H.M.S. *Fox* from Portsmouth to Spithead. Shortly afterwards it was ordered out to Burmah; so was the 50th, and the corps went by transport. A great part of the crew of the *Fox* were detailed for land service. They crossed the Irrawaddy to where the 50th Regiment were stationed, and surprised the commanding officer by a request to present a petition. This he consented to hear, being very curious, and found that it was nothing less than that they should be allowed to go into action side by side with their late enemies, the 50th! The one knew the sterling fighting qualities of the other. Tommy Atkins held out his hand promptly, and, to judge from the after proceedings, one would have thought the two parties had been friends from birth!

REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA

FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY

THE first soldier of Queen Victoria to strike a blow after her accession in 1837 was a brave young explorer and artillery officer, Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger. Instigated by France and Russia, the Persians boldly invaded Afghanistan and besieged Herat, the ostensibly fortified walls of which were mere ruins. The Persians, as subsequent evidence has shown beyond all doubt, were not only led by some French and many Russian officers, but quite one-fourth of the troops themselves were Russians. Eldred Pottinger loved wandering, and was just about to enter into Herat alone, save for native attendants, after an adventurous journey from Cabul, when he met the Afghans in full retreat. Knowing that Herat was the "Gate of India," he poured upon the Afghans both taunts and words stimulating them to courage, with the result that they turned back to defend the city.

During a fearful siege, Pottinger, who had in the meantime sent messages to India for relief, urged on the Afghans night and day, and he even dragged on by his garments their so-called leader, Yar Mahomed, to the breach made in the walls by the foe, and literally forced him to fight. He himself performed prodigies of valour, and such were his feats that, even to this day, they have not been forgotten by certain tribes. He boldly went into the enemy's camp to arrange terms, but could not obtain anything suitable. He therefore decided to attack the Persians, and, issuing forth with the Afghans, signally defeated the enemy. Soon after that a British force arrived. Queen Victoria presented to Lieutenant Pottinger a sword, on which was recorded the fact that "Eldred Pottinger was the first man to draw the sword for Queen Victoria." Pottinger, who was a nephew of Sir Henry Pottinger, an Indian Governor, died in 1843 when only thirty-two years old.

GAMBLING OFFICERS

IN *An Old Soldier's Memories*, Captain H. Jones-Parry tells the following story of the time when, having received, at the age of nineteen, a commission in the East India Company's service, he was on his way to Madras. The Suez Canal, of course, had not then been constructed. This is the account given:—

“What a journey it was across the desert for delicate women and children to undertake! I can now remember with horror our being cramped up for so many hours, and the beastly dirt of our resting-places. We had a baby in our party, and I pitied the poor mother so much that the maternal necessities of the situation were less difficult to bear. When we arrived at Aden, as it was dark, no passengers were allowed to land. Colonel Outram was the exception; but when the mail-boat came alongside, as soon as she had received her mails, some half-dozen of us slipped on board.

“In vain the official in charge protested; a sharp rap over the knuckles of the man holding on by the rope made him let go, and off we drifted. On landing, we got at the hotel some villainous coffee for which we paid enormously, and then we sat down to play cards. The game was *vingt-et-un*; I shall never forget that game. I was a very unskilled player, and my luck was abominable. I lost all the money I had with me, and had not the courage to give up playing. Others had also lost their ready money, and paper I.O.U.'s were adopted. Oh, the horror of those moments! I did not know how I should ever redeem mine. I had a letter of credit on board for £100, but that was payable only at Madras. I was miserable. Luckily my deal came, and I had more than singular luck.

“I had redeemed my paper notes, and was about to try to retire, when I heard a voice behind me saying, ‘You young blackguards, what are you doing? You're gambling!’ Someone ventured a ‘No, sir.’ ‘Yes, you are; look at those paper I.O.U.'s in the saucer.’ It was Colonel Outram. He was very angry, but eventually said, ‘I will not report you, on one condition—that you burn all those papers, and promise me never to gamble again.’ The papers were burnt, the promise made. ‘Now then, boys, come and have supper with me.’ He gave us as good a supper as the hotel afforded, and then sent us on board. I think I may say we all worshipped him, and I can add that to this day I have kept my promise. Such was my first interview with the great and good Outram. I shall never see his like again.”

A BORN LEADER

AT the Battle of Maharajpore, in 1843, Sir Henry Havelock, then only a major and acting as Persian interpreter on the staff of the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough, distinguished himself by his cool intrepidity in the thickest of the fight. The unconcerned way in which he moved on amidst the balls which ploughed up the ground around him was specially remarked. In the battle the 56th Native Infantry, which had been brigaded with the 39th Dorsetshire, were advancing on the enemy, but at so slow a pace as to exhaust the patience of Sir Hugh Gough. "Will no one get that sepoy regiment on?" he repeatedly exclaimed.

Havelock offered to go, and riding up, inquired the name of the corps. "It is the 56th Native Infantry," was the reply. "I don't want its number," exclaimed Havelock; "what is the native name?" "Lamboorunke-pultun—Lambourn's regiment," replied the person addressed. Havelock then took off his cap, and placing himself in front of the 56th, addressed them by that name; and in a few complimentary and cheering words reminded them that they fought under the eye of the Commander-in-chief. He then led them up to the enemy's batteries, and afterwards remarked that "whereas it had been difficult to get them forward before, the difficulty now was to restrain their impetuosity."

NO RUNNING

MANY stories are told of the conspicuous bravery of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, who died at the age of seventy-two in February, 1902. In the Punjab campaign of 1848-9 against the Sikhs, Chamberlain, who then held the rank of major, called for volunteers to assist him in blowing up a bastion. Three or four men responded, and the Major led the little party close up to the point where the mine was to be fired. As soon as the explosives were in place and the fuse lighted the volunteers started to run, in order to get out of the way of the explosion, no less than to effect as speedily as possible their retreat to the safety of the British lines. They had not gone a dozen yards, however, before Chamberlain shouted, "Come back! There's to be no indecent haste, men. We'll walk!" And walk they did, while the fuse slowly sputtered down to the waiting powder.

NATIVE SENTRIES

THE following curious story is told as given in Sir Alfred Lyall's volume of *Asiatic Studies*. Some fifty years ago (1850) a very high English official died in a fortress at a place that is one of the centres of Brahmanic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the sepoy guard at the main gate, a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exhortation nor orders could prevent a Hindu sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out of the fort at night.

NO GAMMON!

SOME fifty years ago Sir Harry Smith, after whose wife Ladysmith is named, was Governor of Cape Colony. During his term he was kept busily employed in putting down the many Kaffir rebellions that arose on the eastern frontier. After one of these arduous campaigns, his troops returned to Capetown in a terribly impoverished condition as regarded their outfit—torn tunics, battered helmets, ragged trousers, and worn-out boots. The men were paraded for Sir Harry's inspection, and he congratulated them on their gallant conduct, their smart and soldier-like appearance, etc. This "blarney" proved too much for an old sergeant, very much down at heel, and an old favourite of the General. Stepping forward from the ranks, he respectfully saluted Sir Harry, and said, "Begging your pardon, Sir 'Arry, we don't want no gammon, we want boots!"

RULING THE KAFFIRS

ON one occasion, when the Kaffirs had shown a tendency to rebel, Sir Harry Smith summoned the chiefs to a conference, and in readiness for the event, compiled a fine speech about the greatness of England. At an arranged place, with a view to impressing the natives, he was to touch the spring of a galvanic battery connected with some kegs of gunpowder placed under a waggon, which was to be blown to pieces. Sir Harry commenced his speech, but, when the explosion duly occurred, the waggon was only tilted on end. In spite of this comparative failure, however, the interview did not come to an end without a real theatrical effect. One of the chiefs ventured to express a doubt of the intentions of the British. This was too much for fiery

Sir Harry. Carried away by a fit of rage, he drew his sword fiercely, and presenting it at the naked breast of the Kaffir, swore he would run him through if he did not there and then take an oath of obedience to the Government. The assembled chiefs were cowed by this outbreak, and one after another they subscribed the required submission. It is said that this stroke averted a Kaffir war.

SWORDSMANSHIP

THERE died in 1895 a well-known swordsman, Mr. Henderson, who was in his seventieth year. In his younger days he was a most powerful man. He could with one blow cut through two sheep, and could also sever $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches of solid lead. A specially made cuirass, much thought of at the time by the Duke of Cambridge, was, when tested by Henderson, cut clean through. Steel plates, it is recorded, six to the inch, and ordinary pokers, were severed at a blow by the same strong arm. Mr. Henderson was present at the Battle of Chillianwalla, and could testify to some remarkable instances of the power of a keen sword in the hands of others. Towards the termination of the fight, as the British were slowly retiring, a Sikh challenged an Irish soldier to single combat. One thrust of the soldier's bayonet went through the Sikh, who, though mortally wounded, cleft the soldier's head in two. Another instance he used to give was that after the same engagement a Sikh was found sitting on the ground apparently unhurt, but holding his hands to his head. When the doctor bade the man lower his arms he fell dead on the spot with half his skull gone, the upper part having been cut clean through.

THE DUKE'S CHOICE

WHEN the news of the Battle of Chillianwalla reached England a great outcry arose against Lord Gough, the British commander. Though the Sikhs had been compelled to retreat, the loss of British troops was great, and the British Government decided to send out a new general. Accordingly the Duke of Wellington was consulted, the victor of Waterloo being asked to suggest three officers from whom a successor might be selected. The Duke answered briefly and emphatically, "Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier!" At first Sir Charles, then nearly seventy, was not inclined to go, and only consented when the Duke, then eighty years of age, said, "Very well; then I must go myself!" In the Battle of Gujerat, a month after Chillianwalla, Lord Gough retrieved his character and won additional fame. With only 24,000 men he attacked 60,000 Sikhs strongly posted, and routing them, captured fifty-three of their guns.

CHARLIE NAPIER

ONE of the finest figures in Indian military history is that of Sir Charles Napier. He had commanded the 50th Regiment in the retreat on Corunna, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Later he took part in many of the battles of the Peninsula under Wellington, being wounded at Busaco. His Indian career commenced in 1841, when he was sent out to command in the war with Scinde, in which he conquered the Beloochees, and taught them to love as well as fear him. Stories of the influence he obtained over the unruly tribes are both amusing and remarkable. His laconic proclamation, "Beloochees! I am coming up with 10,000 men to drive you all to the devil!" greatly assisted the might of his arms. Another time, when a distant fort was held by a formidable and desperate robber, Sir Charles, who could ill afford the time required to reduce it, sent a young officer, entirely unarmed, into the stronghold of the chieftain, with this message: "Come out to me, or, by —, I will come and fetch you!" This summons was instantly obeyed, and the fort bloodlessly surrendered to the British!

RED BADGE OF COURAGE

A FINE tribute to British bravery was paid during some operations which Sir Charles Napier was engaged in carrying out against a rebel tribe in Scinde. In spite of its forbidding aspect, it was determined to carry the stronghold of Trukkee by assault, and one of the parties detailed for the purpose consisted of three hundred men of the 13th Light Infantry. Ten men and a sergeant of this section got astray, being on the wrong side of a deep ravine, while ahead of them was a rocky platform defended by seventy of the enemy. The officer signalled for the men to return, but they, mistaking the signal for an order to charge, rushed at the enemy, cheering loudly. Against such odds, the struggle could only have one result. Six of the men were killed outright, and the others were hurled back, being dashed to death on the rocks below. Every man perished.

"Their heroism," said Sir William Napier, brother of Sir Charles, "was not unrecognised. There is a custom with these hillmen that, when a great champion dies in battle, his comrades, after stripping his body, tie a red or green thread round his right or left wrist according to the greatness of the exploit—the red being the most honourable. Here, those brave warriors stripped the British dead and cast their bodies over, but with this testimony of their chivalric sense of honour, and the greatness of our fallen

soldiers' courage—each body had a red thread on both wrists. They had done the same before to the heroic Clarke, slain in previous operations.”

THE ENGLISH CUSTOM

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, on assuming the administration of Scinde, found the practice of *suttee* in full operation. He determined to put an end to it by a process entirely characteristic; for, judging the real cause of these immolations to be the profit derived by the priests, and hearing of an intended burning of widows, he made it known that he would stop the sacrifice. The priests contended that it was a religious rite which was not to be in any way interfered with, that all nations had customs which should be respected, and that this was in their religion an especially sacred one. Napier, affecting to be struck with the force of their argument, said, “Be it so. This burning of widows is your custom. Prepare the funeral pile. But our English nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to our national customs!” It is hardly necessary to add that no *suttee* took place then, or at any time afterwards.

GENERAL AND THE JUGGLER

AFTER one of Napier's campaigns in India, a famous native juggler visited the British camp, and performed his feats before the General, his family, and staff. Among other performances this man cut in two, with a stroke of his sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword so small an object on a man's hand without touching the flesh he believed to be impossible, though a similar instance is related by Scott in his romance, *The Talisman*.

To determine the point the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he forthwith stretched out his right hand. The juggler looked very attentively at the hand, and finally said that he would not make the experiment. “I thought I should find you out,” exclaimed Napier triumphantly. “Stop!” said the other; “let me see your left hand.” The left was submitted, and the man then said firmly, “If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat.” “But why the left hand, and not the

right?" asked the General. "Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less," was the reply.

Napier was startled. "I got frightened," he said in recounting the incident. "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I should have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it. And so much," Sir Charles Napier added, "for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meanee."

DEATH OF NAPIER

SIR CHARLES NAPIER returned to England in 1851, but only lived two years, dying on the 29th of August, 1853, at Oaklands, near Portsmouth. His death was slow and painful, but he bore it with resignation—a remarkable fact when his fiery temper is remembered. A few days before he expired he ordered his favourite charger to be brought to the window of his room, which was on the ground-floor. He looked earnestly at his old companion, his partner in many a gallant fight, and then said, with a dash of his former spirit, "Ah, you rogue! You tried to kick my brains out once, but"—in a more tender tone—"I wish I could kiss you!" The steed thus apostrophised followed the body of its master in the funeral procession. Sir Charles had endless quarrels with his superiors, but he was beloved by the men under him.

HONOUR SATISFIED

WHAT Sir Daniel Lysons believes to have been the first case of a settlement of an "affair of honour" on the Duke of Wellington's plan is described by him in his *Early Reminiscences*. It occurred in Halifax, Nova Scotia, about the middle of the nineteenth century. Sir Daniel says:—

"One day Captain Evans came to me boiling over with wrath and indignation. He said he had been grossly assaulted by Captain Harvey, the Governor's son, and begged me to act as his friend. I agreed, provided he promised to do exactly as I told him. He consented. I called on Captain Harvey's friend, Captain Bourke, and we agreed to abide by the Duke of

Wellington's order about duelling, which had just then been promulgated at Halifax, Nova Scotia. We carried out our intention as follows: We made each of our principals write out his own version of what had occurred. We then chose an umpire. We selected Colonel Horn, of the 20th Regiment, a clear-headed and much-respected officer. With his approval we sent him the two statements, and he directed us to come to his house the following morning with our principals.

"At the appointed time we arrived, and were shown into the dining-room. We bowed formally to each other across the table, and awaited the appearance of our referee. Colonel Horn soon entered, and addressing our principals, said, 'Gentlemen, in the first place, I must thank you for having made my duty so light. Nothing could be more open, generous, or gentlemanlike than your statements. The best advice I can give you is that you shake hands and forget that the occurrence has ever happened.' They at once walked up to each other and shook hands cordially. They were the best of friends ever after."

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, EX-CAVALRYMAN

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, the politician, like Corbett, was a soldier in his early years. It was in 1852, when not quite twenty, that he enlisted as a trooper in a cavalry regiment in Dublin. He was not long in the service, buying himself out, but it was long enough to give him military ways which stuck to him throughout his stormy career. This can be illustrated by a story. Thirty years after he had left the Army he was lecturing on Cromwell at the Cooper Institute, New York, and he had occasion to describe the warrior-statesman as drawing his sword and throwing away his scabbard. Bradlaugh put his hand to his side, and drew the imaginary sword. It was a perfect piece of acting. The flashing blade could almost be seen by the spellbound audience. An old army officer who attended the lecture exclaimed, "Great Cæsar! That man has been in the cavalry!" This statement, of course, was quite correct.

ORIGIN OF VOLUNTEERS

IT was in 1852 that the modern volunteer became a true factor in the State, though it was seven years later before he received his due recognition from the authorities. The first volunteer corps, as such a body is understood to-day, was started in Exeter by Dr. John C. Bucknill. He began with small local gatherings

of young men who wished to learn military drill and military ways, and he formed them into a corps of volunteers. Gradually the idea spread and became a wide movement, until such bodies of citizen-soldiers could be numbered throughout the country by scores. Then the Government thought it fitting to recognise these volunteers, who might be useful some time or other, and so, in 1859, they were put upon an official and permanent basis. Dr. John Bucknill received many honours. He was knighted, and Exeter has, with much pride and enthusiasm, erected a statue in his memory. The monument was designed by an Exeter man, Mr. Harry Hems, and it was unveiled by Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, Sir John Bucknill himself being present at the ceremony. All classes of Exeter contributed to its erection.

SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY

LORD WEMYSS, long connected with the volunteer movement, was wont, while Lord Elcho, to tell the following story at volunteer gatherings: One of the first corps embodied in the Metropolis in 1859 was marching up Fleet Street when the commanding officer shouted, "Right wheel!" This was so much Hebrew to the leading section of fours, as the regiment had hardly learned the rudiments of drill, and no notice was taken of the mandate. Again the colonel shouted the command, but the mystified volunteers did not know what to do. At length, as the men were getting somewhat confused, the officer roared out, "Hang it; turn up Fetter Lane!"

PATRIOTIC OFFICER

THE *Times* once told a delightful story to illustrate the zeal with which the volunteer movement was taken up at first. A colonel of the regular army, told off to inspect one of the newly formed corps, noticed in the ranks a rather elderly but soldier-like looking man wearing several medals. Stepping in front of this man, the colonel somewhat condescendingly said, "I see you have served in the regular army, my man." "Yes, sir," replied the volunteer, standing stiffly at attention. "What was your rank when in the service?" continued the colonel. "Major-general, sir," was the answer which the astonished inspecting officer received!

FRIENDLY ADVICE

OF the early volunteering days many comical stories are told. The following concerns a West-Country corps, which was camping out. One night the commanding officer, in mufti, was going the round to see that the sentries were on duty all right. When he came to the first sentry, the latter did not salute; so, turning to the man, the officer asked him why he did not do so. "What for?" asked the soldier; "who are you?" "Well," rejoined the officer, "I am the commander." "Oh! are you?" answered the sentry, slapping him on the back very heartily; "then all I can say is that you have got a very good crib—mind you don't get drunk and lose it!"

THE CRIMEAN WAR

COLIN CAMPBELL AND HIS HIGHLANDERS

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, afterwards Lord Clyde, was born in Glasgow in 1792, and joined the Army in 1808. He served under Sir John Moore at Corunna, and was in the Peninsular War, being wounded while leading the forlorn hope at the storming of San Sebastian. In spite of his services, his promotion was very slow, but during the Crimean War he commanded the Highland Brigade. The Battle of the Alma was mainly won by his efforts. When the Light Division retired behind the Guards to re-form, some confusion ensued, the men thinking that a retreat was about to be made. "Halt and dress the line," said the Duke of Cambridge, who commanded the 1st Division. "No," answered Sir Colin; "Forward! upon the foe." The Duke gave his consent, the men drew in order again, the Russians were driven back, and a glorious victory was the result.

Before the attack was made, Sir Colin addressed a few stirring words to his Highlanders. "Now, men," he said, "you are going into action; remember this, whoever is wounded—I don't care what his rank is—must lie where he falls till the bandsmen attend to him. No soldier must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing his name shall be stuck up in his parish church." The Highland Brigade consisted of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Regiments. Placing himself at the head of the Black Watch, Sir Colin said, "Forward, 42nd!" The battalion at once moved up the heights, followed by the other two corps, and the men were soon engaged with the enemy.

In his speech to the men, when giving up his command, Sir Colin said: "Men, remember never to lose sight of the fact that you are natives of Scotland; that your country admires you for your bravery; that it still expects much from you; and, as Scotchmen, strive to maintain the name and fame of your countrymen, who are everywhere, and who have nobly fought and bled in all quarters of the globe. Your steadiness and

gallantry at the Battle of Alma were most conspicuous and most gratifying to me ; while your intrepidity before the enemy has been equalled by the discipline which you have invariably preserved. In short, let everyone consider himself a hero."

Sir Colin's exploits in India during the Mutiny, when he brought relief to Lucknow, are well known. He died in 1863, a field-marshal, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His tombstone records that he died "lamented by the Queen, the Army, and the people."

AFTER THE CONFLICT

SPEAKING of the morning after the Battle of the Alma, the officer who writes under the name of "Martello Tower," says : "Early on the morning of September 21st, I, with large numbers of others, was sent with my boat's crew to help bring the wounded from the field of battle to the transports, and we had nearly a five-mile walk to the right position, at the strength and height of which I was fairly *astounded*. On entering the Russian entrenchments, where their principal battery stood, I saw how tremendously strong it was, and to what a great extent our troops were exposed to artillery fire, and what a gallant thing had been done by them. Before my arrival nearly all the dead had been got out of sight, but there was a huge collection of Russian wounded, who said that they did not expect to meet *red devils*."

THE LAST OF THEIR TRIBE

IT is extraordinary how a sense of humour will show itself, or a witty remark make people laugh, even in the midst of the most deadly peril. At the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, when the word was given to advance at the gallop, Lord Cardigan, the leader of the gallant party, well aware that he was going to almost certain death, shouted out, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans !" Upon which a native of the Emerald Isle, in a rich brogue which is unproducable, sang out, "Here goes the last of the Murphys !"

SHARP WORK

ROBERT MARTIN, who died in the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, in 1900, took part in the Light Brigade charge as one of the 11th Hussars. This was his account of the affair :—

"The fire was murderous. Ward, in front of me, was blown to pieces ; Turner, on my left, had his right arm blown off. Just at that moment my right arm was shattered to pieces. I gathered it up as well as I could, and laid it across my knees. While

fighting in the midst of the guns, Glanister unfortunately broke his sword off short at the hilt by striking a Russian on the top of his helmet. The order to retire was given by Lord George Paget, and on turning I perceived a Cossack near by us. He immediately levelled his pistol and fired at Glanister and myself. The ball whizzed by my face and struck Glanister, shattering his bottom jaw, and causing him to fall forward on his cloak. The Cossack bolted at once, and I grasped the reins of my horse and placed them in my mouth, at the same time seizing those of Glanister's horse and turning it into the ranks. By this means, no doubt, his life was saved."

LORD CARDIGAN

WHEN Lord Cardigan, the leader of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, was once travelling to Scotland, he got out at a station for refreshment. He had ordered a small bottle of champagne, and when the waiter was about to draw the cork it flew with a sharp "pop" in the direction of his lordship's face. He at once made a dodge to escape it, upon which a ruddy-faced farmer facetiously exclaimed, "Ye wouldna ha' done to ha' beane in the Crimeen War." Naturally, this remark caused Lord Cardigan to smile, but he did not enlighten the farmer as to his identity.

FAMOUS CHARGER

IT is interesting to note that all the four hoofs of the charger ridden by Lord Cardigan in the charge are preserved as relics. King Edward VII., as colonel-in-chief of the 10th Hussars, possesses one; another belongs to the officers of that famous regiment; a third is in the family of the late Lord Cardigan; and the fourth and last is, or was, owned by Sir James Sawyer, the well-known Birmingham physician. It came into his hands through Lady Sawyer, whose father, a Lincolnshire rector, received it from Lord Cardigan himself, the hoof, which is mounted in silver, bearing an inscription to that effect.

A WINNER OF THE V.C.

IN the Balaclava charge Troop Sergeant-Major John Berryman gained the V.C. for a noble deed. His horse was shot under him in the rush, and he received a wound in the leg, but was able to walk. He captured a riderless charger, and started to follow his comrades into the *mêlée*, but this horse was also shot under him. While making his way back to the British lines he came across Captain Webb, of his own regiment, the 17th Lancers, and proceeded at once to render the officer assistance. He sent

a soldier off for a stretcher, and, in spite of the officer's entreaties, refused to leave the latter to his fate. "Oh no, sir," said he, "I shall not leave you now." "Perhaps they will only take me prisoner," urged the officer. "If they do, sir, we will go together, whatever happens," replied Berryman. Fortunately, the Russians did not molest them, and Berryman, calling to a comrade, managed, with the other's assistance, to carry the Captain about two hundred yards, when, owing to the pain of the wound, they were compelled to lay him down.

The officer was bleeding profusely from his leg, which had been shattered by a grape-shot, but, managing to procure a tourniquet, Berryman, though he had never handled one before, fixed it in an effective manner. When they reached the doctors Berryman asked if the appliance had been fixed properly, and a surgeon exclaimed: "Proper manner! Why, I could not have done it better myself." While the sergeant was engaged with the captain a tall French officer, who afterwards turned out to be General Bosquet, rode up. "Your officer?" he asked, pointing to Captain Webb. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Ah! And you are a sergeant?"—touching the chevrons on Berryman's sleeve. "Yes, sir." "You are a brave man. If you were in the French service, I would make you a lieutenant on the spot!" Then, standing in his stirrups and pointing down the valley, the General made use of the phrase which became historical. "Mon Dieu!" he said; "it was grand. It was magnificent. But it is not war!"

After handing over Captain Webb to the doctors and waiting until the officer's wound was dressed, Berryman returned to his regiment. He examined his own wound, which was very painful. "A piece about the size of a shilling," he said, "had been clean cut out of my leg; but I felt very little inconvenience from it." For his devotion, Berryman, as well as the two soldiers who helped him, received the Victoria Cross. The gallant sergeant also received a commission, and when he died in 1896 he was Major John Berryman.

GALLANT ANSWER

THERE died in 1893 at Darjeeling, India, a Balaclava hero, Sergeant Nicholson by name, who, it is said, acted as spokesman for the survivors who were made prisoners when brought before the Russian general. "Your men must have been primed with rum before you made such a mad charge," said the general, addressing Nicholson. "By G——, sir, we had not a sup, for, if we had, we should have been broken through the whole Russian army," was the spirited reply.

INCIDENTS OF BALACLAVA

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C., did not see the charge of the Light Brigade, but he was afterwards in the ranks of the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers, and from officers belonging to these regiments who had taken part in the affair he learned many particulars. In an account he has written, Sir Evelyn says:—

“The Light Brigade had an hour or two previously been looking on while their comrades of the Heavy Brigade achieved one of the most brilliant cavalry victories recorded, and officers were naturally eager to emulate such a deed. This state of feeling explains, to a certain extent, how proud, brave leaders, with no knowledge of war, were easily led into attempting to execute an order of which they disapproved, especially when the senior had been irritated by what he considered to be an inordinately expressed suggestion of a headquarter aide-de-camp. The divisional cavalry leader (Lord Lucan), on receipt of the order brought by Captain Nolan, freely criticised Lord Raglan’s instructions, and this probably did not render Captain Nolan more respectful. He had brought the following order, reiterating a somewhat similar command sent down previously: ‘Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns; troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. The French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.’

“From where the divisional general received this order, *i.e.* on the southern slope of the Causeway Heights, no Russians were visible, and he asked sharply, ‘Attack, sir! attack what guns?’ The general considered that Nolan replied in an insulting manner as he pointed in an easterly direction, ‘There, my lord, is your enemy, and there are your guns.’ . . . The brigade moved forward at the trot. Shortly after it advanced, Captain Nolan was seen galloping across the front, shouting and pointing to the Causeway Heights with his sword. The brigadier (Lord Cardigan), not realising what Nolan was endeavouring to convey, regarded this as an unwarrantable interference with the direction of the brigade; and Nolan was unable to give any further information, for the first shell, bursting just in front of his horse, tore away part of the brave hussar’s chest. His horse, turning, went back, the dead body remaining for some distance erect in the saddle.

“After the brigade had been five minutes in motion, it was fired on from batteries and riflemen on the Fedioukine Heights,

and also from batteries and riflemen on the eastern slope of the Causeway Heights. It then came under the direct fire of twelve guns in its front. A steady gallop was maintained, until what remained of the four squadrons got near the guns, when the pace was increased to an estimated seventeen miles an hour, and our men, galloping through the battery, went headlong into the Russian cavalry, which, repeating the mistake made in the southern valley, remained at the halt, until the men turned their backs before the handful of British soldiers. The 4th Light Dragoons got up to within thirty yards of the 11th Hussars, and on reaching the battery through which the 13th and 17th had passed, found the Russians endeavouring to carry away their guns. The 4th remained some minutes attempting to defeat this object, and began to send back some of the guns before going forward to pick up the remnants of the four leading squadrons.

“ . . . The havoc and confusion wrought amongst the Russian troops are indescribable, and this accounts for the number of our dismounted men who escaped. Several individuals of the leading squadrons dashed on to the banks of the Tchernaya, one officer killing in succession, near the river, the wheel, centre, and lead drivers of a gun which the Russians were endeavouring to carry off. Lieutenant Percy Smith, 13th Light Dragoons, from an accident to his right hand, carried merely a dummy sword in the scabbard. While leading his men on the far side of the Russian battery, a Russian soldier, perceiving he had no sword, galloped up alongside, and resting his carbine on the left arm, pressed the muzzle close to Smith's body as the two horsemen galloped locked together. Smith presently, finding the suspense intolerable, struck at the Russian's face with his maimed hand, and the carbine going off, the bullet passed over Smith's head, the Russian then leaving him alone.

“ Captain Morris, of the 17th Lancers, terribly wounded, gave up his sword to a Russian officer, who shortly afterwards, being driven from his side, left Morris alone, and he nearly fell a victim to the cupidity of some Cossacks. From them and others, however, he escaped, and eventually, with great difficulty, got back up the valley, till he fell insensible close to the dead body of his friend Nolan. Morris had seen much service in India. He was short in stature but powerfully made, being forty-three inches round the chest, and was affectionately termed by his brother officers ‘the pocket Hercules.’ During the Punjab campaign, while yet a youthful cornet, he engaged in single combat a horseman who, careering in front, challenged the 16th Lancers, and, after an exciting struggle, killed the man. After Morris's service

in India he passed through the Staff College (senior department), and there was no cavalry officer on the ground with wider experience. I went to India with him in 1857 and 'kept house' for him for several months, and he often told me that he repeatedly urged the brigadier to attack the rear of the Russian mass as soon as it was committed to a fight with our Heavy Brigade; and on his declining to do so, begged that the two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, then under his command, might be permitted to fall on the rear of the wavering mass. It is true that the brigadier denied that any such request had been made, but I am satisfied that he was mistaken, and honestly, for although not popular, he was never accused of wilful misstatements. Moreover, Morris put it officially on record at the time in a letter to the adjutant-general. Morris's evidence is the more convincing because when many were running down his brigadier for having retired prematurely from the struggle in the northern valley, Morris, who was well qualified to judge, emphatically asserted that 'he led like a gentleman.'

"Lieutenant Sir William Gordon, who greatly distinguished himself in personal combats in Central India in 1858, is still (1894) an active man, although the doctors said, on the 25th October, he was 'their only patient with his head off,' so terribly had he been hacked by a crowd of Russians into which he had penetrated. He used to make but little of his escape, but we learnt that after being knocked out of the saddle he lay on his horse's neck, trying to keep the blood from his eyes. Eventually, without sword or pistol, he turned back, and, unable to regain his stirrups although a perfect horseman, rode at a walk up the valley. He found between himself and our Heavy Brigade a regiment of Russian cavalry facing up the valley. He was now joined by two or three men, and he made for the squadron interval. The nearest Russians, hearing him approach, looked back, and by closing outwards to bar his passage, left sufficient opening in the squadron, through which Gordon passed at a canter. He was followed and summoned to surrender, and refusing, would have been cut down had not his pursuer been shot.

"Most lovers of Art have admired Miss Elizabeth Thompson's power in depicting the frenzied expression of the hussar's eye in her picture, 'Balaklava.' I have seen many such faces, but carnage does not so affect all men, and we know that a cornet, rich in worldly possessions, whose horse was killed well down in the valley near the guns, kept his head, and extricating the saddle, carried it back into camp on his head.

“The Light Brigade charge—albeit the Russian battery was wrecked, the Russian cavalry driven off the field, and the Russian infantry induced to fall back in squares—was nevertheless a glorious failure, since we left the Russians in possession of the three redoubts and our 12-pounder guns. The charge of the Heavy Brigade was an astounding success. But the terrible loss incurred by Light Brigade squadrons, and the glamour thrown over their wild ride by the impressive verses of the Laureate, entirely blinded the public as to the material military success attained by the two exploits. The feelings of our countrymen are seldom moved except by incidents in which there is severe loss of life, and thus the determined gallantry shown in the attack of the three leading squadrons of the Heavy Brigade has remained comparatively unappreciated.”

WITH THE SWORD

IN the charge of the Heavy Brigade, under Colonel Scarlett, at Balaclava, which was such a striking success, the soldiers had to use the edge of the sword instead of the point, as the great-coats worn by the Russians made it difficult to injure them by a thrust. The British dragoons, therefore, went for the heads of their foes, and some of the wounds inflicted were, according to General Sir Evelyn Wood, simply appalling. The men stood up in their saddles almost, and, bringing down their swords with great weight, clove the heads of many of the enemy down to the chin. An amusing story is told of the conflict. In those days the soldiers were taught the sword exercise with great regard for regularity, each cut being followed in correct sequence by its corresponding guard. A doctor, dressing a wound on a dragoon's head, asked, “And how came you to get this ugly cut?” The trooper replied, with much warmth, “I had just cut 5 at a Russian, and the damned fool never guarded at all, but hit me over the head!” Number 5, it may be explained, was a body cut.

THE THIN RED STREAK

THE 93rd Foot, or 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the only infantry battalion bearing the name “Balaklava” on its colours. In that famous battle, which was mainly a cavalry affair, the 93rd formed that “thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel” which performed a deed that made its name world-wide. The battalion consisted only of 550 men, yet, when the Turks fled down the valley, it prepared to hold its ground against a force of 20,000 Russian cavalry. The following is a stirring

account of what happened: "On, with uplifted swords or lances levelled, spurring came the Russians, with a sound as of thunder rolling through the air. The word of command was given; the Minie rifles were levelled from the shoulder; the black plumed bonnets were seen to droop a little from the right and front as each man took his steady aim; then from flank to flank a withering volley rang; and when the smoke rolled away a confused heap of men and horses were seen writhing and tumbling over each other, with swords, lances, and caps scattered far and near. Many lay there who would rise no more, and beyond them all were seen the retreating squadrons."

PUZZLED RUSSIANS

IN connection with the 93rd at Balaclava a rather amusing story is recorded. The odd appearance of the Highlanders in their national kilt attracted the attention of the Russians who came into the camp under a flag of truce. After discussing the matter among themselves for a little time, one of the Russian officers asked, "What sort of soldiers are those in the petticoats?" "These," replied a waggish British officer, "are the wives of the soldiers who ride on the grey horses!" The allusion, of course, was to the Scots Greys, who were in the vicinity. It is said that the Russians were much astonished at the information, which soon spread throughout their camps!

THE SOLDIERS' VICTORY

THE Battle of Inkerman (5th of November, 1854), consisting as it did of a series of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, with small parties of British soldiers defending themselves against battalions of Russians, has been rightly called "The Soldiers' Victory." Many gallant deeds were performed. When the 41st were being overwhelmed at the Sandbag battery, four officers—Captain Richards and Lieutenants Taylor, Stirling, and Swabey, the last-named being already wounded—not being able at the moment to collect men for a necessary counter-attack, charged alone into the mass of Russians and were all killed.

Later in the fight Lieutenant Acton, of the 77th Regiment, was ordered to advance up Shell Hill and take the nearest Russian battery, the force to consist of his own company and two other companies that stood near him. Electing to attack in front, the lieutenant told the other officers to attack in the flank, but they, considering the task impossible, refused to go. Acton's own men, influenced by the refusal, also declined to make the

attack, whereupon the gallant lieutenant walked forward, saying, "Then I'll go by myself!" He was joined by Private Tyrrell, of the 77th, then by another soldier, and then the whole of his company stepped forward. The advance was made, but the Russian battery, hastily retiring, escaped.

ONE GALLANT ENGLISHMAN

SIR EVELYN WOOD, in his reminiscences of the Crimean War, tells a terrible but stirring story of a guardsman at Inkerman. When Captain Burnaby, of the Grenadiers, charged into the centre of the swarming foe, he was closely followed by Private James Bancroft. Several Russians furiously attacked the private, who drove his bayonet through the chest of the nearest of the three men, but, before he could withdraw it, he was bayoneted through the jaw. Though he staggered back, still he kept his eye on the man who had dealt the blow, and shot him dead, killing the third man with the bayonet. Two other Russians then fought Bancroft at the same moment, and he fell, pierced in the right side. Jumping up again, however, he knocked down one of his enemies, who, not being much hurt, clutched Bancroft's legs as he fought the other Russian. The guardsman killed both—him on the ground by kicks with the heel of the boot, and the other with the bayonet. "It is curiously characteristic of our nation," says Sir Evelyn Wood, "that a sergeant, ignoring, or possibly not perceiving, that the Russian on the ground was trying to hold Bancroft till another Russian could stab him, shouted out forbidding Bancroft to kick 'a man that's down.'"

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

OF the fight at Inkerman, Sir Evelyn Wood, alluding to the general in temporary command of the Second Division, the mainspring of four hours' desperate fighting, said that, happily, he survived. Essentially a fighting general, he was seen wherever the bullets fell most thickly, and, when not visible, his voice was heard encouraging his men with a vocabulary borrowed from "the army in Flanders." It meant nothing, Sir Evelyn said, but it will not bear repetition! Many years after this same general was appointed the commander at Aldershot camp, and Queen Victoria chanced to ask of an official, "Has the new general yet taken up his command?" "Yes, your Majesty," was the reply, "he *swore* himself in yesterday!"

INKERMAN INCIDENTS

IN a letter to Sir Algernon West, the famous Colonel Burnaby gave the following description of Inkerman:—"Hardly had we advanced when the Russian artillery, playing from an opposite hill, sent its fire over the ridge we were ascending. Terrible and shocking was the effect of its accurate direction, for over this very hill had every regiment to pass before it could get up to the redoubts that were being attacked and defended by outposts and a few guns. Shells burst in every direction, knocking over men in all attitudes dead on the spot. Others were crawling about with broken legs, horses were falling all about; a cannon-ball knocked two horses down which were picketed side by side close to me, and the next minute a shell burst before my feet, blowing up the mud and stones.

"Over I fell senseless, but the strong fur collar of my great-coat protected my neck from the stones, and my pistol by my side saved my life, as the shell only cut my cloak, and my hip was only bruised. I got up, then fell down again, but soon caught up my battalion. Men were dropping in every direction, and we were now on the top of the hill. . . . What a fight! The Russians in great numbers were advancing, yet forward we pushed, and fought bayonet with bayonet across the sandbank apertures. The bits of stone and earth that lay on the top even did we throw at each other, but in the midst of this confusion, 'Charge, Grenadiers, charge!' was echoed on all sides, and with a unanimous cheer we jumped over the bank of the redoubt, and away we advanced over the wounded."

ARTILLERY AT INKERMAN

AT Inkerman three guns of Townsend's battery, which had been recklessly pushed forward without infantry supports, were for some time in the possession of the Russians, the gunners being either killed or driven back by an overpowering mass of the enemy. Shortly afterwards, however, the British infantry arrived, and they in turn drove back the Russians, recapturing the guns, which, being without limbers or teams, could not be taken away by the enemy in their retreat. The weapons were thus recovered uninjured, the Russians having even failed to spike them.

A famous incident of the conflict was the feat of Gunner James Beatty, who was responsible for saving the only gun rescued by his battery in the fight. "Whip and spurs, boys, whip and spurs, and we'll save the gun!" he cried out as he and

his comrades were surrounded by the enemy. He was twice wounded in the tussle, but the gun was saved. From that day Beatty was known as "Whip and Spurs." He died in November, 1898, at Norwich, and it is a sad fact that only private generosity at the last moment saved him from the indignity of a pauper's funeral.

EXTRAORDINARY BRAVERY

AMONG those who received the Victoria Cross at the first presentation by Queen Victoria in Hyde Park was Captain A. Henry, of the Royal Artillery. He won the honour at Inkerman, where, fighting as a sergeant, he received three severe bayonet wounds. When ordered to the rear for medical attendance he refused to go, giving as his excuse for disobeying that he was trying to earn his "sash," and that what he had done and suffered so far was not half enough to obtain the distinction. A little while afterwards he received four more wounds in quick succession, but he continued in the fighting-line nearly an hour longer. When at length he went off the field he had to be carried away unconscious, and was found to have sustained another five bayonet wounds, making twelve in all! For this day's work the gallant soldier received not only a commission but, as already stated, a V.C. as well.

A SOLDIER'S FEELINGS

"How does it feel to be shot in battle?" said an old pensioner, in reply to a question. "Well, you see, it's hard to describe. I was badly hit at Inkerman, and it was something like this: When we first went into the battle there was a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there. The cracks of the rifles and the whizz of the bullets increased in rapidity. 'Charge!' came the long-expected order, and with a cheer we rushed across the field towards the enemy. Bullets fairly rained upon us. A man fell in the front rank. 'Close in!' yelled the captain. I took his place.

"Another moment and I felt a dizzy numbness creeping over me, almost like a man helplessly drunk; I sank gradually to the ground. The roar still rang in my ears, but sounded as though miles off. It became dark slowly, then all was blank. When I regained consciousness I heard moans and groans all about me. It seemed like a month before anyone came to me. I felt as though I was burning up. How I craved for a drink of water! At last some chaps came, pulled a dead man off my legs, and carried me to the hospital. I lay there a month. When I left there this arm was gone," and the old soldier shook his head, as he pointed to his empty sleeve, and pulled violently at his briarwood.

WHIM OF FATE

IN some reminiscences connected with the landing of the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, "Martello Tower," which conceals the identity of a well-known officer, tells an interesting story of the siege of Sebastopol. It runs as follows:—

"In the thick of the fire, wanting to make sure that one of our guns was being properly pointed (of course we had the range to a yard), I was about to lay my eye along the sight to wait for the flash from the Redan when I felt myself gently pushed aside to the right by the lieutenant in command of my sub-battery, the Hon. — Ruthven, who said, 'Let me have this, Mr. Tower, please.' I gave way, and he took my place, but scarcely had he bent down to do what I had been about to do when I heard a dreadful thud, for a round shot from the flagstaff battery had struck him beneath the left shoulder-blade, and he sank to rise no more. Lieutenant Ruthven was heir to a Scottish peerage, and years afterwards, with curious sensations, while in a crowd on the pier at North Berwick, on the occasion of the annual launching of the lifeboat, feeling myself gently *pushed aside to the right*, I looked round and saw the peer who held the title in consequence of the death of his predecessor under the aforesaid circumstances!"

THREE CHUMS

ONE of Lord Wolseley's best stories concerns the time when he was fighting in the Crimea. There were three subalterns, all great friends, in the trenches before Sebastopol—Wolseley, Gerald Graham, and Charles Gordon. When they were relieved at night the gigantic Graham, the perfect type of the swordsman, used to pick himself out of the trench and walk straight to his tent, careless of the fact that he was making himself a cockshot for the Russian marksmen. Evening after evening the Russian soldiers used to gather more and more thickly; but Graham would take no advice. He wasn't going to "bother about those fellows."

Garnet Wolseley, with an ambition to be one day commander-in-chief, used to crawl through the very slush of the trench on his hands and knees for a hundred yards or so before he got up and made a bee-line for his tent; he did not mean to be shot if he could help it! "And Gordon?" the listener asked. "Oh, Gordon," replied Lord Wolseley; "Gordon was funny. Sometimes he would crawl with me, and the very next evening get up, hook arms with Graham, and go off talking eagerly!" It is

hardly necessary to say that the Gordon mentioned was the hero who afterwards died at Khartoum, and that Graham was the general later known as Sir Gerald Graham, v.c.

A STOIC

DURING a hot bombardment in the Crimea a sergeant left the trenches to bring in a horse that was straying about amidst the flying shot and shell. He managed to lead the animal back to a safe place, but as he turned to re-enter the trenches he was badly hit in the leg. The surgeon arrived soon afterwards, and at once amputated the limb. This was before the days of chloroform, and the sergeant remained perfectly conscious during the operation. He bore the awful agony without a tremor, and when the surgeon had finished his work and bandaged the stump, he was about to leave with the amputated leg when the sergeant raised himself with an effort, and, leaning on his elbow, said quite unconcernedly, "Beg pardon, sir, but I'd be obliged if you'd give me the sock off that leg; it will be as good as a pair to me now."

SPORTING INTERLUDE

ONE morning, during the Crimean War, the French general, Herbé, then a captain, was in the trenches. A sharp musketry fire was being carried on between the French and the Russians. In the midst of it a flock of wild geese, apparently confused by the tumult, flew down between the opposing lines and veered close to the Russian entrenchments. Some of the Russian soldiers ceased shooting at their fellow-men and began to fire at the geese; but not one of the birds was hit. They then flew towards the French position. A young lieutenant, Cullet by name, took a rifle from a soldier's hands, fired, and brought down the goose, which wavered and fell not more than fifteen paces from the Russian trenches. At once a shout arose from the Muscovite entrenchments, "Good for the Frenchman. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Lieutenant Cullet wanted the goose which he had shot, but it would be certain death to undertake to get it. However, he had an inspiration. He went to his captain, and asked his permission to go and get the game. "And be shot like a goose yourself!" said the captain. "Well, sir," said the lieutenant, "you saw that they didn't hit the goose, and perhaps they wouldn't have any luck with me. But I think they wouldn't shoot me." "Well, go ahead, if you can manage it," exclaimed the senior officer. The lieutenant took a ramrod, tied his handkerchief to its end,

and held it up above the rampart. Then, rising into view himself he shouted, "*Bono Moscovos! Bono Moscovos!*"

Presently a handkerchief on a ramrod appeared above the Russian entrenchments, and the French heard one of the Russian officers call out, "*Bono Frances!*" which meant that the armistice was agreed. The lieutenant then stepped boldly out into the space between the armies, walked to the very foot of the Russian rampart, picked up his wild goose, made a profound bow to the enemy, and went back to his own trenches. During all this time not a shot was fired from either line within the distance commanding the space, but as soon as Cullet had got under shelter the murderous fire was redoubled.

WOLSELEY AT SEBASTOPOL

ONE who distinguished himself during the Crimean War was Captain Wolseley, afterwards Field-Marshal and peer of the realm. He was several times wounded, and had numberless extraordinary escapes. On February 15th, 1855, for instance, his coat was pierced by a ball; on April 10th a round shot struck the embrasure at which he was working and his trousers were cut; and on June 7th a ball passed through his forage-cap from the peak to the back, knocking it off his head. When before Sebastopol he was, one day, giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, when suddenly a round shot took off one man's head and drove his jawbone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood.

At last, however, Wolseley was caught. He was superintending the repair of a part of the trenches when a round shot struck a gabion, which was full of stones, and striking its contents with terrific force, instantaneously killed the two poor fellows by his side, the head of one being taken off while the other was disembowelled. Wolseley was thrown senseless to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. At length he came to himself, staggered to the doctor's hut, and again fell unconscious. It was then that the doctor said, "He's a dead un." This roused Wolseley, who murmured, "I'm worth a good many dead men yet!" The young captain's wounds on this occasion presented a shocking appearance. According to Mr. Lowe, a biographer, his features were not distinguishable as those of a human being, while blood flowed from innumerable wounds caused by the stones with which he had been struck. Sharp fragments were embedded all over his face, and his left cheek had been almost completely cut away.

The doctor fancied, after probing the wound, that his jawbone was shattered, but Wolseley made him pull out the substance in his mouth, when a large stone came away. The surgeon then lifted up and stitched the cheek. Both his eyes were completely closed, and the injury done to one of them was so serious that the sight was permanently lost. Not a square inch of his face but was battered and cut about, while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot. He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so both his limbs had now been injured. The wound in the left thigh, received in Burmah three years before, rendered him slightly lame. He afterwards passed some weeks in a cave, as the sight of both his eyes was too much injured to subject them to the light. It was while pent up in the gloomy cavern that news arrived of the fall of Sebastopol, ending the war.

ARTILLERY DUEL

THE following is an account of a unique duel that took place during the Crimean War. One day a message was received from some officers of the Russian army at the time a flag of truce was flying. "Your 58-pounder gun," said the bearer, "which your people call 'Jenny,' is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good. We should like to have a fair duel with her."

The challenge was accepted, and everything arranged for twelve o'clock next day. When the time arrived all the batteries ceased firing, and the two armies looked on. Our sailors' gun detachment mounted on the parapet and took off their hats, saluting the Russians. The Russians returned the compliment. The English gun was given the first shot, as the senior one; it struck the side of the embrasure. Then the Russians fired—a very good shot, too. The third shot from "Jenny" went clean through the Russian embrasure. The bluejackets jumped up on their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponent. Not a bit! A minute afterwards out came the Russian gun again. Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good ones. "Jenny" got a nasty thump, but it did her no harm. At length, with the seventh British shot, the Russian gun was knocked clean over. The bluejackets cheered vociferously, and the Russians mounted the parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of defeat. All the batteries on either side then opened fire again.

THE REASON WHY

IT was during the siege of Sebastopol. An officer was passing by a part of the defences that had evidently suffered severely from the enemy's shot and shell, when he caught sight of a soldier of his own regiment who was groping about among the heaps of débris. "Why, Tim," said he, after watching the man's erratic movements for a few moments in silence, "have you lost anything?"

"Well, sir," replied the soldier, saluting stiffly as he spoke, "it's just like this. Me and my mate, Jack Miles, had just gone into the trenches last night when the Russians lets drive and knocks Jack's cap clean off with a round shot!" "Ah! and you are looking for it, I suppose?" remarked the officer as he turned away. "Yes, sir," responded the man.

The officer had not gone many yards, however, before a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "Tim," he called out, "why on earth doesn't Jack look for it himself?" "'Cause his head was in it!" was the unexpected and startling reply.

DOUBLE RELIEF

AN amusing story of the Crimea concerns the 50th Regiment. Some soldiers of the battalion were occupying a post before Sebastopol when the Russians, in overpowering numbers, suddenly made a sortie one night, killing and wounding all the British picket. A part of the Rifle Brigade at once attacked the Russians, drove them out of the position, and occupied it with men of their own. A short while afterwards the patrol of the 50th came round, and the officer, not finding his own men on guard, said to a Rifleman sentry, "What are you doing here, my man? You don't belong to the 50th." The Rifleman, who was an Irishman, replied, with that whimsical humour so characteristic of his countryman, "May it plaze yer honour, the Rooshins relaved the 50th, and we relaved the Rooshins!"

WIND OF A CANNON-BALL

IN 1854 an officer of the French army, in the Crimea, sent to make a reconnaissance in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, was knocked down, not by a cannon-ball itself, but by the wind of it, as the ball passed very close to him. The commotion produced was so intense that the tongue of the officer instantly contracted, so that he could not either put it out of his mouth nor articulate a word. Subsequently, by the aid of electricity, he recovered his speech.

Such incidents as the above are not uncommon in war. In his *Notes on Conversation with the Duke of Wellington*, Earl Stanhope detailed the case of Colonel Delancy, who was stated to have received an injury at the Battle of Waterloo which terminated fatally and was the result of a passing cannon-ball. There have also been many cases, however, in which a cannon-ball has passed close to the body, even taking away a part of the uniform, without doing any injury. Why some should be injured, and others escape any harm, has never been properly explained, though it is supposed that the degree of obliquity with which the ball strikes the elastic flesh has something to do with the matter.

In 1900 a war correspondent with the Boers recorded that two Free Staters, father and son, who were chatting together at the time, were killed by one of the steel-pointed, armour-piercing shells of the British naval guns. "Strange to say," he added, "in the case of these casualties there are no visible wounds."

RED-TAPE

IN the Crimean War the British officer in charge of an exposed and important redoubt ran short of ammunition during an unexpected and desperate attack by the Russians. Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he hastily wrote on it the following urgent message: "In great danger. Enemy pressing hotly. For Heaven's sake send us some ammunition," and despatched it by an orderly, who went away at full speed. After considerable delay the messenger returned, and handed to the officer an official document. His feelings may be imagined when, on opening it, he read the following extraordinary statement: "All communications to this Department must be written on foolscap paper with a two-inch margin."

MILITARY SMOKING

AT Sebastopol an Irishman incautiously raised his head above the trenches. A Russian bullet came and smashed the bowl of his pipe, leaving the stem in his mouth. Hastily dropping under cover, Pat expressed his desire to come into contact with "the thafe that shot that gun and spoiled me only poipe."

It was the Crimean War that brought smoking into fashion in England. Before that only the working classes smoked. But the terrors and privations of that campaign taught the officers that, as a comforter and solace, tobacco was unequalled. After the war they went on smoking, and the example of the Crimean heroes made the pipe and cigar generally indulged in. Strange

to say, Wellington was not in favour of smoking in the Army, though it was through tobacco that his men sustained the terrible privations of the Peninsular War. In 1845 he issued an army order, the famous "No. 557," requesting officers commanding regiments to prevent smoking in the mess-rooms of their several regiments, and to discourage the practice among the junior officers.

HEROIC YOUTH

AMONG those who were severely wounded in the final assault on the Redan, on the 8th of September, 1855, was Ensign Dunham Massy, who, though not seventeen, led a Grenadier company like a veteran. He was the first to jump into the ditch, and for two hours he held his position amid a terrible fire. Thinking they were standing on a mine, a panic seized the men, who fled. But Massy stood there almost alone, "facing round frequently to the batteries," says one historian, "with head erect, and a calm, disdainful eye. Hundreds of shots were aimed at him, but at last, rallying some men, he led them to the top side of the ditch, at which point he was struck by a shot which broke his thigh."

Again driven back, the men were compelled to leave him lying in the ditch in terrible agony, amid a great heap of dead and wounded. Men were groaning aloud with pain, when young Massy reproved them, saying, "Don't let us shame ourselves; let us show these Russians that we can bear pain as well as fight." Not a man, it is recorded, uttered a sound after that. Massy was taken prisoner, but, being thought to be dying by the enemy, they permitted him to be carried back to the British camp. Old soldiers sobbed like children when they saw the young ensign, and several kissed his cold face. But the youthful officer got better, and lived to reach the rank of lieutenant-general.

SENTINEL OF DEATH

SURGEON-GENERAL MACKINNON was one of the first of the British to enter the Redan after that fortress had been evacuated by the Russians. The first thing he saw was a Russian officer sitting on a gabion. His arms were folded across his chest, and he appeared to be sleeping; but he was dead, with a rifle-ball embedded in his left breast. There was nothing to show whether he had sat down on the gabion after he had been shot, or whether he happened to be sitting there when he was killed.

TO THE LAST EXTREMITY

ONE of the most notable feats of the siege of Sebastopol was the working of the English "Seventh Battery" under Captain Oldershaw. This battery was only seven hundred yards from the "Crow's Nest," the nearest of the Russian guns, while it was half a mile from the nearest British supporting battery. Captain Oldershaw was sent to work the battery to the last extremity, and he cheerfully accepted the dangerous commission. The Russians began the fire by sending a 68-pounder shot at No. 7, which tore through the parapet and struck the sergeant who was speaking to Oldershaw, tossing him into the air. The scattered sand-bags also flew about, severely bruising the others. Being unhurt, Captain Oldershaw hurried "to where the mangled—nay, separated—remains of the poor shattered sergeant were lying. The sufferer was still able to see, and even to speak. He saw the tempting hilt of a pistol in Oldershaw's breast-pocket, and asked his captain to shoot him. This, of course, was a favour that Oldershaw could not grant; he could only tell the poor sergeant (with all tenderness, yet still in words giving firm guidance, if not, indeed, even command) that—good soldier to the last—he 'must die properly.'" The poor sergeant died a few minutes later.

The British were not slow to respond to the fatal shot, and in a few moments the duel had begun. Captain Oldershaw found no fewer than twenty heavy guns opposing his four, but this served only to increase the ardour of the British fire. In two hours the "Crow's Nest" was silenced, but, his men having been sadly reduced, Captain Oldershaw had to send for reinforcements. A new Russian battery opened against him, and almost its first shot did great execution. The captain, with his own hands, was engaged in "laying" his No. 3 gun when the warning voice of a non-commissioned officer exclaimed, "Shell!"

Almost at the same moment a hollow shot entered the embrasure through which Oldershaw was laying his gun, and "achieved what perhaps is unique in the annals of gunnery conflicts, for killing two, wounding the rest, and yet sparing the captain himself, it laid the whole of the gun detachment at his feet. The same widely-ravaging shot wrenched away the right wheel of the gun, turned the spokes into deadly missiles, and flung off its 'round' with a force that jammed it deep into the side of the nearest 'traverse.' Twice before this same gun had been struck by a shot without becoming unserviceable, but now, of course, it was disabled. So of the four guns with which Oldershaw had

begun the conflict, there was now only one that remained undisabled. With that one gun, however, the captain still continued the fight."

When the reinforcements arrived Oldershaw did not consider that succour would be of any great use, because of the state of the parapet and the fact that there was only one gun to work. He therefore sent all the men he could spare to a place of shelter. The fight continued to rage until, as the captain himself wrote: "My poor little battery was literally swept away." Finally, the fourth gun was disabled, and a superior officer coming up and pronouncing the position untenable, Captain Oldershaw was allowed to retire. He had been fighting for five hours, and during that period had lost forty-four out of his sixty-five men! Speaking of the affair in his history, Mr. Kinglake says: "The persistency of Oldershaw and his gunners was chivalry rather than war." The brigadier-general rode to the gallant captain's tent, and personally thanked him for his morning's work. "You fought your battery nobly," said he, "and are an honour to your regiment." He asked him what he would like to be done for him, and Oldershaw promptly replied, "Staff duty as adjutant." He duly received a staff appointment a few hours afterwards.

A GENERAL'S NAME

A CAPITAL story used to be told of Sir George Brown—a general as well known at that time as any in the Crimea. The men of the Light Division always spoke of him as "the General," as was then, and is still, though in a lesser degree, the habit of soldiers, possibly from not knowing the name of the immediate leader. This ignorance cost Sir George £1 during the worst of the winter. He had seized an opportunity of meeting Lord Raglan to urge the desirability of his showing himself more frequently in the camps.

"What good will it do?" asked his lordship. "Oh! 'twill cheer the men up. Why, sir, numbers of my men don't know your name." "But they don't know your name, George!" replied Lord Raglan. "Every man in the Light Division knows *my* name," said Sir George confidently. "I'll bet you £1 the first man we ask does not!" "Done!" said Sir George; and the two at once rode to the Light Division camp. "Come here, my man," exclaimed Sir George to the first man he met; "who am I?" The soldier halted at three paces, straight as a ramrod, and replied, "You're the General, sir." "But my name?" "You're the General, sir," said the soldier again; and nothing more could

be elicited from him ! Sir George paid up on the spot, and Lord Raglan laughed till he nearly cried.

EXCUSABLE

IN the Crimea, towards the latter end of the war, the commanders-in-chief of the British and French forces respectively were Simpson and Pelissier, men of very different character and appearance. The one was a tall, thin Scotsman ; the other a short, stout, thick-set Norman. The first time the two met after the capture of the Malakoff Tower, Pelissier rushed up to the British general and embraced him with great fervour, having almost to climb up to reach his cheek. Needless to say, the British staff were immensely amused at this demonstration, and someone said to Simpson, "Why, General, Pelissier kissed you!" And his reply, with a strong national dialect, was, "Weel, it was a great occasion, and I could na resist him!"

LORD RAGLAN'S DEATH

A MOST pathetic event of the Crimean War was the death of Lord Raglan, the British commander, in June, 1855. He succumbed to dysentery, and his end was hastened by the severe repulse suffered by the Allies on the 18th June. In Kinglake's history the following is the description given, as recorded by the chaplain of the forces:—

"At this moment I have before me one whom I had learnt to love, lying in his last moments upon a narrow camp-bed. The room was small and scantily furnished. Colonel Somerset and Lord Burgherst stood on one side of the bed, Dr. Prendergast at its head, Lady George Paget was seated at the foot, Colonel Steele and General Airey on the other side, I stood close to the dying hero. As I uttered the words, 'Peace be to this house and all that dwell in it,' all fell on their knees, and I proceeded with the solemn order for the visitation of the sick.

"At the close of the heart-searching service I placed my hand upon the forehead and commended the departing soul to the keeping of God, and scarcely had the last word passed my lips when the great man went to his rest. Colonel Steele then asked me to kneel down and pray that those present might be strengthened. I did so, and heavy grief sat upon the hearts of all who joined in that solemn appeal to Heaven."

Pelissier, the French commander, was greatly grieved at Lord Raglan's death, and it is stated that he "stood by the bedside for upwards of an hour crying like a child."

JOSTLED INTO SAFETY

IN his interesting book, *The Crimea in 1854*, General Sir Evelyn Wood, then, of course, only a midshipman in the Navy, relates the following thrilling anecdote:—

“I was making for a place where the parapet had been worn down by men running over it, in order to avoid the exertion of mounting up even four feet, when a young soldier passed me on my left side, and, doubtless not noticing I was wounded, knocked my arm heavily, saying, ‘Move on, sir, please.’ As he passed over the parapet with his rifle at the trail, I caught it by the small of the butt to pull myself up. He turned round angrily, asking, ‘What are you doing?’ And while his face was bent on mine, a round-shot, passing my ear, struck him full between the shoulders, and I stepped over his body, so exhausted as to be strangely indifferent to the preservation of my own life, saved by the soldier having jostled me out of my turn at the gap.”

NOT DAINTY

SPEAKING of the troops at Scutari, Soyer, in his *Culinary Campaign*, said:—“The orderlies were ordered not to tie their rations of meat so tight. Upon inspection, I found that they had a most curious method of marking their different lots. Some used a piece of red cloth, cut from an old jacket, others half a dozen old buttons tied together, old knives, forks, scissors, etc.; but one in particular hit upon an idea which could not fail to meet with our entire approval. The discovery of this brilliant idea was greeted with shouts of laughter from Miss Nightingale, the doctors, and myself. It consisted in tying an old pair of snuffers to the lot. All this rubbish was daily boiled with the meat, but probably required more cooking. On telling the man with the snuffers that it was a very dirty trick to put such things in the soup, the reply was, ‘How can it be dirty, sir? Sure, they have been boiling this last month!’”

GOOD IN WAR

CHOCOLATE is one of the best of foods to sustain fatigue upon, and during the South African War (1899–1902) many thousand cakes of the article were sent out to the soldiers. As is well known, Queen Victoria distributed a box of chocolate to most of the troops fighting at the front. Chocolate has not always been appreciated in the Army, however. Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division in the Crimea, was

once offered, while reviewing some French troops, a stick of chocolate by one of their officers. He seemed surprised, and curtly refused it, adding in a stage-aside, "Why does the fool offer me sugar-plums?"

SUCCESSFUL RUSE

DURING the Crimean War there was a shortage of regiments to garrison Malta, Gibraltar, and other stations, and to fill up the vacant positions militia battalions were asked to volunteer for service. A large number responded to the request. One colonel who had been asked to obtain the consent of his men for service abroad determined upon a clever ruse. Calling a parade, he marched his battalion in line until the boundary wall of the ground was reached, when he kept the men marking time for about five minutes, literally with their noses to the wall. Then, still keeping his men in the same position, he informed them of the requirements for foreign service, and concluded, "Those men who do not wish to volunteer, two paces to the front." Of course, not a man moved, the thing being impossible, and at once dismissing the parade, the colonel went off to triumphantly report that everyone of his battalion had consented to go abroad!

ORDERS ARE ORDERS

DURING the Crimean War a certain general had ordered one of his battalion commanders to "put that battalion in camp on the other side of the river, facing east." A prominent and well-known habit of the subordinate officer was a tendency to split hairs, discuss orders, and, in fine, to make trouble where there was a ghost of a chance of so doing unpunished. Presently the general saw that his instructions were not being carried out, and not being in a mood for indirect action, he put spurs to his horse and dashed alongside the colonel of the battalion, where, reining up, he cried, "Didn't I order you, sir, to put your battalion in camp along the river, facing east?" "Yes, sir. But this isn't a river; it's only a creek!" "Creek, sir! Creek, sir! What do you mean, sir? *It's a river—a river from this time forth, by order, sir!* Now do as I tell you." There was no further delay.

THE POST OF DUTY

IN September, 1900, an old soldier, Richard Shorten by name, died near Newcastle at the age of sixty-eight. He served with the 1st Coldstream Guards in the Crimea, and fought at Alma,

Inkerman, and Sebastopol. He had many exciting experiences, one of which was the following: Upon one occasion Shorten and a companion were doing picket duty for four hours at a stretch, at the expiration of which period they ought to have been relieved. At the end of the first four hours, however, no one was sent to fill their places, so they had perforce to do another four hours' duty. At the end of this time still no one came to relieve them.

Twelve hours' duty was recorded with no person to fill their places. At the end of this time Shorten's companion left him, leaving the other to put in another four hours of picket duty, making sixteen hours in all. This proved a terrible strain upon the gallant soldier, needless to say, who from sheer hunger and cold fell exhausted, and would inevitably have perished had not a commanding officer put in an appearance in the nick of time. With a little nourishing Shorten soon recovered, and was again able to go on duty. He was highly complimented for his fidelity to duty. Strange to say, the comrade was never heard of or seen again, it being supposed that he had fallen a victim to the enemy.

KINDLY ASSISTANCE

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, whatever may have been his merits as a general, did not distinguish himself as an engineer. Always anxious for the health and comfort of his men, he set them, sorely against their will, when in the Crimea, to excavate a long subterraneous trench to the front, in which they might keep themselves practically huddled underground. The excavations, with their damp and their draughts, proved a dismal failure, and were christened by the name of "Campbell's Folly."

A regimental surgeon might have been supposed to make himself tolerably comfortable; but even such a personage as he was reduced to extreme straits for fuel. On one occasion, after appropriating one of Sir Colin's logs—he had formally asked it of a staff officer, and had been as formally refused—he was struggling towards his quarters under the burden, floundering in the mud over his ankles. As he fancied he heard swift footsteps in pursuit, he laboured harder and harder; but, notwithstanding, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a melodious Scotch voice saluted him in the following words: "Bide a wee, an' I'll help ye. I'm Sir Colin's servant, an' saw ye tak' the log; an' I thoct tae mysel' that ye maun be sair putten tae't when ye'd dae the like, sae I've jist brocht ye anither log, an' I'll carry't tae yer tent for ye!"

CURIOUS FACT

THE following incident shows the remarkable toughness and elasticity of the skin in resisting the passage of shot. Private Campbell, of the 42nd Regiment, was killed in the Crimea by a cannon-ball which entered the abdomen. When the body was being raised for burial, after the action, the shot bulged out in a pouch of the skin of the back. Though the spine was ground to pieces by the force of the blow, the ball, which weighed 24 lb., had been unable to effect an exit!

DUCK FOR SAFETY

IS it etiquette to bob when bullets are flying? There is an amusing passage in General Gordon's journal, in which that redoubtable authority says, "Certainly!" "For my part," he adds, "I think judicious bobbing is not a fault, for I remember on two occasions seeing shells before my eyes which certainly, had I not bobbed, would have taken off my head." Speaking of the time when he was on the roof of the palace at Khartoum, Gordon makes this remark with reference to the Arab fire: "You can see them with the telescope aim directly at this wing of the palace and fire, and then one hears a thud." He says that in the Crimea it was considered mean to bob, and they used to try and avoid it. One of his fellow-officers, however, would say, "It is very well for you, but I'm a family man," and bobbed at every report. At the Battle of Waterloo Napoleon was extremely annoyed at his guide, De Coster, stooping on his horse's neck to avoid the balls which he heard whistling over his head. He repeatedly told him that he would not shun the balls any better by stooping down than by keeping upright.

BY ORDER

IT is a custom in the Army for officers to grow moustaches, and, indeed, there is a regulation on the point. The moustache was first ordered to be worn by both officers and men just after the Crimean War. A short time before Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) left England for India, to undertake the work of suppressing the Mutiny, he perceived a captain of infantry with a clean-shaved upper lip. The General sharply ordered the officer to attend to regulations, when the captain responded that his wife objected to a moustache. Sir Colin thundered: "You can wear whiskers or not, as you like; but your moustache belongs to the Queen! Let it grow—or sell out!" The captain, it is recorded, thought of his wife, and sold out.

INDIAN MUTINY

THE LITTLE GOORKHA

THE great Indian Mutiny of 1857-8 was by no means the first time on which the native soldiers had risen against their rulers and superior officers. In 1844 the 34th Native Infantry was ignominiously disbanded at Meerut by Lord Ellenborough, for refusing to go on service in Scinde after its annexation, on the ground of its being foreign service! In 1850 Sir Charles Napier had to disband the 66th Native Infantry for refusing the reduced pay, and the occasion resulted in a change that had pleasant and far-reaching effects. Some months before Sir Charles had secured permission to take a regiment of Goorkhas into pay, promising them the East India Company's uniform and rupees at the earliest opportunity.

That opportunity had now arrived, and the sturdy Goorkhas, who had hardly concealed their impatience at the delay, were told to put in an appearance. They turned up to a man, and were drawn up in line opposite the mutinous 66th, who were ordered to pile their arms and give up their colours. They obeyed. Then the Goorkhas were told that the arms and colours were theirs, and with shouts of joy and overflowing enthusiasm they took them up and entered the company's service. It was one of the great strokes of Sir Charles Napier's great life, for, as is well known, Goorkhas now form the backbone of the native Indian army.

ORIGIN OF THE REBELLION

IT is generally considered that the Indian Mutiny was caused by the introduction of the greased cartridges which had been rendered necessary by the adoption of the new Enfield rifle. The real truth is, probably, that the natives, knowing that large numbers of the Indian troops were away in the Crimea, had seized the opportunity for rebellion, making the question of the greased cartridges an excuse. It was reported that a low caste Lascar, employed in a cartridge magazine, had one day asked a

Brahmin Sepoy to give him some water from his lotah (water-bottle). The Sepoy haughtily refused, saying that the Lascar could not be aware of what caste he was. "Ah!" was the immediate reply, "you will lose your caste ere long, for you will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows."

As is well known, the cow is sacred to the Hindoos, while the swine is unclean to Hindoos and Mahomedans alike. The native soldiers were assured that the composition used was nothing but mutton fat and wax, and an inquiry was held to satisfy them, but, though it was plainly proved that their suspicions were unfounded, they still raised objections. Knowing the weakness of the European garrison in India, the authorities tried all means to make matters quiet, but the Sepoys, also knowing the same fact, appeared to have made their minds up not to be satisfied.

Not long afterwards, in February, 1857, an officer reported to the superintendent of the Saugor district the following circumstance:—A chowkedar (policeman) came to the derogah (head policeman) of a village, bringing him six chepatties—these are cakes two inches in diameter of unleavened atta, or Indian corn bread, the ordinary bread of the Sepoys—and said, "You will make six others, and pass them on to the next village, and tell the headman there to do the same." The policeman obeyed, accepted the cakes, made six others, and passed them on to the headman of the next village with the same message. No European knew whence they came or what they meant, but in an incredibly short space of time the mysterious chepatties made the round of the whole of the North-West provinces. The authorities, when they tried to probe into the matter, were assured that no harm was meant, and the newspapers made jokes of it.

In the course of the next few weeks soldiers of several native regiments showed a strong inclination for disobedience. The 19th Native Infantry was disbanded, having become very mutinous. One day on open parade a Sepoy of the 34th deliberately fired first at the sergeant-major and then at his adjutant, Lieutenant Baugh, whom he fortunately missed, but whose horse fell at the shot. Calling upon his comrades to help him, the man then rushed at Lieutenant Baugh with his drawn sword, and wounded him. The determined front of General Hearsey, who now appeared on the ground, stopped those who seemed inclined to follow; but one jemadar (lieutenant) refused to advance his men. A single Sepoy, Sheik Phultoo by name, went to the rescue of the officer, and for so doing he was immediately promoted by General Hearsey to the rank of havildar (sergeant). The jemadar of the

34th who had refused assistance to Lieutenant Baugh was hung a few days afterwards, and he expressed penitence in his dying speech, exhorting his comrades to obey their officers, to listen to them, and not to evil advisers. The 34th was disbanded.

Sir Henry Lawrence held a grand military durbar, before the Residency at Lucknow, to reward those of the various regiments who had been loyal. Trays of presents were displayed to view, and, before a brilliant assemblage, the loyal ones were given promotion and rewarded with gifts and money. Sir Henry addressed the men in Hindostani in an eloquent speech. "Take these sums of money," he concluded, "for your families and relatives, wear these robes of honour at your homes and at your festivals, and may the bright example which you have so conspicuously set, find, as it doubtless will, followers in every regiment and company in the army." But all this labour proved in vain; on the 10th May, 1857, the Mutiny broke out at Meerut, Colonel Finnis, of the 11th Native Infantry, being the first of the many to fall. A shot from the ranks of the 20th began the rebellion, and in a moment the colonel was riddled with bullets.

VERY PUNCTUAL

IN *Notes from a Diary, kept chiefly in Southern India*, the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff gives the following stories of the Mutiny, the incidents having been related by General Wilson to Lady Grant Duff:—

"Conversation turned at breakfast on the Mutiny, and my wife made General Wilson repeat the account which he had given her of its breaking out at Lucknow. For several days there had been rumours of an intended rising, when, on 31st May, a Sepoy came to General Wilson, and asked him to arrange for his messing in the Residency that night, as the Mutiny would break out when the evening gun was fired. General Wilson told Sir Henry Lawrence. In the evening they had the usual large dinner, their policy being to show the most perfect confidence and unconcern. When the evening gun was fired Sir Henry, leaning round the lamp which stood between them in the centre of the table, said, 'Your friends are not punctual.' Before Wilson could reply there was a tremendous volley of musketry. 'They are very punctual, sir!' he answered.

"When, after the relief of Lucknow, he arrived half mad with hunger at Cawnpore, he asked a sergeant, 'Is there a mess here?' 'Everything is a mess here,' replied the man. And he was quite right. Windham's troops were quite out of hand, and had plundered right and left."

SOME EXPERIENCES

THE late Sir Charles Elliot, when lecturing in 1897 at the Toynbee Hall, gave some interesting recollections of the Indian Mutiny. After narrating the exciting circumstances attending the outbreak at Benares, where he was studying at the time, he alluded to the anxious time he spent at Mirzapur, at which place he joined Mr. Tucker, the magistrate, after all the civilians had fled in a panic on hearing of the mutiny at Allahabad. While he was at Mirzapur news of disasters poured in from every side, and bodies of Europeans massacred higher up the Ganges were to be seen daily floating down the river.

His experiences as a civil officer with Sir Hope Grant's relief force led to the narration of several interesting incidents. On one occasion they had a night alarm, which resulted in a scene of indescribable confusion. A soldier who, it was supposed, was awakened by a snake crawling over him, started up with a scream. This roused many others, who also began shouting and screaming, and almost immediately the camp was in an uproar, the general belief being that the rebels were attacking them. Sir Hope Grant seized the lecturer's scabbard and began to brandish it about wildly, a colonel had a fierce encounter with a tree, while another officer, fancying his own leg to be one of the enemy, fired at it and wounded himself in the thigh!

This night alarm was interesting from the fact that it no doubt made a great impression on Lord Wolseley, then Major Wolseley, who was one of the staff officers attached to Sir Hope Grant. Those who had studied Lord Wolseley's writings and speeches would have noticed how he dwelt on the advantage to be gained by night marches properly led, and on the dangers of night alarms. Sir Charles expressed the belief that the Mutiny was not the result of a widely spread conspiracy. He considered that the Sepoys, seeing that there was at the time three Sepoy regiments to every single British regiment in India, believed they were strong enough to overcome their European masters.

A FAMOUS CORPS

SPEAKING of the operations of the King's Royal Rifle Corps at Delhi during the Mutiny, an eye-witness said:—"The charges of the Rifles are things never to be erased from one's memory; they go forward magnificently, with their terrible watch-words, 'Remember the ladies! Remember the babies!' They charge, ten Rifles to a hundred of the foe, as coolly and gallantly as you can imagine."

As an example of the terrible retribution that the Rifles took upon the mutineers for those awful slaughters of English women and children at Cawnpore and other towns, it may be stated that, when a hundred of the enemy took refuge in a hut, an attacking party of about twenty Riflemen stormed the place, and bayoneted every man of the hundred upon the spot! In the Mutiny the Rifles won no less than seven Victoria Crosses for as brave deeds as ever were done on the field of battle. As a proof of the effect that the valour of the King's Royal Rifle Corps had in India during the Mutiny, Lord Roberts tells a curious little story. The brave Goorkhas were so impressed by the gallantry of the 60th that they asked to have the green facings of their own uniform changed to scarlet ones, so that they might be like the brave men whose courage had so astonished them. This request was granted.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION

LORD ROBERTS, in his early days, was staff officer to Brigadier Sir Neville Chamberlain with a movable column despatched from Wazirabad to the relief of Delhi. Some of the native troops revolted, and in his book of memoirs Lord Roberts recounts how the sentences of death were carried out:—

“Chamberlain decided that they should be blown away from the guns in the presence of their own comrades, as being the most awe-inspiring means of carrying the sentence into effect. A parade was at once ordered. The troops were drawn up so as to form three sides of a square; on the fourth side were two guns. As the prisoners were being brought to the parade, one of them asked me if they were going to be blown from the guns to which they were bound, when one of them requested that some rupees he had on his person might be saved for his relations. The brigadier answered, ‘It is too late!’

“The word of command was given; the guns went off simultaneously, and the two mutineers were launched into eternity. It was a terrible sight, and one likely to haunt the beholder for many a long day; but that was what was intended. I carefully noted the Sepoys' faces to see how it affected them. They were evidently startled at the swift retribution which had overtaken their guilty comrades; but looked more crestfallen than shocked or horrified, and we soon learnt that their determination to mutiny, and make the best of their way to Delhi, was in no wise changed by the scene they had witnessed.

DARING CAPTURE

DESCRIBING how Hodson took the King of Delhi in 1857, Mr. Fitchett, the well-known author, says :—

“The king at last consented to come out and deliver himself to Hodson, but only on condition that he repeated with his own lips Wilson’s promise of safety for his life. Presently the king came out, carried in a bullock-carriage, and Hodson spurred his horse forward and demanded the king’s arms. The king asked whether he were Hodson Bahadur, and if he promised him his life. Hodson gave the required promise, but added grimly that if any attempt was made at a rescue he would shoot the king down like a dog! Then the procession, at a foot walk, moved on to the city, thousands of natives following and gazing in wonder at the lordly figure of that solitary Englishman carrying off the king alone.

“But Hodson’s calm and dauntless bearing acted as a spell on the crowd. Bit by bit the multitude slunk away, and with his fifty horsemen and group of prisoners, Hodson rode up to the Lahore Gate. ‘What have you got in that palkee?’ asked the officer on duty. ‘Only the King of Delhi!’ said Hodson. The clustering guard at the gate were with difficulty kept from cheering. The little group moved up the stately Silver Bazaar to the Palace Gates, where Hodson delivered over his royal prisoners to the civil officer in charge. ‘By Jove, Hodson,’ said that astonished official, ‘they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this!’ When Hodson reported his success to Wilson, that general’s ungracious and characteristic comment was, ‘Well, I’m glad you’ve got him. But I never expected to see either you or him again!’” Not long afterwards Hodson, it may be added, was killed at Lucknow.

FATALISM

MANY stories have been told of fatalists. “If I am to be shot I shall be shot,” they say, “and it is no use trying to escape.” When the Sepoy rebels were assaulting the Bank of Delhi, three men were seated on the steps of the bank. The enemy opened a heavy fire from some houses opposite, and a warning voice called to the men on the steps to come at once under shelter. One of the three was a fatalist, and he simply waved his hand in reply. At the same moment the two men sitting on either side of him were riddled with bullets, one receiving seven in his body, but the fatalist himself was absolutely untouched!

Cronje, who surrendered himself and four thousand men at

Paardeberg in 1900, was a fatalist. During the progress of the engagement, a field cornet suggested his retirement to a less exposed position. "No," replied Cronje, "I am in the hands of God, and if I am to be shot, I shall be hit just as soon in one place as in another."

FORTUNATE ESCAPE

SPEAKING of his first bullet, which he encountered on July 14th, 1857, when with two of the advanced guns before Delhi, Lord Roberts says:—"I was helping the drivers to keep the horse quiet, when I suddenly felt a tremendous blow on my back which made me faint and sick, and I was afraid I should not be able to remain on my horse. The powerless feeling, however, passed off, and I managed to stick on until I got back to camp. I had been hit close to the spine by a bullet, and the wound would probably have been fatal but for the fact that a leather pouch for caps, which I usually wore in front near my pistol, had somehow slipped round to the back; the bullet passed through this before entering my body, and was thus prevented from entering very deep."

A RULING WARRIOR

ONE of the most remarkable soldiers ever seen in India was General John Nicholson, who was mortally wounded in leading a storming party at the siege of Delhi. As a Commissioner in the Punjab he made his name feared and renowned throughout that turbulent country. "Nikalsain!" exclaimed a border chief, speaking to a British general of the terror excited among evil-doers by Nicholson's severity in repressing crime, "Nikalsain! he is a man. There is not one in the hills who does not shiver in his pyjamas when he hears his name mentioned." "To this day," said another chief, twelve years after Nicholson's death, "our women at night wake trembling and saying they hear the tramp of Nikalsain's war-horse."

Nicholson was a stalwart Irishman, six feet two, gifted with a Celtic temper and the Celtic contempt for a coward. While serving as a volunteer aid to Lord Gough at the Battle of Chillianwalla, he noticed an English officer not so forward in attack as he should have been. Dismounting, Nicholson seized the officer by the shoulders and literally kicked him into the hottest of the firing.

When Nicholson went to Bannu, in the Punjab, he, according to Sir Richard Pollock, "found it a hell upon earth, and left it probably as wicked as ever, but curbed to fear of punishment."

As characteristic of his methods, an incident that occurred shortly after his arrival is worthy of mention. He was waited upon by a deputation of border chiefs, whose insolence in speech and behaviour was very marked. At last one of them spat on the ground between himself and the Commissioner—an intentional insult. “Orderly!” roared Nicholson, “make that man lick up his spittle, and kick him out of camp.” The orderly at once seized the chief by the back of his neck, pushed him on the ground, and held him there until the deed was done. The lesson in politeness was appreciated by the border chiefs, who quizzed the offender unmercifully.

On another occasion, when riding through a village with an escort of mounted police, Nicholson was saluted by every villager except one. This exception was a mullah, or Mussulman priest, who, instead of salaaming, sat in front of his mosque scowling vindictively at the Commissioner. “Bring that mullah to my camp,” was Nicholson’s order. When the priest arrived the Commissioner ordered a native barber to shave off the man’s beard—a dreadful ignominy to a Mahomedan. The beardless mullah, on his return to the village, became the talk of the neighbourhood.

THE LOOT OF DELHI

THE following peculiar story of the siege of Delhi, in 1858, was told by the *Pioneer Mail* in 1901:—

“A writer in the *Madras Mail* who was present at the siege of Delhi gives the following explanation of the theft of loot from the large chest placed in the palace, with sealed padlocks and under guards from four different regiments, after the assault: ‘A certain regiment had in it—until then unknown—a thief’s blacksmith, who may have done his time in England, and had perhaps enlisted for India to escape recognition. He proposed to the guard that he should open the chest, take out its contents, and then relock it. On the guard finally agreeing, the man got a large carving-knife and ground it until it was quite thin. He then heated it, and with this knife, without injuring the wax seals, he took them off the padlocks. Of course, the padlocks themselves, to an artist like our friend, presented no difficulties.

“Having removed the contents of the chest, and put in the ballast, he heated the backs of the carefully removed seals, and simply stuck them on the padlocks again. This would be easy enough to do, as the wax had been put on very thick to make a good impression. Having distributed the proceeds of the loot of the chest according to agreement, the soldiers that made up

the faithless guard, almost all of them, bought their discharge and went home. They could easily explain their possession of enough money to do so by saying they had obtained it from their prize money, from their six months' pay, or from loot that they had privately got at the assault and afterwards sold."

The above is certainly an extraordinary story, and may be true, as an immense amount of loot was obtained at Delhi. One of the principal items secured was the great ivory throne of the Moguls, which was purchased by the officers and men of the late Brigadier-General Adrian Hope's regiment, and presented to him by them. It is still the property of the General's family. Great as was the amount secured at Delhi in 1858, however, it was nothing in comparison to that captured in former times. When Nadir Shah sacked the city in 1739 he carried off treasure which has been computed to have been worth £32,000,000, though some authorities have valued it at even £62,000,000. The plunder included the famous Koh-i-noor diamond. Nadir also put 100,000 of the inhabitants to the sword in revenge for some of his soldiers having been slain while levying a contribution.

SONGS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

ON the march to Cawnpore, when the grape and canister of the rebel guns saluted the British soldiers with a deadly hail, the bluejackets forming the Naval Brigade gave a ringing cheer for "the red, white, and blue," and the famous 93rd Regiment, led off by Daniel White, struck up the song of "The Battle of the Alma," that was composed by John Brown, of the Grenadier Guards, in the Crimea, and was often sung round the camp-fires in front of Sebastopol. It was a long ditty, and had, of course, been written in celebration of the victory of the 20th September, 1854. Every man of the force marching to Cawnpore seems to have known every word of the song, and soon after the start by Daniel White, the sailors and the whole line were roaring out the words.

After the day's victorious fighting, when the song was sung again round the bivouac fires, White told his comrades that when the bluejackets commenced cheering under the rebel shower of shots he remembered that the Scots Greys and 92nd Highlanders had charged at Waterloo singing "Scots Wha Hae," and trying to think of something equally appropriate in which they all might join, he could not recall anything better than the old Crimean song.

OFFICER'S WILL

THE outer uniformity about wills in general, both as to parchment and to penmanship, makes all the more noteworthy the last testament, now at Somerset House, of the late Sir George Parker, whose daughter died at Falmouth in 1898. Sir George, who lost his life at Cawnpore during the Mutiny, had only a tiny scrap of paper on which to write his will, and when it was made it was carried through the lines by a native, who concealed it in his ear. Fragile as it is, it will doubtless outlast as a curiosity at Somerset House, and almost as a bit of national history, many a bulky MS. enscrolled on material prepared to defy the decay of years.

HIGHLAND VENGEANCE

WHEN the 78th Highlanders (Seaforths) removed from the well at Cawnpore the mutilated remains of the women and children murdered by Nana Sahib's orders they came across the body of Miss Wheeler, the daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler, the general in command of the Cawnpore Division. The sight of the young girl's remains so enraged the Scottish soldiers, who revered her father, that they cut the hair from her head, and, sitting down and counting each man his portion, swore that for every hair a rebel should die. It is well known that in the ensuing fighting the 78th fought with astonishing fierceness, many Victoria Crosses being secured by members of the corps.

A SPY'S FAITHFULNESS

IN a volume of reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny, Colonel Maude told a story of a faithful Hindu spy, by name Anjoor Tewaree. His services had been of great value, especially in the advance to recapture Cawnpore after the frightful massacre there of English women and children. Indeed, his cleverness and daring were so remarkable, and he used to penetrate the enemy's camp so skilfully, that Colonel Fraser-Tytlar, to whom it was his duty to report, sometimes teased him, by pretending to doubt his information, or at least that he derived it from ocular observation. Anjoor knew he only jested; nevertheless, he was piqued. "All right!" he cried. "Some day I'll prove it to you."

Shortly after, as the column were in the heat of the attack at Bithoor—which had been undertaken mainly on the spy's information—Colonel Fraser-Tytlar, busy at the front, felt a tug at his foot, and looked down, to see Anjoor, who whispered to him,

“Do you see that bit of white kupra on a tree in front of you? Well, take it down quickly and put it into your pocket.” As he reached the tree the Colonel obeyed almost mechanically, rising in his stirrups, and pulling down from a bough to which it was tied what appeared to be merely a piece of white cotton cloth, which he thrust in his pocket and forgot; but after the action was over, Anjoor came up again and inquired if he had kept it. “Yes,” was the reply, as he pulled forth the bit of rag and eyed it inquiringly. “Just see if it fits this,” said the spy, smiling; and untying the ends of his loin-cloth, he matched the piece that had been torn from it—thus proving, beyond even the cavil of a jest, that he had on the previous night taken his observations himself among the enemy on the ground which had just been so hardly won. The joke was against the Colonel, and after that nobody ventured to poke fun at Anjoor Tewaree.

UNEXPECTED ATTACK

IT has sometimes happened that soldiers have been put to flight by bees. Lord Roberts, in his *Forty-one Years in India*, tells the following amusing story:—

“A curious incident happened at the Alumbagh. I was employed inside the enclosure, when all at once I heard a noise and commotion some little distance off. Getting on to the roof, I looked over the plain and saw our troops flying in every direction. There was no firing, no enemy in sight, but evidently something was wrong, so I mounted my horse and rode to the scene of confusion, where I found that the ignominious flight of our troops was caused by infuriated bees, which had been disturbed by an officer of the 9th Lancers thoughtlessly thrusting a lance into their nest. There were no serious consequences; but the Highlanders were heard to remark on the unsuitability of their dress for an encounter with an enemy of that description.”

ROSE BY MERIT

ONE of the most famous officers of the 93rd Foot was Major-General “Willie” M’Bean, v.c., who, a shock-headed and gawky-looking lad of eighteen, enlisted in the battalion in 1835. He gradually rose through the various non-commissioned grades, and then, during the Crimean War, received a commission. Later, he went with his battalion to India, and, at the relief of Lucknow, won the Victoria Cross for great gallantry. It is said that, with his own hand in single combat, he killed eleven of the enemy! He always made light of his feat, however, and thought

it not worthy of the V.C. The distinction was conferred upon him at a full-dress parade of the 93rd, and when Sir R. Garrett, in handing over the hard-earned Cross, referred to Lieutenant M'Bean's "good day's work," that delightful hero remarked: "Toots, mon, it didna tak' me twenty meenutes!"

SLIGHT MISTAKE

SERGEANT FORBES MITCHELL, of the 93rd Highlanders, related what he called "a rather laughable incident" which befell a man of his company named Johnny Ross. It occurred in India, at Lucknow, during the Mutiny. Before falling-in for the assault on the Begum's palace, Johnny Ross and George Pullar, with some others, had been playing cards in a sheltered corner, and in some way quarrelled over the game. They were still arguing the point, when the signal was given to fall in, and Pullar told Ross to "shut up." At that moment a spent ball struck Ross in the mouth, and knocked out four of his teeth. Johnny thought it was Pullar who had struck him, and at once returned the blow. "You silly ass!" shouted Pullar angrily; "it wasn't I that struck you. You've a bullet in your mouth." And so it was. Ross put his hand to his lips, and spat out his four front teeth and a bullet. He at once apologised to Pullar for having struck him, and added, "How shall I manage to bite my cartridges the noo?" Those were the days when cartridges had to be torn open with teeth before being placed in the rifle.

UNPRECEDENTED EVENT

A SENSATIONAL incident of the capture of Lucknow, in 1858, came to light in the course of 1896. Mr. Forbes Mitchell, formerly a sergeant in the 93rd Highlanders, wrote that a fusilier officer, caught by General Sir Hope Grant in the act of looting at the capture of the city, was, by order of that general, tied up to the triangle and given fifty lashes, the floggers being a sergeant and drummer of the 93rd. Mr. Mitchell gave the names of the two men. The statement made a great sensation, as such an occurrence as the flogging of an officer had never been known in the annals of the British Army. Almost all who witnessed the deed are now dead.

MARKSMAN'S FEAT

A PARTICULARLY gallant action of the siege of Lucknow is worth notice. The rebels were endeavouring to mount two 18-pounders, which they had hauled up on to the flat roof of one of the palaces surrounding the Residency, and it was imperatively

necessary to prevent this being done, or they would have been able to pour down a heavy fire on the defenders of the Residency. Sergeant Halliwell, a crack shot of the 32nd Regiment, was chosen for this dangerous and important duty. Being given the best rifle that could be found, his orders were to prevent the guns being mounted.

He took up his position behind some battered-down masonry, there being only sufficient cover for him to lie at full length. The sergeant remained in that position for several days, not being able to stand up, as that would have resulted in his being shot. His only change was to roll over from his back to his stomach. His eyes were ever kept on the dismounted guns, and whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them, his unerring rifle played havoc among them and prevented them succeeding. Food was taken to the sergeant at night, men crawling out on their hands and knees. After some time a sortie was made, and the enemy defeated. Sergeant Halliwell received the Victoria Cross for this exploit.

OUTRAM'S NOBLE ACTION

WHEN Havelock was advancing to the relief of Lucknow in 1857 he found himself superseded by General Outram. However, the latter did one of the most chivalrous things in history, for he issued a Division Order, in which he said: "The major-general in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

The deed was in keeping with the lifelong character of "The Bayard of India." He served in that minor capacity until the first relief of Lucknow was effected, and only then took over the command, thus allowing Havelock to earn the laurels which secured for him a baronetcy. In after years, however, Outram rather regretted his action. He confessed to Mr. J. W. Sherer, a Civil servant, that he had done a "foolish thing," and that "sentiment" had "obscured" his sense of duty. "Every man," said he, "should carry out the task assigned to him." It was possible, he admitted, that he might not have been able to relieve the Residency with less loss of life. But "at any rate I ought to have tried what I could do." Upon this Mr. Sherer observed: "This plainly expressed regret seemed to me to do his character as much credit as the mistaken but noble impulse which called it forth."

DEATH OF LAWRENCE

ONE of the most distressing events of the siege of Lucknow was the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, who, on July 2nd, 1857, was struck by the fragment of a shell from a howitzer which had been captured by the enemy at Chinhut. It was soon apparent that the wound was likely to prove mortal, and Sir Henry immediately called together the chief officers of the garrison, and, in the most calm and collected manner, dictated a series of instructions on every point connected with the defence of the Residency, and delegated the command to Major Banks and a military council. In this remarkable document the dying commander likewise directed that no inscription should be placed on his tomb but this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him."

Seldom has a nobler sentiment been uttered by a statesman and a soldier in the prospect of dissolution. Great as Sir Henry had always shown himself in all the arduous and responsible positions he occupied during life, he was still greater in his last moments, as he lay on the couch of death, writhing with pain, yet dwelling only on the perils of those he was about to leave, and labouring to provide for their safety. He lingered for two days, and expired on the morning of the 4th of July.

HAVELOCK'S DEATH

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK also died at Lucknow, not long after the death of his friend, Sir Henry Lawrence. The fatigue and exposure of the campaign brought on dysentery, and Havelock assured those around him that he should not recover. An officer who went to the General's tent said: "I was directed to a common soldier's tent, which was pitched near the one in which we had found shelter. Entering it, I found the General's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hargood, and his medical attendant, Dr Collinson, lying down. They whispered to me in mournful accents the grievous news that Sir Henry's case was worse, and pointed to where he lay. It was in a doolie, which had been brought inside the tent, and served as a bed. The curtain on my side was down. I approached, and found young Havelock seated on the further side, upon the ground by the side of his dying father. His wounded arm still hung in a sling, but with the other he supplied all his father's wants. They told me that the General would allow no one to render him any attendance but his son. I saw that to speak was impossible, and sorrowfully withdrew."

Havelock's mind was calm and serene, and he repeatedly exclaimed, "I die happy and contented." At one time he called his son to him, and said, "See how a Christian can die." One afternoon Sir James Outram came to visit his comrade, when Havelock said, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Relying firmly on the merits of the Redeemer, in whom he had trusted with unwavering confidence through life, he was enabled to look forward to the hour of dissolution with cheerfulness. At last, on the 24th of November, 1857, he gave up his noble spirit, and immediately afterwards his mortal remains were interred on the low plain by the Alumbagh. He died before the news reached India that Queen Victoria had conferred upon him a baronetcy. The honour was renewed in favour of his son, Sir Henry Havelock, v.c., who himself met a soldier's death on the Indian Frontier in 1898.

ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE

AMONG the many stories recounted in Lord Roberts' book of reminiscences is the following, the incident having occurred at Lucknow:—

"A shell, fortunately a blind one, from the enemy's howitzer came into Watson's squadron, which was drawn up under the bank of the Martiniere tank; it struck a trooper's saddle in front, and must have lifted the man partly out of it, for it passed between his thigh and the horse, tearing the saddle to shreds, and sending one piece of it high into the air. The horse was knocked down, but not hurt; the man's thigh was only badly bruised, and he was able to ride again in a few days. One of Watson's officers, Captain Cosserat, having examined the man and horse, came up and reported their condition to Watson, who, of course, was expecting to be told that they were both dead, and added: 'I think we had better not tell this story in England, for no one would believe it.' I myself was close to the squadron, and distinctly saw what happened."

RESISTLESS IRISHMEN

THE 1st Dublin Fusiliers bore themselves with great bravery in the dark days of the Mutiny. They headed the relief of Lucknow in 1857. They had acquired the nickname of "Blue Caps" from the colour of their uniform, and amongst some captured despatches of Nana Sahib was found a letter warning his men against "those blue-capped soldiers who fought like devils." At Alumbagh, the day before Lucknow was relieved, the Char Bagh bridge was found to be swept by four of the

enemy's guns and flanked by four more. "Who is to take that bridge?" asked Outram of Havelock. "My Blue Caps," said Colonel Neill, of the Dublins, promptly. And they did take it, with a heavy loss of men.

The next day, in the fight through the streets to the Residency, Neill was riding at the head of his "Blue Caps" when one of them reeled against his horse. Looking down, Neill saw the man was utterly exhausted, and nearly dead with thirst, his swollen and blackened tongue hanging from his mouth. Reining in his horse, Neill bent over the fainting soldier, and poured the contents of his flask down the man's throat. That action resulted in the gallant leader's death. A Sepoy at one of the street windows, taking aim during the pause, shot the Colonel dead, and he fell lifeless across the body of the man he had succoured.

THE SECRET OUT

DURING the Mutiny a soldier so much distinguished himself by his sharpshooting that he was highly complimented by his captain, who exclaimed: "Well done, my lad. You shall have something for this. But tell me, where did you learn to shoot so straight?" The private was greatly taken aback for a moment, but, recovering somewhat, he stammered out: "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, it was at the hares on your estate!" It was now the captain's turn to be taken aback, but he was as good as his word, and made the ex-poacher a gift of money.

PRIVATES TO THE RESCUE

WHEN the British outlook during the Indian Mutiny was looking at its blackest two companies of the 42nd Regiment (Black Watch), stationed at Maylah Ghaut, held in check some thousands of the Sepoy rebels, who again and again attacked the small band opposing them. So much execution did the enemy do that at length every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, had been either killed or wounded. But the rank and file never wavered. Privates Merivale and Dutton stepped to the front in face of the enemy's heavy fire, and, taking the places of the fallen officers, gave orders and encouraged their comrades. One of the great historians states that these two men "directed their comrades, and exhibited courage, coolness, and discipline in such a manner as to command not only the admiration of all who were present, but of the whole Army." Under the leadership of the two heroes, the Black Watch detachment completely beat back the foe. Both, eventually received promotion, one receiving a commission.

MYSTERIOUS RANKER

IN Sergeant Forbes Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny* there is a curious story told of a mysterious private in his company (he belonged to the 93rd Regiment), a man of culture and learning, whose origin and connections were a blank to his comrades, and who had refused a commission. He seemed to have some great secret on his mind, and preferred to remain in the ranks. The mysterious soldier was called by the other men "Quaker Wallace," and he was held in the highest respect. Whenever the signal for the assault was given this soldier, from being a rather subdued person, would go into action "like one of the furies, if there are male furies," seeking death, but not meeting it, and all the time chanting the 116th Psalm, Scotch version, in metre, beginning at the first verse:—

"I love the Lord, because my voice
And prayers He did hear.
I, while I live, will call on Him
Who bow'd me to His ear."

He quoted a line at every shot from his rifle and at every thrust of his bayonet, and at Secundrabagh, single-handed, he killed twenty men.

REFUSING PROMOTION

MANY non-commissioned officers, for reasons best known to themselves, have refused promotion from the ranks. One notable case was that of Sergeant-Major Champion, v.c., of the 18th Hussars, who, it is said, declined the proffered honour on no fewer than four different occasions.

For their valour at Secundrabagh in 1857, during the Mutiny, the men of the 53rd Regiment were assigned four Victoria Crosses. According to custom, the recipients were selected by their comrades, and were Lieutenant Alfred French, Sergeant-Major Charles Pye, and Privates Kenny and Irwin. The sergeant-major was specially remarked for the fearless manner in which he had brought up ammunition. A short time afterwards the sergeant-major was offered a commission, but he begged to be permitted to refuse it. "Very well," his colonel said, seeing at once that the gallant V.C. was too modest to accept the honour; "very well, sir. If you thus flout Her Majesty's gracious offer, you are not fit to be a non-commissioned officer in my regiment!" The startled sergeant-major therefore at once reconsidered his decision.

SAVED MANY

A STRIKING incident of the Mutiny was the bravery of a private, who, to save his native comrades, literally faced the rifle-fire of a whole army. It occurred at the relief of Lucknow, when a loyal native battalion, through great impetuosity and misconception of orders, had got to a position where it was mistaken for the enemy. The consequence was that the whole advance of the British army, amid the smoke, poured into the unfortunate corps an awful fire, killing a large number of the men.

At this moment, Private Howell, of the 32nd Foot, who saw that the men exposed were paralysed with astonishment and fear, rushed forward some thirty yards in advance of their line, and, throwing up his left hand warningly, waved his shako (helmet) at the point of his musket with the right. Hundreds of bullets from his own comrades whizzed past him, two of them cutting one sleeve of his tunic, but the daring deed served its purpose, for the British officers saw what was intended. No sooner had the "cease fire" sounded than the men, to be the moment after in the throes of battle again, sent up a magnificent cheer for Howell, who, in recognition of his feat, received a commission as an officer shortly afterwards.

TROUBLESOME CHARGE

WHEN Sir Colin Campbell took over the command of the army in India he selected Dr. Mackinnon as his personal staff surgeon. "And an awful time I have of it!" said Jock, not long afterwards. "He is not amenable to advice, and it's responsibility for a whole hospital to look after him." One day Sir Colin, when riding furiously to check a troop of Royal Horse Artillery that were galloping indiscreetly after some flying Sepoys, was thrown from his horse and broke his collar-bone. Mackinnon hailed the accident with something like joy. "Well!" he said; "he will have to be quiet for a time now at all events."

DRUNK!

THE following is an extract from *The Tale of the Great Mutiny*, by Mr. Fitchett:—

"Ewart found that two native officers had carried the regimental flag into a narrow and dark room, and were defending themselves like wild cats. Ewart leaped single-handed into the room, and captured the colours, slaying both officers. The fight within the Secundrabagh was by this time practically over, and

Ewart ran outside, and bare-headed, with blood-stained uniform and smoke-blackened face, ran up to Sir Colin Campbell as he sat on his grey horse, and cried, 'We are in possession, sir! I have killed the last two of the enemy with my own hand, and here is one of their colours.' 'D—— your colours, sir!' was the wrathful response of Sir Colin. 'It's not your place to be taking colours. Go back to your regiment this instant, sir.'

"Sir Colin had a Celtic shortness of temper; the strain of waiting while the madness of the fight raged within the great walls had told on his nerves. He was eager to get his 93rd into regimental shape again; and, as Forbes Mitchell argues, believed, from his appearance and bearing, that Ewart was drunk! So he was; but it was with the passion of battle!"

CHAFF IN CAMP

IN his book, *Recollections of a Highland Subaltern*, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon-Alexander, of the 93rd Highlanders, tells the following incident of the Mutiny days:—

"Sir Colin Campbell invited the officers of his guard to share his bivouac with his staff and himself round the great fire which our sentries kept blazing all night, and with our feet turned towards it, we all of us, I fancy, slept like stones till nearly sunrise under the influence of the grateful warmth of the fire, for the nights were very cold. I was always able to improvise a most comfortable pillow on such occasions by thrusting the hilt of my claymore inside my feather bonnet. Just before we reached the ground where we were to bivouac, the Commander-in-Chief dismounted close to where I was bringing up the rear of my company, all of us tumbling about a good deal over the rough ground we were then crossing, the night being inky black.

"Being in high good humour apparently, and very much pleased with the perfect success of the retirement, he called to me to give him my arm up some rising ground we were stumbling up. As we were ascending the hillock, he jocularly asked: 'Well, young man, what's your opinion of this move?' I replied: 'I don't understand it, sir; but it looks as if we were running away.' 'Of course we are!' he added; 'but, il faut reculer pour mieux sauter,' and laughed heartily at his own joke, for Sir Colin spoke French very well, and was very proud of it."

IMPOSSIBLE VEGETABLES

SIR WILLIAM OLPHERTS, who died in 1902, much distinguished himself during the Mutiny, in which he won the Victoria Cross and earned the nickname of "Hell-fire Jack." A character-

istic story is told of a later period, when he was commanding an Indian district. An officer one day came to him with a pitiful tale of the discontent of the men of a newly-arrived Irish regiment who were grumbling because they had no potatoes and other vegetable rations. In those days such luxuries were not plentiful in the remote districts, but, as the trouble seemed likely to be serious, "Hell-fire Jack" ordered a full-dress parade of the Irishmen at noon, and at the appointed time himself rode up to inspect the lines. "Now, my men," he shouted, "I want to speak out plainly. I hear you want potatoes—do you?" "We do, sir!" were the words that came from the parched mouths of the soldiers. "Then you won't get 'em!" replied Sir William; "you're good soldiers, I admit, but if you expect God Almighty to grow potatoes on the dry plains of India, especially to please you, you're damn'der fools than I take you for. Dismiss!" That settled the Irishmen.

STERN JUSTICE

AMONG the stern methods of punishment adopted during the Mutiny was the blowing of mutineers from the guns. In his *Memories of the Mutiny*, the late Colonel F. C. Maude, v.c., who commanded the artillery under Havelock, gives the following account of an execution:—"When we halted for the night I moved one of my guns on to the causeway, unlimbered it, and brought it into 'action front.' The evening was just beginning to grow dusk, and the enemy were still in sight, on the crest of some rising ground a few hundred yards distant. The remainder of my guns were 'parked' in a nice mango-tope to the right of the road. . . . The first man led out was a fine-looking Sepoy, with good features, and a bold, resolute expression. He begged that he might not be bound, but this could not be allowed, and I had his wrists tied tightly each to the upper part of a wheel of the gun. Then I depressed the muzzle, until it pointed to the pit of the stomach, just below the sternum. We put no shot in, and I only kept one gunner (besides the 'firing' number) near the gun, standing myself about ten feet to the left rear.

"The young Sepoy looked undauntedly at us during the whole process of pinioning; indeed, he never flinched a moment. Then I ordered the port fire to be lighted, and gave the word 'Fire!' There was a considerable recoil from the gun, and a thick cloud of smoke hung over us. As this cleared away, we saw two legs lying in front of the gun, but no other signs of what had, just before, been a human being and a brave man. At this moment, perhaps from six to eight seconds after the explosion,

down fell the man's head among us, slightly blackened, but otherwise scarcely changed, It must have gone straight up into the air, probably about 200 feet."

FOUND BY ACCIDENT

MANY stories are told of the Mutiny when officers were engaged in rebel-catching. One subaltern, in charge of a troop of native cavalry, hearing that a man who had taken a leading part in the Cawnpore massacre was lying hid in a certain village, hurried to the spot by a night march, and in the early morning, before the people were awake, drew a cordon round it. Then, with some troopers, he started to search all the huts for the rebel, the headman of the village all the while protesting that the man searched for was not in the place at all. After a lengthy rummage the officer had to sorrowfully admit that he was mistaken, and he therefore called his men together, preparatory to returning to quarters. As the troopers were trotting up one of them happened to pass a small hut in which was a heap of most innocent-looking but not very savoury rubbish. Through the doorway the trooper casually poked his lance at this heap, more to show his zeal than with any hope of making a discovery, when suddenly, up from the rubbish, there jumped a scared figure, who was promptly caught and taken to the commander. It was the rebel wanted!

CHINA, AFGHAN, ZULU CAMPAIGNS, ETC. (1860-1881)

DID LIKEWISE

A LAUGHABLE incident occurred during the taking of the Taku Forts, in 1860, in the war with China. The 1st Royal West Surrey Regiment was waiting the order to advance in common with the other regiments. A good many bullets passed over the men's heads, causing them to bob. A mounted officer reproved the men for their unsoldierly conduct, saying, "Whenever you hear the sound of a bullet, it has passed by you, and you have nothing to fear." Just at that moment a bullet passed close to the officer's own head. He ducked so violently that he nearly lost his seat on the horse's back. Righting himself, he turned to the soldiers and said, "That was a narrow squeak, wasn't it?" Every man laughed.

AN ARMY DOCTOR

SURGEON-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GORDON, K.C.B., who died in 1899, served for thirty-nine years with the Army in all quarters of the globe. His published *Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army* form very interesting reading. He tells how, when in India with the 10th Foot, an effort was made by the officers to start a "Mutual Improvement Society" for the men, who were invited to attend lectures and demonstrations on simple subjects. At the end of the first few months it was peremptorily dissolved by order of the Commander-in-Chief as a "dangerous association"!

Sir Charles states that he was the first regimental surgeon to be invested with the C.B. by Queen Victoria, which honour he received for service during the Indian Mutiny. In 1860 he was at Tientsin, of which period he tells a good story. Two Gordon Highlanders, when seeking for hospital sites, came across a Buddhist nunnery. Despite the warnings of one of the inmates, who appeared in boy's clothes, they entered the building and found that the inmates all wore male clothing. The Buddhist ladies were greatly shocked at the intrusion. "Our regret," says Sir Charles, "was real; explanations were exchanged; we were

informed that the community within adopted male costume as an indication that they not only renounced the world, but with it the emblems of their sex. We were received by the Lady Superior; tea and cakes were offered to and partaken of by us; we were then permitted to visit the 'private chapel,' and finally we parted from the religieuses on the best of terms."

ADVICE

WHEN the French and British troops were fighting side by side in the Chinese War of 1859-60, one of the British soldiers came to blows with a French comrade. The latter, getting the worst of the argument, carried his grievances to the colonel of his regiment, and further complained that whenever he tried to rise the Briton knocked him down again. "My friend," said the French officer, "I will give you one little piece of advice. When a Briton knocks you down, never do get up until he is gone away!"

TRUE SOLDIER'S WIFE

MANY famous men have been indebted to the energy of their wives for their advancement in life, and Lords Wolseley and Roberts are no exceptions to the rule. In his *Forty-One Years in India*, Lord Roberts relates the following:—

"One night we dined with the Gunnings, and Lord Clyde took my wife to dinner. His first remark to her was, 'I think I have earned your gratitude, if I have not managed to satisfy everyone by these China appointments.' On my wife asking for what she was expected to be grateful, he said, 'Why, for not sending your husband with the expedition, of course. I suppose you would rather not be left in a foreign country alone a few months after your marriage? If Roberts had not been a newly-married man I would have sent him.'

"This was too much for my wife, who sympathised greatly with my disappointment, and she could not help retorting, 'I am afraid I cannot be very grateful to you for making my husband feel I am ruining his career by standing in the way of his being sent on service. You have done your best to make him regret his marriage.' The poor old chief was greatly astonished, and burst out in his not too refined way, 'Well, I'll be hanged if I can understand you women! I have done the very thing I thought you would like, and have only succeeded in making you angry. I will never try to help a woman again.' My wife saw that he meant to be kind, and that it was, as he said, only because he did not 'understand women' that he had made the mistake.

She was soon appeased, and in the end she and Lord Clyde became great friends."

BOOTY AT PEKIN

AT the sacking of the Summer Palace, Peking, in 1860, by the allied British and French troops, an enormous amount of booty was secured. The magnificent apartments were one vast store, containing the costliest silks, satins, furs, and gold-embroidered articles, in addition to chests filled with cups, vases, plates, etc., made of precious metals. Much of the loot was secured by the soldiers themselves, and they sold it at ridiculously low prices. The "official" booty obtained was divided equally between the British and French troops engaged, and it only amounted to about £3 10s. a man.

A good story is told of an enterprising officer who secured many little memorials of the "Son of the Moon and First Cousin of the Stars," but who was filled with regret at some information which he received from a Chinese official. "You barbarians took a good many things away," said the native, "but you left the lions upon the entrance gates, which surprised us very much." "We didn't think so much of them as you do, from an artistic point of view," replied the officer indifferently, "and it was no time to encumber ourselves with brass things." "My good sir," exclaimed the Chinaman, "they were solid gold!" It is said that the officer had a serious illness from mere remorse for his want of sagacity!

KEPT IT QUIET

THE little story below is Lord Wolseley's tribute to the bravery of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea when twenty-four years old, and who died in 1899.

At the storming of the Taku Forts Graham, who was in China with Gordon, led the sappers, whose duty it was to lay the pontoon across the wet ditch surrounding the great northern fort. While superintending this operation he was on horseback, and being almost the only mounted officer present, afforded an easy mark to the Chinese matchlockmen, who had already picked off fifteen of his sappers. During the height of the uproar caused by the firing of the great guns and small arms, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley, who was standing by Major Gerald Graham, having some remark to make, placed his hand on that officer's thigh to draw his attention. "Don't put your hand there!" exclaimed Graham, wincing under the pain. "There's a jingal-ball lodged in my leg." It was the first notice he had drawn to his wound!

APPLYING THE SPUR

ONE of the most sarcastic rebukes ever given to a commander was contained in a note which President Lincoln wrote to General McClellan, who, in 1862, was acting against the Confederate general, Lee, near the Potomac. McClellan was conducting a waiting game, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln therefore sent this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter:—

“MY DEAR MCCLELLAN,—If you don't want the use of the army I should like to borrow it for a while.

“Yours respectfully,

“A. LINCOLN.”

The note had apparently little effect on the General, however, as he was shortly afterwards superseded by another commander.

WANTED THEM BAD

A LITTLE story is told in Bruce's *Life of General Houston* which illustrates the familiar way in which military orders were expressed during the American Civil War. In a certain battle a Confederate commander stood upon a hilltop gloomily watching a Union battery, which was making havoc of his troops. At the foot of the hill on the other side was his last body of reserves; by his side stood his aide-de-camp in shirt-sleeves. “Tom,” said the general quietly, without turning his head, but with lips quivering, “I want them guns—I want 'em bad.” The aide-de-camp nodded, turned his horse, and dashed down-hill to the reserve. “Boys,” he shouted, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the hilltop, “there's a pore old gent up there, and he says he wants them guns—wants 'em bad. Shall we get 'em for him?” It is recorded that the “pore old gent” got the guns and the victory.

HIDDEN MEANING

AFTER the collapse of the Confederacy, ex-Senator Wigfall, a member of the Confederate Congress from Texas, fell in with a party of Union soldiers in that State. Being well disguised, he entered freely into conversation with the soldiers of the guard, in the course of which he asked what they would do with “old Wigfall” if they were to catch him. “We should hang him, sure,” was the prompt reply. “Serve him right,” exclaimed Wigfall. “If I were with you I'd be pulling at one end of the rope myself!”

SUCH LANGUAGE !

WHEN General Fremont was trying to capture Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, the latter, to prevent further pursuit, destroyed the bridge across the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson. The pontoon train was hurried forward, and while it was being put down the waggon train filed out into a large field near by. Most of the teams were composed of green mules, and were a great annoyance to the drivers, who gave vent to their feelings by volleys of oaths, swearing only as army teamsters can. Just then General Fremont came riding by, and on hearing the swearing of the men, he ordered the waggon-master to instruct all the men of his command that "hereafter there will be no swearing allowed to any of the drivers except those who drive *oxen* !"

YOKEL'S COMPLAINT

WHEN General Gatacre joined the old 77th Regiment, at the beginning of the sixties, as an ensign, he was one day orderly officer, and, entering a barrack-room where the men were at dinner, put the usual question, "Any complaints?" There was something wrong with the food supplied to a recruit, who bitterly complained that it was bad, and that there was not enough of it. The ensign looked superciliously at the lout, and remarked that surely it was equal in quality to the dinners he had been accustomed to before he joined the Army. But the recruit responded: "Beant arf so good, zur. Wor in quod for nine months outer twelve for a year or two afore Oi tuk the bob, an' sartinly they gave us a better blow hout nor that, zur!"

THE SENTRY'S MISTAKE

ON board the troopship *St. Lawrence*, in 1865, on a voyage round the Cape to India, an officer left a convivial party in the saloon at midnight, and, scorning to be escorted by the sergeant of the guard, proceeded alone to visit the sentries, when the following dialogue was overhead:—

Officer: "Sentry?"

Sentry: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "You're asleep, sentry."

Sentry: "Oh no, I'm not, sir!"

Officer: "But I say you *are* asleep, sentry."

Sentry: "Very well, then, sir, I *am*!"

Officer: "Then why on earth didn't you say you were asleep, sentry?"

Sentry : " Because I didn't know that I was, sir, until you told me so."

Officer : " All right, sentry ; don't let it occur again !"

And the officer, feeling that he had done a good stroke of duty, rejoined his boon companions in the saloon.

MAORI INGENUITY

THE Duchess of Buckingham, in her *Glimpses of Four Continents*, told an amusing story of the Maoris, belonging to the period (1860-1865) when these natives were at war with England. All sorts of tricks went on, such as are not only fair but commendable in war. When the Maoris were in want of bullets, for instance, they used to show a dummy in the bush. Of course it was immediately fired at by the observant British soldiers, and a native in the background pulled it down by a string. " Oh," thought the soldiers, " we've done for *him* ! " Up came the dummy again, cautiously ; bang, bang, went the British rifles. Down fell dummy, sorely wounded, and this went on until some worse marksmen than usual cut the string by which the dummy was manipulated by the chuckling Maoris. No native could issue forth to splice it, for exposure was dangerous. At night the bullets were all taken out of a little earth-bank which the Maoris had raised behind the place where the dummy had made its appearance, and were used over again by the enterprising natives. It was a long time before this artifice was discovered.

DELAYED WAR MEDALS

IN the old days a considerable period used to elapse before soldiers received the medals for the war in which they had taken part. In 1899 General Sir Redvers Buller, v.c., received a parcel addressed to him, and when he opened it he found another package addressed " Captain Redvers Buller, 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifles." On unfolding the covering he discovered a medal and three clasps for the Red River expedition of 1866, thirty-three years before, the decorations having only then been made and delivered ! No fewer than 14,000 survivors received the honour.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., speaking to an audience in October, 1900, also told a story of the same medal. He said that in 1866 a certain soldier in a certain regiment took part in putting down the Fenian Raid in Canada. That soldier retired from the Army twenty years ago with two Crimean medals and a long service medal. In February of last year (1899) that soldier noticed in

the newspaper that it was proposed to issue a Canadian medal. He made application for the same. Unhappily, a few days later he died. Nearly twelve months after the medal was received by the soldier's relatives, although the soldier himself never had the privilege of adding it to the three he already wore. "That soldier," said Dr. Macnamara "was my father, and here," he added, taking the medal out of his pocket, "is the medal that arrived four-and-thirty years after the campaign and nearly twelve months after its owner had died." The incident caused no little sensation.

WOLSELEY IN CANADA

LORD WOLSELEY, in his early life, narrowly escaped becoming a Canadian statesman. The authority for this statement is the late Sir John Macdonald, who remarked to some friends during the British operations in Egypt: "I remember when Wolseley was out here during the first Red River rebellion (1870). He was nothing greater than a colonel then; and I took Mrs. Wolseley down to dinner one night at Lord Lisgar's. She talked brightly of her clever young husband, and wound up by asking me if I would not make him Governor of the North-West territories. 'I will,' said I, and fully intended to do it; but a few days later I was seized with a sudden illness, and lay helpless for weeks. In the meantime Sir George Cartier assumed control of affairs, and appointed one of his friends to the governorship. Wolseley was passed over, and became in turn the great general he is. If I had had my way, he might have become Governor of the territories, and in time even a Canadian Cabinet Minister."

PALE FACE AND CHIEF

WHEN stationed in Canada Lord Wolseley, then but a colonel, spent a holiday in the interior, where he and his attendant built a wigwam and enjoyed the peaceful solitude of nature. He had not then seen an Indian chief, and his knowledge of the individual was derived chiefly from the perusal of the works of Fenimore Cooper. He had a desire to see the real article, and some friends of his living twenty miles away promised to send along the first Indian chief they met. One morning Wolseley was informed that a "noble red man" of the West had arrived. With his mind full of the conventional picture of the high-souled, noble-minded red man, he went out and found a gentleman clothed in an out-of-date dress-coat and waistcoat, who, having had a great deal to do with the Hudson's Bay traders, knew a fair smattering of French and of English. He talked incessantly for upwards

of an hour, and at the expiration of that time Wolseley became bored. Feeling in his pocket for a coin, he produced a two-shilling piece, and with some fear that he was grossly insulting his guest, offered it to him. The noble red man looked at it carefully, felt the edges, and said, "Can you mak it haf-crown?"

DIFFERENT REASONS

DURING the Ashantee War two officers volunteered and were accepted for service. On meeting at the front, one said to the other, "What on earth are you doing here?" "Well," replied the other, "I have neither wife nor children, and am fond of war; but what brings you to foreign lands?" "Just the opposite reason," said his friend frankly; "for you know, I have both wife and children, and love peace!"

KING KOFFEE'S SWORD

ON the capture of Coomassie, in 1874, the king's palace was completely ransacked by the soldiers, who discovered boxes containing necklaces and bracelets of solid gold, coral ornaments, silver plate, and, besides many other valuable things, bags filled with gold-dust and nuggets. Some costly curios were also discovered in the shape of masks made of pure gold, beaten out in various designs, one of which, representing a ram's head, weighed not less than forty ounces. A number of large umbrellas, in various gaudy hues, were also secured, the largest of which, the state umbrella, was presented to Queen Victoria.

Among the loot was found a valuable sword which had been presented to King Koffee some years before by the Queen. It bore on its blade the inscription: "From Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the King of Ashantee." At the sale of the loot, which took place at Cape Coast Castle, and which realised about £6,000, this weapon was purchased by the staff officers, who presented it to Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley, after having the following inscription engraved on the reverse side of the blade: "Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. From the officers of his Staff. Coomassie, 4th February, 1874."

COLOURED COURAGE

THE famous Queen's Own Guides is considered the finest of the Indian corps serving under the British flag. An anecdote illustrative of their devoted gallantry can be told. In an expedition against a troublesome tribe of hill robbers, a little party of the guides, twenty-five in number, with an English officer in

command, had rushed one of the enemy's sangars (a sort of rifle-pit built up with loose stones) and held possession of it. But the enemy were still in strong force in the immediate vicinity, and it was apparent that anyone leaving the shelter would be shot. This caused a Goorkha trooper to step forward, and, after saluting his officer, say, "Sahib, we mustn't stop here all day. I will jump on the top of the parapet; they will fire at me, and we shall be able to rush on them before they can load again." So saying, the gallant fellow sprang on the parapet, and, defiantly waving his sword, shouted insulting epithets at the enemy, who, boiling over with rage, all discharged their muskets at the Goorkha. Strange to say, the gallant fellow was absolutely unharmed, and, jumping down, he cried out, "Now, sahib, come!" In an instant the Guides were charging at the enemy, who soon fled headlong down the hill.

DANIEL WAS DISGUSTED

DURING the Afghan War of 1879 a famous regiment was stationed on the "line of communication" in the Khyber Pass, much to the disgust of the soldiers, who were burning to push up-country to take part in the lively proceedings at the front. Among the most eager to see real fighting was a private named Dan Kane, who, though an excellent soldier, could neither read nor write. When the Indian mail arrived, however, Dan was always the first to secure a newspaper, which a chum of his used to read to him. In that way Dan kept himself very well informed on current events, especially with regard to the war.

One day, on the arrival of the mails, Dan's chum happened to be on duty, so he appealed to another soldier, a noted wag, who readily consented to act in the chum's place. This soldier, a corporal, began to read, and the information he thus learned caused Dan, who had not the least suspicion he was being tricked, the utmost disgust. With a sad countenance, after being assured that he had been told all about the war, Dan walked away. Seeing him, some of his comrades asked, "What's the latest, Dan? Any chance for us?" "Latest?" said poor Dan. "We'll get no bar to our medal, boys; the war's over! The Channel Fleet has sailed up the Bolan Pass, and is now this blessed minute anchored in Cabul Harbour!"

HOW A V.C. WAS WON

JAMES COLLIS was a gunner of the Royal Artillery in the Afghan War. During the retreat from Maiwand the troops toiled on through the black night, the Afghans continually charging down

upon them. The gunners were frequently obliged to unlimber the guns and stand to them to check these furious assaults, which they did very coolly. Many of the guns had been turned into temporary ambulances, and were loaded with wounded and dying men. Collis had all day been carrying water to the wounded through the sharpest of the firing, and came up to his gun just as a hot fire opened upon it from two sides. With one glance he saw that unless this fire could be diverted there was no possibility of saving the lives of the wounded men. Collis was unwounded, and, borrowing a rifle, he deliberately opened fire on the enemy, making himself the target for their guns. There he stood until he had fired thirty-two rounds, the enemy's bullets falling thick and fast around him, but not a hair of his head was harmed. The tired horses made an extra effort, the gun thundered out of range, the ranks closed up, and the weary march went on.

In his account of the gallant affair, Collis said: "We had been fighting all day, marching all night, and next day without a bit of food or a drink of water. I did not feel it so much, as I was so occupied, but I saw several dying by the roadside from thirst and fatigue. About four in the afternoon of the 28th July we came to a place named Kokeran, seven and a half miles from Kandahar. I saw a village where I could get water for the men who were with me. I went off and brought the water back. On going to the village I saw Lieutenant Maclaine mounted. When I came back I saw two horses without a rider. I then went again for more water. I was about one hundred and fifty yards from the gun when I saw ten or twelve of the enemy's cavalry coming along at a slow rate towards the gun.

"The gun moved off, and I lay down and allowed it to pass me, and began firing with a rifle which I had got from a wounded 66th man, in order to draw their fire upon myself, and stop them from going forward with the gun. I was concealed in a little nullah, and I fancy they thought that a number were hid there, for they stopped and fired at me from the saddle. I shot one horse and two men. After firing about thirty-two rounds General Nuttall came up with some native cavalry and drove them off. General Nuttall asked me my name, saying, 'You're a gallant young man; what is your name?' I said, 'Gunner Collis, of E of B, R.H.A.' He entered it in a pocket-book, and then rode off. I then followed up my gun, which I found some five hundred yards distant, by the side of a river. I was recommended for the Victoria Cross, without my knowledge, about September 10th by Sir F. Roberts, on the reports of General Nuttall and Colonel Burnet. It was given me on July 28th, 1881."

EXCITING JOURNEY

AN interesting story is told of a Captain Wilson, who was in the 52nd Regiment. He served with the Bengal army during the disastrous Afghan campaign, and by reason of his intimate knowledge of Persian, volunteered to carry despatches to the relieving force. His disguise as a Persian horse-dealer was complete, and deceived all with whom he came in contact ; but he could not deceive the brute creation. One night as he lay at a caravanserai, he was awakened by something pressing his throat, with two great glaring eyes staring at him. Of course he thought all was up, but to his joy found it to be only a poor Newfoundland dog, whose master, doubtless, had been killed in the Khyber Pass. The faithful animal, no doubt, had wandered for days seeking his late owner, and by instinct had discovered Wilson to be a European, and so clung to him. Wilson's difficulty henceforth was to avoid being identified as a European by the constant and affectionate presence of the dog.

FORTUNATE SWERVE

IN the last Afghan campaign Sergeant-Major Twist, of the Carbineers, had just lighted a presentation meerschaum pipe, his horse swerving slightly, when an Afghan bullet took off the head of the pipe, and left him with the amber mouth-piece and the silver mount attached still between his teeth.

BULLET-PROOF

PIPER WILLIAM MIDDLETON was for twenty-one years in the Gordon Highlanders. At the Battle of Kandahar, while engaged in playing on his company, his instrument suddenly stopped. A rapid inspection showed that the pipes had been damaged, and Middleton at once sat down to mend them. This sudden action caused his comrades to say that he was killed, but the piper immediately said, "Na, na, I'm worth twa deid men yet!" He then got up, and blew away as hard as ever. After the action it was found that one bullet had gone through his pipes, another had knocked the brass off his helmet, another had gone through his kilt, another had knocked a button off his coat, another had made a hole through his water-bottle, another had torn his haversack, and, finally, that another had struck his heel. He himself, fortunately, escaped without a scratch.

OVERWHELMED BY NUMBERS

AN incident in the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his companions, during the Afghan War in 1879, is thus related. The Residency at Cabul was fiercely attacked by crowds of natives, who were kept at bay with great difficulty. At length the place was fired, and not more than eleven members of the British mission remained. Originally there were seventy-five members of the party. These eleven could not shelter in the Residency any longer, and gathering in the courtyard, they prepared to make a last stand. They had not long to wait. Bursting open the gates, the Afghans rushed upon Lieutenant Walter Pollock Hamilton and his companions, who endeavoured to cut a way through the enemy.

“A stroke from Lieutenant Hamilton’s sword cut down one Afghan, and then parrying a thrust at his throat from a man close to him, he killed a second Afghan with a pistol shot. A third rushed at him; he, too, was hit by a pistol shot and dropped to the ground. Another succeeded him, and delivered a tremendous cut at the lieutenant’s head; he parried it, and laid the man dead at his feet. A knot of men now formed in front of him, and others closed upon his party for a final rush together. For a moment the lieutenant’s pistol kept those opposite to him at bay, but the next they all dashed at him. His pistol brought the foremost down, but the remainder were instantly around him with swords upraised. Cuts and thrusts delivered almost simultaneously at the gallant young man’s body brought him staggering to the ground, and the end soon came.”

DREAD NEWS

LORD ROBERTS thus describes how he received the report of the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and escort, which resulted in his famous march to Cabul:—

“Between one and two o’clock on the morning of the 5th September (1879) I was awakened by my wife telling me that a telegraph man had been wandering round the house and calling for some time, but that no one had answered him. I got up, went downstairs, and, taking the telegram from the man, brought it up to my dressing-room, and opened it; it proved to be from Captain Conolly, Political Officer at Alikhel, dated the 4th September.

“The contents told me that my worst fears—fears I had hardly acknowledged to myself—had been only too fully realised.

I was paralysed for a moment, but was roused by my wife calling out, 'What is it? Is it bad news from Cabul?' She had divined my fears about Cavagnari, and had been as anxious about him as I had been myself. I replied, 'Yes, very bad, if true. I hope it is not.' But I felt it was.

"I woke my A.D.C., and sent him off at once to the Viceroy with the telegram. The evil tidings spread rapidly. I was no sooner dressed than Mr. Alfred Lyall arrived. We talked matters over, I despatched a telegram to Captain Conolly, and we then went off to Lord Lytton. Early as it was, I found the Council assembled. The gravity of the situation was thoroughly appreciated, and it was unanimously decided that, should the disastrous report prove to be true, troops must proceed to Cabul with the least possible delay."

SENTRY'S BAD MEMORY

AN officer is responsible for this story. "During the Afghan War, having left our encampment to attend a party, I was one night returning home, after a heavy dinner at the mess of another regiment, when it suddenly struck me I had forgotten the countersign. The sentry that night happened to be an Irishman in my own company. As I drew near he met me with the usual query, 'Who comes there?' so going up to him, I said, 'Hang it, man, I've forgotten the countersign!' And his reply was, 'Begorra, sorr, and so have Oi!'"

FATIGUE DUTY

BEFORE a battle the Cossacks take care to wash themselves very clean, it being one of their beliefs that no one will be allowed to enter heaven in a dirty condition. The Afghans, however, have no such superstition, as is shown by an incident related of one of Lord Roberts' campaigns. An Afghan had been captured, but he was so preternaturally dirty that it was deemed necessary for the safety of the whole camp that he should be washed. Two soldiers were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner, and, amid his lamentations, scrubbed at him with formidable brushes and a large quantity of black soap for two hours, at the end of which time they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What's the matter, men?" asked the officer. "Well, sir," they replied, somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that Afghan for two hours, but it wasn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blest if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes."

AFGHAN SNIPING

ONE case of sniping that I remember proved very disastrous to some countrymen and most likely friends of the sniper, who were prisoners in our camp, and probably taking a shot fired from without as a signal that an attack would be immediately made on us, rose against their guard, which consisted of men from an Indian regiment, who directly fired on them, and with terrible effect, the range being so short. This was in the Khost country, and is mentioned by Lord Roberts in his *Forty-One Years in India*.

Another case of what can strictly be called sniping occurred when our force was located in the Sherpur cantonment, hard by the City of Cabul, and was as follows:—A Goorkha, who happened to be at some distance from the cantonment one morning at daybreak, was shot by a lurking Afghan, and two of his comrades obtained permission to endeavour to avenge their fallen friend. So, very early the following morning, whilst it was still dark, they left the cantonment and proceeded to near the scene of his death. There they concealed themselves on broken ground till the first show of dawn, when one of them, leaving his rifle with his still hidden comrade, crept a short distance from him, and commenced moving about as though searching for something lost. The bait took, for very soon the hidden Goorkha perceived an Afghan creeping, knife in hand, towards his companion, and waiting till he—the Afghan—was within easy range, shot him dead. Then the two friends returned in triumph to the cantonment, bearing their bagged Afghan between them, and when met by an officer placed the corpse on the ground, and having duly saluted, he who had shot the Afghan—grinning as only a Goorkha can grin—said in Hindustani, as he affectionately patted his rifle, “Very good gun, sahib ; very good gun.”

A thing that not infrequently happened during this war was for an Afghan to conceal himself close by a road, in a position from which he could not hope to escape, and would not attempt to do so, should he succeed in attaining his object, which was to shoot down one of the advance guard of an approaching force, and shouting “Allah ! Allah !” run amuck with drawn knife into the midst of his enemies, in the firm belief that such a meritorious proceeding would ensure him everlasting bliss in Paradise after his mundane existence had closed—and close it did, of course, very shortly. [An officer in the *Naval and Military Magazine*.]

WARBURTON OF THE KHYBER

ONE of the most remarkable of Indian officers was Colonel Sir Robert Warburton, who died in April, 1899, at the age of fifty-six. For eighteen years he was the "Warden of the Khyber," keeping the turbulent tribes of that famous pass tightly in hand, and for the position he had peculiar advantages. His father, an Irishman by birth, became an artillery officer in the Bengal army, and was appointed in 1839 to the force which accompanied Shah Shujah back to Cabul, when, in an ill-fated moment, the British Government decided to restore that exiled potentate to his throne in Afghanistan. While so employed, Warburton fell in love and married the niece of Dost Muhammad Khan, who afterwards became Ameer upon Shah Shujah's death. This novel wedding took place in November, 1840, and among the witnesses to the ceremony were Sir Alexander Burnes and Colonels Sturt and Jenkins.

A year afterwards the insurrection took place in Cabul, which resulted in the total destruction of the British Army in Afghanistan in the dreaded Khyber Pass. Captain Warburton escaped that catastrophe, owing to the fact that he was one of the hostages delivered over to the Afghan sardars before General Elphinstone and his army left the cantonments at Cabul on their disastrous march. His Afghan wife took refuge with her friends and relations; but for months she was pursued by her cousin, Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Muhammad, and only escaped by the fidelity of her friends. Ultimately, on September 20th, 1842, she joined her husband, with her infant son, afterwards Sir Robert Warburton, who was born in a Ghilzai fort between Jagdallak and Gandamak on July 11th, 1842. Few wives and mothers have ever experienced such a terrible eleven months of dangers and sufferings.

The whole account of Sir Robert's notable career is given in his *Eighteen Years in the Khyber, 1879-1898*, which was published shortly after his death. All that he could remember of his early years was that once he was nearly killed by a fall from his pony, and on another occasion he set fire to the bungalow in which the family resided by discharging a miniature brass gun belonging to his father. From Sipri, where his father and mother had rejoined, the Warburtons were transferred to Gwalior, and in 1850 young Warburton, at the age of eight, was sent to school, after a great deal of opposition on his mother's part. He remained there until he was fifteen, and then his father, who had spent twenty-six years in India without a day's leave, resolved to take two years'

furlough, and place his son in England to complete his education. At Agra he took farewell of his Afghan mother, whom he did not meet again until six years afterwards. His father died in 1863, the future Sir Robert then being over twenty-one.

Sir Robert's father left his widow an income of £1,500 a year, but this was soon lost owing to several unfortunate circumstances, and he found himself in a position worth only £300 a year with which to keep himself and his mother. He took service with the Bengal Staff Corps, however, to increase his income, and advanced, slowly at first, up the various steps of promotion. His life's work began in 1879, when he took charge of the Khyber, which was in such a state that no man's life was safe more than a mile from Peshawar. When Sir Robert left, in 1898, it was "as safe a highway as any in India."

In his book Sir Robert gave this instance of his methods:—
 "It was understood by the tribesmen that wherever my camp was in their hills the greatest enemies might resort to it with perfect safety. No private, public, or tribal feuds were to be carried out on any condition. Hence for six or seven weeks my camp was full of men having deadly blood feuds with one another, armed to the teeth, each man having his loaded rifle, yet no outrage was ever committed; and I may say that this rule was implicitly carried out by me for more than fifteen years. During all that time there never was an attempt made to steal a farthing's worth of property from our tents or camp, except on one occasion when a few trifling items belonging to one of our Khyber cavalry sowars were carried off from the lines at Landi Kotal. Two months later a man knocked at Malik Walli Muhammad Khan's fort in the Khyber during dark. He having many enemies, the gate was opened only after due precautions had been taken, and outside, placed on the ground, were found all the sowar's property which had been taken from Landi Kotal. I found that the people were better pleased when they felt assured that I trusted them entirely with my safety. I therefore always went about with only a stick in my hand."

It is interesting to note that Sir Robert's book would not have been written but for the kindly suggestion of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, who permitted the work, which was mainly compiled during the stress and strain of the Tirah campaign, to be dedicated to him.

IRISH EXPLANATION

THE late Sir William Lockhart, lieutenant-general, who died in India during 1900, used to tell an amusing story relating to the period of his colonelcy. An Irish trooper, whose love of liquor was proverbial, arrived at barracks one night in a condition which seemed to justify guard-room detention. Brought before Sir William the following morning, and asked what he had to say for himself, the trooper pleaded: "But Oi was not meself at all, at all, sorr; Oi was supernaturally sober, sorr!" "Supernaturally sober!" exclaimed the colonel; "what on earth are you talking about?" "Sorra a dhrink did Oi have all day long, sorr!" was the melancholy reply. Thinking that some mistake had been made, Sir William, after a few moments' consideration, let the Irishman off.

TO SAVE THE COLOURS

THE disaster at Isandula, fought in January, 1879, when 20,000 Zulus overwhelmed the 24th Regiment, was rendered memorable by the dash to save the colours. When he perceived that all was lost Colonel Pulleine called to Lieutenant Melvill, and said: "You, as senior lieutenant, will take the colours, and make the best of your way from here!" He then shook Melvill's hand, and exclaimed, while seeming quite cool and collected: "Men of the 24th, here we are, and here we stand to fight it out to the end."

Melvill was adjutant of the first battalion, and rode off with the colours, accompanied by Lieutenant Coghill, of the same corps, and Private Williams. These fugitives were closely pursued, according to Captain Hallam Parr, and held on together with difficulty till they reached the Buffalo, where Williams was swept away by the current and drowned. Melvill's horse was shot in the stream, and the colours slipped from his grasp. Lieutenant Coghill reached the Natal side in safety, but on seeing Melvill clinging to a rock, while seeking vainly to recover the lost colours, he forgot all thought of self-preservation, and bravely rode back to his comrade's assistance, when his horse was also shot. They both reached the Natal bank and tried to struggle on, but in vain.

"The Zulus opened a heavy fire on our people," says Colonel Glynn in his despatch, "directing it more especially on Lieutenant Melvill, who wore a red patrol jacket. There are, not many hundred yards from the river's bank, two boulders, within six feet of each other, near the rocky path. At these boulders they made their last stand, and fought until overwhelmed. Here we found

them lying side by side, and buried them on the spot where they fought so well and gallantly. There is no need to remind Englishmen of their conduct. While we remember the Zulu War it will not be forgotten. They did not die in vain; ten days after they fell the colours were found in the rocky bed of the Buffalo." Melvill's watch was found to have stopped at ten minutes past two p.m.

The Queen's colour was subsequently found, as already stated, and was presented to Queen Victoria at Osborne, when Her Majesty tied a wreath of immortelles to the staff-head in memory of the two young officers and the equally gallant private who perished in defence of it. It is a curious fact that in 1893, sixteen years after the event, the other colour—the regimental colour—was discovered in a foreign capital thousands of miles away from the scene of disaster. The flag came into possession of Baron St. George, of Paris, and was handed by him to Colonel Talbot, the British Military Attaché in Paris. How the colour came to be preserved and to reach the French capital is a mystery.

RACE FOR LIFE

GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN, it is recorded, once owed his life to his running powers. He took part in the Zulu War of 1879, and at the Battle of Isandula had a wonderful escape. At that time Smith-Dorrien was, with another officer, in command of the Transport Department, and was not supposed to be fighting. On the day of the battle he went out inspecting the country alone, and had got several miles from camp, when he was suddenly attacked by a body of Zulus. He set spurs to his horse, and was soon galloping away, with the enemy after him.

After riding some distance he came upon an officer on foot, who asked him to let him hang on to his stirrups, to help him along. This he did, and they went some way in this manner, when his friend, thoroughly fagged out, asked Smith-Dorrien to allow him to get on the horse. When he had mounted the horse straightway bolted, leaving Smith-Dorrien behind to the tender mercy of the now fast-approaching enemy. Nothing daunted, he sprinted ahead, and it was not in vain that he had taken many prizes in his younger days for running. He kept steadily ahead for a couple of miles, with the Zulus—who are among the swiftest and longest-winded runners in the world—unpleasantly close upon his heels, until at last he spurted into camp and safety. It is said that the General keeps to this day the pair of boots which he wore on that occasion.

ARDOUR THAT CAUSED DEATH

AT the Battle of Guighlovo, South Africa, in April, 1879, caused by the advance of the British force to the relief of Colonel Pearson, besieged by the Zulus at Etschowe, Colonel Northey, of the King's Royal Rifles, received a severe wound, which caused his death in curious fashion. In spite of the wound, which he received about half-way through the action, Colonel Northey refused to leave his men, but he eventually fell fainting from loss of blood. The surgeons dressed his wound, and the Colonel returned to consciousness with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears, proclaiming the flight of the enemy. The Colonel, an account says, "suddenly raised himself on one hand and joined in the shouts of his men, thus bursting the bandaged wound, and causing violent hæmorrhage to recommence." The result was that four days later the gallant Colonel, who had shared in the glories of the Oudh campaign, died, to the great grief of both officers and men.

THE PARSON'S ENCOURAGEMENT

ALL the soldiers who defended Rorke's Drift against the swarms of Zulus declared that their chaplain, Parson Smith, ought to have received the Victoria Cross. For some inexplicable reason, however, his claim was overlooked. It was Parson Smith who, exposed to the hottest fire, went about behind the biscuit boxes, handing cartridges to the defenders and attending to the wounded. As the small body of men—thirsty, weary, and hungry—struggled against what seemed almost certain death, and cursed the yelling foe close in front of them, Parson Smith, his great red beard making him a conspicuous object, repeatedly roared out, "Don't swear at them, my lads; shoot the ——!" In the picture of the scene belonging to the nation, the gallant chaplain is shown busy at work.

A GOOD PENNY'S WORTH

ON his first visit to England, after winning the Victoria Cross at Rorke's Drift, the late Colonel Chard had a rather funny experience. In a Scotch garrison town he saw displayed on a board, above the entrance to a "penny gaff," the announcement: "This night, the Defence of Rorke's Drift. An incident of the Zulu War." The gallant officer paid his money and walked in. What was his amusement to see his own dramatic presentment on the tiny stage, in company with an actor who took the part of his V.C. comrade, Bromhead, make a fierce onslaught on men

with lamp-black faces, who represented Zulus. When the lot were despatched each officer seized and waved a Union Jack, and the curtain descended amid deafening cheers.

"Ain't them coves brave?" admiringly whispered one grimy juvenile of the audience to another boy. "Garn!" exclaimed the other; "brave? Not pertikler! Sor a middy in a play t'other night stab twice as many pirates as 'em two blokes did niggers in 'arf the time! That wor braveness, if yer likes!" Colonel Chard then left, having had what he considered an excellent pennyworth of amusement. Colonel Chard died during sleep in November, 1897, near Taunton. Just a year later Lord Wolseley, who had presented the V.C. to Chard in 1879 in South Africa, visited Taunton to unveil a bronze memorial bust in honour of the dead hero.

PRINCE IMPERIAL'S DEATH

ONE of the events of Sir Redvers Buller's term of service in South Africa was the tragic death of the Prince Imperial of France, who was serving with the British troops, and who was slain while out on patrol duty. After the surprise by the Zulus the Prince attempted to mount his horse while running, but the giving way of a rotten stirrup-leather precipitated him to the ground, and when last seen by the survivors, the unfortunate Prince was running towards a donga, closely followed by the Zulus. Next morning the body was found lying in the donga, mutilated, and naked save for one sock. When Lieutenant Carey, the other officer of the party, arrived in camp, he was in a terrible state of panic. Meeting Sir Evelyn Wood and Buller, he wildly shouted, "Fly! Fly! the Zulus are after me, and the Prince Imperial is killed!" When Carey had given his version of the affair, Buller turned square upon him, and asked in stern tones, "But how is it that you are alive?" The lieutenant who, perhaps, was not entirely to blame in the matter, was made the scapegoat, and compelled to leave the Army, he joined the Church.

GENERAL BULLER

SPEAKING of Sir Redvers Buller in the Zulu War, the late Archibald Forbes said: "Here was a man with £6,000 a year, a beautiful house in fair Devon waiting for his occupation, a seat in Parliament all but secured, and yet, for the patriotic love of leading that strange medley of reckless adventurers, he was living squalidly in the South African veldt, sleeping in the open for three nights out of six with a single blanket thrown

over his body, his hands so disfigured by cattle sores, the curse of the veldt, that I never saw them not bandaged up. With his intrepid heroism he had saved the lives of so many of his men that in talking to them it almost seemed that he had saved all their lives. A strange, stern, strong-tempered man, whose pride it seemed to be to repress all his own emotion, and to smother its display in others. He would order a man peremptorily back to his duty who came into his tent to ask him to read a letter in which a mother thanked him for saving the life of her son." Sir Redvers was awarded the Victoria Cross for saving life during the Zulu War.

CAMP EPISODE

IN one of his letters sent home from South Africa in 1879 the late Mr. Archibald Forbes told an interesting story. A young Englishman of good family had been appointed to a commission in the Frontier Light Horse under Colonel Redvers Buller's command, but had turned out a troublesome character. It was said that he had become subject to fits, and occasionally gave way to drink. Mr. Forbes said:—

"Last night before lights were out, I heard him swearing to himself in a very excited way about some grievance in the way of extra duty which he fancied he had. Later, when the camp was quiet, he 'loosed off' his revolver in his tent, and there was naturally a general commotion. No alarm was sounded, but in an instant every man turned out and fell into his place, with the regularity of machinery, and total absence of confusion, that struck me as testifying strongly to the fine discipline and morale of the force. The cause ascertained, the troops were ordered to turn in, and the young officer was ordered to consider himself under arrest.

"The camp was scarcely quiet again when he repeated the foolish performance of firing his revolver, and there was a repetition of the universal turn out. The general and his staff came round into Buller's camp, and summary and strong measures were determined on. But the young fellow was in his tent, rapidly breathing out threats to slaughter, and protesting that he would shoot anyone who attempted to enter. Major Cleg was equal to the occasion. He had the tent-ropes loosed, and down came the tent on its obstreperous inmate, effectually bonneting him. He was at once seized, bound, and under a guard conveyed into the artillery camp, where he was made fast to a gun wheel, a blanket given him, and he was so secured from further mischief.

“The poor devil raved wildly all night. It is in evidence of what influence Buller exerts over those under his command that the burden of his constant cry was, ‘For God’s sake send me away before Buller comes back ; don’t let me see Buller. I never can face Buller again after this.’ Buller is at present on a reconnaissance. He had overlooked the young fellow’s previous backsliding, and had saved his life at Zlobane. The young man had his prayer ; this morning his accounts were made up. The money due to him was paid ; the general in a word dismissed him from his force, with the stern warning that if he came back he should be flogged as an unauthorised camp-follower. He was set on his pony, and escorted by an officer and a file of men to the other side of the Blood River, and there turned adrift on the world.”

DRAMA OF THE VELDT

PERHAPS few stories of battle so thoroughly illustrate the true British spirit and way of doing things as the little incident of a reconnaissance before the Battle of Ulundi, of which Lord William Beresford was the hero. The party of British were almost led into a terrible trap, discovering the danger just in time. They turned to retreat, and the Zulus poured in a volley which killed two men and brought down the grey horse of a mounted infantryman. The last-named fell head foremost. The others thought both man and horse were killed at first, but the infantryman soon struggled to his feet, dazed with the fall, and with his face covered with blood.

Lord William Beresford at once turned his horse, and, in face of the advancing hosts of yelling savages, galloped back to the soldier, who, it may be mentioned, was Sergeant Fitzmaurice, of the 24th Regiment. Beresford jumped off his horse, and bade the man mount, while he himself faced the Zulus with his revolver. With a cool courage scarcely second to Lord William’s, the sergeant refused, and urged the other to escape while there was yet time. While this argument was proceeding, the savages were coming nearer and nearer, and Beresford ended it in characteristic fashion. Turning to the wounded sergeant he clenched his fist, and placing it close to the other’s nose, shouted, “Get up, or I’ll punch your head !” This method of argument prevailed, the man allowed himself to be hustled into the saddle, and the two turned to rejoin their comrades. Even now, however, they might have been slain had it not been for the coolness and bravery of Sergeant O’Toole, who, returning to aid in the rescue,

shot down Zulu after Zulu with his revolver. All safely arrived in camp.

The late Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, related this exploit as "the bravest deed I ever saw." He tells how, going into Beresford's tent the same afternoon, he found him fast asleep, and roused him with the information that he was to be recommended for the Victoria Cross. "Get along with your nonsense, you impostor!" was Beresford's yawning retort, as he threw a boot at Forbes, previously to turning over and going to sleep again! The news was quite true, and on arrival in England Lord William was commanded to Windsor Castle to receive the decoration from Queen Victoria. He respectfully told Her Majesty, however, that he could not receive the honour unless it was also bestowed on Sergeant O'Toole, who, it is pleasant to relate, duly had the distinction conferred upon him as well.

PERSONALLY ADMINISTERED

THERE is a story told of how Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, when he was in South Africa in 1877-1881, used to maintain discipline among his somewhat unruly Colonial troops. When an offender was brought up before him, it is recorded, he would sit solemnly in court-martial, and, after the charge had been cited, he would ask the culprit, "Did you do it?" "Yes, sir," was the general reply. It wasn't much good to say "No." "Oh, you did, did you?" Carrington would reply; "then take that!" And the colonel would rise in his might, seize the culprit, and thrash him until he considered him sufficiently punished.

STRANGE LETTER

IN his *Life of the late Sir George Colley*, who was slain at Majuba Hill, General Sir William Butler relates an extraordinary incident, showing the impatience of the Boers. Five days before the fatal day of Majuba, an insolent and ill-written paper was found outside the British camp, addressed "Mr. Colley, Great Britain's Camp." It bore the following words:—

"Feb. 21, 1881. SIR,—We will be greatly oblige if you will send out your troops at once, as we are tired of laying here. We always understood that Great Britain is a powerful and pluckey nation, but now we see for ourselves that they are not so.—Truly yours, DUTCHMAN."

COLLEY AND HIS WIFE

SIR GEORGE COLLEY'S last letter to his wife, published in Sir William Butler's biography, is very interesting:—

“February 26, 1881.

“I am going out to-night to try and seize the Majuba Hill, which commands the right of the Boer position, and leave this behind, in case I should not return, to tell you how very dearly I love you, and what a happiness you have been to me. Don't let all life be dark to you if I don't come back to you.

“It is a strange world of chances; one can only do what seems right to one in matters of morals, and do what seems best in matters of judgment, as a card-player calculates the chances, and the wrong card may turn up and everything turn out to be done for the worst instead of for the best. But if one sticks to this steadily I don't think one can go wrong in the long run, and at any rate we can do no more.

“Remember, darling one, that there are many who love you, and to whom you can still be a source of happiness or the reverse, and that one still has one's work to do in the world, even if it becomes very up-hill work, and can still give pleasure or do good to many. Good-night, darling. . . .

“How I wish I could believe the stories of meeting again hereafter; but it is no use complaining because things are not as one might wish—one must only brace oneself to meet them as they are. Think of our happiness together, and our love—not a common love, I think—and let that be a source of comfort and light to your future life, my own much-loved one, and think lovingly and sadly, but not too sadly or hopelessly, of your affectionate husband.

“G. P. C.”

A FALL TO FREEDOM

AN extraordinary incident of Majuba was the escape of Major Frazer, who was standing close to General Colley in the last stand made. The General fell with a bullet through his brain, and the surviving soldiers were almost surrounded by the enemy. Major Frazer, in moving to another position, suddenly found himself on the very edge of the flat top of the hill, and saw several Boers within a few yards, rushing to make him their prisoner. At this critical moment he lost his footing, slipped, and fell backwards over the side of the hill. Bumping over the short turf, the officer rolled a distance of nearly two hundred feet, and was finally brought up in a thick bush in a ravine on the hillside.

Although terribly bruised, he found, to his relief, that no bones had been broken. He lay quiet until nightfall, and then, taking advantage of a thick mist, started to make his way back towards Mount Prospect. He travelled all night, falling over rocks, slipping into streams, soaked to the skin with rain and mud, and guided himself with a pocket compass. At break of day, however, he found himself looking down upon the Boer laager at Laing's Nek, the ironstone of the surrounding rocks having made his compass faulty. He lay hid all the day in the dry bed of a stream, and at night started afresh on his perilous journey. He successfully passed the enemy's outposts, and at three o'clock safely regained the British camp.

THE MAJUBA V.C.

THERE was only one man who won the Victoria Cross at Majuba Hill, and that was Corporal Farmer, of the Army Hospital Corps. In the course of 1900 he was, in an interview, persuaded to give his account of the exploit, and the following were his remarks:—

“It was when I saw that all was over, and that Colley was finished, that my little affair happened. The ammunition had been spent—the 58th, the 60th, the 92nd Highlanders, and the Naval Brigade were completely at the mercy of the Boers, and some of the last group standing up to the foe I saw shot down in front of me. The officers were all practically dead or severely wounded, and, in fact, all was ‘up.’

“I belong to the Army Hospital Corps, which you know to-day better as the ‘Army Medical Corps,’ and I was busy helping Sir Arthur Landon to dress the wounds of a fallen soldier when the Boers shot at us as we were in the very act of bandaging a wound. We were all three hit, and I sprang up and waved vigorously the white bandage above my head as a flag of truce, never dreaming, but that even a ‘savage’ foe would have respected such a signal. But a bullet came flying and struck me in the right arm holding up the flag of truce, and that hand fell powerless by my side. ‘But I have got another arm,’ I said gaily to the surgeon, and I picked up the white bandage with my left hand and raised it aloft again, waving it.

“In almost as little time as it takes me to tell you another bullet came along and passed clean through my arm, here at the elbow. Then that fell also, and I rolled over in great agony. The surgeon, who was himself mortally wounded, injected morphia, so great was my pain, and I knew little more till I was rescued. You

will not wonder that I have little respect for the Boer's gentleness, innocence, and natural simplicity that one hears so much about! It is all bunkum. But I have, as is also natural, great respect for their accuracy as marksmen."

HECTOR MACDONALD AT MAJUBA

AMONG those who took part in the fight at Majuba Hill was Lieutenant Macdonald, of the Gordons, who afterwards became famous as Sir Hector Macdonald. In the engagement, with twenty of his men, he held a hillock against the Boers until eight of the Gordons were killed, and he himself and the other twelve were wounded. They then had to surrender. One of the Boers thought that the sporan of Lieutenant Macdonald would form a very suitable trophy, and he made as if to seize hold of it, but he got such a kick in the stomach that he fairly howled with pain. Another was about to shoot the officer, when the Boer who had been kicked generously intervened, saying, "No, don't shoot—he is a brave man and too good to kill."

The sword that Macdonald wore had been presented to him by the men of his company in recognition of his rise out of the ranks, and it bore on its blade an inscription to that effect. This was noticed by Joubert, the Boer leader, who courteously handed the weapon back to Macdonald, saying, "A man who has won such a sword should not be separated from it." Ever afterwards Macdonald held a high opinion of the Boers, and often said, "Those men are gentlemen." At the same time he burned to wipe away the disgrace of the fatal day, and nothing gave him more satisfaction than his being present at the surrender of Cronje at Paardeberg on the anniversary of Majuba Day. A bugler of the 1st Gordons, whose father was killed at Majuba, wrote home a letter during the late war (in April, 1900), in which he said, "I have seen the wonderful Hector for the first time in my life. He's not a toff. He's a regular Tommy. He spoke to me, and said he knew my father and stepfather as both good old Gordons. He said, 'You are not on the right road for your father's grave, but I hope, my lad, you'll see it all wiped out.'"

A TALE OF THE NIGHT

IT is recorded that one night during the Transvaal War of 1881 two British soldiers, English and Welsh, were on lonely outpost duty. Presently the Welshman paused in his tramp and stood motionless at ease. A few seconds later he sprang to the

alert, crying, "Halt! Who goes there?" There was no answer. Just then up ran his comrade, followed by the patrol sergeant, who asked for an explanation. "Why, sergeant," replied the sentry, pointing in front, "I heard footsteps over there, and someone singing the Welsh funeral hymn, 'Bydd mydd of ryfeddodau.'" "Look here, Jenkins," growled the veteran non-commissioned officer, after a rapid survey round, "you heard nothing at all. The fact is, lad, you were dozing where you stood, and simply dreamt that burial dirge of yours. Don't let it occur again. Quick march!" At break of dawn a Boer bullet found poor Jenkins, who died murmuring the words of the hymn.

RIFLEMEN'S DUEL

IN the war of 1881 there was a very exciting duel between a Boer sharpshooter and a Johannesburg marksman named Sampson. The last-named had taken up a position behind a large boulder, and was preparing to "pick off" the enemy at a range of six hundred yards, when a bullet whistled over his head, taking his hat with it. A puff of smoke told him that one of the enemy was lying concealed, like himself, at a distance of less than three hundred yards. Waiting cautiously until he caught a glimpse of the Boer, Sampson fired, and was so satisfied that he had hit his target that he incautiously raised his head and, as a result, received a bullet in the neck. The Boer, in his turn convinced that his opponent was dead, rose on his knees, and was at once struck in the shoulder by another of Sampson's bullets; but, before he dropped, he fired again and lodged a bullet in Sampson's side. Thus the duel continued until each man became unconscious, and was found some time later in an almost dying condition. Both combatants recovered, however, and when peace was established got to know each other well. The Boer marksman was General Botha, who became so famous during the war of 1899-1902.

ANOTHER DUEL

DURING the Boer War of 1881 an amusing duel took place, a short time before the conflict at Laing's Nek, between a Highlander and a burgher. Both British and Boers were well under cover, but the Highlander in question, Sandy Macdonald by name, persisted in rising and taking a pot-shot, then immediately sinking to the ground again. One of the Boers also pursued the same tactics. As Sandy rose once more to fire he received a bullet through his hand, and in his surprise gave a startling yell. An officer lying near by said, "Serve you right,

Mac. You were told not to show yourself." "Nae doot, sir, nae doot," groaned Sandy; "but hoo did I ken he was gaun to fire oot o' his turn?"

BURIED UNION JACK

AFTER the signing of the Transvaal Convention of 1881, subsequent to the Battle of Majuba, a remarkable ceremony took place in Pretoria. It was no less than the burial of the Union Jack, and the ceremony was performed by British residents who were disgusted at the handing of the country back to the Boers. A procession of six hundred British subjects, with a large number of loyal natives, followed the old flag to its tomb, which was in Pretoria. After the mourners had taken up their positions round the grave, the flag was lowered with due solemnity into the receptacle prepared for it, and over it a tombstone was placed, with the following inscription:—

In Loving Memory
of the
British Flag in the Transvaal,
Which departed this life
August 2nd, 1881.

"In other climes none knew thee but to love thee."

RESURGAM.

The flag thus buried belonged to the 94th Regiment, and it did not long remain in its grave. Colonel Gildea, who commanded the Pretoria garrison, had it dug up on the troops leaving the country, and he brought it with him to England. It remained in his possession until his death in 1898, though it was generally supposed that the flag still lay in a South African tomb.

When war with the Boers broke out in 1899 the colonel's son, Mr. Campbell Gildea, of Glasgow, gave the piece of bunting in charge of his father's old regiment, the Scots Fusiliers, which was going out to the front, so that it could be hoisted again on the capture of the Transvaal capital. The tombstone with its unique inscription was taken from its position by someone, and for many years it was preserved as a curiosity in a canteen not far from the spot where it originally stood.

CHANGE OF NAME

THE battalion now known as the 1st Gordon Highlanders was formerly called the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment. It had received that county title in 1862; but in 1881, when stationed at Malta, the corps was re-named the 1st Battalion Gordon High-

landers, and were provided with the same costume as worn by the old 92nd Regiment (the 2nd Gordon Highlanders). With a view to commemorating the event, the officers and men of B Company of the 75th subscribed together and placed an obelisk in the Floriano Gardens, Malta. The "epitaph" inscribed on the memorial runs as follows:—

“ Here lies the poor old 75th,
But under God's protection,
They'll rise again, in kilt and hose,
A glorious resurrection.
For by the transformation powers
Of Parliamentary laws,
They go to bed the 75th,
And rise the Ninety-twa's.”

EGYPT, SOUDAN, BURMAH, ETC.

(1882-1897)

WHAT STRUCK HIM

AN old soldier, who was wounded in the charge at Kassassin, was employed as "dresser" by a leading actor. During the period of the last Transvaal War, he, one evening, described to his employer the part he played in the battle—the long wait, the nerves tense, with the bits jingling in the silence; the advance, the trot, the gallop, the charge; how the rider twenty yards ahead of him fell from his saddle and shot his own horse dead with the death-grip of his fingers on his revolver as he dragged; how the men behind spat blasphemies at the sight, and set their teeth to win. "And what struck you most when it was all over, and you looked back on it?" asked the actor. The old soldier paused in reflection for a few moments, and then solemnly said, with absolute simplicity, "What struck me most forcible, sir, was the bullets that missed me."

IRISH SURGEON

ON the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir, after the fight, an Irish doctor named O'Reilly was attending to the wounds of the British soldiers. A young guardsman, doing active service for the first time in his life, had got a sword-cut on his arm—what an old soldier would call a "scratch." The young guardsman was much agitated, however, and he cried out in alarm, "Oh, doctor, my arm! I shall die!" Dr. O'Reilly, getting tired of the poor fellow's moaning, called out, "Be aisy wid yer noise, now; sure, ye're makin' more noise than that poor chap wid his head cut off!"

WHAT WOLSELEY SAID

"DID Oi see any service!" exclaimed Corporal Mulcahy. "Oi should say Oi did, be jabers. P'r'aps you niver heard whaat Wolseley said to me at the Battle ov Tel-el-Kebir? I'd been pegging away all day, loading and firing, without stopping fur a bit or sup. It was jist beyont sundown when the general came

ridin' along. He jist watched me fur awhile, and then he sings out, saying, 'Corporal Mulcahy,' says the Ginerol, 'go to the rear ; you've killed men enough for one day !' "

ABOUT A CAMEL

AFTER Tel-el-Kebir many of the men, and not a few of the officers, went foraging about the Egyptian camp in search of loot and relics. A certain officer, it is recorded, casting about him in search of something for his folks at home, espied a gorgeously caparisoned camel, the gay trappings of which seemed to indicate that it had once belonged to an Egyptian commander. "The very thing," murmured the officer to himself, and he at once ran for the quadruped, which he found to be picketed to a tent-peg driven into the ground, all by itself. To unloose and make off with the animal was the work of a few moments, and on arrival at his quarters the lucky owner was heartily congratulated by his envious fellow-officers. Not long afterwards, however, a fiery A.D.C., attended by an orderly, galloped along the line, and drawing rein in front of the officer and his camel, roared out, "Now ——, what on earth are you doing astride that camel? Get down!" "Found it," replied the officer. "Found it, be hanged! Do you know, sir, that is the General's property, and he's wanting the beast this half-hour? Orderly, bring along that camel." The animal belonged to Lord Wolseley!

SOME MESSAGES

DURING the Egyptian campaign an officer one day signalled to Lord Wolseley from the top of the Pyramids: "Forty centuries salute you." The unexpected reply came promptly back: "Don't be a fool! Come down." On another occasion, it is recorded, an outpost took great trouble to heliograph: "Private —— has drunk all the spirits of wine."

KHEDIVE AND SENTRY

THE late Khedive of Egypt, who had a great regard for "Tommy Atkins," used to say that a troop of young girls could not be more gentle or better behaved than the soldiers of the British Army of Occupation. The following story is said to be quite true: "I was walking in the grounds at Ras-el-Tin one morning," said His Highness one day in English, which he spoke perfectly, "and was about to enter the private garden, when a sentry ordered me to halt, saying that no one was allowed to pass that way. I told the man that I was the Khedive, whereupon he began to laugh

heartily. At last he managed to ejaculate: "'Oo d'ye suppose yer gettin' at with yer Keedyve? Be hoff out o' this, me fat little bloke, or I'll precious soon clap you in the guard-room.' And I had to be off, too," added Effendina, with a good-humoured smile, "or he would have been as good as his word!"

MEDALS WANTED

SHORTLY after the Egyptian War a company of the Royal Engineers were being inspected by a young officer at Chatham. Most of the men were in possession of the Egyptian medal and star. The officer passed along the ranks until, coming to a man with no decorations, he asked where his medals were. On receiving the reply that the soldier was not entitled to them, he turned to the sergeant-major present and said, "Put this man down for medals the same as the other men!"

TOMMYS' WILLS

AFTER the Battle of El Teb, during the Soudan campaign of 1884, there was found the body of a soldier, who, before he died, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet in the inside of his helmet the words: "All to my wife." During a campaign in Afghanistan one soldier was caught by the enemy while doing scout duty, and shot down when none of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterwards his body was found lying before a tall rock, on which he had written in letters of blood: "I want all to go to mother." In both cases the War Department held the wills to be valid, and saw that the right distribution of property was made.

GORDON AND THE MUTINEER

ONE day a regiment, which had been ordered to embark in barges, mutinied, and refused to leave the parade-ground. General Gordon, apparently unarmed, and very quiet and self-possessed, took his stand in front of the rebellious soldiers. In a calm voice he ordered every man who was unwilling to embark to step two paces to the front. One man did so with a defiant air, the regiment looking on in silence. General Gordon immediately drew a revolver, presented it at the mutineer's head, and ordered him to march to the boats. It was one man against a regiment of angry and insubordinate soldiers, but Gordon was absolutely fearless. If he had shown a trace of nervous hesitation, the soldiers (a native regiment, it may be mentioned) would have revolted, shot him and the officers, and committed the wildest

excesses. As it was, the mutineer sullenly obeyed the order, and the regiment followed suit and embarked in the boats without further trouble.

JOKE IN BATTLE

AT the Battle of Tamai, in 1884, a body of about 9,000 Arabs, suddenly making a rush at a British square, managed to break through one side, and captured some Gatling guns. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, but the enemy were at length driven back with a loss of one thousand men. Some well-timed cavalry charges on the part of the British added to the confusion of the enemy, who were compelled to relinquish the guns they had captured. The British loss in the affair was seventy-four officers and men killed and eighty-five wounded. A story is told of an officer of an Irish regiment that formed part of the square. As the Dervishes were making their charge, one of the officers said to his men: "Now, boys, wait for my word to fire, and when I give it, aim low and imagine every man Jack of them is a landlord!" At the time there was much trouble in Ireland between landlords and tenants; and the soldiers, appreciating the joke, waited with smiling faces for the enemy.

GENERAL BULLER'S WINE

THE Under-Secretary of State for War, in extolling the civil administration of the War Office at an annual gathering in 1898, told an interesting story regarding a bottle of champagne. Eleven years before, Sir Redvers Buller, after arriving at Korti on the fall of Khartoum, declared to Lord Wolseley that it was impossible for him, having been three days out of bed and practically without sleep, to write a lengthy despatch to the War Office. Lord Wolseley suggested that he should have a bottle of champagne. Sir Redvers acted on the suggestion, and wrote the despatch. When in England eight months later Sir Redvers was surprised to find at the War Office that he had been debited with 7*s.* 6*d.*, the cost of the bottle of champagne, plus the cost of transport of the wine to the place in which he partook of it!

SAILOR *v.* SOLDIER

THIS story used to be told of Sir Redvers Buller: He believes in himself most thoroughly, knows better generally than anyone else, and sticks positively to his own opinion in opposition to that of the whole world. In the Nile campaign of 1884 he was on board a river steamer, descending some "bad water" in one of the higher cataracts, and got into a discussion with Lord Charles

Beresford as to the proper channel that should be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end that which Sir Redvers recommended was adopted, with the result that the steamer got through without accident. "You see I was right," cried Sir Redvers; "mine was the proper channel." "That was mine, too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said."

MOURNED AS DEAD

PRIVATE MATTHEW WAGG, serving in a cavalry regiment, was cut down at Abu Klea. For nearly a week he lay with the slain, his body covered with terrible wounds. So certain were his comrades that he had perished that his name figured among the killed in the casualty lists. Private Wagg, however, was not dead, and the burial party, at work a week after the battle, were amazed to find him still slightly breathing. He was tenderly nursed, and on becoming convalescent was shipped to England and placed in Netley Hospital. He sufficiently recovered as to be able to serve at Aldershot camp, where he was employed on light duties. A curious fact is that a tablet to the memory of the soldiers killed at Abu Klea was erected in All Saints' Church, Aldershot, and the name of Matthew Wagg figures thereon!

GENERAL GORDON

LORD WOLSELEY has told the story of Gordon leaving London for that last great and perilous personal expedition. "I think Charlie Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he ever did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place from my house late in a January afternoon, the 18th, 1884. There he stood in a silk hat and a frock-coat." Lord Wolseley offered to send him anything he wanted. "I don't want anything," said Gordon. "But you've got no clothes!" "I'll go as I am," he said, and meant it.

"He usually gave away any money he might have. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged-school for boys. I asked him if he had any cash. 'No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I'll go and get you some and meet you at the station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Stewart, who went with him; Gordon was not to be

trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said: 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom he was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money and gave the whole of it to him.'

DEATH OF GORDON

WHEN the advance guard of the relieving force arrived at Khartoum, in January, 1885, it learned that it was too late. After 317 days' siege, the city had fallen two days before, and Gordon was no more. Gordon's last entry under date December 14th in the diary handed over to Sir Charles Wilson, of the relieving force, ran as follows:—"Now, mark this, if the Expeditionary Force—and I ask for no more than 200 men—does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye."

Several accounts were current as to the way Gordon died when the enemy broke into Khartoum, and the following was given by an eye-witness:—"On hearing the noise, I got my master's donkey and went with him to the palace. We met Gordon Pasha at the outer door. Mohamed Bey Mustafa, with my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushidi, and about twenty cavasses, then went with Gordon towards the house of the Austrian Consul, Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels in an open space near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed at once; nine of the cavasses, Ibrahim Bey Rushidi, and Mohamed Bey Mustafa were killed; the rest ran away."

In his book, *Fire and Sword*, Slatin Pasha, who was at that time a prisoner in chains in the Mahdi's camp, thus describes how he was permitted to gaze upon the countenance of his murdered friend:—"A great crowd had collected before the quarters of the Mahdi and Khalifa, which were not far off; and I could see plainly they were coming towards me. In front marched three black soldiers; one named Shatta carried in his hands a cloth, in which something was wrapped up, and behind him followed a crowd of people weeping. The slaves had now approached my tent, and stood before me with insulting gestures. Shatta undid the cloth and showed me the head of General Gordon! The blood rushed to my head, and my heart seemed to stop beating; but with a tremendous effort of self-control I gazed silently at this ghastly spectacle.

“His blue eyes were half-opened; the mouth was perfectly natural; the hair of his head and his short whiskers were almost quite white. ‘Is this not the head of your uncle, the unbeliever?’ said Shatta, holding the head up before me. ‘What of it?’ said I quietly. ‘A brave soldier who fell at his post. Happy is he to have fallen; his sufferings are over.’ ‘Ha! Ha!’ said Shatta, ‘so you still praise the unbeliever! But you will soon see the result;’ and leaving me he went off to the Mahdi, bearing his terrible token of victory. Behind him followed the crowd, still weeping.” Slatin had been captured by the Mahdi in 1883, and it was not till 1895 that he succeeded in escaping from bondage.

In 1898, at the Battle of Atbara, among the Dervishes captured by the British was the enemy’s leader, Mahmoud, who was found hid in a pit, under his bed, by some men of the 9th Soudanese. His meeting with Slatin Pasha, who was present at the battle, was dramatic in the extreme. Slatin reminded the captive leader of their meetings under very different circumstances in former years, and Mahmoud replied, “You wait till you get to Khartoum!” However, as is well-known, when the British did get to Khartoum the tyranny of the Khalifa was over.

KING THEEBAW’S TREASURE

VARIOUS stories have been told as to what became of the loot taken from King Theebaw’s palace in 1885, when the place was captured by British troops during the Burmese War of that period. The regalia of the King is supposed to have mysteriously disappeared in some way. An English officer, whose reliability is beyond dispute, but who would not give his name for publication, made the following remarks in 1894:—

“I was in Burmah when Mandalay was taken, and a few days after a friend of mine showed me the handle of a fan thickly studded with rubies and other precious stones. It was a remarkable article of great artistic worth and value, and has been identified by a Russian who was on Theebaw’s personal staff, who says it is the handle of the State fan and a portion of the missing regalia. My friend said he had been lucky enough to obtain the handle for a nominal sum from a soldier, who had offered him the article for sale.

“I ascertained that the soldier in question, along with another soldier, either of the Liverpool or the Queen’s Regiment, had broken into the royal palace on the night it was taken, and that they had secured the greater part, if not the whole, of the regalia. This they placed in a bag, and in order to accomplish their

purpose they were compelled to break the fan. The whole lot was then buried within the compound of the palace, as the soldiers were unable to get past the guards at the gates, encumbered as they would have been with the stolen treasure.

"A few nights afterwards they returned and dug up the sack, which, according to their story, was then empty with the exception of the fan handle, which being placed at the bottom of the bag had stuck in a corner. It is presumed that some person must have seen the soldiers burying their spoil, and had forestalled their return visit. But whatever took place, it is certain that the soldiers who broke into the palace and carried off the spoil did not reap the benefit of their undertaking. Whether the men who came forward and admitted that they had been the robbers are the two men I knew by sight in Burmah I cannot say, as I have not seen either of them since my arrival in England."

The allusion in the last part of the above paragraph is to a story published in the newspapers of a few months previous, to the effect that a private in the 2nd Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, before dying at Wandsworth, had confessed that he was one of the two men who had stolen King Theebaw's regalia. According to his confession he and another private entered the palace during the night, and after several exciting adventures discovered, quite by accident, the King's crown and regalia. These they at once took possession of, and promptly conveyed them out of the palace.

The jewels, it was stated, were worth an immense sum, but their massive gold settings made them bulky and cumbersome. The two soldiers, afraid of detection, determined to bury the treasure, and did so without delay. Shortly afterwards a sentry-box was placed upon the very site, and according to the statement made by the dying soldier, the jewels were still there. The other private, whose name was White, and who was then living at Southampton, was at once communicated with. When first questioned upon the subject he appeared to be greatly frightened, but on being assured that no harm would befall him, he admitted that the statement made by the other soldier was correct.

A report of the matter was sent to the Chief Commissioner of Burmah, and it was subsequently arranged that White should go to Burmah with a view to finding the buried treasure in question, he to receive ten per cent. on the value of any discovered up to 100,000 rupees, and five per cent. on any in excess of that value. It was recalled that the jewels found in the palace were not so numerous or valuable as had been expected, but it was thought

at the time that many had been taken away by the women who were allowed to leave. The man White was reported to have actually sailed for India, but the result of his mission has never been given to the public.

AT THE WAR OFFICE

WHEN Sir Redvers Buller was quartermaster-general a small sum of £20 was passed by him, the said sum to be expended in typewriters at a certain barracks. His order in due course came before a War Office clerk in some minor post, who marked it: "F 17 considers this demand most unusual. Indeed, he does not know what to say about it." From puzzled F 17 the document passed to F 7, who, in turn, expressed his disapproval and forwarded it to F 1, the Financial Secretary, who initialled his agreement with F 7 and F 17.

In the course of a fortnight or so, the order, endorsed with the cabalistic characters mentioned, returned to the general. Without a moment's hesitation, General Buller, as soon as he realised what it all meant, marched off to the Financial Secretary, to whom he gravely handed his resignation. "Dear me, this is most extraordinary!" ejaculated that Minister. "You can't seriously mean, Sir Redvers, that you intend to resign because a clerk disapproves of a trifle like that?" "Indeed I do," answered the General. "And why?" "Because I imagined that I was given the Q.M.G. as an experienced man, and if every little tuppenny-ha'penny clerk is going to be allowed to over-ride me, I'm off!"

VISITORS AT GIBRALTAR

IN the summer of 1888 an American warship called at Gibraltar, and a number of petty officers landed for the purpose of inspecting the far-famed fortress. A sergeant was deputed to escort them round, and he first pointed out to the party the signal station, standing on a gigantic rock some 1,400 feet almost immediately above their heads. While he was commenting on the grandeur of the situation a Yankee broke in with, "Say, sergeant, one shot from our little craft"—jerking his thumb in the direction of the American warship—"would about shift this 'ere pebble!" The soldier smiled and, saying nothing, continued the tour. Soon afterwards he brought the party in front of a massive 100-ton gun, which was mounted in a battery commanding the bay. "Say, sergeant," murmured the American who had previously spoken, with a sickly smile, "I guess one shot from this 'ere gingerbeer bottle would about shift our little craft down there!"

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR

IN his autobiography the late Sir Robert Warburton told a very pretty incident which occurred at Rawal Pindi in 1890, when a grand review was held in honour of the late Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, then on a visit to India. Sir Robert said :—

“At its conclusion it was noticed that in the space allotted to native spectators were Muhammad Ayub Khan and some of the Afghan sardars and chiefs who had followed his fortunes, and who were now closely watching the soldiers against whom they had lately fought and been defeated by. A few words which I did not hear passed between His Royal Highness and the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, and then the Prince rode off alone and unattended to within a few paces of the carriage of the Afghan soldier who had fought us at Maiwand and Kandahar, but who, by the fortune of war, was a refugee and almost a prisoner in British hands. Reining in his horse, the Prince deliberately and with dignity raised his hand to his hat and saluted the fallen soldier.

“The act, simple and spontaneous as it was, seemed to electrify the native crowd. No act that His Royal Highness could have performed could have done more to ingratiate him with the Asiatic beholders than his touching, gentle tribute of respect to a fallen but once powerful foe. The Khyber maliks (chiefs) were loud in expressions of admiration. ‘The grandson of the Queen-Empress and the future heir to the British throne to ride up and salute a man who had been an enemy to England is marvellous! No wonder the sarkar is always victorious!’ a Zakha savage was heard to say aloud in his native tongue to his fellows. I expect that many a blessing and many a prayer were uttered that day on behalf of Prince Albert Victor.”

CZAR AS BRITISH COLONEL

SEVERAL European potentates hold honorary positions in connection with the British Army, just as members of the English Royal Family hold similar posts in the German, Austrian, and Russian armies. The German Emperor, for instance, is colonel-in-chief of the 1st Royal Dragoons; the Czar Nicholas II. is colonel-in-chief of the Scots Greys; and the Emperor of Austria is colonel-in-chief of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

A curious story has been told of the appointment of the Emperor of Russia, which was gazetted on December 8th, 1894.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was then the Secretary of State for War, and one day Queen Victoria informed him of her desire that the Czar should be made an honorary colonel of a British regiment. Sir Henry, one of the most obliging of men, felt it necessary to point out that such a thing could not be done without great inconvenience, inasmuch as all the other crowned heads would expect to receive similar honours. The Queen listened patiently to the objection, and then quietly said, "It may be impossible, but it will have to be done all the same!" After that Sir Henry could say nothing more, and in due course the Czar was gazetted to the Scots Greys.

NEW ROYAL BERTH

AN amusing story was told in connection with the appointment of the Emperor of Russia as colonel-in-chief of the Scots Greys, who, it may be mentioned, fought in the Crimea during the war. After the appointment had been duly promulgated an enthusiastic subaltern of the regiment communicated the information to his soldier servant. "Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new Emperor of Russia has been appointed colonel of the regiment?" "Indeed, sir," replied Donald; "it's a verra gran' thing for him." Then, after a pause, he inquired, "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep baith places?"

BARRISTER ALSO

A RATHER amusing incident occurred at the Aldershot Police Court in June, 1895. Two soldiers were brought up on the charge of assaulting a constable, and a military officer in court rose and said he attended at the request of his superior to represent the prisoners. "Very good," said the chairman, "but you can only speak as to character, you know." "Indeed," remarked the officer, with a tinge of surprise in his voice. "Yes," continued his worship, "that is so; you cannot speak for them in any other way. If you wish you can employ a solicitor." "Oh, I see," answered the other, with a laugh. "Well, I may say at once that I am a barrister as well as an officer, and I intend to represent them professionally." This was somewhat of a surprise for the Bench, but they raised no further objection, and the officer proceeded to cross-examine the policeman, with the result that he got his "clients" off scot free!

COLONIAL SENTRIES

DURING the Matabeleland War of 1896 the relief force, marching in search of the natives, halted when the place for the night's camp was reached. The waggons were drawn up in laager formation—diamond shape or oblong—rations were served, supper cooked, and guards posted. It was the duty of a sentry when anyone approached to cry out, "Halt! Who goes there?" and on receiving the reply, "A friend," to say, "Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

But the sentinels, not being disciplined soldiers, frequently mistook the orderly officer, who visited each post during the night, for the other sentry from the next post, and, instead of using the prescribed formula, would greet him familiarly with: "Hullo, Smith! Is that you?" Then, in place of the friendly reply, "Yes, how's things?" would come the rejoinder: "Why, sir, don't you halt and challenge?" The countersign for the night was always read out at dress parade each afternoon. If a man was absent from parade, and neglected to inquire, he might find himself in an awkward predicament. The author of *With Plumer in Matabeleland* mentions several cases in point.

A trooper had gone down to the water-hole one night after the sentries were posted. On returning he was challenged but, not knowing the countersign, the sentry refused to let him pass. "But, my dear fellow, you know me well enough. What's the use of playing the fool at this time of night?" pleaded the belated trooper. "Can't be helped," was the reply; "you know the orders, and unless you give the countersign there you are, and there you will remain!" And he did remain there until the visiting officer admitted him in the small hours of the morning.

On another occasion the countersign was "Nordenfelt," the well-known name of a certain kind of automatic gun. The same trooper, on approaching the picket, had a hazy recollection that some kind of gun had been mentioned as countersign, and in answer to the challenge gave "Maxim." "That's not it," replied the sentry. "Oh, well, the other kind of gun," hazarded the soldier. "Well, that's near enough. Pass in!" exclaimed the sentry. The trooper, while accompanying an orderly officer on his rounds one night, was astonished to find the sentry singing at them in this fashion: "Hi-tiddle-de-hi-ti! Who goes there?" "What do you mean, sir, by challenging like that?" demanded the amazed officer. "The last time I was on duty, sir," replied the sentry, "I was told to challenge in a more musical voice, and that's the only tune I know, sir!"

MAJOR RODDY OWEN

MAJOR EDWARD RODERIC OWEN, who was familiarly known as "Roddy Owen," was born in 1856, and before his death in 1896 he had made quite a reputation as a soldier and sportsman. He entered the Army through the militia, and was stationed with the 20th Foot in Canada. The regiment still possesses a memento of Roddy's youthful prowess, in the shape of a heavy cast-iron sphinx, which used to stand in a garden at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Roddy Owen mentioned to the owner that a sphinx was one of the regimental badges of the 20th, and in reply was told that this particular sphinx might be his if he carried it to barracks. These were a mile away, snow was on the ground, and the young soldier was in his uniform and wearing a heavy fur coat. The owner never dreamt he would be taken at his word, but he was, as the sphinx's presence with the regiment daily testifies.

Major Owen went to Uganda in 1894, and he had a curious and amusing experience. Suffering from an ulcerated leg on the march, it became necessary for him to be carried in a hammock, which was covered with a blanket. The natives of Kavirondo and Usoga not unnaturally jumped to the conclusion that in the hammock must lie a lady. A rumour to this effect, therefore, flew ahead of the party to Uganda. On their arrival they not only found all the Europeans in Uganda making preparations to greet the wife of the Commissioner, but King Mwanga himself was on tip-toe of excitement and expectation, as he had been told by his courtiers, and fully believed, that the mysterious lady was an English princess, sent as a suitable present to him by the Queen of England!

Major Owen's constitution had been injured by his African work, and he died suddenly from cholera during the Dongola Expedition of 1896. After his death a fragment of an unfinished letter was found in his diary, the last words he wrote. It ran thus:—

"I am seated on a rock surrounded with desert, the only European here, with seven cases of cholera on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst., but I think we've tackled it. The quarantine has so upset arrangements that it is within the bounds we do not prosecute our journey to Dongola as yet. But we must stick to Khartoum as an objective, and, bar European complications, the dream of Cecil Rhodes looks likely of accomplishment."

WRECK OF TROOPSHIP

AN admirable story of British discipline, not without its amusing side, was told in connection with the wreck of the *Warren Hastings* troopship, in 1897, between Capetown and Mauritius. The soldiers on board belonged mainly to the York and Lancaster Regiment. The proceedings on board were quite orderly, and soon all the men were in the boats. It was believed to be so, at any rate, but, as a precautionary measure, to make sure that nobody was being left behind, an officer went to the hatchway and called out, "Is there anyone left below?" A voice immediately answered, saying, "Please, sir, may I come up now, as the water is rather high?" Considering that the water was nearly up to the man's neck it will be understood how anxious the poor fellow was to be released from his uncomfortable position! One of the officers of the corps wrote home, saying, "Men behaved splendidly, as cool and steady as on parade, though for over an hour fallen in on lower deck in the dark, and at the last up to the knees in water."

ANSWERED BACK

DURING the troubles in Crete, during 1897, the Seaforth Highlanders were landed to help to restore order. Their advent, dressed in the familiar kilts, created a great sensation, as the natives, who themselves wear a kind of kilt, had never previously seen British soldiers in such a costume. An amusing incident occurred one day, when a party of Seaforths was marching through a small, wretched-looking village. As usual, the inhabitants turned out to stare at the soldiers, and one of the Highlanders, with a view to raising a laugh among his comrades, shouted out to a group of Turks, "Gae hame, ye dirty blackguards, an' scrub yersels." Imagine his astonishment, as well as that of the remainder of the Highlanders, when a ragged and evil-looking Turk shouted back in reply, "Go home yourself, Scottish dog, and cover yourself up!" It was afterwards discovered that this Mahomedan had spent several years in London, and thus learnt the language.

UGANDA MUTINY

IN an account in *Macmillan's Magazine* Major Mockler-Ferryman gave a vivid description of the Uganda Mutiny. The discontented Soudanese had rebelled, and Major Thruston, commander of the Uganda Rifles, was ordered to be shot with two of his

comrades by the native officers who were leading the mutineers. This tragic event occurred on October 19th, 1897, and the following is Major Mockler-Ferryman's account:—

“The scene must have been an impressive one, even to the savage mutineers who witnessed it, and there can be little doubt that what took place will be handed down from generation to generation of the Soudanese as an instance of the bravery of Englishmen. The three prisoners and their guard stood facing the group of native officers; around them was a mob of armed soldiers. There was no sign of fear, no thought of begging for mercy, no question of temporising. Thruston, speaking so that all could hear, told Belal that since he, an officer, had been condemned to death, Belal, as an officer, and none other, should do the foul deed. He had spoken as he had been accustomed to speak to his troops on parade; it was no request, but an order of the commandant, and Belal, accepting it as such, raised his rifle to his shoulder. With both hands Thruston seized the muzzle and pressed it against the centre of his forehead, and a moment later his skull was pierced by the bullet.

“The sight of this tragic event appears to have sobered the native officers, for Wilson and Scott were ordered away, and their guards were in the act of removing them to their hut when the soldiers, now no longer hesitating, suddenly opened fire on them and shot them in the back. Why Thruston, knowing that nothing but his death would satisfy the mutineers, should have troubled himself as to the manner of it will seem strange to any unacquainted with his nature. His sense of justice was, however, only equalled by his fearlessness, and though it is impossible to say what passed through his mind in those last moments, it is more than probable that he was unwilling that the murder should be laid to the door of the private soldiers, who, he knew, were mere children in the hands of the native officers. The native officers had condemned him; let the chief of them be alone responsible. Such is the opinion of all who knew Arthur Blyford Thruston, the murdered commandant of the Uganda Rifles, who, though only in his thirty-third year, had fought and bled for his country both in Egypt and Uganda, and had nobly risked and lost his life in the endeavour to avert a national disaster.”

THE INDIAN FRONTIER

TURNING THE TABLES

COLONEL SIR T. H. HOLDICH, in *The Indian Borderland, 1880-1900*, relates the following story of the expedition of 1881 against the Waziris, soon after a 11,000 foot peak called Shuidar had been ascended :—

“In the middle of a round of observations Hall gently touched me on the shoulder, and asked me to direct my attention back for an instant to the way we had come. Nothing much was observable to the naked eye, but a little searching with the telescope detected swarming numbers of evil-looking bandits making their way through bush and dell to the cliffs that overhung that narrow part of the valley to which I have referred. Clearly they were laying a very neat ambush for our return, in a very well-selected position. But one of the great advantages of such a command as the Shuidar gives was that of a comprehensive view of the whole position below. As in a map, we could not only see how the people collected at the fires of last night had worked their way to the gorge, but how it might be possible for us to work our own way to yet another position behind and above that gorge, which might make an effective repartee to their projected ambush. It was, in fact, a game that both could play, and we accordingly set to work to play our share of it.

“A keen and most energetic young subaltern of the 5th P.I. was despatched with a picked company to out-manceuvre the ambuscade, and we finished our observations in peace . . . and went straight down the nullah to the gorge. Not a soul was to be seen, nor was a sound heard, until we were well in the middle of it, and then—shall I ever forget the awful din that arose? A thunderstorm burst just as the ambuscade began to play on to us, and the re-echoing rattle of musketry that jerked back and forward from cliff to cliff, with the condensed din of thunderclouds overhead, was as if a special compartment of ‘jehannum’ had been opened up for the benefit of those unbelievers who had disturbed the sanctity of Sheikh Haidar’s mountain rest. . . .

“The military combination arranged by Hall, and carried out by his subaltern, came off almost to a second. Added to the din of thunder and rifle there soon arose the war-cry of the Sikhs, as they descended on the unhappy Waziri from behind. It was soon over. No frontier tribes-people can stand being taken in the rear. Like hares they bolted, and like hares they were hunted through the jungle till they had lost about thirty of their number. . . . We returned with the honours of war, and a fair bag of miscellaneous weapons of ancient make, as well as a good survey record.”

INDIAN ENDURANCE

THE native Indian troops are remarkable for their powers of endurance. Among the Sepoys who received the Order of Merit for the relief of Chitral was one who had no fewer than thirty-one wounds. Another man, a Sikh, furnished a splendid example of pluck and endurance. He was shot in the side at the Koragh Defile, when Ross's party were cut up. He could feel the bullet in his body, and so worked away at it with both hands gradually pushing it outwards until he had extracted it. Then he shouldered his rifle again and did his march of twenty miles or so, in spite of loss of blood! He got well again, and as a reward for his pluck received the Order of Merit.

SIGNALLED HIS DEATH

THE following story was told by a member of the Chitral Expedition, who declared that he was an eye-witness of the incident:—“During the engagement at Malakand there was with the enemy a man who had been a musketry marker in a native Indian regiment. When the battle was raging he climbed on top of a rocky boulder with a red flag in his hand. Everyone, of course, took pot-shots at him, and as the bullets whistled past, he signalled, ‘miss by the right,’ or ‘miss by the left,’ according to the direction in which the bullets passed. At length one caught him full in the chest. He staggered for a moment, signalled a ‘bull’s eye,’ and fell dead.”

COLONEL AS RANKER

AN Indian hero, whose identity people were never tired of discussing at the time, was the officer who, being refused leave to go with the Chitral Expedition in 1895, obtained five days' leave to go “shooting.” He entrained to a point as near the operations as the railway would carry him, and then, being unable to obtain a horse, set out to march. Equipped with a bottle of gin and a

huge sausage as his only rations, the plucky officer plodded the weary miles over rough ground cheerfully. He reached the column just as the charge was about to be made on the Malakand Pass. He was in time to join the head of the storming column, and was one of the first three on the summit. When the battle was over he had to eschew the camp and the rest that awaited the fighting line, and had to make his way back as best he might to a point where the railway would take him up.

This officer was Colonel P. K. Doyne, then commander of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons. He died at Simla in 1900, age fifty-two. He went into action at Chitral as a common soldier, tearing the stripes off his khaki uniform that his rank might not be discovered. He was a fine sportsman and athlete, and once walked from Aldershot to London and back in sixteen hours and seventeen minutes (sixty-nine miles).

LOYAL SIKHS

AN officer of the Engineers, in an account of his doings during the Chitral campaign of 1895, related the following incident, which, it may be noted, had to be written with a pen-nib tied to a toothbrush, that being the only available pen-holder:—

“To-day the Queen’s message arrived and cheered the troops. The brave Sikhs in the fort were astonished to hear that Her Majesty had inquired after their wounded by name, for they can never understand how it is that the great Queen can know so much about them as to know their names, or to think about inquiring after the welfare of such unworthy people as themselves. They are sitting in knots now discussing the matter. A native officer asked me about it, and I told him that Her Majesty took good care to know all about her soldiers, black or white, and, when they needed it, saw that they were looked after. That old hero is now stroking his beard, and is beginning to think that the credit of his race must be looking up if the name of Sapuran Singh is known to Her Majesty in the land of the white sahibs. He thinks that cut on the head is well worth having, and is ready to go and get another.”

WITH THE REAR-GUARD

“ALL courage does not lie in furious valour. Here is a case which never won notice because very few people talked about it—a case of the courage of Ulysses, one might say. A column of troops, heavily weighted with sick and wounded, had drifted into a bad place—a pass where the enemy, hidden behind rocks, were picking them off at known ranges as they retreated. Half a regi-

ment was acting as rear-guard—company after company facing about on the narrow road and trying to keep down the wicked, flickering fire from the hillsides. And it was twilight, and it was cold, and it was raining, and it was altogether horrible.

“The rear-guard began to fire too quickly and to hurry back to the main body too soon, and the bearers put down the ambulances much too often and looked off the road for possible cover. Altogether there were the makings of a very nasty little breakdown—after that would come the slaughter. A boy I knew was acting in command of one company that was specially bored and sulky, and there were shouts from the column in the dark of ‘Hurry up! hurry there!’ neither necessary nor soothing.

“He kept his men in hand as well as he could, hitting down the rifles when they fired wild, till some one along the line shouted, ‘What on earth are you fellows waiting there for?’ Then my friend—I am rather proud that he is my friend—hunted for his pipe and tobacco, filled the bowl in his pocket because he didn’t want anyone to see how his hand shook, lit a fuzee, and shouted back between the very short puffs, ‘Hold on a minute! I’m lighting my pipe!’ There was a roar of rather cackly laughter, and a regimental joker said, ‘Since you are so pressin’, I think I’ll ‘ave a pipe myself.’

“I don’t believe either pipe was smoked out, but—and this is a very big but—this little bit of acting steadied the company, and the news of it went along the column, and even the wounded laughed, and everyone felt better. Whether the enemy heard the laughing, or was impressed by the one—two—three—four firing that followed it, will never be known, but the column came to camp at the regulation step and not at a run. That is what I call the courage of the much-enduring Ulysses; but the only comment I ever heard on the affair was the boy’s own, and all he said was, ‘It was transpontine, but necessary.’”—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

WRESTLING FOR RECRUITS

AN interesting story is told of the way the 36th Sikhs, which so distinguished itself in the Tirah campaign, was raised. Its formation was entrusted to Colonel “Jim” Cook and Captain H. R. Holmes, and the methods adopted by the last-named officer were somewhat unique. Given a few men of the 14th and 45th Sikhs, Captain Holmes found a difficulty in obtaining recruits for the new corps. Eventually he went to Loodiana, a fruitful recruiting ground, for the purpose of looking for men himself. Each time he entered a village he challenged the local wrestlers, and competed with them on the understanding that all he beat

should join the new regiment. Although some of the native wrestlers beat Captain Holmes and the members of his party, most of the challengers gave in. The result was that, in four months, he had got together by this strange method the finest batch of native infantry that ever stepped.

DANGEROUS OFFICERS

THE extraordinary high proportion that casualties among officers bore to those among the rank and file during the 1897 campaign in India, and especially in the Tirah expedition, attracted apparently as much attention in the ranks as it did among the general public. "You take my advice, Bill," one Tommy is recorded to have remarked to another. "Don't you never stand near no white stone or yet near no horcifer!"

SURGEON UNDER FIRE

DURING the operations of the Malakand Field Force Surgeon-Lieutenant Hugo, then twenty-eight years of age, won the D.S.O. under the following circumstances, which were given in the House of Commons:—

"Lieutenant Ford was dangerously wounded in the shoulder, and was bleeding to death from the bullet having cut the main artery, when Surgeon-Lieutenant Hugo came to his aid. The fire was too hot to permit lights to be used to examine the wound, and there was no cover; nevertheless, the surgeon struck a match and examined the wound. The match went out amid a sputter of bullets, which kicked up the dust all round, but by its uncertain light he saw the nature of the injury, and seized the bleeding artery, and, as no ligature was available he remained for three hours under fire, holding the vessel between his finger and thumb. When at length it seemed that the enemy had broken into camp he picked up the officer, who was unconscious from loss of blood, and bore him into a place of safety without relaxing his hold of the artery."

THE LAST EXTREMITY

MEN who have seen much fighting are always diffident about talking of themselves. Incidents of the frontier fighting in India during 1897 were only with difficulty obtained from the wounded men who were sent home to Netley Hospital. Private Lever, of the Buffs, told a story of the fight in which he was hit, when General Jefferys, with the mountain battery and escort, were hemmed in a village all night by thousands of Mohmunds. The wounded were lying under a wall, exposed to torrents of

rain and to showers of stones, which the enemy hurled down at them from houses near. It seemed impossible that any relieving force could come to their aid before daybreak, or that the handful of Buffs could hold out much longer—their ammunition was running short. Then Private Lever heard one officer ask another: "How many shots have you got in your revolver?" "Only two," was the reply. "Then don't waste them, old chap; keep one for me, the other for yourself."

INCIDENTS AT DARGAI

THE well-known fight at Dargai, in October, 1897, resulted in the performance of many glorious deeds, while several incidents occurred of a somewhat amusing type. The advance was made against the enemy's strong position on high ground above Dargai village, with the gallant 2nd Goorkhas forming the first line, the Dorset Regiment the second line, and the Derbyshire Regiment the third line, while the Gordon Highlanders covered the advance. Suddenly the troops came across tiers of huge stone galleries, practically impregnable, and, while endeavouring to cross the open ground in front, the Goorkhas lost sixty-seven men in ten minutes. Here the troops waited for two hours, all the time under fire, when the order was given for the Gordons to charge, supported by the 3rd Sikhs.

An officer of the Derbys, who was holding an advanced post, thus described the scene that followed: "The artillery opened fire; we were told to renew our fire, and the Gordon Highlanders and Sikhs were seen coming up in rear. Another loud, clear voice was heard (that of Colonel Mathias): 'Gordon Highlanders, we have orders to take the position, and it must be done in face of the whole division.' A company of the Gordon Highlanders was formed up, the crowd was cleared from behind the ridge, bayonets were fixed. 'Are you ready?' the voice called again; the answer was a cheer, and with bagpipes playing, Colonel Mathias and Major Downham, second in command, with Major Forbes Macbean and Lieutenant Alistar Gordon, who commanded the leading companies, rushed across. The music of the pipes and the inspiring words had an extraordinary effect. As the companies of the Gordon Highlanders charged forward I called upon my company of the Derbyshire Regiment to come on, and we all rushed across and joined the two leading companies of the Gordons in the assault, while the enemy were keeping up a heavy fire. On reaching the other side I met Colonel Mathias. The advance was continued by a steep ascent to the summit."

GORDONS AT DARGAI

WITH the Gordons there were five pipers, named respectively Findlater, Milne, Fraser, Wills, and Kidd. The last-named, on returning home, said that after the colonel had exclaimed that "the Gordons would take it," the men were ordered to sit down for a minute while the batteries engaged in a heavy cannonade. Colonel Mathias's next order was, "Pipers to the front." "Milne," said Piper Kidd, "was the first to step to the front; but he had only gone a short distance when he was shot down, though not fatally wounded. Findlater was the next to go down. I kept rushing on, but tripped over a stone, and in the fall lost my pipes. Regaining my feet, I got over the hundred and fifty yards or thereby of the fire zone without mishap, and the adjutant afterwards brought me my pipes."

Findlater, who afterwards received the Victoria Cross, struck up the regimental charging tune, "Haughs o' Cromdale," and proudly advanced at the head of his comrades. He was shot in the ankle, the Pathan bullet ploughing through the limb and striking the heel of his other boot, which was torn away, and the toes badly injured. With a groan of agony the gallant piper dropped, and, of course, the music stopped. Then, suddenly remembering his duty and forgetting the pain of his wound, Findlater picked up his pipes and started playing again. "Brave fellow!" said an officer who was passing, throwing his water-bottle to the soldier.

Much controversy ensued as to the tunes played by the pipers on the occasion, the general opinion at the time being that Findlater played "Cock o' the North." He himself decided the matter, however, by stating that he was giving "Haughs o' Cromdale," but that the other pipers, including Milne, were playing "Cock o' the North." Sent home to Netley Hospital, Findlater there received the V.C. from the hands of Queen Victoria. Of the other pipers, Milne was shot through the chest, the bullet going through his right lung, but the gallant fellow recovered.

COLONEL AND HIS MEN

SOME rather amusing incidents happened to Colonel Mathias during the Dargai charge. He was outpaced in the rush, and was complaining aloud of being blown, so Colour-Sergeant Mackie gave him a helping hand, exclaiming at the same time, with kindly sympathy, "Ye're gaun verra strong for an auld man!" Another sergeant said: "The Colonel ran up against me, when across the first dangerous part, and said, 'Well done, sergeant.' I gave him a drink from my bottle, and off we went to the top."

Still another sergeant says that he was "hit in the wind by a fragment of stone knocked up by a bullet just in front of me. I never felt it at the time, as you may guess, but dashed on, and when under cover got a drink from Captain Kerr, of Ours, and then went on up the hill. On the top we formed up, and when the Colonel came along to inspect us we gave him a cheer, which greatly affected him. Waving his hand, he said, in reply, 'Thank you for following me so well, men.' Then we cheered him again."

A DOUBLE RESCUE

ANOTHER Gordon who earned the Victoria Cross at Dargai was Private E. Lawson, who, in the fight, carried Lieutenant K. Dingwall, also of the Gordons (who was wounded and unable to move), out of a heavy fire, and subsequently returned and brought in Private McMillan, being himself wounded in two places. A comrade, when questioned as to Lawson's bravery, said: "Yes, he carried Lieutenant Dingwall out of danger during the Dargai fight. It was a plucky thing to do, because if a wounded man moved so much as a hair the Afridis saw it, they were so near, and a storm of bullets was sent at him. I saw a lot of men killed that way. I heard Sergeant Ewart questioning Lawson about the affair. Sergeant Ewart asked: 'Did you know the danger you were in?' Lawson said: 'No! I didn't know what I was doing.' The fact is, men lose their heads when they rush into danger of that sort. I knew Lawson. He was in F Company, and the officer belonged to the same company. Lawson was always a decent sort of fellow, but very rash and reckless; he would stick at nothing. A hero? Yes; he was made quite a god of in the regiment."

PRIVATE VICKERY'S VALOUR

AMONG those who won the Victoria Cross at Dargai was Private S. Vickery, of the Dorsetshire Regiment. He received the distinction for rescuing a wounded comrade. Subsequently at Saran Sar, in the Waran Valley, he became separated from his comrades in the darkness and was attacked by four Pathans. A desperate struggle ensued. Vickery shot one, and bayoneted the second, but in doing so lost the bayonet from the end of his rifle. The other two surviving Pathans, thinking they had the Dorset man at their mercy, rushed in with triumphant yells. Quick as lightning, however, Vickery clubbed his rifle, and laid a foe dead at his feet. This was sufficient for the sole survivor, who departed hurriedly from the scene. After this, Vickery,

though himself wounded in the foot, assisted a wounded comrade back to camp. Vickery's wound was supposed to have been caused by a Pathan's knife, and it became very painful after some lapse of time, necessitating his admittance to Netley Hospital. There, at the same time as Piper Findlater, he was decorated with the V.C. by Queen Victoria. "A very brave action," remarked Her Majesty, when an equerry had recited the story of Private Vickery's exploit.

OFFICER SAVES HIS MEN

DURING the Dargai fight a most notable act of self-denial on the part of an officer took place. Before the famous charge of the Gordon Highlanders the Goorkhas and other troops had crossed the fatal strip of mountain-side, which was swept by the enemy's fire, and they had lost heavily in the passage. It appears that a little ledge of rock was noticed across and a little to one side of the strait; and this, it was thought, would provide a shelter from the enemy's fire, as well as another stepping-stone to the ridge which had to be captured.

Captain Judge and Captain Robinson made the venture, but on arriving at the rock found that it was not only exposed to the full fire of the enemy, but was an actual death-trap leading nowhere. Captain Judge was killed outright and Captain Robinson severely wounded, before they could make any effort to return. The latter, however, knowing that the troops below were climbing to this trap, expecting to find shelter, determined if possible to warn them. Therefore, though badly wounded, he crawled back as well as he could through the hail of bullets, and, though wounded again twice in his progress, arrived in time to inform his company of the danger. This heroic act prevented a serious loss of life, but it cost the gallant captain his own life, for he died shortly afterwards of his injuries.

OTHER DARGAI HEROES

AFTER Dargai the public seemed to think that only Highlanders had taken part in the affair, and this ignorance of the real facts caused much heart-burning among the other British troops—English, Irish, Welsh, and Indian, who had suffered greatly in the same attack. One indignant non-commissioned officer of the Rifle Brigade wrote home the following letter:—

"Has everyone in England turned Scotch? From what we read in the newspapers out here they must have entirely forgotten others of their own country who have done quite as much and perhaps more, only they take their fate quieter. I cannot help feeling bitter when I notice what a fuss the English have made

about the Scotch and forgot entirely the small force which is dying daily from disease. We suffered dreadfully at Tochi. About a month after we arrived at Datta Khel, and while we were encamped at Shermeni, dysentery of a most awful type came upon our regiment. The medical officers did all they knew to stop it, but could not cope with it, and in less than one month seventy men of my battalion were sewn up in their blankets and laid to rest. Up till to-day we have lost one hundred and one men—rather more than one-eighth of the boys in my battalion—and still there are more to go. And yet while all this is happening, our little force being destroyed by death daily, our countrymen seem to have no sympathy with, or no knowledge of, the gallant fellows who are thus passing away, but are gone Scotch mad.”

Writing on the same subject, a private of the Derbyshire Regiment said :—“The pipes struck up at Dargai, and the instant the Gordons made a move the whole lot went together, and you couldn't tell one regiment from another. We were all mixed up. They will praise the kilt regiment. It is no use an English regiment trying to get on where there is a regiment with the kilts. You are all right where you are, and you can call your regiment the Queen's Own Royal West Lincoln Regiment, or some other name, and the kilts will put them in the dark.”

OFFICER'S BEQUEST

AT a meeting in aid of the Indian Heroes Fund, in June, 1898, Lord Roberts paid a high tribute to the fine feeling displayed by the soldiers in India, and said that the feeling must not be allowed to die out, as it was a bulwark of strength to the British Empire. His lordship then said that he had received a letter from an officer whose brother was killed at Dargai. The officer (Captain Robinson) belonged to a Goorkha regiment, and as he was dying a comrade who was also wounded wrote in his notebook the officer's will, and that will was that he wished to leave the whole of his arrears of pay, which were something considerable, to the widows and the orphans of the gallant soldiers (the 2nd Goorkhas) whom he had seen behave so splendidly at the very moment he received his mortal wound.

WOUNDED COMRADE

PRIVATE PURVIS, 2nd Yorkshire Regiment, received the distinguished conduct medal from Queen Victoria at Osborne in August, 1898, for service on the Indian Frontier the previous November. He rescued a wounded comrade under fire. Asked

how he had earned the medal, Purvis said he and his comrades were returning through the Lozaka Pass from Bagh, when they were tremendously hard pressed, the bullets pelting down upon them in such a way that it was a wonder that any of the men were left alive. When the firing was at its worst Private Matthews was struck in the shoulder, and fell with a deep moan. There was no help for him just then, as Purvis and those with him were in the rear-guard covering the retirement of the main body. As soon as they could they gathered round Matthews, and the enemy, noticing this, renewed their firing, bullets falling about them like hail.

At last they beat the enemy off, but just as they had picked Matthews up the firing again commenced, and Matthews received a second wound in the chest, rendering him unconscious. They succeeded in carrying him within the firing lines, and he was placed in hospital, but died the same night. After Matthews received his first wound, he kept saying, "Leave me, lads, leave me, and look after yourselves." They refused to leave a dying chum, and kept beside him at the risk of their lives, never for one moment expecting to come out of the affair alive.

THE GOORKHA SOLDIER

A WRITER in the *Naval and Military Magazine* once gave a rather gruesome example of the Goorkhas' fighting qualities. "A terribly wounded Pathan," said the writer, "unfortunately passed not far from a couple of Goorkhas, who, chatting pleasantly together, were following in rear of the force. He seemed at first to have got by unnoticed, when one of the Goorkhas, with much the air of a man who has dropped his pocket-handkerchief, stopped suddenly and retraced his steps. Passing in front of the wounded man, he took his beard gently in his left hand, and, raising the patient's chin, with a swift drawing cut he severed his head from his body. He then rejoined his companion, taking up the conversation at the point at which it had been interrupted. Neither then, nor at any future time, did either make any allusion to such a trifling event. It must be remembered, however, that the Afridis had often treated a wounded Goorkha in the same way."

RESCUE BY OFFICERS

IT is seldom that one hears of any such incident among European Continental armies as the following, which was related in connection with the fighting in the Khyber Pass,

Afghanistan, in 1898; the Continental officer feels himself under no obligation to carry wounded soldiers on his back.

Colonel Plowden's command formed a part of General Hamilton's rear-guard, and had to cross a bit of exposed ground swept by the tribesmen's fire. Here three men were struck by bullets; two of them could walk, but the third was disabled. No surgeon was present, and Colonel Plowden himself dressed the man's wounds. After this the men had to retire across the exposed ground, and Corporal Bell was killed.

Colonel Plowden, Lieutenant Owen, and Lieutenant Fielden carried the dead man up a hill; and by-and-by the command had to cross another exposed spot. Somebody was sure to be hit now; it happened to be Private Butler, and the ball struck him in the leg, so that he could not walk. Captain Parr dressed his wound, and Lieutenant Carter took the wounded man on his back and carried him. But, alas! midway of the exposed ground poor Butler, as he lay on the lieutenant's back, was struck again, and the force of the ball knocked the heavily-laden young officer down.

He got up and once more shouldered his burden, when Lieutenant Fielden came to his aid, and together these officers carried Butler to a place of safety. Then it was found that he was dead as a result of the second shot. Meantime Colonel Plowden and Lieutenant Owen were carrying Corporal Bell's body across the dangerous ground, and both of them were wounded in doing so. They struggled on in spite of their wounds, and reached cover with their dead burden. Such incidents bring the soldier near to his officer, and make him readier even than he might otherwise be to lay down his life for his country and his commanders.

LAST WORDS

COLONEL HAUGHTON was killed in India in 1898. One of his Sikhs reported that when the Colonel saw that their position was hopeless, and that the enemy had opened fire on three sides of the party, his last words were, "Fix bayonets, men, and let us die like men!" It was what anyone who knew Colonel Haughton would have expected him to do under the circumstances.

ANNIHILATION AND ADMIRATION

TWO stories told by an Indian officer may be given, one sad and the other humorous. A man had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. As he lay dying, the officer bent over the poor charred body, which just said, "Sir, ye'll tell my mother how I died?"

The hero of the other story was an Irishman. The troops were storming a temple, and the soldier stopped for a moment before a mirror, and stood twirling his moustache and admiring himself, though the bullets were whistling round him. "Bedad, ould man," he said to himself, with a grin, "ye're a foine figure ov a man." Crash came a bit of lead, and the mirror was starred into a thousand cracks, quite obliterating the Irishman's features. "Bedad," said he coolly, "ye've spiled a foine view that Oi had ov meself!" Then he turned to more serious business.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, Lieutenant-General and v.c., was killed on the Indian Frontier in December, 1897, and when his body was found it had been stripped of everything save underclothing. He had galloped ahead of the escort, and the force did not know that anything had happened until Sir Henry failed to put in an appearance.

An officer of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, in a letter, told how he had met the deceased a few days before. "He saw me," wrote the officer, "sitting on a bale of straw without a helmet, and said, 'You are a young chap, my boy; but you'll be a landed proprietor before you know where you are!'" hinting at my chance of six feet of Khyber estate. I guess he did not fancy he would be a 'landed proprietor' himself a few days later."

OBEYED ORDERS

THE following story of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan was related at the time of his death. General Havelock, the father of Sir Henry, was a member of Dr. Brock's Chapel, Bloomsbury. Nearly fifty years ago the old General had some very important business in the city, and needed the help of the pastor, at whose house the General and his son were staying. All three started from Gower Street to the solicitor's office, and on passing over London Bridge the father told the boy, then about eighteen, to wait in a recess on the bridge until they returned for him. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning. At six in the evening the servant was told to tell young Mr. Havelock that dinner was waiting. A reply came that he had not been seen all day. Talking the matter over, the minister recollected the father telling the son to wait on the bridge. The General jumped into a hansom cab, drove to the bridge, and there found the boy! This was told to the Church, amid much laughter and cheering for the young man, who, by thus strictly obeying orders, had shown the sort of soldier he would make.

DUPING THE ENEMY

THE following interesting note, signed "H.S.P.," appeared in the *Standard* for January, 1898:—"The unfortunate death of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan on the frontier illustrates what often occurs. I have frequently left my escort and preferred to take the risk of getting through alone to the certainty of being encumbered by a tribesmen escort. On one occasion the Waziris were on the war-path. I had to ride ninety-six miles at short notice. We knew they were in the passes. I was mounted upon a good Arab horse, left my escort, and in a narrow gorge and river-bed found my friends the enemy at two a.m. encamped across my road. There were two alternatives—to go back and attract notice, or to go boldly into the sleeping raiders, as if one of their party. I took the bold step and fastened my horse up with theirs, and, the smoke of the camp-fire hiding my identity, lay down for an hour, and, when all were asleep again, quietly got away before they realised that I was a traveller." This, it will be agreed, was a very daring piece of work!

SOLDIERS' FRIEND

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, V.C., was a generous-hearted officer. An old soldier, named Corporal Hickey, who had served in the 10th Foot at the time when Sir Henry was the adjutant of the same regiment, had the misfortune to lose his Lucknow medal a short time before the General was slain. Hearing of the occurrence, Sir Henry wrote to the corporal from the House of Commons as "an old friend and comrade of 1857," stating that he had searched in six different shops in London to try and get a Lucknow medal with a clasp for the memorable siege, to replace the one lost, but he did not succeed. "The nearest I can get," added the kind-hearted officer, "is the one I now enclose to you with very great pleasure. It has the clasp of Central India, but that cannot be helped, and you must explain the circumstances by this letter to anyone who asks you the reason." Needless to say, Corporal Hickey treasured both the letter and medal that came to him under such interesting circumstances.

SOUDAN (1898)

DERVISH DANGERS

LIEUTENANT HENRY S. ALFORD, of the Scots Fusiliers, and Lieutenant W. Dennistoun Sword, of the North Staffordshire Regiment, tell this story in their book, *The Egyptian Soudan: Its Loss and Recovery*. It concerns the expedition of 1897.

"The mud huts of Dame were the scenes of several exciting incidents. A couple of our scouts, seeing a horse saddled and bridled waiting outside one of them, entered cautiously to see if they could discover the owner, when out darted a gigantic Dervish, sprang on the horse, and was away like the wind with a defiant yell. He was too sanguine, however, for up went half a dozen rifles—ping, ping, and he was bowled over, falling backwards off his horse, which went careering madly up and down the line until it was eventually secured by one of the special correspondents.

"For many of those who were not restrained by the rigid bond of discipline these huts afforded excellent looting ground, and some valuable articles were picked up here. One man in particular had a narrow escape. He was foraging about on the lookout for loot, and entered a hut, his servant remaining outside and holding the horse. Suddenly out of the hut rushed a Dervish, shot the man's servant dead on the spot, and rode off on the horse, leaving its owner flabbergasted."

HIGHLANDERS AT ATBARA

AT the Atbara, in 1898, it was arranged by the powers that be that the Cameron Highlanders were to demolish the Dervish zareba, and then, opening their ranks, let the Seaforth Highlanders through, for the purpose of "demolishing" the enemy. The Camerons duly performed the first part of their work as arranged, but when the Seaforths came up they could see nothing of their dear friends of the other corps. The Camerons had gone through and done the rival regiment's work as well! From that time the relations between the two distinguished corps were somewhat strained.

In the fight Captain Urquhart, of the Camerons, fell as his men

were storming the zareba. His last words were: "Never mind me, lads—go on." The captain was the last representative in the male line of three old Scottish families—the Meldrums, the Setons, and the Urquharts. He had been in the Camerons since his twentieth year, and had fought with them at Tel-el-Kebir.

Captain C. Findlay, of the Camerons, was also slain, while Major Napier, of the same regiment, died a few weeks later from a wound received in the battle. Altogether, the Camerons lost three officers and thirteen men, including Piper Stewart, who had seven bullets in his body. In the advance the pipers, marching in the front, had struck up "The March of the Cameron Men."

MACDONALD AND THE REBELS

IN spite of the warm liking the late Sir Hector Macdonald inspired in those above and under him, it is on record that some of his dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. Macdonald's method of dealing with the outbreak illustrates the man. His regiment had of necessity to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day during the march Macdonald overheard two or three of the native soldiers saying, "Wait till the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him." Macdonald recognised the men by their voices, called a halt, and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried, "Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!" The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence. "Why don't you shoot?" asked their colonel. "Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," was the answer.

BATTLE OF OMDURMAN

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD, then a major, led the Soudanese troops during the campaign of 1898. In the expedition which ended in the fall of Khartoum he was appointed by the Sirdar (Kitchener) to the command of the Soudanese Brigade, with the local rank of Brigadier-General, and it was in the concluding phase of the Battle of Omdurman that his skill again came before the public. The battle had apparently been won, and the whole British force was about to advance. Suddenly about 10,000 of the Khalifa's men advanced to attack Macdonald's troops in front, while an equal number attempted to get at them in the rear. Mr. Bennet-Burleigh, the war correspondent, has stated that he feared he was

about to witness a terrible disaster. Macdonald was ordered to retire, but that meant very serious loss, if not annihilation. It is reported that his comment on the order was: "Retire! I'll not do it. I'll see them damned first. We maun just fight!" And fight they did, with a result the world knows.

NEVER SAY DIE

ONE of the most wonderful recoveries on record from a wound received in action was that made by Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Sloggett, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was shot through the breast and lungs at the Battle of Omdurman, and reported dead in the casualty list. When, later on, a more detailed examination was made, it appeared just possible that life was not yet wholly extinct. Accordingly, the medical staff resolved to persevere in their efforts, and Colonel Sloggett was treated by Lord Lister's antiseptic method. The result was a most happy one, for in three days the wound had closed, and in a month the gallant officer had made an entire recovery! Colonel Sloggett, it may be mentioned, had charge of the Imperial Yeomanry hospital at Deelfontein during the South African War, 1901.

LANCERS' CHARGE AT OMDURMAN

SPEAKING of the famous charge at Omdurman, Private Abbot, of the 21st Lancers, said: "Two minutes before we charged I was smoking and chatting and passing remarks about the enemy, little knowing that some of us would be soon counted with the slain. One of our men, a very witty fellow, passed the remark as we were advancing in line 'Here goes my £36 and my ticket for my grave,' and it came true, for, poor fellow, he was the first to fall, shot through the neck."

Many striking incidents occurred during the charge. Sergeant Diggs, who had two of his fingers cut off by a Dervish sword, refused medical attention, though he was quite close to a doctor. "There's plenty much worse off than me, sir," he said.

When Major Wyndham's horse was killed, and before Captain Kenna reached him, he had many offers of help from his men. "Catch hold of me, sir," several cried. The major was rescued by Kenna, who lifted his fellow-officer into the saddle behind him, and handed him his own revolver. Then, while one urged on the horse, the other used the revolver on the pressing enemy. Captain Kenna received the Victoria Cross.

Another who received the V.C. was Lieutenant de Montmorancy, afterwards slain in South Africa during the war. He

missed his troop-sergeant, and turned back to look for him. In the midst of the enemy he discovered the body of Lieutenant Grenfell, who had been unhorsed and killed in the charge. Dismounting, Montmorency placed the body across his horse, but had hardly done so when his horse bolted, and he found himself in a dangerous position, the Dervishes being inconveniently close. Fortunately his danger was seen by Captain Kenna, who, along with Corporal Swarbrick, caught Montmorency's horse and took it back. The lieutenant then hastily mounted, and all the three galloped away uninjured.

Another of the 21st Lancers who won the V.C. was Private Byrne, who rescued Lieutenant Molyneux and was twice wounded. When ordered to fall out to receive medical attention, he refused, and kept his place in the troop until the end of the day. Waving his bent lance, he shouted "Never! fall in, No. 2 Troop!"

This was the first conflict in which the 21st Lancers had ever taken part, and the men were delighted with its success. As one soldier said: "You see, the regiment had to win its name; we had all made up our minds to that, and only wanted the chance. You don't know what it is to go into a canteen and have every man's finger pointed at you, and hear them all say, 'Thou shalt not kill!' Now there's an end to that. A man of the 21st can go among all the cavalry regiments of the service now, and look 'em straight in the face, and hold his head up. We meant to do it all along, and we done it!"

RESCUE OF OFFICER

DURING the charge at Omdurman Sergeant Freeman, of the 21st Lancers, heard the cries of Lieutenant Nesham, of the same regiment, and on looking round saw a Dervish literally sawing away with his sword at the officer's wrist. The sergeant immediately went to the lieutenant's assistance and plunged his lance into the Dervish, when he was confronted by two more of the enemy, who aimed at him most vicious blows with their swords. While parrying one of these blows, which would undoubtedly have decapitated him, the gallant sergeant lost nearly the whole of his nose, which was lopped off by one of the enemy's swords. However, the Dervishes were killed, and the officer rescued, but both were wounded.

The lieutenant's sufferings were very severe, and after his return to England he had to undergo seventeen operations, his progress towards recovery being so slow. Sergeant Freeman was also invalided home, and placed in Netley Hospital. While the sergeant was there his colonel heard of a specialist who was very clever in

restoring facial disfigurements, and he at once commissioned him to attend upon the N.C.O. A new nose was supplied, effectually concealing the injury, and the gallant sergeant sailed in February, 1899, to rejoin his regiment for duty.

DERVISHES FEIGN DEATH

BEFORE the Battle of Omdurman the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, gave orders for all wounded Dervishes passed over to be bayoneted, as the fanatics feigned death in order to obtain opportunities of murdering officers and men who might come within their reach. A sergeant of the 21st Lancers said: "These blacks have a nasty habit of throwing themselves flat upon their stomachs, as if they were shot or wounded. When you have galloped past them they suddenly spring up, and with a spear or scimitar-shaped knife they deal you a blow in the back or hamstring your horse and bring it to the ground. That's how Lieutenant Grenfell was killed."

Another soldier, writing to a Melbourne newspaper, said: "We had orders to put our bayonets through every man we passed who was lying on the ground. We used to have a handful of sand, and just throw a little on their face, and you would see the dead one jump sky-high and try to spear the nearest man to him; but they were always killed before they could do much harm."

Still another soldier, speaking of the same battle, said: "Yes, we had to kill a lot of the wounded Dervishes, and, though it sounds cruel, that was all we could do; and they deserved it. If the troops had seen what was left of the lancers who fell in the charge they wouldn't have left one alive. It was terrible. I was one of the burying party, and, honestly, it would have been impossible to tell they were soldiers if it had not been for the uniform. They were cut and carved up as though a troop of hyænas had been among them."

As it was, in spite of the precautions taken, many men and officers had narrow escapes. Major Campbell, of the Cameron Highlanders, the youngest of his rank then in the Army, was walking over the battlefields with a companion when he noticed a strange appearance about one of the supposed corpses. "I don't believe that man's dead," he said to his comrade. "I believe I saw his eyelid move." "Nonsense! He's dead right enough," said the other, and they walked on.

Scarcely had he spoken, however, than an arrow whizzed through the air, having been sent by the supposed Dervish corpse. Campbell had fortunately turned his head to speak to his companion or he must have been killed. Needless to say, the daring

fanatic was soon despatched. Major Campbell was then only twenty-seven, having obtained promotion rapidly owing to two captains, his seniors, being killed in the Soudan. Both his grandfather and father were in the Cameron Highlanders.

TROOPER'S HORSE

DESCRIBING the scene after the Battle of Omdurman, a war correspondent said:—

“On steaming up the river past the extreme left flank of the Kerreri position we halted for a moment to take on board a wounded trooper, and here I saw rather a pathetic sight. Some troopers of the 21st Lancers, who had remained behind to bury their heroic comrades who had fallen in the famous dare-devil charge, had come down to the shore for water, leading two badly wounded chargers. One was that of poor Lieutenant Grenfell, which had stumbled and thrown his rider. The poor brute was fearfully slashed about his withers and flanks, which were masses of raw flesh. The other charger was also badly hurt. They were both able, however, to take a long drink from the river, when they were taken up the bank and shot.

“The action of the trooper—who evidently owned the horse—was very pathetic. He stood with his revolver cocked for several moments, evidently reluctant to raise it to his charger's head, the poor beast the while sniffing at his hand and rubbing his nose against his sleeve. I could see that the man was trembling with emotion. Thrice did he raise the revolver before he could summon up nerve to pull the fatal trigger. After it was over the poor fellow looked intently at the inanimate body for a moment to see that he had not swerved his aim, and then hurried away. The myriads of vultures which had whirled high above the contending armies since dawn were already settling down to their ghastly feast or fluttering from one bloody heap to another as they were disturbed by some camp-follower.”

ASLEEP ON A CAMEL

MANY instances have occurred of wearied soldiers falling asleep while on the march. Mr. Owen Watkins, who was in the Soudan campaign of 1898, tells of seeing an adjutant and a senior major riding side by side on long marches, so that if they fell asleep they could lean on each other and not fall from their saddles. Mr. Watkins repeats some queer stories that were told him, without saying that they are true. But if truth is stranger than fiction, one of them at least is strange enough to be true. It

is about a transport master, who rode in the rear of his train of camels. He had been very busy, and had slept little for a week. The day was hot, and for comfort he had removed his helmet and belt. Then he fell asleep.

Pretty soon the jolting of his camel unseated him, and he rolled to the soft ground unhurt. In fact, he was not even awakened. When at last he did awake the caravan was out of sight, and he could not tell how long he had been sleeping. There he was, the master of that column of transport camels, alone in the desert, unarmed, and with not even a covering for his head! As nothing was to be gained by staying where he was he started to follow the trail, and had hurried along for some time before he noticed by the fast-setting sun that he had started back instead of ahead on the trail of the camels. He turned, and fortunately a camel and driver soon met him. They had been sent back from the caravan, not to search for him, strangely enough, but to look for some article that had been lost by the way.

SOLDIER POETS

MR. BENNET BURLEIGH, in his *Khartoum Campaign, 1898*, relates the following:—

“Many of the British soldiers, so as not to sleep upon the ground, had built for themselves benches of mud or sun-dried bricks, whereon they spread their blankets. The plan secured some immunity from such crawling things as scorpions and snakes. Sun-baked mud in the Soudan is a hard and decently clean material for bench or bed. The Theatres Royal, Darmali, and Es Selim were in full swing, though it was very ‘dog-days’ weather. Officers liberally patronised the men’s entertainments and occasionally held jollifications of their own. There were a good many who exercised the cheerful spirit of Mark Tapley under the trials of the Soudan. Lively and original skits and verses were given at these symposiums. Here are a few verses of a topical song on the refractory blacks and fellaheen fallen under the condemnation of either the civil or military law and forced to hard labour. It was written and frequently sung by a clever young engineer officer:—

“‘We’re convicts at work in the Noozle,
We carry great loads on our backs,
And often our warders bamboozle,
And sleep ’neath mountains of sacks.

Chorus: Ri-tooral il-looral, etc.

(“The Noozle is the commissariat depôt.)

“ ‘We convicts start work at day dawning,
Boilers we mount about noon,
Sleepers we load in the morning,
And rails by the light of the moon.

“ ‘Our warders are blacks, who cry Masha ! (march),
And strike us if we don't obey,
Or else he's a Hamla Ombashi,
Who allows us to fuddle all day.’

“Hamla Ombashi is a corporal of the transport service, and ‘fuddle’ is to sit down. It was the chorus with spoken words interlarded that caught on astonishingly, and showed that the men's lungs were in magnificent condition. Another howler, but by another author, was ‘Roll on to Khartoum.’ Here is a specimen verse and the chorus :—

“ ‘Come, forward march, and do your duty,
Though poor your grub, no rum, bad 'bacca,
Step out for fighting and no booty,
To trace a free red line thro' Africa.

“ ‘No barney, boys, give over mousing,
True Britons are ye from hill and fen.
Now rally, lads, and drop all grousing,
And pull together like soldier-men.

Chorus :

“ ‘Then roll on, boys, roll on to Khartoum,
March ye and fight by night or by day,
Hasten the hour of the Dervishes' doom,
Gordon avenge in old England's way.’

“ ‘Grousing’ is Tommy Atkins for grumbling, which is an Englishman's birthright. As for no rum, subsequently the men were allowed two tots a week. Less than half a gill was each man's share.”

WINE AT KHARTOUM

SIR JOHN ARDAGH, when on the way to Egypt in September, 1884, presented to each of the mounted infantry officers on board the troopship *Ghoorka* a little half-pint bottle of champagne, with the proviso that it was to be drunk in Khartoum. When the expedition failed to reach its goal many of the bottles were emptied without ceremony there and then, but several officers, including Major Snow and Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson, brought theirs home, and treasured them in the hope that they might yet stand where Gordon had so bravely met his death and drink the wine as originally stipulated.

Fourteen years later, when Khartoum fell into the hands of the

British, Major Snow was the only possessor of the one of the treasured bottles who happened to be with Kitchener's force. He had his little bottle with him, and it was solemnly opened and imbibed in honour of the memorable occasion.

MACDONALD AND HIS MEN

A STORY, illustrating in an amusing way the loyalty and bravery of the Soudanese soldiers who, without the aid of British soldiers, gave the final blow to the Dervishes in 1899, was told in a volume of impressions of the Soudan campaign published by a British officer. After the Abu Hamed fight Colonel Macdonald had soundly rated the men for beginning the independent firing without orders. One night at Berber, soon afterwards, Colonel Macdonald, while sleeping as usual in the courtyard round his hut, was awakened by a black soldier properly dressed in drill order but without arms. When asked what he wanted, he said: "My battalion is very sorry that you are angry with them for firing without orders at Abu Hamed, but we know best what to do; we have been fighting since we were boys, we know the Dervishes, and we know the best way to turn them out of a place, so just you leave things to us, and we'll pull you through." The black then turned about, and was outside the courtyard before Colonel Macdonald recovered from his surprise and exploded with laughter.

THE PRINCE'S SENTRY

THERE were many versions of the conversation said to have taken place between the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) and General Hector Macdonald when the latter returned to England after Omdurman; but a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* vouched for the following as being the correct version. The Prince asked "Fighting Mac" how it was that they had not met before. "Pardon me, sir," was the reply, "but I think we have." "Where can that have been?" asked the Prince, surprised. "When you were in India, sir. I did sentry-go outside your tent!" "But why was a sentry needed outside my tent?" asked the future King. The answer, which need not be reported here, caused His Royal Highness considerable amusement, but when he had regained control of his features he held out his hand and said, "General Macdonald, you were doing sentry-go in 1875, and now you are a general in the British Army. I am proud to have met you!" And the two shook hands warmly.

ON THE MARCH

As a war correspondent was crossing the Nubian Desert during the Soudan campaign, he heard a trooper of the lancers protesting against having to travel in a "bloomin' cattle truck." His sergeant answered, "You stow your gaff; third-class train travelling is better than first-class marching!"

GAME TO THE LAST

IN connection with the same campaign, Colonel Rowland Hill Martin, who commanded the 21st Lancers, told the following story of British pluck and endurance. "A man named Bishop was very ill, but would not go on the sick list—no one would. They were marching in a burning heat, the thermometer being 108 degrees in the shade, when the squadron leader reported Bishop sick. He was called out, but would not answer, and when search was made for him he could not be found. The regiment advanced again. At the next halt Bishop reported that he had fed and watered his horse. A little later he fell down unconscious, and never regained consciousness. That night he died. His conduct was typical of the British soldier."

GUARDSMAN'S MEDALS

ONE of the Guards who took part in the fighting at Omdurman was one Saturday shortly afterwards travelling on a London suburban line, and found himself sitting opposite a benevolent-looking cleric, who made all sorts of inquiries as to his experiences on the field of battle. Turning over the medal worn by the gallant soldier, he next asked him the meaning of the Arabic letters engraved thereon. Irritated by the perpetual fusillade of interrogatories, the soldier replied somewhat snappishly, but in a manner which indicated that he had a moral to point, "Well, I ain't no scholard neither, but I'm told as 'ow it means 'Let 'em all come!'"

CHAFFING THE GUARDS

DURING the Soudan campaign the ordinary Tommy Atkins never ceased to make jokes at the expense of the Guards, of which several battalions were taking part in the war. The men had a sort of idea that the Guards were to be sent to Khartoum wrapped, so to speak, in cotton wool. For the purpose of protecting the wounded from the terrible heat of the sun, the stretchers were all fitted with hoods. Two "Tommies" were engaged in fitting up these contrivances when one of them

wanted to know what they were for. "What for?" answered the other; "why, for you and me to carry the bloomin' Guards to Khartoum, of course!"

FOR THE GUARDS

A CHAPLAIN, who took part in the Omdurman expedition, relates this story. The scene was a river bank at the Camp of Concentration, and the time was when the Guards arrived. "Ullo, Bill, wot yer got there—biscuit?" shouted one of the "fatigue party" to a comrade as they were engaged in unloading the stores of the Guards. "Biscuit!" replied the other in a tone of immense scorn, "why, don't yer know? It's seed-kike for the Guards!"

NIGHT THOUGHTS

MR. BENNET T. BURLEIGH, in his book, *Sirdar and Khalifa*, recording incidents of the campaign that concluded with the capture of Khartoum in 1898, tells a story of the night before the fight at the Atbara, when Kitchener's army lay waiting for the conflict with Mahmoud. Walking softly during the night amongst the slumbering men, he heard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to a comrade, "Ah, Tam, how mony thousands there are at hame across the sea thinking o' us the nicht!" "Right, Sandy," replied the chum cheerily, "and how many millions there are that don't care a damn. Go to sleep, you fool!" Then silence fell upon that corner of the square.

CHAPLAIN'S ENCOURAGEMENT

THE Rev. Robert Brindle, who accompanied Kitchener's force to Khartoum as a chaplain, received for his services the Distinguished Service Order. He was the first cleric to be so honoured. Through the long desert marches Father Brindle tramped bravely by the side of the soldiers, encouraging and attending upon them, and round the camp-fires at night he sat gossiping with the men. The wounded and sick found in him a tender nurse, and his influence with the whole army was very powerful. During one day's march Father Brindle said encouragingly to the men, "Come, lads, it's only another mile to the halt!" "Ay, your reverence," replied a soldier, "but it's a Back-acher mile!" The point of the joke was that the commanding officer of the brigade was General Gatacre, who was known as an energetic officer with a reputation for getting the most out of his men when occasion was necessary.

MAINLY HUMOROUS

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

THE Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief from 1856 to 1895, had a way of expressing complete satisfaction with the troops after a review by saying: "Fit to do anything; fit to go anywhere!"

The Duke was supposed to be very partial to mackerel, and to eat some half-dozen every morning for breakfast. One day, when His Royal Highness was staying at Dover, a fisherman was met in the hall of the hotel with a string of this royal fish, and being asked who it was for, said, "For 'Is Royal 'Ighness the Dook, sir. The Dook he be werry fond of macreel, and allus eats a lot for breakfus. They says as macreel's good for the woice, and, my stars, wot a woice the Dook 'ave, to be sure!"

SOLDIER'S DINNER

GOING into a garrison barrack-room during the men's dinner-hour, the Duke of Cambridge asked if they had any complaints to make. One man promptly reported his dinner as not being of the best quality. The Duke sat down at the table, took up a knife and fork, and consumed the man's dinner, remarking with a smile at the finish that he could find no fault with it. Then he fished out a half-crown from his pocket, and giving it to the soldier, told him to get another dinner.

SCARCITY OF SHIRTS

SOON after Bolivar's ("the Liberator") entry into Bogoto, in South America, subsequent to the defeat of the Spaniards at Bojaca, he gave a grand entertainment to the first families of the place, and just before dinner there arrived an English colonel, who was assisting in the cause of independence. Looking at him, Bolivar said, "My good and brave colonel, what a dirty shirt you have on for this grand dinner; how happens it?" The colonel replied that he was "really very sorry, but, to confess the

truth, it was the only shirt he had!" Bolivar laughed, and sending for his valet, ordered him to give the colonel one of his (Bolivar's) shirts. The servant hesitated and remained looking at his master, who at last said rather impatiently, "Why don't you go, as I desire you?" The man stammered out, "Your Excellency has but two shirts—one is on your back and the other in the wash!" This reply made Bolivar and the colonel laugh heartily, and the former remarked jokingly, "The Spaniards retreated so quickly from us, my dear colonel, that I have been obliged to leave my heavy baggage in the rear."

COLONIAL BOUNTEOUSNESS

THE Imperial troops who attended the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth in 1901 had some strange stories to tell of the hospitality of the New Zealanders on their return home. One soldier said that he was put up in a "prohibition" home. After tea, and when looking over the house, in a quiet corner the dad pulled out a bottle, and asked the soldier to drink, cautioning him at the same time not to mention the matter to the mother or boys. Coming back, the mother expressed a desire to show the soldier to his room. In the passage the lady whispered: "Don't let dad and the boys know, but I've got a wee drappie put by for you, and you can have a nip whenever you want it." After a short yarn with the family again, the boys said, "Perhaps you'd like to have a look at our workshop in the yard?" "I would that!" said the soldier, and on going out he was sneaked into the boys' room, and after swearing that he would keep his thumb on the matter, had another drink.

COLONEL AND NATIVE

AN Indian native paper, the *Lahore Tribune*, published in 1898 the following touching letter addressed to the editor by a native grain dealer:—

"On the 9th September I, being a poor man, was proceeding on foot from Kachh to my shop at Chaotir. When a few miles from Ziarat, the Simla of Beluchistan, it so happened that I had a sudden and severe attack of fever. Colonel Carter (may his power ever increase!), officer commanding Wiltshire Regiment, stationed at Quetta, who is now at Ziarat, is, to my great good fortune, in the habit of riding out at evening with his lady several miles on the Kachh road to enjoy the breeze. He saw me lying on the brink of the road between miles fifty-seven and fifty-eight.

"Alighting from his horse, he came to me, and in soft encouraging tones asked me who I was, and why I was lying there. I answered that my destination was sixteen miles beyond Ziarat, but as I was incapable of moving I must lie there all night, and that this was my 'Kismet.' The sahib then inquired if I would like to go to Ziarat, about three and a half miles from the spot, on his horse. I, of course, declined. He was so great a man, and I so humble; how could I think of sitting on the back of his charger? But tears came to my eyes at the thought of such condescension and kindness to me, a poor buniya, lying helplessly ill by myself, hundreds of miles away from home.

"I said, on the sahib insisting, that I would not put him to any inconvenience for my sake. But he, with father-like gruff tenderness, commanded me to obey him, put me on the horse, and walked slowly, holding the reins. We reached Ziarat at eight at night. The sahib and his noble lady invited me to pass the night in the shelter of their bungalow. May the Almighty make the noble-hearted colonel, who saved my life, the Lat of the Maharani's army! I am told that by writing to you I can make his life-saving act known to my Hindoo countrymen in the Punjab, and therefore do so. I day and night pray for the blessings of Heaven on my benefactor."

SIEGE FOOD

ONE of the Europeans in Peking during the siege by the Boxers in 1900 gave some amusing experiences of the food-supply. "I have just," he says, "shot some forty sparrows, which will be properly prepared and served on toast at dinner. We now get curries, hashes, rissoles, and other dainties, all made of pony. The other day a cow was killed, but after tasting we all exclaimed, 'Give us horse!'"

SIR CHARLES WARREN

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, of the Royal Engineers, was for a short period Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Shortly after he resigned that appointment he left London for Singapore, driving to the station in a cab. The cabman who drove him, knowing whom his fare was, and apparently well satisfied with his payment, proceeded to harangue Sir Charles as he stood on the pavement, where he kept him several minutes listening to eulogies upon his public services. Jehu wished the general every success in his new position, and

wound up with, "And I hope, Sir Charles, they will think more of you over there than they do over here." Sir Charles keenly relished the humour of the well-meant remark, and repeated the story with much enjoyment to his friends on the platform.

SENTRY'S EXCUSE

AN Irish soldier, placed on guard over a cannon in a regimental town, was found by an officer in a public-house at some distance. "And how dare you leave your post?" asked the officer sternly, as he severely eyed the man. "Shure, it's ov no consequence at all, at all, plaze yer honour," said the erring sentry. "There's no two men, yer honour, would lift that gun, much less carry it off. And if there was more than two Oi know Oi wouldn't be a match fur thim, so Oi cam' away!"

OFFICER'S ZEAL

THIS amusing story concerns one of the highest officers of the British Army. He is very particular in seeing that the soldiers who happen to be under his command are properly fed, and often visits the barracks to inspect the food in person. On one occasion, during a surprise visit, he perceived two soldiers carrying a steaming boiler from the kitchen. "Put it down. Fetch a spoon," he commanded. The astonished soldiers looked at each other. One of them rushed off, reappearing in a few moments with a spoon. "I want to see what sort of soup you get," said the general as he dived into the boiler with his spoon. As soon as he tasted the fluid, however, he spat it out, and roared, "What sort of broth is this? It tastes like dish-water. What is it, anyhow?" "That's just what it is, sir," replied the soldier spoken to. "It's the water the dishes were washed in!"

NATIVE SENTRY

NATIVE soldiers of India have a happy little habit of mixing their orders up, or getting things wrong way about. This results in many diverting incidents. An orderly officer of a Bengal cavalry regiment (a European, of course) was going his "rounds" one night, visiting the sentries, when, coming to one man, he told him to give up his orders. The sowar (trooper) gave up the orders, but didn't mention anything about "challenging" persons approaching his post during the night. The officer, therefore, reminded him of it, whereupon the sowar replied: "Me shoot dree times; him not speak, me say, 'Halt! Who come dere?'" The officer was satisfied that the post was in trustworthy hands.

ENGLISHMEN AT PLEVNA

A STORY of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, v.c., was related by Mr. Frederick Villiers, the war correspondent. Mr. Villiers first met Sir Henry during the prolonged siege of Plevna by the Russians in 1877. Sir Henry was looked upon by the Russian headquarters staff as a distinguished Englishman, and had an escort of two Cossacks given him.

One day he was riding with a colleague towards headquarters. Both were tired, and their horses were jaded. But Sir Henry kept up a steady trot, in spite of the heavy roads. Presently his comrade's horse stumbled, throwing the rider to the ground. The General drew reign at once, and shouted to his prostrate colleague, "What are you doing there, sir? Great heavens! Get up at once; do you hear, sir? This is simply disgraceful. Mount at once!" The fallen man, half stunned, struggled to his feet. By this time Sir Henry had caught his horse and brought it to him. His companion was reeling like a drunken man, and not quite certain whether his neck was broken, he was mopping his bleeding head with his handkerchief. "Great heavens! and you call yourself an Englishman! Mount at once, sir," shouted Sir Henry. His colleague instinctively obeyed without a murmur; but, as he was reeling a bit, Sir Henry rode by his side, and quietly said, "You are hurt, I know, but for God's sake don't show it before these Cossacks: we are Englishmen, and we can't afford to let Russians see that we feel pain."

ILLEGIBLE WRITING

WHEN Lord Lawrence was plain John Lawrence and collector at Delhi he gave the writer of an illegible letter a lesson which the latter never forgot. One day the colonel in command of the district sent the collector a letter, in which there was not a word that was legible. Lawrence was too busy a man to puzzle himself over the scribbling marks, out of much of which he could make no meaning. Taking a sheet of paper, he penned a reply that was an object lesson: "My dear Colonel," followed by several lines of unmeaning scribble, and legibly signed. In an hour or two the colonel came over to the collector's office, and, in angry tones, demanded an explanation. Lawrence answered his wrath by handing him his own letter, simply saying, "Read that!" The colonel tried, failed, and then, seeing the point, retired a wiser man!

LORD COMBERMERE

THE first Lord Combermere was a noted officer in his day. As a cavalry commander he took part in many of the battles of the Peninsular War, and, though not at Waterloo, was in command of the cavalry at the subsequent occupation of Paris. He became a field-marshal, was created a viscount, and died in 1865. A rather good story is told of him. When the Government of the day required a general to command an expedition to be sent to Burmah, with a view to the capture of Rangoon, they sent for the Duke of Wellington, and asked his advice. He instantly replied, "Send Lord Combermere." "But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool?" "So he is a fool, and a d—d fool; but he can take Rangoon," was the reply of the hero of Waterloo!

LUMSDEN'S STRATEGY

SIR HARRY LUMSDEN, a brilliant officer, whose career in India has been related in a biography, was a fierce and dashing fighter, but he was also good at strategy, when discretion seemed the better part of valour. One of his earlier successes of this sort has been handed down as a tradition among the hill tribes that he had defeated, and is still a popular story among them. He was at the time a young lieutenant, in charge of a small detachment of troops, and was confronted by an enemy of superior numbers. This hostile force was concentrated on the top of a steep mountain, whence it seemed impossible to dislodge it.

"At last," Lieutenant Lumsden wrote, "a villager came in and told me that although the enemy occupied the mountain-top all day, they were in the habit of coming down to springs half-way down to cook and rest at night. Acting on this information, I sent for some herdsmen of the district, and showing them a handful of gold coins, promised to pay them well if they would take a bugler and some odds and ends up to the top of the hill after the enemy had retired for the night. A bargain was made, and next evening my little party was ready. The bugler was disguised as a shepherd, and the villagers—three in number—carried each half a dozen pots filled with powder, with fuses attached. These they were to take to the top of the hill and lay out in a row, and at nine o'clock, on a signal rocket being fired from camp, they were to light all the fuses, the bugler was to blow all the calls he knew, and then the whole party were to make the best of their way back to camp.

“When the time came, a star rocket shot up into the cloudless sky. Bang! bang! bang! went the powder-pots, the sound reverberating through the hills, in the still air, like salvos of artillery; while the shepherds sent some large stones bounding down the hillside. The enemy, concluding that by some mysterious agency the whole of our force had been conveyed up the hill above them, instantly took to flight, those in front firing back on later starters, and each little party thinking the neighbour a pursuing Sikh. We, in camp, were too much convulsed with merriment to attempt to follow, even if we had had any intention of doing so.”

He gives one other curious detail of this clever little affair. When he told his native subordinate to call for a volunteer bugler for the attempt the man answered: “No, you would then get a really good man. Let me pick you out a good-for-nothing, and then it will not matter if he is killed!” Volunteer or good-for-nothing, however, the bugler was certainly good for something, as it proved, and he escaped alive and exultant to receive the praises of his comrades.

SENTRY'S WARNING

THE corporal in command of the guard in a British regiment stationed in the West Indies, at about ten o'clock at night, cautioned the soldier on sentry, a young arrival, to keep a sharp look-out for the field-officer. About this time a man was being put in the guardroom for misconduct. During the absence of the corporal the field-officer arrived, and not receiving the usual challenge from the sentry, he immediately asked him if he knew who he (the field-officer) was. The sentry replied: “No; who are you?” When informed that he was addressing the field-officer, the young soldier then remarked confidentially: “You'd better clear out quick; the corporal told me to keep a sharp look-out for you. *He's putting one man in the guardroom now!*”

IRISH MILITIA

PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR, when commander of the forces in Ireland, once told Father Healy that he found “blind shooting” prevailing to a deplorable extent among the Irish militia regiments, and that he intended to insist on a greater attention to target practice. “For goodness sake, don't do that, sir!” exclaimed Father Healy, holding up his hands in alarm. “If you make the militiamen good shots, there won't be a landlord left in the country!”

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

AMONG the many stories of the late Sir Hector Macdonald, the following illustrates the fitness of his well-known sobriquet of "Fighting Mac." It used to be told by Sir Evelyn Wood, whose son served for some time under Sir Hector in Egypt. "Tell me," once said Sir Evelyn to his son, "have Macdonald and you ever had a difference?" "Only once," was the reply, "and that was when we both wanted to fight the same man!"

NO EAR FOR MUSIC

WHEN Major-General Hector Macdonald was occupying a somewhat humble sphere in military circles he was, so runs the tale, present at an inspection held by an officer who had a theory that a perfect knowledge of all bugle-calls was the first duty of a soldier. When it came to Hector Macdonald's turn to display his knowledge, it was evident that the sturdy Aberdonian was not as musically gifted as were his fellows, and several wild and unsuccessful guesses at the various "calls" were the result. "Bless my soul, corporal!" fumed the general, "I don't believe you know anything. Let me see if you can tell me the tune of the pay-call." "I'm not very good at music, sir," replied Hector deferentially, "but if you'll just whistle it, I'll tell you if you're right!"

GUARDING HIMSELF

THIS incident occurred while a Lancashire corps of volunteers were under canvas for their annual training. It is customary, when the officer of the day passes along the lines, for the sentry outside the guard-tent to call out the guard to salute. An officer was one day making an official round of the camp when he came up with the guard sentry, who contented himself with saluting him. The officer was astonished at the sentry's seeming indifference, and exclaimed: "Don't you know your duty, sir? Why don't you call out the guard?" The volunteer replied: "Well, sir, I haven't got much to do with it." "Not much to do with it!" roared out the officer. "What on earth do you mean?" "Well, sir," replied the sentry, feeling uncomfortable, "you see I'm a prisoner; and as the members of the guard wanted to have a game at nap, they asked me if I would do sentry duty for an hour or two!" The officer, who appeared to be tickled at the idea of a prisoner acting sentry over himself, proceeded on his way, laughing heartily.

USEFUL SAPPER

WHEN Lord Napier of Magdala was Governor of Gibraltar he one day, by some mischance, mislaid the keys of his safe. Search being unavailing, and it being necessary to have the safe opened at once, he sent down to the engineer's yard to know if they had a man capable of picking a lock. A certain sapper, whose skill at lock-picking was well-known in his corps, was sent to the Governor's residence, and, with the aid of a few pieces of wire, he very shortly succeeded in opening the safe. Lord Napier was amazed at his celerity, but said nothing. Next morning the sapper was sent for by his commanding officer, who handed him a five-pound note, and informed him that by the Governor's orders he was to return to England for home service by the next boat, as his lordship did not think it safe to keep a man on the Rock who could pick the most complicated lock so easily!

NERVOUS HERO

BRAVERY on the battlefield is not necessarily accompanied by a lack of nervousness in social circles, as is proved by a story told in a contemporary. A well-known V.C., on a visit to Windsor Castle, was asked to inscribe his name in Queen Victoria's birthday book. The blank page seemed to horrify him, and he was so overcome at the thought of making a blot, that for a time he stood nervously fidgeting with his pen and unable to take further steps. At last, feeling that something must be done, he turned to another officer who stood by him, and whispered, "For Heaven's sake, tell me how to spell my name!"

A NEW SEX

AN order was received by a large shoemaking firm in Cawnpore from the Middlesex Regiment for shoes for the men. The manager passed the order over to the head baboo, and told him to see it was attended to at once. The baboo read it over, and seemed rather mystified, but went away. After a short time he returned and said to the manager of the firm: "Please, sir, don't understand. Male sex I know, female sex I know, but what is Middlesex?"

THE COMPANY LAWYER

CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER, writing of musketry camps, told an amusing story of that troublesome class of soldier, to be found in every corps, the "company lawyer," the man who always wants to "argue the point" and is never quite sure whether he is being punished according to regulations. The captain said:—

“One of these nuisances in my regiment went into musketry camp, and on Saturday evening informed the colour-sergeant that he could not be made to attend the church service—which in musketry camp is conducted by the senior officer present—because he was a Wesleyan. He fully counted on spending the morning in slumber, but he had met his match in the captain. The camp was about thirteen miles from cantonments, so the ‘company lawyer’ was marched in under a stalwart corporal to the Wesleyan place of worship, and marched out again the same evening, the rest of the company receiving him with ironical cheers. The next Sunday he wanted to attend church service. ‘Oh no!’ said the captain, ‘your convictions were so strong last week that they must be respected.’ And again the ‘company lawyer’ had a six-and-twenty mile trudge to and from chapel, and the lesson in musketry-camp law did him no end of good.”

HONOURING HIS FATHER

SAYS a soldier: “Whilst my regiment was stationed in Ireland we were honoured by the service of a son of the soil who stood about six feet in his stockings. He soon became known amongst his comrades as ‘Shaun More’ (Big Jack), and was sure to be found wherever there was any mischief going on. After being dismissed drill, ‘Shaun’ was detailed for guard; and it fell to his lot to be the sentry on the guardroom door. During the dinner-hour the men of the guard were disturbed by the sentry’s call of ‘Guard, turn out!’ When the sergeant had inspected his hastily formed guard, he naturally looked around to see for whom the compliment was intended. He could see no one in sight, however, but Big Jack’s father, an old peasant dressed in the usual corduroy knee-breeches, frieze swallow-tail coat, and tall hat, with a ‘suggaun’ of straw tied round it. The sergeant’s doubt on the affair was dispersed by an exclamation on the part of the sentry, who shouted: ‘Musha! shure, father, that’s the bigghest compliment Oi cud pay to th’ jinirel himsilf!’ Unfortunately the sergeant did not appreciate the filial compliment, and ‘Shaun’ got into trouble once more.”

GLADSTONE ON BULLER

THE following story was related in a character study of General Sir Redvers Buller by Mr. Edmund Gosse:—

“Once, at a dinner-party, a discussion arose as to the relative merits of the Biblical military heroes and of modern generals. Someone, who took the antique side, quoted Joshua as an instance of a soldier the like of whom could not be matched in modern

history. Mr. Gladstone, in his vehement way, took this up at once. 'Joshua! Joshua!' he exclaimed. 'Why Joshua couldn't hold a candle to Redvers Buller as a leader of men!' This was the more valuable a tribute, in that Sir Redvers was never a supporter or much of an admirer of Mr. Gladstone."

SIR EVELYN WOOD

SIR EVELYN WOOD, v.c., tells this story. An entertainment was given in his honour at his Norfolk home on his return from Egypt. Amongst the crowd assembled on the occasion was the wife of an agricultural labourer. She was very eager to know Sir Evelyn Wood, and a bystander pointed him out to her. "What!" she exclaimed in amazement, "that little man General Wood? Why, my owd man could clout (thrash) him!" "Never," said Sir Evelyn, as he concluded his story, "had I felt more humiliated in my life."

IN MUFTI

ANOTHER story of Sir Evelyn Wood relates to a time when the "Buffs" were quartered at Aldershot. A private of the corps was one day, at the town station, walking up and down the platform waiting for a train. The general in command, Sir Evelyn Wood, was also at the station, alone, and in plain clothes; and, though one of the smartest servants of the Crown, did not quite look the part in mufti. The soldier passed by and took no notice of him. "Come here, my man. Do you know who I am?" asked the general. "No, I don't," was the reply. "I'm the general commanding the district," said Sir Evelyn. The private looked him up and down with an incredulous eye, and then, before turning on his heel, retorted: "You just look here! If Sir Evelyn heard you say that, why, he'd punch your ugly head!"

LORD WOLSELEY

WHEN Sir Garnet Wolseley was in Natal he called together a meeting of all the great chiefs, and sent a special invitation to the Zulu monarch to be present. Instead of complying with this request, Cetewayo caused a bag of wheat to be despatched to Sir Garnet, accompanied with a notification that the Zulu warriors were as numerous as grains of wheat. Sir Garnet, equal to the occasion, caused the corn to be ground, and in that form returned it to the king, with a message to the effect that if he (Cetewayo) did not take care, he (Sir Garnet) would have him pounded like the wheat. It is not stated what effect this rejoinder had upon the allegory-loving king of the Zulus.

GLASS EYE TRICK

LORD WOLSELEY, in the course of a lecture, once told the following anecdote. One of his officers, who happened to have a glass eye, was one day examining a prisoner, a zealous follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" asked the officer. "I believe in him," replied the man, "because he can work miracles." The officer immediately took out his glass eye, tossed it up in the air, caught it, and put it back into its place. "D'ye think the Mahdi could do that?" he then asked. The man was appalled, and couldn't say another word. It may be mentioned that Lord Wolseley himself wears a glass eye, having lost the sight of one eye during the Crimean War.

MEDALS AND CLASPS

LADY ROBERTS, wife of the well-known Field-Marshal, naturally takes the greatest interest in the welfare of the Nursing Sisters, whom she was the means of taking out to India. On one occasion she visited the hospitals and the patients in their charge at the base of operations, Oghi, and was much pleased with their work and devotion to the sick, and so forth. "Really," she said, "I think the sisters deserve a medal for this campaign as much as anyone, and I hope they will get one." "I don't know about a *medal*," said a gallant colonel who was in attendance, "but they are sure, at all events, to get plenty of *clasps*!"

HORSE GUARDS' SENTRY

WHEN Lord Russell of Killowen was Lord Chief Justice of England, he was, one day in 1899, stopped by a sentry of the 1st Life Guards while passing in his carriage through the Horse Guards' archway, in Whitehall, London. After a certain amount of trouble, during which Lord Russell handed over his card, the carriage was allowed to proceed. It afterwards transpired that a mistake had been made on the part of the sentry, as the Lord Chief Justice for the time being is one of the persons privileged to use the archway while in a carriage. The late Sir Frank Lockwood, the famous witty barrister, was once challenged by the sentry while passing on horseback through the archway. Putting on his most stately air, Sir Frank said: "But I am Her Majesty's counsel!" The effect on the sentry was magical. Sir Frank, without even the production of a card, was allowed to proceed on his way, while the greatly impressed sentry honoured him with a special salute!

SOLDIER'S DINNER

AN old soldier, when asked to explain Lord Roberts' popularity with the rank and file, said: "Why, that's easy enough to see. He'll never stand any nonsense; but he looks after his men as no one else can or will. We used to say at Aldershot that 'good dinners and good boots' was Bob's motto; but, mind you, you can't humbug him. I remember his coming in one day when we were at mess. 'Well, adjutant,' says he, 'any complaints to-day?' 'No, sir,' says the adjutant pat. A cheeky youngster jumps up with 'Please, sir, my dinner isn't all right.' 'Oh,' says Lord Roberts—he was colonel then—'why didn't you complain to the adjutant?' No answer: so, putting the youngster on one side, the colonel sat himself down on the bench, with soldiers close at each elbow, and just polished off every morsel from the plate. 'Don't see anything the matter with it,' said he without a smile, and walked away. We had a good laugh, I can tell you; but the man looked queer enough when he saw his dinner whisked off in that pretty fashion."

LORD ROBERTS AND CATS

IT is a curious fact that Lord Roberts has a strange antipathy to cats, and cannot stay in the same room with one of the feline tribe. Mr. Edward Geflowski, the sculptor, once told a story on the subject. When in India some years ago he stayed at the Residency at Bangalore with Sir James Gordon, when Lord (then Sir Frederick) Roberts arrived on a visit, and he had confirmation of a remark once made to him by Lady George Hamilton.

"It is a strange thing," she said, "that the three greatest generals, Wellington, Napoleon, and Roberts, never could be at home in a house where there was a cat." The truth of this in Sir Frederick Roberts' case was seen in the fact that Sir James Gordon sent his cats—he had two or three—out of the house whilst Sir Frederick was his guest.

Miss E. M. Merrick, the artist, has also told a story in this connection. She says: "I was told that on one of Lord Roberts' voyages home he asked to have the cat removed when he came on board the ship, and a stranger, not knowing who he was, said to Lady Roberts, 'Don't you think that little gentleman over there must have been a mouse in his former state?' I was not told what Lady Roberts replied."

ONLY HUMMING

A GIGANTIC soldier of the Guards was brought before his commanding officer one morning, charged with being disorderly in the public streets. "Who makes the charge?" asked the colonel. "I do, sir," replied a sergeant. "I was in the town last night, when I heard someone bellowing and roaring songs about three hundred yards away. I went to the spot and saw the prisoner—Private Jones—singing at the top of his voice." "And you could hear him three hundred yards away?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir." "What have you to say, Private Jones?" continued the colonel, turning to the prisoner. "Please, sir," replied Private Jones, "I was only 'umming!"

REGIMENTAL COOK

THE native cook of a regiment stationed in India used to suffer greatly at the hands of some of the young wags of officers, who thought poor "Joseph" fair game. One day, however, the climax was reached, and Joseph, bursting with indignation, appeared before the colonel. After making his salaam he exclaimed, "Sahib, they tell me everyting tough—beef tough, mutton tough, chicken tough, and, sahib, now they say butter is tough! Now, sahib, how can butter be tough? Sahib, I take my leave!"

NATIVE SERVANTS

LOD ROBERTS, in his book, tells a good story of a native Indian servant who had been told to prepare a bath at a certain hour. Meanwhile a fierce attack was delivered by the enemy, and in the thick of it the servant, who had made his way through the storm of bullets, suddenly appeared among the headquarters staff. "Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

An almost better story comes from the Malakand, in Chitral, of a subaltern who was awakened one morning by a brother subaltern's servant pulling at his foot. "Sahib," whispered the servant, anticipating wrath, "Sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, and he has not gone to bed till seven!"

BLACK SENTRY

MR. HENRY KIRKE, formerly an official in British Guiana, high in the Colonial service, relates an adventure, the comedy of which might at any moment have turned to tragedy. It was at a time of serious disturbances in the colony. Rioting had occurred near one of the larger cities, and every precaution had

been taken against a fresh outbreak. Mr. Kirke had issued a password and countersign, and the sentries received strict orders to shoot anyone who attempted to pass without giving the word.

“That night,” says Mr. Kirke, “I had been dining out of town, and was returning cheerfully to my quarters about eleven o’clock, when I was suddenly confronted by a black sentry, who brought his rifle down to the order and cried out, ‘Who go dere?’ I was somewhat startled, for I had forgotten the sentries, and what was of much more importance, I had forgotten the password. I knew that the sentries were picked men, generally Africans, who had served in some West Indian regiment, and who were noted for their strict obedience to orders. So I knew that if the sentry had been ordered to shoot anyone attempting to pass without giving the word he would do so. I attempted to temporise. ‘Look here, my man,’ I said, ‘you know me.’ ‘What de word?’ shouted the sentry, rattling his arm.

“That was just what I wanted to know. I heard the man cock his rifle, and knew he would let drive in another minute; so I made an undignified strategic movement to the rear, so as to place the inspector’s house, which stood near, between me and the enemy. Satisfied by this manœuvre that I was a dangerous character, the sentry began to stalk me round the building, with his gun ready for action. The instant I got round the corner of the inspector’s house I bolted up the back steps and broke in upon the astonished inspector just as he was getting into bed. I explained my dilemma and he gave me the password. Then approaching the window I peeped out very cautiously towards my friend, who was prowling round the house to have a pot-shot at me. I shouted the word to him, and later, when I went out with the inspector, I explained the circumstances of the case, gave him five shillings, and told him he was a first-rate sentry.”

PET BEAR

AN old sergeant of the Connaught Rangers told the following story:—

“Years back the Rangers were quartered in Canada, and when they were sailing for home the captain of the transport refused to let them take their pet bear on board with them. There was a great outcry among the men at this; and as they were determined not to leave Bruin behind, they dosed him with chloroform, got him to sleep, and then headed him up in a cask. As the cask was being hoisted to the deck the captain had a suspicion about it. ‘What’s in that big barrel?’ says he. ‘Th’

warm clothing ov th' rigimint, sor,' answers a sergeant beside him. 'And why did ye say that to th' ould rigadoon?' asked a comrade of the sergeant when they had stowed away the barrel safely. 'Begorra, Tim,' says he, 'I was feared that the ould Tartar might see th' fur through th' bung-hole!'

HIGHLANDERS' NEW YEAR

THE Highland regiments of the British Army have a curious and quaint method of "bringing in" the New Year. The following is a description of the ceremony as performed by the Seaforth Highlanders one year. At five minutes to twelve on Hogmanay night at Aldershot the band and pipers of the Seaforths, preceded by "Father Time"—the oldest soldier in the ranks, in costume, with hour-glass and scythe—played across the barrack-square and out of the gate, which was closed behind them. The strains of "Auld Lang Syne" bade farewell to the Old Year.

As the clock struck the hour of midnight, a knock was heard at the barrack gate. To the sentry's challenge, "Who goes there?" came the answer, "The New Year." "Advance, New Year; all's well," was the sentry's reply. The gates were thrown open, the guard turned out, and the "New Year," represented by the youngest drummer-boy in full Highland costume, was carried shoulder high, preceded by the pipers of the regiment. After making the round of the barracks he finished at the officers' mess.

REGIMENTAL FEUDS

AN old feud exists between the 24th and 51st Regiments, which had its origin one Christmas Day at Aldershot. The ground of quarrel was the respective merits of the regimental Christmas dinners, and the 24th defended the honour of their beef and pudding with guns and bayonets. The result was a special parade of the corps, when the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, told the men in forcible tones that if he had his way he would send them to a place not mentioned in the Queen's regulations. "But," continued the Duke, "as I cannot send you there, you shall go to the next best place, Mauritius." So to the island the regiment was sent, and stayed there several years. It is said that the authorities take special pains to keep the two regiments apart to this day, as they are of the opinion that they would fly at one another's throats if they met!

SENTRY'S JOKE

THE following story shows the ready wit and quaint humour of a sentry. A friend, who was an officer in an irregular corps, found it necessary after dark to pass through the sentry lines of a regular regiment. He was not in possession of the password, and it was with some difficulty that he induced a sentry to let him through. As he disappeared into the darkness he heard the following conversation between the sergeant of the guard and the sentry:—Sergeant: "Who was that you let go?" Sentry: "Only some bloomin' volunteer officer." Ten minutes later the officer found occasion to return the same way. Thinking he would teach the sentry a lesson in discipline, he met the challenge of "Halt! who goes there?" with the sentry's own words, "Blooming volunteer officer." Without a moment's hesitation the rifle came back from the charge as the sentry replied, "Pass, bloomin' volunteer officer, and all's well!"

SENTRY AND ADMIRAL

WHEN Admiral de Horsey, who once commanded the British fleet in the Pacific, was the admiral of the North Atlantic squadron, he was one evening dining on shore at Port Royal, Jamaica. On returning to his flagship alone after dinner, his way to the boat led across the barrack square. A black sentry, belonging to the West India Regiment, halted him at the gate with the exclamation, "Who goes dar?" Great was the gallant Admiral's annoyance to find he had neglected to get the "password" before leaving the ship. "That's all right," he said carelessly, hoping to overcome the man's scruples by an assumption of indifference; "you know who I am." "Dunno nobody, sar," replied the nigger pompously; "you can't go in dar." "Why," exclaimed the Admiral, getting angry at the delay, "I'm Admiral de Horsey!" "Well, you can't go in," repeated the dutiful sentry; "I don't care if you's Admiral de Donkey."

TARGET PRACTICE

AT a certain rifle range, whilst the target was being prepared for a competition, a pompous old gentleman rode up, and addressing the sergeant in charge, complained that bullets had fallen into his garden, in a village a mile or so in rear of the butts. The sergeant, with a discreet wink at his comrades, replied, "I'll see that that doesn't happen again, sir; I'll put a man on top of the hill with special instructions to stop the bullets from going over." "Oh, thank you very much!" responded

the old gentleman, with a satisfied smile, and he rode off with the air of a man relieved of a great anxiety!

NOT A FUSILIER

AT some rifle butts not far from London a squad of volunteers, some of whom were fine marksmen, were one day shooting at the five hundred yards' range. At the three hundred yards' range, not far away, some young recruits of a fusilier regiment were discharging rounds of cartridge with a deplorable lack of success in the way of hitting the target. The sergeant keeping score for the volunteers, a grizzled veteran of many years' foreign service, exercised his sarcasm at the expense of the unfortunate fusiliers very freely. But it happened that a careless shot from the rifle of one of the volunteers ricocheted awkwardly through the air and ploughed up the earth several yards in front of the target. "Tut! tut! Mr. Jones," exclaimed the old sergeant; "that ain't your form at all. They'll be taking you for a bloomin' fusilier!" Mr. Jones's next three shots were bulls'-eyes!

SERGEANT'S MISTAKE

A RECRUITING sergeant one evening sauntered into a quiet tavern, where a small party were playing cards, and overheard someone exclaim, as he apparently laid down his last pence, "If I don't win this time, I'm going to enlist!" The recruiting sergeant was quickly alive to the prospect of securing another "Tommy," and, judging from appearances, everything was in favour of his doing so. Drawing near to the table, therefore, he awaited the finish of the game, which ended in a loss for the prospective recruit.

Noticing the recruiting sergeant standing by, the man said to him, "You're a sergeant, aren't you? Well, if you'll lend me a florin on the next deal, and I don't win it back, I'll be ready to follow you." The sergeant, knowing that if the fellow lost, as was probable, he himself would not be out of pocket, lent the money. This time the man lost again, and getting up immediately, exclaimed, "I'm quite ready, sergeant, if you are!" Amidst the roars of the spectators, the discomfited N.C.O. found that the man had a wooden leg!

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINT

MAJOR-GENERAL MAURICE, writing on the British Army, said that the secret of the success of the Briton as a soldier is his stolidity. He looks upon the work in hand as a thing that has

to be done and not talked about. This stolidity leads to heroic actions, because they imply an entire forgetfulness of self at moments when nothing will be left of him if things go wrong. The General told the following story about England's Patron Saint :—

“I have always believed the story that the Patron Saint of England was originally a purveyor to Cœur de Lion's army. The selection seems to me typical of that grim humour of which I have spoken as one of the permanent characteristics of the race. I like to think of the men of that day saying, ‘These Frenchies have their St. Denis, and all the others have their St. This and St. That ; George is the man for us. He gets us the prog.’ It represents the same feeling which made a regiment, asked to allot a Victoria Cross, vote for the man who brought up the beer.”

MODEST HEROES

THE Rev. E. J. Hardy, the well-known Army chaplain, says that the more active service a soldier has seen the less he is inclined to talk about it. He says :—“I have known half a dozen Victoria Cross men, but never heard a battle yarn from one of them. I remember trying to draw from a friend who had distinguished himself in the Battle of the Alma, where he had two horses killed under him, something as to his feelings and experience in an engagement. All I could get from him was, ‘A battle is a very disagreeable place to be in. Come, and I'll show you my pigs.’”

DUET WITH THE ENEMY

ONE night, during the Umbeylah campaign, India, an outlying picket of our Punjaub infantry found itself within easy distance of a picket of the enemy, and this resulted in an amusing episode, which is related by Surgeon-General Munro :—

“Both outposts were lying behind sungahs, or stone walls, hurriedly thrown up as shelter, and were firing at each other, at one moment in regular volleys, at another in single dropping shots. During a short lull, one of the Punjaubees struck up a song, and when he had finished the first few notes one of the enemy took up the air and sang in reply, and then they went on singing alternate verses, both sides joining in a sort of wild chorus.

“It was then agreed that they should cease firing at each other for a while, so as to prolong the musical entertainment. While the men were engaged in this duet, the officer commanding the Punjaub regiment called out to inquire who was the merry

musical fellow in the enemy's ranks. The man answered himself, and gave his name, and, if I remember rightly, said he had a brother in the 20th Punjaub. When tired of singing, the enemy cried out that they had had enough enjoyment, and were going to resume hostilities. Immediately they discharged a volley, which our people were quick in returning; and then both sides blazed away at each other for some time. I believe, however, that there was little or no result from this *feu d'enfer* except the noise."

SERGEANT'S BELIEF

A SERGEANT in a battalion of British infantry, stationed in a Dacoit-infested part of Burmah, was a firm believer in destiny. No amount of argument with his more sceptical comrades could shake his belief in the slightest, and he invariably closed his controversies with the rather illogical assertion that "When a man's last day comes, it comes!" One evening when dressing, preparatory to taking a stroll for a short distance, he was noticed by a fellow-sergeant, a persistent opponent of the fatalism theory, to quietly slip a revolver into his pocket. "Hullo!" shouted the observant sergeant, seeing an opportunity of ridiculing his comrade, "what are you taking the revolver with you for? That won't save you if your time has come." "No," replied the other without a moment's hesitation, "but, you see, I may happen to come across a Dacoit whose last day has come!"

CAUTIOUS CHAPLAIN

IN Doctor Trumbull's *War Memories of a Chaplain* it is wisely said that courage is the standard in active army service, and no man who fails in personal bravery can have the least influence upon his men. If, on the other hand, a chaplain is ready to share every danger, his men give him full credit for courage and fidelity, and are the most ready to do their duty under his appeals. Two soldiers were one day overheard speaking of the chaplain of another regiment, and contrasting him with their own. "He's always on picket with his regiment," said they, "and he's always ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there!" "You don't mean our chaplain is a coward, do you?" asked the other in a scornful tone. "Oh no! I don't say he's a coward; but when there's any firing ahead, he has to go for the mail!" "Well, but he's got to go for the mail, you know." "Yes, but if the firing is sudden, he can't stop to get his saddle on!" They laughed together over the picture. The over-cautious man had lost his influence.

BARRACK COMEDY

A YOUNG Irish recruit was one day outside the guardroom of B—— Barracks, one of his duties being to strike the hours on the gong suspended near the sentry-box. "Bedad, it's twelve o'clock," exclaimed Pat as the barrack clock announced that hour. Then, with the mallet provided for that purpose, he administered twelve vigorous strokes to the gong. "Shure, now, Oi belave it was eleven Oi sthruck ather all," he muttered a moment later. "Faith, Oi'll put it right, anyway." So saying, he brought the mallet down on the gong again with the energy of a Hercules.

"What in the name of wonder are you doing?" exclaimed the sergeant of the guard, rushing precipitately from the guardroom. "Don't you know, man, you've struck thirteen instead of twelve?" "Be th' powers, did Oi, now?" cried Pat, ruefully scratching his head. Then suddenly his face brightened, and suddenly going to the other side of the gong, he dealt it one mighty blow that reverberated through the length and breadth of the barracks. "Now, what in thunder is that for?" demanded the astonished sergeant. "Whisht! whisht!" replied Pat, with a grin of infinite satisfaction; "Oi've bin takin' th' odd number off!"

MUSICAL RELIGION

IT is the Church of England chaplain who is chiefly responsible for the state of the religion of the Army, for, excepting Scotch and Irish regiments, nearly ninety per cent. of the rank and file "go with the band." The allusion to the band is explained by the following story.

"What's yer religious persuasion?" said the sergeant to the recruit.

"My what?"

"Yer what? Why, what I said. What's yer after o' Sundays?"

"Rabbits mostly."

"'Ere, stow that lip. Come now, chu'ch, chapel, or 'oly Roman?"

And after an explanation from his questioner the recruit replied, "I ain't nowise pertickler. Put me down Chu'ch of England, sergeant. I'll go with the band!"

CAVALRY v. ARTILLERY

A GOOD story is told about a battery of Royal Horse Artillery which performed excellent service in South Africa. One evening at mess, before the war, the colonel of a crack cavalry

regiment was boasting about what his men could do. The major commanding the battery retorted by sharply saying that his guns, merely firing blank cartridge, would stop the charge of any cavalry in the Army List. The officers soon became very heated in their arguments.

A few days afterwards there was a sham fight, and the colonel, seeing an opportunity, charged the guns under the command of the major. Instead of halting his men at the regulation distance, however, he took them forward right on to the artillery. The gunners worked as hard as they could, firing blank cartridges at the advancing cavalry, and many of the horses belonging to the latter refused to face the guns and bolted. But the colonel and a few men rode on till they got between the guns, when the leaders, both horses and men, were brought down with a crash. The cavalry following only just managed to pull up in time. It turned out that the major, suspecting that his old friend the colonel would attempt some such exploit, had fastened ropes from gun to gun!

GUN INVENTION

SOME years ago a story was current about one of the leading British generals, who is particularly interested in ordnance. Somebody had invented a field-gun, intended to be fired from horseback. The general in question and his staff specially attended a trial, in the course of which the horse's head was tied to a post, it being intended to fire the gun, which was on the animal's back, in a certain direction. The general and his staff took up their places on the other side, opposite to the animal's face. The gun was loaded, and in order to afford time a slow-burning fuse was used to fire it off.

The horse, unfortunately, was only fastened by its head, and the result was that, when it heard the fissing of the fuse, it became uneasy. It commenced to prance round the post, and the loaded gun on its back thus pointed at the spectators. Not a moment was to be lost. With one accord the general and his staff jumped off their horses and flung themselves prone on their stomachs in the mud. The gun went off, knocking over the poor startled horse which carried it in the recoil, and frightening away most of the dismounted horses belonging to the general and his staff. When they themselves arose from the ground they presented a very sorry appearance. It is not astonishing that they reported against the adoption of the weapon!

FROM FOREIGN SERVICE

WHEN the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers (formerly the Madras Fusiliers) came home from India for the first time in their history they were stationed in Bradford. Much local notice was, of course, taken of the event. Posters were placarded announcing that an old Indian regiment, after nearly two hundred years in India, was to be established in the local barracks. When the battalion duly arrived in the town there was a large concourse of people to welcome it. As the soldiers marched to their quarters, an old gentleman was heard to say, as he scanned the faces of the new arrivals: "Two hundred years in India, and yet they're all very young-looking!" He came to the conclusion that there must be a mistake somewhere.

THE CHAPLAIN'S DEAL

AN instance of tact and wit used in an excellent cause is given in *War Memories of a Chaplain*. "One of my chaplain friends," says the writer, "was on an army transport, going south with officers and men from various regiments. The officers were playing cards in the cabin from morning to night. When Sunday came the chaplain took a good supply of reading matter from his cabin, and was on hand with it as the breakfast-table was cleared off, and the officers were getting ready to play cards as usual. Stepping to the head of the table, he said, good-naturedly, 'Gentlemen, tracts are trumps to-day, and it's my deal!' 'All right, chaplain,' the officers responded, 'give us a hand.' The books and papers were given out. No cards were played that day. The chaplain had his opportunity unhindered, because he showed tact in his way of presenting the case."

SERIOUS CASE

THE following is an Aldershot yarn. A bearer company of the Volunteer Army Medical Corps was going through a course of training, and some of the soldiers belonging to a regiment in camp were detailed to play the part of dead and wounded. A "Tommy" with his head all bandaged up was brought in by bearers to the hospital tent, and one of the latter gave this report: "Severe scalp wound, sir, with complete insensibility." "Very well," replied the surgeon, with a grave countenance; "and what have you done?" "Dressed the wound, sir, and given the patient some whisky and water." "What? Whisky and water! How did you suppose an insensible man could swallow anything?" "He asked for it, sir!"

BANDMASTER AND COLONEL

THERE was once a distinguished colonel who had no ear for music, and it was currently reported that he did not know the difference between "God Save the Queen" and "Pop Goes the Weasel." One day, in complimenting the bandmaster of his battalion on the smart appearance of his men, he remarked: "Their uniforms are neat, and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one important improvement I should like to have brought about." "What is that, sir?" "You should train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time, and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two! one, two!"

SERVICE IN IRELAND

ENGLISH line regiments have not a great liking, as a rule, for service in Ireland. Not many years ago a well-known regiment of dragoons relieved an equally well-known lancer regiment on Irish service. It so happened that the departing and incoming corps passed each other on the North Wall, at Dublin, the band of dragoons playing "Come back to Erin." The lancers' band immediately struck up a tune, which, to the amusement of the hearers, was "Not for Joe!"—an air then very popular throughout the country.

RECRUIT'S EXPLANATION

BOOT stories are common in the Army. At parade once a drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw Irish recruit for his awkwardness. "Now, Rafferty," he roared, as drill instructors are wont to do, "you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!" Rafferty's dignity was hurt. "Plaze, serjint," he replied, "they're not mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!"

ARMY BOOTS

ON one occasion in Dublin a sergeant was drilling some men, when, watching the line of feet as the recruits endeavoured to obey his command, he found to his astonishment that one pair of feet never turned with the others. Without taking his eyes off the feet in question, the sergeant bawled out, "About face!" He could see that all the feet except those he was watching turned in obedience. He rushed up to the owner, a little fellow,

and seizing him by the shoulders, exclaimed, "Why don't you turn with the rest, eh?" "Why, I did!" replied the trembling recruit. "You did! Well, I watched your feet, and they never moved." "It's the boots they gave me, sir," said the quaking recruit; "they're so large that when I turn my feet turns in them!"

BOOTS IN WAR

MARSHAL SAXE has left it on record that there was no article of a soldier's outfit more important than boots, and that battles were won by legs. The Duke of Wellington was of the same opinion, for, on once being asked what was the best requisite for a soldier, he replied, "A good pair of shoes." "What next?" said the inquirer. "A spare pair of good soles," answered the Duke.

FROM THE ENEMY

IN connection with boots an amusing story of the American Civil War has been told. A shoeless regiment, fighting on the Confederate side, got a nickname from the following circumstances. In driving the enemy out of a copse-wood one of the barefooted men took careful aim and fired. The instant he saw his man fall he cried anxiously, "Them's my shoes!" The supply department of the Confederates was in such an impoverished condition that their men had to mainly rely on renewing their outfit at the expense of captured and slain Federals.

CAMPAIGN LIBRARY

WRITING in a newspaper once, Lord Wolseley, in giving a list of the best books for a soldier in the field, said:—"During the Mutiny and China War I carried a Testament and two volumes of Shakespeare that contained his best plays. Since then, when in the field, I have always carried the Book of Common Prayer, *Thomas à Kempis*, and *Soldier's Pocket-Book*—depending on a well-organised postal service to supply me weekly with plenty of newspapers. The book that I like reading at odd moments is *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. When I am going on any distant expedition for a lengthened time I should add to those I have mentioned above the following books:—

"*History*:—Creasy's *Decisive Battles*, Plutarch's *Lives*, Voltaire's *Charles XII.*, Froude's *Cæsar*, Hume's *England*.

"*Fiction*:—Macaulay's *History*, Macaulay's *Essays*."

The above is Lord Wolseley's own humorous classification.

GENERAL'S NEAT REPLY

GENERAL SIR JOHN HUDSON, K.C.B., who was accidentally killed in 1893 by being thrown from his horse, at Poona, received a commission as a captain for his services in the Indian Mutiny and Persia. He also served with distinction in Abyssinia and Afghanistan, and commanded the Indian Contingent at Suakim in 1885. When in command of a Bengal station he was once requested by the civilian community to prohibit "soldiers" from entering the newly opened park in the cantonment, and this notwithstanding that military labour had contributed largely towards its construction. He promptly replied to the request, saying that he could not see his way clear to issue such an order, as he was a "soldier" himself!

HER ANCESTOR

A STORY is told of a lady who was showing to a visitor the family portraits in the picture-gallery of her ancestral home. "That officer there, in uniform," she said, "was my great-great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg taken away." Then she added, with conscious pride: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

HER MAJESTY'S BOOTS

AT one of the British camps a soldier was brought before his commanding officer on a charge of selling part of his kit, and the following dialogue took place:—

Colonel: "Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?"

Private Murphy: "I've worn 'em for two years, sorr, and thought they was my own property."

Colonel: "Nothing of the sort. These boots belong to the Queen."

Private Murphy: "I'm sure I'm sorry, sorr; but I didn't know the lady took twelves!"

THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT

A WELL-KNOWN general, in reviewing a regiment of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow, and asked abruptly:—

"Which is the best horse in the regiment, my man?"

"Number Forty, sir."

"What makes you think that he is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots, and gallops well, is a good jumper, has no vice, no blemish, carries his head well, and is in his prime!"

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Bodgers, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honourable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well."

"And who is the rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Bodgers, sir."

"And who is Tom Bodgers?"

"I am, sir!"

The general could not help laughing, and he gave a sovereign to his informant.

CHANGING GUARDS

A COLONEL of the Guards and a colonel of the line were dining together at their club, and after the repast each began to praise their respective corps. "Of course," said the Guards' colonel, "our men are smart, and they should be so. Our sergeants and corporals are the best in the service, and discipline is strict through the whole brigade, and never relaxes. Why, even on a night like this, with snow falling, each relief will go through the regular routine of 'Port arms!' 'Give up your orders!' etc., the same as on a summer day at noon."

This the linesman doubted; so, with a bet on the result, they agreed to test the matter. Shortly before two in the morning, therefore, the colonels, wrapped in ulsters, concealed themselves near the sentries. In a short time the relief marched up. "Who goes there? Halt!" rang out on the atmosphere. "I told you so!" whispered the Guards' colonel to his friend. "Now, quick!" exclaimed the corporal of the relief; "you chaps in the box get out, and let these others get in. R't 'bout turn! Quick march!" "I told you so!" said the colonel of the line, as he pocketed the bet.

SURGEON'S BROTHER

THE width of the British Empire gives rise to many curious chances. Some few years ago a young Army doctor, on service in West Africa, had a curious experience. He had a brother who was, as far as he knew, at that time in India. One day the doctor received an urgent message to go many miles and

treat a young British officer who was down with fever, and he at once started upon his journey. Imagine his astonishment when he found that the officer whom he had been called upon to attend was no other than his own brother, who had been sent on special service in that part of the Empire!

COLONEL'S SIGNATURE

A CERTAIN colonel of a well-known regiment displayed such exceptional indifference with regard to the nature of documents prepared for his signature that his subordinates had been heard to declare he would sign his own death warrant if it were only placed before him. One day a practical joker, a subaltern, placed with some official papers a letter, in which it was stated that a new barracks and a *new colonel* were urgently needed—the present ones being useless! The unsuspecting officer, as usual, affixed his signature without glancing at the contents of the letter, and the epistle was duly forwarded to headquarters, where, as can be imagined, it created quite a sensation. That colonel afterwards became more careful.

DOCTORING IN INDIA

MOST of the medical stories of the Army concern Irish doctors. At a camp in the North-West Provinces of India, the Irish doctor, going on leave, gave some simple instructions to the commanding officer as to what was to be done in case of emergency during his absence. "Here are two bottles now," began he. "If a man comes to you and says, 'Oh, I fale any'ow in the head—everythin's buzzin', and I'm not drunk,' give him some of this bottle." "Yes; how much?" "Oh, as much as you like; it won't hurt him. And if he says he's all crumpled up in his belly and turns sick at the sight of a canteen-mug, give him some of this bottle." "Yes; how much?" "Oh, be aisy with it; I've not a pint left. And if he comes in and sits down and says nothing and don't give a damn for anything, get a dhoolie and send him into Benares."

The doctor departed, and the commanding officer soon had a patient. He appeared to display symptoms No. 1, but the officer's courage failed him, and he gave him treatment No. 3 and procured a dhoolie. No further catastrophe occurred, and the next evening the doctor returned. He had been out shooting, and brought back with him some twelve couple of snipe, and a stock of shikar stories which lasted the ante-room a week!

SEPOY PATIENTS

THE Sepoys of the native army in India have a peculiarity in often predicting their decease when being taken to hospital for medical treatment. A young Irish doctor, fresh from home, was mortified deeply that all his undoubted skill availed him nothing in these circumstances. The patients persisted in dying precisely as they told him—when admitted to hospital—they intended to do. When the sick were announced one morning the first Sepoy who entered the room, on the usual interrogatory as to his ailment being put, replied as before: "Come to die, sahib!" This was too much for the doctor. "Be jabers," he shouted, "if ye do, I'll have ye tried by court-martial!" Strange to say, in this particular instance the man recovered.

VETERAN'S ADVICE

A SERGEANT attached to a volunteer corps was drilling a squad of recruits in their bayonet exercise. He was showing them how to attack an imaginary foe, when one of the recruits broke in with, "How do you parry, sergeant?" "Parry be hanged!" roared the sergeant, as he turned a glaring eye upon the luckless recruit; "let the enemy do the parrying!"

COUNTING

A SOMEWHAT similar story used to be related of Marshal Bugeaud, who fought in the Napoleonic wars, and died in 1849 at the age of sixty-five. He was commanding the French forces in an engagement with the Austrians when an officer of the staff advanced to the Marshal and said, "The enemy are advancing. Shall I send a party to reconnoitre and see how numerous they are?" "No," replied Marshal Bugeaud, "we'll count 'em after we've beaten 'em!"

INNOCENT SENTRY

A GOOD story is told of a certain general, who served brilliantly in one of the Indian frontier campaigns of the early nineties. His pet hobby was looking after the sentries while they were on duty. One night, in disguise, he came upon a young recruit, who halted him with: "Stop! Have you the countersign?" "No," answered the general. "What! another without it?" exclaimed the sentry; "well, it's 'Victory.'" The general gasped for breath. "What do you mean by giving anyone the countersign?" he at last roared out; "I'm the general, and you'll be

punished for this, you idiot!" "I'll be punished!" said the sentry, astonished. "Why, if you're the real general, weren't your orders not to let anyone pass me without the countersign? Let me tell you I'm getting tired of giving it. Such a lot don't seem to know it!"

TOMMY'S IDEA

TOMMY ATKINS has often to receive certain scientific instruction, which he finds himself unable to explain beyond its immediate application to his own profession. Sometimes his attempts at definition produce the most amusing results. Some years ago, in India, two soldiers were overheard discussing the force of gravity, which they had been taught was that force which gradually draws the bullet to the ground after leaving the barrel of the rifle. Said one, as they marched side by side: "I say, Bill, wot's this 'ere force o' gravity they're always a-torkin' about?" "Well, 'Tom," replied the other, "I can't rightly tell yer, but I do know this 'ere. If it warn't for the force o' gravity, you and me'd be hup among them bloomin' vultures wot you see hup there in something less than a couple o' jiffs."

REASONS FOR ENLISTING

A RECRUITING sergeant once said: "I have often asked young fellows, in a casual sort of way, why they were enlisting, and I have known some very curious reasons to be adduced. One young fellow said that he had answered a matrimonial advertisement, had made an appointment with a supposed young woman advertiser, and had turned up only to find a number of larky young fellows, who threw bags of flour and powder-blue over him. He said the affair had spread all over the place, and that he dare not face the ridicule.

"Another recruit said in the most solemn way: 'Sergeant, I should like to kill a man—I should like to kill people. I don't know how it is, but the thought of killing someone in a legal way is always with me!' Several have told me that they enlisted because someone at home had called them a coward. A stalwart young fellow of six feet said that his father had insisted upon his cleaning the front windows, and another complained that his sweetheart had called him round-backed.

"A lad not long ago came and said that his aunt had three times dreamt that he had become a general, and another declared that the idea of enlisting was put into his head by his bearing the same Christian name and surname as one of our greatest military heroes. Bad trade is commonly supposed to send up the recruiting returns, but it is not anything like as effective as a war."

CHURCH PARADE

THE following story illustrates an adroit evasion of attendance at church parade by an officer. A sergeant was heard informing him after a bugle-call that the "dress" for the "Kautholics" had just "gone." The subaltern groaned. He had not managed to get to bed early the preceding night. "How many are there, sergeant?" he asked. "Ten file and a 'arf, sir." He would not have dreamt of saying twenty-one, for Government does not allow a man to be spoken of in his individual capacity. The sergeant departed, and the officer commenced to get up.

Presently the non-commissioned officer returned. "One man taken for guard, sir; ten file for divine service," said he. The officer groaned again. It was most exasperating. Then the sergeant volunteered: "Beg pardon, sir, but there's one on 'em as don't look quite the thing, sir." The subaltern caught at that straw, and said: "I don't want any man with me who ought to be with the doctor, sergeant." "Very good, sir," replied the other. The sergeant retired once more, but came back almost immediately. He again knocked at the door, this time in a decisive and unapologetic manner. "Yes?" ejaculated the officer. "One man gorn sick, sir; nine file and a 'arf on p'rade," said the other. The officer seemed quite surprised. "Not an officer's party, sergeant?" "No, sir." "Oh, will you march them off then, please?" So the sergeant went back to parade, and the subaltern back to bed!

DISLIKED WAR

IN every regiment, on the outbreak of war, there are men who do not wish to go to the scene of conflict. Some of them frankly acknowledge that they are cowards, and they are very cunning in devising means to ensure their being left behind. One man of this kind, who had no taste for fighting, complained of rheumatism. "Where?" asked the doctor. "In my right arm," replied the soldier; "I can only raise it this height"—and he put it up about two inches, apparently with a great effort. "Well," said the doctor—a sly old bird, by the way—"you have got it pretty bad; you certainly cannot go to the war in that condition. How high could you raise it before you got the rheumatism?" "Oh, about that height, sir," replied the soldier, as he raised his right hand high above his head. Needless to say, he went to the war!

CAUGHT AT LAST

ONE of the hardest things to sham, for those soldiers who desire to be released from Army service, is deafness. There is a story of a man who, coming to the conclusion that ordinary civilian life was good enough for him, began to complain to the officers of a sudden deafness. It was suspected at once that the infirmity was feigned, and no notice was taken of his statements. However, the soldier stuck to his story, professed not to hear orders, and generally acted as if his hearing was destroyed.

All sorts of tricks were resorted to in order to catch him napping, but none were successful. Pistols were fired close to him when he was asleep, but even this elicited nothing satisfactory. The man had evidently trained himself to be ever on the alert, and the authorities were almost convinced that the case was a genuine one. Just before his discharge was made out, however, a doctor determined to have another try, as he was convinced that the man was a fraud. Coming unperceived behind the soldier one day, he put his hand gently on the man's shoulder and remarked, in ordinary tones, "I am happy to tell you that you are invalided at last." "Am I?" exclaimed the overjoyed soldier! This made evident the imposture, and the soldier was severely punished.

DESERTERS

MANY soldiers desert from one battalion in order to serve in another, and some men have been charged with deserting as many as nine times and serving in as many different corps within a comparatively short period. To detect such men, an old sergeant-major, when a line of recruits is before him, will suddenly call out "Attention!" The man who has previously been in the Army will instinctively pull himself together in an upright position, and thus "give himself away" before he knows it.

In connection with this matter, a good story was once told by an officer. A batch of newly enlisted lads in (very) plain clothes were being marched up from the railway station to the barracks in a certain garrison town. The sergeant in charge overheard one of the recruits remark, in a tone of extreme disgust, "Wal, this is the first blanky regiment I ever joined which didn't send down the band to play us up." That man was considerably surprised when he was closely questioned regarding his former experience in the ranks!

HUNGRY MURPHY

MEDICAL OFFICER (going his rounds): "Well, Murphy, how are you this morning?"

Private Murphy: "Much better, sir."

Medical Officer: "Are you getting enough to eat?"

Private Murphy: "No, sir."

Medical Officer: "What would you like in addition to your present diet?"

Private Murphy: "Another pound of bread, sir."

Medical Officer: "That I cannot give you, as the regulations do not admit of a soldier receiving a double ration of bread in any one day."

Private Murphy (after a moment's deliberation): "Couldn't you let me have the extra pound and mark it down as bread-poultice?"

FROZEN RATIONS

THE author of *Trooper and Redskin* was one of a party of men who took a trip to Prince Albert, a settlement upon the North Saskatchewan River, Canada, in the dead of winter. The cold was, of course, intense. One day, in the middle of December, they set out upon this march through the frozen wilderness. One of the servants deposited a sack, the contents of which rattled suspiciously, in the sleigh containing the supply of "forage." "Look here," called one of the troopers, "don't put those tent-pegs beside the oats. They'll poke their points through the bag, knock a hole in the grain-sacks, and there'll be a leak." "These ain't tent-pegs," said the man rather scornfully; "they's beef-steaks." And so they were, cut and ready for use on the line of march!

GIBRALTAR INCIDENT

THERE was once an officer at Gibraltar called O'Donohue. He happened to be officer of the day when a lieutenant, who had taken too much wine at dinner, walked over the rock at a point where there is a drop of a thousand feet. Of course he was killed. When O'Donohue made out his report, however, he did not mention the incident. Indeed, when he came to the question, "Has anything extraordinary happened while you were officer of the guard?" he simply wrote in the blank space provided, "Nothing."

Next day he was summoned before Lord Napier, the Governor of Gibraltar. When the officer appeared his lordship said, "You

were the officer of the guard at Elphinstone Guard yesterday?" "I was, sir," replied O'Donohue. "Lieutenant W—— was killed by walking over the rock?" "He was, sir." "You knew that when you made out your report?" "I did, sir." "That he was killed?" "Yes, sir." "And yet you said in your report that nothing extraordinary had happened on your guard?" "I did, sir." "Well, Mr. O'Donohue," said Lord Napier sternly, "don't you think it extraordinary when a lieutenant walks over the rock, falls one thousand feet, and is killed?" "Indeed, sir," replied the officer, "I should think it a good deal more extraordinary if he had fallen that distance and not been killed!"

IRISH TRANSLATION

AT a concert held in a certain garrison town a soldier of the Black Watch occupied a seat in front of a private of an Irish regiment and his sweetheart. The last-named was very much interested in the Highlander's uniform, and scanned the regimental badge on his cap and collar particularly. This badge, as is well known, consists of the figure and cross of St. Andrew, with the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (No one strikes me with impunity). "Phwat does that wroitin' mane, Patsy?" asked the girl. "Phwy," replied Patrick, "it's Latin, but I've forgotten the English ov it. But in good ould Oirish it manes, 'Thread on the tail ov me coat if ye dare!'"

QUEER HIGHLANDERS

THERE are a considerable number of Jews in the British Army, and some of them are attached to Scottish regiments. An officer of the Hebrew persuasion was once gazetted to a famous Highland corps, much to the indignation of the senior major, a bluff Scotsman, who remarked to his brother officers with some warmth, "Weel, weel, I've seen mony strange things in my time. We've had Hielanders frae England, we've had Hielanders frae Wales, and we've had Hielanders frae Ireland, but in the whole coorse of my existence, gentlemen, this is the very first time we've had Hielanders frae Jerusalem!"

THRU SCOTCH!

A STORY is told of a distinguished Indian officer, Scotch to the core, who never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen. One evening at mess he had a large number of guests. On duty behind his chair was a magnificent specimen of

a Highland piper. To draw attention to the man, who belonged to a Scottish battalion on that particular station, he turned to him and said, "What part of Scotland do you come from, my man?" With a punctilious salute the piper replied, "Tipperary, yer honour!"

INSURED SOLDIERS

MOST of the officers who went out to the war (1899) took the precaution of insuring themselves, while practically all the volunteers who went on active service were insured by their fellow-townspople. One officer who went to the front omitted to insure himself through not having the ready money. The committee of the Officers' Families' Fund happened to hear of this, however, and they promptly effected the insurance. By a strange chance the officer was killed in the first battle in which he took part.

BUSINESS BEFORE FIGHTING

MANY amusing things happen on the battlefield, which in some degree atone for the terrible experiences of carnage. A funny incident is recorded to have taken place during the American Civil War. A Confederate staff-officer had been carefully covered by a Northener's rifle, and doubtlessly would have been shot had not the officer commanding the battalion recognised in the terrified enemy a wealthy client of the insurance office of which he was the secretary. He immediately rushed forward, crying, "Don't shoot! don't shoot! We have a heavy policy on him!"

IRISH SMARTNESS

A BRIGADE-MAJOR serving in Gibraltar was in the habit of giving to soldiers who had indulged not wisely but too well a note addressed to the sergeant of the guard, in which was written, "Please confine bearer." One day an astute Irishman happened to be one of the victims, and was duly handed the note and ordered to return to barracks at once to deliver it. On his way he met the brigade-major's groom, and, knowing the contents of the note, asked him as a favour to take it to the barracks, as he did not wish to return for an hour or two. The groom consented, and when he delivered it he was, of course, confined to the guardroom, much to his astonishment. The major, on learning the truth, said no more about the matter, thinking it very smart on the part of the soldier. But he stopped sending any more such notes!

SCOTTISH KILT

THE loyalty of the Scottish soldier to his kilt is a thing to be admired. He will never admit that it makes him cold; and Highlanders, who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilisation, have been known to substitute the kilt for it in order to get warm! It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full Highland uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him, "Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?" "Na, na, mon," answered the soldier indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt wi' the cauld!"

ENGLISH BELIEF

SOLDIERS of other regiments than Scotch profess to regard the kilt with amusement, and should any unfortunate Highlander be near, they often start an amusing discussion on the demerits of Scotland's national costume. On one occasion a Highlander was defending the kilt, and after alluding to its history, said that only a Scotsman was hardy enough to wear it. An English soldier questioned that statement, and asserted that the wearing of the kilt was a necessity, not a matter of choice. "Hae da ye mak' that out?" asked the Highlander in surprise. "Oh, easy enough," responded the Englishman nonchalantly. "Highlanders wear the kilt because they have such big feet they couldn't get into an ordinary pair of trousers!"

GIBRALTAR SENTRY

AN officer of the guard was once visiting the sentries at Gibraltar. On going to one man he found that the sentry did not know any of his orders. The officer asked him what he would do if a cannon-ball was to hit him (the sentry) on the head. "Report it to the sergeant of the guard, sir," was the reply.

COLD TRUTH

IN Gibraltar it is the custom for sentries to challenge all comers at night, and the person spoken to is expected to reply, "Soldier" or "Inhabitant," as the case may be. The term "friend" is not to be used. An infantryman was on duty in one of the principal streets, and noticing a private of the Engineers with his sweetheart approaching, he sang out, "Halt! Who goes there?" The person spoken to, wishing to give himself as high-sounding a title as possible, replied, "Engineer and his lady." The brutal sentry, however, responded, "Advance, sapper and his servant-girl. All's well!"

YOUNG HIGHLANDER

THE late Major-General Wauchope used to tell a story of two men of the Black Watch, one of whom, a young man from the far north, was going into action for the first time in his life. The crack of the rifles was soon heard in front of the advancing battalion, and the bullets began to fly thickly. The recruit kept his spirits up as long as possible, but at last, feeling that his final hour had come, he shouted to his mate in the front line, "Dinna bob, Donald! I'm ahint ye!"

OFFICER'S WAGER

LIEUTENANT JONES was a young officer whose proclivities to bet were so great that, in his colonel's opinion, he was likely to demoralise the battalion, so he determined to get rid of him, and was able to arrange an exchange. Before going to his new corps, the colonels of both old and new happened to meet, when, of course, the reason of Jones's exchange was told to his new colonel, who, however, made light of the matter, and said he would soon cure him. In due course Lieutenant Jones joined his new battalion, and the first night at mess the colonel remarked that the lieutenant's eyes were continually fixed on him. At first he did not mind it, but when he could not stand this staring out of countenance any longer, he turned to the lieutenant and asked why he was staring at him so much.

Notwithstanding this protest, the lieutenant persisted in doing the thing, and, on being remonstrated with, offered to bet £10 that the colonel had corns. To make a long story short, the bet was accepted and an adjournment was made to the ante-room, where the colonel, taking off his boots and stockings, showed his feet, which, as he had previously stated, were quite free from corns. Lieutenant Jones therefore lost his bet. Some short time afterwards the old and new colonels happened to meet again, and the conversation naturally turned on Lieutenant Jones. The new colonel remarked that the lieutenant was a beggar to bet, and related the affair of the corns. "Oh, my gracious!" replied the old colonel rather excitedly. "He bet me £20 that he would make you show your feet the first night he met you at mess!"

LOST HIS TRAIN

ONE of the Royal Irish Hussars was travelling to Bath by the Great Western Railway, and on arriving at one of the main junctions he asked how long the train would stop at that station.

“Three minutes,” replied the guard. “That will do me beautifully,” said the Irishman, as he jumped out of the carriage and ran into the refreshment-room. On emerging again he found to his dismay that the train had started, and was already half-way up the platform. Quickly pulling himself together he ran after it, shouting, “Hi ! Stop ! Ye’ve got a passenger aboard that ye’ve left behind !”

IRISH SERGEANT AND DUKE

WHEN H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was at Aldershot, and held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in command of the Rifle Brigade, a military order was issued by direction of Queen Victoria, his mother, that he was only to be saluted as an officer in charge of a battalion. The Duke himself was very strict about the observance of this rule, but, in spite of all orders, the royal salute was often given, to the apparent provocation of the Prince.

One morning H.R.H., with the Princess seated by his side, was driving in his dogcart through the part occupied by an Irish regiment when the sentry before the guardroom door called out the guard. The sergeant of the company was at once cognisant of the mistake, but, thinking to make the best of a bad matter, ordered the guard to remain at their post, and give the royal salute in the usual way. The Duke immediately called the sergeant to book for this utter disregard of orders, and gave him a piece of his mind ; but the ready-witted son of Erin smartly replied : “The guard is not for you, sir, but for Her Royal Highness, who, being a member of the Royal Family, is, of course, entitled to it.” The Duke had nothing more to say, and drove hurriedly away, evidently finding the Irishman altogether too much for him.

IRISH ORDERLY

NO one is so ready with an excuse as an Irish soldier. In a certain regiment there was an Irish non-commissioned officer who, though a smart soldier, was no scholar. One day he was taking from his captain’s dictation the orders of the day, and he got in a worse muddle than usual in his struggle to correctly describe the orders, and at the same time pull through with the spelling. On inspecting the notes at the finish, the captain was nearly paralysed. He could not make anything out of them, and he roundly rebuked poor Pat, who, feeling that some excuse was necessary, said, “Bedad, sorr, I must have brought the wrong pencil wid me this morning !”

It was the same soldier who, when taking down some orders

on another occasion, wrote in extremely large characters. The officer, noticing the circumstance, asked why he was doing that. "I have to write like that, sorr, as the colour-sergeant is deaf!" replied Pat very seriously.

NO RETREAT

IN many garrison towns soldiers sometimes have an opportunity of "making a bit" by acting as supers in the local theatres. Some years ago, in a Lancashire town, a military play was being performed, in which, at the end of one act, a decisive battle was fought, one of the sides retreating with "great" loss. Regular soldiers were requisitioned for the scene, which for some nights went off all right, the proper side retreating at a given signal from behind the scenes.

One night, however, a special performance was given, under the patronage of the colonel and officers of the regiment. On that occasion, when the signal to retreat was made, the soldier supers took no notice of it, but, instead, went on fighting in the most energetic style. An actor who appeared as one of the commanders vainly shouted, "Retreat! Why don't you retreat?" But the fight went on in terrible earnest, and it became evident to the excited audience that the side which ought to have retreated was beating the other! At last the curtain had to be prematurely dropped, and as soon as it had done so an angry manager appeared among the soldiers and said, "What does this mean? Why don't you retreat?" "Retreat!" exclaimed one, an Irishman, whose face was much damaged. "Is it retreat ye'd have us, with the colonel and officers in front?"

BUGLE CALLS

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM GORDON CAMERON was commonly reputed to read only two books, the Bible and the *Infantry Drill*, and certainly he took very little interest in matters outside his profession. He was very keen on officers knowing the bugle calls, and it was his habit to have them out, whistle a call, and ask them what it was. The spectacle of this son of Mars whistling most unmelodiously was a terrifying one, and one wretched subaltern, who had tremblingly asserted that the "right wheel" was the "lie down," and in consequence was being hauled over the coals, turned at last and in sheer desperation said, "I am very sorry, sir, but I have no ear for music!" The general, it is recorded, nearly had a fit.

OFFICERS THREE

MANY stories have been told, at various times, with regard to the amusing jealousies between the different sections of the British Army. Once, it is recorded, three officers were talking together. "We always dine at eight," remarked one, a hussar, languidly. "Do you really?" drawled another, a guardsman; "we never dine before nine." "Haw, demmy," said the third, a militiaman, not to be beaten, "we never dine at all, don't you know!"

ARMY JEALOUSY

JUST after Sir Donald Stewart, Field-Marshal, who died in March, 1900, at the age of seventy-six, had been appointed Governor of Chelsea Hospital, he was talking to an aged pensioner, an ex-Heavy Dragoon. The General was amused to hear that the old cavalymen in the institution affected a superiority over the foot soldiers. The pensioner averred that he had never hob-nobbed with "grabbies"—meaning infantrymen—while a young man, and he was not going to begin in his declining years. With a smile, Sir Donald remarked, "Well, I am myself an old infantryman." "And well I knows it, sir," replied the old pensioner promptly, "for them 'grabbies' is always taunting me about that!"

HUSSAR UNIFORM

THE hussar regiments do not now wear scarlet pantaloons, though the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) are permitted to do so at balls and levees. An amusing incident occurred during a conversation between one of the 10th and a civilian, who had inquired of the soldier the reason of his wearing such a distinctive part of a uniform. "You see," replied the hussar boastfully, "our regiment waded in an engagement up to the waists in the enemy's blood!" "I understand," remarked the civilian; "but that gentleman must have gone over head in the same battle"—pointing at the same time to one of the 15th Hussars, who was wearing the scarlet plume characteristic of the regiment. All the hussar regiments of the present time have blue uniforms.

OFFICER'S ENEMIES

IT is related that at a sham fight once a young lieutenant of volunteers, posted with his company behind a wall, ordered his men to fire at a detachment of troops who were marching by.

The guns, of course, were loaded with blank cartridges, and no harm was done; but the detachment happened to be on the same side as the company which had fired at it. The commanding officer came riding up. "Why did you fire at those men?" he demanded of the lieutenant hotly. "I supposed they were the enemy," said the officer. "And what led you to suppose they were the enemy?" asked the commander. "Because my tailor was at the head of them, and I saw my butcher in the ranks. What else could I suppose, sir?"

RECRUIT'S LESSON

A GOOD story is told of a young recruit who had enlisted in a regiment of foot. The young fellow joined the Army while the country was threatening war with Egypt, and he intended to make a good soldier. One day he was on guard duty, and was slowly stepping along, when he saw an officer of his corps approaching. After the usual salute the officer said in a casual manner, "Let me see your rifle." The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face.

As he received the weapon the officer said in a tone of the deepest disgust, "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?" The young fellow turned pale, but suddenly putting his hand to his breast, he drew out a dangerous-looking knife, and preparing for prompt action, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood, "Gi' me that rifle, or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute!" The officer instantly decided not to play any further with such a recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered.

VOLUNTEERS AND CAVALRY CHARGE

A BATTALION of volunteer infantry was drilling in a field when a regiment of regular cavalry rode by. The colonel of the cavalry halted his men to watch the volunteers, and getting into conversation with the colonel of the latter, he criticised their drill unfavourably, especially their want of steadiness. The volunteer colonel was a hot-tempered fellow, and he cried angrily, "My men are as steady as any regiment of regulars." "I do not think so," retorted the cavalryman, "and if you will draw up your men in order to receive cavalry I'll prove it." The challenge was promptly accepted, and the cavalrymen charged down upon the citizen soldiers, who awaited them in the usual way.

Now cavalry can charge to within a few feet of infantry at full gallop, and then, at the word of command, pull up short. The

volunteers, however, lost their nerve on seeing the horses thundering down upon them and showing no signs of stopping when only a few yards off. They fled, all but one man, who remained on his knees with bayonet levelled. His colonel, enraged at the others' flight, approached the hero, and tapping him on the shoulder exclaimed, "You're the only brave man in the regiment. You scorned to run." "Yes, sir," gasped the hero. "I had my fut stuck in a 'ole or I shouldn't have waited!"

PRISONER AND IRISHMAN

AT the Battle of T——, in the E—— war, some twenty or thirty prisoners were taken, and among them was a chief. An Irish trooper was told to bring him before the general, and Pat at once proceeded to obey the order. When nearing the quarters of the general, however, the chief would not go any further, and forthwith laid on the ground. Whereupon Pat said to him, much to the amusement of some officers who were standing near, "To be shure now, ye spalpeen, if yer don't git up at once I'll knock ye down!"

VOLUNTEERS AT MANŒUVRES

AT some Easter manœuvres of the London volunteers a commanding officer asked of one of his subalterns, "Who are you firing at over there?" "The enemy, sir," responded the young officer. "Bless my soul!" roared the colonel. "Why, they are your own scouts!" And so they were.

On another occasion, when a famous general was reviewing the corps, the major of an artillery regiment, the politest of men off the field, spurred up to a gunner who was distinguishing himself by inconceivable blunders over the most elementary movements, and bawled in a voice of thundering rage, "Are you a bally fool or only a common ass?"

PREPARED

ANOTHER review story concerns a young officer who received the order to unlimber his guns in a given position. He dashed off with the greatest energy to obey, but whether his commands were misunderstood, or he actually gave the wrong commands, he had the mortification of discovering at the end of the manœuvre that his battery of four guns was divided into two pairs facing each other. His equanimity was not restored when the inspecting officer galloped up and suavely remarked, "Bravo, sir! I perceive you are now ready for the enemy whichever way he comes!"

LESSON IN TACTICS

A CERTAIN general had gone on a tour of inspection, and being a little vain of his own military acquirements, he treated some young officers to an elaborate demonstration of the tactics by which a particular fort might be taken, with unflinching certainty, in three weeks' time. He then turned to his audience and asked, "But suppose, gentlemen, the situation were reversed, and you were shut up in that fort, say with 1,000 men, what steps would you take for its defence?" "I should walk out," said one. "Walk out with your garrison from a fort of that strength? Why, it would be madness—cowardice!" "But don't you see, sir," was the cool and ready reply, "in three weeks' time, as you have said, I should have it again!"

ARMY AT PLAY

DURING the manœuvres at Aldershot and elsewhere a good deal of supposition has of necessity to be made use of. Sometimes, for the purpose of instruction, bodies of stationary troops are merely indicated, and this has, in the past, resulted in many amusing incidents. On one occasion a young officer charged down upon an apparently isolated man attached to the rival force. The man made no attempt to escape, but stood quietly holding a long staff with a board nailed thereon. "You're my prisoner," said the officer with the body of cavalry. "Beg pardon, sir," returned the isolated one, "I'm a brigade!"

TALE OF A BRIDGE

A NEWSPAPER correspondent related an amusing circumstance of the manœuvres of 1898. He was resting at a little bridge across the river. A placard affixed to it announced that it was considered to be blown up. As the correspondent sat there two hussars of the Northern force rode on to it, and one proposed to the other that they should cross. The correspondent therefore pointed out the placard, and asked them if they meant to jump the gap. "Oh," said one of the hussars after a moment's consideration, "the bridge is blown up for the other fellows; it's not blown up for us!" So the two coolly rode across, returning the same way a little later. Fortunately there were no umpires on the spot, or the hussars might have had a little surprise.

UMPIRE AND COLONEL

IT was at some manœuvres. A veteran colonel was making a skilful feint with two hundred men against a strong position, while the main body of the regiment, unnoticed even by the umpires, outflanked it under cover. The umpire-in-chief saw the hopelessness of the front attack, and galloped up with the order, "Put four hundred of your men out of action, sir!" "Well, this is the bloodiest battle I was ever in," ejaculated the surprised colonel. "What do you mean by that, sir?" angrily inquired the umpire. "I've only two hundred men, and you tell me to put four hundred out of action. It's the——" But the umpire found his services urgently required elsewhere!

MRS. COLONEL'S WASHING

AN officer who had been recently transferred to a new garrison town was highly displeased to find that the grass-plots on the exercising ground of the troops were largely utilised by the inhabitants of the town for the purpose of bleaching their linen. He at once issued peremptory orders that all certificates of leave for this purpose were to be withdrawn, and expected to have no further trouble. Nevertheless, a few days later, as he marched his troops on the ground for exercise, he found the whole grass-grown surface completely hidden from view with every description of newly washed linen.

Intensely indignant at this contemptuous treatment of his orders, he commanded his troops to go through every species of evolution—march, counter-march, right-about-face, etc.—over the innocent bed-sheets, binders, shirts, and so on, until suddenly, pale as death, and with hair flying loose, the officer's own servant maid rushed on to the scene. Wringing her hands distractedly, the girl cried, "Gracious me, master, sir, what will the missis say?" What the "missis" had to say to the ruthless destroyer of his own linen has not been told, but it can be imagined!

ARTIST IN CAMP

MR. S. E. WALLER once told some good stories of the British soldier in a magazine article, written and illustrated by himself. Says he:—"There was a delightful colour-sergeant who had given me much information in a certain camp. He had noticed me handling my sketch-book, and had observed that I drew in some things carefully, and left others out altogether. In answer to a query, I said, 'There is much in Nature that would be

obtrusive in Art.' The sergeant mused over this observation, and took time to digest it.

"At that moment I saw an excellent subject in an adjacent harvest-field—some rough flirtations, of a perfectly innocent character, carried on between gleaners and some embryo field-marshals. 'No, sir,' said the sergeant, 'don't put that in. You see, if it came out in your paper, the public would say what a wild lot we are!' At this moment a pretty young woman with a baby and a basket came up the hill, and kissed the sergeant before the horrified eyes of the scandalised public. 'Well, sergeant,' said I, 'what a wild lot we are!' 'Not in this case, I think, sir—God bless you. How's the young 'un?—my wife, sir,' in explanation. 'I must make a sketch of this little episode, sergeant,' said I. 'Better not, sir, better not,' replied the sergeant, 'for, as you said just now, there's some things in Nature as would be obtrusive in Art!'"

NOT A PRISONER

AT some manœuvres of the volunteers in Dumfriesshire the troops were divided into two parts—an attacking and a defending force. The former were posted behind a hedge during some skirmishing, when one of the defenders suddenly burst through and was immediately surrounded. "Down with your arms—you're my prisoner!" exclaimed a sergeant. "Nae, nae, mon," returned the intruder coolly, "I'm nae preesoner." "I tell you we are the enemy," cried the sergeant. "I dinna care whether ye're the enemy or nae," retorted the intrepid volunteer, "I hae lost ma snuff-box, and I'm no gaun back without it!" Amid general laughter the valiant warrior was allowed to look for his snuff-box, and when he had found it he departed in peace.

MUSKETRY THEORIES

HE was young, enthusiastic, and in the volunteers. The old adjutant was lecturing on musketry, and pointed out that so great was the curve of the bullet's flight that with men firing at eight hundred yards a man standing at the four hundred yards point would be absolutely safe. "Now," he said, "take the company down to the eight hundred yards point and commence shooting. I will come down after lunch."

After lunch the adjutant duly appeared, prepared to make a short cut down the range from the four hundred yards point. Bang! bang! went the men at the eight hundred yards. The adjutant waved his arms wildly. Bang! bang! went the men at the eight hundred yards, and the adjutant disappeared. Presently,

hot and angry, he came up to the firing point. "Why the dickens, sir, didn't you sound 'Cease fire'?" he demanded. "Because at four hundred yards you were perfectly safe, as you told us in the lecture." "Confound you, sir," shouted the angry old man; "don't you know that these theories apply only to the regulars and not to the volunteers?"

VETERAN'S QUICKNESS

IN the course of a firing exercise drill on the part of some volunteers the captain showed his agility in a surprising manner. An old soldier and a rigid martinet, nothing displeased him more than dilatoriness in the men's movements. One evening, when the front rank did not come to attention with sufficient alacrity, he shouted out, "Why don't you get up smarter? Look at me! I'm an old man, but I can beat you young ones yet." So saying, he went down on the right knee with the ease and quickness of an old drill; but he was up again like a Jack-in-the-box with a yell. Neither did the ill-suppressed tittering in the ranks assuage his feelings, at least, not to any appreciable extent. The captain had ridden over to drill, and, forgetting that his spurs were on his heels, had sat down with painful force on the business end of one of them!

HIS OWN MEDALS

THE chief officer of a Yorkshire yeomanry regiment, while congratulating one of the troops on its appearance, made a stirring allusion to the medals worn by some veterans in the ranks. One of the men, a native of Wharfedale, afterwards went home in a very thoughtful frame of mind, and next time he came on parade with several medals on his breast. Said the officer: "I didn't know you had been in the regulars." "No, I ain't," replied the yeoman. "Well, how about the medals, then, my good fellow? They can't be yours." The man promptly answered: "Can't they? Ay, but they be. My old coo won 'em all at Otley Show!"

IRISH INSPECTION

THE commanding officer of an Irish militia corps was much troubled by the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were alike unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. At last, just when he was thinking of getting rid of the culprit, a brilliant idea struck the colonel. Why not march the man up and down the whole line of the battalion, and shame him into decency? The colonel

decided to put the scheme into operation at once. The untidy warrior, who, of course, was a native of the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the front of the entire regiment, while the men were told to have a good look at him. At the finish the unabashed Pat halted in front of the colonel, saluted, and, in the hearing of the whole corps, said, with the utmost *sang-froid*: "Dhirtiest rigimint Oi iver inspected, sorr!"

VOLUNTEER SHOOTING

A VOLUNTEER company was about to commence a shooting match when the sergeant, taking up a field-glass to see if all was ready, saw, to his horror, that the marker was standing boldly in the very front of the target. As he made no effort to get into safety, the sergeant, thinking the man insane, hastened to the rescue, and demanded the meaning of such reckless conduct, calling the man a fool. "I'm no sic a fool hae ye think," replied that individual. "I am safer here. I've marked for yer company before!"

MARKER SHOT

ON one of the volunteer ranges in the North of England there is, or was, an old Irish sergeant, who went through three wars, viz. the Crimean, the Indian Mutiny, and the China. During the whole of that service he never received a single wound. Sometimes the old sergeant acted as marker at the targets, and his utter recklessness while officiating in that capacity became a proverb. At all remonstrances he sniffed contemptuously. "Me be shot?" he would ask. "Why, Oi've bin through three wars, and never was shot yet." One day, however, the calamity occurred, the sergeant receiving a bullet through his shoulder. Several of the anxious volunteers hastened to his aid. "Shot," he groaned, with a look of shame; "shot, and by a Saturday-afternoon soldier!"

TWO LIARS

PATRICK O'MARA, a private in a certain noted Irish battalion, went to his colonel and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of one. "Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?" Patrick answered, "Me woife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't moind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit ov assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few moments, and said, "Patrick,

I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance, and raised the devil whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs." "That settles it!" exclaimed Pat; "Oi suppose Oi can't get the furlough, sorr?" "No, I'm afraid not, Patrick," said the colonel; "it wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances." It was Patrick's turn now to eye the officer, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said, "Colonel, can Oi say something to yez?" "Certainly; what is it?" "You won't get mad, colonel, if Oi say it?" "Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?" "Oi want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, an' Oi'm wan of thim. Oi never was married in me loife!"

MILITIA COLONEL

SOLDIERS belonging to line battalions are never tired of telling stories at the expense of the militia. Here is one: While a certain militia corps was encamped on a well-known common, a woman with her children came out there for an outing. During the time she was playing with the children a militiaman, who happened to pass that way, stole a loaf and ran off. Observing him, the woman commenced calling out, "Stop, thief!" The colonel of the regiment was close at hand, and, hearing the cry, rode up, asking the reason. "That thief of a soldier has stolen my loaf," replied the woman. "Never mind," said the colonel, giving her half a crown; "this will get another for you. But for goodness sake don't call 'Stop, thief!' or I shan't have a man left in the battalion!"

UNFRIENDLY

THE colour-sergeant of a militia battalion was calling the roll of the company on commanding officer's parade, when it was noticed that Private Fitzgerald did not answer to his name. "Fitzgerald!" shouted the non-commissioned officer three times in stentorian tones, without receiving a reply. "Why do you not answer to your name, Fitzgerald?" at last inquired the captain. "Shure, sorr, me and the sergeant's not on spakin' terms," was the unexpected reply the astonished captain received!

DEVONSHIRE YEOMANRY

THE dialect of Devonshire is so dear to persons born within sound of it that, whatever their after training, they drop into its familiar phrases when under the pressure of strong excitement. A colonel of a Devon yeomanry corps was one day reviewing his

regiment, and seeing a hare jump out in the midst of the men, he shouted wildly, "There he go'th, a lashing great shaver!" Then, forgetting the exact point at which he had ceased giving the word of command, he turned about and asked, "Where wor I, bugler?" "Present arms, sir," was the reply, and the inspection continued.

NO RETREAT

ANOTHER time a Devon yeomanry regiment was enacting a sham fight, when a Captain Prettyjohn was ordered to retreat before a charge of the enemy. "Retrait! What doth that mane?" said the captain excitedly. "Retrait meanth rinning away. I zim; then it shall never be told up to Dodbrook Market that Captain Pridgen and his brave men rinned away." Accordingly, as the enemy came on, bearing down upon him at a rapid trot, he shouted to his troop, "Charge, my brave boys, charge! Us bain't voxes, and they bain't hounds! Us'll face 'em like men." The collision, as one might guess, was awful; men, horses, and accoutrements strewed the ground on every side, and several troopers were more or less injured.

CAPTURED GUNS

TWO old siege guns, relics of the Crimean War, are to be seen in the street of a Scottish town. One market day a rustic, paying an infrequent visit to the place, was much interested in these guns, so much so, indeed, as to attract the notice of a soldier, who not only volunteered information regarding them in most glowing colours, but also offered to sell them to the rustic at a very small price! The countryman, thinking it would be pleasant to have such relics at his home, passed the purchase price over to the soldier, who promptly disappeared. Next day the deluded rustic arrived with a two-horse dray to remove the cannon, but he was immediately pulled up by an interested policeman, who, when he had heard the account of the affair, said, "I doot you'll find it's you and not the guns that's sold, my friend!"

SLIGHT MISTAKE

IN the published life of the late Sir E. B. Hamley there appears one of his favourite stories, which had reference to Captain Brook, riding-master at the Cadet College. Brook was anxious to enter his son at Wellington College, and started one day to walk to the establishment from the station. Seeing Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum, he confounded it with the college, walked

up, and rang the bell. He asked the porter if he could see the principal. When the latter appeared Brook thought him a queer-looking figure for an instructor of youth, but he said, "I wish to put my boy under your charge, if you can take him." "Oh yes," said the man; "is he a bad case?" "Bad case!" exclaimed Brook. "What on earth do you mean? There's not a better boy in England. The only thing I fear is that he may be too old." "Why, how old is he?" asked the principal. "He is eighteen." "Pish! we take them up to eighty." "Why," said Brook again, in high dudgeon, "if he does not come here till eighty, what time do you suppose he's going to get his commission?"

OFFICERS' GAMBLING

A STORY is told of the late General Bunbury, when he commanded a crack rifle corps. Inspection passed off satisfactorily. There were no complaints, and the battalion was evidently in good order. "But," said the inspecting general, "I am bound to tell you, Colonel Bunbury, that rumours have reached me of gambling being carried on extensively among your officers." "That may have been the case, sir," said the colonel, "some months ago; but I can assure you there is nothing of the kind in vogue now." "What makes you so confident?" asked the general. "Well," responded Colonel Bunbury, "I've won all the ready money in the regiment, and would not allow any gambling on credit!"

SENTRY'S DIFFICULTY

A YOUNG soldier from the Highlands of Scotland was doing his first period of sentry duty at Buckingham Palace when, between ten and twelve p.m., he saw approaching from two points the "rounds" and a returning guard. Donald was puzzled what to do for a moment, but realising that something was to be done, he ported arms, and sang out, "Wha comes there, twa ways at once?"

SENTRY'S EXCUSE

CAPTAIN H— was a very round-shouldered and very eccentric officer. On a very dark night in Egypt, whilst practising his company in outpost duty, he approached one of his sentries, who failed to halt him. In a great rage, the officer demanded of the now trembling sentry the reason he had omitted to challenge him. "If you please, sir," stammered the bewildered soldier, "I thought you was a camel!"

THE COLONEL STAGGERED

AN odd story is told of a regiment once quartered in Scotland. In the corps was an expert gymnast, who taught his brother subalterns how to walk across the mess-room on their hands. While the young officers were thus engaged one evening the door suddenly opened and the colonel, a stern disciplinarian, entered the room. He looked attentively at the inverted company, shook his head gravely, and departed without uttering a word.

Extra parade duty next morning was the least punishment expected for this breach of discipline. Some days passed, however, and no notice being taken, it was thought an apology and explanation should be offered by the prime instigator of these unsoldierlike movements. A reference being made to the memorable night, the colonel amazed the intended apologist by exclaiming, "Hush, my dear fellow; I would not have anybody know it for the world! The fact is, I had been dining out with an old brother officer, who had served with me in India, and, 'pon my life, I had no idea the wine could have had such an effect upon me; but when I looked in to see if you were all right in your quarters, I could have sworn that I saw you all upside down!"

GENTLEMAN RANKER

"IN our company," once said a gentleman private, looking back on the days when he marched with the Queen's colours, "was an old drill-sergeant who had occasion to reprove me often, and who finally inflicted a blast of profanity at which my self-respect rebelled. Knowing that swearing was a breach of discipline, I waited confidently upon the colonel, with the manner of one gentleman calling upon another.

"After the usual salute, I opened complaint by saying: 'Colonel, Mr. Hackett has——' The colonel interrupted me angrily, and with fire in his eye exclaimed, 'Mister! There are no misters in the Army.' 'I thought, sir——' I began again apologetically. 'Think! think!' he cried; 'what right have you to think? I do the thinking for this regiment. Go to your quarters.' I did not tarry. There seemed to be no common ground on which he and I could argue questions of personal etiquette; but I should do injustice to his character as a commander if I failed to illustrate another manner of reproof which he sometimes applied.

"One day, noticing a corporal in soiled gloves, he said, 'Corporal, you set a bad example to the men with your soiled

gloves. Why do you?' 'I've had no pay, sir, since entering the service, and can't afford to hire washing.' The colonel drew from his pocket a pair of gloves spotlessly white, and handing them to the corporal, said, 'Put on those. I washed them myself.' It was an unforgotten lesson to the whole regiment, that it was a soldier's duty to attend himself to his personal neatness."

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

A STORY was once told of a very popular cavalry officer. He was being tried for drunkenness, and among other witnesses was his Irish soldier-servant. The court, anxious to give the officer every chance, put several questions to this witness with a view to eliciting any facts that might be in his master's favour. When the Irishman said that his master, on going to bed, had expressed a wish to be called early, the court were distinctly pleased. A man who gave special instructions to be called early could not, surely—they argued to themselves—have been very drunk. Hoping to get further favourable particulars, they put another question. "And why did Captain —— wish to be called early?" they asked. "Faith!" returned the witness, "an' he tould me it was because he was to be Queen of the May." That settled it!

YOUNG OFFICER

A YOUNG officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbour. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished officer, "that fool has lifted both his legs!"

PROUD FATHER

A NOTHER young officer, who had his first experience of a court-martial, was unaware of the fact that when a question has to be decided by vote in the Army, it is the custom to ask the opinion of the junior officer first of all, gradually working up to the senior officer present. After the trial, therefore, he wrote home in high glee, to tell a proud father how rapidly he was getting on. The father naturally repeated the story to his friends. "Although my son is the junior officer in his corps," said he, with pride, "his colonel thinks a lot of him, I assure you. The other day, for instance, he was engaged on a court-martial, and I give you my word, sir, he was called upon to vote before any of the others!"

OFFICER'S NICKNAME

SOME years ago, in Malta, a major of a British infantry regiment ordered a sergeant into a boat, and further ordered him to row the boat away from shore to a distance of one hundred yards, as he was desirous of testing the swimming powers of his men. The sergeant complied with the order given him to the best of his ability, but, however, the major was doubtful of the distance, and, shouting to the sergeant, said, "You are not one hundred yards out, sergeant." The sergeant replied, "I beg your pardon, sir. Over one hundred, if anything." "You are not," exclaimed the major, who could not bear to be contradicted; "I am sure you are not. You had better—er, er—pace it, sir, pace it!" The soldiers at once christened that officer "Old Pace It," and the nickname stuck to him the remainder of his career in the Army.

ANOTHER SERGEANT

AT a brigade camp formed not many miles from Portsmouth the adjutant of one of the battalions, being short-sighted, habitually wore a single eye-glass. One evening, when emerging from the regimental orderly tent, it happened he was without his optical assistant. Seeing a staff-sergeant who had just passed, he thought it was the band-sergeant whom he had just previously sent for, so he called out, "Band-sergeant! band-sergeant!" The staff-sergeant, seeing that no one else was near, turned about, saluted, and said, "Beg pardon, sir; I'm not the band sergeant." "No, no!" exclaimed the adjutant, recognising by the voice that he had made a mistake: "of course not. What a fool I am!" "Yes, sir," replied the staff-sergeant promptly, but unwittingly, as he smartly saluted and strode away!

COLONEL'S AUNT

AN apt and witty retort was that made to the colonel of a regiment on one occasion by an old Quaker aunt, to whom he was complaining. He was an unpopular officer, filled with a sense of his own importance, and most overbearing in manner to his inferior officers, who disliked him heartily in return, and in consequence shirked their duties whenever opportunity offered. "I have a most unsatisfactory set of men under me," he complained, standing before the little old lady in a pompous attitude. "I am practically forced to do all the work which should be done by them a great part of the time. I am my own major, my own lieutenant, and my own sergeant!" He stopped and

frowned down upon his listener. "And thee is thine own trumpeter also, William, I fear," said the old lady, with a merry twinkle.

OFFICER'S REMEDY

SOME years ago there was a popular officer in India who could never turn out in the morning, and being constantly late for parade, was, in consequence, always getting into trouble. At last he hit upon a novel idea, which, put at once into practice, had the desired effect. He entered into an arrangement with his native servant that, when the reveille sounded, the latter should dash a sponge full of cold water into his face. For this service he was to receive five rupees a month in addition to his ordinary pay, but there was one stipulation, and that was, if the servant allowed himself to be caught by his master, he should make no complaint if he was thrashed within an inch of his life.

The servant gladly acquiesced in this strange arrangement, for he was an active man and could run fleetly. It was afterwards a sight to be seen every morning—Abdallah with terror-stricken countenance flying for his life round the bungalow, with the irate master in hot pursuit! It is recorded that he was only caught once in a period of several months, during which time there was no more regular attendant on parade than the officer in question.

PRESENCE OF MIND

A BATTALION was route marching some years ago in a certain district in England. On the line of march selected it so happened there was an impediment in the form of a railway, which had to be crossed. The officer in command, an eccentric character, halted the battalion until a train had passed. After a short halt, and thinking the line sufficiently clear, he gave the order to advance. The front company were leisurely marching over the metals when a colour-sergeant called out to the officer with a considerable amount of alarm, "There's an express approaching, sir!" The officer never lost his head for a moment, but with great coolness exclaimed, "Oh, never mind!" Then he gave the astounding order, "Mark time!"

QUITE SELECT

MANY curious stories have been told of scandals in connection with certain crack regiments. Once a young gentleman, who had passed from Sandhurst sufficiently high to entitle him to ask for any corps he preferred, selected a well-known cavalry regiment. He was advised to go and have a look at it, and was

duly invited to mess on a guest night. In the course of the evening the senior officer put a loud question to the effect that he wanted to know who the bouncer was with the lion-comique shirt front, and on being informed, let it be known the neophyte did not commend himself to the colonel. The next morning, as the youngster had slept in the barracks, a deputation waited on him to tell him he was not wanted in the regiment.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

A WELL-KNOWN officer used to relate the following story with much gusto. First Lieutenant F—, of the Guards, to Second Lieutenant S—, also of the Guards: "I say, S—, is it true that your father was only a shopkeeper?" Second Lieutenant S—: "Quite true. What of it?" Lieutenant F—: "Oh, nothing; only it was a great pity, I think, that he didn't make you one!" Lieutenant S—: "You think so? Well, opinions differ. But let me ask you, what was your father?" Lieutenant F—: "My father! Why, my father, of course, was a gentleman." Lieutenant S—: "Ah—and what a pity he did not make you one!"

SPARE OFFICER

CAPTAIN L—, a late officer in the Army, might have fairly laid claim to the title of "Champion Skeleton of the British Army," so tall and lean was he. He was considerably over six feet in height, but scarcely weighed nine stone. An Irish sentry was one day walking briskly up and down in front of the orderly-room door, after assuming his duty, when an adjutant rushed hastily out, exclaiming, "Orderly! Orderly!" "Here, sorr," answered that imperturbable personage. "Did you see Captain L— pass out here lately?" inquired the adjutant. "Yes, sorr; he wint past just about two minutes ago," was the reply. "Did you notice whether he was dressed for parade? I mean to say, was he carrying his sword?" said the officer. "Begorra, sorr," replied the orderly, whilst his countenance lighted up with a beaming smile, "I don't know about him carrying his sword; he was buckled to wan, anyhow!"

THE LIEUTENANT'S GRANDMOTHER

AN amusing incident is said to have taken place in Berlin. At a ball a colonel advanced towards a young lieutenant who bore on his breast a sole decoration—a large badge richly set with diamonds. "Tell me, young man," he said, "what is that thing you have got there?" "It is an order, my colonel," replied the

lieutenant. "An order!" exclaimed the colonel; "it is not Prussian, then, for I do not know it." "It is an English order, my colonel," responded the juvenile officer. "Ah, indeed!" said his superior, "who, for goodness sake, could have given you such an order?" "My grandmother, my colonel," was the reply. "Your grandmother!" ejaculated the colonel, bursting out laughing; "what is her name?" "Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of England," promptly answered the young lieutenant, who was none other than Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. The colonel suddenly disappeared, having no further questions to ask!

COLONEL'S SPELLING

AN excellent story has been told by someone of the weakness in spelling of an old Indian colonel. One day a brigademajor approached him with the remark, "Very sorry to hear that you've been suffering from gout, colonel?" "Gout, sir! What do you mean, sir?" roared the colonel. "Why on earth should I have gout? Never had gout in my life, confound you!" "Well, I'm sorry to have offended you, colonel," replied the other officer, "but only this morning I received in the brigade office your application for leave, and you distinctly asked for it on the ground that you had been suffering from gout." "I daresay I did," answered the peppery colonel; "but what of that? You couldn't expect me to spell a word like rheumatism!"

DISCERNING SENTRY

A SOLDIER related the following exciting experience, which occurred in India:—

"After being dismissed recruit drill and declared to be fit for doing duty as a soldier, I was selected for sentry on the magazine. Several men had been found murdered at this post, and the adjutant invariably advised the guard to keep their eyes and ears open, especially between eleven p.m. and one a.m., the time selected for the murders.

"The post was at least a quarter of a mile from the guard-room, and a lonely one too. The ground around the magazine was covered with boulders, and I took stock of my surroundings during the day-time when on duty. When I was posted at eleven p.m. the night was beautifully bright, for the moon and stars illuminated the landscape with a mellow silvery light, and I could see distinctly about one hundred and fifty yards all round my post.

"I had counted the boulders in the vicinity of my post during

the day, and on counting them again at midnight I found an extra one. Each time I went round the magazine I observed that the extra boulder was closer to my box than it was previously—until it was quite close to it. My suspicions were aroused, and reversing my musket I drove the point of my bayonet into the supposed boulder. It was very soft. When the relief came round I pointed to the object in front of the sentry-box, and the corporal, on striking a match, found that I had impaled a native, who had, no doubt, killed so many of the regiment. This put an end to the murders."

SUBALTERN'S RETORT

A YOUNG subaltern in a smart regiment, who had no means but his pay, and had, therefore, to content himself with modest quarters, received a visit one day from some fashionable brother officers. On taking their leave one of the visitors said, "Well, Charles, how much longer do you mean to stop in this nutshell?" "My dear fellow," replied the host wittily, "till I become a kernel!"

SERGEANT'S DEFINITION

THE average soldier has quaint ideas concerning the privileges of an officer. An amusing incident occurred once in a certain regiment, when a private was brought up before his colonel. The sergeant in charge, looking ferociously at the culprit, said, "Yes, sir, I do believe as 'ow 'e thinks 'e's an officer. He gives us 'is lip, and swaggers about, and smokes cigars, and gets drunk when 'e pleases!"

OFFICER'S NICKNAME

THE following story took place at Gibraltar. The orderly-officer (a very young one) was making his rounds of inspection for the first time. On entering a room he noticed some cobwebs in one corner. "What's the meaning of this, gunner," he asked, wishing to show his zeal, at the same time pointing to a very conspicuous spider's web. "Well, sir," responded the ready gunner, "we al'us keep a few webs in case any of the men cut themselves when shaving." "Oh," exclaimed the officer, "very good thing too." Then he passed on. When he entered the next room he noticed there were no cobwebs, and asked the cook's mate where they were. The soldier stood to attention, and looked astonished, but did not reply. It then suddenly dawned upon the officer that the gunner of the other room had "done him a winger," so he made a very hasty retreat, the men laughing immoderately! From that forth the unfortunate officer bore the nickname of "Cobwebs."

WHAT HE THOUGHT

THERE is an old soldier in Liverpool who has a small pension, of which he is very proud, and by doing such work as he can he manages to secure a sufficient income to provide for his modest wants. One day he slipped at the top of a rather long flight of stairs, and in the twinkling of an eye fell almost to the bottom. The lady of the house where he is occasionally employed immediately hurried to him in great alarm, and asked if he thought he was seriously hurt. "No, ma'am," he said, rising stiffly to his feet and gasping with fright; "I don't think I'm killed. But when I was half-way down, ma'am, thinks I, 'I'm a-going to lose my pension, sure!'"

A SOLDIER'S QUESTION

ONE day in Farnborough an evangelist happened to be preaching to a large but not very select assembly. In the course of his remarks he told the audience that before he became a changed man he served as a soldier of the Evil One for nineteen years. He was proceeding when a voice from the assemblage shouted, "Then why didn't you stop the other two years and get your pension?"

UNLUCKY REMARK

SOME non-commissioned officers have been very unfortunate in losing their full pensions when about to leave the Army. A case in point is that of a sergeant who was being reprimanded for a slight breach of discipline by the sergeant-major, who finished his remarks with the stereotype threat, "I've a good mind to put you under arrest." "Well," replied the delinquent incautiously, "if I were you, sir, I would never spoil a good mind!" This retort resulted in a court-martial, when the sergeant was reduced to the ranks. He thus eventually left the Army on a private's pension of one shilling a day, whereas, if he had held his tongue, he would have received a sergeant's pension of more than double the other amount.

VOLUNTEER'S DIFFICULTY

WHEN the City Imperial Volunteers came back to London from South Africa the troops lining the route had great difficulty in keeping back the immense crowds. In one street a volunteer was endeavouring in vain to stop the encroachment of a stout gentleman who was being pressed forward by the crowd behind. "I tell you I can't get back," said the trespasser. "The people at the back are pushing me forward." Then an officer came

along. "Won't get back?" he exclaimed. "Then make him. Put the butt of your rifle in his chest. Don't tell me you can't. You are the stronger man!" The private hesitated. "Yes, sir, I know." Then, desperately, he added, "But he's the head cashier at our office, sir!"

WHISKERS IN THE ARMY

RESPECTING military beards and barbering, an old soldier once wrote in the London *Daily Telegraph*:—"Throughout the last century, when a soldier wore a pigtail, the face was shaven clean. About the time of the Peninsular War side whiskers were worn. A few years later moustaches were grown by the cavalry, but the infantry had their upper lips scraped until the time of the Crimean War. Then it was reported that a certain colonel of a foot regiment, when he saw his men wearing moustaches, actually shed tears by reason of what he considered their utterly un-English appearance.

"The adoption of the moustache by the infantry was looked upon with concern by the cavalrymen, which feeling was neatly hit off by a comic cartoon of that period, in which a 'sub' of dragoons was made to remark to a comrade, 'I see the infantry are going to grow moustaches. Then we'll have to shave!' Without official sanction the 'imperial' was once worn by Thomas Atkins, but that facial adornment had to be summarily got rid of by virtue of a Horse Guards' order issued in the summer of 1869. Side whiskers were discontinued by the officers and men of the Army about the beginning of the eighties."

HELL-FIRE JACK, V.C.

DURING the Boer War (1899-1902) an amusing incident was witnessed in a London suburban train, a venerable but active old gentleman being the leading actor in the scene. Two labourers were discussing the events that had occurred at the front, and were taking an anything but rosy view of the situation from the British point of view. This was too much for the old gentleman, who had evidently been listening intently to the conversation. Clenching his fist he half rose in his seat and exclaimed, "I care not a damn how many nations come against us! We'll fight them all! I'm not a man of bloodthirsty nature, but we'll hold our own against all comers!" But the labourers could not accept that view, and left the railway carriage very depressed.

Perhaps if they had been aware that the fiery old gentleman was no other than General Sir William Olpherts, v.c., known by

the nickname of "Hell-fire Jack," they would have become convinced. He was then nearly eighty, and died a year or so later, in 1902, not before learning, however, that British arms had conquered in South Africa. Sir William won the V.C. and his nickname in the Indian Mutiny, where on every occasion he exposed himself with the utmost recklessness. Lord Napier of Magdala said of him: "I have often seen Olpherts in action, but never without his deserving the coveted V.C."

GRATEFUL SERGEANT

BEFORE Sir Baker Russell left England to command in India he took the opportunity of consulting Sir William Olpherts, v.c., for the purpose of profiting by the veteran's experience. Amongst other advice given to the dashing ex-cavalry officer was a solemn injunction to "always remember the regimental prisoners." Sir William was not proffering precept without practice. When in command of a division in India he once, in his private capacity, while on leave, paid a visit to a brother officer. Crossing a barrack square where a regiment was quartered he was suddenly surrounded by men, who, disregarding all regulations, cheered him again and again.

One with great energy and determination pushed his way through the throng, and seizing the General's hand impulsively shook it several times, repeating with excessive volubility, "God bless you, sir! God bless you, sir!" Sir William, rather taken aback, observed, "Really, I don't know you." The soldier, his face flushed with pleasure and excitement, promptly answered, "Ah, but I know you, sir." Pointing to his sergeant's chevrons, he went on: "I owe these to you, sir. You made a man of me. I was a prisoner, and you gave me another chance. I turned over a new leaf, and have never looked back since. Yes, all to you, sir!" Sir William was immensely pleased at the incident.

BAGPIPES

THE natives of South Africa were considerably amazed at the bagpipes of the Highland regiments. One old chief thus expressed himself: "White man carry his god under his arm; pinch him and then he squeal for enemy's blood. Very bad that!"

The above recalls the story of a Highlander, who, having to teach a chum to play the pipes, began to instruct him in reading the music in the following way: "You see that chap with a white, round, open face?"—pointing to a semibreve between the lines—"well, he

moves slowly from that line to this, while you beat one and take a long blow. Now if you put a leg on him you make two of him, and he moves twice as fast. If you black his face he runs four times as fast as the white-faced one; then if you bend his knee or tie his legs he will hop eight times faster than the white-faced one. Now when you blow the pipes, remember that the tighter those chap's legs are tied the faster they run and the quicker they are sure to dance!"

INDIAN SERVANT

AN officer in India, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during a campaign, either by wear and tear or by accident, had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced, and the party seated in the *al fresco* dining-room of the camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master inquired in an angry voice why there was no tablecloth. The answer was, "Massa not got"; with which reply, after apologising to his guests, he was compelled for the present to be content. The next morning, however, he called his servant and rated him soundly for exposing his poverty to the company, desiring him another time to say that all the tablecloths were gone to the wash.

At another dinner-party some time afterwards, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, were absent. "Where are all the spoons?" cried the angry master. "Gone washerwoman, sir!" was the prompt reply of the servant, who remembered the instructions given on the former occasion. There was a titter among the guests, and a teacup did duty for the soup-ladle.

BARRACK BREAKER

AN Irish recruit was once brought up before his commanding officer for breaking into barracks—that is, getting over the wall instead of entering by the gate. "But, Murphy," said the officer, "though you were late, you should have come in by the gate. Why didn't you do so?" "Plaise, yer honour," said Murphy, "I was afeard of waking th' sintry!"

DEMPSEY'S DRINK

PRIVATE DEMPSEY, of the "Dublins," had done a few odd jobs at his captain's quarters, for which he was duly rewarded in coin. His captain then said apologetically, "I'd give you a drop of whisky, Dempsey, only the mistress has gone out, and I don't

know where she puts the keys. The only liquor left out is this bottle of Benedictine, and I don't think you'd care about the stuff, although it is made by the Benedictine monks." "I'll try it, av ye plase," replied Pat, who was not going to let the opportunity of obtaining a drink pass by. A small liqueur glassful was handed to him, and he swallowed the fluid with evident relish. "Ah, sorr," said he, as he smacked his lips, "bless th' man fur makin' th' dhrink, but th' divil take th' one that made this glass!"

SOLDIER'S SAVINGS

As is well known, British soldiers are encouraged to deposit their savings in the regimental bank, and many thousands of pounds yearly are thus placed in a secure place in readiness for the proverbial "rainy day." The managers of these banks often have amusing experiences. A young soldier of careful habits, who had deposited several pounds, suddenly gave notice to withdraw the money. The amount, with the accrued interest, was tendered to him by the captain at the next weekly payment, but the officer was considerably surprised and amused when the soldier, after carefully counting the money, returned it with the remark: "All right, sir, you can put it back again; I only wanted to make sure that it was safe!"

DEFERRED PAY

WHEN a soldier is transferred to the Army Reserve he receives an amount of money in the way of deferred pay—generally about £21. One day, in a barrack-yard, a sergeant-major was watching a squad of recruits at drill. The drill-sergeant had just pointed out that a soldier always steps off with the left foot except when taking a side pace to the right. Seeing a dull-looking fellow staring blankly before him, and apparently paying no attention, the sergeant-major thought he would catch him. "When does a soldier step off with his right foot, Private Smith?" he asked. "When he gets his deferred pay, sir," was the unexpected reply.

RELIGION IN THE RANKS

AN officer who was present when a militia regiment was about to be inspected before marching off to divine service tells the following story:—"One man was loitering about, and the sergeant asked him in forcible terms why he did not fall in. He replied that he was a Unitarian. 'Unitarians?' asked the sergeant, in surprise. 'What's that? There are only three religions; fall in with the Roman Catholics.'" "

SERGEANT'S CLASSIFICATION

ANOTHER incident occurred on a pouring wet December Saturday night in barracks, when a late after-order had been issued altering the hours of divine service on the following day. The battalion orderly sergeant at tattoo roll-call was reading the amendments "to such," as the proclamation says, as they might concern, by the light of a store lantern. His audience stood shivering and demonstrating the frailty of the Government great-coat. "District after-order," bellowed the sergeant. "Hours of divine service to-morrow. Denominations will parade as under: Church of England 10.30, Kautholics 8.15." The rain beat down relentlessly as he turned over the page of the order book. He observed at a glance that the Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists were all to parade at the same hour, so the rest of the information he imparted in *precis* form—"Fancy religions ten o'clock! Right turn. Dismiss!"

CHAPLAIN AND SERGEANT-MAJOR

A NEW parson who joined at a large home station was most anxious to improve the general conduct of the parade service. Amongst other things, he decided to adopt the eastward position during the recitation of the Creed. Only the choir, who in a garrison church are those members of the band whose instruments are unsuitable for church music, would be affected, as they alone occupied side pews. There was no aggrieved parishioner to consult, and the matter could be easily arranged at the weekly practice.

But the chaplain was disappointed. The effect, however much it might have satisfied him as an ecclesiastic, displeased him as a soldier. His idea was to repeat the first two words himself and make a pause; then, as he spoke again, the choir were to turn as one man and proceed with the declaration of their convictions simultaneously. But from the chaplain's point of view the rehearsal was most slovenly, and he confided the fact to the sergeant-major, on whom he was paying a call next day.

Then the sergeant-major advised. "If I might suggest, sir, I'd just let things be 'as you were' this Sunday, and I'll step up next practice." The chaplain gratefully acquiesced, and at the next practice the sergeant-major accordingly stepped. No possible circumstance or set of conditions can eradicate or even dull the military instincts of a sergeant-major. He had a short conversation with the chaplain, and then addressed the choir. "Now, men!" The mere sound of his voice was electric. No little

band boy now lolled on the choir desk. The third finger of the hands were on the seams of the trousers and the heads erect. Even the man struggling with the bassoon sat to attention.

The sergeant-major proceeded: "When you 'ear the 'oly man say 'Hi b'lieve,' not a move—them words is only cautionary; but when 'e starts on 'Gord the Father,' round yer go on yer 'eels." Then to the chaplain—"Now, sir, you try." The chaplain was wise enough to note that the sacred words had been uttered and received in perfect good faith and without a semblance of profanity, so he thanked the sergeant-major and "tried" forthwith. Success was instantaneous. [Told by Captain Philip Trevor, in the *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1898.]

RECRUITING-SERGEANTS' CONTEST

ONE afternoon in December two young men came sheepishly into the barrack-square. That they were regular country bumpkins was patent at a glance. A smart sergeant of hussars, spotting them as likely subjects for that branch of Her Majesty's Service which he himself adorned, hastened up, and accosted them. "Well, my lads! You'd like to join the Army, I daresay. How would you like to come into my regiment, wear a smart uniform, carry a sword, and have a fine horse to ride? Come, what do you say?" "That would be proime, wouldn't it, Bill?" eagerly exclaimed the first yokel. "Us'll come, mister." "That's right, my men! Come along and have a drink with me."

Just at this moment up came recruiting-sergeant number two, a gunner, who also had his eye on the men, and likewise on his recruiting fee. "Hie, you men!" he broke in with, "what's that chap there been sayin' to yer? He's been a-kiddin' you, 'e 'as! You're fond of 'osses, I dessay? Well, then, just you come along with me, and you'll 'ave two 'osses each to ride, and when you're tired of riding, why you can sit on the gun-carriage. What do you think of that, now?" "Orl roight, sergeant. That'll suit us, won't it, Bill?" "Ay, that it will!" replied his companion, apparently dazzled by the thought of the stud of horses waiting for him, and the prospect of wearing a gold-braided jacket like the sergeant's.

At this point my friend, Sergeant Gibson, arrived on the scene, and, quickly divining the circumstances, exclaimed: "Come, my fine fellows! Don't you believe a word of what these two chaps have been a-telling you! You take my advice now, and just let me send you into my corps. I've got two vacancies in the regi-

ment, one for sergeant-major, and one for quartermaster. You can toss up, between you, which you'll have!" "I got them two blokes," said old Gibson with a chuckle. "They're in India now. They've been six years in the regiment, and they're both privates still."—*The Queen's Service.*

PRAYING FOR THE COLONEL

A CERTAIN colonel had in his regiment a very religious captain, who used to hold prayer-meetings with his men. Said the colonel one day: "Is it true, Captain S——, that the men have taken to praying?" The captain admitted the fact. "And I am told that they even pray for me!" continued the irate commander. "It will in future be your duty, sir, if any man dare to pray for me, to order him under immediate arrest!"

ORDER FOR BAPTISM

COLONEL INGERSOLL, who died in 1899, was said to have been the hero of a well-known story of the American army at the time of the Civil War. The Northern army was encamped on the Cumberland River, and great rivalry existed among the different regiments. The colonel of an Illinois corps happened to meet the chaplain, who informed him that religion was making great progress in a Massachusetts regiment. "Eight men," said the chaplain, "were baptised in the Cumberland River this morning." The colonel scratched his head a moment, and then yelled, "Sergeant, order out nine men for baptism to-morrow morning. I'll be damned if we'll be beaten by any measly Massachusetts regiments in the field!" Colonel Ingersoll raised and led the 11th Illinois Regiment in the war.

CHURCH PARADE INCIDENT

HERE is a good story *à propos* of a visit of a London volunteer corps to Aldershot for a course of training. The men had assembled for church parade one Sunday, and as usual there were a few who wished to excuse themselves. Each case was dealt with on its merits, and at last only two men, both of whom evidently thought a bad excuse was better than none at all, were left. They pleaded that they were Unitarians, and asked to be relieved on that account. The commanding officer was a man of ready resource, and at once called up the sergeant-major, and with an immovable face asked what was a Unitarian. "Unitarians, sir," promptly replied the old soldier, who was up to every dodge; "why, sir, they're the chaps who stays at home and does

all the dirty work." And sure enough they did! There was no skulking during the remainder of the time the regiment was under canvas.

RANKER'S REMONSTRANCE

A SOMETIME swell young officer of the Guards, having fallen upon evil times, was compelled to throw up his commission and enlist as a private. He found it impossible, however, to forget his former position, and on one occasion, being requested by the sergeant to perform some necessary duties with a spade, he remarked, "Er—sergeant, you forget—er—I have held Her Majesty's commission." The sergeant looked at him, not without respect, and said, "Well now, young man, I reckon you'll have to hold Her Majesty's bloomin' shovel!"

HORSE ALLOWANCE

A SENIOR commissariat officer on a West India station wrote to the War Office: "The senior commissariat officer requests forage allowance for a second horse, as the distance from Up-park Camp to Newcastle is seventeen miles; and, as the senior commissariat officer has to visit Newcastle three times a week, the work is too much for one horse."

In due course the following reply was received by the senior commissariat officer: "I am directed by the Under-Secretary of State to inform you that your application for forage for a second horse cannot be entertained, as the distance from Up-park Camp to Newcastle, 'as the crow flies,' is only ten miles." To this the officer replied: "Sir, I beg to inform you that I do not ride a crow: I ride a horse." This brought him the extra grant!

NEW YEAR CELEBRATION

IN English and Scottish regiments it is customary at Christmas and New Year time for the officers of the respective corps to "stand treat" to the men, providing substantial dinners, which are sometimes done on an elaborate scale. A good story in this connection is told of the Scots Greys, which happened to be stationed at Limerick. They had arranged with an English regiment, also lying there, to take up their sentry duty on Christmas Day, the English agreeing to return the compliment on New Year's Day, which is the Scotsman's festival night.

When the day came the Scots Greys were in high glee, and after the liquids had been rather copiously tested, they were in the mood for a "lark." Some of the Scots, therefore, secured a few bucketfuls of yellow paint, and, making their way to O'Con-

nell's monument in the town, painted the statue a bright orange yellow from head to foot. Next day the natives of Limerick, wild at seeing their patriot "Dan" transformed into a "dirty Orange bhoy," and suspecting who were the authors of the mischief, vowed to change the colour of the men of the Scots Greys into black and blue! The authorities intervened, however, and no one was allowed out of barracks that day. At night the Scots Greys were quietly entrained for Dublin.

REGIMENTAL RIVALRY

AN hereditary rivalry exists between some regiments in the British Army, and, as the consequences of a meeting are sometimes very serious, the War Office takes care to keep the contending parties apart on different stations. A feud has existed for some years, for instance, between the Liverpool and Devonshire Regiments. A sort of feud also exists between the Black Watch and the Rifle Brigade, and it is said to be a menace to the peace for the two corps to be stationed in the same town.

A story is told of a soldier of the Black Watch who, at a theatre, in passing a private of the Rifle Brigade, stepped heavily and, perhaps intentionally, upon the foot of the latter. Up sprang the rifleman. "You stepped on my foot!" he hissed menacingly. "Well," said the Highlander apologetically, "I did ma best tae leap ower it, but a Hielan' mon is only human. I'm nae a kangaroo!" A battle immediately ensued. It should be mentioned, however, that these feuds remain in abeyance when the regiments concerned are engaged in fighting a common enemy.

ONE THING FORGOTTEN

AT a certain military depôt, where discharged men receive their necessary clothing for civilian life, the non-commissioned officer in charge had cause to make constant reports as to the clothing stores being infested with rats. A board of officers accordingly sat, and, after solemnly considering the matter, recommended that an allowance should be made for the purchase of rat-traps at the rate of one trap to every twenty suits. The allowance was granted, and the N.C.O. was instructed to report monthly the number of rats caught.

As several blank returns were rendered one after the other, an officer was sent down to investigate the case. "How many traps have you?" he inquired, on making his appearance before the N.C.O. "Twenty-one, sir," was the reply. "Where do you set them?" was next asked. "Here, sir, there, and there," replied

the N.C.O., pointing to various places. "What bait do you use?" "Bait, sir!" exclaimed the N.C.O.; "I beg your pardon, sir, but no allowance has been made for bait!"

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

A VERDANT-LOOKING young man, who spoke a rich and undiluted brogue, enlisted in a regiment of hussars under the name of Roland de Montmorency. An officer, suspicious of the genuineness of this high-sounding patronymic, asked the recruit: "Is your name really De Montmorency, my man?" "Well, yer honour, at prisint it is!" "Come, now, what were you christened?" "Oi don't remimber, sorr; Oi was a baby at the time!" "Is your father's name De Montmorency?" asked the officer. "Bedad, no, sorr! It's Pathrick O'Flynn." "What was your reason for discarding your real name?" "It was froight, sorr," said Pat. "You were frightened at what?" continued the officer, becoming keenly interested.

"Ov gettin' nabbed, sorr. If yez will hould yer whisht, Oi'll tell yez all about it. Oi disarted from a rigimint ov fut, sorr, where it was mesilf that was known as Pathrick O'Flynn. When Oi jined your lot, sorr, Oi tuk the name from a story buk, sorr, and called mesilf it, sorr, in case Oi should be ricognised, an' sint back to the fut, sorr. But, ov coorse, sorr, yez wouldn't split, sorr, on poor Pathrick!" This ingenuous and injudicious statement had the effect Trooper Roland de Montmorency dreaded, however, as he was at once placed under arrest, pending the arrival of an escort from the "rigimint ov fut."

THE SENTRY'S IDEA

THE late Mr. James Payn, speaking of individual interpretations of general rules, said that in going the rounds one night with the officer on guard at one of the English dockyards, he heard the original views of an Irish sentry on this point. "If you see a convict escaping," said the officer, "what is it your duty to do?" "Shure, sorr," replied Pat, "and Oi'm not to foire till th' last extremity." "Quite right!" said the officer; "but what would you consider the last extremity to be?" "Jist round th' corner ov th' dockyard there, sorr," was the practical reply of Patrick!

LANCASHIRE RECRUIT

A YOUNG Lancashire lad joined the Army, and soon after his arrival at headquarters got into trouble. Accordingly he had to face his commanding officer the next morning. The usual

preliminaries were gone through, when, contrary to orderly-room etiquette, the recruit commenced to make excuses in defence of himself. "Silence!" roared the sergeant-major. "Thou shut up!" said the prisoner; "I'm not talking to thee. I'm talking to the old chap in the chair!"

SURGEON AND RECRUIT

A VERY pompous Army surgeon was sent to a recruiting depôt in England to examine a number of lads who had taken the Queen's shilling. The abrupt, overbearing manner of the doctor so frightened one nervous recruit that he was unable to answer the first question as to his name and place of birth. "Why don't you answer?" roared the doctor; "what's your name, I say?" Still the panic-stricken lad only stared at the questioner.

"Why, I believe the fellow is stone-deaf!" exclaimed the doctor, and, taking out his watch, he held it to the left ear of the recruit, saying, "Can you hear that ticking?" The youth shook his head. The watch was applied to the other ear, with the same effect, and then the doctor began to shower his indignation on the head of the future soldier. "What do you mean by enlisting when you're stone-deaf? Why, you can't even hear the ticking of a watch when it is held within an inch of your ear!" Then the worm turned. "Yah! yah! She's no' goin'!" roared the badgered lad. When the doctor held the watch to his own ear and found that it had indeed stopped, his feelings were too powerful to be expressed!

ENLISTED THE LAWYER

AN old recruiting-sergeant tells the following:—

I 'listed a recruit in Dublin, and put the question to him, as is usual, and gave him the shilling and walked him to the barracks as fine as a fiddle. Well, in a few days he was claimed as a 'prentice, and so he was had up before the Mayor, and he committed him for trial. At the following 'sises I was called as a witness, and the lawyer that defended him told me that I did not 'list him.

"I did," says I. "Did you put the question to him rightly?" says he. "I did," says I. "By the virtue of your oath, now," says he, "just ask me the questions, for I don't believe you asked him." "How do you know?" says I, "for by this and by that you weren't by." "None of your business," says he, and he held out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out a shilling and clapped it in his fist, and then I asked him the questions, and he said

"Yes" to them all. "Were those the same questions you put to the prisoner?" says he. "Yes, they were," says I. "Well, here's your shilling back for you," says he.

"I can't take it, sir," says I. "Why not?" says he. "Why," says I, "why shure, I can't take it back till you go before the magistrate and pay the 'smart money'" (which every recruit must pay if he wants to be released from the service). "You be hanged!" says he, and he put the money in his pocket, and I called to his Lordship on the bench for a witness that I had 'listed him; and oh, but there was a roar in court. Begorra, the judge laughed till the tears ran down his face. Well, the decision of the court being in my favour, I asked the judge if I might take away my recruit, and they all roared again, and the counsellor got as red as a turkey-cock and nearly mad. When I told the major I thought he'd die, and when he'd done laughing he bid me keep the "smart money" for myself.

GIBRALTAR SENTRY

A LATE Governor of Gibraltar, who was also a strict disciplinarian, was in the habit of making surprise visits to the sentries at night. Once he came across a man asleep at his post. The Governor lifted the sentry's rifle, and was quietly walking away with it when the sleeper awakened. The poor fellow was stunned for a moment, but divining the Governor's intention he followed cautiously behind. Arrived at the guardroom the guilty sentry's rifle was placed amongst the others on the rack outside. The Governor then turned for a moment to call the sergeant of the guard, but in that moment the sentry quietly but quickly seized his rifle, and was promptly back at his post.

The sergeant, as instructed, counted the rifles, and reported: "All correct, sir." "Nonsense! Count again," said the triumphant Governor. "Quite correct, sir," again replied the sergeant, after a careful inspection of the rack. "There must be a mistake somewhere," exclaimed the Governor, "for I have just this moment placed in the rack a rifle belonging to the sentry at No. -- post. Come with me." "Halt! Who goes there?" came loud and clear from the now very wide-awake sentry, as Governor and sergeant approached his post. The Governor was petrified. He glared into the innocent-looking face of the sentry before him, muttered something that flavoured of brimstone, and, turning on his heel, vanished. Then the sentry winked, and the sergeant smiled!

GOORKHA GUARD

THE Goorkha soldiers in India are noted for their fidelity and strict attention to duty. This is quaintly illustrated by a story that used to be told of the robberies from a certain store that went unpunished when English sentries were on duty. Things changed when the little Goorkha was given charge of the supplies. One native sentry, who had caught a Pathan thief red-handed, was asked to tell his tale, and he did so as follows: "I walk about on my post. I see Pathan budmash approach. I walk about on my post. Pathan budmash go near commissariat tent. I walk about on my post. Pathan budmash put his head and shoulders inside the tent. I run him through with my bayonet, and shout, 'Halt! Who come dar?'"

WILLING RECRUIT

ONE day a recruit was taken to be sworn in before a magistrate. Everything was going on swimmingly, when the magistrate asked the man the following question: "Have you ever been in prison?" At this the recruit looked startled, but quickly recovering himself, he blurted out, "No, sir, I have never been in jail, but I don't mind doing a few days if you think it necessary!"

PREFERRED THE ARMY

A WELL-KNOWN London editor some years ago, whose name need not be mentioned, was distinguished among his *confrères* by reason of the fact that he wrote the worst hand on record. One day a typesetter, who specially worked on the editor's "copy," came in from the composing-room and said, "Well, Mr.—, I've decided to enlist in the Army." The editor replied, encouragingly, that he was glad to see him responding to the call of duty, though he was sorry to lose his services. "Oh, it isn't that," exclaimed the candid compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy!"

SENTRY'S SALUTE

A NON-COMMISSIONED officer, entering a barrack gate in Dublin, was mistaken by a young soldier on sentry-go, who immediately "came to the shoulder." The N.C.O., unaware that his colonel was just behind him, returned the salute—a thing not permissible under the circumstances. Arrived at his quarters, he was surprised to find an order for him to attend before the colonel.

On presenting himself, he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it. Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered, "Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to!" The colonel, taken back by the N.C.O.'s ready wit, laughingly dismissed him.

PRACTISING THE SALUTE

A NEWLY recruited militiaman was slouching along past Whitehall one day, when his gaze suddenly fixed itself upon one of the two stately mounted custodians of the Horse Guards to be usually seen in that thoroughfare. Instantly he pulled his lanky figure up to its full height, and, standing at "attention," gravely and respectfully saluted the lifeguardsman. The latter, after viewing the antics of the militiaman with much amusement, said in a contemptuous undertone, "What are you saluting me for, you fool? I'm not an officer. I'm only a private." "Garn aw'y!" replied the militiaman. "I knows that right enough. You see, it's like this 'ere, matey. I've only jist jined, an' anyfink does to practise on, don't it?"

SIGNALLING DUTY

HE was an old soldier, and he was standing at the bar and saying some very unpleasant things about a young man who had just taken the Queen's shilling. There is no contempt in the world like the contempt of Mr. Tommy Atkins for a raw recruit. He had been on signalling duty that morning, and the infantry man had lounged up to him, and seemed deeply interested in his manœuvres. "I didn't pay no attention to the idiot," said the signalman, eyeing the pewter pot on the counter, "but just continued to flop away right and left with my flag. Then he come right up to me and says, says he: 'I say, are the flies a-pestering of you, mister?'"

SMOKER'S THREAT

A COLONIAL volunteer officer, Captain Brown—in times of peace Butcher Brown—ordered a sentry found smoking to consider himself a prisoner. "What!" exclaimed the volunteer soldier, "not smoke on sentry? Then where the —— am I to smoke?" The dignified captain reiterated his first remark. Then did the sentry take his pipe from his mouth, and confidentially tap his officer on the shoulder. "Now look here, Brown," said he, "don't go and make a —— fool of yourself. If you do, I'll go elsewhere for my meat!"

OFFICER'S ADDRESS

FIELD-MARSHAL FITZGERALD, one of the best officers but worst amateurs of his day, when speaking on the opening night of the theatre of the Quebec garrison, caused a hearty laugh, not alone by his want of memory, but by his *sang-froid*. The gallant officer, then commanding a battalion of the 60th Rifles, thus began:—

“ Like a young lover, in whose anxious face
His modest yet ambitious looks you trace,
To plead the cause of our untutored band
And claim indulgence from our friends I stand.”

And stand he did, for he came to a regular standstill. After in vain attempting to recover his words, his genuine Irish humour came to his aid, and extemporising the following lines—

“ I see the author (*turning to the wing*), and you must confess
That he's the man to finish the address,”

he retired to the prompter's box, procured a written copy, refreshed his memory, and then, after saying “ No, he won't,” continued the address, much to the satisfaction and laughter of the audience.

DEEDS NOT WORDS

AN amusing story used to be told of General Wauchope, who was both a soldier and a politician. When in command of the Black Watch, he one day attempted to address the men on parade at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow. From the demeanour of the colonel, the regiment anticipated an eloquent address, but the gallant officer only got the length of “ Men of the gallant Forty-Second,” when his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. Thrice did he make the attempt, and thrice did he fail to make progress, until exasperated with himself, he suddenly exclaimed, to the astonishment of his regiment, “ Men of the gallant Forty-Second, right about wheel !”

CHANGE OF LANGUAGE

A CERTAIN officer of cavalry, who distinguished himself in South Africa, is said to have a remarkable flow of language when, in an angry frame of mind, he speaks to an offending soldier. At a review once, it is recorded, he ordered his trumpeter to sound the “ gallop,” but the man, losing his head, sounded something quite different. The officer turned to him in a storm of rage, and began: “ You ——” Just at this instant a Royal Duke trotted up, whereupon the irate officer concluded, “ You naughty trumpeter, you've sounded the wrong call !”

SOLDIER SPEECHES

THE noble address of La Rochejacquelin to his soldiers is one of the finest specimens of the laconic in war : "If I advance, follow me ; if I fall, avenge me ; if I flinch, kill me."

An old commander at Cadiz, when that place was captured by the Earl of Essex in 1596, showed himself a great orator, who, having to say something to his soldiers (which he was not used to doing), made them a speech to this effect : "What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed on good beef, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons !"

With this may be classed the speech, more remarkable for its spirit than its elegance, addressed by the commander of a local regiment in Lancashire to a lady, who had just presented colours to his corps : "Madam, we're receiv'n' 'em wi' gratitude, and we'll defend 'em wi' fortitude ; and if ever we are called into active service, and t' colours are shot away, we'll bring t' pows (poles) back again."

USEFUL COMRADE

AT a review at Aldershot two foreign princes, not knowing their way, rode up to a sentry and asked : "Do you know where the Prince of Wales or the Duke of York is?" "No, sir," replied Tommy, as he saluted, "I don't know myself, but I'll ask my mate. He knows all the public-houses about here !"

SLEEPY TROOPER

IN May, 1894, an amusing story was current about a trooper in the 1st Royal Devon Yeomanry in training with his regiment at Teignmouth. One Friday evening the trooper in question drove with a number of comrades to Exeter, and did not get back long before he had to be up preparing his horse for the day's drill. Consequently he got very little sleep.

During the drills on the Saturday morning his squadron had a few minutes' rest, and no sooner did he find himself with nothing to do than the tired-out trooper fell fast asleep on his charger's back. Presently the bugle sounded the "dismount," and almost as one man the troopers sprang to the ground. The sleeper, however, heard not the bugle, and there he remained, the one man in his squadron, erect and sound asleep in his saddle ! The officer in command hurriedly approached, and calling out a name well known in Tiverton, desired to know what was the matter. Thus rudely aroused, and quickly seeing what had happened, the trooper scrambled to the ground in double-quick time.

BUDDING GENERAL

AN amusing incident occurred while a company of a certain battalion stationed in a garrison town were going through their musketry training. Owing to a strong wind blowing from the right the bullets kept falling to the left of the target.

A young officer, who was in charge of the ranges, came over to the colour-sergeant and inquired the cause of the bad shooting. On being told that there was too much wind blowing from the right, causing the shots to fall wide, he astonished the sergeant by asking: "Wouldn't it be a good idea if the targets were moved more to the left?" The sergeant barely restrained a smile.

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA

A GENTLEMAN, who is very prominent in the Army temperance movement, relates the following story, which is too good to be lost. Several years ago, in order to ascertain the number of teetotalers in the ranks of the army in India, and their percentage of deaths and invalids, he wrote to the commanders of each European regiment in India for particulars.

The report he received from one corps, which shall be nameless, fairly staggered him. It was to the effect that at the time they had no teetotalers, as during the previous year fifty per cent. of them had died, and fifty per cent. had been invalided. The astounded temperance advocate immediately wrote back for more details, inquiring in particular for the number of men who died, and the number of invalids. The reply, if laconic, was very explanatory. Two men only had been abstainers, of whom one had died and the other had been invalided home!

At the same time, it ought to be mentioned that, at present, one-third of the 70,000 soldiers in India are abstainers. In 1892 the total was 17,500, and one battalion alone, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, had no fewer than 535 members of the Temperance Association.

BLACK SOLDIER'S KIT

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, writing once on the subject of regimental kits in the *United Service Magazine*, stated that he was impressed by the large number of so-called necessaries which a man can easily do without. "In doing without a pair of breeches," he remarked, "a Highlander is only at the beginning of the lesson, and it has always appeared strange to us why he should have begun there. The Bluecoat Boys got on very well without caps. Bluejackets do remarkably well with-

out boots, and one of the most active 'irregulars' I ever met on service was a West African negro, whose kit literally fulfilled the exact primitive meaning of the word, for it consisted solely of a large, empty, square-sided gin bottle, which he wore suspended from the left shoulder, after the manner of the old hussar or Hungarian jacket."

GENERAL'S UNIFORM

AN amusing incident once occurred at Cork, a well-known general being a chief actor. The officer in question was seeing some guests, including ladies, off at the station. While he was chatting with them at the carriage door an irate American was arguing loudly with a porter close by about his "baggage," which he wanted to get labelled for "Kingsbridge" (Dublin). The porter vainly explained to him that the train was going to Limerick, and not to Kingsbridge. The American insisted upon his luggage being put on the train, and angrily demanded to see the "station agent."

Looking round in his excitement for someone in authority, the American caught sight of the gold facings on the general's uniform, and marching up to the latter he tapped him smartly on the shoulder, saying, "Look here, old chap, I want my baggage labelled for Kingsbridge, and here is a train leaving the station and the porter refuses to put it aboard." "Well," replied the general, "what have I got to do with it?" "Haven't you?" returned the American, growing even more indignant than before. "I'll be d—— if you haven't. I'll let you see you can't be wasting your time talking to women while there's work to be done!"

THE KING'S UNIFORM

LORD ESKGROVE, when sentencing a prisoner to be hanged for the murder of a soldier, dilated upon the crime as follows: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the waistband of his regimental breeches, which were His Majesty's!"

YEOMANRY DRILL

A TROOP of yeomanry cavalry was being put through the ordinary movements under the eye of an inspecting officer during the time that they were undergoing their annual training. The officer noticed that when brought suddenly to a halt, the line was badly kept, many of the horses shooting beyond it. The

excuse was made that the horses were not so well trained as those of regular troops, and the inspecting officer said that a troop of cavalry would shortly be in the neighbourhood, and that he would see what the volunteers could do when mounted on properly-trained cavalry horses. The day duly arrived, and it was found that the men sat their horses excellently. Suddenly, during a gallop, a halt was sounded, and the well-trained horses at once stopped. The riders, however, did not stop, but, passing over the horses' heads, fell on the grass like so many bags of sand!

ORDERS OBEYED

THE true soldier obeys orders faithfully, no matter at what sacrifice. A company of an English regiment was once sent on some duty in time of peace to a remote village in Ireland. They stayed there for several weeks, quite separated from their usual base of supplies. During this period some general orders, applicable more especially to men in barracks, were sent to the captain in charge of the company.

One clause of these orders was as follows: "All men in the command shall change their shirts at least twice a week." The captain gave orders to the orderly-sergeant to see the instruction put into execution. "But, sir," said the N.C.O., "there's only a shirt apiece to every man in the company. How can they——" "Silence!" exclaimed the captain; "orders are orders, sergeant. Let the men change shirts with one another." So the sergeant saw to it that, as long as the company remained in the village, on every Sunday and Wednesday morning the soldiers "swapped" shirts with one another!

COLONIAL FREEDOM

WHEN General Baden-Powell was being interviewed by a newspaper correspondent he suddenly stretched out his arms and made the following remarks:—

"The one thing that always strikes me most powerfully when I return from the wilderness and from the free-and-easy life of the campaigner is the positive torture I suffer from once again having to wear coat-sleeves, and I have heard this same thing remarked upon by dozens of soldiers, travellers, and explorers, from Mr. Cecil Rhodes downwards. In South Africa and other hot climates, you see, officers and men alike go for months together without coats—except such as are loosely thrown over them at nights—and with their rough shirt-sleeves rolled up over their sunburnt arms; and I never knew a man yet to whom a coat was

not for weeks well-nigh intolerable when it had to be resumed, this particularly applying to the sleeves.

"Though I have been back from the Cape for nearly six weeks, my coat-sleeves seem to harass me so as almost to completely fetter the movements of my arms; and it is a fact that on one occasion Dr. Jameson was so uncomfortable from the same cause that, in one of the most fashionable clubs in London, he asked those sitting with him that he might be excused for throwing off his coat for a few moments and rolling his shirt-sleeves up. I have written all my books whilst coatless, and with my shirt-sleeves rolled up. Each time I return to ordinary life my coat-sleeves are a renewed torture."

LIFE GUARDS

EARLY one morning a troop of Life Guards were out exercising. They were in the ordinary stable dress, and were riding "at ease." A little boy with a milk-cart, wishing to cross the road, seized his opportunity, and ran his cart between the open ranks of the soldiers, whereupon an officer rode up and demanded fiercely, "How dare you go through the ranks of the Life Guards?" The little fellow looked up in astonishment for a moment, and then said, "Garn! yer ain't goin' ter tell me you're Life Guards; where's yer tin weskits?"

GERMAN UNIFORM

IT is a serious offence for a German soldier to appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough, he must always wear it. A certain Lieutenant Schmidt, who was engaged in some adventure or other, dressed up as a civilian, and was having a fine time of it when, on turning a corner, he unexpectedly met his colonel. Lieutenant Schmidt, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but, in a changed voice, asked, "Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Schmidt lives? I am his brother from the country, and am paying him a visit." The colonel gave the desired information, and Lieutenant Schmidt hurried to his quarters and got into uniform as soon as possible. He thought he had successfully deceived his superior officer, but next day, when he met his colonel, the latter said, "Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother from the country pays you another visit, I'll have him placed in close confinement for thirty days!"

SARCASM THAT FAILED

A VOLUNTEER, during open-air drill, having mentally twisted one of the orders of the drill-sergeant into a subject for laughter, was caught by the N.C.O. in the act of giving his risible muscles full play. The sergeant roared out, "Ha, ye dirty spalpeen! You are opening that lovely orifice of yours again. You'll never be late for breakfast with such a mouth, for if you open it wide you'll only have your forehead and chin to wash. Come to the front, and let's see if you can drill the company any better."

The delinquent, in no way abashed by the sergeant's sarcasm, immediately shouldered his rifle and stepped to the front. Clearing his throat, he rattled off with surprising quickness the only portion of the drill with which he was thoroughly cognizant. "Shon! Shoulder hums! Right turn! Dismiss!" Instantly grasping the situation, and before the sergeant realised the state of affairs, the company had disbanded, and the men were racing for the armoury in high glee at having escaped a long course of instruction.

TROPICAL DANGERS

THE moon has a curious trick of changing objects into something quite unlike themselves in appearance. In one instance such a transformation nearly cost the life of a British soldier. He thus relates the incident :—

"My company had been ordered into the Deshur district to break up the Dacoits, who had become very troublesome. We arrived there in the night, stormed a band of the robbers by moonlight, killed or captured a round dozen of them, and chased the rest into the jungle. Some of us followed on foot among the reeds and bushes, but soon got tired of this useless business, and were quite willing to stop and turn back at the sound of the recall. Our hospital steward, a native, and a good one, was by my side. My canteen had been emptied on the march, and I was parched with the thirst that follows fighting.

"Something among the bushes, glistening on the ground like water, caught my eye. 'It's a stagnant pool left by the rains, but it will serve to wet my throat,' I said, and was for throwing myself on the ground to drink, but the steward pulled me back. 'Nay, sahib, stay! Lend me your sword for a moment,' he said. He took the sword, and lightly stirred the pool with its point. From the middle of the pool a cobra's hooded head arose, and there came the sound of its hateful hiss. With a sweep of the sword the steward cut the reptile's head off, and at once what had

seemed to me a water-pool became the writhing coils of a serpent that had been fully six feet in length. 'That was your pool, sahib,' the steward gravely said. 'It is well that you paused before attempting to drink from it.'"

WAR MOUSTACHES

LORD STEWART, who wore long moustaches, was requested, as the war was over, to put his moustaches on the peace establishment. He replied, "Until I do so, I will advise you to put your tongue on the civil list."

THE DIFFERENCE

"DID you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old soldier.

"No, my dear," growled the veteran. "I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off!"

TEETOTAL OFFICER

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR COTTON, K.C.S.I., who died in July, 1899, began his military career in 1819, and, born in 1803, was certainly the oldest soldier of his rank then living. He was a consistent teetotaler, and the advocates of total abstinence were clearly within their right in claiming the distinguished nonagenarian as an exemplar of their special virtue. Two years before the veteran died, the Band of Hope people invited him to attend a demonstration. He had to decline owing to his great age, but wrote an interesting letter which, among other items, contained the following: "I am certainly a living proof of the benefit of abstinence. Sixty-five years ago my grave was dug in Persia, and four times have I been under sentence of death by the doctors, through Indian illnesses and accidents, and certainly if I don't need strong drink, no young man can."

QUEEN AND IRISH SOLDIER

AN amusing incident of one of Queen Victoria's visits to the Royal Victorian Hospital, near Osborne, is worth recalling. A gigantic Irish soldier in the hospital lived in a chronic state of dread of being personally addressed by his Sovereign, and the misfortune he dreaded at last overtook him. Attracted by his splendid physique as he stood amongst the convalescent line drawn up for the inspection of the Queen, Her Majesty stopped before him, and asked him how long he had been in the service. For a few moments the poor fellow could not say a word, his tongue

apparently sticking in his mouth, but at last he managed to jerk out, "Nineteen years, *miss!*" No one present will ever forget the hearty laughter of the Queen at the reply of the terror-stricken Irishman, who, doubtless, would have felt more at his ease charging his country's enemies with levelled bayonet.

LOST BULLET

AN ex-Army surgeon, talking about the use of the Rontgen ray in war for the location of bullets, said that the appliance brought to mind an old story about a general officer who, having been wounded in the fleshy part of the leg, had to undergo much handling on the part of the surgeons. At last, growing tired and worn with pain, he asked if they were nearly through dressing his leg. "We are looking for the ball," said one of the operating surgeons. "Hang it all, why didn't you say so before?" roared the angry officer. "I have the ball in my pocket!"

YEOMAN AND HORSE

DURING an inspection of yeomanry in a northern county, and while awaiting the arrival of the inspecting officer, the men were put through their preliminary facings in squads. Once the order was given to dismount, and all obeyed except one trooper. He sat in his saddle, stolid and corpulent, as though posing for a statue. The officer rode up in a state of great indignation, and roared out, "Didn't you hear the order?" "Yes, sir," was the composed reply. "Then why, in the devil's name, didn't you dismount?" And the imperturbable soldier replied, much to the officer's astonishment and his comrades' amusement, "Because if I did I couldn't get up again!" It appeared that the worthy yeoman mounted his horse at home by means of a pair of steps!

HORSEMANSHIP

A BUCK-JUMPING waler (Australian horse) is no joke to sit if he means to get rid of you. Tommy Rawson was one of the finest riders in India. One night at his mess at Cawnpore, Blane, a guest, said he had a young waler which he'd back to put any man living out of the saddle. "Done!" says Tommy; "two gold mohurs to one he doesn't put *me* out of it!" Accordingly, the horse was brought up to the mess-house after dinner (it was a moonlight night), and the officers assembled on the verandah to see the fun. As Tommy prepared to mount, Blane cried, "I'll double that bet, if you like, Tommy!" "Done again!" says Tommy, and up he jumped.

Then began a desperate fight between man and horse, the vicious waler "bucking" madly, and Tommy sticking to him like a leech. The struggle took them to the farther side of the mess-compound, when presently, lo and behold, the redoubtable Tommy was seen flying over the horse's head. Mentally pocketing his gold mohurs, Blane ran to pick up the pieces, but when he reached the prostrate rider, he found him sitting on the ground, grinning, with the saddle between his thighs! "Ha, ha!" laughed Tommy, "you've lost your bet, old chap. I told you he wouldn't put me out of the saddle, and if these con-founded girths of yours hadn't been rotten, I should have been on his back now."

DAUNTLESS OFFICIAL

ONE of the "grips" that enables England to hold India is the fearlessness of British officers, civil and military. An illustration of this fearlessness is given by Colonel Pollock, in his *Reminiscences of India*. D'Oyly was an assistant of the Deputy Commissioner of a province in Burma, where Moug Goung Gee, a rebel leader, gave much trouble. One day, while D'Oyly was busy with his civil duties, he received information that several of Goung Gee's lieutenants were in a house a few miles off. He thought he would ride out and capture them, and would have gone unarmed had not Pollock persuaded him to take a hunting-knife. D'Oyly, guided by a mounted man, led the way, and soon left the escort behind.

Arriving at the house, he jumped off his horse, rushed in, and found himself confronted by four Burmese, armed with two-handed swords. Nothing daunted, D'Oyly stood in the narrow doorway, with the hunting-knife in hand. The Burmese, awed by the resolute bearing of the Englishman, hesitated a moment. That hesitation saved D'Oyly. A shot was fired—a Burmese fell dead; there was the flashing of a sword, and another man fell, while the two others leaped head first out of the verandah into the long grass and escaped. A gallant sowar, little more than a lad, outstripping the other cavalrymen, had ridden up just in time to see his leader's jeopardy. Unslinging his carbine, he shot one man; then, jumping into the house, he disabled another, and did not think he had done anything out of the common.

YEOMAN'S SWORD

ON one occasion, when a troop of the Cumberland and Westmorland Yeomanry were on parade, the order to "Draw swords!" was given. All obeyed except one trooper, and he, in

spite of desperate efforts, could not get his weapon out of the scabbard. "What's the matter?" demanded the officer. The sturdy yeoman answered: "I really don't know, captain." Then, recollecting himself, he said further: "Oh, I think I can explain. About a fortnight since I saw my wife stirring the clothes in the copper with the sword; and I shouldn't wonder if it's well rusted in!"

RECRUIT'S FEAR

IN the present-day yeomanry the sword has been dispensed with, rifle and bayonet taking its place. Speaking in Yorkshire, in March, 1902, Colonel Carlile, in giving the toast of "The Queen's Own Yorkshire Dragoons," said he rather regretted they were not to have swords. If the sword was dispensed with they would also miss some of the amusing incidents which they used to enjoy in reference to that weapon. On one occasion, when the regiment was mounted, and the order "Draw swords!" was given, a young recruit was heard to exclaim, "What, naa? There's bahn to be somebody lamed, then!"

PLEASANT ORDER

AN amusing incident occurred when a local volunteer corps was being drilled in a field set apart for that purpose. The colonel was instructing the men in what is known as "The Attack," in which the battalion broke up into about a dozen companies which were extended the whole length of the field, each company being in charge of a sergeant or corporal, who advanced the men ready to make an attack on the imaginary enemy. A certain corporal, who was advancing with his company, came to a clump of bushes on which was growing a large quantity of fine blackberries, and to the surprise and delight of the men gave the order in loud tones: "Halt! gather blackberries!"

OFFICER'S LOVE STORY

ONE of the most heroic deaths recorded in South African War annals was that of an officer who, in the soberest way, had, only a few weeks before at a noted colonist's dinner-table, confessed that he rather courted death than otherwise. One of the Cape newspapers had a serial romance, with the names thinly disguised, written round this officer and two companions who were universally declared to be equally glad to seek any death that their own hands did not actually bring about. The true story of the officer was that he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, an assistant in a shop at Brighton, and that his highly connected relations were up in arms at the idea of such a marriage,

his father requesting that he would seek service anywhere abroad. He died with his face to the native foe, and his two chief companions, with many others, were also killed.

PRACTICAL JOKES ON RECRUITS

MANY tricks are played upon a newly joined recruit, who must be an exceptionally smart man to avoid being duped on at least one occasion. Each recruit is supplied with a "small kit," consisting of brushes, combs, etc., and while he is inspecting them a soldier will come, and say: "Hullo, chum, you haven't got your soap marked with your number. You had better run down to the store and get them to do it, or you'll be sent to the trap" (guardroom). The unsuspecting recruit, deceived by the apparent sincerity of the soldier, hastens to follow the advice given, with the result that he is heartily laughed at on returning.

Another joke occurred in a certain regiment, when a company sergeant-major had occasion to visit a barrack-room, to which two recruits had been recently posted. He noticed the absence of one of the new men, and asked the other where his comrade was. To the astonishment and inward amusement of the N.C.O., the man replied, without a smile, "Please, sir, the corporal has sent him down to the tailor's shop to be measured for his sentry-box!"

STOLID NATIVE SENTRY

IN India, some years ago, the body of an English soldier who was supposed to have died was conveyed to the mortuary, and a native sentry told off to guard the place. The soldier, however, had been in a trance, and waking up about midnight, he came to the door and began knocking loudly, demanding to be set free. But the stolid sentry refused to open the door, and in answer to the protests of the other replied, "Keep quiet, sahib; the coffin has not come yet!"

CAMP RELIGION

AT Milford Haven, in 1900, the Army chaplain stationed there had an odd experience. Three Welsh militia battalions were in training, and on the first Sunday 136 Wesleyans and other Protestants were marched to the Wesleyan church, which is situated two miles from camp. When they returned from the service all the men "changed their religion" in order to avoid such a walk! The matter was at once brought before the authorities, and arrangements made for a special parade service to be held in the camp recreation-room in future. Upon which all the men returned to their old faith!

COLONEL'S SELECTION

A STORY is told of a regiment which was drawn up for church parade at Malta, but as the church was being repaired, it could not accommodate them all. The colonel quickly decided on his course of action. "Sergeant-major," he exclaimed, "tell all the men who *don't* want to go to church to fall out on the reverse flank." A large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege. "Now, sergeant-major," said the colonel, as soon as the movement had ceased, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out, and march the others off to church—they want it most!"

CAVALRY RECRUITS

SOME recruits were being drilled at Aldershot by a cavalry drill-sergeant, who was very impatient at their slow movements and general ignorance. After about an hour of hard drilling at the sword exercise the sergeant gave the order "Stand at ease!" No sooner were the men standing at ease than the sergeant began to complain in vigorous language of their attitudes, and wound up by saying, "Why, you fellows are like a lot of dummies. I could get smarter soldiers than you at a shilling a box." After a few moments of hesitation one of the recruits remarked, "Yes; but there would be some sergeants amongst them!"

PIPER NO MORE

A STORY is told of a piper who had taken more than was good for him, and who had to play at the officers' mess the same day. Feeling somewhat unsteady, he chose "Lochaber No More" as being an easy tune and one suited for hiding his condition. His eccentric performance, however, did not escape the eagle eye of the colonel, who called out, "Piper Macdonald!" "Yes, sir," replied the musician, approaching the colonel with his best salute, and under the impression that he was to be complimented for his rendering of the beautiful air. "What tune was that you played?" growled the commanding officer. "Hic! 'Lochabu Nae More,' sir," was the reply. "Then," said the colonel, as he eyed the erring piper severely, "you'll be a piper no more, sir!" Macdonald was forthwith reduced to the ranks.

SENTRY'S ADVICE

A SENTRY at the barrack gate of one of the cavalry regiments stationed not far from the War Office was pacing up and down his beat when a well-dressed young gentleman approached

and begged to be informed where the orderly-room was. He of the carbine, supposing the young fellow to be an intending recruit, said, "What! are you going to join?" "Yes," was the reply. "Look here," then said the sentry in a confident manner, "just sling your hook! Go away; take an old soldier's advice."

This, however, the supposed recruit did not do, but insisted upon being shown where the orderly-room was. More in pity than in anger the soldier gave him the direction. The sentry's dismay and consternation was great when, a few minutes later, the supposed recruit returned with the regimental adjutant, who demanded his reason for endeavouring to dissuade his lordship from joining the regiment to which he had just been gazetted as lieutenant. A severe lecture was the result, and that soldier was very careful afterwards in giving gratuitous advice at the gate.

NOT ORATORS

A SCOTTISH regiment, more famous for fighting than oratory, purchased a silver cup for presentation to their retiring colonel, a very popular officer. The latter was duly summoned to receive the gift, and officers and men of the corps having assembled, the best spokesman among the officers grasped the piece of plate, and held it out at arm's length in the direction of the colonel. "Colonel," said he, "there's the jug." The colonel, taking the gift, said: "Eh, is that the jug? All right. Thanks!" And the ceremony, as regards the speech-making, ended!

SHOOTING ABILITY

A STORY went the rounds some years ago concerning a Yorkshire battalion of volunteers. An officer in attendance at a shooting competition noticed two of the men firing with anything but William-Tell-like precision. Becoming exasperated, he approached them, angrily exclaiming: "You fellows don't know the way to shoot; lend me a rifle, and I'll show you." "Bang" went the gun, and the target was missed altogether!

A broad grin overspread the faces of the two privates, but the officer was equal to the occasion. Turning to the first he remarked, with a frown upon his countenance: "That's the way *you* shoot, sir." The officer then fired again, and again a miss was signalled. Turning to the other private, he continued: "And that's the way *you* shoot, sir." Taking aim for a third time, the officer was fortunate enough to score an "inner." With pardonable pride he returned the rifle, triumphantly adding: "And that's the way *I* shoot!" The men ever since have entertained a very high opinion of him as a marksman.

LIQUOR SMUGGLING

MANY are the tricks resorted to by soldiers to smuggle liquor into their quarters. Once, at Cairo, a man started out with his coffee-pot for milk. On his return an officer, suspecting him to have whisky in his can, expressed a wish to examine it, and the man satisfied him by pouring out milk. At night, however, there was a general carousing in that soldier's quarters, ending in a free fight. It was eventually discovered that the man had put a little milk into the spout of his can, sealing the inside with bread, and filling the can with whisky!

USEFUL BABY

"MOLLY'S BABY" was once the talk and the laugh of the whole Curragh camp. It was noticed that a particular regiment sent several men to morning parade drunk, or in a state of semi-drunkenness. Where the drink came from, so early in the morning, was a complete mystery to the officers. The regimental police kept a sharp look-out, and sentries were placed around to prevent any soldier leaving camp; but, in spite of all precautions, drunkenness still continued. Old Molly, the watercress woman, was a privileged character, and, with her baby in her arms, was allowed the run of the camp. Something suspicious about Molly's baby, which was always carefully huddled up, struck the provost-sergeant one day, and in a jocular way he pulled her shawl aside. Baby's personality was revealed in a small, barrel-shaped tin vessel, which was found to be half full of whisky!

DUKE AND SENTRY

THE Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was a most determined opponent to drunkenness. Near the end of the eighteenth century he was on service in Nova Scotia, where rum was so very cheap that the ardent spirit, mixed with water, was the common beverage. One morning, when H.R.H. was entering the barrack gate, the sentry, as usual, presented arms. The Duke stopped suddenly, and said to the sentry: "You've been drinking rum, sir; I smell it." "I have not, sir," replied the soldier. The sergeant of the guard was called, and was ordered to smell the man's breath; he did so, but could not say he smelt rum.

His Royal Highness, however, insisted that the man had rum about him, and ordered the sergeant to search him. The latter took off the sentry's cap, examined his cartouch-box, and every

part of the man's clothing, but could find no rum. "It doesn't signify," then said the Duke, "but I'm satisfied he's got rum about him. Now, my man, tell me where the rum is, and I will give you my word I'll take no further notice of it." The sentry, who knew that the Royal Duke's word was everything, opened the pan of his musket, and pointing to a little plug in the touch-hole, said: "It's in the barrel of my firelock, sir, and when I want a drop I take out the plug, and sip a little from the touch-hole!" The Duke smiled, told him to empty it on the ground, and bade him take care he was not caught again.

KIT INSPECTION

THE following once occurred at a weekly kit inspection:—

Officer (inspecting kits): "Well, Gunner Jones, is your kit all complete?"

Gunner Jones: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Everything got buttons on?"

Gunner Jones: "No, sir."

Officer (in surprise): "What do you mean, then, by showing an incomplete kit? What is deficient of buttons?"

Gunner Jones: "Please, sir, there are no buttons on my towel!"

Fortunately for Gunner Jones, the inspecting officer was gifted with a keen sense of humour, and no punishment followed as a result of the sally.

MOUSTACHES BY ORDER

THE following dialogue took place many years ago at Taibach, Port Talbot, South Wales. The rifle volunteers were having a field-day. At the conclusion of the manœuvres, the battalion being drawn up in line, the colonel noticed that none of the men wore moustaches, and that those who were not clean shaven invariably shaved the chin and upper lip. The colonel, thinking that moustaches would add considerably to the military appearance of the men, said: "I want every man to grow a moustache." A wag, stepping out from the ranks and saluting, promptly asked: "What colour will you be pleased to have them, sir?"

LOST AN ARM

IN *Notes of An Army Surgeon* the following curious story is related, the incident having occurred at the siege of Fort Erie:—

"I remember one day, in making my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived presented an amputated forearm, and doing so could

scarcely restrain a loud laugh; the smile was constantly on his face. 'What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject for laughter,' I said. 'It is not that, doctor,' was the reply. 'Excuse me, but I lost my arm in so funny a way that I still laugh when I look at it. Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am a corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just about to apply the razor, when a cannon-ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm! Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but I never saw such a thing before.'

MISSING HAND

WHEN Lord Roberts, then Sir Frederick Roberts, was Commander-in-Chief of Madras, he took a keen delight in relating the following incident:—

"General C—— was a particular 'pal' of mine, and I can never forget the occasion of his being presented to the Queen. Her Majesty, noticing the numerous decorations on his chest, and observing that he was minus the left hand, sympathetically asked him in which campaign he had the misfortune to lose it. Poor C—— used to stammer horribly at the best of times, and his reply was the result of a broad smile on the faces of all present. It was: 'Ra-ra-ra-ra-rabbit-shooting, your Majesty!'"

OFFICER'S REMARK

ON the occasion of the Lord Mayor's visit to North London in 1896, a captain was heard to remark to his corps: "Close up, boys; close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you are straggling along like that they wouldn't kill a single man of you. Close up!"

FOR DERBY DAY

FIRST MISERABLE SUB. (left at the depôt): "I can't think, for the life of me, what excuse for two days' leave I'm to give the C.O. I've already weighed in with everyone I can think of."

Second M.S.: "Easy enough, old chap. Kill your grandmother."

First M.S.: "Can't, dear boy, I'm keeping her for the Derby!"

FEELING STORY

AN instance of the humour which never deserts a true Irishman, even in his worst troubles, is the following:—A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hands above the earthwork. His

captain asked: "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied with a grin, as he worked his fingers: "I'm feeling for a furlough, sir!" Just then a rifle ball struck his arm, immediately below the wrist. He drew it down quickly, and grasped it with the other hand to check the blood. Then a queer expression of pain and humour passed over his face, and he exclaimed: "An', faith, it's a discharge!"

WEST-COUNTRY YEOMANRY

AT a meeting of a troop of Somersetshire yeomanry cavalry for sword drill, prior to the yearly inspection by the colonel commandant, Sergeant Barleymow was drilling his brother yeomen, and in his provincial dialect gave the word of command: "Draa sooards!" The order was obeyed with great gusto, whereupon the sergeant remarked: "One-half ov 'ee doed that wrong, and tother half wadden up to much; how many times more shall I have to tell 'ee that when I zez 'draa' you mussen draa, but when I zez 'sooards' then you wips 'em out? Now, then, try once more—Draa . . . sooards!" After a moment's silence, the sergeant continued: "There now, you was all right thicky time ekzept Varmer Hogpen, and I believe, my conscience, I shall never get he to do it viddy (properly). I wonder what the kurnel wood zay if he zeed en?" Farmer Hogpen was mightily enraged at this, and he bawled out: "Drat thy thick 'ead, and the kurnel's too; what business had 'ee to be zo long arter you zed 'draa' avor you said 'sooards'?"

THE BOER WAR (1899-1902)

DOUBTFUL COIN

A SHORT time before the Boer War began in 1899 a captain in a regiment in Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, on one side, bore the image of President Kruger. The soldier brought the coin back to the pay-table, and said to the captain, "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown." The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it closely, rung it on the table. He then remarked, "It sounds all right, Bagster (the soldier's name). What's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying, "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark, "If you say it's right, sir, it's right; but it's the first time I've seed the Queen wi' whiskers on!"

KHAKI BUTTERFLIES!

ON the troops landing in South Africa, at the beginning of the war, the soldiers expressed much interest in the many curiosities of the country. The locusts especially were the subject of keen discussion. "Yesterday," wrote one trooper, "we thought that the hills all round us were on fire, and throwing up dense clouds of smoke, but it turned out to be immense clouds of locusts. We could not see the sky while they were going over. They took more than an hour to clear off, and as they went by their wings made a noise as if there was a heavy hailstorm in progress."

This recalls a story of the landing of the Welsh Regiment at Port Elizabeth, the disembarkation taking place when a swarm of locusts happened to be passing over the jetty. The soldiers' interest was at once aroused, and after a time a voice was heard to say: "I say, Bill, I'm blessed if everything in this 'ere place ain't in khaki! Look at them butterflies!"

A FIELD CORNET

A PARTY of British soldiers were once sitting at a table in a Cape restaurant, at the other side of which was a typical Boer, who speedily roused the wrath of the "Tommies" by his sneering references to the British Army. The incident, it ought to be mentioned, occurred just before the commencement of the war. Upon hearing the Boer's sneers, a soldier retorted with an uncomplimentary remark directed straight at the head of the Boer himself. "Do you know who I am?" asked the latter, highly indignant. "No; who are you?" said the soldier, with a grin. "I am a field cornet!" was the proud reply. "A cornet, are you?" returned the soldier. "Blowed if I didn't think you was the bass drum first, by your empty row, but I'm hanged if I don't think you're the whole blessed band rolled into one!"

IRISH WIT AT FRERE

DURING an encounter at Frere, at the beginning of the war, the "character" of the Dublin Fusiliers, Private Kavanagh byname, was acting as one of the stretcher-bearers. He chaffed and encouraged his comrades, telling them the Boer shells could hit nothing. After the fight, being asked if he was hungry and did not wish for something to eat, he said, "No. How can I with my mouth full?" "Full!" said the officer; "what do you mean?" "Why, my heart's been in it all day, sir!" replied Kavanagh, with a grin. And so the "hard case" of his battalion shouted and joked, walked about amid a tempest of bullets, and stirred the gallant, glorious Dublins to shoot well and "thru."

BOERS WHO WANTED WATER

ON December 16th, 1899, which is known among the Boers as Dingaan's Day, and is celebrated by them as a great national festival, a party of the enemy left their positions near the British Modder River camp to seek some missing ambulance waggons, and came across a number of British soldiers. Three of the Boers approached, and asked if the soldiers would give them some water. The reply was "Yes, if you'll say 'God Save the Queen.'" The Dutchmen hesitated, and looked at one another. Then one of them said, "Well, 'God Save the Queen,' but d—— Rhodes!" The water was given them.

BETS BY SOLDIERS

WHEN a party of reservists were leaving a provincial town for their depôt, previous to going to the war, one of them, leaning out of the railway carriage window, said to his friends: "Good-bye, lads, we'll soon be at Pretoria." So far as the reservist himself was concerned, he was quite right, for less than two months later he was in Pretoria—as a prisoner!

Before the 18th Hussars sailed for South Africa, they bet another regiment £500 that they would be in Pretoria first. In December, 1899, they suffered a disaster in Natal, with the result that many of them were captured. They got to Pretoria first, therefore, but people wished to know if they had won their bet or not!

CAPTURED STATIONERY

AN amusing story was told at the beginning of the war of how a prominent non-commissioned officer of yeomanry overcame War Office inertia. He was sent to Pall Mall by Lord Chesham with a request that a quantity of official stationery should be furnished to the offices of the Imperial Yeomanry at 12, Suffolk Street. As is generally the case at the War Office, he was sent from one room to another, and from official to official, without satisfactory results.

After two hours in the department, he finally reached a room in which was a gentleman with piles of regulation forms. The sergeant-major told his tale once more, only to be informed that that particular official had no instructions to supply stationery to the yeomanry. "Very well," said the sergeant-major, a fine-built fellow, "I have spent two hours here; you have seen Lord Chesham's request; I am going to take all the stationery I want. Stop me if you can!" He freely helped himself, without protest from the obstructive official.

SPECIAL FOR THE FRONT

AN officer of the Scots Guards missed his train one Saturday in October, 1899, when going to South Africa. With that resource for which the Brigade of Guards is famous, the delinquent quite coolly ordered a special train, and in the end arrived at Southampton before the rest of the regiment. In order to allow his special to pass, the train he had missed had to be delayed! So he not only caught the original train, but passed it.

READY FOR ACTION

SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY, at the beginning of the war, wrote to the War Office asking for a staff appointment at the front, but he received no reply to his letter. After waiting a week or so, he went to Pall Mall to urge his request in person. On being ushered into the presence of the official concerned, he was told that a letter had been sent in answer to his own, and that a billet had been found for him. "When am I supposed to go?" asked Sir John. "I will see," replied the official, adding immediately after, "Why, by Jove, to-day!" The time was then 10.30 a.m., but a swift hansom easily took the gallant officer to Waterloo Station. The 11 a.m. special for Southampton was caught, and Sir John sailed to the Cape—tall-hatted and frock-coated, in the clothes he stood up in!

SERGEANT-MAJOR'S BULL

THE night before the Royal Dublin Fusiliers left for the Transvaal, where they were to secure so much distinction, there was a good deal of noise in one of the barrack-rooms, the coming departure being celebrated in the customary style. The sergeant-major (an Irishman, of course), who was trying to sleep in a room near that in which the singing and shouting were going on, suddenly opened his door, and in a stentorian voice called out, "Stop that noise!" The tumult immediately ceased. Then, amid the death-like silence which followed, the sergeant-major's Hibernian and clarion-like voice rang out once more: "See here, I'll have nothing but silence, and very little of that!"

SOLDIER'S WIFE

A PATHETIC story, arising out of the departure of troops from Shorncliffe in November, 1899, was told at an inquest held by the Folkestone coroner. Sergeant Archer, of the 2nd Dorset Regiment, with his wife and children, sat up all night on the eve of his departure in order that they might be together till the last moment. With the bugle call at five o'clock in the morning, the distracted wife followed her husband to parade, leaving the children behind. The little ones unfortunately amused themselves with pushing bits of paper into the fire, and the three-year-old child, William, who was in his night-shirt, was burned to death. The mother fell prostrate on identifying the body of her child. It was not until weeks afterwards that the father learned of the fate of his child.

HE GOT THE BUTT

THE following incident is reported to have taken place at an embarkation of some of the Irish troops at Queenstown *en route* for South Africa. A sentry, posted to keep the spectators off the jetty, was repeatedly accosted by a loafer with an extremely rich brogue, who had evidently been infected with the opinions of some of the local anti-war newspapers. "I hope they'll all be kilt," exclaimed this individual, referring to the troops. The sentry passed on, and pretended not to hear.

On passing the man the third time, and seeing he was about to repeat his remark, he put his hand to his ear and said in a brogue as strong as the other's, "Beg pardon, but Oi'm a little 'ard of hearin'." The man therefore came closer and repeated his friendly parting, whereupon the sentry suddenly lifted his rifle and prodded him in the pit of the stomach with the butt. As the man fell back gasping, the soldier said, "That end is only fit for the loikes o' you, the ither's fur the Boers!"

BLACK WATCH'S SUPPER MENU

ON her first voyage as a transport, the steamship *Orient* had on board the Black Watch. Here is the menu of the last supper served to the battalion before reaching the Cape, and it is characteristic of the high spirit with which British officers enter upon a serious campaign:—

Raads en Pickle.
 Consomme a la Coode (Colonel's name).
 British Pluck en Mayonnaise.
 Boers Cheek in Aspic.
 Tartines de Black Watch.
 Steyn Hard Pressed.
 The Mounted Favourite.
 Uitlander Grouse.
 Conference Pears aux R(e)i(t)z.
 Gelee de Tudway en Violettes.
 Duffs Delight.
 Kruger Devilled au Majuba.

Most of the items explain themselves. "Gelee de Tudway" was named in honour of Major Tudway, who was in command of the mounted infantry on board.

SENSITIVE OFFICER

A MOST pathetic circumstance occurred on the evacuation of Vryburg by the police. This town was on the line to Mafeking, and the holding of it would have been a difficult matter.

"After the evacuation," said the *Cape Times*, "Major Scott, whose haggard features betokened many sleepless nights, remarked to a companion that he was a ruined man, and that it was hard, after being twenty-two years in the colony's service, to come to this. He shot himself in the forehead, and his body was buried between two spreading thorn trees." The fact of having to leave a place committed to his care appears to have caused the gallant officer to become unduly depressed.

DUBLIN FUSILIERS

IN his *Diary of the Natal Campaign* Dr. Raymond Maxwell relates this story of an Irish soldier. It should be mentioned that Dr. Maxwell was attached to the Boer ambulance. He says: "Canon B—— was visiting the wounded soldiers in the hospital the night after Talwana, and was chatting to a Dublin Fusilier man. He happened to ask him if he had seen many dead Boers on the hill, and got the reply, 'Begorra, sorr, but the hill was alive wid 'em!'"

A TRIO

ANOTHER Irish story of the same period concerns two Dublin Fusiliers, who encountered and captured two Boers on the veldt. "Who are you? What have you got? Fork out!" cried the Dublins. "My dear fellow," one of the Dutchmen replied in a tone of injured remonstrance, "you must not talk to me like that. I am a field cornet." The soldier thus addressed opened his eyes wide in surprise, and then bawled out, "I don't care whether you're a field trombone! Fork out!"

COOL REMARK

A YOUNG private of the King's Royal Rifles, while in his tent, had his helmet top blown clean off by a shell from the Boer artillery on Talana Hill. He simply remarked, "Well, that's a little bit off the top!"

COLONEL'S DEATH

DIFFERENT accounts have been given of the death of Colonel Gunning, King's Royal Rifles, during the Battle of Talana Hill. Lieutenant Stirling said that the British artillery mistook his regiment for the Boers and began firing on them. Colonel Gunning, who was close to the lieutenant, stood up and shouted, "Stop that firing." In another moment he was seen to fall dead,

probably, according to the lieutenant, from the effects of the British artillery fire.

A private of the Rifles said: "We were picked off one by one, and worse than that, we had a flat piece of ground to go over right in the open. Our men were dropping down wounded, and our colonel thought they were retiring. He turned round, revolver in hand, and said that any man retiring under the Boer fire he would shoot. Almost immediately he received a bullet in his heart, and fell, never to get up any more. Another of our officers was hit in the stomach and blown to pieces by a shell from our own guns."

GENERAL PENN-SYMONS

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM PENN-SYMONS, mortally wounded at Glencoe, was shot while within the plantation which surrounds the homestead of Mr. Smith. Sir William had visited the batteries of artillery, along with Colonel Dartnell and his staff, and afterwards rode along the infantry lines viewing the relative positions of his own different troops and those of the enemy. He freely exposed himself to the bullets of the Boers, and did not seek to prevent his identity being known to the enemy on the hill above, for wherever he went there followed him his orderly, carrying the lance and red pennon, objects which alone would draw towards him Boer attention. Very keen was the regret expressed when it became known that the General had been wounded, but hope revived when the General's words were heard. "You are fine fellows, all of you," he remarked to a group of privates who were near, and turning to an officer he said, "Tell General Yule my accident is but slight, and that I will be out again to-morrow." Alas! a few days later he was dead.

PRISONER THREE TIMES

LIEUTENANT WELDON, of the 1st Leicestershire Regiment, had the somewhat peculiar experience of being three times made a prisoner during the Battle of Glencoe. Early in the day he was captured by the Boers, and witnessed a good part of the engagement from the enemy's side. Ultimately the Boers found themselves in a tight corner, their position being fully commanded by the British guns. In a great dilemma, it is alleged that they actually cried, and helplessly asked the imprisoned lieutenant what they had better do to get out of it. He promptly advised them to surrender, but they declined to do so for a time.

Ultimately they hoisted the white flag, and sent the lieutenant

with a message to the British lines in regard to their wounded. On the way another party of Boers made him prisoner, but released him on learning his mission. He then proceeded to where he had seen some British cavalry, only to find that it was cut off through Boer treachery while the white flag was flying, and here he was badly wounded and again made a prisoner. Subsequently the Boers sent the lieutenant to Ladysmith, promising to meet him again when they captured the town! Needless to say, that event did not occur, and Lieutenant Weldon arrived home in England during May, 1900.

GLENCOE INCIDENT

WRITING of Glencoe, a lance-corporal of the King's Royal Rifles gave a graphic description of the fighting. He said:—

“I have told you how eager I was for the fight, but I never thought I should come so near to going under as I did in my first set-to. It was just daybreak when the Boers opened fire on us, and as men began to fall rather fast, General Symons, who was in command, ordered our colonel to have us in readiness to storm their hill. If you had only seen that hill, mother, you would have fainted at the look of it. When the order came to take it, up we went like rockets. I was with some more chaps right in front, and the way we got over huge boulders and took flying leaps across great ledges was a fair treat. I don't know how I did it now, but it didn't seem two minutes from the start when I was right up at the top of that hill, and stabbing at the 'Paulies' for all I was worth.

“I got so excited that I got right away from the main body and among a crowd of them, and as my ankle got twisted over a big stone, down I came a cropper, just as I was going to lay out an old fellow with a beard a foot long. He had clubbed his gun, and was going to bring it over my head as I lay on the ground, when all of a sudden up springs in front of him a young fellow and says something to him in their lingo, and the old fellow only scowls at me and then turns round and goes off somewhere else to fight.

“Then the young chap helps me up, and as the fall and a bullet in my foot had taken it all out of me, he props me up against a rock and gives me some water. Then he says to me in very bad English: 'I save your life. Do you know?' I nodded. Then he says: 'You know why I save your life?' I shook my head. Then he says: 'Because you are like my brother!' Then he gives me a cigar and carries me on his back down the hill to where our camp lay, and when we got to the bottom he put me

down and says : 'They find you here all right !' Then he gives me another cigar, shakes my hand, and bolts. I was picked up by a patrol an hour or so afterwards, and have been in hospital ever since."

BOER SMOKING-CONCERT

ON the eve of the Battle of Elandslaagte the Boers had a "sing-song" at the station, some British prisoners being present. One of the latter, indeed, presided at the piano, and he sang "They all take after me" and other comic ditties, Dutch and English joining in the chorus vociferously. Field-Cornet Pienaar called for drinks all round and said : "This is a funny world. Here we are in the midst of war—Englishmen and Dutchmen—and yet we are singing together !"

GENERAL FRENCH'S SPEECH

BEFORE the Battle of Elandslaagte General French made a stirring speech to the troops. The following is the description given by a private of the 1st Devons :—

"He is a good man is General French, and he gave us great encouragement before we started on that fight. 'Men,' he said, as nearly as I can remember his words, 'you are going to oppose 2,000 or 3,000 Dutch. We want to keep up our honour as we did in the olden times—as soldiers and men we want to take that position before sunset.' Up went a cheer, and then General French gave the order to advance, and it was done."

BAYONETS AT ELANDSLAAGTE

A FOREIGN officer with the Boers, who expressed great admiration for the bravery of the British soldiers, said that nothing seemed to enrage Thomas Atkins more than to find that, after bearing the fire of the Boers in a rush up a kopje, there was no one to bayonet when they got to the top. After Elandslaagte one of the wounded Boers who had been captured was asked what he thought of the British bayonet charge. "Almighty !" he replied in a very surprised tone, "do you suppose I waited for that?" It was at Elandslaagte that an old Boer, nearly seventy, shot five of the Highlanders dead as they were making their charge. He was in the act of reloading when one of the Highlanders, with fixed bayonet, reached him. "Kill me," said the old Boer. "I am satisfied with having killed five of you rooineks." But the Highlander, it is recorded, spared him.

TWO GORDONS AND ONE BOER

THE matter-of-fact character of the Highland soldier, in spite of all the sentiment in his nature, has often been illustrated in the way of anecdote. Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Treves, the eminent surgeon who went on service in South Africa during the Boer War, gave another example at a gathering across the Border after his return from the front.

The Gordons had scaled a kopje with fixed bayonets, but most of the Boers, as usual, had taken the precaution of clearing away before the arrival of the dreaded bayonets. One of the enemy, however, had incautiously stayed behind too long, and he was cut off from his fellows. An energetic Highlander was proceeding to give him immediate attention, when in front of him there passed a second Scot, who roared out to his comrade, "Oot o' the way, Jock, and gi'e me room tae get a poke at him." "Na, na, Tam," replied the other, with virtuous indignation; "awa' wi' ye and find a Boer tae yersel'."

IRISH COLONIAL

IN the Imperial Light Horse, a Colonial corps that fought brilliantly at Elandslaagte, there were a considerable number of Irishmen. One of these was a large man, as strong as a bull and as broad as a door, who had the reputation of being a good Rugby football player. When the whistle blew for the advance at Elandslaagte, up jumped this Irishman, waving his rifle like a shillalegh, and with a shout of "Come on, me boys; let's at 'em!" started up the hill at full speed. His captain stopped him and told him to take cover. "No, no," said he; "let me foire me rifle—let me foire me rifle!" and not an inch would he budge until, standing square on to the enemy, he had emptied his rifle into the Boer lines.

ELANDSLAAGTE EXPLOIT

DURING the infantry charge at Elandslaagte, and while the Gordons were advancing in magnificent style against a heavy fire, a recall was sounded, and the Highlanders faltered. Captain Mullins, of the Imperial Light Horse, who were also charging with the Gordons, at once yelled out to the officers of the Gordons, "Don't let us have another Majuba!" When the false recall was sounded by the enemy a boy bugler of the Gordons, saying "Retire be damned!" rushed forward and blew a hasty charge. The men at once rallied, and the Boers were driven from their positions with great loss.

COMPLIMENTARY

AFTER Elandslaagte the Gordons always held a high opinion of the valour of the Imperial Light Horse. A correspondent asked a Gordon the name of the corps which assisted them to storm the hill. "It's the Licht Horse," was the reply. "But how do they dare to rush the hill without bayonets?" asked the astonished correspondent, "Wi'out bayonets!" said the Highlander. "Why, mon, the Licht Horse would tak' it wi'out rifles!"

USEFUL BULLET

THERE is an admixture of comedy and tragedy in the following incident which took place at Elandslaagte. Major W. Sampson, of the Imperial Light Horse, observed a man lying down, and ordered him to go on. The poor fellow retorted that he was perfectly willing to go on, but at that moment was too paralysed with fear. Major Sampson galloped on, but shortly afterwards was surprised to see the trooper charging past him. "What's the matter?" shouted the major. The trooper showed that his moustache and part of his upper lip had been carried away by a Boer bullet, and yelled fiercely, "Where are the devils? Let me get at them!" With that he galloped on, and was in front of the charge the whole way.

HELPED HIS COLONEL

SERGEANT BEACON, Imperial Light Horse, wrote: "The papers have simply chronicled the death of Colonel Chisholm (at Elandslaagte) as a plain fact, without mentioning that had he remained behind a boulder like the rest, instead of helping a private, he would still be alive. . . . Thank God! I was shot in attempting to save him (the colonel). He would not be persuaded to leave a wounded trooper of ours until he himself was shot in the back. Then he fell, but when I raised him he limped a few yards with his arm in mine, but was shot dead. I was shot in trying to raise him."

ELANDSLAAGTE HERO

WHEN the 5th Lancers were engaged with the enemy just before the Battle of Elandslaagte, one man, when his squadron was dashing from a kopje to get out of range, lost his horse. Adjutant Hulse immediately slipped off his own horse, and gave it to the trooper. The officer then started to run, and he had quite a quarter of a mile to cover in the open before he could find any sort of cover.

NIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

SPEAKING of Elandslaagte, the nephew of a Buckinghamshire clergyman said: "One cannot imagine anything more pitiful than to sit out there all night and hear the groans of the wounded and dying. I found poor Paton with a bullet in his thigh. Two men of his company had probably saved his life by lying on either side of him all night, keeping him as warm as possible."

It was probably the above-mentioned officer who wrote home his experiences of the battle. He was wounded in the leg, and had no idea that he had been shot until he saw the blood all over his trousers. He then went on to say: "A Tommy of mine and a sergeant of the Gordons dressed my wound roughly to stop the bleeding, and my Tommy and myself lay down to wait for the ambulance. The firing had practically stopped by now save for a shot or two that were still being fired at the wounded from among the rocks, and all the field around seemed covered with men groaning in agony and calling out for the ambulance in vain. I prefer to say no more about that night on the field, for it is best forgotten.

"You may be sure that I never welcomed the daylight as I did on Sunday morning. I knew that help would come with the light, and soon the stretcher-bearers were at work. Many, of course, had been removed during the night, but the darkness and the roughness of the ground made it almost impossible for the bearer parties to work. I am glad my Tommy (a private in my own company called R——) stayed with me, for he wrapped me up in his own great-coat and lay with his arms round me all the night to try to keep me warm. If he hadn't I am afraid I should have pegged out, for it was bitterly cold, and I could not move at all."

PIPER AT ELANDSLAAGTE

AT Elandslaagte a piper of the Gordon Highlanders continued to play after he had been shot in one or more places. Since then in my perambulations (said a correspondent of the *Natal Witness* in Ladysmith), I have come across the piper himself, who told me some of his experiences. He is Sergeant Kenneth MacLeod. He was made sergeant after Elandslaagte. At the charge "Kenny," to give him the name he is best known by, was struck by a bullet in the left arm, and by another in the side. He continued to play and to advance with the Gordons. Then a bullet came and smashed his drones, his chanter, and his wind-bag, and only then did gallant Kenny desist. Sergeant MacLeod

is a native of Lewis, and was formerly in the Seaforth Highlanders. He is fair-haired, stalwart, speaks English with a delightful accent, and sings in Gaelic like a veritable Highland bard and minstrel.

WOUNDED OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES

WRITING about the Battle of Elandslaagte to his mother, a wounded officer said:—"To return to my own doings. I lay where I fell for about three-quarters of an hour, when a doctor came and put a field-dressing on my wound, gave me some brandy, put my helmet under my head as a pillow, covered me with a Boer blanket which he had taken from a dead man, and then went to look after some other poor beggar.

"I shall never forget the horrors of that night as long as I live. In addition to the agony which my wound gave me, I had two sharp stones running into my back. I was soaked to the skin and bitterly cold, but had an awful thirst. The torrents of rain never stopped. On one side of me was a Gordon Highlander in raving delirium, and on the other a Boer who had had his leg shattered by a shell, and who gave vent to the most heartrending cries and groans.

"War is a funny game, mother, and no one can realise what its grim horrors are like till they see it in all its barbarous reality. At daybreak I was put into a doolie by a doctor, and some natives carried me down to the station. The ground was awfully rough, and they dropped me twice. I fainted both times. I was sent down to Ladysmith in the hospital train. From the station I was conveyed to the chapel (officer's hospital) in a bullock cart, the jolting of which made me faint again. I was the last officer taken in. I was then put to bed and my wound was dressed, just seventeen hours after I was hit. They then gave me some beef-tea, which was the first food I had had for twenty-seven hours."

HOSPITAL SCENE

A NURSE, who wrote from the front, said:—"We have several Boer patients, and it is really amusing to see our large-hearted Tommy Atkinses fraternising with the enemy. A touching little scene happened yesterday. One of the Gordons had his arm amputated. A Boer in the next bed had had his arm taken off in exactly the same place. I took charge of the latter as he was brought down from the operating-theatre, and on his becoming conscious the two poor fellows eyed each other very much, till our good-natured Tommy could bear it no longer. 'Sister,' he called, 'give him two cigarettes out of my box. Here is a match; light one for him.' I took the cigarettes and the message to the Boer,

and he turned and looked at Tommy in amazement, and then, quite overcome, he burst into tears, and Tommy did the same, and I am afraid I was on the point of joining in the chorus, but time would not permit it." This incident took place soon after the fight at Elandslaagte.

GORDON HIGHLANDER'S REWARD

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times of Natal* wrote:—"At Elandslaagte, after the engagement, a Gordon Highlander and a Boer found themselves lying close to one another. The former was only slightly wounded, while the latter seemed to be almost at the end of his tether. The Gordon Highlander was examining his companion leisurely, when he saw the Boer making a sign as though wanting a drink. Without hesitation, the Scot pulled out his flask, and handed it over to the dying man. The latter had sufficient strength to raise the flask to his lips and drink, and in handing it back to the Highlander, he also handed over his belt, which was afterwards found to contain a sum of ten pounds."

WOUNDED HIGHLANDER

AFTER Elandslaagte, a sandy-haired, square-headed German, with a lance wound through the muscles above the knee-joint, was taken into a British hospital howling and shivering. He kicked up such a row that a man of the Gordons with his arm in a sling threatened to brain him with an empty beer bottle. The German was then put into a corner out of the way of the exasperated Scotsman.

In contrast to the Teuton was a Gordon Highlander, who swore with a very strong Dundee accent. His wrist had been shattered with a Mauser bullet. On the "field-dressing" being removed, the blood spurted out of the wounded arm like a garden-spray, which caused the gallant Gordon to ejaculate, "Ma God!" After getting his wound attended to, he promptly tackled a plateful of bread and jam, saying apologetically, "I haena had onything tae eat the day."

BULLETS AND WOUNDS

A CURIOUS incident came under the notice of a war correspondent at the Rietfontein engagement. A private of the Natal Mounted Rifles had his horse shot, and immediately cried out, "I'm hit!" "Nonsense, man; it's only your horse," exclaimed a comrade, and the man, accepting the assurance, went on fighting. He returned to the camp with his corps, strolled

about in the evening, suffered during the night from what he called spasms, and only next morning discovered that a Mauser bullet had gone clean through his body! Then he collapsed, and was taken to the hospital.

On this point it may be mentioned that all the British surgeons had expressed surprise at the cleanness of a wound made by a Mauser bullet as generally used by the Boers. When, however, the Boers, as many of them did, manipulated their bullets so that they expanded on striking, the wounds caused were of the most fearful description.

IRISH COOLNESS

AMONG the Dublin Fusiliers who arrived at Ladysmith when the British were retreating upon that place at the beginning of the war, there was one soldier who had lost the upper half of his helmet. During the fighting at Dundee it had been carried off by a Boer shell. The fusilier himself was untouched, but he was much incensed at the damage done to his headgear.

Another Dublin Fusilier was removing forage from the old camp at Glencoe when a shell came from the Boers' 40-pounder and entered the ground with a bang at only five yards distance. The Irishman was bending at the time, and he did not even take the trouble to look up. His officer heard the fusilier say to himself, as he turned his back on the shell, "Ach, go ter blazes wid ye!"

RETREAT TO LADYSMITH

OF the terrible march of the retreating British columns on Ladysmith many stories have been told by the soldiers who took part in the affair. The men of the Irish Fusiliers, one of the battalions of the force, were much fatigued owing to the rough journey. One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. Suddenly he said to an officer near him: "Sir, what country is this we're marching over?" "The Natal Tableland, my man," responded the officer. "Begorra," said the soldier, "I think the table's turned upside down, sir, and we're walking over the legs of it!"

Soldiers are always kind to one another, and a friendly action of one corps to another was recorded in a letter which Private Locke, of the 1st Devons, wrote home. "The Glencoe column," said the soldier, who was at Ladysmith, "arrived to-day from Dundee. They had been marching for fifty-seven hours on two biscuits per man, and on seven hours' rest. Our regiment, out of our pockets, gave the Dublin Fusiliers a good feed, which they devoured like wolves. They were simply starving."

BATTLEFIELD SMOKE

IN a letter from Ladysmith, in November, 1899, a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps said :—

“I have just returned from Nicholson’s Nek, which is several miles away from the town. My brother Herbert and I, with the rest of the corps, have been collecting the wounded who fell in the big fight there. I found one man propped up against a rock. When he saw me he called out in a weak voice, and I went up to him at once. I saw that both his arms were broken, and that he could not raise either of them. About two yards away there was a cigarette-case which somebody had dropped in the battle.

“‘I’m all right, old boy,’ said the wounded man ; ‘there’s lots worse than me all round. Get them on the stretchers first. I can last out a bit. I’ll tell you what you can do. See that case of fags ? Well, just take one out and stick it in my mouth. I’ve been watching it for ever so long, but I couldn’t pick it up. I’d give anything for a smoke.’ I gave him a cigarette. It would have done your heart good to see how he puffed away at it. The poor fellow seemed quite contented and happy when he got it. I saw this inscription inside the cigarette-case : ‘From Alice to Fred, in memory of happier days.’”

PRISONER AT NICHOLSON’S NEK

PRVATE T. BIGMORE, of the 10th Mountain Battery, which was captured by the Boers at Nicholson’s Nek, wrote the following in a letter describing his escape :—

“I am pleased to say I am one of the lucky ones to escape. After a very hard fight for life I was stunned with a rifle, and lay in a hole until next morning. The first gun that was fired woke me up, only to find two Irishmen who were fighting for the Boers shouting at me to fall in between them, and I had to do so. They were only young fellows about seventeen years of age. They took the only bit of bread off me, and one made me carry his rifle. I was very bad at the time, so that he could eat with pleasure.

“The other had his rifle in one hand and bread in the other, and at last I let the fellow on my left have his rifle right across his face. He fell, and the other ran off as quickly as his legs could carry him. I ran about a hundred yards in the bed of a river, remaining there all day. At night I took my boots off, and under cover of the darkness crawled six miles on my hands and knees through their lines. I came to a large house, and slept in an outhouse until about half-past four, when, hearing some trotting, I looked out at the door, and saw some of the 18th Hussars.”

SENTRY'S ADVENTURE

A PRIVATE of the Royal Scots, writing from Bushman's Hoek on December 21st, 1899, related the following amusing incident:—

"I was on outpost duty over a week ago on the hills; it was a very dark night. I thought I saw something moving about, so I told the young soldier that was with me to stand, and I would advance a little nearer to the moving object. I made sure it was a party of Boers trying to get into our lines. I went forward about ten yards, then shouted out, 'Halt! Who goes there?' No answer. Then I crept a little nearer and shouted 'Halt!' again. No answer. So I went right up to the object with my bayonet fixed and rifle ready to fire. Just before I got up to it, it uttered a 'Hee-haw! Hee-haw!' What should it be but a mule that had broken loose and wandered into our picket lines! I caught it and kept it prisoner till the officer came to visit us. My tent had a good laugh at me that night."

STORMBERG AFFAIR

REFERRING to the Stormberg disaster, an officer of the 74th Field Artillery, writing home to his father at Newcastle, said:—

"We left camp about 3,000 strong, under command of General Gatacre, and arrived under Stormberg Hill at about three o'clock on the Sunday morning. The infantry opened out under the hill when, all of a sudden, the ping-ping of the Boer Mauser was heard. It was a surprise, and we all knew we were in a trap. The artillery, which was in battery column at close intervals, wheeled into line at full intervals along the plain, south-west of Stormberg Hill, to take up a position, all the time under the enemy's fire. During that movement across the plain my gun got stuck in a ditch, and we were left there. It was awful!

"The infantry were retiring at the time, but directly the enemy saw the position we were in they turned their fire on us, in a short time wounding my three drivers—the only three wounded in the battery. All this time myself and the gunners were endeavouring, under heavy fire, to get the gun out; but it was of no avail. All the horses were killed during that twenty minutes. I must say that both drivers and gunners behaved splendidly. Of the eight of us not a man left his horses or the gun until we were ordered away by Major Lawrie, D.S.O., of our battery, who, at the risk of his life, galloped across the line of fire with spare horses to try and save the gun. But it was impossible.

It was then he said to our party, 'Men, you have done your best, and bravely too; leave your gun: it cannot be saved.' This we did, sulkily, thinking that they would meet us again with our own. That is how the 74th lost their gun, and it is a true story."

OFFICER'S DEATH

A SOLDIER of the 1st Royal Scots, under General Gatacre at Sterkstroom in December, 1899, gave the following incidents in a letter home:—

"We were aroused at daybreak on Sunday morning by the boom of artillery, which proved to be the Boers opening fire. The fight lasted five and a half hours, and our brave fellows had to retire, repulsed but not disgraced. Such a sight I can never forget. To see poor fellows being brought in wounded in arms and legs, while one chap had a bullet pierce his shoulder and wrist as he was carrying his rifle at the slope.

"I came across a young officer who had been shot through the lung and was bleeding to death. As I raised his beautiful curly head he opened his eyes and smiled wanly, saying, 'Never mind me, dear boy, it's all over with me.' I bathed his forehead with water, and as I was doing so he died. I never felt so terrible in all my life. With a big lump in my throat and a feeling of hatred against the Boers in my heart, I felt as if all the fiends of hell had got hold of me. . . . Since then we have all come back to Sterkstroom, where we do nothing but dig trenches all day. A very touching incident took place one night as we were going up country. A missionary and a lot of niggers turned out as we passed through the village, and sang in English that beautiful hymn, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

BRAVERY AT STORMBERG

THE Gunner Wallace mentioned in the following extract from a Cape newspaper is, it is interesting to note, a native of Stroud, in England:—

"Sergeant Patmore, of the Kaffrarian Rifles, is a colonial who has shown that men of British blood are just as brave and as generous in the Colonies as are their compatriots at home. At Stormberg he carried a wounded gunner off the field in a storm of shot and shell. To a representative of the *East London Dispatch*, who asked him to describe the incident, he said: 'During the fight Gunner Wallace, of the 74th R.F.A., was shot in the back and knocked off his horse, and when retiring I heard him shout, "Oh, God! won't anybody help me?"' I just wheeled

round my horse and replied, "Yes, old chap, I'll help you." I tried to lift him on my horse, but he was too heavy, and then I shouted for assistance. None of the men would stop, but at length I saw the general riding past and called to him to send help. He at once stopped some men and told them to assist me, and between us we got the gunner on my horse and led him off. All this while we were under a heavy fire, and afforded a good mark for the Boers, but none of us were hit."

COLONEL'S FIGHTING SPEECH

JUST before the fight at Willow Grange, Colonel Kitchener, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, who was in command of all the troops engaged, gave, according to a soldier of the 2nd East Surrey Regiment, the following speech:—

"Men, you see the bit of hill in front of you? (It was too dark to see the real nature of the hill, adds the soldier.) Well, there are 5,000 Boers in a fairly strong position on the top, who haven't the slightest idea how near we are. It is impossible to storm their position with cavalry or artillery, so it must be done without a shot, with the bayonet. Once on top, the position is ours. You see the hill; well, if you reach the top and take the position you shall have another meal to-night (which meant hot coffee and more biscuits when we got back, adds the soldier). If you don't, you get nothing." Colonel Kitchener will be recognised as the brother of Lord Kitchener.

BULLET'S VAGARIES

IN the fight at Willow Grange, November, 1899, a colour-sergeant of the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment had a marvellous escape. A bullet pierced his haversack and struck his dinner-knife at half an inch from the haft, breaking it clean across, the remaining portion being twisted half round. It then transversed a tin of ointment, broke the heavy clasp-knife hanging from his belt, gouged an inch and a quarter out of his despatch-book (three-quarters of an inch thick), which was hanging beneath the knife, and entered his hip for about one-eighth of an inch, carrying a piece of shirt with it, and making a very superficial wound. [Told by the late Sir William MacCormac.]

CHAPLAIN AT BELMONT

AT the Battle of Belmont, at the beginning of the war, a remarkable incident occurred as the Northampton Regiment was storming a kopje held by the enemy. A chaplain named

Hill had, somehow or other, got into the firing line, and on the advance being sounded, he went with the boys at the Boers. In the charge a man close to the chaplain was mortally wounded, and, as he rolled over in his agony, he caught sight of the parson. "I'm done for now, padre," he exclaimed.

Mr. Hill at once stayed his advance and went to the side of the man, where, kneeling with his back to the enemy, he began to pray. Just then an officer, catching sight of him, shouted out, "Come back and lie down, sir! You've no right to risk your life in that way." "This is my place," replied the chaplain, "and I am doing my own special work." Then he went on praying and reading words of comfort from a Bible, until the soldier's eyes at last closed in death. Fortunately, the good man, though exposed to the Boer marksmen during his administration, was not once hit.

BELMONT INCIDENT

WRITING of the Battle of Belmont, Private Joseph Freedman said:—"How I got shot in the neck was something marvellous, for it went in through one side and came out the other, and it killed our poor adjutant, who was lying alongside of me. He ran out of a shelter into the open, and we were following him. There were about sixteen of us, and everyone of us got wounded, and a couple got killed besides himself. Someone shouted out, 'Cease fire. Our men are getting up the hill,' so he shouted out, 'Come on, lads, we won't be last!' and up he got and rushed out towards the open, but the enemy saw us, and opened fire from both hills at us.

"One shot hit the boulder, right in front of my nose, which made me shift to a few bushes and brought me about a yard from our adjutant, and while I was lying in that position I got hit in the foot, and keeping up the fire for ten minutes, I got hit in the shoulder, which made me shout. So I kept up the fire for another ten minutes; in fact, I could hardly hold my rifle up for pain, and then I was just trying to pop the Boer off when all at once an awful sensation went through me, and I heard the officer shout, 'Oh!' and we both rolled over by the same shot. I thought my last hour had come, but I came round at last, and I saw the officer raise his hand to his chest, and his pencil dropped out of his pocket-book. He gave one hard breath, and then he died peacefully away."

BAYONETS AT BELMONT

A GUARDSMAN told a story of Belmont. When the British rushed the hill and were at the top, Private Collins, of the Grenadiers—the champion boxer of the Army—found himself face to face with a Boer, who screamed out, “Spare me; I have only done my duty.” Collins, who had his bayonet fixed, replied, “You have done your duty, and I am going to do mine,” and he forthwith bayoneted the man. Before he could disengage himself, however, he was shot through the head by another Boer, who was carefully hiding behind a rock.

Another incident of the same battle occurred when a Boer, finding escape impossible, shouted, “Don’t kill me, don’t kill me! I’m a field cornet!” “I don’t care whether you’re the whole bloomin’ brass band,” replied Tommy, “you’ve got to have it!” And the Boer had it.

DEATH WAS SWEET

A VERY pathetic story was told of Lieutenant Long, of the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, who fell mortally wounded at the Battle of Graspan. Only a few months before the war broke out the young officer was examining a new rifle on the lawn in his father’s grounds, at Fareham, when the gun accidentally went off, killing a favourite sister who was standing by his side. The brother was distracted with grief at the tragic accident, and for a time it was feared that his brain would give way. When the chance of active service came, he jumped at it eagerly as a distraction from the grief which was consuming him. He had a strong feeling that he would lose his life in South Africa, but this only increased his wish to go out. The lieutenant was only twenty years old.

MODERN GLADIATOR

A GRAPHIC account was sent to the Mayor of Newcastle-under-Lyme of a fight which his nephew, Gunner Harvey, R.M.A., aged nineteen, had with five Boers. The account, furnished by an eye-witness, who was too badly wounded to interfere, runs as follows:—

“After the Battle of Graspan, Harvey went with a comrade to help a wounded man lying half a mile from the British lines. They had almost reached him when five Boers sprang out from a boulder eighty yards off and fired, killing Harvey’s companion. He himself was untouched, and, kneeling down, he fired and killed one of them, and as they began running towards him he

accounted for another. As they came nearer he fired his revolver, wounding one of the three ; but the other two clubbed their rifles and dashed at him. He drew his sword and waited. A crashing blow dealt at his chest was dodged, and next moment his assailant's head was nearly severed from his body, but Harvey was immediately knocked down by a blow from the other Boer. He was up on his feet in an instant, and before his foe could recover he had struck him dead."

CHAPLAIN TO HIGHLANDERS

THE Rev. James Robertson, D.D., D.S.O., was chaplain to the Highland Brigade in the Boer War. All through the fighting at Belmont, Modder River, and Magersfontein he was with his men, and he risked his life on many occasions in assisting the wounded off the field, ministering to the dying, carrying water to the thirsty soldiers, and encouraging the men. When a battle drew to a close, Chaplain Robertson, unheeding the stray bullets yet flying about, mounted his horse and rode over to the enemy's lines to ask permission to gather in the British killed and wounded. When remonstrated with he once said, "I knew they wouldn't harm me, because they could see by my riding right up to them that I was either a minister or a madman."

BOER, BIBLE, AND BRITON

IN November, 1899, the Hon. George Peel, then in South Africa, had an astonishing and amusing adventure. Wandering beyond Lord Methuen's camp he found himself in the presence of a Boer, who presented him, not with a rifle, but with a Bible, opened at the Book of Revelation, and then fled. While walking back to camp, studying over this decidedly curious incident, Mr. Peel, browned, bearded, and in khaki, was seized by three men of the Grenadier Guards, who haled him before Lord Methuen and accused the prisoner of being a Boer spy! Explanations were made, of course, and the captors looked a trifle foolish.

MODDER RIVER BATTLE

DESCRIBING his part in the Modder River Battle, Private F. Dane, of the Mounted Infantry Company of the Buffs, said:—"I was close behind the captain of my company, and together we rushed forward to take up a good position. He had just got behind a small bush, and I was still in the open, when five shots struck him almost at the same time—two in the mouth, one in the centre of his chest, one in his stomach, and one in his left

shoulder. He turned round and walked a few yards, then the blood rushed from his mouth in perfect torrents, and as his lungs worked so the blood kept gushing out more and more. He said, 'My God! my God! I'm shot! Lay down, men, lay down!' and then he shouted out for a doctor, whose aid would have been useless, as he was mortally wounded. Lance-Corporal Woolley took the captain's helmet off, and laid him down. Then he turned round to me and said, 'The captain's dead, Freddy.'

"Ten minutes later, as Woolley was crawling along on his hands and knees, an explosive bullet struck him in the temple, burnt and blew half his head off, and left him in a kneeling position with his head on the ground in a pool of blood. I was not more than two yards from either of them; then I crawled round to get a better position, and had just got close to another lance-corporal when he got shot through the kidneys and went down in a heap. I said, 'Are you hit, Percy?' But his only answer was a death rattle in his throat as he stretched out rigid, dead."

JOKES IN ACTION

WRITING of the Modder River Battle, a private of the 62nd Battery, R.F.A., said:—"It is wonderful to see how well our troops behave in action. Our gunners and drivers laughed and joked and cried out, 'Here comes another!' every time a bullet struck our carriages or horses. One of our N.C.O.'s shouted out, when the bullets were getting too thick, 'Half-time!' We had a fine time the next morning. We captured the dead Boers' ponies, saddled them, and had a rare old time galloping over the scene of action."

TRAITOR'S FATE

A SOLDIER of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, referring to the Modder River fight, said:—"We found the enemy's picket there in small trenches, and we went for them. We completely wiped them off the map. One of them said, 'Give us a chance, mate; I am a Glasgow man.' He had his chance, for one of the Seafortths promptly run him through, with the remark, 'Take that, you — traitor!'"

COLONEL'S DEATH

COLONEL STOPFORD, the commander of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, left England with a presentiment that he would never return. He made no secret of this feeling, and in bidding "good-bye" to a near and dear relative said, "I know I shall never come back again. The Boers are deadly shots, and I shall make an excellent target for their bullets."

He came unscathed through the fights at Belmont and Graspán, but at the battle of the Modder River was killed by the second shell fired by the Boers in the action, as he was gallantly leading his regiment into the fight. A soldier of the Coldstreams, writing home, said:—"It is strange that the majority of men in our battalion who have been killed or wounded are married. It seems hard for them. I expect you have heard how our commander, Colonel Stopford, was killed at Modder River. He was a fine, kind old officer—a true gentleman. A shell struck him in the body and ripped him right open. Our poor Colonel only spoke once. He said 'Help!' and he was dead."

LOST HIS EYE

THE eagerness of the reservists to fight their country's battles was amusingly illustrated in the case of a soldier who was landed at Southampton in March, 1900, from the *Kildonan Castle*, which brought invalids and wounded men from South Africa. He was minus an eye—a glass one—which had been unhappily lost on the field of battle. When called out at the beginning of the war, the reservist's glass eye satisfactorily passed the scrutiny of the depôt doctor, but in the excitement of the fight at Modder River the dummy eye dropped out on the veldt, and the unfortunate owner was unable there and then to search for it.

After the fight search was made in the brown dust of the battlefield—the humorous query went through the ranks: "Has anyone seen a chap's eye lying about?"—but without success. At muster a medical officer spotted the one-eyed soldier, and promptly sent him to the rear, where, in due course, to his great disgust, he was officially "invalided" home. He afterwards got another eye, but felt that he had been harshly treated by the chances of war.

AFTER THE BATTLE

A PRIVATE of D Company, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, writing home to his parents in Bradford, said the day of the Modder River Battle was terrible. The fight started at half-past six in the morning, and lasted till seven at night. The men lay on their stomachs all day shooting at the enemy. They were anxiously waiting until night, so that they could make a charge. "After the fight," he wrote, "my mate and I got permission to go and try to get some water for ourselves, and some more men of my company. We got the water about two miles from where the regiment was, and on returning we were surprised to find that they had shifted to some other place, so we were lost. After

wandering about for some hours we found some more fellows, the same as ourselves, and being fairly tired out we dropped down where we were and fell asleep, and when I woke up the next morning between three and four I saw a regiment marching, and in it was my brother Bob. I found my regiment the next morning."

SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME

A RESERVIST of the Coldstream Guards, who was with Lord Methuen's force, sent to his friends in London some curious details of his experiences in the series of engagements that terminated with the Battle of Magersfontein. Writing of the fight at the Modder River, he said that he was exposed to the enemy's fire for over twelve hours, and was ten hours without water in a blazing sun. Whilst lying down the blood came from his ears, mouth, and nostrils. Eventually he was so exhausted with firing that he fell sound asleep, and dreamt that he was at Yarmouth, the well-known seaside resort! Waking up, he found the firing still going on, and he forthwith joined in the fray again!

WATER WITH A FLAVOUR

THE following incident occurred at Poplar Grove, by the Modder River, at that time a mere sewer of dead horses, dead fighters, and enteric germs. There was good well water to be obtained here, and we were much amused while bathing in the exceedingly muddy river, to hear a conversation between two soldiers. One of these—a Highlander—having bathed, commenced to fill his bottle from the river, whereupon the other called out, "Why, Jock, boy, there's any amount of good water, well water, up there," jerking his thumb in the direction of the water-supply. "Na, na, mon," answered the Highlander, "this has mair of a bite!" and went off with his treasure.—*The Naval Brigades in South Africa.*

BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD

AFTER the Battle of the Modder a soldier, carrying his rifle in his left hand at the sling, and holding up his jaw with his right, walked into a field hospital. As soon as a surgeon was at liberty he said to the soldier: "Well, my man, what can I do for you?" "Och, dochtor, I jist want ye to take out o' my jaw here a bullet that's knocked out two of my teeth." "Well, sit down. . . . Is that the only place you feel any pain, where the bullet is?" "Troth, that's all, and that's plinty!" "But are you sure you've no pain anywhere else?" "Sorra bit, only I'm confused-

like." "Well, no wonder, my man! That bullet in your jaw got there through the top of your head!" However, the soldier recovered.

VALUE OF WATER

WE camped beside a muddy, grassy pond on the way to Modder River, and again we revelled in water. We actually washed our bodies and changed our clothing, and felt more or less like "just men and perfect." On the next afternoon, in the heat of a fearful battle, I asked an officer who guarded a water-wagon of the Coldstream Guards to let me fill my bottle. "We have not enough for our own men," said he. "It was to your wounded men that I gave what I had," said I, turning away. "Please come back and fill your bottle," said he; "you may have all you want."

Twenty minutes later more wounded men crawling to the rear began again to cross my path and beg for water. "Please, sir, could you give me a little water?" "That man over there has had one foot torn away. Could you spare him a drink of water?" "Hello! How are you wounded? Can I do anything for you?" "Give me some water, sir, for God's sake; that's all I want." We have learned what war is, and more about the Boer than we knew a month ago; but, above all, we have learned the value of water. [The late Mr. Julian Ralph, in the London *Daily Mail*, January, 1900.]

BATTLEFIELD THIRST

TROOPS in South Africa suffered greatly from want of water. "People at home don't value water," said one soldier. "If they saw the men out here with cracked and blackened lips, and tongues swollen with the terrible thirst, they would value it more. Thank goodness, we are now on the banks of a river where we can get as much water as we like, and that is a grand thing."

Even this state of affairs, however, was not wholly satisfactory, as was shown by a letter from a private of the 9th Lancers who was at the Modder River. "We fished twenty-nine dead Boers out of the river to-day," he said. "That is the water we are drinking!"

Concerning the Battle of the Modder River one soldier said: "We lost most men owing to a water-cart coming up at 5 p.m. Half our fellows rushed for a drop of water, regardless of the Boers' fire. The men dropped like flies around the cart."

SOLDIERS' SELF-DENIAL

AFTER the Battle of Magersfontein one of those who assisted to carry off the wounded related that in many cases the wounded soldiers, who had been without food or water for twenty-four hours, would only wet their lips at his water-bottle, refusing more because they knew that water was so scarce on the field. This is worthy of being ranked with the historic example of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen.

A GOOD TURN

A NOBLE instance of self-denial on the part of soldiers occurred after the Battle of Belmont, in 1899. A correspondent said:—"The men were much exhausted, having been marched off without their breakfasts. They suffered most, however, from thirst, and as there was only one spring, the regiments had to take it in turns to get to the water. The Coldstreams suffered most, having had a night march to arrive in time for the action, and had, moreover, no water-cart. This being made known to the Northumberland Fusiliers, who were to have first turn at the spring, they at once waived their right and gave up their turn to the Coldstreams, an act of kindness that was much appreciated and will never be forgotten."

MAGERSFONTEIN INCIDENTS

IN the night advance before Magersfontein the left-hand men of the companies, who held the guiding-ropes, kept stumbling over the rocks, which produced a strain on the sergeant who acted as marker. At last he exclaimed, "Coom up there, lads. Doest expect me to pull the regiment into action?"

Many incidents of the fatal fight have been recorded, some by the enemy. An Irishman who fought for the Boers said: "Tuesday morning what a sight was there! . . . One officer we picked up fifteen paces from our line. He got there shouting and swinging his hat, 'Now, boys, we are in,' and down he went with three bullets in his heart. The Scotch regiments lay in veritable banks—most of them dead, a great number dying."

AFTER THE BATTLE

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN, in an interview, gave a harrowing account of the battlefield scene at Magersfontein. He said he never wished to witness another. In one place he saw a private of the Gordons sitting binding up his leg. Surprised that there could yet be wounded men on the field, he approached, and found the man had been shot through both legs, and was binding

up the wounds with his field-dressing. He asked if he could be of any assistance, but elicited no reply. He looked at the man more carefully, and to his surprise found he was quite dead. A bullet had entered his temple while he was busy, bringing instantaneous death.

SEAFORTH'S OFFICER

AT the Battle of Magersfontein Captain Lindsay, of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, a young officer as brave as a lion, was walking up and down the line encouraging his men. He had just said laughingly, "You mustn't mind these fellows; you know they never hit anyone," when he himself was struck by a bullet and seriously wounded. He just managed to turn round to his men to say with a smile, "Well, that's the exception that proves the rule!" He was shortly afterwards carried off by the ambulance bearers, and recovered sufficiently from his wound to be able to take service in the Scottish Horse. Some months later, however, at Brakenlaagte, gallant Captain Lindsay was killed.

CUNNING HIGHLANDERS

A SCOTS GUARDSMAN related the method adopted by two Highlanders to escape capture after Magersfontein. He said:—

"Two men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders went out towards the Boer trenches on the morning after the battle. When about four hundred yards from the trenches they came across a wounded officer of theirs, and were in the act of putting him into a blanket, in lieu of a stretcher, when two mounted Boers rode up to them and told them in broken English that they were 'prisonairs of war—Colonel Cronje say so. He want you on the hill.'

"'We can't leave our officer,' they said. 'He prisonair too. Come along.' So saying they went, leaving the officer lying there. When about one hundred and fifty yards from the trenches the Boers galloped to the front, thinking the two Highlanders were coming on. Instead of doing so, however, they lay down behind a bush when they saw the Boers far enough off and commenced groaning and crying for water. Presently up came another party of Boers, who knew nothing of the recent affair. 'Are you wounded?' they asked. 'Yes,' replied the Highlanders. 'Take a drink of water,' said one of the Boers, 'and lie down, so you will not get shot.' With this the Boers galloped off. When all was clear the Highlanders rose, and one leaned on the other, groaning and making enough noise to wake the dead. In this manner they managed to escape to our lines. The Boers had taken their equipment and ammunition from them."

WAUCHOPE IN YOUTH

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW GILBERT WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G., who was slain at Magersfontein in 1899, while leading the Highland Brigade, joined the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) in 1865. The innate smartness and general recklessness of disposition of the new red-polled ensign at once endeared him to a grim old Crimean drill-sergeant, who forthwith charged himself with his training. When asked what he thought of the young ensign, the old sergeant was wont to say: "That red-headed Wauchope chap wull either gang tae the de'il, or he'll dee Commander-in-Chief!"

WAUCHOPE OF MAGERSFONTEIN

GENERAL WAUCHOPE was absolutely devoted to his profession. Before going to South Africa to find his death, he had been wounded four times in battle, thrice severely. One of these wounds he received in the upper part of his right arm at the Battle of Kirbekan, on the Nile, in 1884. Thanks to a splendid physique, however, he pulled through, but he was never afterwards able to use the arm properly. In consequence of the injury, he was permitted to appear on all parades without drawing his sword. Once, while in temporary command of the Black Watch at Gibraltar, he, when mounted, drew his sword. In attempting to replace it in the sheath, he found his arm would not bend, and the sword fell from his grasp.

It is not generally known that, like several other famous generals, Wauchope began his career as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. He entered the sister service when twenty. Of his middy days he once told a good story. A number of officers landed at Cherbourg to play cricket, and so mystified the Frenchmen that they almost interfered to stop the game. They thought the putting up of the stumps and bails was a new mode of surveying directed against the defence of the military port!"

GENERAL AND STRIKERS

GENERAL WAUCHOPE was one of the kindest-hearted men who ever lived. During a great Scottish strike of 1894 a deputation of miners waited upon him. He plainly told them that he had no sympathy with strikes, then turning to one of them said: "Man, Tom, I would sooner give all I have than let one of the little children in Niddrie starve; will a pound a day do you any good?" This, and even more, he continued to give during the

many weeks the strike lasted for the children's soup kitchen, which was also supplied with vegetables from the gallant General's garden.

TINKER'S HINT

SHORTLY before Wauchope started for the Soudan, in 1898, he met on a country road near Niddrie an old tinker, a character in his way, whom he had known nearly all his life. Said the itinerant: "Eh, laird, I hear ye're gaun aff tae the wars ance mair. Whan wull ye e'er get yer fill o' fechtin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on: "I'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird. I'm just the same mysel', sir; I can ne'er get ma fill—but it's no' fechtin', it's whusky!" The laird took the hint.

EFFECT OF GLAD TIDINGS

AN instance of the occasional remarkable results of strong emotion came under the notice of a correspondent. A soldier of the gallant Yorkshire Light Infantry, a corps which fought with such conspicuous bravery at Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, and Magersfontein, was wounded with a shell at the last-named action. One effect of this wound was that the man was rendered completely dumb by the shock, and he remained in that state for over two months, till, in fact, the news of the relief of Ladysmith was announced in the hospital ward to which he was attached. So overjoyed was he at this glorious news that, to the astonishment of his comrades, he found himself able to "hurrah" with the best of them, and from that date completely recovered his speech!

HIGHLANDER AND BOERS

PRIVATE POTTER, of Dundee, on arrival with the Scottish wounded at Edinburgh Castle, had an interesting story to tell of his experiences at Magersfontein. He stated that he was struck by a bullet, which passed out at the back of his neck. He lay thirty-eight hours on the field before he was removed to the ambulance, which conveyed him to the hospital at the Modder River.

While he was lying on the field some of the Boers came upon him, and one of them took his (Potter's) blanket and wrapped it round him, as the atmosphere was getting very chilly. The Boer also gave him a drink of water. Previous to this two members of the Highland Brigade, but not of Potter's company, passed by, and he called to them and asked for a drink, but they refused, on the plea that they were keeping the water for some of their own comrades.

Shortly after the Boers had left, a gentleman (whom he afterwards believed to be Cronje) came to him singing. After inquiring about his wounds, the Boer noticed that Potter had a pick by his side, and he inquired what use was made of it. Potter replied that it belonged to the regiment, and was used for different purposes. Then, said the visitor, under the rules of warfare "it will belong to me now," and he accordingly took possession of it. A little later the Scotsman received a bottle of lime-juice from the Boer.

MONUMENT TO FALLEN HIGHLANDERS

A MEMORIAL to the officers and men of the Highland Brigade who fell at the Battle of Magersfontein was unveiled by Lord Milner, the High Commissioner of South Africa, in December, 1902, three years after the action. The monument consists of a Celtic cross made of grey granite, stands over twenty feet high, and weighs about twelve tons. It was fashioned at Aberdeen, and was conveyed on the Cape railways to the place of erection free of charge. On the base of the monument is the following inscription:—

"Erected by Scots the world over in memory of the officers and men of the Highland regiments who fell at Magersfontein, December 11, 1899."

"Scotland is poorer in men
but richer in heroes."

Leaning at the foot of the cross are five medallions with the crests and mottoes of the five Highland regiments engaged, viz. Black Watch, Seaforths, Highland Light Infantry, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the Gordons. The crests, although each occupying a comparatively limited space, are faithfully reproduced in every detail, the thistle, deer heads, tigers, and other well-known emblems, together with the inscribed ribands, being truly works of art. The monument, of course, is erected on the hill of Magersfontein.

PREMATURE FAREWELL

A HUMOROUS incident is related of Corporal Dr. Crane, the well-known football player, who was the "good fellow" *par excellence* of the Imperial Light Horse. While acting with his corps in Natal at the beginning of the war a Boer bullet struck his temple and splashed his face in blood. "Good-bye, my friends, good-bye," he cried; "bid a last farewell to poor Crane, and go on your way." A minute later he was alongside the foremost, cheering enthusiastically; the bullet had only carried off an ornamental lock of hair hanging over his forehead!

HELIOGRAPH REPORTEE

DURING the early part of General Buller's advance in Natal to the relief of Ladysmith, the Boers, in high spirits and confident of success, often sent chaffing messages to the British by means of the heliograph. "How is Buller getting on?" they frequently asked. After the Battle of Colenso the jubilant Boers heliographed, "Why is Roberts coming? What has Buller done?" The answer returned to them by the same means was, "How did you like our lyddite in the late battle?" The Boers, it is recorded, replied with the simple word "Rats!"

Later, in the year 1900, the signallers of General Buller's force managed to establish communication with the Boer heliograph. They told the enemy of the annexation of the Transvaal, and asked, "Why not surrender?" The reply was, "Must fight; Botha's orders." The Boers then asked if prisoners were still being sent to Ceylon, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, said they were resolved to fight.

NO QUARTER

A SOLDIER of the Yorkshire Regiment, who was under Buller in the early Natal fighting, wrote home saying, with regard to a charge which had been made at the enemy near Rensburg, in January, 1900:—"As soon as we charged I got a Boer pinned against a rock, and he cried out, 'Don't kill me; I am an Englishman'; but it did not matter, he had to drop like the rest. I searched him, and found 200 rounds of ammunition and a revolver and carbine. He did not look like an Englishman, but he could speak English plain enough."

TWO HEBREWS

A JEWISH soldier, under Buller, wrote home concerning a fight:—"We had had orders to clear the trenches by a bayonet charge. . . . Just as I was nearing one of them (the Boers) he dodged me, but I was after him, and although he ran fast I soon got near him. When I was within a few paces of him he turned round and was preparing to fire at me. Then I saw he hesitated, and, to tell the truth, I hesitated too, for I could see he was a young Jew. But it was only for a moment. I suppose it was the habit one gets into when meeting a Jew—the face is familiar, and you think you may know it. But I remembered it was Briton versus Boer, and, Jew or no Jew, it is all the same in war. I recollected that thousands of Jews were saying Dr. Adler's

(Chief Rabbi) prayer for the success of our arms, so I did my duty. I heard the poor chap say something in Hebrew as I hit him, but I quickly put him out of misery."

DUBLIN FUSILIERS AT COLENZO

"**F**OUGHTIN', sorr? Can't help it—couldn't resist the music any longer, sorr." This was the answer given to an officer in the Colenso fight by the chief cook of the Dublin Fusiliers when asked what he was doing in the fighting line. A sapper, who was with General Buller's force, said, in a letter home, "The Dublin Fusiliers have borne the brunt of the battles out here, and now there are only 500 (out of 900) of them left. They are playing up Old Harry with the Boers, always in front, and like madmen when they get among the enemy."

IN DEEP WATER

As the Dublin Fusiliers were crossing the Tugela, at Colenso, it is said that the order was given to form "two deep." Everyone within hearing was moved to merriment, even at such a desperate moment of the attack, on hearing the exclamation of Private Dooley struggling in the water: "Begorra, it's meself that's too deep already!" It is interesting to note that, while the first battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers was fighting to relieve the Ladysmith garrison, their comrades of the Second Battalion were among the regiments in the beleaguered town. The last-named had fought in brilliant fashion at the Battle of Glencoe, previous to retreating on Ladysmith.

SHOWED HIS CONTEMPT

ASERGEANT gave an amusing incident of the Battle of Colenso. Said he: "I saw two stretcher-bearers go to the front under a terrible fire, walking sideways to show their ambulance badge, of which the Boers took not the slightest notice, but pelted at them with scores of bullets. They eventually reached a fallen comrade, and retired very slowly owing to the weight of their burden, the bullets raining down like hailstones. Remarkable as it may seem, not a shot touched them. The last man to retire from the front showed utter contempt for the Boer marksmen and retired very slowly, halting about half-way and lit his pipe, with hundreds of bullets flying round; he minded not a bit, and strolled leisurely off the field."

COLENZO INCIDENT

AT Colenso Colonel Brooke, of the Connaught Rangers, was shot, and some of his men bore him from the field. On the way that slushing thud which is the noise made by a bullet told someone had been hit. "Who?" asked the Colonel. "Begorra, sorr, it's me," said one of the stretcher-bearers; "it's in the neck." "Put me down," said Colonel Brooke. "No, sorr, I am well able to carry you to a place of safety," replied Pat. He did, and when he laid the stretcher down, the bullet, which had passed clean through his neck, had caused such a loss of blood that he fell in a dead faint.

STERLING FIGHTER

A PRIVATE of the 1st Royal Dragoons, writing home of his experiences at Colenso, said:—"Our infantry were being cut down by the Boer bullets, which came like hail falling. It was one continual roar for three or four hours. The first man to come in wounded was one of the Dublin Fusiliers. He passed where we were sheltering, and had walked about half a mile from the firing line. His head was bandaged, and his right arm was in a sling, but he said he did not mind so long as he was better to fight again at Majuba Hill!"

MUTUAL HELP

A PRIVATE of the 2nd East Surrey Regiment thus wrote after the Colenso fight:—"A sergeant of the Irish Fusiliers and a gunner of the artillery showed an instance of true grit. One was shot in the head and the other in three places about the legs and body, and when the doctor saw them he asked what was the matter. The sergeant said, 'Sure, I'm only shot in the head and the other fellow in three places.' They were helping one another along."

ARGUMENT UNDER FIRE

COLONEL THACKERAY, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, had an extraordinary adventure at Colenso. He was left behind in an impossible corner to which he had advanced with a mixed lot of the adventurous from the other battalions—the Dublins, the Connaughts, and the Borders. About one p.m. they saw the ambulance approach, at the sight of which the Red Cross was raised, and later on the Boers ceased fire, and an informal truce was inaugurated. It should be explained that owing to the winding of the supposed drift the troops were a little way from the Tugela River. Some of the Boers pushed south whilst Colonel Thackeray and his men were moving towards the rear.

Having learned that a general retirement had been ordered, the Boer leader called to Colonel Thackeray that he was a prisoner with the rest of the soldiers. "Oh no!" said Colonel Thackeray. "We were firing all the time. You advanced under the Red Cross as if it were a flag of truce, and we let you." "Well, now, you must lay down your arms," said the Boer commandant. "No; why should we?" asked Colonel Thackeray. "Let us go back and begin again." Then the gallant Inniskilling started to argue the point. Strange to say, he almost convinced, and at any rate gained the respect of, the Boer, who said at last, bluntly, "Well, I have no orders. Perhaps you are right. I'll turn my back and won't see you. So you can clear off with all your men." Colonel Thackeray did so with promptitude.

HEROES OF COLENZO

THE Battle of Colenso was rendered memorable by the loss of eleven guns, in spite of tremendous efforts made to save them. In recognition of the bravery shown on the occasion, seven Victoria Crosses were awarded, including one to Lieutenant the Hon. F. Roberts, son of Lord Roberts, who was mortally wounded. A large number of distinguished conduct medals were also given. The scene has been described by some of the officers and men who took part in the affair.

Captain Congreve, who received the V.C., in a letter to a friend, said:—"I was galloper to General Clery, who rode all day with Sir Redvers Buller. About ten o'clock two batteries, which had advanced far too close, ran short of ammunition. Their waggons were about eight hundred yards behind, horses and men sheltering in a deep narrow nullah. General Buller told them to take the waggons up to the battery, but directly they emerged a stream of bullets and shells fell all round, and most of the men got into the nullah again. Generals Clery and Buller stood out in it, and said, 'Some of you go and help.'

"Schofield, A.D.C., Roberts (Lord Roberts' son), myself, and two or three others went to the waggons, and we three, helped by a corporal and six gunners, got two waggons horsed. I have never seen, even at field firing, the bullets fly thicker. My first bullet went through my left sleeve and just made the joint of my elbow bleed; next a clod of earth caught me smack on the right arm; then my horse got one, then my right leg one, my horse another, and that settled us, for he plunged, and I fell about a hundred yards short of the guns we were going to. A little nullah was close by, and into that I hobbled and sat down.

"It was not much shelter, however, and I had not been in a minute before another bullet hit the toe of my boot, went into the welt, travelled up, and came out at the toe-cap, two inches from the end of the toe. It did not even scratch me, but I shifted my quarters pretty quickly to a better place, where I found Colonels Long and Hunt, R.A., a dozen or so wounded gunners, a doctor, Colonel Bullock, and about fifteen men of his regiment, all that was left of the escort and two batteries.

"The bank of the nullah was not more than three feet high, so we had to lie down, bullets whistling over one's head directly it appeared. About eleven o'clock the fire slackened, so I went out to see if I could see anything of the rest of our party. I found poor Roberts badly wounded, and with the doctor and a gunner subaltern, got him into the nullah, and there we lay from eleven to half-past four—no water, not a breath of air, no particle of shade, and a sun which I have never felt hotter, even in India. My jacket was taken to shade Roberts' head, and what with blood and dirt, I was a pretty object by the time I got out."

MORE COLENZO BRAVERY

GUNNER YOUNG, who received the Distinguished Service Medal, sent home the following account:—"The poor 66th Battery is a wreck. The Boers knocked it all out of us. Our horses fell under us, and the men the same; but, mother, I know you will be proud of your son. I am recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal for saving the guns. General Buller was passing the trench where we were all in cover, so he said to us—but did not make us go—'Now, my lads, this is your last chance to save the guns; will any of you volunteer to fetch them?'

"We sat half-stunned for a minute, and then Corporal Nurse got up, and as soon as we saw him we volunteered at once to fetch them. We faced a few thousand rifles, and went like madmen, and saved two guns out of the six without getting hurt. General Buller took our names, and gave us great praise, and said we should hear more about it, and that it was a great honour to us. Our names are at the War Office, and the officers are very proud of us. I am doing my best—I cannot do more."

Corporal Nurse, alluded to in the above, received the Victoria Cross for his valour.

Driver John Williams, of the 66th Battery, who also won the D.S.M., had six horses shot under him while engaged in the attempt to save the guns. In an interview, on arrival home at Carnarvon, he said:—"We went into action early in the morn-

ing, and within twenty minutes I had two horses shot under me. Some time afterwards I obtained another pair, and was engaged in running ammunition until these horses were also shot. What happened afterwards I can scarcely remember. We had a terrible time, and when we made the attempt to save the guns the fire was awful.

“Two more horses were shot under me as I arrived at the guns in the last attempt, and after I fell, dead horses were so piled upon me that I could not move. I lay there for a long time, and about five o'clock in the afternoon was rescued.” “Were you hit at all?” asked the interviewer. Williams replied, “Yes, I was hit twice, and my water-bottle and revolver which I had were carried away, but it was the awful ordeal of having to be there all the time under the dead horses with the shells screaming and the bullets whistling about my ears that unnerved me. One side of my body seemed paralysed for a long time afterwards. . . . I think a little rest will pull me round. But it was a galling time. You should have seen the gallantry of the officers. I was pinned under the horses when I saw young Roberts shot down twenty yards from where I was.”

SOME IRISHMEN

SERGEANT CATHERWOOD, of the 63rd Battery, wrote from Natal telling this story:—“It is reported of the ‘Dubs’ (Dublin Fusiliers), who have done some brilliant work here, that after a charge had been made and the ‘Dubs’ were dubbing and bayoneting Boers in their own trenches, a Boer (?) threw up his arms, exclaiming, ‘Spare my life; I am an Irishman from Tipperary!’ The answer was, ‘Then die; ye disgrace th’ ould counthry!’”

CHANGED FOR BETTER

A CORRESPONDENT told how an Irishman, fighting unwillingly for the Boers, cleverly changed sides just before the Battle of Elandslaagte. A body of the Imperial Light Horse was approaching the railway station. Pat might have escaped, but he thought better of it. “Why,” said he, “there’s my brother in that squadron. I’m off. I’m hanged if I am going to fight against my own relations!” The readiness with which he discovered a brother at a distance—a really distant relation—was equalled by the nimbleness with which he exchanged his own scraggy pony for a good horse that was standing by, and then rode off to join the Light Horse.

HUMAN ENDURANCE

PRIVATE ROBERTS, of the Worcester Regiment, on arrival at Southampton on the Union liner *Greek*, told an extraordinary story of Boer brutality. In one of the engagements at Colenso, in December, 1899, he received no less than seven bullet wounds—one each in the head, shoulder, and elbow, and four in the abdomen. He was left on the field of battle, and was subsequently picked up by a party of the enemy, who intended to take him prisoner. When, however, they discovered he could not walk, they threw him to the ground. The poor fellow sustained four broken ribs by the fall. The Boers then proceeded to rifle his pockets, helpless as he was and suffering the utmost agony. They broke one of his fingers in wrenching a ring from it, and partially stripped him in the pursuit of their heartless search. After his rescue Roberts' life was for a time despaired of, but he eventually made a good recovery, though the sight of his right eye had been destroyed.

SONGS IN BATTLE

A ROYAL FUSILIER, who wrote from Chieveley Camp, told a story of an Irishman at Colenso who was singing "Standing round a corner, watching people fight, that will never upset me," when, unfortunately, a Boer bullet came his way, knocking the Irishman over. He was seriously, but not mortally, wounded.

Another soldier declared that at the Battle of Pieter's Hill no sooner did the Boer bullets begin to whistle past the advancing British than the man next to him began to sing—the air, not the words—"Boys of the Old Brigade." The more numerous the bullets the louder he sang, in a deep, rumbling sort of voice. When the firing slackened off, the soldier asked the singer what he did it for, and the latter denied that he had been singing at all! He afterwards sang in other engagements, but was never conscious of the habit.

HIS PAL FIRST

THE following little story was told by Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Treves, the well-known surgeon, in a letter he sent to the *British Medical Journal*, detailing the Battle of Colenso:—

"On all sides there is evidence that our soldiers behaved splendidly on the field, and I can say that when brought back wounded they were plucky, patient, and uncomplaining. Their unselfishness was many times very marked. An orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground near me. He was shot through the abdomen, and he could hardly

speaking owing to the dryness of his mouth, but he said: 'Take it to my pal first; he is worse hit than me.' This generous lad died next morning, but his pal got through and is doing well."

BULLETS THREE

ONE of the officers of the Irish regiments, speaking of Colenso, said: "Our men were wonderfully plucky. One man near me got a bullet through him, and said, 'Ah, and if the bastes haven't hit me; that's one ter them!' Immediately the words were out of his mouth he got another, and said, as coolly as ever, 'Be jabbers, if they haven't struck me the second toime!' Another bullet struck him just after, and he said, 'Well, that's number three. I do think the blackguards moight let a feller alone after they've hit him wance!' Others were laughing and joking continually."

BATCH OF HEROES

DESCRIBING the Battle of Colenso, Mr. Douglas Blackburn, in the *Natal Mercury*, paid a tribute to the pluck and even indifference to danger displayed by the British soldiers. He said:—

"We were particularly struck and amused by the sublime indifference of one of the Devons. He was badly hurt in the body, and died that night. As he was being placed on the stretcher, he shouted to a mate: 'I know you want that razor of mine, but if you spoil it I'll spoil your mug when I come back!' Another of Thorneycroft's, a big six-footer, also badly hurt in the body, insisted on the stretcher-bearers halting to take a rest and have a drink from his own water-bottle. 'I'm ashamed to lie here with my weight,' he said, and, though he fainted twice on the way in, the only sign of suffering he made was at the end of an hour's journey, when he asked apologetically, 'Don't you see the tent yet, boys?'

"Everywhere we saw signs of dogged pluck and endurance, the worst wounded seeming ashamed of their ill-luck, and doing their utmost to minimise the extent of their wounds. A short-handed party arrived at Chieveley Hospital Camp, carrying a severely wounded Devon. As I was handing the usual doctor's memo to the surgeon, one of the female nurses asked: 'Is he a man or an officer?' The tone of the inquirer considerably piqued one of the bearers. 'Well, mum,' said he, 'he ain't got no inside; we've carried him seven miles, let him drop twice, and he ain't squeaked once; if he ain't a man, I don't know one when I see him!'"

IRISH LOGIC

"YOU see, begorra," said an Irish soldier, whose leg was amputated after Colenso, and who wished to go to the front again as soon as possible, "if the Boers hit me where the leg's missing they won't hit me at all, at all!"

INDIFFERENCE

AFTER the same fight (Colenso) an Army surgeon was tending the foot of a soldier which had been smashed up by a Mauser bullet. Looking up for a moment to see how his patient was bearing the great pain, he saw the soldier studying fixedly the hole in his boot. "What beats me," he murmured, "is how it ain't done more damage to my boot!"

CHEAP CHRISTMAS DINNER

A LIEUTENANT attached to the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, in a lengthy letter to a friend, dated December 20th, 1899, said, after giving a graphic account of the fight at Colenso:—"Yesterday I went out to forage for our Christmas dinner. I went to a Zulu's farm and asked his daughter (who was quite pretty for a black lady) how much she wanted for some turkeys. She could not talk English, so it was rather amusing. After palavering for some time I pulled out half-a-crown and pointed to three turkeys, but she shook her head and said, 'No, no, me want two sheelin'; so I gave her two shillings and then chased the three turkeys round the kraal with a knob-kerrie, and returned in triumph. The colonel said he would recommend me for the D.S.O. for providing the mess with such a cheap Christmas dinner."

TRAGIC

A NURSING sister in Escourt Hospital, writing of the Beacon Hill fight (December, 1899), said:—"The saddest part was that our own men killed our own men. The East Surreys were in a dip, and the West Surreys mistook them for Boers and fired upon them. That is why so many were wounded, as the poor fellows were between two fires. You could not help crying when the West Surreys came into the hospital to ask about the wounded East Surreys. They would just go to the ward door, and when they heard the groans turn away, saying, 'God forgive us; that is our work.' They keep coming all day, bringing presents for the wounded men."

BORN FIGHTERS

DURING the fighting north of the Tugela River in January, 1900, a man of the Lancashire Fusiliers, going into action in the morning, received a bullet wound in the elbow. As he was annoyed at not having fired a shot, his comrades raised him, and held his rifle while he fired!

A private of the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, writing from Natal in December, 1899, said:—"A lot of our men, when they got shot, prayed to us to prop them up so that they could have a couple of more shots at the Boers. I never thought men could be so cool under fire; you would have thought they were just on parade."

ANOTHER SHOT

IN March, 1900, Lieutenant-Colonel Hoskier, of the 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, was reported wounded and missing, but was subsequently found to be among the killed. A scout who lay near the lieutenant-colonel informed a correspondent that he (Hoskier) was shot through the ankle, but, ignoring the wound, he raised himself up to have a shot at the Boers, when he was struck again, and lay motionless. The gallant colonel had been wonderfully keen on seeing service, and had attached himself to Montmorency's Scouts on account of their hazardous work.

BULLET'S EASY PASSAGE

A LADY, writing from Pietermaritzburg, said:—"One of the most surprising escapes was that of a man who was shot when his mouth was open. The bullet made a small wound in his cheek, but did not break a tooth or otherwise hurt him."

With regard to the above case, a war correspondent wrote, also from Pietermaritzburg:—"S—— travelled down with a young officer who had been shot through both cheeks. The bullet went in by the side of his mouth and came out near his cheek-bone, and it didn't seem to trouble him. He wore only a bit of wadding in each hole with some sticking-plaster round it! I saw him riding down Church Street to-day, ornamented in the way S—— described him."

SWEETHEART'S RING

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, the surgeon, told the following:—"Among the wounded brought in one day from Potgieter's Drift was a man who held something in his closed hand. He had kept this treasure in his hand for some eight hours. He

showed it to the Sister. It was a ring. He said, 'My girl gave me this ring, and when I was hit I made up my mind the Boers should never get it, so I have kept it in my hand ready to swallow it if I was taken before our stretchers could reach me.'

PATRIOTIC COLONIALS

NOTHING could exceed the patriotism of the Australians during the war. A Victorian named Melville applied for admission to the corps of Bushmen which, at the beginning of 1900, was being raised in the colony for service in South Africa. Failing to pass the prescribed tests, however, he was rejected, and this so depressed the poor fellow that he proceeded to a neighbouring lofty bridge and hurled himself into the river. Owing to his violent resistance he was only rescued with difficulty. When brought to the bank he said he did not want to live any longer as he was not allowed to fight for the Empire.

Some of the written applications for admission to the corps were most diverting. One man wrote: "I can shoot anything flying, and am used to hills and dessert." Another, in mentioning his qualifications, said: "I am an excellent clarionet player, and will bring my instrument along if chosen." It is to be hoped that such a patriotic musician was selected.

OFFICER'S DEATH PRESENTIMENT

LORD DUNDONALD'S Cavalry Brigade had an action with the Boers in Natal on January 20th, 1900. The South African Light Horse, under the command of Major Charles B. Childe, took two kopjes. The first was a very steep hill, and Private Tobin, in the race for the top, got there several minutes before the rest, and waving his hat he drew on himself a heavy fire. As soon as the Boers commenced shelling the captured kopjes, Major Childe was killed and four men were wounded.

A curious fact is that the gallant officer, who was only forty-six and resided in Shropshire, had had a peculiarly strong presentiment that he was going to be killed, and had asked his brother officers before the engagement to put the following words over his grave:—

"Is it well with the child? It is well" (2 Kings iv. 26).

This was, of course, done. Major Childe had formerly been in the Royal Horse Guards, and was engaged in country pursuits when the war broke out.

OFFICERS AND THEIR MEN

PRIVATE W. HANDS, of the Royal West Surreys, was reported by the commander of his company to have shown conspicuous bravery on January 21st, 1900, in staying by his captain, who was dying from a mortal wound. He was himself killed later in the day, and his death was mourned by the whole company.

At the Battle of Rietfontein, in November, 1899, a carabineer named Cleaver fell while the men were clearing from an exposed position. He was shot through the body. Lieutenant Compton at once ran back to him despite the galling fire and said, "I will carry you under cover." Cleaver replied, "No, let me rest," as he was in great pain. Compton, after another appeal to be allowed to take him to the rear, left him. He was taken up shortly after by the ambulance.

TIMELY SHELL

ONE of the 6th Dragoon Guards, in a letter from Arundel, January, 1900, said:—"One of our fellows had his horse shot under him and was himself taken prisoner. The Boers took everything from him, and one of them was going to take his pipe away when the Boer leader stopped the man, saying, 'What are you doing? You must not take away his pipe; he won't be able to smoke.' Thereupon the Boer officer gave our fellow some of his own tobacco, telling him in English that if he tried to get away he would shoot him. As he finished speaking one of our shells burst just above the party, killing five Boers, and the rest ran away, leaving the prisoner, who was uninjured, alone. You can guess he lost no time in making his way back to camp!"

ARTILLERY ESCORT

A SERGEANT of the 2nd Devons, writing from Chieveley in January, 1900, said:—"Last Saturday we had a day out—*i.e.* caught a party of the enemy in the open veldt—a rare chance, which, needless to say, was made the most of. Ladysmith was being severely bombarded, so that the troops here made a demonstration to draw their attention from Ladysmith. The whole force turned out and advanced. My company was escort to artillery. This is always the very worst job, as the guns are sure to draw most of the enemy's fire. When you are 'warned' for that duty everybody looks sad and thoughtful for a few moments; some say, 'Oh, lor!' then some wag shouts, 'Now we shan't be long!' and everybody laughs and goes on as though there were no such things as shot and shell. Truly, the British soldier is a queer mortal—as seen on service."

SALUTING AND FIGHTING

A GOOD story was told at the time of Colonel Thorneycroft, whose name was brought much before the public in connection with the severe fighting at Spion Kop, and who, during the final operations that led to the relief of Ladysmith, had the good luck to capture a Transvaal flag. A colonel of a regular corps took occasion to complain to Colonel Thorneycroft that his Colonial troops failed to pay the respect that was due to his rank, and seldom if ever saluted. "Don't salute you, eh?" said Colonel Thorneycroft. "Why, hang 'em, they don't even salute me, but they are devils to fight!"

UNSELFISH WOUNDED

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, the eminent surgeon, who went to the war in charge of a hospital, once gave the following stories in the course of a speech in London, in April, 1900. He said:—"There was a great deal in the common soldier that could not be accounted for by his pay of 1*s.* 1*d.* per day. (Cheers.) One poor soldier who had his eye shot and his upper jaw blown off staggered into camp and signed for pencil and paper. Instead of asking relief or whether there was any hope, he simply wrote: 'Did we win?'" (Cheers.) As an example of unselfishness he mentioned that one of the men in hospital, suffering from a broken thigh, three times left his bed voluntarily in order to make room for wounded comrades, and excused himself on the ground that he was "such a restless man." (Laughter and cheers.)

SPION KOP

THE following graphic account of the Spion Kop fight was written by Mr. B. Garland Mathews, late trooper, Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry:—

"'Now then, T.M.I.," said Thorneycroft, 'fix bayonets and follow me!' and he dashed out over the wall, followed by the few that were left in that line, perhaps thirty or forty all told. We had not got very far before the terrible fire stopped us. In that short time we had lost almost half our number, but the survivors, lying down, went on firing. I looked round to see my neighbours, and found Pegg off on the right, and on the left, at the same distance, M'Dermott—another pal. I said 'Cheer oh!' to both of them, and I think we were all pleased to find ourselves close together.

"We were now only at duelling distance, and the colonel was kneeling up behind a rock firing his Mauser pistol, while the rest

of us, lying flat on the grass, were making it hot for any Boer who popped up his head. 'The rest of us,' I said, but I must exclude Pegg. He knelt to load, and stood up to fire on tip-toe, too, to get a better view of his man. 'I've got one,' he shouted. 'Come along, sir; let's use the bayonet now.' Almost at the same moment a bullet took him fairly between the eyes, and he fell in a hunched-up heap—and stayed there.

"Hardly had poor Pegg gone to his last account than the man next me—a major in one of the line regiments, who was firing from a magazine carbine—quietly murmured 'Oh!' and died. Next the man on my immediate left gave a gasp, and after gurgling unpleasantly for several minutes—he was shot in the throat—was silent for ever. While reloading I felt something thud on my chest, and looking down, saw a flattened bullet (it must have been a spent one) fall from my bandolier, which, luckily, was full of ammunition. Immediately afterwards I had the sensation of being struck on the neck with a heavy stick—I was a bit knocked out for a minute, and then, putting my hand on the spot, found I had been hit.

"M'Dermott came over to me and bound up the wound. I felt that according to the recognised rules I ought certainly to be dead, but I wasn't. I could waggle my head a bit, but on trying to use my rifle found it impossible, so I lay still, awaiting developments. When there was only about half a dozen men left firing, the colonel and others retreated behind the wall, now mostly knocked down, and I managed to clamber over with them. By slow degrees I made my way to the field ambulance, and after being attended to by the surgeon, walked off down the hill. There my connection with the fighting ended."

A BAD SHOT

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is responsible for the following story of Major-General Hart, who commanded the Irish Brigade. During the first day at Spion Kop General Hart discovered a soldier sitting safely behind a rock, and a long way behind the firing line. "Good afternoon, my man," he said in his most nervous, apologetic voice. "What are you doing here?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "an officer told me to stop here, sir." "Oh! why?" "I'm a third-class shot, sir." "Dear me," said the General after some reflection, "that's an awful pity, because, you see, you'll have to get quite close to the Boers to do any good. Come along with me, and I'll find you a nice place." Then a mournful procession trailed off towards the most advanced skirmishers.

FULL OF FIGHT

A SURGEON of the Army Medical Corps, in a description of the Battle of Spion Kop, wrote :—"One old Colonial in Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, with a grey beard, walked down leaning on his rifle. He was a mass of wounds—one ear cut through by a bullet; his chin, neck, and chest also shot right through by others, and his back and legs torn by shell. He came in and said that he had just dropped in to let me take his finger off, as it was so shattered he could not pull the trigger of his rifle, as it got in the way of his next finger, which he could use, for he wanted to get back up the hill to pay the Dutchmen out."

GENERAL WOODGATE

THE following particulars, relating to the bravery of some men of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers at Spion Kop, are worthy of record. The corps was right at the front in the attack on the enemy's position, and had got well up the hill and entered one of the Boer trenches. From this position they were firing at the Boers at only fifty yards' range. The Boers called on them to surrender, but the only reply vouchsafed was a heavy volley.

Just then General Woodgate came up in front of the trench, and fell badly wounded. Five of the fusiliers at once jumped out of the trench, and rushed forward to his assistance. One of these was Private Quirk, of Wigan. He had only gone three paces when a shell struck his arm and carried it away. That pulled him up short, and he made for the field hospital as hard as he could go, shell and shot falling all around him. One shot entered his left lung before he got under cover. He, however, made a good recovery, though without his left arm and left lung.

The other four soldiers reached General Woodgate, made a stretcher of their jackets and rifles, and carried the officer to the field hospital, where, regretful to relate, he afterwards succumbed. The first three-quarters of a mile of the way to the hospital was over Spion Kop under a heavy fire the whole time, shot and shell falling round the party like hail, but the brave fellows stuck to their work and carried their leader out of danger. One of the four was an officer, and he was wounded before they reached cover, but he never said a word about his own wounds till his General had been attended to. The gallant conduct of the four earned for them the praises of the whole force.

INCIDENT OF SPION KOP

AMONG the many extraordinary incidents of the fight at Spion Kop was the following, recorded by a man of the 1st Royal Dragoons, who was present at the battle:—"One fellow of the Imperial Light Infantry had his head shot clean off while he was lying down firing. He got up and stood straight up with his rifle in his hand while his head had gone. He then threw up his hands and fell down in a heap."

A DEAD SHOT

ANOTHER soldier wrote:—"One man in our regiment was shot (at Spion Kop), but as he fell down dead he maintained a tight grip on his trigger. One of the Boers came along, and was about to sneak the dead man's rifle, but as he got hold of the muzzle, and pulled it towards him, the grip which the dead man had on the trigger caused it to go off, killing the Boer on the spot. So, you see, we can shoot the Boers when we are dead!"

NO SURRENDER

THE following incident is as described by a Transvaal burgher, who was present at Spion Kop:—"We had got up, and we should have had the whole hill; the English were about to surrender, and we were all coming up, when a great, big, angry, red-faced soldier ran out of the trench on our right and screamed out, 'I'm commandant here; take your men back to h—ll, sir; there's no surrender'; and then there was ten minutes' *mêlée*."

SPION KOP HEROES

OH! what a sad wakening! Last night we jubilantly toasted our generals, officers, our Tommies, and even our Press censor in cold tea on the strength of yesterday's magnificent achievement; and now what do we hear? Spion Kop, the beautiful sugar-loaf mountain, evacuated. I must relate a little incident that happened in the field hospital after yesterday's battle.

An Irishman (Dublin Fusilier, I believe) had been rather severely wounded, and it was not until after considerable difficulty that the troublesome bullet was located by the aid of Rontgen rays, and then extracted. In the evening a clergyman visited the patient with the object of tendering the usual ministrations. After a few introductory words the clergyman asked the injured fusilier if it were well with him. The man groaned,

and replied that he did not think it was. As a matter of fact, he added, he understood from the doctors that he was rather badly hit.

"No, no," said the clergyman; "you misunderstand me, my friend." Then impressively, "Have you seen the light?" Pat turned over quickly, as though suddenly comprehending. "The light," he ejaculated; "be jabbers, Oi have seen th' light. Oi saw it this morning, and it showed th' dochtor this thing in me leg." And suiting the action to the word, the fusilier hauled out a bullet from underneath his pillow and exhibited it before the bewildered pastor.

Many of the men in Wednesday's engagement had next to no food for a couple of days, whilst some of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, who did such good work, are said to have fared even worse than this. A few of the first-mentioned hungry men were served with a special half-day's ration of biscuits, but when they heard of Thorneycroft's abstinence, famished though they were, they handed over their dry biscuit to their even less fortunate pals. A bullet struck a soldier's bag on his back, exploding several of the cartridges, fortunately without doing serious damage.

I saw one Lancashire Fusilier who had no fewer than four bullets through the right sleeve of his jacket, and yet not one bullet touched the bone. The ambulance men asked a private with seven wounds, "Well, where are we to take you; the dissecting marquee or where?" To which the soldier cheerfully replied, "You can either take me to the dissecting-room or back there (indicating the battlefield), whichever you like; I'm not tired of it yet!"

An officer of one of the Lancashire regiments was one of the first to reach the summit of Blackmountain Ridge before day-break on Wednesday morning. He surprised a Boer sentry, who challenged him. The officer, a strong, big fellow, unceremoniously drove his bayonet right through the fellow from right side to left, lifting him off his feet, and then shaking him to the ground, dead as a door nail, with one word, "Majuba!" [The war correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*.]

WOUNDED, BUT UNDAUNTED

ALLUDING to the fighting of Sunday, 31st January, 1900, in the operations for the relief of Ladysmith, Mr. Bennet Burleigh told of a private whom Father Matthew had spoken with. "Where were you shot, my man?" asked the clergyman. In a rich brogue, unimpaired by his injuries or facial bandages, the Irishman, for such he was, answered: "I was shot in the head. It

took my left eye out, carried it into my mouth, and I spat it out with three teeth!" He did not seem to mind much, and Mr. Burleigh afterwards learned that he recovered. "But we gave it to them Boers this time, and I am content," he remarked. That Sunday was a day of biting rifle fire, and one had to cling close to the rocks. A companion who was lying low said to someone who wished to use his field-glasses: "Oh, you may have them altogether. I don't want to look any more!"

SHOT FOR SHOT

THE following story of the hard fighting at Pieter's Hill was first told on the authority of an officer of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, shortly after his return from South Africa. The British and Boers were crouching behind boulders scattered over a wide surface. The moment a man on either side emerged from his cover he was at once the target of the enemy's bullets. A Boer, partly, it seemed, in bravado, made a sudden sally to join a neighbour. An Englishman, who had long watched the rock, and was becoming sick with hope deferred, took aim and brought the daring one down. So delighted was he with his luck that he threw himself on his back behind the shallow shelter of his boulder and kicked his heels upwards. In his transport one heel rose above the rock, and his fluttering ankle was instantly transfixed by a bullet sent from the rifle of a watching Boer!

TWENTY-SIX WOUNDS

OF the many wonderful experiences of the British soldier in South Africa that of Lieutenant J. Evans, of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who was shot in twenty-six different places and afterwards recovered, is perhaps the most startling. In the first attack on Pieter's Hill Lieutenant Evans fell shot through the right shoulder by a Mauser bullet. For two days he lay on the hillside exposed to the fire of the enemy and without any assistance. During that time he received the additional wounds. On being discovered he was removed to the hospital at Mooi River, where several fragments of bullets were extracted. Lieutenant Evans eventually returned home, and, quite recovering, returned to South Africa in December, 1900, to rejoin his battalion for duty.

UNHORSED IRISHMAN

IN one of the skirmishes before Ladysmith, in the direction of Potgieters, various sections of infantry had been firing for some time at the Boer trenches, when it was decided to send forward

a detachment of Dundonald's Cavalry to try and head off a band of moving Boers. As the horsemen galloped past a corps of infantry one of the former lost his seat. The fallen rider—an Irishman—was unhurt, and he speedily pulled himself together and set off to catch his mount. As he went past the infantrymen, the "Tommies" jeered at his undignified position. Patrick halted for a moment. "Yus, ye may laugh, bhoys," he said, "fur sure Oi'm nothin' but a common fut soldier now!"

ARMISTICE SCENE

A REGIMENTAL officer, who was with the force fighting to relieve Ladysmith, gave some interesting accounts of the scenes that he personally witnessed. He described how his company was sent to hold a line of kopjes. They held them for some days. The Boers were holding others 2,000 yards away, and rifle firing went on from dawn till dark. After two days an armistice was arranged, so that the wounded might be collected and the dead buried. While this was going on the men on both sides "rested"; many came out of their sangars and mingled in groups all over the place. The officer says:—

"I walked up to one group and chatted away to several Boers. They seemed very decent fellows, some like well-to-do farmers, others like regular scallywags. They discussed the war, lyddite (which they assured us was no good unless the shell actually struck a man), and soft-nosed bullets, which they swore we used, and we as vehemently asserted they only used. I produced soft-nosed cartridges I picked up in their trenches at Hlangwani, but they retorted they were captured from our men; and as the argument was getting heated I suggested there was no use in quarrelling, whereupon their spokesman smiled and said, 'No, let us be friends while we can.' We parted after a time, several shaking hands with us, and departed to our respective lines to try and kill one another again."

SERGEANT AND MAXIM

DURING the fight at Slingsfontein, near Rensburg, in February, 1900, when Colonel Coningham, of the Worcestershire Regiment, was killed, a very gallant deed was done by the sergeant in charge of the Maxim gun of the regiment. The gun caused a great loss to the enemy, who sent a large number of their men to attack the party in charge of it. The sergeant, seeing this, told his men to retire, and said that he would follow after he had destroyed the gun, to prevent it falling into the hands of the

Boers. He hurled two heavy boulders at it, and was about to damage it more with another when he was shot dead. What a gallant exploit! He gave away his life, but succeeded in preventing the gun falling undamaged into the hands of the enemy.

BOER'S LEMONADE

A PRIVATE in the Highland Brigade, writing in February, 1900, recounted the following:—

“The first day I felt a bit seedy, and the doctor let me off marching for that day. I got better towards afternoon, and a Munster Fusilier and I had a walk round. We suddenly heard a sort of gurgling and snoring, so of course we had an investigation, and it turned out to be a Free State Boer. He had fallen sick on his way to the Koodoosberg commando, and was left behind. We looked for his horse and rifle, but the Boers had taken them and left the poor fellow to his fate.

“He was lying on an old saddle-bag, which appeared to have food in it and his private letters. We got him some bread and jam, but he was too far gone to eat, and all he wanted was water. I got him a canteen full, but he did not drink, and kept pointing to his saddle-bag. So we searched it, and came across a bottle, and held that up. His eyes fairly glistened, and he even smiled, and looked so thankful. He tipped some of the stuff into the canteen, and it fizzed up like champagne. Then he handed us the bottle to have some; it was lemonade. We had a chat with him, and he was saying how tired of it all he was.”

HUNGRY PRIVATE

COLONEL KEKEWICH, during the siege of Kimberley, was approached by a private who asked, “Colonel, when do you expect we are going to get something to eat?” “Eat!” exclaimed the Colonel, “did you join the Army merely to get something to eat?” “Well, that’s about the size of it,” replied the soldier. “Here,” said the Colonel, calling an officer, “give this man something to eat, and then have him shot.” The officer understood the joke, and replied, “All right, Colonel.” The private, exhibiting no alarm, said, “Boil me a ham, cap’n, stew up a couple of chickens, bake two or three pounds of potatoes, fetch a gallon o’ beer, and load yer guns! With such inducements the man what wouldn’t be willing to die is a blithering idiot!” A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, and he was still living at the end of the siege.

TELEGRAPH CORPORAL

A CORPORAL belonging to the Telegraph Section of the Royal Engineers gave, in a letter to a friend, the following interesting particulars of how Lord Roberts received the news of the relief of Kimberley, and the abandonment of the convoy near Jacobsdal:—

“I am now on Lord Roberts’ staff. My duties are to take a set of duplex telegraph apparatus and fit up at each halting-place. Of course, this brings me in touch with Lord Roberts himself. At Waterval our wires were cut and the telegraph tents shelled. We had to leave most of the apparatus, which was destroyed, so as to be of no use to the Boers. It was at Wegdraai Drift, five miles from Jacobsdal, that Lord Roberts received the telegram from Lord Kitchener stating that General French had entered Kimberley and dined at the club. I had the pleasure of handing Lord Roberts the telegram personally. He read it aloud, and remarked, ‘Well, that’s good news.’

“During the day we sent a brigade into Jacobsdal and established communication there. Lord Roberts expressed himself well satisfied with the telegraph work that day, as we had kept in touch with all the columns, and he was thus able to direct operations so well. There was fighting all round us that day. I had several chats with Lord Roberts, as he was often waiting near the tent for news. I mentioned that the convoy was in trouble, and he remarked, ‘Oh, that does not matter, my lad, so long as we get the men away,’ meaning that the object had been attained. General French had entered Kimberley; Jacobsdal had been taken; and supplies could be got through from the Modder River. We have found Lord Roberts a perfect gentleman. He has a knack of putting anyone at ease when speaking to him.”

CHARGE AT PAARDEBERG

ONE of the brilliant features of the Battle of Paardeberg was a charge made by the Duke of Cornwall’s Light Infantry and the Canadians in an attempt to tighten the cordon round Cronje’s army. Ordered into action, Colonel Aldworth, of the Cornwalls, remarked that he had been instructed to “end this business.” The soldiers rushed across a level piece of ground in full daylight, and were met by a terrific storm of bullets. Men fell fast, and the others had eventually to retire from as hot a fire as ever troops were exposed to. Among those who fell was Colonel Aldworth himself, as he was leading his battalion. “We will

make the name of the Cornwalls ring in the ears of the world, boys!" he had just said, when he was struck by a bullet in the head. He added, "Go on, men, and finish it!"

PRESENTIMENT REALISED

ANOTHER officer who fell at Paardeberg was Captain G. J. Grieve, adjutant of the Sydney (N.S.W.) Scottish Rifles. He was one of the Special Service officers sent to South Africa by his patriotic Government, and was attached to the Black Watch. He had been wounded, but, seeing one of his men struck down, went to his assistance. While bandaging the man's wound he was himself mortally wounded, being shot in the head and chest. He was found the day following well to the front, and round him were lying many of his faithful Black Watch. They had followed him to death, if not to victory. A melancholy interest attached to the death of Captain Grieve. He had a presentiment that he would "go under," as he termed it. He told a war correspondent so, and on the evening preceding the day of his death he informed Major Robertson, the chaplain of the Highland Brigade, that he did not think he would survive the morrow. So it proved.

CRONJE A PRISONER

THE surrender of General Cronje occurred on the 19th anniversary of the disaster at Majuba Hill, and the remarkable coincidence was pointed out by Lord Roberts in his despatch. The incident gave great satisfaction to those present who had been in the affair of 1881, among whom was Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald, who, as a lieutenant of the Gordon Highlanders, had surrendered to the Boers at Majuba.

After Cronje had unconditionally surrendered, he was conducted to the British camp, where Lord Roberts was waiting to receive him. His lordship had ordered a guard of the Seaforth Highlanders to make a line. A group of horsemen was seen approaching, and on the right of General Pretymann, who was conducting the Boer leader to the camp, rode an elderly man, clad in a rough, short overcoat, a wide-brimmed hat, ordinary tweed trousers, and brown shoes.

This was the redoubtable Cronje, his face almost burnt black, and his curly hair tinged with grey. General Cronje's face was absolutely impassive. It betrayed not a single sign of emotion. General Pretymann, addressing Lord Roberts, said, "Commandant Cronje, sir." Cronje touched his hat, and the salute was returned by Lord Roberts. The whole group then dismounted, and Lord

Roberts, stepping forward, shook hands with the Boer leader. "You have made a gallant defence, sir," he said to General Cronje.

The latter may not have understood the words of the British Commander-in-Chief, but he must have understood the warm clasp of the hand given by Lord Roberts. Cronje was then ushered into the quarters of the British Commander-in-Chief, where he was entertained with food and refreshment. It is said that some youthful officers were highly indignant at this. "It's all very well," said one, "but look at him after killing all our men. How he's hanging on to our ham!"

The Boer general met with excellent treatment all the way down to Capetown. A young officer, stationed at the Modder River, thus describes his sight of the surrendered leader:—"The cry went through our camp, 'Cronje is coming,' and all hands turned out to get a glimpse of the guerilla general who had held our force at bay for so long. Hastily mounting a horse, I galloped off after the rest in the direction he was bound to cross.

"A Dutch cart with a square white top came into sight, drawn by a team of six artillery horses with their drivers. On the front seat sat a thin, fair-haired man in a grey suit, with gaiters and gold-rimmed spectacles. This was Cronje's interpreter. On the seat behind sat Cronje and his wife—he stern and sullen, she weeping. The general wore a brownish suit, with soft, brown felt hat, and sat looking straight in front of him as if in supreme contempt of the crowds of soldiers that cheered themselves hoarse in their delight at the success that had turned the tide of fortune in our favour.

"Mrs. Cronje wore a very old black hat, which, in her emotion, she had allowed to slip on one side of her head. The poor creature looked very thin and worn, and showed visible signs of the fearful time she had passed through. Her husband, on the other hand, was sleek and fat, a fact which, as we remarked at the time, reflected great credit on Mrs. Cronje. He, Cronje, has a hard, contemptuous face, but it is a very strong one.

"As the carriage drew up at the hotel, formerly Lord Methuen's quarters, the escort carried arms and filed away, leaving the road clear and free for the proper reception of the captured general. The guard turned out and presented arms. The bugler sounded 'general salute.' The prisoner was handed over to General Douglas, who commands the station. General Douglas received Cronje with a military salute, of which he took not the slightest notice. Asked if he would have luncheon, he gruffly answered, 'Yes.' 'When?' 'Now.' Not a word of thanks for all their

courtesy. He passed on into the house where his luncheon had been prepared for him, the officer saluting and the trumpets sounding a flourish. Every compliment was unacknowledged by Cronje. He passed from sight into the hotel, where I understand he and his party were refreshed with an elaborate champagne luncheon."

FAVOURER BOER PRISONER

COMMANDANT WOLMERANS, who was captured at the same time as Cronje at Paardeberg, received the following interesting letter from Lord Roberts:—

"PAARDEBERG.

"To Commandant M. S. Wolmerans.

"I have much pleasure in acceding to your request to be allowed to keep your horse which you have ridden for so many years, and have given orders that it should be sent with you to Capetown, and kept at Government expense until your release.

"27/2/00."

"(Signed) ROBERTS, F.-M.

The old Boer chief received other favours, as is shown by the following letter, which was written by an officer of the Scots Guards:—

"The old General Wolmerans was the only one we asked to the mess, Lord Roberts having sent us word that he was to be treated with every consideration. He seems to have been the man who handled Cronje's rear-guard so extraordinarily well. The old general was accommodated in the colonel's tent. He actually asked for some water to wash in the morning. He was given a sponge, towel, and soap, but he only just tipped his hands in the water."

GOLF CHAMPION'S DEATH

AMONG the slain in the war was Mr. F. G. Tait, who won the Amateur Golf Championship of Great Britain in 1896 and 1898. He joined the 2nd Black Watch, and was with his regiment in the early battles fought by Lord Methuen. At the Battle of Magersfontein he was wounded, but in a few weeks recovered so as to go on duty again. In February, 1900, General Macdonald conducted a reconnaissance with the Highland Brigade, and encountered the Boers at Koodoosberg. A sharp engagement ensued, and Lieutenant Tait, while defending a kopje, was shot through the body. When struck, he called out, "They have got me this time, boys. Good-bye!" The unfortunate officer died of his wound on the way to the camp, a distance of twenty miles—a trying drive.

COMMANDER'S ORDER

IN the affair at Koodoosberg, in February, 1900, the late General Macdonald, hoping to lure the enemy up to the muzzles of his guns, ordered his men of the Highland Brigade to hold their fire. The enemy, however, was equally wary. They repeatedly showed themselves in large bodies at a distance, evidently trying to draw the British fire, in order to discover the position and number of the guns, but General Macdonald's characteristic order was: "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes."

SIEGE TRICKS

AN amusement of the Ladysmith garrison during the siege was to devise tricks by which the enemy might be deceived. A squadron of lancers in one of the patrols took with them one day a lancer of straw. The figure was left in sight of a Boer position, and viewed from a distance looked a veritable cavalryman. The figure was left on a rock, and it was not long before the Boers were having shots at the soldier who so daringly exposed himself. Mauser bullets had no effect, and, getting exasperated, the enemy turned one of their big guns on the dummy. The truth was discovered, but only after a vast amount of ammunition had been wasted.

Another day the men of the Liverpool Regiment set up a row of effigies, and the Boers were nearly driven crazy by the indifference these men showed to their fire. On another occasion some soldiers, one night, constructed a bogus battery on the Town Lands in front of Umbulwana. There were figures of men, and something which looked like fifteen-pounders. The Boers blazed away at this "battery," and "knocked particular —— out of it," as an artilleryman, with many delighted grins, said, only to find that they had again been fooled!

ARTFUL DECEPTION

SIR GEORGE WHITE took various measures with a view to misleading the enemy regarding the state of the garrison in Ladysmith. After the Boer attack of January 6th, 1900, an officer of the Imperial Light Horse was sent with a flag of truce to deliver their dead to the Boers. He was a fine, strong man, who showed no signs of the privations of the siege. It so happened that the Boer officer who met him had known him well in Johannesburg, and naturally they conversed familiarly. "How is it," asked the Boer, "that you are as fat as a pig? We have

been told that you are all starving in Ladysmith." "Starving!" said the officer in a surprised tone; "why, we are rolling in plenty. This is what most of our men are like." And as a sort of visible evidence, he called up one of his men who had not yet lost an abnormal degree of corpulence, and exhibited him for the edification of the astonished Transvaaler!

SIGNALLING LADYSMITH

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for July, 1900, Mr. Richard Harding Davis related the following:—

"The signal officer who finally called up Ladysmith is young Captain Cayser, and the story of his efforts to communicate with the besieged garrison is a most creditable and curious one. For many days he trudged up one high hill after another and flashed his mirror, but without response, except from the Boers in between. And they, when he thought he had 'got' Ladysmith on the 'phone, would shock and undeceive him by some such pleasantry as 'How do you like our pom-poms?' or 'Go to hell.'

"Not discouraged, Captain Cayser continued to climb many hills, until at last the mirror of Ladysmith winked back at him. 'Who are you?' Cayser asked. 'I am Walker, of the Devons,' came back the answer. But Captain Cayser had grown suspicious, and in order to make quite sure who it was with whom he was talking, he flashed back, 'Find Captain Brooks, of the Gordons, and ask him the name of Captain Cayser's country place in Scotland.' A hurried search was made for Brooks, of the Gordons, and the answer came back, 'We are acquainted with the name of your home in Perthshire.'

"'Then use it for the code word,' Cayser commanded, and for the remainder of the siege the name of Cayser's country home was used to send every cipher message that passed out of Ladysmith over the heads of the Boers. It is further related that when the signal officers found Brooks, of the Gordons, and said, 'Captain Cayser has just heliographed in to ask you to tell him the name of his country house,' that officer remarked, 'Well, I always thought Cayser was an ass, but I didn't think he'd forget the name of his own home!' The picture of a gentleman heliographing violently into a besieged city to find out where he lived has certainly a humorous side."

LOMBARD'S KOP ASSAULT

SPEAKING of the night attack on Lombard's Kop, when two of the Boer "Long Toms" were destroyed by the gallant band under Sir Archibald Hunter, a war correspondent said:—"Noise-

lessly the men crawled between the rocks and stones, worming their way slowly and steadily upwards like so many snakes. The carabineers went up the right face of the hill, the Imperial Light Horse the left face. There was no sort of order in the defence. It crumbled up like tissue-paper the moment the Boers realised that we were practically at close quarters.

“‘Wilhelm! Wilhelm! the damned English are here!’ shouted a panic-stricken Dutchman. ‘Wilhelm! Wilhelm!’ promptly mimicked an Imperial Light Horseman, ‘the English with the long assegais are on top of us!’ The Boers live in mortal dread of the lance since Elandslaagte, and Wilhelm and his friends were seen skipping down the hill with the tails of their night-shirts flying in the wind. Orders to draw swords and fix bayonets were loudly shouted—although there was not a bayonet in the whole crowd—and the Boer scamper was complete; how complete is shown by the fact that no man claims having seen more than one dead Dutchman on Gun Hill.”

LADYSMITH SORTIE

A DARING and well-executed exploit was the sortie from Ladysmith in December, 1899, when the great Boer gun on Gun Hill was destroyed, together with a howitzer, by a band of Colonials under the command of General Archibald Hunter. The force that entered the enemy’s earthworks amounted to about two hundred men, and creeping up silently by the uncertain light of a quarter moon, they utterly surprised the enemy. The following is what occurred, according to a correspondent:—

“The Boer sentries must have been fast asleep. There was only one challenge. An old man’s voice from behind suddenly cried in Dutch, ‘Halt! who goes there?’ One of the volunteers—a carabineer—answered, ‘Friend.’ ‘Hermann,’ cried the sentry, ‘who’s that? Wake up. It’s the Red-necks’ (the Boer name for English). ‘Hold your row!’ cried the carabineer, still in Dutch. ‘Don’t you know your own friends?’ The sentry either ran away, or was satisfied, and the line crept on. The first part of the slope is gentle, but the face of the hill rises steep with rocks, and must be climbed on hands and knees, especially in the dark.

“Within about a hundred yards of the summit they came under rifle fire, the Boer guard having taken alarm. A picket in rear also began firing up at random. It was impossible to judge the number of the enemy. Anything between twenty and fifty was a guide’s estimate at the time. The slope was so steep that the Boers were obliged to lean over the edge and show themselves

against the sky as they fired. Some of the men returned their fire with revolvers. At sixty yards from the top they halted for the final assault.

"The volunteers, like the Boers, carry no bayonets. Their orders were not to fire, but to club the enemy with the butt if they stood. The orders were now repeated. Then some inspired genius (Major Karri Davis, of the I.L.H., it is said) raised the cry, 'Fix bayonets. Give 'em cold steel, my lads!' All appreciated the joke, and the shout ran down the line as the men rose up and rushed to the summit. Four bayonets were actually present, but I am not sure whether they were fixed or not.

"That shout was too much for the Boer gunners. They scattered and fled, heading across the broad top of the hill, even before our men had reached the edge. Swinging round from the right our line rushed for the big gun. The Light Horse and sappers were the first to reach it, Colonel Edwards himself winning the race. They found the splendid gun deserted in his enormous earthwork, the wall of which are thirty feet to thirty-five feet thick. One Boer was found dead inside it, shot in the assault.

"Captain Fowke and his sappers at once got to work. The breech-block was unscrewed and taken out, falling a prize to the Light Horse, who vied with each other in carrying it home (it weighs 137 lb.). The gun-cotton was thrust up the breech into the body of the gun. A vast explosion told the Boers that Tom had gone aloft, and his bulk lay in the pit, rent with two great wounds and shortened by a head. The sappers say it seemed a crying shame to wreck a thing so beautiful. The howitzer met the same fate. A Maxim was discovered and dragged away, and then the return began.

"It was now three o'clock, and by four daylight comes. The difficulty was to get the men to move. The carabineers especially kept crowding round the old gun like children in their excitement. At last the party came scrambling down the hill, joined the supports, and all straggled back into camp together, with exultation and joy. They just, and only just, got in before morning gave the enemy light enough to fire on their line of march. One man was killed, three or four were slightly wounded."

SIEGE SHELLS

DODGING shells is no use if you are fated to be smitten. There was a Doctor Smith in Ladysmith during the siege, an amiable tourist, a visitor from Torquay, who went every day to the river

with an angler's basket, containing his luncheon, to be out of danger. He was a quiet man—a widower. He had fads, and several daughters in England, and in Ladysmith he befriended a homeless cat and took it every day with him to the river bank. He was nursing this cat one day at the door of the Royal Hotel, and chatting to Mr. M'Hugh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, when a shell came and cut him in two above the knees. Mr. M'Hugh was quite unhurt. This mild widower's death made the troops mad. "'E's a Devonshire man," said a Devon soldier between his teeth, "an' I'm Devonshire mesen. Why doant they let us take yon gun?"

DANGEROUSLY CLOSE

EARLY in the Ladysmith siege an old major, whose fighting record is beyond question, was lecturing his men on the folly of ducking to a shell. "When you hear it, men, it's actually past, so that ducking your heads is quite useless." Just then came a hissing shell from "Silent Sue" close over the major's head. He ducked. The men laughed, and the major observed, "Ah, well, I suppose it's just human nature."

One man was having a quiet bath on his own verandah when a shell struck a tree, cannoned off the side of the house without exploding, and rolling like a hoop along the verandah, upset the bath-tub and its occupant without hurting either. While a man was lying in bed a shell entered the window of his room, passed over the bed a few inches above him, and buried itself in the floor, throwing it up and wrecking the woodwork of the house.

A carabineer was sitting on a box outside his tent when a large fragment of a shell passed between his legs, destroyed the box, and smashed three rifles within the tent. A trooper stood between two horses which were killed, while the man was unhurt. A shell pierced the wall of a room where a civilian was shaving, passed within two feet of the man, wrecked the room, and left him with scarcely a scratch. [Most of the above incidents are recorded in *How we Kept the Flag Flying*, by Donald Macdonald.]

BOER ATTACK ON LADYSMITH

DURING the great Boer assault on Ladysmith, in January, 1900, Lieutenant Hunt-Grubbe went out to see if any aid was needed by the troops stationed on the ridge near the town. He was unaware that the enemy had already captured the breastworks, and called out "Sergeant!" He received the reply, "Here I am, sir," and then suddenly disappeared from sight. Captain Carnegie, suspecting a ruse, ordered the Gordons to fire

a volley and charge. The enemy thereupon fell back precipitately, leaving behind them the officer whom they had captured with so much presence of mind. The lieutenant was quite unhurt.

AWFUL PREDICAMENT

IN the Ladysmith assault one man of the Imperial Light Horse had a dreadful experience. In the first rush of the Boers he fell wounded between two rocks at the edge of the hill. A Boer sheltered himself partly behind the rocks and partly behind the body of the wounded man. From this position he shot two men dead and wounded a third. It was an urgent necessity to silence this man's rifle, but to do it without hitting the wounded comrade was not easy. Again and again was the Boer fired at without effect, until at last a lucky shot struck him square on the head, and he dropped dead across the wounded Light Horse trooper. When the latter was recovered some hours later it was found he was hit in eight places. Two of the wounds were inflicted by the Boers, but six were caused by the bullets of his own comrades while trying to shoot the Boer. Strange to say, the trooper recovered.

BULLETS AT CLOSE QUARTERS

ONE of the most curious escapes of the war was recorded by a war correspondent in Ladysmith during the siege. A private of the King's Royal Rifles was struck by a bullet in the shoulder, and immediately afterwards a second bullet grazed the top of his head, removing the hair where it passed, and leaving a broad, straight parting in the middle. Surely that was the time for a prayer, or even a shriek, if ever there were one. "I've just had a free 'air-cut, mates!" was the only observation heard from the soldier.

Another curious incident occurred at Nicholson's Nek, when a soldier, taken prisoner by the Boers, had the peculiar experience of getting three bullets into him with only two wounds. He managed to catch a second bullet exactly in the hole made by a previous one. A soldier who took part in the defence of Cæsar's Hill, Ladysmith, wrote: "When a bullet struck me in the back it was like a man coming from behind and striking me with a 16-lb. hammer, afterwards putting a red-hot needle right through my shoulder."

BROTHERS

PRETTY speeches are not so characteristic of the Briton as of some of his Southern neighbours. During the siege of Ladysmith a certain young Englishman, the heir to a dukedom, was

among the relieving force that entered the city. His brother had been confined there, and as soon as possible the young men got together. An observer says they shook hands heartily, looked into one another's eyes, then turned their heads aside and resolutely gulped down something. "I say!" began the future duke, with a mighty effort. "Old Tom, the gardener, is dead." "Oh, I say!" replied the other. Then they walked away together. Each knew that the other was glad to see him, but being a Briton was too manly to be more effusive.

SIEGE HUNGER

THE late Sir William MacCormac, who went to South Africa as a medical officer, told the following story to illustrate the lengths to which things had gone as regards food during the siege of Ladysmith:—

"A shell fell into the mule lines one afternoon, killing one mule. In spite of other shells following the first one in rapid succession, so as to make occupation of the spot very dangerous, the men in the vicinity made a rush at the mule like so many ravenous creatures, cutting the flesh off with their clasp-knives in great chunks. They then in safer quarters built fires, toasted the meat, and swallowed it at once. To make them more palatable, the soldiers fried their biscuits in the axle-grease provided for the carts."

SHELL HUNTERS

ONE of the large shells fired from the Boer gun on Middle Hill one day, during the siege of Ladysmith, alighted on the roadway outside the town, and went careering downhill, turning over and over, with half a dozen expectant "Tommies" in its wake. Mr. Atkins, who was fortunate enough to find whole shells fired from "Long Tom," or other Dutch guns, was able to sell them at prices varying from £1 to £2 each; hence his anxiety to secure one of these ugly trophies. When a shell struck either in the open, in town, or near the camps, there was always a rush to secure it entire, if possible, and failing that, some of the fragments.

On a certain morning a shell fell with a tremendous bang into the garden of the Chief Constable (Mr. M'Donald) and made a hole big enough to hide even the burly figure of the Chief Constable himself. Immediately from the street there rushed a carabineer, who began to dig industriously for the buried bomb. The Chief Constable from his verandah called out: "Stop that!

I claim all shells that alight in my garden." The carabineer was determined to secure the shell, so dug bravely on. The Chief Constable then peremptorily ordered him off, adding something about an arrest. The carabineer reluctantly withdrew, but had a parting shot: "The next shell," he cried, "will, I hope, come a little nearer to you!" But the Chief Constable got his shell.—*Natal Witness*.

SERGEANT'S SUPERB VALOUR

ONE of the most gallant deeds ever known in British military annals occurred during the siege of Ladysmith. During one day's bombardment Sergeant Boseley, of the Royal Field Artillery, was seriously wounded by a Boer shell, which burst in front of his gun and carried away an arm and leg of the sergeant's. Though in great agony, he called out to his comrades, "Roll me away, boys, and go on working the gun!" It is pleasant to relate that the gallant sergeant recovered from his wound. On leaving Netley Hospital and passing through Rhyll for his Welsh home at Maes Elwy, in September, 1900, he met with a deservedly enthusiastic welcome from a large gathering. In May, 1902, he received his war medal at Devonport from General Sir William Butler, who said that the gallant sergeant's exploit was an act of devotion beyond all praise, and was one of those gallant deeds never to be forgotten by King and country.

THE GRAVE SIDE

THE following striking incident was related in a letter, dated Ladysmith, January 7th, 1900, from an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps:—

"One of the Boer medical officers rode in to us under a Red Cross flag, and asked us to go and bury our dead, which of course we did. But the sight of those poor fellows lying on the hill, some of them dreadfully riddled with bullets, I can never forget. The Boers were very good, in fact, one would hardly have thought they were enemies. They talked to us quite freely, and helped us to dig the graves and to carry our dead. There was one very touching incident. After our major had read the burial service one of the Boers stepped out and said a short prayer, hoping the war would soon end, and while we stood with heads uncovered they sang a hymn in Dutch. It cut our fellows up very much indeed, in fact, we could hardly speak for some time."

RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

TROOPER EDWARD RUSSELL, Natal Carabineers, who carried the despatch of Lord Dundonald to General Buller announcing the relief of Ladysmith, wrote a letter to his brother in Belfast on May 1st, 1900, in the course of which he said:—

“Amongst the dead in one trench in front of Ladysmith I saw three Boer women with bandoliers all dead. One was shot through the heart, the other two through the head. My officer, Major McKenzie, sent me to guide Lord Dundonald into Ladysmith. He asked me if I knew the road in. I said, ‘Yes, sir,’ and he replied, ‘Ride like the devil then, and get in before dark.’ I was alongside of him as he entered the town, and I shall never forget as long as I live that day. To see thousands of poor starved-looking men actually crying for joy and begging tobacco was enough to make one’s heart bleed. Lord Dundonald, after we entered the town, appointed me his galloper, and gave me a cheque for a tenner for riding out with the despatch to General Buller the morning after the relief.”

SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.

WHEN Sir George White left Ladysmith, which he had so gallantly held, a representative cordon of troops surrounded the railway station. The guard of honour consisted of Gordon Highlanders, Sir George’s old regiment. On the approach of the General, the pipes of the Gordons struck up a Highland air, and the troops presented arms. As Sir George joined the group of officers, the pipes ceased, and, amid deep silence, the gallant General addressed the soldiers as follows:—

“Men of the Gordon Highlanders, I have to leave you. I only regret that I cannot take you with me, but you are wanted here. I know you will always do as you have always done—behave as Gordon Highlanders.”

Sir George, who was deeply moved, looked in feeble health, and used a stick. The regimental sergeant-major of the Gordons called for three cheers for their old chief, and as the General ascended the steps of the train the major called for three more. Amid a storm of hurrahs the train slowly moved off.

GENERAL’S CONFIDENCE

BEFORE the famous march on Bloemfontein, it is said that when Lord Roberts realised the altered state of affairs he sent for the officer at the head of the Supply Department, and asked him

if he could promise him full rations for the new movement. "I cannot, sir," was the immediate reply. "Three-quarter rations?" "No, sir." "Half?" "I cannot promise, sir." A pause ensued, and the British commander then asked slowly and gravely, "Quarter rations, then?" "Yes," was the response of the officer. A second pause ensued, and then the Field-Marshal said, "Well, I think they will do it for me!"

JEW'S MISTAKE

MR. FLETCHER ROBINSON is responsible for the following story. Before the British entered Bloemfontein, they had shelled two outlying houses held by the Boers. When the enemy retreated, a British colonel rode up to the houses with some mounted infantry, and was met at the door of the larger house by a little Jew, who, from his appearance, had recently emerged from a coal-cellar. "My friend," said he, all of a tremble, "let me offer you something." "Thanks very much," said the colonel, who was very thirsty. "Shall it be beer? I have beer," said the host. Now the colonel had only just recovered from dysentery, and, though the temptation was great, he dare not accept. "I'm afraid I can't drink beer. I've been rather unwell," he answered with reluctance, at the same time laying his hand on his "tummy." "Oh! have you that feeling?" said the little Jew sympathetically. "I had it, too, when I heard the shells screaming. But be reassured—it's only nervousness!"

TOMMY'S DONATION

A NOTABLE contribution of £135 was sent from Bloemfontein in March, 1900, by the N.C.O.'s and men of the 8th Regiment of Mounted Infantry, which consisted of men of the 2nd Cheshire, 1st East Lancashire, 1st Oxford Light Infantry, and 2nd North Staffordshire Regiments. The amount was for the Widows and Orphans' Fund then being raised in England, and it was forwarded through Lord Roberts' private secretary, with the following letter:—"This sum was earned by the N.C.O.'s and men of the regiment for the number of cattle and sheep they found out on the veldt and drove in to the Supply Department for the food of the troops, a small fee being given for each bullock or sheep captured from the Boers. The work was very hard and, at times, dangerous; but when a cheque was handed in as payment for their services, they unanimously desired it might be sent to the fund for soldiers' widows and orphans."

GERMAN'S SURPRISE

AN officer of the Rhodesian Regiment, writing from Gaborones in March, 1900, said :—"They (the Boers) have fired about two hundred and fifty shells to date, and have succeeded in killing a young hare and wounding slightly three men and a billy can! We have fired about one hundred and fifty rounds, and have killed and wounded several. Last Sunday, generally a pretty quiet day, they sent us a couple of shells with bad results to themselves, for we answered them, and then saw a waggon and men piling in bodies one after the other. We also damaged their gun, and two days after captured a German artilleryman-armourer, who was on his way to repair it. He was, as he thought, following the spoor of a patrol of theirs, and turning the corner of a kopje, ran into a patrol of ours. He said, 'Ach! I dink I haf made it some mistake!' 'Yes,' replied one of ours, 'I should think you have! Give us your rifle.'"

DE WET AND BRITISH OFFICER

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for May, 1901, there was given a character sketch of De Wet by an American war correspondent, who had seen a good deal of service with that guerilla chief. Incidentally, there was also given a portrait of the British officer who does not surrender. At Sanna's Post, when De Wet caught the waggon-train, and a troop of mounted infantry had been sent after it, this is what happened :—

The lieutenant who commanded it was a brave man, but sadly lacking in caution. He galloped his troop down the spruit, and halted on the edge of the donga. Then De Wet stood up and said quietly, "Come in." The expression on the lieutenant's face showed that he knew he was trapped. He rode forward to within speaking distance, while the troop halted. "You must surrender, sir," said De Wet; "your position is hopeless." Glancing rapidly around him, the lieutenant bowed his head, and rode slowly back to his troop. I imagine that in that brief time he bade farewell to life. As he went, De Wet deliberately covered him with his rifle, and waited. The lieutenant stopped in front of his men, who were very much nonplussed. "Fall back!" he commanded in a loud, clear voice. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when De Wet shot him dead. This was the signal for the concealed Boers to pour a volley into the troop that emptied three-fourths of its saddles. The survivors galloped madly away to give the alarm in the camp.

SURRENDER OF JOHANNESBURG

THE entry of Lord Roberts and his army into Johannesburg was marked by several touching incidents. Some burghers were deeply moved by the pulling down of the Vierkleur, and when the British flag was raised in its place a big Free State artillerist present refused to take off his hat. A little man standing near him attempted to pull it off, but a British soldier interfered, saying, "Leave him alone. He fought for his flag; you fight for none."

"THE TREASURE"

MAJOR H. S. DALBIAC, who was killed at Senekal, in May, 1900, was somewhat of a character. He was known as "The Treasure," and numberless stories were related of him. A proof of the fascination and picturesqueness of his personality is the fact that everyone in the Army knew who was meant when "The Treasure" was spoken of. Once, it is recorded, he was ordered to land his horses at Ismailia. Instead of waiting for boats, he simply threw his horses into the sea; the animals swam ashore, and while the horror-struck disembarking officer was looking on aghast, Dalbiac ordered the trumpet for "Stables" to be sounded, and every horse at once turned up.

When "The Treasure" was going out to South Africa, he was asked what horses he was taking. "Two," was the answer; "one a good enough rough-and-tumble sort of trooper, the other a real beauty, thoroughbred, as fast as the telegraph, and can stay." "But what do you want of a horse like that in the Transvaal?" "My dear fellow," said Dalbiac, with a smile, "there is a racecourse at Pretoria!"

GUARDED REPLY

A WAR correspondent gave the following account of a trick adopted during the advance of the relieving force on Mafeking:—

"We had a runner from Mafeking, with messages from Colonel Plumer and Colonel Baden-Powell; they asked us what our numbers were, how many our guns, and what the state of our supplies. The answer was most ingenious, as we had no code to which they had a key, and we could not trust a straightforward statement of such important facts to the risks of the road. So Colonel Rhodes invented this answer: 'Our numbers are the Naval and Military multiplied by ten; our guns, the number of sons in the Ward family; our supplies, the O.C. 9th Lancers.'

Excellent as the Boer Intelligence is, I do not suppose that they are aware that the Naval and Military Club is at 94, Piccadilly; that the house of Dudley rejoices in six stalwart sons; or that the officer commanding the 9th Lancers is Colonel Small-Little."

PLUMER'S MEN

MANY very gallant deeds occurred during the fighting in which Colonel Plumer's column, approaching Mafeking from the north, was engaged in during April, 1900. Captain Crew lost his life through going back to bring in a comrade named Gates, whose horse had been killed. Trooper Lees, when hit, said: "Comrades, never mind me. I am sent for. Give me my rifle, and I will have one more shot at them." He fired the shot, and then rolled over dead. Colonel Plumer, after the fight, addressed his troops. "Men," he said, "from my heart I thank you for your behaviour yesterday."

CASH PRINCIPLES

AN amusing story of the war was told of a man who was in hospital, being treated for a wound in the thigh, received on the march to the relief of Mafeking. After dressing the wound one of the surgeons handed to the soldier a battered sixpence, which had been driven by the bullet through the pocket into the wound, from whence it had been extracted by the doctor. "Ah, I know all your R.A.M.C. tricks," cried the wounded man, on receiving the coin; "I've read about 'em in the papers. Give me the other nine and a tanner; I lost half a quid!"

SIEGE PUDDING

MISS ELIZABETH FRIEND, sister of the Mayor of Mafeking, who acted as a nurse during the siege, is responsible for this story:—

"When the siege was at its height and rations were exceedingly scarce, I gave a little tea-party in honour of some event or another. One of the officers invited wanted to know if I had no cake in the house. I told him there was not, but, as he persisted in thinking that there was, I gave him the key of the larder to look for himself. Presently he returned bearing what he was pleased to term a 'chocolate pudding,' most of which was served round and declared to be very good.

"A few minutes later General Baden-Powell came in, and seeing the remainder of the pudding, asked me what it was. 'Chocolate

pudding,' I replied. 'Humph!' he said, looking at it suspiciously, 'what is it made of?' I was forced then to confess that the ingredients were starch and a little cocoa sweetened with glycerine. As may be expected, some of the consumers turned rather pale at this. The General shook his head. 'They are not regulation rations,' he said gravely, 'and this sort of thing must be put down.' And put down it was, for he finished my pudding with boyish gusto!"

BOER BOY'S ESCAPE

IN a sortie from Mafeking by sixty-five men under Captain Fitzclarence, when they charged the Boer trenches with fixed bayonets, a rather amusing incident occurred. When inside the enemy's trench, the gallant captain came across a youth, who held up his hands and shouted in English, "It wasn't me, sir; it wasn't me!" "Go home, you young dog; what are you doing here?" was the reply he got as he was lifted out of the trench and told to run off. Captain Fitzclarence, it may be mentioned, was twice wounded during the siege, and was subsequently awarded the Victoria Cross.

MAFEKING PANCAKES

AN officer who kept a diary during the siege of Mafeking records the following under date April 17th, 1900:—

"My research into the properties of violet powder has reached a triumphant conclusion. The natives have emerged in safety from the ordeal by 'Violet Powder,' and it now forms an important item of our food-supply. We use it in the same manner as starch, and but for the somewhat hair-oily taste it leaves in one's mouth there is hardly any difference. I have struck a new line in pancakes, and have great pleasure in presenting the receipt to readers. The ingredients are as follows:—

Violet powder	.	.	.	1 shilling packet.
Egg powder	.	.	.	1 packet.
Mixed spice	.	.	.	1 good pinch.
Dog biscuits or ration bannock	.	.	.	1.
"Sowens"	.	.	.	1 quart.
Glycerine	.	.	.	1 oz.

Reduce the biscuit or bannock to powder, add violet powder, egg powder, and spice, mix well, then add the 'sowens' and glycerine. Stir vigorously for two or three minutes, let it simmer over a slow fire, and just as it is getting thick turn into a frying-pan and fry in olive or any other suitable oil."

PRACTICAL JOKE

ANOTHER story related by the Mafeking diarist is the following:—
 “In connection with this spree (a concert, etc.) I have a most humiliating confession to make. I heard a whisper early in the day that the committee had been successful in screwing half a dozen hams and a tremendous lot of bread out of the Army Service Corps people. To make assurance doubly sure, a chum and myself waited upon each member of the committee, who one and all confirmed the news. On the strength of this Mr. Nielly, the war correspondent, seduced us into purchasing tickets. As the hour drew nigh we let out three holes in our waist-belts and hied to the meeting-place, to find, alas! that we had been sold. At 9.30 a waiter came along with a plateful of sandwiches about the size of a penny stamp each. I tried hard to obtain possession of the plate, but it was no go. We were served out with a solitary sandwich each. Our scheming to get a feed had come to naught. We waited a while in the hope of being able to find a subject for the Ambulance Corps in the person of Mr. Nielly, but he escaped us for the time.”

MAFEKING WOUNDED

A GENTLEMAN in Mafeking told the following stories of the fortitude of the British wounded during the siege:—

“Let me give an instance of how they take their wounds. I found myself on the flank of the fighting line in our first battle. No. 3 on my right was singing ‘Let ’em all come!’ as he rammed cartridge after cartridge into the breech of his rifle and loosed off. For coolness he might have been firing for cheap cigars at a penny ‘gaff’ in the heart of London. At last a bullet ripped up his thigh. He laid down his rifle, cut his pantaloons with his knife, looked at the wound, and, with the utmost nonchalance, said: ‘Got me, by ——! W’ere’s the bloomin’ stretcher?’ While waiting for assistance he loosed off five shots, and retired satisfied.

“After the Gametree fight I went out to the field to help the injured, and saw some of the most terrible wounds I ever beheld. Most of them were inflicted right up against the loopholes, and it was plain that more than one deadly elephant gun had been used. Yet, as we lifted the wounded we never heard a groan, never a word of regret, save that the position had not been carried. I went to one man to bind his arm, and he said, ‘No, sir, I’m all right; look after my chum beyond. Perhaps you’d give me a cigarette until you came back.’ I gave him a cigarette and lighted it, but when I went to his friend I found that he did not require assistance—he was dead!

"When the first man was brought in it was found that he had three wounds. We brought the men back in open trucks, and they lay there without displaying any emotion. They acted like heroes, everyone of them, lying on stretchers or litters smoking their pipes and discussing the fight. But for the too many signs of their wounds, one might have mistaken the men for a draft being shifted down rail. But is it not ever the same with British battle victims?"

SIEGE CONCERT

A KEEPER of a diary during the siege of Mafeking records the following incident:—

"In the afternoon we had a football match, and at 5 p.m. a 'grand siege concert,' which, as usual, was well attended. The concert was a complete success, and the sports committee must have made a good haul. Colonel Baden-Powell was the bright particular star of the occasion, and scored another brilliant success. The doorkeeper—an eighteen-stone fairy—was gorgeously got up in white raiment, and was eyed with a great deal of distrust as he flitted about with elephantine grace by the gaunt, hollow-eyed spectres in the body of the hall. How does he manage to keep so aggressively fat on quarter rations? was the all-absorbing question. The Mafeking orchestra played two selections, and, I think, surpassed any previous performance."

BOER ASSAULT ON MAFEKING

THE following melodramatic incident of the great attack made by the Boers on Mafeking just before the relief came is related by Mr. Winston Churchill:—

"Morning broke on this situation: the Boers who had got inside Mafeking were unable to get out, but were defending themselves stubbornly; the Boers outside were doubting whether to fall on the town or not. It had often been the general's practice for the previous fortnight to send out a flag of truce every day to inquire after the health of Major M'Laren, the wounded prisoner in Snyman's camp. Though fighting within the town was at its height, he punctually observed his usual practice, and in his letters to M'Laren, which the Boers, of course, read, he expressed the hope that the firing of the night had not alarmed him, adding that all danger was now past. This produced a profound effect on the waverers. But though the original stormers were not supported, the issue hung in the balance all day. 'B.P.' had to release the European convicts from the prison, including the murderer who was under a life

sentence, and to invite them to take part in the defence. Armed with rifles, these men had fired from the roof of their prison on the Boers. When a bullet killed the jailer the murderer took the command of the prisoners, and their influence in the struggle was effective."

LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA

IT was on February 6th, 1900, that Lord Roberts secretly left Capetown for the front to take actual command of the Army; it was on June 5th, four months later, that the Field-Marshal entered Pretoria, the Boer capital, at the head of his conquering soldiers. When it is considered that this feat was performed through an enemy's country, all supplies having to be carried with the Army, the achievement is indeed remarkable. Lord Roberts had his tribute from the "man in the street," who, when describing the Field-Marshal's series of sudden jumps on his way to the Boer capital exclaimed, "Oh, it's just like Bobs; he's a bloomin' kangaroo!"

WHITE FLAG'S HISTORY

THE first demand for the surrender of Pretoria was made fittingly by a Colonial officer, Lieutenant W. Russell Watson, of a New South Wales corps. In a letter to his father he described how Colonel De Lisle entrusted him with the duty of taking a white flag into the city and demanding the surrender, and how the flag was made by tying a handkerchief to the end of a stick. At Pretoria, while a council of war was being held, he was entertained to sandwiches and coffee by Mrs. Botha. Then he got an answer from Botha suggesting terms of surrender, and had to wake Lord Roberts in the middle of the night to give him the answer. "Bobs" decided, however, to leave the matter over until the morning.

The white flag above mentioned has a further interesting history. At the King's Coronation, in 1902, Captain Russell Watson came over with the New South Wales detachment. He carried with him the flag with which he had demanded the surrender of the Transvaal capital on the 4th of June, 1900, and on it he was fortunately able to secure the signatures of the King and Queen Alexandra. As the handkerchief also bears the autograph of the Prince of Wales, Earl Roberts, Viscount Kitchener, and other generals, it now naturally forms a very valuable memento of the war.

PRETORIA CAPTURED

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., in the course of an article dealing with the wonderful march of Lord Roberts from Capetown to Pretoria, described the entry of the British troops into the Boer capital as follows:—

“The jaunty, merry music of the marches, the bursts of cheering, the continuous pulsating concussions of the drums, and under all, yet above all, the monotonous rhythm of marching feet, produced a profound impression on the mind. And when the old flag flickered up to the top of Parliament House, what with the memory of twenty years of shame and bitterness, ‘Remember Majuba, you dirty English!’ and the memory of thirty thousand good men and true scattered behind, dead, wounded, or diseased along the track of invasion, even the dullest, heaviest souls were powerfully stirred, and all men felt this was an hour to live.

“Someone—a staff officer—turned to Lord Roberts when all was over.

“‘You must be a happy man to-day, sir.’

“‘No,’ replied the Field-Marshal, with a momentary expression of intense weariness, ‘not happy—thankful.’

“And the officer remembered the grave in Natal which had swallowed up a father’s hope and pride.”

AIDE-DE-CAMP’S CIGAR

AT the beginning of 1900 a Lancashire gentleman sent a letter to South Africa addressed as follows:—

“To the officer who hoists the Union Jack.

“(When that happy event takes place.)

“Pretoria, South Africa.”

The gentleman enclosed a cigar with the pithy note, “Thanks, have a cigar.” As the capture of the Transvaal capital did not take place as soon as expected, the gentleman began to fear that his letter and contents had got lost. In July, 1900, however, he received the following autograph letter from the Duke of Westminster, dated Government House, Pretoria, June 7th, 1900:—

“DEAR SIR,—I write to say that I was the officer who hoisted the Union Jack over Pretoria, in consequence of which I received an excellent cigar which Lord Roberts gave to me, having been forwarded by you. Thank you both for the cigar and congratulations, and remaining,

“Yours truly,

“WESTMINSTER, A.D.C., Headquarters Staff.”

FAMILY EXTERMINATED

LORD STANLEY, in the *Morning Post*, during May, 1901, told of a remarkable succession of deaths in one soldier family. The father, Colonel W——, was killed in action in South Africa the previous June. He had three sons with him in the Army, and he once expressed his regret that he had not more of his sons old enough to serve. The eldest died of enteric fever a few weeks after his father was killed. The second son died also of enteric a week later. The eldest son had enlisted in a line regiment with hopes of gaining a commission, the second brother was in the Yeomanry, while the third brother was engaged in the transport service, and he was drowned in a river before the end of July.

Calamity followed the family. The fourth brother died in August from an accident in the cricket field. A month later the fifth brother, at the critical age of seventeen, died from a wetting and a neglected chill, for the motherless boy was alone at home. In October the sixth and seventh brothers died one after the other at school of scarlet fever. Nearly all these boys intended to enter the Army at the proper time. This recalls the case of the Battye brothers, of whom there were ten at one time in the Army, and of whom four were killed in action.

SCOUT'S PRESENCE OF MIND

A CHARACTERISTIC incident was recorded of Captain Driscoll, of Driscoll's Scouts, the affair happening in July, 1900. He went alone one Sunday night to Zuring Krantz to view the Boer positions, and was entertained by the English storekeeper there. On Monday morning, while drinking a cup of coffee, he was surprised to see four armed Boers dash round the corner. Driscoll immediately snatched up his carbine, and, pointing it at the Boers, commanded them to hold up their hands or be shot. All four at once surrendered, and it is recorded that one was so frightened that he actually fell off his horse. Captain Driscoll at the time was all alone, ten miles away from the main body of his scouts, and was close to a large Boer force!

OFFICER'S ESCAPE FROM BOERS

A BRITISH officer who was captured by Theron's Scouts in August, 1900, has related an interesting account of his escape from the Boers. He was taken along with the enemy in their rapid retreat before the British force pursuing them, and having made up his mind to escape, he cultivated the acquaintance of a fellow-prisoner, Bethune by name, who had been employed in the

Imperial service as a collector of looted stock. Describing his escape, the officer says:—

“As Bethune spoke Dutch, and I did not, I chose him, and we planned to get away on the first opportunity. We had outspanned about 5.15 p.m. at a small tributary of the Apies River, south of Makapans location, and, as is generally the case, a certain amount of liberty was allowed us at this time to fetch water and get wood. On jumping out of the waggons Bethune seized two tins, and we made for the river. I had previously thrown my helmet away, and got a dirty slouch hat from a Boer.

“On going to the river we were challenged by the Boer sentry, when Bethune replied in Dutch, ‘Can’t you see we’re going for water?’ My khaki uniform was hardly distinguishable in the twilight, and I crouched down behind Bethune. We were allowed to pass, and on getting to the river we lay down for a minute or two to see if we were followed. Finding we had not been, we took our boots off, crossed the river, and bolted as hard as we could, never stopping until we had covered some miles, then halted to take counsel as to what direction to take.

“Having settled, we started due west. The night was bitterly cold, and having no great-coats on, or rugs, nothing save the thin khaki we stood in, we were almost perished. Having walked right through the night, at daylight we hid in a deep donga, covering ourselves over with grass, and were quickly asleep. The sun was high up in the heavens when I awoke at feeling a sharp tug at my foot, which was protruding out of the grass. I jumped up, and was confronted by an enormous baboon, who, with gaping mouth and ferocious fangs, gave an astonished guttural bark, sprang up, and disappeared over the back of the donga.

“Readjusting my bed I fell asleep, and was eventually woke up by my companion, who motioned me to be silent, crept up and peered through the bushes, and not fifty yards away from our hiding-place stood four armed Boers, whom we recognised as our late guards. They were looking on the ground seeking our spoor. We lay scarcely daring to breathe, anticipating that if we were discovered we should never leave the donga alive; but, to our intense delight, the Boers mounted their horses and rode to the south. Directly it was dark we jumped up and pushed on at a sharp walk, avoiding all roads and farmhouses, making in the direction of a prominent peak we knew lay to the north-west of Rustenburg.”

After two more days and nights of intense fatigue the pair came across an old Kaffir chief, who tended them kindly and fetched some scouts of the Imperial Yeomanry to their assistance.

FORTUNATE BLUNDER

ONE of the many narrow escapes of being shot dead in the war occurred when Colonel Stowe's train was held up by Theron, the Boer leader, near Kroonstad, in September, 1900. Mr. J. E. Sharp shared the saloon with Colonel Stowe. They were awakened by Theron's Mauser volley at twenty-five yards' range, and Mr. Sharp sustained a wound through his foot. But for the mistake of a servant, who made the bunk up the wrong way about, he would undoubtedly have had the bullet through his head.

TROOPER'S PLUCK

A PARTICULARLY gallant affair took place in the Orange River Colony during the course of 1900. It was described in a letter from an officer of Loch's Horse. Colonel Ross, Captain Williams, and Trooper Picton rode up to a kraal where, unknown to them, six Boers were in waiting. Colonel Ross was shot in the jaw and neck by an explosive bullet, and Williams was killed, but Picton jumped on to the roof of the kraal and promptly shot three Boers with his revolver, whereupon the remainder surrendered. For his very gallant feat, Trooper Picton was recommended for the D.S.O. Colonel Ross's case was a terribly sad one. His jaw was smashed to atoms and his tongue blown off, and he had to take nourishment through an opening in the throat.

COLONIAL ENTERPRISE

AN incident, not without its amusing side, occurred at the capture of Wakkerstroom, near Vryheid, in September, 1900. It was really taken possession of by two troopers of Bethune's Horse, a Colonial corps. Contrary to orders, these two made their way over the hills outside the town, while the force to which they belonged made a détour. Arrived in the town, the two troopers at once proceeded to hoist the Union Jack, and when a staff officer rode in later by the main road to formally demand the surrender of the town, he was received with ironical cheers by the two who had forestalled him! The Colonials were immediately arrested, but were soon released by Colonel Bethune, who, however, administered a severe reprimand.

BROTHERS' GREETING

MR. BENNETT BURLEIGH, the noted war correspondent, is responsible for this story:—

"One day in the autumn of 1900 two officers, newly arrived

from different parts of up-country, met at Capetown. Rather lonely and a good deal bored, they scraped acquaintance and found one another agreeable. When the dinner-hour came they agreed to dine together. The keen edge of appetites having been taken off by a good dinner, the senior officer became a trifle more expansive. 'Do you know,' said he, 'I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before. I am Major S——, of the ——.' 'Hello, are you?' said the other, 'I'm Lieutenant S——, just joined—your youngest brother!' There was an unrehearsed scene as the two khaki-clad warriors sprang to their feet and pounded each other on the back—which is the Briton's way of falling on the neck and weeping. They had not met for years, and the baby brother had meantime sprouted into a tall youth with an incipient moustache."

PATROL'S FIGHT

THE following paragraph, which was published in the *Bloemfontein Post* of October 19th, 1900, refers to the C Company of the Northumberland Imperial Yeomanry. The yeoman killed was Sergeant Robson; the other trooper, who displayed so much gallantry, was Private Pattinson. This is the extract:—

"A stirring incident comes to us per private letter from a source which our informant can vouch for. Last week two of our men—we are not sure whether they were regulars or irregulars—were patrolling on the farm Elandsfontein, Zand River, between Ventersburg and Virginia, when suddenly they found themselves ambushed by ten Boers. One man was shot dead, the other dismounted, and his horse bolted. He coolly took cover, and was successful in killing three and wounding one. The other six bolted, and the natives who were watching the affair declare that the brave fellow sprang up and yelled after the retreating Boers 'to be men and stay and fight it out!' He then walked to some Kaffir huts, where he was kindly treated, in due time recovered his horse, and rode back to camp. 'Surely,' added the correspondent (who lived on an adjoining farm), 'this brave fellow should be decorated.'"

MAXIM GUN EXPLOIT

IN October, 1900, the Scots Greys and the Lincolnshire Regiment had a mishap at Commando Poort, being surprised by the Boers. The most heroic thing in the fight was the conduct of Sergeant Rawson, of the Lincolns, who had charge of the Maxim gun which was supporting the D and F Companies.

The enemy concentrated a venomous fire on the gun, and several of those working it were killed or wounded. The sergeant therefore ordered the survivors to retire, and he himself continued to fire the weapon at the Boers. While he was thus engaged, the Maxim jammed, so Rawson coolly dissected it amid a hail of bullets, replaced the parts in proper working order, and, single-handed, turned the deadly weapon once more upon the enemy! The gun, however, was nearly captured by the Boers, being only saved by some volunteers of the D Company who dragged it away. It was found to be pitted with bullet marks, indicating how narrow had been the escape of the gallant sergeant.

CAPTURED BY BLUFF

How a Boer with Mauser and bandolier was bluffed by an unarmed yeomanry officer and compelled to surrender was told in a letter from a yeomanry officer, dated Harrismith, November 1st, 1900. The writer said:—

“A subaltern of the 34th Company did a plucky thing not long ago. Scouting with a small party he spotted a single Boer, and they all gave chase. Being well mounted he soon distanced his men, but the Boer was well mounted too, and they both galloped for all they were worth. Finally he gained on the Boer, who, seeing his men left miles behind, dismounted, ran up a small kopje and began peppering our chap at about a hundred yards, and emptied his magazine at him. Palmer had to make a *détour* so as to be able to ride up to the kopje, and in so doing gave the Boer a good mark, but luckily was not hit. Now, I had forgotten to mention that Palmer had gone out that day unarmed, not expecting to see Boers; so he rode up to within twenty yards of his man, pointed his pipe at him, and holloaed, ‘Hands up!’ The Boer obeyed, and Palmer took his rifle and bandolier and marched him into camp. The Boer’s rage at being taken by an unarmed man was most amusing, I am told.”

DEATH OF LE GALLAIS

COLONEL LE GALLAIS administered a severe defeat to De Wet near Bothaville in November, 1900, capturing eight guns and over one hundred prisoners from the Boer leader. Unfortunately the gallant colonel lost his life in the struggle. It is curious that he had a constant presentiment of death, and never believed that he would live to see the end of the campaign. When the fighting commenced he had entered a farmhouse in the vicinity, whence a good view of the scene of action could

be obtained, and the Boer riflemen made it their target, riddling the walls with their bullets, mortally wounding Le Gallais and killing others. He did not lose consciousness, and never seemed to think about his wound, but kept asking questions about the progress of the fight. Before he died, like Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, he had the satisfaction of learning that he had won a victory. His last words, uttered feebly to his staff officer, Major Hickie, were: "If I die, tell my mother that I died happy, as we got the guns."

DELAREY AND BRITISH OFFICER

AN interesting story is told by a captain of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who fell into the hands of General Delarey, the Boer leader, in December, 1900, when, in conjunction with Commandant Beyers, he surprised General Clements at Nooitgedacht. After the engagement, Delarey, addressing the captain in a friendly tone, said, "Our day to-day, captain, yours to-morrow." He then gave an order that the prisoners should be removed to a neighbouring mill, and offered the captain his own pony that he might ride there. The offer was accepted, but, on mounting, the officer found himself in the position of being an armed man again, for Delarey's rifle was resting in the stirrup-cup.

"Perhaps you had better take this, general," he said, handing the weapon to Delarey, who laughingly replied that perhaps he had. He then said, "But I must have those glasses, captain," indicating a pair of field-glasses which his prisoner was carrying. The latter, however, begged to be allowed to retain these, as he particularly prized them. "I am very sorry, captain," was the reply, "but I must have them. But I tell you what I will do. As soon as this (the war) is over, I will send them to you, or their value." The captain, therefore, relinquished them with good grace.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

CAPTAIN DISTIN, who was recaptured by the Boers at the beginning of 1901, was promptly sentenced to be shot at sundown, and a party of natives proceeded to dig his grave. Later on two Boers called him, and asked if he liked it, and if it was deep enough. Distin said, "No. I don't want to be buried in a two-foot hole, where the jackals will dig me up!" Before his sentence could be carried out, however, there arose a cry of "The Khakis, the Khakis are coming!" Every man flew to saddle his steed, leaving Captain Distin where he stood. So the officer not only saved his life, but also regained his freedom!

OSTRICH AGAINST SOLDIERS

MANY of the soldiers in South Africa were attacked by ostriches, which, when in a rage, are terrible adversaries. Trooper Greenwood, of the Yorkshire Dragoons, who went out with the Imperial Yeomanry, wrote home a letter in June, 1901, in which he said:—"I went with five others to bury our mate. I came back to camp by myself, when I was attacked by a large ostrich. It knocked me down. I caught it by the neck, and I fought with it for about an hour. No one was near enough to help. I strangled it at last, but it gave me something to go on with. The captain says it was twenty to one on the ostrich killing me, but they can't kill Harry so easy."

COCK TRIUMPHANT

A GOOD ostrich story is told of a guardsman in the reserve of officers, who, during the war, was stationed at a remount depôt in Cape Colony. One morning a farmer stopped him as he was taking a constitutional, and warned him against crossing an enclosure containing a cock ostrich, which had become very bad tempered. The guardsman replied that no ostrich ever hatched would turn him out of his way, and he jauntily continued his walk. Four hours afterwards, as he had not returned to camp, his brother officers became alarmed, and search parties were despatched. This resulted in the missing guardsman being discovered lying on his back unhurt, with a cock ostrich sitting on his chest! The bird had knocked him down each time he tried to rise, but could do him no harm while he lay flat on his back.

PRISONERS WITH BOERS

THE adventures of Major Gough and Captain Cracroft, when captured by Commandant Louis Botha near Vryheid in 1901, are thus described:—

Major Gough was deprived by the burghers of coat, helmet, gaiters, and leggings, and stripped barefoot. Captain Cracroft was still worse dealt with. Everything he had on was taken—hat, coat, trousers, boots—except his shirt. Finding Louis Botha, Captain Cracroft said, "Sir, I understood you were a man of education, not a common burgher." "So I am," replied Botha. "Well, then," rejoined Cracroft, "is this the proper sort of conduct towards an enemy in warfare—to strip and rob prisoners, leaving them nearly naked? We, at any rate, are not guilty of that sort of shameful conduct." "Take care what you say," said

Botha, angrily ; " you are only a prisoner, remember." " I know that, and don't care," said Cracroft ; " do what you like, for I won't hold my tongue. I say it is monstrous to treat prisoners in this inhuman way." Botha moved off, but subsequently a burgher brought a pair of trousers to Captain Cracroft, which he once donned.

The prisoners were marched a little distance further north. At nightfall the Boers halted and a guard was placed over the prisoners, the officers being apart from the men. When it was quite dark, seeing bush and cover near, Cracroft rose up and remarked hurriedly to Major Gough, " I'm off!" darting away at the same instant into the nearest cover. Acting upon impulse, all the Boer guard hastened after Cracroft, leaving Major Gough alone. The latter instantly took advantage of the situation, and ran off in turn, but in an opposite direction. Separately each of them made his way, as best he could, back to De Jagers Drift. Major Gough swam the Blood River twice on the journey, and got in first, tired, and with his feet terribly cut, sore, and bleeding. Cracroft was nearly as sadly knocked up. A long time elapsed before the two officers regained the use of their feet.

CAPTURED BEER

AT the time De Wet was being hustled out of Cape Colony early in 1901 Plumer's Bushmen found themselves on a train at Colesberg. They had come hundreds of miles from the Eastern Transvaal. On the platform stood two quarter-casks of beer.

A West Australian alighted stealthily, up-ended one cask, and retired to his truck beaming. The cask was full. The railway staff officer had seen him, however. " What the deuce do you mean by leaving the train without permission?" he asked, approaching the truck.

The Australian, named O'Brien, answered apologetically that he was the colonel's orderly, and had only wished to see if the casks were addressed to the officers' mess. He was very sorry. The R.S.O. looked into the truck, saw that every man was asleep, reprimanded O'Brien, and walked back to the guard's van.

The sleepers immediately formulated plans, and four men were told off to each cask. Half an hour passed ; " Right away!" was signalled ; the train moved off. Eight bushmen were up, and on those casks in the twinkling of an eyelash. A porter ran to the rescue, but he had a terrier's chance of taking a bone from a hungry bulldog. Seventy gallons of precious beer were aboard

before it could be realised; the bushmen clambered on, and then—someone found a gimlet. "This is disgraceful work," said Major Vials at the next station, "you must pay for that liquor." Major Vials knew his men, and did not waste words. Ten pounds was the sum asked and paid. The bushmen would cheerfully have subscribed the amount five times over.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CANADIAN'S DEATH

AMONG those killed in South Africa in February, 1901, was Major Howard, who was an American. Before leaving the United States for the Cape he was entertained to a farewell dinner at Newhaven. His friends tried vainly to dissuade him from going to the war. One said, "You have been pretty lucky in the battles you have been in; but the bullet that will kill you has already been cast." Major Howard laughingly declared that the bullet never was and never could be made to kill him. "I am immune from death by bullet," he said. After events, however, proved that such was not the case. Major Howard belonged to the Canadian Scouts, and had previously fought in the rebellion in Canada during 1885.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS

IN the course of 1901 Lord Kitchener sent to the King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordons, the following telegram from South Africa:—

"From Lord Kitchener to the King, London.

"As Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordon Highlanders, your Majesty might be pleased to know that Commandant De Villiers who was present, and has just surrendered, informs me that on the attack on the train on 4th July, at Naboonspruit, the guard of Gordon Highlanders, under Lieutenant Best, who was killed, behaved with the utmost gallantry after the train had been captured by 150 Boers. The last four men, though completely surrounded, and with no cover, continued to fight until three were killed and the fourth wounded. On the Boers asking the survivor the reason they had not surrendered, he replied, 'Why, man, we are Gordon Highlanders!'"

The King replied in a telegram expressing his delight to hear of the gallant conduct of the Gordons, and saying: "Proud to be their Colonel-in-Chief."

TROOPER'S GALLANT DEFENCE

TROOPER E. HAMPTON, the son of a well-known Sussex farmer, was the hero of an exciting exploit during the war. During a fine moonlight night in July, 1901, he was on guard in the village of Florida, his hours of duty extending from eleven at night until one o'clock in the morning. A troop of horsemen came galloping down the street, and when they were not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant Hampton challenged them: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Three times he repeated this formula, and simultaneously with the final challenge he rested his rifle on a low wall and fired. Two shots in reply came whizzing past him, one cutting a branch from a tree on his right. Then the trooper was at it as fast as he could pull the trigger. There were eight or nine cartridges in his magazine, and these were fired in as many seconds, and horses began to fall about, and others to wheel round. He recognised that his only chance was to keep firing as fast as he could.

He was left to his own resources for about ten minutes, blazing away at the flash of the enemy's rifles, and had only four or five rounds left when their fire slackened. Hampton then expected a rush on the part of the Boers, and was retreating, under cover of the wall, in the direction of the camp, when he met two members of his troop coming to his assistance. "For God's sake, give me some ammunition!" he shouted; and his urgent wants having been supplied, he and his newly-arrived companions continued the conflict. Altogether, Hampton killed one man (the leader of the attacking party), mortally wounded another, and shot four horses.

COLONEL VANDELEUR'S DEATH

THE death of Colonel Vandeleur, who was killed in a Boer attack on a train at Waterval, on the last day of August, 1901, is thus described by Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the war correspondent:—

"Colonel Vandeleur, who had but recently returned convalescent from England, was proceeding to act as second in command to Colonel H. Grenfell. Like the latter, he was a comparatively young man and keen soldier. The instant Vandeleur regained his feet (after the explosion which had stopped the train), realising what had happened, he put his head into the ladies' compartment, calling to them, hastily, 'Lie down; if you want to save your lives, lie down!'

"It was the first, the natural and chivalrous act of a soldier and

a gentleman, and not an instant was wasted. His duty was towards his men and the train. Going towards the open door to the platform, he came face to face with a swart-bearded Boer, who had with another sprung upon the carriage. It is said that he called to the man, 'There are women and children in here,' but without a word for answer the ruffianly train-wrecker levelled his gun and shot the colonel. The bullet entered near the right breast, and passed transversely and downward through the body, emerging at the back upon the left side. Colonel Vandeleur fell forward in the corridor, shot through the heart, dying instantly without a moan."

KITCHENER AND BOER LEADERS

THOUGH unbending and stern of countenance, Lord Kitchener has at times a pretty wit, and his interview with the members of Mr. Steyn's Cabinet, who were caught in the neighbourhood of Reitz on August 10th, 1901, was marked with grim humour. When these unfortunate patriots reached Pretoria he at once sent for them to headquarters. They went up with considerable glee, expecting to receive the cordial congratulations of the Commander-in-Chief; so they pranced into the presence with their heads up, the smug smile of conscious worth upon their faces, and, with the example of General Cronje before their eyes, awaited to be complimented on their "gallant defence."

After regarding them fixedly and in turn for some few moments, Lord Kitchener blandly remarked, "Well, gentlemen, I suppose you are just starting for Bermuda"—awkward pause—"and I think you will be away a considerable time. You are not all the sort of persons we want in this country. Good morning, and a pleasant voyage!" Those eminent statesmen, much disconcerted and with a blank look of surprise on their faces, slowly filed down the stairs in mournful silence, and to their extreme astonishment started that afternoon for the island for which they were bound.

BENSON AT BRAKENLAAGTE

IN the fight at Brakenlaagte, on October 30th, 1901, fifteen officers and seventy-one men were killed, and seventeen officers and one hundred and ninety-nine men wounded. The greatest loss of all was the death of Colonel Benson, the commander of the column. When carried back to the British camp, his wounds then allowing no hope of life, he sent for Major Wools Sampson, and said, "Defend your camp for all it is worth. Louis Botha has stated that he will attack in the morning with 1,400 men

unless you surrender." The Boers, however, who had lost forty-four killed, including Commandant Oppermann, in the fight with Colonel Benson, did not attack.

Colonel Benson was one of the kindest-hearted and most popular officers in the service. Some time before his death, he, with a party of men, was chasing some of the enemy, when one of the latter, being badly mounted, fell behind his comrades. Colonel Benson called upon him to surrender, and as the Boer, a very young man, refused to stay his flight, eventually fired at him. The Boer was hit, but pluckily spurred his horse on to further efforts. The Colonel caught him, however, and dragged him from his horse, seeing for the first time that the man was severely wounded. Hastily carrying his prisoner to a doctor, Colonel Benson said, "For God's sake, make this man live."

COLONEL BENSON

IN a letter home, Private C. F. Smith, of the 3rd Mounted Infantry, made the following references to Colonel Benson, who was killed in the fight at Brakenlaagte:—

"You will have heard about our reverse. We lost two guns, and one hundred and fifty men were wounded, and fifty killed, including Colonel Benson. In our mounted infantry company we had three officers killed and one wounded, out of five. Sixteen men were taken prisoners. We fought for the guns. Colonel Benson stood behind us, shouting, 'Well done, the Yorkshire lads!' I left the hill to fetch some more ammunition, as we were short, and in coming back to the firing line my horse was shot in two places. So I started to carry the ammunition, when I was told to get under cover as the Boers had taken the guns. . . . Colonel Benson was a brave man. He stood up there on that hill without any fear. He was hit in the leg and shoulders, and his chief staff officer advised him to leave for the rear, but he said, 'No; I will die here unless my guns are saved.' So he was hit again, this time through the stomach."

GUNNER'S ACCOUNT

A GUNNER who was in attendance at the field hospital at Brakenlaagte gave the following account of Colonel Benson's last hours:—

"I shall never forget him. He looked as pleasant as he possibly could. I never believed he was really so bad. I had to help cut his things off and dress his poor wounds, three in all. The fatal bullet entered his left side and came out of his right.

One wound was on the right arm and another through the right leg. But I do not think he suffered much pain. But I shall never forget him lying there on the stretcher. Of course, there were so many more wounded and dying, and the colonel was most unselfish. He would insist on the others being attended to first. He passed peacefully away without pain, or he did not show any signs of pain."

BLUFFING THE BOERS

COLONEL BENSON was noted for his daring resourcefulness. One day, when on the staff of Lord Methuen, he went out reconnoitring with only a signaller and an orderly. Some two or three miles from his main force between four and five hundred Boers appeared suddenly on the line of advance, making their way up a kopje. Instantly Colonel Benson and his two men made a dash and managed to reach the top of the eminence while the enemy were patiently climbing the side. The Boers had got to three hundred yards from the top when Colonel Benson suddenly appeared with the signaller energetically flashing messages on every hand, while the orderly soon emptied his bandolier, firing in every direction. The Colonel then shouted loudly, "Come on, men. Give them cold steel." The result of the daring device was instantaneously successful. The Boers were seized with a panic, and fled from the phantom army. Colonel Benson was asked by Lord Methuen on returning to camp whatever he was signalling for, as no one could understand him!

REVERSED CIRCUMSTANCES

GENERAL BEN VILJOEN and his adjutant, after their capture at the beginning of 1902, were sent to keep Cronje company at St. Helena. An amusing incident occurred when, riding in a carriage, they were entering the town gates at Broadbottom. A sergeant of the Buffs, who had been captured by Viljoen at the front in South Africa, and released by him with the hope that when they met again it would be under better circumstances, met him, and they went into the local hotel to have a bottle of champagne together. There was a touch of grim humour, added the correspondent who recorded the incident, in the situation and the perversity of fate.

ACCIDENT AND SUICIDE

DETAILS of a terrible affair were sent home by Trooper Price, of Ruabon, North Wales. The tragic incident occurred on March 19th, 1902, at Picquetburg, where the 118th Company

of Imperial Yeomanry was then encamped. Trooper Price wrote:—

“I and five others were allowed to ride into Picquetburg to buy some stores. When we got there we separated and agreed to meet in the evening to return together. This we did, and it happened that three—Hodges, Houslopp, and Phillips—had been larking about in a merry mood. We went on together half the way, and then we other three cantered on and left Hodges, Houslopp, and Phillips to come on by themselves. We had just arrived in camp, when Phillips came galloping in and said that Hodges had killed Houslopp. A troop of men were at once despatched to the spot, and found that he had blown his brains out as well. It appears that Hodges said that he could hit Houslopp’s hat off at a distance of twenty yards. He tried, with a fatal result. Both were brought into camp and buried next day. I was bearer for each of them.”

YEOMAN’S BRAVERY

THE following extract from a letter, written by a comrade, shows, in stirring words, how Sergeant E. Gardner, of the 111th Company Imperial Yeomanry, died during a fight in January, 1902:—

“No. 3 Troop was ordered to go further out to the left to act as a screen. The lieutenant ordered Gardner to take five men, and work more to his left. He had got a good way when he rode right on to the Boers—as near as fifteen yards. The Boers said ‘Hands up!’ but Gardner said, ‘Dismount, lads; at them!’ and then commenced a struggle for life. Their horses ran away, as the fire was too hot to hold horses. As it would have been certain death, the commandant ordered them to ‘Hands up!’ Gardner said ‘Never!’

“Then the beginning of the end came. Trooper Powell, son of the Rev. Powell, Vicar of Hebden Bridge, was shot through the chest, half an inch above the heart. Gardner was shot dead, the bullet entering the side, passing through the heart and spine, and coming out at the back—so he was killed instantaneously. Then Trooper Jackson was shot through the thigh, afterwards through both arms. By this time the Boers were all around them, and shouting ‘Hands up!’ One of those left lifted his hat as token of surrender.

“Then General Van de Venter came up, saying how foolish they were not to surrender before. He also said how sorry he was for Gardner, as he never saw a braver fellow. They took all their things except Gardner’s, taking his boots only. They left

his money, spurs, watch, Bible, and other little things, which I have in my possession for his relatives. We gave him a military funeral. The whole squadron paraded. P.S.—Tell his engineer friends he was a credit to them, dying a perfect hero.—
W. MIDDLETON.”

GENERAL BOTHA AND SOLDIER

MR. EDGAR WALLACE, the war correspondent, himself an ex-soldier, told the following story in connection with the Peace Conference, April, 1902:—

“There is an unrecorded incident of the Conference which caused some amusement among the Boer delegates. The train conveying General Botha to Klerksdorp was standing at a small station to take in water when a Tommy, impelled by curiosity, drew near to a special saloon, on the bridge of which Louis Botha was standing, and respectfully saluting the Boer leader, asked, ‘When are you going to let us go home, sir?’ Botha smiled, and replied, ‘Very soon, I hope.’ ‘The sooner the quicker,’ quoth Atkins. This old tag was evidently unknown to Botha, who laughed heartily.”

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE V.C.

THE last Victoria Cross hero to have the decoration placed on his breast by Queen Victoria was Private C. Ward, 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry. With four others Private Ward attended at Windsor Castle on a Saturday in December, 1900, and was the last of the party to be decorated. The Queen died in the January following. Describing the ceremony, Ward stated that they went into Her Majesty’s presence one by one, he being the last called in. He was attired in the Yorkshire Light Infantry home service uniform. He advanced towards Her Majesty’s chair and knelt down before her on his left knee.

Sir Arthur Bigge briefly recalled to the Queen the circumstances under which Ward distinguished himself, relating how on June 25th a small picket was surrounded on three sides by five hundred Boers, how Ward had volunteered to carry a message to a signalling station in the rear asking for reinforcements, how he was severely wounded by voluntarily returning to his comrades from a place of absolute safety, and how his courageous conduct resulted in the rescue of the detachment. “Her Majesty,” stated Ward, “said she was proud of me, and congratulated me upon what I had been able to do. Her Majesty asked about my wound, and as best I could—I hardly remember what I said I felt so nervous—I explained the nature of my injuries. Her

Majesty then hooked the cross on to my left bosom. I saluted. I had rather lose my life than that cross," said Private Ward in conclusion.

HEADLESS BODY

DURING one of General Rundle's battles a Boer who had been surprised in a donga tried to escape by running. A pom-pom was at once turned on him, the range being somewhat short, and the man had his head blown clean off. This, however, did not prevent the body from running about thirty yards before falling! An Irish soldier who witnessed the occurrence was relating it to some of his comrades round the camp fire in the evening. "And would you believe it," he said, "he ran at least thirty yards after his head was shot off, and fell right on his face." Silence ensued for a moment or two, and then one of the listeners said, "How on earth could he fall on his face?"

OFFICER HEROES

MANY heroic deeds were performed during the war. Major Plumbe, of the Marine Infantry, was shot at Graspan, or Enslin, while he was leading his command up the steepest kopje. As he staggered to his fall, never to rise again, he exclaimed, "Forward, men! Never mind me."

At Paardeberg Major Day, a cultured and brilliant officer, left cover to help a wounded man, and had just reached him when he was shot. When both were taken under cover his first inquiry was how the wounded corporal was getting on. "Never mind me," said the dying officer.

TELL DAD

A GRENADIER, in a letter home describing the death of a comrade, said: "He gripped my hand with all the strength of a dying man, and said in a voice I could only just catch, 'Good-bye, old man; I'm done for. Tell poor old dad I died in the front. I had begun a letter to him—you finish it.'"

A GREAT PITY

DURING the Ladysmith siege poor Sergeant M'Donald, of the Liverpools, incautiously stepped outside a sangar to watch the effect of a shell, and was hit in seven places with splinters. As his comrades lifted him back into the shelter, dying, he merely said, "Wasn't it a pity I went out to see it?"

LAST WORDS

COLONEL CHISHOLM, when he met his death at Elandslaagte, was stooping to assist a wounded man. He had just been saying to his men of the Imperial Light Horse, "Splendid lads!"

Corporal Dickie, of the Durban Light Infantry, who was wounded during a fight in Natal, encouraged his comrades while lying on his back by shouting, "Give 'em beans, boys!"

The following account of the death of Major Harvey, 10th Hussars, at Rensburg, was given by a soldier of his squadron: "We had to dismount and creep round some small banks. The Boers were not three hundred yards away. I shall never forget old Major Harvey. He said, 'Come along, my squadron; there are a few Boers just round the corner.' We went for them. He got shot in the mouth, but said, 'Never mind me, men; let them have it!' But he got two more shots in the head and dropped dead."

CHAPLAIN AND LORD ROBERTS

FATHER O'LEARY, Catholic chaplain to the First Canadian Contingent in South Africa, related that when he himself was in hospital, wearied by the slowness of his convalescence, his orderly would persist in an annoying humming or whistling about the house. "I told him over and over to stop it," says Father O'Leary, "and one morning when I heard him piping away, though this time it struck me it was a new tune, I fairly lost my temper. I called out to him, 'In heaven's name, man, stop that eternal whistling! I've told you a dozen times that I would have no more of it, and I declare I'll sack you for this—I will, 'pon my soul!' Then I heard a laugh, and the door opened. 'Who's that you're going to dismiss—not the Commander-in-Chief, surely?' And there stood Lord Roberts, and nothing did he do but laugh at all my lame apologies. 'You're getting moped here,' he said. 'I'll send Lady Roberts to you. She hasn't anything on earth to do but knit, and knit she shall by your bedside.' And she did."

COLONIAL METHODS

IN 1901, when wood was rather scarce for firing, the Imperial Light Horse arrived in Pretoria for the first time. A sergeant of A Squadron, having annexed the hall door of the nearest house, was interrupted in the process of converting it into faggots by the indignant owner. "Do you know who I am?" he said. "I'm the Commissioner of Police." "Think yourself lucky, my son," remarked the Light Horseman genially. "This corps generally boils its coffee with pianos!" [From the *Military Mail*.]

A MARCHING INQUIRY

AN officer returned from South Africa told the following, among a batch of other good stories of the war. Two companies of the "Buffs" were marching along at the end of a long and tiring day, when a young staff officer galloped up to them, and said to the commander of the party, "Are you the West Riding?" Before the officer addressed had time to give his answer there was a gruff voice from the ranks, which said, "No, we're the Buffs—walking!"

NOT REQUIRED

AT a dinner at the Authors' Club, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the chairman, told a story of an English officer who was badly wounded in South Africa. The military surgeon had to shave off that portion of his brain which still protruded from the skull. The officer got well, and later on in London the surgeon asked him whether he knew that a portion of his brain was in a glass bottle in his laboratory. "Oh! that does not matter now," replied the officer cheerily, "I've got a permanent position in the War Office!"

WIVES DIFFERENT

A RATHER touching story is told of a private soldier who had just recovered from a severe wound. Feeling ill and very homesick, he went to headquarters to obtain leave of absence. Said he, in a most dejected manner, "I haven't seen my wife for more than a year." "Why," said the colonel, "I haven't seen my wife for nearly two years." "Well," said the soldier, "that may be, sir, but me and my wife ain't them kind!" The furlough was immediately granted.

REMOUNT YARN

DURING the war a despatch-bearing hussar sought the assistance of a blacksmith in a small Boer town for replacing a cast shoe. When the job was done, the blacksmith asked fifteenpence as payment. "Oh no," said the hussar; "I'll give you ninepence. I never pay more." "And I never take less than fifteenpence," retorted the blacksmith. "All right, then," said the hussar, "you can keep the d—— horse. It's only a remount!"

CAVALRY RECRUIT

AN Irish cavalry recruit was being drilled while mounted on a skittish charger, which, during the execution of some movements not laid down in the mounted drill manual, managed

to get its hoof into the rider's near stirrup. The budding cavalryman, promptly sliding on to *terra firma viâ* the horse's neck, remarked, "Begorra, if it's wanting to ride yerself ye are, it's time I was off!"

TAKING IT COOLLY

SIR JOHN FRENCH and Sir Ian Hamilton often met during the war. They were together at Elandslaagte, at Diamond Hill, and at the taking of Doornkop. As the two soldier knights were once breakfasting at Thaba'nchu, a messenger arrived to say that bullets were falling thickly over the cavalry brigades, and that the men had had to jump on their bare-backed steeds, leaving their saddles behind. "I looked at French," says Sir Ian Hamilton, relating the circumstances, "and he loudly called for another mutton chop!"

SOLDIER'S LOVE-LETTER

THE Rev. E. P. Lowry, who went to the war as a Wesleyan chaplain, related a very amusing story on his return. "There was," he said, "a 'smart' private in one of the regiments who was very anxious to retain the affection of his sweetheart at home, and he accordingly concocted a story of which he himself was the hero, and in which he represented that by his own bravery he had saved one hundred lives and extricated the whole battalion from a tight place when crossing a river, and adding that for his distinguished conduct on that memorable occasion he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"He sent this to his ladylove in England, who, of course, felt very proud of his exploits, and showed the letter to many of her friends. Eventually someone sent a copy of the letter to *Lloyd's Newspaper*, in which, not knowing that the story was a concoction, the letter was printed in full. In course of time copies of the newspaper found their way to South Africa, and one of them got into the hands of the orderly to the colonel of the battalion which was said to have been saved by the private's daring exploit. The orderly read it with great interest, but, having never heard of the incident, he handed the paper to the colonel.

"The next morning the whole battalion, including the author of the story, was paraded and formed into a square, and the colonel read to the men the account which appeared in the newspaper of the wonderful achievement of one of their number. Then, addressing the battalion, the colonel said: 'I feel that an apology is due from me to the brave fellow in our ranks, whose gallant deed has gone so long unrecognised by his comrades.

But the fact is, I had never heard of it until I read it in the paper yesterday. However, to make amends for our past neglect, I now call upon you to give the hero three hearty cheers.' The battalion responded with three mighty cheers, and then exploded into laughter, whilst the poor fellow who was the subject of the excitement felt like sinking into the ground!"

REPUDIATION

A LADY said to an invalid from the front that she was delighted to make the acquaintance of a hero from South Africa. "I ain't no 'ero, ma'am," he answered, "I'm just a bloomin' reg'lar!"

FROM COLLEGE

THE Rev. Frank Rollin, a Congregational minister, whom the Boers allowed to remain in Johannesburg from the outbreak of the war, told many homely anecdotes of "Tommy Atkins." "What kind of minister are you?" asked one soldier, stopping him in the street, after the capture of the city. "And what's your college?" he asked, on learning that he was a Congregationalist. "Yorkshire," was the reply. "Mine's Lancashire," said the soldier; "I was hall porter there for years!"

EASY BERTH

AN amusing incident of the war was related in the *United Service Gazette*. Just after the fall of Bloemfontein soldiers were called upon, owing to the scarcity of civilians, to work the railway. The weary men were lying in camp one night after a hard day's work when a sergeant called out, "Any of you wish to put your names down for railway porters, stokers, drivers, guards, or for any other appointment connected with the railway?" The silence was broken only by snores. Then one of the men slowly raised his head and drowsily shouted, "Put me down as a sleeper!"

PRINCE AND PRESSMAN

ONE of the Australian war correspondents, writing from Arundel on December 14th, 1899, told the following:—

"I had an amusing experience to-day. In riding past the Inniskillings some young officers came over in a hurry to hear if I had any news. After some talk one of them asked if I had been under fire. I said yes, but added that I did not appreciate it, and that anyone who liked could have my share. He said, 'Well, we have to go under fire whether we like it or not.' I said, 'Yes, but that is what you are paid for, isn't it?' The

others all laughed, and it turned out that he was a Prince of the Blood Royal, a scion of the House of Teck, though in his absolutely plain khaki uniform he might have been a private soldier for all one could tell."

TWO TROOPERS

HE was sitting with his back against a boulder, his rifle-barrel resting on a stone, the stock on his knees. He was using the stock for a desk, and was writing laboriously in pencil on a crumpled half-sheet of paper.

"This is devilish hard work," he said, "but I must get it done to-day. I was always a poor fist at a letter. How do you spell 'reconnaissance'?"

Trooper 943 gave him an idea of it.

"That's all wrong," he said. "I'm sure there isn't a 'k' in it. But it doesn't matter. All my spelling's gone to the deuce. I never learnt anything at school, and not much since."

Trooper 943 laughed. "Seems to me you know a lot," he said.

"No blarney! If you don't know as much you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Trooper 943 laughed again. He was lying on his stomach with a sharp eye towards a possible shot. A dozen other men were intent on the same business, while a couple more were looking after the horses.

"They never offered me no commission," he said.

"Well, I didn't take the one they offered me, did I? I made up my mind when I was a kid I wasn't going to be a gentleman. I don't see why you should keep on sniggering. Tell me how you spell that blessed French officer's name, and shut up. I didn't see the good of being a gentleman, like a lot of chaps I knew; it didn't look like a trade that'd suit me. I did all sorts of things to harden myself; used to wrap up in a blanket and sleep on the floor instead of a bed. I daresay you think it was all tommy rot. Well, p'raps it was."

A bullet buzzed overhead. Trooper 943 sighted and fired.

"Got him?"

"I wouldn't like to be the bloke's wife and fam'ly."

"Tell me if you see anything else. I must get this finished."

He scribbled on for a time in silence, dropped his pencil, picked it up, and rose to stretch himself.

"Git down, stoopid!" said Trooper 943.

A second bullet buzzed, and the other's right arm dropped to his side.

"Slick through the shoulder," he said. He sat down again, looking a little pale.

"Now you've bin and spoilt your 'and-writing," said 943. "Told you so. Does it 'urt?"

"No, not much. Here, just sign my name at the end of this letter, will you?"

Trooper 943 signed the name in a shambling, awkward hand. Then he began to grumble again.

"Just like you! The best in our little lot got a 'ole in him. Bli' me, if you ain't a daisy!"

The other took the letter and crammed it into his pocket with his left hand.

"Shut up," he said. "I can shoot from the left. Hallo, look out!"

The men were on their feet and in the saddle in a moment, all but Trooper 943, who fell to one of the twenty bullets that had split amongst them. The letter-writer was down in a flash and had him across his horse. Trooper 943 laughed again, though rather feebly. "Well, you are a daisy!" he said.

The men scattered and rode off in a sputter of bullets.

"Drop me," said Trooper 943. "I'll be all right. You'll only git copped."

"Shut up!"

They did not get copped, but it was a ride to be remembered all the days of a man's life. Also, the letter was spoiled.

"You ought to 'ave the V.C.," said 943 some hours later. "You fair saved me."

"Did I?" said a voice from the next bed. "And you spoilt my letter, you ungrateful beggar. You might have chosen somewhere else to bleed."

Trooper 943 grinned and tried to turn his head. "Fair saved me, you did," he said. "You ain't a gentleman, are you? Oh no!" [From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

QUEEN'S CHOCOLATE BOXES

SOME of the chocolate boxes which Queen Victoria presented to her soldiers in South Africa had peculiar adventures. Many were sent home by the lucky recipients, others were captured by the Boers, while some were sold by their owners for ready money. General Hector Macdonald sent his chocolate box and contents to Trinity College, Glendalmond, Perthshire, to be preserved as a memento of the war.

One soldier, who intended to take his present home, disposed of part of its contents in an original manner. He was about to

leave King's Cross Railway Station with other soldiers, a large crowd being present, when a fashionably-dressed lady asked him what he would take for a piece of the Queen's chocolate. The soldier replied that he would not sell it, but that he would give her a piece in return for a kiss. The lady at once accepted the offer though many hundred pairs of eyes were watching.

As showing the value some soldiers put upon their chocolate boxes, an extract may be given from a letter sent by a man who, in March, 1900, had the misfortune to be captured by the Boers, while attached to a convoy. "The Boers," said he, "got my watch, chocolate, and everything I possessed. I was offered £20 for my Queen's chocolate, and I told the gentleman I wouldn't sell it for £100. The Boers got it for nothing!"

Another incident occurred in June, 1900, when E Squadron of Bethune's Horse was ambuscaded and cut to pieces near Vryheid. Trumpeter Wilson had his horse shot and was making good his escape when he remembered that his Queen's chocolate was in his saddle bag. He went back through a hail of bullets and secured it, and, holding it up, he gleefully exclaimed, "I've got my chocolate, anyhow!"

AUSTRALIAN VALOUR

THE following pathetic incidents of the death of Sergeant Hensman, of the West Australian Mounted Infantry, who was one of the first Australians to fall in South Africa, were given by the *West Australian*. The account runs:—

"Someone called out that the enemy were creeping further round, and Hensman boldly stood up to observe them. Instantly a bullet passed through his left thigh, and three more entered his right leg. Krygger (a private in the West Australian Mounted Infantry) heard him call out, 'They have broken both my legs; for God's sake someone come and help me—I am bleeding to death.'

"Krygger crept up to the height where he lay, the bullets splashing all round him. He coolly took off his own putties, and using Hensman's rifle as a splint, bound up his left leg and then bandaged the wounds on the right leg, stopping the bleeding. Next he broke off some bushes to keep off the sun, and was building up some stones when a bullet passed through his helmet and another ripped up the shoulder of his tunic. He finished the parapet, and then, seeing Private Conway below, called him to bring up a few handfuls of earth to put under Hensman's hip, which lay on the jagged rocks.

"Conway gamely complied, brought three handfuls of earth,

but when he was bringing the fourth a bullet was sent through his head, killing as game a man as ever stood in the ranks. Krygger then waited to fill Hensman's water-bottle, and only left when Hensman begged him to seek shelter, after he had been attending to him for fifteen minutes with bullets lodging all around him. . . . On the evening before this fight Sergeant Hensman had Krygger up before the captain for neglecting to obey an order. Krygger thought he was harshly treated, and vowed he would be even with Hensman some day. He has had his revenge!"

CAPTURED SIX BOERS

WRITING from Bloemfontein, Private Hurst, of the Scots Greys, a member of the Liverpool Mounted Police, told the following:—

"I had the good luck to capture six Boers myself with not a soul to help me. Perhaps you will wonder how I managed to do it. I really did not know myself at the time how I was doing it. Well, we were searching through a kopje when I came across a small bush. I saw a man's leg sticking out of it, and I thought it must be a killed or wounded Boer, so I took no more notice till I got within fifteen yards. Then I gave a start, for I saw six of them in a line lying flat looking in the opposite direction to me. As the sand was soft they did not hear me coming, so I thought, 'If I go back they will shoot, and if I go forward they will do the same.' I thought I might as well chance sticking one before they popped me off, so I dug my spurs into my horse and brought my lance to the charge and dashed into them. The fellow I went for rolled over and surrendered, and I called on them to stand up and leave their arms on the ground. They did this, and I took the lot to my squadron."

PRAISE FOR TOMMY

IT has been my privilege to see the British soldier in more than one campaign, and under many trying conditions. I was for sixteen months in South Africa, and lived with the army right up to the Portuguese frontier. I am not one of those who pretend that "Tommy" is a paragon or a model of all the virtues, or that his standards are always those of a civilian.

But he is, above all things, a man, and a humane man. I have seen him do things that no civilian would do, for my experience is that the civilian, in moments of excitement, is always more bloodthirsty than the soldier. Let me give you two incidents. A kopje had been rushed, and on it was left an old man,

apparently very deaf and oblivious to his surroundings, for he lay upon the ground behind a rock firing his Mauser. A "Tommy" approached him from the rear, and instead of shooting him—as I am sure a civilian would have done—touched him on the shoulder and said, "Here, I say, you'd better stop that."

Colonel Schiel, who was in command of the German contingent at Elandslaagte, told me this story: He was lying in a row of wounded Boers guarded by a Gordon Highlander, who, whenever he came near, stopped and deliberately spat on the ground. "Can't you see I'm wounded?" said the colonel. Instantly the soldier dropped on his knees, wrapped his blanket round the wounded enemy, gave him his water-bottle, and standing up, said, "You should have told me that before. Now I've gi'en ye ma blanket, an' I've gi'en ye ma water-bottle; but mind, we're no friends!" [Mr. William Maxwell, the war correspondent of the *Standard*.]

TOMMY'S CAPTURED TROUSERS

IT is impossible for anyone to have followed the Boer War at close quarters without having been struck with the chivalrous bearing of the two peoples towards one another, that has stood the strain of more than two years' hostilities. It says much for the good nature of Thomas Atkins that he never betrays to the Boers the feelings he may justifiably entertain towards an exasperating enemy. On one occasion, when a number of Boers had just been taken prisoners, a Tommy was seen to approach one and shake him warmly by the hand. Turning to a friend, he explained his boisterous greeting: "I say, here's the bloke what took my trousers last week. See, he's got 'em on still!" Tommy, a prisoner, had been promptly stripped, but there remained no symptom of ill-will towards his former captors or desire for retaliation when the tables had been turned. [A correspondent of the *Times*.]

SERGEANT SAVES HIS CAPTAIN

THE following tragic incident was described in a letter received by a Wakefield lady from her soldier son:—

"I was, in company with a sergeant, in charge of some wounded Boer prisoners. One of these was lying on a stretcher, and was being carried in when he whipped out a revolver and aimed at an officer near. The sergeant was carrying his gun on his shoulder with the barrel in front of him. He quickly dashed the revolver out of the Boer's hand, clubbed his own rifle as he would a striking hammer, and dashed the prisoner's brains out

where he lay. The captain did not see what the prisoner had done, so he ordered the sergeant's arrest. A comrade slipped out of the marching line, and asked to be excused, saying he thought the sergeant's circumstances needed some explanation, and told the captain how things stood. The captain gave the order for the sergeant's release, congratulating him and thanking him for saving his life."

YEOMANRY AND BOERS

WRITING to his brother in Glasgow, a soldier, who himself was in the Imperial Yeomanry, related that on one occasion, when some of his company, together with a number of Colonials, were captured by the enemy, the Boers weeded the capture, saying they would retain the Colonials, as they were dangerous; the Imperial Yeomanry could go back to their friends, for, said the Boers, "We can get you at any time!"

BOER HUMORIST

A TROOPER in Paget's Horse (Yeomanry) wrote from Ottoshoop in August, 1900, to tell of his amusing adventure among the Boers. He was out scouting when he fell quite innocently, and much to his own disgust, into the hands of a Boer force. His captors, however, treated him in the most polite way possible, and after searching him and confiscating his horse and rifle, they left him his money, watch, overcoat, and blanket, and allowed him to return to his troop. The Boer leader, besides being evidently a gentleman, was also a humorist, and he did not let his prisoner go without a sly dig at his carelessness. Pointing to the letters "P.H." on the trooper's helmet, he asked: "What does 'P.H.' stand for—'Perfectly Harmless'?"

TITLED PRISONER

A NEAT story is told at the expense of a well-known baronet, who went to South Africa as a member of the Imperial Yeomanry. While at the front he mistook a party of Boers for a British picket, and was easily taken prisoner. The enemy, however, after robbing him of his gold watch, field-glasses, and other valuables, turned him adrift, and everyone wondered why. A Boer despatch rider, who was subsequently captured, is stated to have been in possession of a letter from one of these Boers. In this letter the writer described the capture of the baronet, and went on to say that the Englishman pretended he was a Colonial, but that his flow of language was so perfectly appalling and his

personal appearance so unprepossessing that the Boers decided he must be a servant who had robbed his master and fled. Hence they relieved him of his valuables, and as before related, released him.

DE WET'S JOKE

A GOOD story of the Yeomanry and De Wet, the noted Boer guerilla chief, was first told in an officer's letter received at Glasgow. Three yeomanry scouts were taken prisoners near Lindley. De Wet told them that he had an important despatch for General Rundle, and if they would undertake to deliver it they would be liberated. All three gave their word of honour to deliver the letter into General Rundle's own hands. They duly performed their mission, and got much laughed at for their pains. The letter ran as follows:—

“DEAR SIR,—Please chain up these three devils, as I can catch them every day.—Yours, DE WET.”

BREEZY LETTER

HARDSHIP sits lightly on the British soldier. In a letter dated from De Aar, December, 1899, a sergeant of the Essex Regiment spoke strongly about the food they were receiving. He said:—“One pound of cheese costs 1s. 6d. All that you have to do is to give it your address, and it will walk there, providing it does not get the sunstroke on the way. I will just give you a verse of a song that one of our men sings:—

‘Bully beef for breakfast, bully beef for tea,
Biscuits hard as bathbricks, a hundred years at sea,
Adam's knife and fork, boys, Nature's cutlery,
But there's gunfire tea for Kruger in the morning!’

I forgot to mention that my pillow is one hundred rounds of ammunition. I hope to spend a week with you at some future time and tell you all, that is, provided the Boers don't make a patent ventilated advertisement of me. You must excuse scribble, as I am trying to balance this on my water-bottle while I write.”

YORKSHIRE YEOMAN

AS an example of patriotism, the following is of exceptional interest:—

The patriotic spirit seems to be particularly strong in Sergeant John Smallwood, of Halifax, a member of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry Cavalry. Although the sergeant follows the peaceful and gainful trade of a grocer, he has military aspirations which he has gratified, though evidently not to a sufficient degree,

by twenty-five years' service in the Yeomanry. The first part of that period was spent in the now disbanded 2nd West Yorkshire Yeomanry, and the latter part in the Duke of Lancaster's Own.

When his commanding officer was requested to raise a company of Imperial Yeomanry, Smallwood volunteered as a member, and pressed his claims with much persistence, but, being fifty years of age and having somewhat defective eyesight, he was rejected. His failure did not extinguish his ardour, however, and being determined to go to the front either by hook or by crook he secreted himself on the *Afric*, which carried his comrades, just before it left Liverpool, and did not emerge from his hiding-place until the vessel was well on its way down St. George's Channel.

An unsympathetic ship's captain then condemned him to work his passage, like an ordinary stowaway with no patriotic yearnings, but Smallwood may have consoled himself with the thought that even in his humble capacity he was serving his country by helping to sail the ship. If his attack of khakimania had not passed away when he reached the Cape he would probably join one of the numerous corps of colonial irregulars whose commanders are not hampered by so many restrictions as were the officers of the Imperial Yeomanry.

If the restrictions of the latter corps could have been relaxed (and they seem to have been in many cases), Smallwood certainly deserved special consideration, for besides being of commanding presence (he stands over six feet in his stockings), he was, in spite of his defective eyesight, one of the best shots and, in other respects, one of the most efficient members in the squadron of the Duke of Lancaster's Own to which he belonged. [From the *Yorkshire Daily Observer*, April, 1900.]

A month afterwards the newspaper was able to add that, after landing at Cape Town, Smallwood had followed his comrades to Maitland Camp, where, to secure a footing, he gladly accepted the position of servant to the sergeants' mess. A few days later his ambition was more fully gratified. He was formally enrolled as a fighting member of the Imperial Yeomanry, and installed as servant to the adjutant of the 8th Battalion. A letter received from a comrade stated that Smallwood was "as happy as the day is long."

WEALTHY AND UNLUCKY

THE 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry, known as the Duke of Cambridge's Own, consisted of a body of 112 men, every one of whom was the son of a wealthy person. Each member paid his own expenses. Many stories were related of the corps,

which was rather unlucky in South Africa, being captured *en bloc* on May 31st, 1900, at Lindley, by the Boers.

Their nickname was "The Millionaires," and it was said that in one tent the men had an aggregate income of £80,000 a year. When the corps was on its way to the front an officer of the transport was much struck with the energy displayed by one of the 13th, who was vigorously scrubbing the deck during a gale of wind. He therefore said to him, "You seem to have very good sea-legs, my man." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you see, I've kept a yacht myself for the last eight years!"

Another story of the "Kid Glove Brigade," as it was also nicknamed by the other soldiers, concerns one of its wealthiest members, who one day, at the bivouac on the veldt, was seen to be more than usually dirty, ragged, and unkempt. He was scratching himself furiously and muttering continually, "£6,000 a year—and this!" What he most wanted was a ton of insect powder.

KITCHENER AND THE TROOPER

THE following story, which was told by a correspondent in the *Times*, may or may not be true. One day in South Africa, when Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief, was writing at the door of his tent, a trooper galloped closely past, throwing up a cloud of dust and gravel on the general's table. "Who on earth's that?" exclaimed Lord Kitchener, turning to an aide-de-camp. "Go and find him, and if he isn't a duke or an Imperial Yeoman, fetch him here and I'll speak to him!"

SOLDIER'S SARCASM

TOMMY ATKINS is occasionally cynical. During the war a soldier at the front replied in these terms to a letter in which he was informed that, failing a remittance, his parents would have to seek the kindly offices of the Poor Law:—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I am sorry to hear you are so badly off. If you can wait until I return we can all go to the workhouse together."

YEOMEN'S ADVENTURE

AN amusing story came from South Africa, being told in a letter received from one of the Cape Mounted Rifles. Alluding to the Imperial Yeomanry, the writer said:—

"They give us a good deal of trouble by their weakness for seeing the country. They wander off in twos and threes and lose themselves, which necessitates search parties. The other day five

of them went off in this manner, and in the course of their ride came across four unarmed Dutchmen, who on seeing them immediately surrendered. By this time, however, the worthy yeomen didn't know where they were. They appealed to the Dutchmen, but they confessed their ignorance. After some aimless wandering the yeomen sighted a farmhouse, which they approached, and confided to the owner their dilemma. He immediately offered his services as guide, for which, at the time, they were most thankful. The guide, whether from ignorance or not, took them to the wrong camp, and the four Dutchmen are no longer prisoners—but the yeomen are !”

BILL'S WIFE

A GOOD story was related of the departure of a batch of Birmingham reservists for the depôt, *en route* for the front. It showed the sublime confidence which a British soldier's wife has in the prowess of her spouse. As her husband left in the train a woman was seen to be weeping bitterly. Full of sympathy, a bystander tried to speak words of comfort to the grief-stricken wife, when he was met with the following answer : “ Oh, it ain't 'im I'm troubling about ; it's them poor Boers I'm a-thinkin' of. Bill's such a terror when he starts !” So saying the woman started off home, shuddering at the dire fate that awaited the enemy in South Africa.

TEXTS ON THE FIELD

As showing how deeply religious some soldiers are, the following, written by one of the Coldstream Guards from the Modder River, in January, 1900, is interesting :—

“ The text-book you sent me is quite a star in the land for us. Almost the first thing I hear in the morning is, ‘ P——, what is the text for to-day ? ’ ”

It is said that Lord Clyde, better known, perhaps, by his former title of Sir Colin Campbell, once asked his officers to select the bravest men from his small army before Lucknow to lead the forlorn hope in a desperate attack. It was Sunday evening. “ There is a prayer-meeting going on now,” was the answer. “ If you go there you will find all the bravest men.”

RELIGIOUS SOLDIERS

DR. JOHN EDGHILL, who was Chaplain-General of the Forces from 1885 to 1901, was warm in his praises of the average soldier. Someone expressed to him the opinion that if they took a thousand soldiers and placed them side by side with a thousand

civilians of the same rank in life, they would find as few black sheep among the soldiers as among the civilians. "Fewer!" ejaculated Dr. Edghill emphatically. "I regard the soldier as the civilian improved," said he; "the discipline does much for him."

Dr. Beattie, a Presbyterian chaplain, said that there were usually twenty or thirty decidedly religious men in every battalion, and about the same number of reckless men. The great mass of the soldiers, however, made no special profession, but lead, as a rule, respectable and moral lives. Two of the sergeants of the Black Watch—Colour-Sergeants Macmillan and Paterson—who fell at Magersfontein, were two Christian men, who, when at Aldershot, took a leading part in a prayer-meeting held every week in connection with the Army Reading Union.

HAPPY DEATH

SPEAKING of Magersfontein, a lady, Adjutant Murray of the Salvation Army, made the following remarks:—

"In the Black Watch alone we lost six salvationists. Two died singing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus,' as they received their death wounds. Another, by name Private Bob Wilson, who had been a salvationist for several years, was dying from the effects of two wounds in the head. When offered a drink of water he refused, saying, 'Give it to some other lad; I have the water of life,' and so he passed away."

FIELD SERVICE

THE following striking incident is extracted from a letter written in January, 1900, by a private in the Ambulance Corps, attached to General Buller's force in Natal:—"On Sunday evening last (14th inst.), much to the general surprise of the camp, one of our corporals, accompanied by a dozen others, ascended a hillock and stated that it was his desire to hold a religious service. A hymn was given out, and in a few minutes over three hundred men congregated to join in the devotional services. The preacher of the sermon, which was a most appropriate and able discourse, was apparently an evangelist, and the assistance he received from a gentleman with a tenor voice, who sang beautifully a few solos, made the proceedings most interesting and acceptable."

CAMPAIGN BREAD

SOME of the Australian troopers, while on the march to Bloemfontein, found themselves without any rations save fresh-killed sheep. Biscuit there was none, and, of course, bread was non-existent. Though not vegetarians in any sense, the Colonials

were not inclined to subsist on a flesh diet alone. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to a young trooper, and he rushed to the affiliated bearer-section, and breathlessly asked whether the arrow-root were all expended. Fortunately it was not, and a large bag was handed over on requisition. The lad left rejoicing. "Where's the baking-powder, sir?" queried the cook, on receiving instructions to start operations. The Colonial's spirits fell, but, after some moments' thought, he went to his valise and brought out three seidlitz-powders. "These will make the bread rise," he said. They did too, and those Colonials nearly made themselves ill by eating an enormous quantity of the light, white bread that was produced!

WAR OFFICE YARNS

A LONG-STANDING joke against the War Office used at one time to be prevalent among Navy officers. It was alleged that certain percussion gun-metal fuses, each supplied in its own little tin box, were labelled: "Bottom marked top to prevent mistakes."

Another story of War Office methods was related by Colonel Brookfield. A company sergeant-major of Engineers at Aldershot was recommended for promotion, entailing an increase of sixpence to his daily pay. The recommendation went from the officer who first made it to the colonels-on-the-staff, the general officer commanding, the quartermaster-general, the adjutant-general, the Under-Secretary for War, and the Secretary of State. There it was lost sight of for three or four months. When the soldier did get his increase of pay, he, no doubt, heaved a sigh of wonder!

SOLDIERS' WHISKERS

A QUARTERMASTER, writing from South Africa during the war, said: "We are not allowed to shave, as the heat of the day and the cold at night give everyone sore faces; and it only comes our turn for a wash every fourth day."

SECRET OUT

A STORY went the rounds about a gallant officer in South Africa, who, well known as one of the smartest men in London society, underwent a complete metamorphosis during the campaign. He went out a dandy with black, curling locks and jet-black mustachios, but before many weeks at the front his hair was white as snow! Few of his many friends would have recognised the officer without his paint, and paint it must have been, for nothing else can explain the decided change.

UNRECOGNISED

A TROOPER of good family was stricken by fever, and lay in hospital for weeks. When he was recovering erysipelas set in. He had gone to the war a smooth-faced youth. Like the rest of the army, he had been compelled by the necessities of campaigning to let the hair grow on his face, so that he lay in hospital a well-bearded, moustached hero. When he was shaven he looked his real self, and the nurse who had been attending to him recognised him, for the first time, as an old friend. The rough warrior's beard had so completely disguised him that even his name on the hospital-card had not suggested his identity. The nurse immediately sent a cablegram to the family, announcing his convalescence.

BROTHERS IN THE WAR

TWO brothers, who had not seen each other for fourteen years, suddenly met on a South African battlefield. One was Private J. P. Wilson, a reservist, and formerly a police constable in West Hartlepool, Durham. The other was George Wilson, of the Coldstream Guards. When they met George recognised J. P., but the latter did not recognise George. Stories of their boyhood, however, soon convinced J. P. that George was really his brother, and after getting back to camp the ex-constable wrote telling his colleagues in West Hartlepool of the extraordinary meeting.

FAMILY MEETINGS

SERGEANT LEGGE, of the New South Wales Lancers, who was specially presented to Queen Victoria in November, 1900, was one of six brothers who had taken part in the Transvaal War. All six had met at Bloemfontein by a strange coincidence, and it was their last meeting. Sergeant Legge was afterwards invalided home to England, and another brother was killed in action a few weeks later.

Two brothers named Hastie, belonging respectively to Bethune's Mounted Infantry and Thorneycroft's Horse, enlisted together at Durban in October, 1899, and were engaged in the fighting previous to the relief of Ladysmith. They did not see one another for nineteen months, when they chanced to come together at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, on Christmas morning, 1901.

GOVERNMENT BISCUITS

THE soldiers complained very much of the biscuits provided for them by a benevolent Government, and it has been recorded that some of the biscuits bore 1870 and even earlier dates! Many of the men spoke highly of the preserved bread of the Boers, preferring it, when they were able to obtain some, to the military biscuit. On that matter one private wrote:—"It consists of coarse wheaten bread cut in thick slices and toasted. It naturally hardens in course of time, and in this condition can be preserved for a long period. When dipped in hot tea or coffee it rapidly softens, and eats not unlike shortbread, and a small quantity soon fills you out. You could eat hard biscuits all day and still be hungry, and if soaked they are nauseous to the palate, unless sweetened by sugar or jam."

MEDICAL TESTIMONY

IN connection with the food question a story was told of a large party of dragoons camped on the veldt. They complained of the quality of the biscuits provided, and particularly of the "live things in 'em." The matter was at last laid before the regimental surgeon. "What colour are they," he inquired, "black or white?" "They're white, sir," said the soldiers. "Ah, then, that's all right," replied the doctor; "I assure you the white ones are highly nutritious!"

GIRL'S PRAYER

MANY tender and pathetic incidents occurred on the sailing of the patriotic Victorian contingent for South Africa by the troopship, *Medic*, in 1899. Just before the steamer left the quay side, a young girl, who with an older lady had been saying "Good-bye" to one of the gallant Colonials, fell upon her knees on the pier and prayed. A soldier, hurrying past at the moment, raised his hand to his hat in salute.

DISGUISED BY BEARDS

A MEMBER of my old regiment (said an officer in a letter home) had a strong home-friendship for a man in the Coldstreams, and learning that the battalion had arrived at Bloemfontein, rode up to see his chum. They had not met for four months, during which each had enveloped his face in a beard. Our major accordingly rode up in disguise, encountered nobody he knew, but inquired of a perfect stranger if he could tell him where to

find Captain Vere de Vere. 'I'm he!' replied the other; 'may I ask whom I am addressing?' And thus two chums, bearded and unrecognisable, were introduced to each other!"

VOLUNTEER'S MOTHER

A PATHETIC incident occurred on the return from South Africa of the local volunteers to Bolton, in Lancashire. A few months before Lance-Corporal Clarkson wrote to his mother asking her to buy red roses and to meet him and his comrades on their return, to distribute the flowers among them at Bolton station. On the arrival of the transport, it was announced that Clarkson had died on the voyage home, and Canon Hoskyns, of Bolton, was asked to break the news to the mother. He found that she had gone to Manchester to buy the roses. She returned with her purchase in joy, and her joy was turned to mourning. But the deceased son's wish was fulfilled. The roses were carried to Bolton Parish Church, and there they were given to the returned volunteers. Afterwards the soldiers carried their roses into the chancel, and there sang the "Te Deum" and "God Save the King." The incident, it may be mentioned, occurred in May, 1901.

TOMMY'S TIN PATCH

PROFESSOR WALTER CHEYNE, who was surgeon to Lord Roberts's staff in South Africa, created roars of laughter, in the course of a lecture at Folkestone, by describing the various methods resorted to by the soldier in mending his often ragged clothes. If a piece happened to be torn off, there was often no cloth ready to make a patch. He (the lecturer) remembered how on one occasion a Tommy on the march was going about in a deplorably tattered state, and in order to make himself respectable he conceived the idea of utilising a square out of a biscuit tin! He made in this four holes, and with the aid of string fastened it on to his trousers. When, added Dr. Cheyne, that man was marching up the hills he resembled a heliograph on two legs!

OUTPOST INCIDENT

AMONG the anecdotes brought home from the war was the following:—A certain general was one day visiting the outposts of a well-known battalion near Bloemfontein, when he observed, to his horror, that one of the sentries was silhouetting boldly against the sky-line on the top of an eminence—a splendid danger signal to the enemy. Sending for the officer responsible

for this brilliant feat in military tactics, the general cynically observed: "Are you aware, sir, that outposts are placed as a measure of precaution—not as a means of advertisement?"

SENTRY'S MISTAKE

ANT-HEAPS are exceedingly numerous in parts of South Africa, and in the distance or at dusk they present an appearance not unlike that of a man in a crouching position. It was not surprising, therefore, to find the ant-heaps peremptorily challenged by the sentries, and ordered to "advance one and give the countersign." In some cases, the order being ignored, the sentry proceeded to charge and shout for the guard, fully believing that he had some Boers in front of him! Even the native Natal Volunteers were deceived, and one Colonial actually fired on an ant-heap.

RETALIATION

WHEN Kimberley was preparing to withstand the siege, just before the beginning of the war, several comical incidents occurred. A party of the North Lancashire Regiment, while passing a redoubt, were challenged by some men of the Town Guard. As they were unable to give the countersign they were arrested, and detained in formal custody until their identity was established. This proceeding was apparently in the nature of a reprisal, for it was admitted that "several of the Town Guardsmen were run in by North Lancashire sentries on the night of the alarm, and our citizen-soldiers are now keenly on the alert to catch any of the regulars napping by way of good-humoured retaliation."

ALARMED SENTRY

A TERRIBLE tragedy happened at the Modder River camp in December, 1899. On a wild, stormy night, a sergeant and a private on picket duty were challenged by a sentry. Instead of answering "friend," and halting until ordered to advance with the countersign, the N.C.O. unwisely shouted "It's only me," thinking the sentry would recognise his voice, and continued to advance with his companion. The sentry challenged again, and received the same reply, and then, suspecting that something was wrong, as he had not heard the replies of the sergeant owing to the wind, he let drive, firing seven shots at the advancing picket. Six of these took effect—four in the sergeant, who was very seriously wounded. The accident quite saddened the camp; but the sentry was only doing his duty.

BOTTLED LITERATURE

AMONG the presents that were rained upon the men of the Australian contingent prior to their departure from the front were several cases of prime whisky. These the military authorities, wishing to err, if at all, on the side of prudence, refused to allow on board, much to the disgust of certain members of the gallant little force. But the convivial authors of the gift determined not to be beaten, however, and just before the transport sailed a huge case, branded "Books for Our Boys. With the Compliments of the Y.M.C.A. Wanted on Voyage," was put on board. When the case was opened, needless to add, the contents did not tally with the branded description of them!

SEA-SICK COLONIAL

SOME of the Australian Volunteers for South Africa were recruited from the "back-blocks," and a few of them had never seen the sea except in picture-books. These warriors suffered agonies while their troopship was breasting the billows of the Indian Ocean. A sympathetic passenger approached one of them, who was looking very distressed, and inquired: "Well, how do you feel?" The reply, with its sublime forgetfulness of geographical conditions, was excusable under the circumstances: "Awful! Why on earth didn't they let us ride to South Africa?"

WRONG BELTS

TWO young British soldiers, on the way to India from the Old Country, caused some amusement during the voyage. The ship gave a lurch in the Bay of Biscay, and the two lads, who were new to the sea, clapped on their lifebelts, as they thought, and rushed on deck. There they found everyone smiling, and not the less because the supposed "lifebelts" were only flannel cholera belts, served out to troops going abroad. It was a long time before the youngsters heard the last of that affair.

KITCHENER'S RESOLVE

SOON after Lord Kitchener arrived at Capetown, he was one day lunching with a prominent citizen of the place. His host inquired: "Well, Lord Kitchener, how do you propose to reorganise the transport?" "Reorganise it? No, certainly not! I am going to organise it!" was the startling reply. And he did, with the result that the British army was able to make its resist-

less advance on the Boer capital. If Lord Roberts won the battles, Lord Kitchener, said the *Times*, was the "organiser of victory."

CHRISTMAS BEER

A CERTAIN gallant corps provided the guard to protect the beer intended for the consumption of the troops on Christmas Day, in 1899, at Chieveley Camp. One morning, it is recorded, two dozen bottles were missing. "Disgraceful!" said the authorities; "double the guard!" And they doubled it. Next morning four dozen bottles were missing!

SCOTCH

ANOTHER story concerns a Scottish soldier, who, in hospital at Bloemfontein, was just recovering from an attack of enteric. One day he suggested to the doctor who called to see him that he would be grateful for a "wee drappie." "No, no," said the doctor. "Do you know that your stomach is in such an ulcerated condition that a spoonful of whisky would kill you?" "Aweel, sir," replied the patient regretfully, "I must just do without it; but, doctor, just come up close to me." The medical gentleman obliged. "Ah, doctor," said the soldier, sighing contentedly, "yer breath's verra refreshin'!"

COVER

A GORDON HIGHLANDER, when in hospital, thus described his experiences in an immediately preceding battle: "We didn't see a single bloomin' Boer, only felt their bloomin' bullets, and when the order was given to get under cover, the only cover I could find was a daisy!"

BOTHAS HURRY

THE British officers who were in the Transvaal, always inclined to enjoy a joke, whatever the reaction, were delighted with an anecdote relating to an interview between Lord Kitchener and the Boer general, Botha. At the conclusion of the fruitless conference to arrange terms of peace, Botha said, "Well, I must be gone." "Don't be in a hurry," said Kitchener pleasantly; "you haven't got to catch a train." "But that's just what I have got to do," answered Botha, as, with his party, he took his leave. And so he had, for two days later he caught and looted a train on the Delagoa line, not far from the place of meeting!

LETTER TO THE WIFE

A SOLDIER going to the war asked Miss Violet Brooke Hunt, who was on board the transport, to write to his wife for him at his dictation. All went well till he came to the conclusion of the letter. "Here I'm stumped" he said, frankly. "Your loving husband," was suggested. "Isn't that laying it on a bit thick?" he asked. In the end the soldier accepted "very affectionate" as a compromise, and cheerfully added a row of crosses.

MOVING TARGETS

THE *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, an American newspaper, had the following joke:—

"They say the Boers are wonderful marksmen."

"They didn't prove it at Glencoe."

"Well, I guess the best marksmen in the world would be a little rattled if the targets were chasing them!"

SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE

"LINESMAN," the writing-name of a well-known officer, thus describes the demeanour of the rank and file under fire:—

"I have seen soldiers make more fuss over the upsetting of a perambulator than they did over the shouting of those grim messengers from the far-off kopje. Some slept, others lay grumbling at the spoilt dinner, a few took a mild interest in the destination of the shells, and laughed a little when they fell and burst in a totally different spot to which they had expected, or laughed a good deal when they fell and did not burst at all, as often happened. It was not an action, it is true, but it was 'being shelled.'"

PIGEONS IN WAR

AT the beginning of the Boer War the Indian Post Office received a letter addressed to a soldier in Ladysmith, then besieged by the enemy. The envelope was marked "To be sent by pigeon post." The local postmaster returned the letter to the sender, with the remark, "Please attach pigeon!"

IMPORTANT PLAN

AN interesting story of the value of pigeons as messengers in time of war was told by Captain Limpus and Captain Percy Scott, R.N., in a lecture they gave in Hong Kong on the naval guns used at the relief of Ladysmith. Sir George White photographed a plan of the Boer position for Sir Redvers Buller. It

was, however, too heavy for one pigeon to carry. "So it was cut into four," said one of the lecturers, "and each piece entrusted to a bird. I presume all four birds were flown together; at any rate, they arrived at my office in Durban with only twenty-five minutes between the first and the last. The distance was about a hundred and seventy odd miles."

ENEMY'S APPRECIATION

A GOOD story of war pigeons relates to the time of the Franco-Prussian War. When the first balloon was sent from Metz (with 45,000 letters, but no human being), two pigeons in a cage were also hung on to it. A note was fixed to the cage promising a reward of five hundred francs (£20) to any person sending the birds back with any news of the outer world. But alas! the balloon fell into the hands of a band of hungry Prussians, who sent word to Metz with an official despatch that "the pigeons made a meal both welcome and tender!"

WIFE'S DISCOVERY

MANY patriotic firms, on their employees being called out for service in South Africa, continued to pay the wages of the husband to the wife. A Liverpool firm, who lost a man in that way, at once volunteered to pay half his wages to the wife during the man's absence. This led to an amusing circumstance. At the end of the month the woman appeared before the cashier, and the moiety was duly handed over to her. "What?" she said, "four pounds?" "Yes," replied the cashier, "that is exactly half; sorry you are not satisfied." "It isn't that I'm not satisfied," replied the reservist's wife; "why, for years he has told me he only got six pounds altogether, and—and—if the Boers don't kill him, I shall talk to him when he comes back!"

POETRY FROM THE FRONT

WHEN "Tommy" took a trip in an armoured train, his whimsicalities were drawn and written all over the iron plates. The following, entitled "One for Oom Paul," is an example of his work:—

"The fusiliers that guard this train
Must hold their own with might and main;
Take good aim and make shots tell,
And send all Dutchmen straight to ——"

Corporal G. Davison, of the 1st Durham Light Infantry, wrote some spirited lines entitled, "The Faithful Durhams," which made excellent poetry. The following is a verse:—

“ We'll take the faithful Durhams, who have proved themselves to be
As good a fighting regiment as they were in fifty-three.
They've proved themselves still faithful, as Vaal Krantz stands to show,
At bayonet's point they took the hill and scattered all the foe.”

Some young ladies living in Paisley knitted a hamper of warm socks, which they sent to a battalion at the front. The soldiers, appreciating their efforts, sent back these lines :—

“ My Annie dear, your socks are here,
The Boers I'll meet now without fear.
And when it's o'er, and hame we come,
Wi' skirl o' pipes and beat o' drum—
A furlough we are sure to get—
You'll meet me then, my Paisley pet,
And gin the Boer bullets miss me,
I hope within six months to kiss ye.”

The following lines, which will be recognised as a parody of a very old drawing-room song, were written for the amusement of a soldiers' smoking concert by a farrier-sergeant in a hussar regiment in South Africa :—

“ Do not trust him, gentle soldier,
When he hands you in his gun,
And remarks, with charming candour,
That it is his only one.
When you see his kitchen garden
Full of buried 'pom-pom' shot,
Nestling near a planted Mauser,
Gentle soldier, trust him not.
When he says they're seed potatoes—
Gentle soldier, trust him not.”

During the siege of Kimberley several soldiers of the garrison were amusing themselves, when it was proposed that each should make a verse of rhyme on “ Kruger.” These are the lines which won the prize—a pipe :—

“ When war broke out we all did shout—
'Go forth, and conquer Kruger !'
But, lack-a-day, we're forced to say
Ooni Paul is not a budger.
But well we know he'll have to go,
Both he and his big brother ;
Joubert and all, both great and small,
Must trek with one another.”

BRITISH IN BOER HOSPITAL

A TOUCHING passage was contained in a letter to his friends in Berlin from a German serving in a Boer ambulance corps. Describing life in the hospital at Colesberg, at the beginning of the war, the writer said :—

“ At present we have only ten wounded in the hospital,

amongst them a colonel of the South Wales Lancers, and a gigantic sergeant of the Royal Horse Guards. The latter is paralysed by a shot in the intestines, and his state is hopeless. Besides this, 'Our Baby' is in the hospital—a young fellow scarcely twenty, from London, who had almost bled to death when they brought him in, but is now quite well again. To-night at one o'clock I was on duty in the Dutch Prayer House, which is our hospital. An Englishman began in his dreams to sing quite softly, first a soldier's song, then 'Rule, Britannia,' and finally, quite softly, that sweet song, 'Home, Sweet Home.' I can't tell you how I felt."

COLONIALS AND YEOMANRY

A TRAGICALLY amusing incident occurred to three Colonial scouts who were chasing a fleeing Boer. They had almost cornered their quarry when a troop of Imperial Yeomanry hove in sight, and, apparently seeing the state of affairs at a glance, at once proceeded to empty their magazines at the Colonials. In vain the last-named frantically waved handkerchiefs to call attention to the mistake. The bullets only seemed to come the faster, and, at last, to save their lives, the enraged Colonials had to drop from their horses and hide in the nearest cover.

In the course of a few minutes the yeomen rode up, whereupon the Colonials asked them, in very sulphurous language, what they meant by trying to blow them out of the saddle. There was an instant of astonished silence in the ranks of the yeomen, and then a voice lisped through the gathering gloom, "Are you fellahs British?" "Yes, d——n you," replied the leader of the three scouts; "did you think we were springbuck?" "No, bai Jove, but we thought you were beastly Booahs, don't you know. Awfully sorry if we've caused you any inconvenience! What were you chasing the other fellah foah, eh?" "Oh," howled the Colonial wrathfully, "we only wanted to know if he'd cut his eye tooth yet." "Bai Jove," exclaimed the yeoman, "you fellahs are awfully sporting, don't yer know!" "Yes," snarled the angry scout, as he reflected that the Boer had by this time got completely away; "and the next time you Johnnies mistake me for a Booah and plug at me, I'll take cover and send you back a bit of lead to teach you to look before you tighten your finger on a trigger!"

SENTRY AND COUNTERSIGN

AT De Aar one night, as he was returning to camp, a war correspondent met with the usual challenge, "Who goes there?" "A friend," replied the newspaper man. "Stand,

friend, and give the countersign," promptly demanded the guardian of the camp. The correspondent had forgotten the countersign. He knew it related to Yarmouth. As a matter of fact, it was "Yarmouth." So he made a desperate bid for bed and replied, "Bloaters!" The sentry replied, "Advance, friend," and probably heaved a sigh, and wished he had one for supper.

SATISFACTORY REPLIES

ANOTHER sentry story concerns a soldier who was taking supplies into one of the yeomanry camps. He was stopped by the sentry—an Irishman—with "Who goes there?" to which the other replied "A friend with whisky!" The sentry promptly responded, "Pass, whisky; halt, friend!" This did not meet with approbation, needless to say, but eventually both friend and whisky got through in safety. A Salvation Army man, writing from Mafeking, told how he visited the pickets with hot cocoa, and his lantern going out, and being ignorant of the countersign, he saved himself by shouting out "Hot cocoa!" in reply to the challenges, which had the desired effect.

YEOMAN'S CONDITION

ONE candidate for the Imperial Yeomanry, finding that his weight was deficient to the extent of a pound or so, was advised by a comrade to drink a quart of water before presenting himself for examination. "Make it a quart of beer," said the young patriot, "and I will try again." A few days later he again appeared before the doctor, and the weight of the alcoholic beverage he had drunk a few minutes previously enabled him to safely pass the required test.

AUSTRALIAN FERVOUR

THE enthusiasm of the Australians to go on active service in South Africa was remarkable. Many of the candidates, however, failed to pass the medical tests, which were very strict and severe. A large number, who were otherwise physically perfect, were rejected on account of their teeth. One Colonial, after the examination, was told by the medical officer: "We can't take you, young man; your teeth are defective." "Well," exclaimed the volunteer with a snort, "do you think I want to eat the blessed Boers? I want to fight 'em!" In spite of this protest the smiling officers persisted in their refusal, and the Colonial went away in disgust.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

SOME of the recruits for the Imperial Yeomanry had the most weird ideas of campaigning. "Shall I be allowed to take my own wine with me?" one would-be trooper inquired, speaking to the officer who was jotting down his qualifications. "By all means! As much as you like, so long as you pay the freight," was the ready reply. The yeoman went away satisfied, while the officer grinned at the paper before him. He had omitted to add that the wine would never get beyond Capetown, and would probably not be consumed by its innocent owner!

PENSION CURIOSITY

AN ex-colour-sergeant of the South Wales Borderers, who, at the beginning of the South African War, was desirous of joining the Imperial Yeomanry, was met with the astounding announcement that an essential preliminary would be the abandonment of his army pension! He at once replied: "I don't mind being shot, but I object to pay for the luxury." The matter was referred to the War Office, with the result that the man's services were accepted unreservedly.

GOVERNMENT HALF-CROWN

AN excellent red-tape story came from Kimberley in 1900. A patrol was sent out breakfastless at four o'clock in the morning. At noon the sergeant went into a small shop, and bought food for his men to the amount of 2s. 6d. In due course the shopkeeper sent in his bill to the authorities. Six weeks elapsed, and then the money was given him, together with eight foolscap pages of reports made by fifteen Colonial and Imperial Army officers! And what is more, officers would have been kept writing further reports on the matter for months longer if the commanding officer had not put his foot down!

CAMPAIGN LANGUAGE

A STORY was told of a divisional commander in South Africa during the war who was noted for his peppery temper. One Sunday morning, immediately after some nasty fighting, he rated one of his brigadiers and his brigade in the most scathing and unmerciful terms, using language such as can only be heard upon the tented field. When the explosion was over, and the vials of wrath were closed by sheer fatigue, the brigadier turned away and

announced to his men: "Now, boys, we shan't hold any church parade to-day—we have already had the Communion!" But the real piquancy of the anecdote lies in the fact that this distinguished general officer had, before leaving London for the front, refused, upon Sabbatarian principles, to dine on a Sunday with a leading member of the War Office staff. A special dinner had to be arranged for a day which was highly inconvenient to the host, in order that the guest's susceptibilities might not be outraged!

KEEN FOR SERVICE

DURING the war a young Australian left home with the express intention of joining a volunteer force for service in South Africa. He had never been in England before, and he had not anticipated the possibility of a refusal. After his failure to be accepted by the authorities, he returned disconsolately to his hotel. There he met two young Welshmen, who had gone to London for a few days as a preface to proceeding to the front. How had they succeeded where he had failed? "Oh," they explained, "we are going out with the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry." "Where is Montgomeryshire?" asked the Australian eagerly. "In Wales," was the reply. "How do you get to Wales?" next asked the Colonial. The information was at once vouchsafed him. "Then," said he, "I'm off by the night mail." And he was! Before the end of the week he was a duly-accepted member of the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry, and shortly afterwards sailed in the Queen's uniform for South Africa.

LABELS FOR LOOTERS

WHEN it was discovered that many of the parcels sent out to the front by solicitous parents and other relatives of the soldiers did not reach their destination, various means were adopted to ensure the gifts being received by the proper people. One soldier, for instance, in a letter to his father, a clergyman, made the following significant request: "Please send me a box of cigarettes, but label the parcel 'religious tracts,' and then I shall be certain to receive them. I don't know whether you have already forwarded any. I have not received them."

GENERAL'S STRATEGY

IN connection with parcel-labelling a story was told of a noted general who returned from South Africa covered with glory if not with wounds. This officer, not liking to have cases labelled "Champagne," in tender solicitude for the feelings of those who

might not be able to obtain the luxury, ordered them to be marked "Castor Oil." It happened at one place that his supplies ran short. So a message was sent to the depôt to say that the general was expecting some cases of castor oil, and they were to be sent on at once, as they were badly needed. The answer which came back from the indefatigable depôt officer was hardly what the distinguished general expected: "No cases have yet arrived," wrote the officer, "but we are forwarding two bottles of castor oil for immediate use!"

PARCEL FROM HOME

THE soldiers looked forward with eagerness to the arrival of the mails, and those who were fortunate enough to receive presents from home were much envied by their comrades. Buller's force, in Natal, had just received letters and parcels from home. One lucky man was the recipient of a large parcel addressed to himself, and with a triumphant yell he rushed off to his company's lines and gathered his particular friends about him to share in the contents. "Smokes, lads!" he cried gloatingly, as he unfastened the many wrappings. "From the ole man, I knows it. An' there's sure to be a bottle or two of Scotch as well!" He opened the parcel, gave one look at the contents, and collapsed in a heap. "What is it?" cried his comrades, pressing round the fallen hero. "It's from ole Auntie Mary," groaned the unhappy warrior, "bandages an' splints an' ointment an' embrocation, an' a book on '*Ow ter be Yer Own Surgin!*'"

HUNGRY, BUT WITTY

MANY of the soldiers in South Africa were, for long periods, on half rations. One day a private, whose khaki uniform had seen better days, whose toes stuck through his boots, and of whose helmet little remained but the top, was stopped in the streets of Pretoria by a prominent citizen of that town, who asked, "To what regiment do you belong, my man?" Drawing himself to his full height, and giving the regulation salute, the soldier replied, "I belong, sir, to the 1st Battalion of the Royal Bloomin' Fed-ups!"

KITCHENER'S REBUKE

MR. BENNET BURLEIGH wrote:—"Let this story be told to Lord Kitchener's credit, though it may surprise many. A certain yeomanry commander whilst on parade rated his men in unmeasured terms. Nothing was right, in his judgment, that the

troopers did. They sat their horses wrong, they moved unlike machinery, etc., and were 'No better than a d—— rabble,' 'A lot of guttersnipes,' etc. 'That,' said Lord Kitchener, who came up, 'is not the way to address men. They are not a d—— rabble, but soldiers, and to be spoken to as such. No troops can be trained in that fashion, and the commander who does not respect his men is unable to lead them.' The whole force heard the observation, and the men were as decorously elated as the yeomanry officer was obviously crestfallen."

KITCHENER'S STERNNESS

MR. HALES, the war correspondent, speaking of the British Commander-in-Chief in South Africa during the latter part of the war, said:—

"I've seen men go into Kitchener's quarters swaggering and laughing, and come out looking like plucked birds. I've asked more than one what happened. 'Well,' came the answer, 'one look is enough for me. It makes your blood run cold. A man might disobey Lord Roberts, but Kitchener——!' When Kitchener came into touch with these men their jaws fell. Why he told some of them one day he wondered they didn't bring ladies'-maids to curl their hair for them.

"He went down to Capetown and found dozens of them having a good time in a swell hotel there, full of rank and fashion. 'Well, gentlemen, what are you doing here?' 'On leave, my lord, and this is the—haw—only good hotel in Africa—haw—haw——' Toying with his moustache, and eyeing his commander nervously through his eyeglass, the officer hawed again and again, trembling before his superior. 'On leave, eh?' 'Yes, my lord. There's nothing—haw—haw—doing just now.' 'Oh, well, gentlemen, you'll either take the next train back to the front—there's one in two hours, I believe—or you take the next boat back to England—which you like best.'"

DISTURBED DREAM

"CHATting the other day with an officer lately returned from South Africa, I heard," said a correspondent in the *Liverpool Post*, "this comical story of Lord Kitchener:—

"One night my friend slept in a Boer farmhouse at an out-of-way British post. Three rough beds were in the room. One was tenanted by Kitchener, the next by the officer commanding the post, and the other by the narrator of this story. In the middle of the night the sound of distant firing was heard by my friend.

Lord Kitchener also heard it immediately. 'What's that?' said he to his neighbour, the officer in charge. The only reply was a loud snore. Then did K. of K. stretch out his leg, and with a none too gentle push landed the sleeper on the floor. Wild-eyed he jumped up, thinking at least that the Boers had got him. Just then he caught the Commander-in-Chief's stern eye. This calmed him as if by magic. 'Captain Blank, you will immediately ascertain the cause of the firing I have just heard, and report to me without delay,' said Lord Kitchener. Captain Blank went off like a shot to investigate."

RESULT OF PEACE AND PLENTY

AN officer who had been browsing peacefully in the fields of half-pay for many years was engaged, soon after the Boer War had begun, in trying on his own tunic before going to soldier at his old regimental depôt. The first two or three buttons met easily, then there was a difficulty with the next, and then—a yawning cavity. "The question," said the panting old warrior to the sympathetic family group standing round him, "is not 'Can I slay my brother Boer?' but 'Can I make this blessed tunic meet?'"

ROBERTS'S SUCCESSOR

DURING the war there was a delicious story told in Edinburgh at the expense of a certain yeomanry officer, an immensely popular man, whose one weakness was a belief that a great general was lost when he went into the business of keeping a shop. The militia regiment that was garrisoning Edinburgh Castle in the absence of the regular line battalion contained in its ranks some choice spirits, and one day, after a laying together of heads among the officers, a stripling rushed into the establishment of the yeomanry officer in question. "Oh, Colonel ——!" he called out, "have you heard the news? You are ordered off for active service immediately!" The colonel started to his feet in great excitement. "Good heavens!" he cried, "has Roberts been killed already?"

TOMMY AND THE KAFFIRS

IN *Campaign Sketches* Mr. A. G. Hales gave some droll pictures of Tommy Atkins and his ways. The following is an incident of a night march:—

Now and again some sleepy nigger would be jolted off the top of a waggon and fall with a sudden sort of sound, and lie where he fell until the toe of a sergeant's boot would put him on the same footing as the mule. Many a nigger who, secure in the

favour of some officer, had given "Tommy" sauce *ad lib.* during the day, met retribution stalking in the dark. Then it was that Mr. Atkins, watching his opportunity, would let his rifle slip with deadly swiftness through his hands until the heavy butt landed with a deadly crash on the bare toes of the son of Ham.

And lo! the air would be filled with the most awful imprecations in three or four languages at once—pidgin-English, Kaffir, Dutch, and a mongrel mixture of the lot. The nigger would whirl round in the darkness on one foot, nursing his smashed toe with both hands, while three or four Tommies, crowding round him, sympathetically would proffer all sorts of advice. "What an unlucky beggar you are, Peter, gettin' kicked by blasted mules."

The voice so sadly sympathetic is the voice of the man who had dropped the rifle with such deadly intent. "No, no dam mule kick. Cursed soldier do it," wailed the nigger. Then the butt of a rifle took him in the small of the back, and his unearthly howls would rend the atmosphere. Out of the darkness comes an officer. "What the devil is the matter here? What's up with the nigger? Drunk, eh? Don't you fellows try to shield him, curse you, or I'll give you something to think of for a month to come."

Then the voice of the man whose rifle had done the trick. "I'm afraid, sir, beg parding, sir, this pore nigger has had a little too much somethink, sir, and got kicked by one of them flamin' mules, sir." "Serve him devilish well right, too. Here you, no snivellin' over a nigger. Chuck him on that waggon and lash him there till he's sober." "Yes, sir; certainly, sir. 'Ere, Bill, give us a hand to lift this poor black heathen." Then, as the officer moves off: 'Ere, Bill, take this black bullock by the legs. I'll take his hair, and one, two, three, let' im go! My, that'll teach him to give lip to a Tommy."

LADY NURSE AND TOMMY

SOME very amusing stories have been told by various writers regarding the lady nurses, nearly all amateurs, who journeyed to South Africa during the war to assist in the hospitals. One of these dames, attached to a Capetown hospital, entering her ward after a short absence, found her favourite soldier fast asleep. Pinned to his coverlet, however, was a scrap of paper, on which the poor fellow had laboriously scrawled: "To il to be nussed to-day, respectfully, Jim." It was decidedly a delicate way of putting it!

FACING IT OUT

A FURTHER story concerns another amateur nurse, who, looking vaguely round a hospital ward, exclaimed enthusiastically to a doctor, "Now, tell me what I can do!" "You should have learned that before you came," replied the medical man; "do anything that wants doing." The lady fixed upon a wounded soldier. "Now, won't you let me wash your face?" she asked. The hero looked at her for a few moments, and then said, "All right, miss, if you can 'urry up. I've 'ad me face washed sixteen times since breakfast, and there's two more ladies I've promised! But I dessay I can get me snooze in before tea."

CHEERS FOR KRUGER

WHEN the Cork Militia were marching through Dublin to embark for South Africa there was one soldier who repeatedly called from the ranks for cheers for Kruger. This attracted the attention of the colonel, who, when the battalion was on board the transport, called for this man and told him sternly that he had better return to barracks, as the man who would cheer for Kruger was not a man to fight for the Queen. "An' why not, yer honour?" exclaimed the militiaman in surprise. "Shure, if it wasn't fur th' owld divil we wouldn't be goin' to fight at all, at all!" The colonel had nothing more to say, at this instance of an Irishman's proverbial love of a fight, and the militiaman sailed with the rest of his comrades to the scene of war.

REPORTED DEAD BY MISTAKE

MANY soldiers were reported dead in mistake during the war, and sometimes the result was tragic. Corporal Coltman, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, was wounded at Coles Kop. He was struck on the left breast, the bullet coming out at his back. After riding for four miles he became unconscious through loss of blood and fell off his horse. "I was ticketed for dead," he said afterwards, "and a companion said, 'Good-bye, Coltman.' However, I recovered, and was taken to De Aar."

A Yorkshire family received official news of the death of their son at the war, and also an intimation of the place where he had been buried. The family went into mourning, the insurance money was drawn, and the father took to his bed and died soon after. Within a few weeks the soldier himself wrote from Pretoria to his father, saying that he was well and hearty.

MEDAL VALUES

“ONE moonlight night recently,” said the chaplain of the Scots Greys, writing home from South Africa, “as the soldiers talked around the camp fire, their troubles and their rewards being the subject, one of them summed up: ‘In Egypt they got a star for their little show; but if we gets our dues for this, it should be a bloomin’ full moon!’”

DESERTED TO THE FRONT

A WAR deserter, while in custody at Sunderland, England, told a curious story. He asserted that he went to South Africa with the Durham Militia (from which he was being charged with deserting), but as he found the work of guarding the lines of communication too tame he deserted, and making his way up country, joined a regiment that had some fighting to do. He was, however, detected, and placed under arrest for desertion. He made his escape, and allied himself to the famous Colonial corps, the Imperial Light Horse, with whom he took part in some half a dozen engagements. He was beginning to feel at home in his new and active sphere when he once more attracted the notice of the authorities, who forwarded him to England as a deserter from the militia.

WIVES OF SOLDIERS

MANY of the soldiers’ wives went to South Africa with their husbands. A story was related of one, who, on the voyage out, suffered dreadfully from sea-sickness. The doctor visited her, but, as is not unusual on such occasions, nothing he gave her improved her wretched condition. He comforted her by saying that if she would follow the fortunes of war she must bear the consequences. “Och! doctor dear,” she replied, “if I had only been saysick two or three days like this before Oi started, sure an’ Oi never would have left ould Oireland!”

REINFORCEMENTS

THE soldiers’ wives were kept in the towns, their husbands being allowed to visit them occasionally as their duties permitted. On this point, a nurse, stationed at Maritzburg, wrote home: “This week the married sergeants were allowed to come down from the front for a three days’ visit. You may imagine how excited the poor wives were, and no wonder, as six little strangers had come in the fathers’ absence, and had to be presented for a first kiss from Daddy.”

LOOTING FORBIDDEN

BOTH Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener strictly forbade looting in South Africa on the part of the soldiers. When the troops entered Jacobsdal, not even an apple was taken from the trees. A sentry was placed over each orchard, and soldiers were only allowed to enter when desiring to make a purchase. The inhabitants expressed the utmost surprise at this. No wonder!

Several soldiers who broke the order were severely punished. One man, for helping himself to a chicken, was sentenced to fifty-eight days' imprisonment. A Canadian soldier, who so far forgot himself as to annex a chicken from a Boer farmyard, received no less than twelve months' imprisonment. A private of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, for robbing a miner at Kimberley, was given fourteen days' imprisonment. A Boer farm, with its choice stock, must have been very tempting to the hungry soldiers, but out of 200,000 men only a few disobeyed orders.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE CANADIAN

A GOOD looting story was told of a Canadian, who was serving near the headquarters' staff at the front. A staff officer, riding ahead of Lord Roberts, observed the Canadian with a couple of plump fowls. "Here," said the officer, "where did you get those fowls, eh?" "Commandeered 'em, sir," was the reply. "Then, for goodness' sake, hide them at once. Here's Lord Roberts just behind us. He'll have you shot!"

At this moment Lord Roberts himself cantered up, his face looking troubled. "What is that man doing with those chickens?" he asked sternly. "Sir," replied the staff officer promptly, "he has understood that you are on very short rations, and he desires to offer the fowls for your dinner. He got them off a farmer close by." "Why, how very kind!" exclaimed the Commander-in-Chief, pleased to the heart, and smiling warmly. "What is your name? I am very much obliged to you." "Now, no more of that, do you hear?" whispered the officer to the Canadian, who rode away, leaving his plunder, and doubtless very glad to part with it on the conditions named.

MUSIC ON THE VELDT

IN the house of a traitorous Dutchman near Estcourt, Natal, there were found, when the man retired with the Boer forces at the end of 1899, no less than five pianos, of which four had un-

doubtedly been looted. One of the instruments was annexed and taken away by Bethune's Mounted Infantry, who for long afterwards held a nightly concert round it!

THEY HAD SEVEN

A CURIOUS and true story was told, on the authority of the *Globe* newspaper, in connection with pianos, showing the necessity of Lord Kitchener's order forbidding columns on the march to carry pianos and harmoniums. Two columns, it is recorded, happened to meet one another on the veldt. Said the commander of one of the forces to the commander of the other: "Tell me, do you happen to want a piano?" "No," replied the other; "I can't say that we do. Why?" "Because we have seven," replied the other, "and it's more than we know what to do with!"

LOOTED BULLET

AFTER the Battle of Belmont many of the British wounded limped back to camp, assisted by the orderlies of the Medical Corps. The troops in camp turned out to welcome their unfortunate comrades, and some of the wounded exchanged chaff with them. "Got any loot?" asked one sympathetic camper. "Yes," was the grim answer, "in my blooming leg!"

CAPTURED HORSES

AT Belmont nearly every British soldier secured a horse belonging to the enemy. "Almost everyone in our regiment got a horse each," wrote one soldier, "and we rode back to camp like a regiment of cavalry." After the Battle of Elandslaagte scores of riderless horses were captured, and Tommy Atkins suddenly became a dealer. A young Scotsman attached to the Telegraph Corps wrote: "Many of the soldiers are quite rich with the loot that has fallen to them. Horses were decidedly at a discount on Sunday morning. The infantry regiments, because of having been at close quarters with the enemy, profited to the greatest extent. I saw one Gordon Highlander exchange a veldt horse, which was rather scraggy in appearance, for three cigarettes! Another horse, with saddle, bridle, etc., went for 10s. 6d., and yet another for 2s. 6d. and drinks round a company of six. Mauser rifles went for anything from 10s. to £3, while one lucky Tommy Atkins secured a pocket-book containing £270 in Transvaal money."

PRIZE MONEY LOST

A MORPETH man, who served with the 67th Battery in Lady-smith during the siege, stated that during the Battle of Waggon Hill he picked up a bag which contained fifty sovereigns and £14 in silver. For safety he placed the find in the magazine of one of the guns. A little later a shell from a Boer 12-pounder Nordenfelt struck this particular British gun and blew it to bits. No money was to be found afterwards. "What do you think of that for hard luck?" asked the soldier. Some very curious things were picked up by enterprising soldiers at the front. One man found three petrified monkeys in a cavern near Kroonstad, Orange River Colony, and, sent to London, they sold by auction for the sum of forty-six guineas. It was not mentioned if the soldier himself received all that money.

OFFICER'S PROTEST

DR. ALFRED D. FRIPP, who went to the war attached to the Imperial Yeomanry hospital, related an amusing incident. "I was much struck," he said, "by the coolness displayed by one of the officers. He was shot through the leg, and a few yards further on through the chest. That brought him down, but the Boers put two more bullets into him at forty yards' range while he was on the ground. He thought the best thing to do to save further damage was to sham dead. They came and looted his pockets, and he found it very difficult to maintain the sham. Later he was taken into the Boer laager as one of the wounded, and the first thing he did was to protest against having been looted before he was dead! But this he did so eloquently that the Boer in command had his watch searched for and returned to him."

LUNATIC AND BOERS

IN *A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife*, dealing with experiences in the South African War, the author tells a story of a fellow Etonian "who has spent some years in a lunatic asylum, till released by his relatives to proceed as a trooper to South Africa, whence he will return much saner than he arrived." "It is reported," the author goes on to observe, "that after an engagement he rode into the Boer lines under the impression that he was going home, spent the night there, and left the next morning for his own camp, attended by an escort of Boers, rejoicing at their speedy deliverance from an unearthly creature."

SILENT DRUM

ON a hungry military march, orders against foraging are apt to be liberally interpreted by both officers and men. There is a story told of a corps belonging to the famous "Hungry Eighth" Division, when it was making a march across country during the war. In passing a Boer farm, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and confiscated a couple of geese that appeared to be wandering, and one of the drummers unheaded his drum and put the captured birds inside.

Shortly afterwards the colonel came along, and noticing the silence of the drum, rode up to the drummer, saying, "Why don't you beat that drum?" "Colonel," said the startled man, "I want to speak to you." The colonel drew close to him and said, "Well, what have you got to say?" The drummer whispered, "Colonel, I have got a couple of geese in here." Without showing the least surprise, the officer straightened up and said, "Well, if you are sick you need not play." At bivouac that night the diplomatic colonel had roast goose for supper!

LETTERS HOME

STORIES have been told of imaginative soldiers at the front who, in letters home to admiring relatives, mentioned the feats they said they had performed on the battlefield. These letters, published in the local newspapers, which duly found their way to South Africa, had results not foreseen by the unfortunate writers. One man, after alluding to deeds at Ladysmith and Magersfontein, finished up by recounting how he had "corralled" seven Boers, and taken them prisoners into the camp. The members of his company knew of no such incidents having taken place, and they at once proceeded to try him by mock court-martial.

The charges were :—(1) Being through the siege of Ladysmith without the rest of the company and without leave; (2) being under fire at Magersfontein and having his horse shot without leave; (3) making his regiment ridiculous in the eyes of the public. He was sentenced to be tossed in a blanket, soused in the river, and to wear an imitation of the Victoria Cross, which his comrades manufactured out of a tin cracker-box. This "decoration" was conferred upon the unfortunate soldier amidst a great uproar, the men pinning it to his back and forcing him to wear it. He made many attempts to get rid of the "v.c.," and finally managed to lose it on the march. But he did not soon forget the lesson!

IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

IN the Lobby of the House of Commons, during the war, two members were discussing the honour paid to Ireland when, in recognition of the bravery of the Irish troops at Colenso, Queen Victoria wore a sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. One of the members alluded to was a Scotsman, and the other was an Irishman. The first-named said condescendingly, "It's a' very weel to praise the Irish soldiers, but the Highlanders have been fighting as bravely." And then he proceeded to explain that they expected no special mark of favour for their services; they were always ready to brave death for the Queen, and their loyalty was beyond reproach. The Irishman interrupted indignantly, "I would have you know, sorr," he cried, "that as true a heart beats under an Irish soldier's tunic as beneath any Highlander's kilt!"

CASSIDY'S BULLS

A PRIVATE of the 4th Battalion Derbyshire Regiment (Notts Militia), writing to a friend in Nottingham, related the following stories of a comrade who was with the corps in South Africa:—

"I must tell you how poor Cassidy is getting on. He is one of the bits of sunshine in the camp. He makes the finest 'bulls' you ever heard. Here is a sample. Cassidy on guard with a young lieutenant, who grumbled at the time it took Bob to get the sentries posted. 'Well, sorr,' said Cassidy, 'it is just like this. It takes quarter of an hour to get thim ready, quarter of an hour to get thim ready to start, and quarter of an hour to post thim. There ye are, three-quarters of an hour gone in ten minutes!' On another occasion he was marching a body of men back to camp when he told them that if they didn't march better he would make them mark time all the way home. Space forbids more, but I will write you a few more another time."

IRISH SOLDIER'S WIT

AN officer told this story. An Irish Tommy, recently landed in South Africa, said to a crowd of others round him: "Be jabbers, this is a foine counthry for a soldjier. Ye gets a blade o' grass six inches high and ye take cover behind it, and they nickes it off inch by inch, and when it gets to the last inch, be jabbers, look out!"

A LOST SMOKE

"OCH, murther, Oi'm kilt entoirely!" exclaimed an Irish soldier at Colenso. "Are you wounded?" asked his officer. "Wounded is it, yer honour? Be the powers, Oi'm worse than

kilt out and out. Wasn't Oi waitin' fur the last quarter ov an hour fur a pull at Jim Murphy's pipe? An', then, now it's shot out ov his mouth!"

CONVINCING FATHER

ANOTHER Irish story of the war concerns an officer of the sister kingdom, who, being struck on the head with a rifle ball, was pronounced by the surgeons to be in a dangerous condition, as they could see his brains. "Faith, then," said the officer coolly, "you'll oblige me by sending a small parcel of it to my father, for, by the powers, he never would believe I had a morsel!"

BULLET COLLECTOR

A PRIVATE of the Dublin Fusiliers, who had collected a quite surprising number of bullets in his body, and was even more bored by inquisitive visitors to the Mooi River Hospital, was one day assailed by a pompous legislator from Cape Town. He wearily described his wounds, as he had done many times before to other visitors. Two bullets through his helmet, one in his shoulder, another in his "fut," and two more through his breast. "It's a wonder you weren't killed," said the legislator. "They must have passed perilously near the region of the heart." "They did that, bedad," replied the Dublin Fusilier; "but Oi was right enough, for sure me heart was in me mouth fur safety!"

FUN UNDER FIRE

THE way soldiers maintain their cheerfulness under very depressing circumstances has often been remarked upon. A man who fought at Spion Kop said that his comrades there "tossed up" to see who would be killed next and if fate would follow the spin of the coin! "Our fellows smoke and laugh all the time," wrote another soldier, "and when a bullet comes over the redoubt they say, 'Good old Kruger! let us have it!'"

CHEERFUL FIGHTERS

"WRITIN' for the papers, are ye?" said one "Tommy" to a war correspondent. "All right; you come back in six months' time, and you'll see me a-leadin' a ole man wiv a rope round his neck—that'll be old Kroojer. An' you can put in a pickcher ov us!" A private of the Coldstreams, when lying wounded at Wynberg, described his experiences in the battle at Modder River. "I happened to find a bit of looking-glass," he wrote. "It made a rare bit of fun. As it was passed from com-

rade to comrade they said, 'Have a last look at yourself, my boy, and bid yourself good-bye.' The laugh went round. Then 'Advance!' and we were at it again."

ROYAL CIGARETTES

A PRETTY story is told of a visit paid by the Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexandra, to Netley Hospital. One poor fellow with terrible injuries to his back and thigh, received in South Africa, specially attracted her attention. She asked many questions as to his welfare, and then whether there was anything he wanted. Did he smoke? When the soldier replied that he did, the Princess asked what he liked best. "Fags," responded the confused soldier. "Fags," exclaimed the Princess doubtfully, and she was about to ask what those might be when the shame-faced warrior hastily said, "I mean cigarettes, mum." "Ah! I see," exclaimed the Princess, and she turned to the Prince, who was standing by her side, and asked for his cigarette case. This she opened, and at once passed a handful of the contents over to the astonished soldier!

USELESS ENTERPRISE

SEVERAL rather amusing stories have been related of the fashionable ladies who, in their eagerness to serve their country, rushed off to the front as nurses. One was told by Major Rasch, M.P., at an Essex meeting. "Here," said the gallant major, "is a specimen of the value of ladies at the front. Recently at a military hospital a lady sat down beside a soldier's bed and commenced reading aloud in a very impressive manner. A Tommy in an adjacent bed called out, 'You're wasting your time, miss. It's no good talking to 'im—'e's been dead an hour!'"

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER SOLDIERS

AT a meeting of the Gordon League, in 1902, a gentleman who narrated the history of the establishment and progress of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute of Nurses, told a story of the aged Queen. He said that Her Majesty, a very short while before her death, visited a military hospital and asked one man who had been terribly mutilated in a South African battle if there was anything she could do for him. "Only to thank the nurse," was the soldier's faint answer. The Queen gravely laid her hand on the Victoria nurse's shoulder and very gently said, "I thank you, my daughter, for your goodness to my son."

DESIRE GRATIFIED

ON another occasion, when Queen Victoria visited the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, she spoke a friendly word to each of the 223 wounded and 380 sick men present. In one bad case the Queen, after she had expressed her sympathy, noticed that the soldier desired to say something. "What is it, my man?" said Her Majesty. "I have not had my chocolate, your Majesty," exclaimed "Tommy." This unexpected reply was in allusion to the boxes of Queen's chocolate that were distributed to the men at the front at Christmas, 1899. "I will see that you get it," replied Her Majesty promptly, to the great delight of the soldier.

HOSPITAL SCENES

LADY GIFFORD, who was several times thanked by the War Office for her services as a nursing sister in South Africa, related some amusing stories of the war. Her ladyship said, "I assure you the most comic things happened. One private who was brought into my ward sat up and said, 'Aren't you Lady Gifford?' and I said I was. Then he excitedly exclaimed, 'I moved your furniture in Chichester, mum!' But very sad things happened when they brought the wounded in. After poor Benson was shot and lost his guns, there was a man riding in a dhooley. An officer went over and asked who he was. The man, a gunner, turned over, and with a face of anguish said, 'Don't you know? I'm the man wot lost the guns.' Then he turned his face to the wall of the cart and died shortly afterwards—partly, I think, from a broken heart."

TATTOOED HERO

A KNOT of Scotch reservists, invalided from Bloemfontein, drifted into Euston Station, London, on a Saturday during the war, and, as usual, an admiring crowd gathered round to give them a hearty send-off. One broad-brogued Irishman, bound for Glasgow, in whose battered appearance shone the glory of battle, had sipped too freely of the loving cup, and allowed his native humour to run riot. "Look here, boys," he said as soon as he got into the train, "I'll show you the finest picture in London," and upon the word he stripped to the waist and thrust his bare back through the carriage window, to the astonishment of the admiring throng. A delicately tinted picture, representing a scriptural allegory with Christ on the cross as the central figure, was tattooed right across the Irishman's back. "That was done in hospital in Bloemfontein," he said. "A

comrade did it when I was laid up with a shot leg. It's the only relic I've got to take home to mother." As the train steamed out of the station a lusty British cheer rang out for the tattooed hero.

WAR RECEIPT

A WAR correspondent told this story:—A pitiful case of unauthorised commandeering has been told to me by an officer who saw the receipt that was given. It ran thus:—

"Being without rations and hungry, we have taken all this poor woman has of live stock and food. She asks for a receipt. I give it. God help her!—ALLY SLOPER."

Probably no one will be more pleased than the writer of this receipt to know that, though informal, it was duly honoured.

THE STRANGE BRITISH

A ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY driver in South Africa told this story at the expense of the British columns engaged in clearing the Orange River Colony of supplies:—

Scene: Boer farmer sitting at the door of his cottage; large stack of hay in the background.

Enter Colonel Shovealong's staff officer.

Staff Officer: "I have orders to either buy or destroy all forage and food in this district. I therefore give you notice that I am about to set fire to that pile of oat-straw."

Boer Farmer: "Bod I dell you——"

Staff Officer: "Resistance is futile."

Boer Farmer: "Bod vould you please——"

Staff Officer: "I can listen to no excuses."

The stack of straw presently bursts into flame, and the staff officer goes on his way rejoicing. The Boer turns to his wife and says: "Dose Khakis are strange peoples. I wanted to dell him dat dis vas de oat-straw dat I haff sold to de colonel half an hour ago." And he thoughtfully jingled the British sovereigns in his pocket!

FIELD FARE

A LETTER from a yeomanry officer during the war gave an amusing and pithy account of the victuals composing the first dinner eaten in camp soon after landing, before the corps were sent up to the front. It ran: "From John Bull—Soup, hard tack, salt beef, and coffee. From our parents—Roast chicken, pickles, gingerbread, mince-pie, jam, and cheese. From our girls—Angel cake, everyday cake, bride cake, rice cake, and sure-enough cake. Captured—Bananas, grapes, whisky, and cigarettes."

FOOD AT THE FRONT

ORDERS were strict against looting in South Africa, but the soldiers were often compelled to annex something to save themselves from starvation. As Private Budge, of the 3rd Grenadiers, remarked, when writing home:—"People talk about British pluck; but let anyone march about twelve miles on a biscuit, and then fight a battle!"

A private of the Northumberland Fusiliers, in a letter from the Modder River, December, 1899, said:—"We had not got far when we came into a garden, and we all set in to carrots, officers as well. We had had nothing to eat for about thirty hours, and we went on with our work, breaking houses open and eating carrots at the same time."

On the other hand, some soldiers appear to have been in very fortunate circumstances. "We live like fighting cocks," wrote one man; "there is plenty of game, and we have a nice supper every night. We entered a house belonging to a Boer, and found nobody about. We got eight hens and a pig there, and had the fowls for supper."

Existence was not so pleasant at other parts of the seat of war. One soldier wrote, at the beginning of 1900:—"Our chaps get so little to eat that they walk about the camp picking up Indian corn that the mules drop, and they boil and eat them."

VIRTUE'S REWARD

SURGEON-LIEUTENANT BRISCOE, attached to the King's Royal Rifles, in a letter home concluded with the following anecdote:—"I saw two Dublins plucking fowls in a secluded spot, and said, with a smile, 'Been looting?' 'No, sorr,' said one; 'they was given to us for good conduck!'"

LOGIC

SOME soldiers contentedly put up with what they could get in the way of food. Among such was a veteran of a Highland regiment, who, whether on the field or at home, used to eat his bread without butter. His argument was that "if the bread was good, it didna need butter; an' if it was bad, it didna deserve butter!"

PORK FOR SUPPER

THE following is an amusing war story:—A Kaffir boy's pig was caught by a Pretoria train, with the result that it became, as Lear put it, "somewhat disorganised." The tragedy happened

close to a British sentry, who was instantly struck with the happy idea of securing some of the pig for his evening meal. Hardly had he finished eating when the Kaffir boy came along. "Well, Johnny," said the sentry, "sorry for your loss. Your pig is killed." "Oh yes, but me no care," said the native, "pig he have measles."

GUARDS' PLAIN LIVING

THE officers of the Guards, like those of the ordinary Line regiments, were often compelled by force of circumstances to carry out the precept that advocates "plain living." Many of them became excellent cooks, one of their favourite dishes being a delicacy known as "Trekhoss à la Guerrier," which was concocted as follows: "Take a trek ox belonging to another battalion. Kill it, if not already dead, and cut it into eight more or less equal parts. Boil these in black mud over a green wood fire—fruit trees are the best—for forty-five minutes. Allow it to stand in a dusty place for one hour, and serve lukewarm." Another receipt that was much in vogue was the following: "Sponge Cake.—Take a few handfuls of Indian meal and sufficient dirty water to make a stiff paste (no fat is required), and put on a piece of tin or a shovel over the fire. They will be ready for use when cooked through." Officers have been heard to express how little of these appetising dishes were sufficient to satisfy agonising pangs of hunger!

FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS

SPEAKING in the House of Commons on the 8th of March, 1901, Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary for War, gave some remarkable figures regarding soldier families. "I find," said the Minister, "that these families who have three sons serving in the Army number no less than 300, four sons 176, five sons 142, six sons seventy-two, seven sons twenty, eight sons two, nine sons one, and ten sons one (loud cheers from the Members). I think that this shows there is a considerable military feeling in certain families and certain localities." The father of the nine sons mentioned was an old Army pensioner, Sergeant Berry, who lived in a little farmhouse near Aberystwyth. The sergeant had himself seen over forty years' service, and was one of four brothers in the Army.

MANY RELATIVES

SERGEANT TAYLOR, of the Royal Artillery, who was stationed at Colchester in February, 1902, was one of eight brothers, all of them soldiers. Five fell in the South African War; one was,

at the time mentioned, still under Lord Kitchener; and the remaining one was in India. The brothers had four sisters, each of whom married a soldier; and altogether there were thirty-one Taylors of the same stock serving in the forces.

ANGRY FATHER

ONE Sunday during 1900, in a London chapel, a preacher, in the course of his address, declared that the British soldiers were fighting for Satan. An old man instantly rose in his place, and exclaimed, "I have six sons fighting for the Queen in South Africa; I am not going to stay here and be told she is the devil." Thereupon, while the preacher stood open-mouthed with astonishment in the pulpit, the old man strode indignantly out of the building!

COLONIAL PATRIOT

A NATAL colonist, sixty years old, who had six sons and sons-in-law fighting for the Queen, wrote:—"My boys have been in three affairs, and have acquitted themselves like men. I have two more eager to go, and I feel that as soon as my side is right again I must go too. . . . I am prepared to lose every son I have rather than cave in to the Boers."

DESERTER'S LOYALTY

THE South African War resulted in a surprising number of deserters giving themselves up to the authorities. In January, 1900, a deserter from the Black Watch, after reading of the losses of that famous regiment at Magersfontein, surrendered himself at Bethnal Green Police Station. In court, speaking in a strong Scottish accent, the soldier said, "Oh, don't send me to prison, sir. I'm not a criminal. I only want to go back." A detective stated that the man was so hurt at the losses of the Black Watch that he felt he must rejoin to do something to help. Upon which the prisoner said, "I knew so many of them, sir. I ought to have been there. I've got a heart in me, and I want to go now." The soldier's wife was in court, very much distressed at her husband's action. They had four children, the eldest being only nine years old. Eventually the prisoner was remanded, being permitted to go home on his own recognisances to surrender another day.

WANTED TO FIGHT

AT the Thames Police Court, in December, 1899, a youth was charged with being a deserter from the Oxfordshire Regiment. "Well," said he, "they would not let me go to South

Africa, because they said I was too young. If I am too young to go to Africa, I am too young to remain in the Army. So I left." "Will you go back to Aldershot, if I send you?" asked the magistrate. "I won't stop there long if you send me," replied the young soldier; "I'll bolt first chance. If I'm not good enough to fight, what good am I?" The disappointed one was remanded to await an escort.

OFFICER'S RUN FOR LIFE

"AN officer of the 9th Lancers whom I happened to meet when visiting the battlefield of Magersfontein," said a correspondent, "had a most thrilling story to tell of his hair-breadth escape. He went out one day to make a sketch, taking a sergeant with him, both being mounted. When the sketch was partly completed he sent his attendant back to the camp for something. Immediately afterwards he saw ten Boers in the distance.

"Thinking they had not observed him, he lay partially concealed behind some boulders, when a bullet came whizzing close to his legs. Upon this, thinking it was time to quit, he mounted his charger and rode off as quickly as possible, the enemy in hot pursuit. A second bullet knocked off his helmet, and then his horse was struck and disabled. He rested for about a minute, and then took to his heels and ran for dear life, the bullets coming after him like hail. A wire-fence next obstructed his flight; there was no time to apply his nippers, but he scrambled through as best he could, and took another minute's rest while his pursuers were negotiating the fencing.

"He then saw to his dismay two mounted men approaching from another quarter, and at first took them to be Boers, but as good luck would have it they were British soldiers. One of them took him up on his horse, and they made off to the camp. Subsequently the Boer commandant, thinking the officer had been slain, sent in a message to the effect that his sword, which he had either left behind or let fall, had been taken to a neighbouring farmhouse, where it could be obtained on application. The officer, who ran for about a mile and a quarter, was so utterly prostrated that it was two days before he could speak. His escape was a perfect miracle."

COCKNEY CONTEMPT

A MEMBER of a certain company of the Imperial Yeomanry, who had been born within the sound of Bow bells, and was accustomed to hold forth to his comrades in the choicest Cockney

dialect, was one day during the war engaged in scouting, or, as he termed it, "scahting," with some other members of the corps. He was expressing great contempt for Boer marksmanship, and had just given the opinion that "they couldn't make a bloomin' bull's-eye at fifty yards," when a Boer bullet, fired at over a thousand yards, suddenly grazed the side of his head and stretched him senseless on the ground. His only remark to his fellow-soldiers on regaining consciousness was "Ahter!" which, being interpreted, was understood to mean "Outer," thus conveying a further reflection on the skill of the Boer as a shot!

LUCKY REFUSAL

A WELL-KNOWN military Member of Parliament told a remarkable story concerning the miraculous escape from death in South Africa of a very near relative. The relative in question, a gallant young officer, was first of all shot, the bullet, which went within an inch of a vital part, passing clean through the body. So little was the officer inconvenienced by the mishap, however, that he persisted in riding on horseback to the nearest hospital to get the wound dressed, and absolutely refused to take a place in the ambulance waggon, which was badly required for more urgent cases. This obstinacy was a very fortunate thing for the officer. On the road to the hospital the clumsy ambulance and its human burden toppled over into a river, and all were drowned!

RECRUIT'S REPLY

DURING the training of the Mounted Infantry at the period of the South African War an Irish recruit, in galloping round one of the military riding-schools, had the misfortune to part company with his horse.

"Did you receive orders to dismount?" roared the sergeant superintending the operation, in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Faith, and Oi did, sorr," replied the recruit.

"Where from?" inquired the surprised sergeant.

"From hindquarters, yer honour," was Paddy's grinning answer.

COLONIAL DRILL

IN the early days of the war a large number of Colonials were recruited and hastily licked into shape. Drill they all detested, but cheerfully put up with it like true Britons. On one occasion an officer was putting a fresh batch through their facings. "Form fours!" he shouted, and they bumped into something like order. "As you were," he then called, and back they all came except

one little farmer, who stood stock still. "As you were!" again yelled the officer in the bewildered man's ear. "Beg pardon, sir," muttered the farmer-soldier, "but I'm blowed if I know where I were!"

LESSON IN SALUTING

A SECOND-LIEUTENANT from Sandhurst, who had just joined his regiment in South Africa during the war, was standing in the market-place of an up-country town when a grizzled and unshaven old soldier, wearing khaki breeches, a shirt, and a campaign hat, stepped up and stood near him. The young officer turned on him sharply, saying, "Here, you man, did anyone ever teach you how to salute?" "Yes, sir," drawled the trooper, as he glanced at the youngster. "Well, knock your heels together," said the officer, and the trooper came to attention with the precision of an old soldier. "Now salute!" he said, and the trooper's gauntlet came to the rim of his hat and stayed there until the young lieutenant answered it, at the same time cautioning him not to let the omission to acknowledge rank occur again, and demanding his name and regiment. Without relaxing his position from attention the old trooper again respectfully saluted, and drily remarked, "My name is ——, and I'm Brigadier-General of the Cavalry Brigade!"

UNRECOGNISED

IN the *Bloemfontein Post*, at the end of 1901, some very amusing anecdotes were told of the 24th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry, which was also known as the Metropolitan Mounted Rifles, having been raised and equipped at the headquarters of the Finsbury Rifles, London. Someone made a gift of some soap to the corps, and this is what happened: "The soap is proving itself very useful; it has been all round our troop. We were standing on parade a few mornings ago, and our troop leader (Woggles) did not know us. He walked by us three times; the third time he asked if this was C Troop. On being informed that it was, he said we all looked very pale and ill. On the sergeant telling him that I had received some soap, and that we had all washed, he was extremely pleased—more so when he learned that there had been no deaths through suddenly washing (a frequent occurrence out here)."

BOER BOY

AN incident of one of the British night marches, which, during the course of 1901, had such disastrous effects on the Boers, had a rather amusing side. When an officer of the 18th Mounted

Infantry dashed into a laager, which was surprised, one little brat of a boy, eleven years of age, presented a Mauser carbine and fired at the officer from only a distance of ten yards. Fortunately he missed his aim. The boy then threw down his weapon, threw up his arms, and cried, "I surrender!" The officer went up to him and boxed his ears soundly, taking care before leaving the spot to place the youth in charge of a soldier as a prisoner of war.

NEW TRUMPET-CALL

BEFORE the first of the Imperial Yeomanry were despatched to the front the trumpeter of the Middlesex Regiment was ordered to invent a trumpet-call for the yeomanry, and after a time he waited on the colonel with two calls, one being much shorter than the other. The colonel listened while the trumpeter sounded the "compositions," and then asked what words could be fitted to them. "The long one goes to 'Imperials, for God, Empire, and Queen,'" was the reply. "And the other?" inquired the colonel. After hesitating for a few seconds, the trumpeter said, "Well, all I can think of for that is 'We're a very mixed lot,' sir." "That's very true," said the colonel, with a smile; "but I think we must have the long call." So the long trumpet-call was adopted forthwith.

WOUNDED SINGER

THE Colonials, especially the Australians, proved a source of considerable amusement to the regular soldiers. Many stories have been told of their odd fancies and their daring deeds. Lieutenant Adie, of the Queenslanders, received two very severe wounds in the engagement fought by Colonel Pilcher at Sunny-side, one bullet passing completely through his body. This unfortunate circumstance did not at all damp the spirits of the gallant Colonial, however, for, when his wounds were dressed, and he had been placed in the ambulance waggon for transport to the field hospital, he was heard to be singing lustily, "Oh, why did I leave my little back room in Bloomsbury?"

COLONEL'S REPLY

A RAILWAY pioneer regiment was once during the war engaged between Bloemfontein and Kroonstadt in repairing the line at one of the many places at which De Wet had been busy. It so happened that close by was a rather fine house, and this was naturally commandeered by the colonel, who made himself quite at home in it. The news of the fine house reached Bloem-

fontein, and before long the colonel got a telegram which read, "The G.T.M. wants the house." Not being able to make head or tail of it, he called one of his officers to him and asked him if he could make anything of it.

After some pondering he gave his version: "The General Traffic Manager wants the house." "Oh, very well," said the colonel, "if he can use hieroglyphics, so can I." In reply he telegraphed back, "The G.T.M. can G.T.H." A day or two later he received another telegram from Bloemfontein asking him to appear before a Board of Inquiry. On doing so, he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to his superior officer. "Insulting!" exclaimed the colonel, with a look of innocence; "I see nothing insulting about it." "But you distinctly said, 'The G.T.M. can G.T.H.'" "That's so," affirmed the colonel; "and the General Traffic Manager can Get The House!"

GENERAL FRENCH

AMONG the commanders in South Africa, General French, the celebrated cavalry leader, was noted for his unassuming manners. In camp he lounged about in his shirt-sleeves, with the result that no stranger imagined him to be a commander. One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the lines, and, seeing a soldier sitting on a bundle of compressed hay, smoking a worn-out-looking briar pipe, asked where the general was. "The old man is somewhere about," coolly replied the soldier. "Well, just hold my horse while I go and search for him." "Certainly, sir," and the smoker rose obediently and took the bridle.

"Can you tell me where the general is?" inquired the correspondent of a staff officer further down the lines. "General French? Oh, he's somewhere about. Why, there he is, holding that horse's head!" And the officer pointed directly to the smoker, who, still pulling at his pipe, was holding the horse according to instructions! The correspondent at once turned on his heel, went back to his horse, mounted in silence, and rode off, too indignant to await an explanation. The general resumed his seat on the hay bundle, and laughed until the tears rolled down his face.

DELICATE OPERATION

THE Irish soldier has been the subject of many humorous stories. During the South African War a native of the Emerald Isle, more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a smart cavalry regiment. The fencing-instructor had experienced a rather difficult task in the matter of explaining to him the various ways

of using the sword. As is well known, the sword drill is of a very exacting description. "Now," said the instructor, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," replied Pat, with laughing eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming!"

CHAPLAIN TO THE RESCUE

IN his book, *With the Guards Brigade*," the Rev. E. P. Lowry tells a good story of a brother chaplain, the Rev. T. H. Wainman, who was the Wesleyan "padre" to the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment. When on the trek one of the transport waggons stuck fast in an ugly drift, and no amount of whip-leather or lung-power sufficed to move it. Matters were looking serious, for the whole cavalcade was blocked. But Mr. Wainman had not become an old colonist without getting to understand the handling of an ox-team, and he volunteered his services.

In sheer desperation his offer was accepted, but dubiously. So off came his tunic; this small thing was straightened; that small thing cleared out of the way; then next he cleared his throat, and instead of hurling at those staggering oxen English oaths or Kaffir curses, spoke to them in tones soothing and familiar as their own mother tongue. Then followed a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and lo! as by magic, the impossible came to pass! The waggon was out of the drift. "Bravo, padre," cried everyone, who realised that Mr. Wainman, whose name means "waggoner," had proved a right good waggoner that day. Mr. Lowry added that this incident helped Mr. Wainman immensely in the preaching of the Gospel.

CRUEL FATHER

THERE is a story of a young officer, who, in a chronic state of impecuniosity, was constantly writing home from South Africa for remittances. "Dear Father," he wrote on one occasion, "kindly send me fifty pounds at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means." The answer from an angry parent was as follows: "My dear son,—As this is the fourth leg you have lost, according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try to hobble along with any others you may have left."

LIGHTS OUT

AT one of the headquarter camps in South Africa, during the war, an old Highland sergeant, belonging to a Scottish regiment, was going the rounds to see that all the lights were out.

Coming to a window he thought he saw a light shining, and he roared out, "Put oot that light theer!" No reply being vouchsafed, the sergeant, in an extremely angry frame of mind, repeated his order with the whole force of his lungs. Upon this one of the men shouted back, "It's all right, sergeant; it's the moon!" Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return, "I dinna care what it is! Put it oot!"

LOOTER AND GENERAL

AN officer tells a story of a looter's adventure with a well-known general. "I was once for some weeks with one of the best of column commanders. He objected to looting, except as a reward for honest fighting qualities. In his brigade there was one regiment which was notoriously bad. Its patrols were always surrendering. It was just getting dark, and I was riding beside the general, when up galloped a trooper of this particular regiment. The trooper had mistaken us for men of his own corps. 'I'm full of it,' he cried, and the general, looking down at his saddle, saw that he was indeed full of it—three turkeys, seven fowls, and a sucking pig.

"For quite five minutes the general rode on beside the man without saying a word, and the trooper, still in ignorance of the rank of his neighbour, gabbled on in description of his foray. Suddenly the general turned to him with the question, 'Are you not ashamed to ride beside honest men?' 'No, why should I be?' 'Well,' said the general, 'you ought to be, because you are a common thief. If you were any use I wouldn't mind. You are afraid to fight, and now I am going to make you afraid to steal. Here, orderly, put this man in the first guard tent in camp!' Unfortunately it was too dark to see the man's face, but I expect that it was a study."

FEATHERED REBEL

DURING the war, looting, on the part of the British soldiers, was strictly prohibited, and in this respect the conduct of the troops left nothing to be desired. Some of the Colonials, however, were too keen to allow opportunities to go by without seizing them. One morning the colonel of a Colonial corps observed one of his men wending his way to camp, carrying in his arms a sturdy Boer cock. Halting him, the officer asked the man if he had come by the fowl honestly. "Well, colonel," was the reply, "I just saw the old fellow sitting on a wall, and I ordered him to crow for Old England. He wouldn't, so I confiscated him for a rebel!"

DESPERATE HUNGER

THE close attention that the Boers paid to the British convoys resulted, as is well known, in the soldiers being frequently put on short rations. The division under the command of General Rundle, for instance, earned the nickname of "The Hungry Eighth," so often did their food supplies fall short during marches through stretches of the enemy's country.

A story of this gallant corps has been told. On turning in for a dreary night's rest on the veldt, the members of a mess discovered that one of their number had been taken suddenly ill. The man was a general favourite, and the first thought that occurred to all was immediately expressed. "Supposing Tom dies," said one; "what shall we do?" Another soldier, who was busily engaged in tightening his belt, to compress the great void in his stomach, hastily replied, "Why, keep it dark, man, and draw his rations!"

IRISH OFFICER

"CAPTAIN dear," said an Irish tenant to his squire, who was off to the front at the head of a militia battalion, "don't be fur goin' to be massacraed by thim Boers." "Oh, I'll escape right enough, Mick," replied the captain jauntily; "if I'm to be shot, I'll come here and let my tenants do it!" "God save ye, captain, 'tis a true Oirishman an' a lover o' yer counthry ye are afther all!"

CLARET CHEAPEST

ANOTHER story concerns an Irish country squire and militia colonel, who, with hardly any means, used nevertheless to give entertainments to fellow-officers, etc. When a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to men who would just as soon have had whisky punch, the squire answered: "You are right, my friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where would I get credit for lemons?"

TRUST MISPLACED

THE mule was undoubtedly a bad mule, but Lieutenant Kellenberger, of a distinguished artillery corps, said that his disposition had been ruined and his confidence in human nature destroyed by improper treatment. "He has been mistreated," said the gallant lieutenant; "I will show you how this mule should be treated." Then the lieutenant, with the assistance of an orderly, saddled the mistreated mule in front of his own tent.

The animal offered neither resistance nor protest. The lieutenant patted him on the back. "He needs kind but firm treatment," said he. Then Lieutenant Kellenberger mounted. The mistreated mule danced three bars of a two-step, executed an individual hop, skip, and jump with each leg, and projected Lieutenant Kellenberger into the air directly beneath a thorn tree. "Catch that man-eating monster and beat him to death," said the lieutenant, as the hospital corps assisted him to his tent. Then several men came and erected a tablet, reading thus: "Where Kellenberger Fell, May 28, 1900."

DISMISS!

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INDEX

- Abercromby, Sir Ralph, in Egypt, 75
 — — death of, 77
 — — and soldier, 78
 Abernethy, Dr., and Wellington, 211
 Abu Klea, incident of, 317
 Acre, Napoleon at, 73
 — retreat from, 84
 Afghan War, 292-9
 Agincourt, Battle of, 10
 Albemarle, Duke of (Monk), 20
 — Earl of, at Denain, 35
 — Lord, at Fontenoy, 40
 — — at Waterloo, 158, 159, 161, 162
 — — after Waterloo, 186
 — — narrow escape of, 200
 — — and Wellington, 216
 — — in India, 224
 Albert Victor, Prince, 322
 Albuera, Battle of, 110, 111
 Aldershot, manœuvres at, 395
 Alexandra, Queen, and veteran, 203
 Alexandria, Battle of, 76
 Allan, Sir William, and Wellington,
 204
 Alma, Battle of, 237, 238
 American Civil War, 287, 288, 377,
 387, 417
 — War of Independence, 54-62
 André, Major, execution of, 61
 Anglesey, Marquess of, at Waterloo,
 159
 — — loss of his leg, 179
 Anguilla, island of, 38
 Apsley House, Wellington's bedroom
 at, 217
 — — chef of, 218
 Arbuthnot, Mrs., and Wellington, 213
 Ardagh, Sir John, 349
 Argyll, Duke of, at Mons, 32
 Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders,
 at Balaclava, 244
 — — — — See 93rd Regiment
 Arnee, Battle of, 64
 Arroyo de Molinos, Battle of, 112
 Ashantee War, 291
 Atbara, Battle of, 319, 342
 Austerlitz, 82, 83
 Australian Commonwealth, 354
 — loyalty, 484
 — officer, 495
 — valour, 538
 — trooper, 546
 — contingent, 552
 — fervour, 558
 — volunteer, 560
 — wounded, 582
 Badajos, incidents of, 115-18
 Baden-Powell, General, 429, 510, 513
 Bailey, Colonel, in India, 63
 Baird, General, and his guide, 72
 — — at Corunna, 97
 Balaclava, charge at, 238-45
 Bannerman, Sir Henry Campbell-,
 323
 Bannockburn, Battle of, 4
 Barcelona, siege of, 27
 Barrosa, Battle of, 108
 Battersea Fields, Wellington duel at,
 216
 Bayonne, siege of, 150
 Beckwith, General Sir George, 90
 Belgians at Waterloo, 166
 Bell, Sir Charles, 185
 Belmont, Battle of, 461-3, 469, 568
 Beloochees, Sir Charles Napier and,
 231
 Benson, Colonel, death of, 526-8
 — — loss of guns, 574
 Beresford, General, at Albuera, 110
 — — and Wellington, 144
 — — letter from Wellington, 192
 — Lord Charles, 317
 — Lord William, v.c., 305
 Bernadotte, Marshal, 64
 Bernier, General, and Highlander, 94

- Berryman, Major, v. c., 239
 Bethune's Horse, 518, 538
 Bhurtpore, siege of, 81
 Bidassao, passage of the, 145
 "Black Bob," charger, 223
 Black Prince, at Cressy, 5
 — — at Poitiers, 6
 — — return to London of, 8
 — — at Navarette, 8
 Black Watch, in America, 56, 57
 — — at Waterloo, 161
 — — and Gordons, 194
 — — in Indian Mutiny, 278
 — — motto of, 386
 — — recruit of, 389
 — — and rifleman, 419
 — — officer of, 425
 — — supper menu of, 447
 — — officer of, 471, 495, 497
 — — soldier of, 546
 — — deserter of, 578
 — — *See* 42nd and 73rd Regiments
 Blenheim, Battle of, 26, 27
 Bligh, General, 47
 Bloemfontein, fall of, 507
 Blücher, Marshal, at Ligny, 157
 — — and Frederick, 200
 — — in London, 201
 — — and Wellington, 211
 Boer War, 443-587
 Bogota, capture of, 353
 Bolivar and his shirts, 353
 Bolton volunteers, 550
 Borodino, Battle of, 87
 Boseley, Sergeant, 505
 Bosquet, General, 240
 Botha, General, 310, 522, 526, 530,
 553
 Bothaville, affair at, 520
 Boyne, Battle of the, 23, 24
 Braddock, death of, 48
 Bradlaugh, Charles, 234
 Brakenlaagte, affair at, 526, 527
 Brandywine, Battle of, 55, 58
 Brenner, General, his escape, 109
 Brest, attack on, 31
 Brindle, Rev. Robert, 352
 Brodrick, Mr., M. P., 577
 Brown, Tom, at Dettingen, 36
 — General Sir George, 257, 259
 Bucknill, Sir John, 235
 Buffs. *See* East Kent Regiment.
 — at Dettingen, 37
 — their motto, 111
 — soldier of 464
 Buffs, sergeant of, 528
 — story of, 533
 Bugeaud, Marshal, 381
 Buller, General, in Canada, 289
 — — in South Africa, 303, 304
 — — in Soudan, 316
 — — at War Office, 321
 — — Mr. Gladstone on, 362
 — — at Colenso, 477, 478
 Bunbury, General, 402
 Bunker's Hill, Battle of, 54
 — — trophies of, 62
 Burgos, retreat from, 123, 124
 Burgoyne, General John, 58
 Burmah War, first, 225
 — — 319, 358
 Burnaby, Colonel, at Inkerman, 247
 Bury, Lord, at Culloden, 40
 Busaco, Battle of, 103-5
 Butler, General Sir W., 427
 Cabul, massacre at, 295, 298
 Calais, siege of, 4
 Cambacères and Wellington, 187
 Cambridge, Duke of, 237, 353, 368
 Cambridge's, Duke of, Own I. Y., 543
 Cambrone, General, 183
 Cameron, General Sir W. G., 391
 Cameron Highlanders, in Soudan, 342
 Campbell, Sir Colin, 237, 261, 262,
 280, 281, 285, 545
 Canadian Rebellion, 289, 290
 — soldiers, 567
 Cardigan, Lord, 238, 239, 241
 Carrington, Sir Frederick, 306
 Carter, Colonel, 354
 Cavagnari, Sir Louis, 295
 Centenarian soldier, 24, 28, 52
 Cetewayo and Wolseley, 363
 Chamberlain, Sir Neville, 228, 267
 Chandos, Sir John, 8
 Chard, Colonel, 302
 Charles, Archduke, of Austria, 74
 — Edward, at Prestonpans, 39
 — II., restoration of, 20, 21
 Chatsworth, Marshal Tallard at, 27
 Chelsea Hospital, 392
 Cheshire Regiment, in India, 81
 Chevy Chase, Battle of, 5
 Cheyne, Professor W., story by, 550
 Child, Major C. B., 484
 Chillianwalla, Battle of, 230
 China War, 284-6
 Chisholm, Colonel, death of, 532
 Chitral, relief of, 329, 330

- Churchill, Mr. Winston, M.P., 487,
513, 515
Ciudad Rodrigo, 112-14
Clements, General, 521
Clifford, Lord, 12
Clive, attempted suicide of, 44
Clyde, Lord. *See* Campbell, Colin
Coa, Battle of the, 102, 103
Coldstream Guards, sergeant of, 174
— — soldier of, 260, 467, 545, 548,
572
— — officer of, 465, 468, 549
Colenso, Battle of, 475-82, 571
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 67
Colley, General Sir George, 306, 307
Collis, v.c., Gunner, 292
Combermere, Lord, 358
Condé, Prince of, 23
Congreve, v.c., Captain, 477
Connaught, Duke of, 390
Connaught Rangers, at Busaco, 105
— — at Ciudad Rodrigo, 114
— — at Salamanca, 119, 120
— — pet bear of, 367
— — at Colenso, 476
Constant, Napoleon's valet, 85
Coomassie, capture of, 291
Coote, Sir Eyre, 63
Cope, Sir John, 38
Cork Militia, 565
Corsica, Napoleon's birth at, 82
Corunna, retreat on, 89, 94
— incident of, 100
— death of Sir John Moore, 97
Cotton, General Sir Arthur, 432
Crauford, General, 102, 104
Cressy, Battle of, 5
Crete, Highlanders at, 326
Crimean War, 237-62
— relics, 401
Croker, J. W., 207, 208
Crokers at Waterford, 18
Cromwell, rise of, 16
— and his men, 17
— Scottish campaign of, 17
— and Monk, 20
Cronje, General, 268, 473, 495, 496
Cuddalore, siege of, 64
Culloden, Battle of, 39
Cumberland, Duke of, 39, 43
Czar of Russia, 322

Dalbiac, Major H. S., 509
Dargai, fight at, 333-8
Davey, James, at Waterloo, 195

David II., of Scotland, 5
Davoust, Marshal, 87
Delancy, Sir William, 167, 177, 254
Delarey, General, 521
Delhi, attack on, 268-70
— King of, 268
Denain, Battle of, 35
Derbyshire Regiment at Dargai, 333,
337
— Militia, 571
Dettingen, Battle of, 36, 37
De Villiers, Commandant, 524
"Devil's Own," 79
Devonshire Regiment, soldier of, 481,
485, 502
De Wet, General, 508, 520, 542
Dorrien, General Smith, 301
Dorset Regiment at Dargai, 333,
335
— — soldier of, 446
Douglass, exploit of, 4
— Archibald, at Poitiers, 7
— Earl, at Chevy Chase, 9
Douro, Marquess of, 212, 214
Doyle, Sir A. Conan, 533
Doyne, Colonel P. K., 330
Dragoon Guards, King's, 196
— — 6th, 485
Dragoons, Royal, at Waterloo, 164
Driscoll, Captain, 516
Dublin Fusiliers, in Indian Mutiny,
277
— — from India, 375
— — in South Africa, 444, 446, 448,
457, 475, 476, 479, 489, 572, 576
Duhesne, General, death of, 182
Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry,
58, 494
— — — *See* 32nd Regiment
Dumenil, General, at Acre, 73
Dunbar, Battle of, 17
— tragedy at, 70
Dundas, Sir David, 74
Dundonald, Lord, 506
Duquesne, Fort, Braddock at, 48
Durham Light Infantry, soldier of,
555
Durham Militia, 566

East Kent Regiment. *See* Buffs
East Surrey Regiment, at Dettingen,
37
— — — in South Africa, 482
Eckmuhl, Battle of, 86
Edgehill, Battle of, 15

- Edghill, Dr. John, 545
 Edward I. on the Crusades, 2
 — — in Scotland, 2
 — — and Wallace, 2
 — III. at Calais, 4
 — VII. and Colonel Warburton, 299
 — — and General Macdonald, 350
 — — and Gordon Highlanders, 524
 Egypt, landing of British (1801), 75
 — Khedive of, 314
 Egyptian War, 313, 314
 Eighteenth Hussars, in Peninsular War, 141
 — — officers of, 279
 — — in South Africa, 445
 Eighth Hussars, 223
 Eighty-eighth Regiment. *See* Connaught Rangers
 Eighty-fifth Regiment, motto of, 111
 Eighty-seventh Regiment. *See* Irish Fusiliers
 — — Paddy Shannon of, 135
 Elandslaagte, Battle of, 451-6, 532, 540, 568
 El Boden, Battle of, 111
 Eleventh Hussars at Balaclava, 238
 Elley, Sir John, 163, 201
 Elliot, Sir Charles, 266
 Elster, river, 88
 El Teb, Battle of, 315
 Epitaph, soldier's, 28, 53, 203
 Erskine and George III., 79
 Eskgrove, Lord, 428
 Essex Regiment, sergeant of, 542
 Eugene, Prince of Savoy, 33
 Ewart and Sir Colin Campbell, 280
 Exeter, Bucknill monument, at, 235
- Fairfax, Lord, at Naseby, 16
 Falkirk, Battle of, 2
 Famars, Battle of, 69
 Farmer, v.c., Corporal, 308
 Fénelon and Marlborough, 33
 Fielding's *Parson Adams*, 32
 Fifteenth Hussars, Coleridge in, 67
 Fifth Lancers, officer of, 453
 Fifth Regiment. *See* Northumberland Fusiliers
 Fiftieth Regiment in Jamaica, 225
 — — in Burmah, 225
 — — in Crimea, 253
 Fifty-first Regiment. *See* Yorkshire Light Infantry
 — — feud with 24th, 368
- Fifty-ninth Regiment at Corunna, 95
 Fifty-second Regiment. *See* Oxfordshire Light Infantry
 — — at Busaco, 104
 — — and Captain Love, 129
 — — at Waterloo, 181
 — — officer of, 294
 Fifty-seventh Regiment at Albuera, 110
 Fifty-third Regiment, officer of, 279
 First Regiment, nickname of, 14
 Fitzclarence, v.c., Captain, 511
 Fitzgerald, Field-Marshal, 425
 Fontenoy, Battle of, 40, 41
 Fortieth Regiment at Waterloo, 171
 Forty-eighth Regiment in Peninsula, 143
 Forty-first Regiment at Inkerman, 245
 Forty-second Regiment. *See* Black Watch
 — — at Corunna, 95, 100
 — — major of, 156
 — — and Gordons, 194
 — — soldier of, 262
 — — in Indian Mutiny, 278
 — — in America, 56, 57
 — — in Egypt, 76
 Forty-third Regiment. *See* Oxfordshire Light Infantry
 — — at the Coa, 192
 — — at Busaco, 104
 — — officer of, 145
 Fourteenth Regiment. *See* West Yorkshire Regiment
 — — at Famars, 69
 — — at Waterloo, 156, 158
 — — narrow escape of, 200
 Foy, Marshal, on Waterloo, 180
 Franco-Prussian War, 555
 Fraser, General Simon, 50
 — Sir William, 212, 214
 Frederick, King of Prussia, 200
 — William I. of Prussia, 46
 Fremont, General, 288
 French, General, 451, 534, 583
 French spy at Waterloo, 155
 Fripp, Dr., story by, 569
- Gardiner, Colonel, 28, 39
 Gatacre, General, 288, 352, 459, 460
 Gawilgarh, capture of, 80
 George II., 37, 42-4
 — III. and "Devil's Own," 79
 — IV., 197, 201
 Giant grenadiers, 46

- Gibraltar, 321, 385, 388
 Gifford, Lady, 574
 Gillespie, General, 222, 223
 Girard, Marshal, 112
 Gladstone on Buller, 362
 Glencoe, Battle of, 449, 450
 Gloucester, Duke of, 34
 Gloucestershire Regiment. *See* 28th Regiment
 Goorkhas, 222, 263, 267, 292, 336-8, 423
 Gordon, General Charles, 249, 262, 315, 317, 318
 — Surgeon-General Sir Charles, 284
 — Sir William, at Balaclava, 243
 Gordon Highlanders. *See* 92nd Regiment
 — — 69, 540, 553, 568
 — — at Waterloo, 173
 — — and Black Watch, 194
 — — in China, 284
 — — piper of, 294
 — — at Majuba, 309
 — — change of name, 311
 — — at Dargai, 333-5
 — — at Elandslaagte, 452-6
 — — in South Africa, 469, 506
 — — and King Edward, 524
 Gormanston, Lord, 14
 Gough, Lord, 135, 230
 Graham, General, 109
 — v.c., Sir Gerald, 249, 286
 — Sergeant, 72
 Grant, Colquhoun, 138
 — Sir Hope, 266
 Grant's Fencibles at Dunbar, 70
 Graspan, Battle of, 463, 531
 Grenadier Guards at Fontenoy, 41
 — — in Egypt, 76
 — — and their umbrellas, 151
 — — at Inkerman, 246
 Greville, Colonel, in America, 59
 Grey, Sir George, 117
 Grouchy, Marshal, 182, 193
 Guadaloupe, capture of, 90
 Guards in Soudan, 351, 352
 — story of, 379
 — plain living of, 577
 Guesclin, Bertrand du, 8
 Guides, Queen's Own, 291
 Guighlovo, Battle of, 302
 Gujerat, Battle of, 230
 Gun Hill, assault on, 500
 Gunning, Colonel, 448
 Halket, Sir Colin, at Waterloo, 167
 Halkett, Captain, at Waterloo, 168
 Hamilton, Sir Ian, 534
 — Richard, at the Boyne, 24
 Hanoverians at Waterloo, 165
 Hants Militia, 53
 Hardinge, Viscount, 87, 216
 Harris, Lord, at Waterloo, 168
 Hart, General, 487
 Hasker, Thomas, at Waterloo, 196
 Hastings, Marquess of, 224
 Haughton, Colonel, 339
 Havelock, Sir Henry, 228, 275, 276
 Havelock-Allan, v.c., Sir Henry, 340, 341, 357
 Hawley, General, 42
 Hay, Lord Charles, 41
 Healy, Father, 359
 Henry V. at Agincourt, 10, 11
 Henry, v.c., Captain A. V., 248
 Herat, Lieutenant Pottinger at, 226
 Highland sergeant, 189, 386
 — piper, 294
 — sentry, 402
 Highlander and General Bernier, 94
 — son of, at Talavera, 100
 — endurance of, 145
 — at Quatre Bras, 156
 — and Boer, 310
 — in Soudan, 352
 — his kilt, 388
 — in South Africa, 465, 467, 472, 576, 584
 Highlanders, Gordon, 69
 — in Egypt, 76
 — at Vimiera, 94
 — at Arroyo, 112
 — after Waterloo, 186, 194
 — and Sir Colin Campbell, 237
 — at Balaclava, 244, 245
 — in Indian Mutiny, 272
 — in Crete, 326
 — at Dargai, 333
 — at Atbara, 342
 — their New Year, 368
 — at Elandslaagte, 451-6
 — in South Africa, 470
 — monument to, 473
 — Royal. *See* Black Watch
 Hill, General Viscount, 112, 143, 150
 Hochkirchen, Battle of, 45
 Hodge, Governor, 38
 Hodson and King of Delhi, 268
 Holdich, Colonel Sir T. II., 328
 Hopetoun, Earl of, at Corunna, 98

- Hopkins, Dr., story by, 217
 Horsey, Admiral de, 369
 Hoskier, Lieut.-Colonel, 483
 Hougoumont, 174, 198
 Houston, General, 287
 Hudson, General Sir John, 378
 Hugo, D.S.O., Surgeon-Lieutenant,
 332
 Hunter, Sir Archibald, 499
 Hussars, 8th, 223
 — 10th, 392, 532
 — 11th, 238
 — 13th, 109
 — 15th, 67
 — 18th, 279, 445
- Imperial Light Horse (South Africa),
 452, 453, 473, 479, 498, 500, 503,
 532, 566
 Indian Mutiny, 263-83
 — Frontier, 328-41
 Indian and colonel, 353
 — sentry, 356, 436
 — servants, 366
 — patients, 381
 Ingersoll, Colonel, 417
 Inkerman, Battle of, 245-8
 Inniskilling Dragoons, at Battle of
 the Boyne, 23
 — — at Prestonpans, 39
 — — soldier of, 565
 Inniskilling Fusiliers. *See* 27th Regi-
 ment
 — — officer of, 476, 491
 Inns of Court Volunteers, 79
 Irish Fusiliers. *See* 87th Regiment
 — — at Barrosa, 108
 — — in South Africa, 457, 476
 Irish Rebellion, 71
 Isandula, Battle of, 300
- Jackson, Robert, surgeon, 60
 Jaubert, Count, 199
 Jewish soldiers, 386, 474
 Johannesburg, fall of, 509
 John, King of France, at Poitiers,
 6, 7
 — — — in London, 8
- Kaffir War, 229
 Kalunga, attack on, 222
 Kassassin, charge at, 313
 Keith, Admiral Lord, 78
 — Marshal, 45
- Kekewich, Colonel, 493
 Kempt, Sir James, 160
 Kent, Duke of, 439
 Kent Yeomanry, 67
 Ker, Lord Mark, 38
 Khartoum, fall of, 318
 Khedive and soldier, 314
 Khyber Pass, 298, 338
 Kimberley, siege of, 493, 551
 Kincaird, Sir John, 143, 184
 King's Royal Rifles, at Delhi, 266
 — — — officer of, 302
 — — — at Quebec, 425
 — — — in South Africa, 448, 450,
 503
 Kipling, Mr. Rudyard, 331
 Kirk, Battle of, 39
 Kirkeban, Battle of, 471
 Kitchener, Colonel, 461
 — Lord, 346, 524, 561, 562
 — — and Boer leaders, 526
 — — — trooper, 544
 — — — the transport, 552
 — — — Botha, 553
 Kobilinski, Colonel, 87
 Koffee, King, 291
 Koodoosberg, fight at, 497, 498
- Ladysmith, siege of, 498-506, 531,
 554
 Laffeld, Battle of, 43
 La Haye Sainte, 166
 Lake, General, 80
 — Colonel, 93
 Lancashire Fusiliers. *See* 20th Regi-
 ment.
 — — in South Africa, 483, 488
 — Militia, 75
 Lancers, 9th, 579
 — 12th, 173
 — 21st, 344-6, 351
 La Rochejacquelin, 426
 Lawrence, Lord, 357
 — Sir Henry, 265, 276
 Lefebvre, Marshal, 86
 Le Gallais, Colonel, 520
 Leicester, Earl of, 1
 Leicestershire Regiment, 449
 Leith, Sir James, 129
 Life Guards, officer of, 170
 — — soldier of, 170, 201
 — — at Waterloo, 175
 — — and small boy, 430
 Light Division, at the Coa, 102

- Light Division, panic of, 103
 — — at Busaco, 104
 Ligny, Blücher at, 157
 Lille, siege of, 30
 Lincoln, President, 287
 Lincolnshire Regiment. *See* 10th
 Regiment
 — — in Boer War, 519
 Lindley, affair at, 544
 Littler, Sergeant, at Lille, 30
 Liverpool Regiment, sergeant of, 531
 Lockhart, Sir William, 300
 Lockwood, Sir Frank, 364
 Lombard's Kop, assault on, 499
 Londonderry, Lord, 141
 Longnor churchyard, 28
 Louis XIV. and Condé, 23
 — XVI. and General O'Kelly, 41
 — XVIII. and Wellington, 199
 Love, Captain, and French sergeant,
 129
 Lowry, Rev. E. P., story by, 534,
 584
 Lucan, Lord, 241
 Lucknow, relief of, etc., 273-7, 280
 Lumsden, Sir Harry, 358
 Lysons, Sir Daniel, 223

 M'Bean, v.c., General W., 273
 McClellan, General, 287
 MacCormac, Sir William, 504
 Macdonald, General Sir Hector, 309,
 343, 350, 360, 498, 537
 — Sir John, 290
 M'Donnell, General Sir James, 198
 Mackay, General Sir Hugh, 25
 Mackinnon, General, 112
 Macnamara, M.P., Dr., 289
 Mafeking, siege of, 510-13
 Magersfontein, Battle of, 469-73, 546
 Maharajpore, Battle of, 228
 Mahmoud, Dervish leader, 319
 Maitland, Captain, 85
 Maiwand, retreat from, 292
 Majuba Hill, Battle of, 306-9
 Malakand, incident of, 329
 Malmesbury, Lord, his story, 130
 Malplaquet, Battle of, 31
 Maori War, 289
 Marbot, Baron de, 86, 138
 Marlborough, Duke of, as captain, 21
 — — — and his times, 26-35
 — — — at Waterloo, 190
 Marmont at Salamanca, 122

 Martinique, capture of, 90
 Massena in Portugal, 105
 Massy, Ensign Dunham, 255
 Matabeleland War, 324
 Mathias, Colonel, 334
 Maude, v.c., Colonel F. C., 282
 Maurice, Major-General, 370
 Meadows, General, 65
 Medals, Peninsular, 152
 — Waterloo, 200
 — Canadian, 289
 Meerut, mutiny at, 265
 Middlesex Regiment. *See* 77th
 Regiment
 — — 110, 361, 582
 Milner, Lord, 473
 Minden, Battle of, 47
 Mitchell, Sergeant Forbes, 274, 279
 Modder River, Battle of, 464-8, 572
 Monk, Duke of Albemarle, 20
 Mons, siege of, 32
 Montcassel, Battle of, 22
 Montford, Earl of Leicester, 1
 Moore, Sir John, 76, 89, 95
 — — — death of, 97
 Moreau, Marshal, 74, 187
 Morley, Right Hon. John, 16
 Morris, Captain, 17th Lancers, 242
 Moscow, French retreat from, 89
 Mowbray, Sir John, 205
 Munster Fusiliers, in India, 81

 Napier, Sir Charles, 95, 230, 231,
 232, 233, 263
 — Major George, 113
 — Lord, of Magdala, 361, 385
 Napoleon at Acre, 73
 — and his soldiers, 82-91
 — at Waterloo, 181
 — in battle, 187
 — on Waterloo, 192, 262
 — — Wellington, 193
 Naseby, Battle of, 16
 Natal Carabineers, 506
 — colonists, 578
 Navarette, Battle of, 8
 Nehemiah the volunteer, 15
 Netley Hospital, 573, 574
 Nevaillies, Marshal de, 22
 Neville's Cross, Battle of, 5
 New South Wales Lancers, 548
 New Zealand, soldiers in, 354
 Ney, Marshal, 89, 96, 106, 181, 188
 Nicholson, General John, 269

- Nicholson's Nek, fight at, 458, 503
 Nimeguen, Battle of, 21
 Ninety-fifth Regiment. *See* Rifle
 Brigade
 — — at Waterloo, 175
 — — and Wellington, 176
 Ninety-second Regiment. *See* Gordon
 Highlanders
 — — soldier of, 197
 Ninety-third Regiment at Balaclava,
 244
 — — in Indian Mutiny, 271, 273, 274,
 279, 281
 Ninth Lancers, officer of, 579
 Nolan, Captain, 241
 Nooitgedacht, affair at, 521
 North, Lord, and officers, 68
 Northamptonshire Regiment, 143
 North Lancashire Regiment, 551
 Northumberland, Duke of, 54
 Northumberland Fusiliers, 54, 466,
 521, 576
 Northumberland I.V., 519

 Oglebie, Robert, old soldier, 52
 Ogleshorpe, General, 30
 O'Kelly, General, 41
 Oldershaw, Captain, in Crimea, 256
 O'Leary, Father, 532
 Olpherts, v.c., Sir William, 281, 411,
 412
 Omdurman, Battle of, 343-7
 O'Meara's talks with Napoleon, 192-4
 Orange, Prince of, 22, 31
 Ormond, Earl of, 14
 Orthez, Battle of, 148, 149
 Otterburn, Battle of, 9
 Outram, General, 227, 275
 Owen, Major Roderick, 325
 Oxfordshire Light Infantry. *See* 43rd
 and 52nd Regiments
 — — — deserter of, 578

 Paardeberg, Battle of, 494, 495, 531
 Pack, General Sir Denis, 172
 Paget, General, 133
 Paget's Horse, soldier of, 541
 Pakenham, General, 119, 120, 153
 Parker, Sir George, 272
 Patten, Tom, 147
 Peel, Hon. George, 464
 Pekin, capture of, 286
 — siege of, 355
 Pelissier, General, 258
 Peninsular War, 92-154

 Penn-Symons, General, 449
 Percy, Lord, at Chevy Chase, 9
 Peterborough, Earl of, 27, 34, 35
 Picton, General, 109, 115, 125, 137,
 165, 172
 Pieter's Hill, fight at, 491
 Piper in India, 63
 — Stuart at Vimeira, 94
 — at Kandahar, 294
 — at Dargai, 334
 — story of, 386, 412, 437
 — at Elandslaagte, 454
 Pitt and General Wolfe, 49
 Plumer, Colonel, 510
 — — and his Bushmen, 523
 Poitiers, Battle of, 6
 Poniatowski, Prince, 88
 Ponsonby, General, death of, 172
 — Colonel, at Waterloo, 173
 Porto Novo, Battle of, 63
 Portugal, French retreat from, 106
 Pottinger, Lieutenant Eldred, 226
 Poulett, Lord, 34
 Prestonpans, Battle of, 38
 Pretoria, buried Union Jack at, 311
 — surrender of, 514
 Prince Albert Victor, 322
 Prince Imperial, 303
 Punjab Campaign (1848), 228
 — Nicholson in the, 269
 Putnam, Israel, 56
 Pyrenees, Battles of the, 125, 126

 Quatre Bras, Battle of, 156, 157
 — — — General Picton at, 165
 Quebec, capture of, 49-51
 Queen Alexandra and veteran, 203
 — — — soldier, 573
 Queen Victoria and Wellington, 206,
 215
 — — on death of Wellington, 221
 — — and Lieutenant Pottinger, 226
 — — — general, 246
 — — — colours, 301
 — — — Scots Greys, 323
 — — her birthday book, 361
 — — — grandson, 407
 — — and Irish soldier, 432
 — — — officer, 441
 — — — the V.C., 530
 — — her chocolate boxes, 537
 — — and her soldiers, 573-4

 Raglan, Lord, 257, 258
 Ramillies, Battle of, 28

- Rasch, M.P., Major, story by, 573
 Redan, assault on, 255
 Red River Rebellion, 289, 290
 Rensburg, affair at, 532
 Rhodes, Colonel, 509
 Richard I., King, 1
 Richmond, Duke of, 152
 Rietfontein, incident of, 456, 485
 Rifle Brigade. *See* 95th Regiment
 — — at the Coa, 103
 — — in Peninsula, 143
 — — soldier of, 152
 — — officer of, 153, 171
 — — at Waterloo, 160, 184
 — — in Crimea, 253
 Rifleman and Highlander, 419
 Rifle Regiment, in America, 62
 — — at Corunna, 94
 Roberts, Lord, in Indian Mutiny,
 267, 269, 273, 277, 284
 — — in Afghan War, 295
 — — and the soldier, 365
 — — — cats, 365
 — — story by, 441
 — — his son at Colenso, 477, 479
 — — and the corporal, 494
 — — — Cronje, 495, 496
 — — — General Wolmerans, 497
 — — — his soldiers, 506
 — — at Pretoria, 514, 515
 — — and Father O'Leary, 532
 — — — the Canadian, 567
 Robertson, D.S.O., Chaplain, 464
 Roleia, Battle of, 93
 Rorke's Drift, defence of, 302
 Ross, Mother, 28, 29
 Royal Dragoons at Waterloo, 164
 Royal Scots, nickname of, 14
 — — soldier of, 459
 Rundle, General, his division, 586
 St. Helena, island of, 528
St. Lawrence, troopship, 288
 St. Vincent, Lord, and Wolfe, 50
 Salamanca, Battle of, 119-22
 San Sebastian, attack on, 127-9
 — — Sir Colin Campbell at, 237
 Saratoga, General Burgoyne at, 58
 Saxe, Marshal, 377
 Saxe-Weimar, Prince Edward of, 359
 Saxmundham, in Suffolk, 81
 Scarlett, Colonel, 244
 Schiel, Colonel, 540
 Schomberg, Duke of, 24
 Scinde, war in, 231
 Scots Greys at Ramillies, 28, 91
 — — — Waterloo, 164, 173
 — — — Balaclava, 245
 — — — Czar as colonel, 322
 — — in Ireland, 418
 — — soldier of, 539
 — — story of, 565
 Scots Guards, officer of, 445
 Scott, Sir Walter, in Paris, 189
 Scottish thistle, 11
 Scroop, Sir Gervase, 15
 Seaforth Highlanders. *See* 78th
 Regiment
 — — in Crete, 326
 — — — the Soudan, 342
 — — — South Africa, 470, 495
 Seaton, Lord, 98, 181
 Sebastopol, siege of, 251-7
 Second Regiment. *See* West Surrey
 Regiment
 Senefie, Battle of, 22
 Seringapatam, storming of, 72
 Seventeenth Lancers in America, 59
 — — at Balaclava, 239, 242
 Seventy-eighth Regiment, 272. *See*
 Seaforth Highlanders
 Seventy-first Regiment in America,
 60
 — — at Vimeira, 24
 — — and Sir Denis Pack, 173
 Seventy-seventh Regiment. *See*
 Middlesex Regiment
 — — at Inkerman, 245
 Seventy-third Regiment. *See* Black
 Watch
 — — in India, 63
 — — at Waterloo, 161, 167
 Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, 194
 Shipp, John, 81
 Shrewsbury election, 36
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 13, 14
 Sikh soldiers, 228-30, 329-31, 339
 Simpson, General, 258
 Sixteenth Regiment at Lille, 30
 Slatin Pasha and Gordon, 318
 Slingersfontein, fight at, 492
 Sloggett, Lieut.-Colonel, 344
 Smith, Sir Harry, 117, 134, 178, 229
 — Parson, 302
 — Sir Sidney, 76, 90
 Soudan War, 315-19, 342-54
 Soult, Marshal, 110, 131, 148, 199
 Soyer, in the Crimea, 259
 Spion Kop, fight at, 486-90, 572
 Stanhope, Lady Hester, 98

- Stanley, Edward, at Zutphen, 13
 — Lord, 516
 Steell, Sir John, 122
 Steenkirk, Battle of, 25
 Stewart, Field-Marshal Sir Donald,
 392
 — General James, 64
 — Lord, 432
 Steyn, ex-President, 469
 Stormberg, disaster at, 459
 Suvoroff, Marshal, 63
 Swedish Order, Wellington's, 220
- Tait, Lieutenant F. G., 497
 Taku Forts, capture of, 284, 286
 Talana Hill, Battle of, 448
 Talavera prisoners, 99
 — incidents, 99
 — Wellington at, 217
 Tallard, Marshal, 26, 27
 Tamai, Battle of, 316
 Tanfield Church, Ripon, 52
 Teck, a prince of, 535
 Tel-el-Kebir, Battle of, 313
 Tenth Hussars, 392, 532
 Tenth Regiment. *See* Lincolnshire
 Regiment
 — — officer of, 284
 Theebaw, King, his jewels, 319
 Thiers on Wellington, 187
 Thirteenth Hussars (1811), 109
 Thirteenth Regiment in Scinde, 231
 Thirtieth Regiment at Waterloo, 167
 Thirty-first Regiment at Dettingen,
 37
 Thirty-second Regiment. *See* Duke
 of Cornwall's Light Infantry
 — — soldier of, 275, 280
 Thirty-third Regiment. *See* West
 Riding Regiment
 Thorneycroft, Colonel, 486
 Thruston, Major, 326
 Tirah Campaign, 332
 Tollemache, Colonel Thomas, 31
 Townshend, Marquess, 37, 43
 Treves, Sir Frederick, 452, 480, 483,
 486
 Trukkee, attack on, 231
 Turenne and Marlborough, 21
 Twelfth Lancers, officer of, 173
 Twentieth Regiment. *See* Lancashire
 Fusiliers
 Twenty-eighth Regiment in Egypt, 77
 — — officer of, 175
- Twenty-first Lancers at Omdurman,
 344-6
 — — in Soudan, 351
 Twenty-fourth Regiment at Isandula,
 300
 — — feud with 51st, 368
 Twenty-ninth Regiment. *See* Wor-
 cestershire Regiment
 Twenty-second Regiment in India, 81
 Twenty-seventh Regiment. *See* In-
 niskilling Fusiliers
 — — officer of, 171
 Twenty-third Regiment. *See* Welsh
 Fusiliers
 Tytler, Colonel Fraser, 272
- Uganda, 325, 326
 Umbeylah campaign, 371
 Uxbridge, Lord, at Waterloo, 159
 — — loss of his leg, 179
- Valhubert, General, 82
 Vandamme, Marshal, 182
 Vandeleur, Colonel, 525
 Victor, Marshal, 99
 Victoria, Queen. *See* Queen Victoria
 Victorian contingent, 549
 Viljoen, General Ben, 528
 Villars, Marshal, 35
 Villeroy, Marshal, 190
 Villiers, Mr. Frederick, 357
 Vimiera, Battle of, 94
 Vincennes, General Dumenil at, 73
 Vittoria, Battle of, 124
 Volunteers, origin of, 234
 Vryburg, evacuation of, 447
- Waggon Hill, conflict at, 569
 Wakefield, Battle of, 12
 Wakkerstroom, capture of, 518
 Walcheren Campaign, 91
 Wallace, Sir William, 2, 3
 — "Quaker," 279
 Walmer Castle, 220
 Wantage, Lord, 91
 Warburton, Sir Robert, 298, 322
 War Office, 533, 547
 Warren, Lieut.-General Sir Charles,
 355
Warren Hastings, troopship, 326
 Washington, George, 48, 55, 58, 60
 — — and Andre, 61
 Waterford, siege of, 18
 Waterloo, Battle of, 155-203
 — field of, 190

- Waterloo veterans of, 202, 203
 Wauchope, General, 425, 471
 Waziris, campaign against, 328
 Wellington, Duke of, at Seringapatam, 72
 — — — his bad egg, 73
 — — — Spanish command, 92
 — — — at Busaco, 105
 — — — retreat in Spain, 105, 106
 — — — at Badajos, 118
 — — — Salamanca, 119, 122
 — — — Madrid, 121
 — — — and the sculptor, 122
 — — — in the Pyrenees, 125
 — — — and Irish soldier, 126
 — — — his keen sight, 131, 177
 — — — and Spanish woman, 131
 — — — his shaving, 131
 — — — and Picton, 137
 — — — the looter, 140
 — — — on feeding soldiers, 144
 — — — and his army, 144
 — — — at Orthez, 148
 — — — his only wound, 149
 — — — his compliment to General Hill, 150
 — — — and dandy officers, 151
 — — — Peninsula farewell, 153
 — — — a maid's confidence in him, 158
 — — — and Lord Uxbridge, 159
 — — — Rifles, 160
 — — — La Haye Sainte, 166
 — — — Belgian troops, 166
 — — — his staff at Waterloo, 174
 — — — and amateur aide-de-camp, 169
 — — — Napoleon at Waterloo, 174
 — — — during Battle of Waterloo, 175-8
 — — — estimation of, by Thiers, 187
 — — — in Paris, 187
 — — — and Ney, 188
 — — — his opinions on Waterloo, 191
 — — — estimation of, by Napoleon, 193
 — — — and George IV., 197
 — — — declines legacy, 198
 — — — as ambassador, 199
 — — — anecdotes of, 204-25
 — — — and Queen Victoria 206, 215
 — — — his son, 207
 — — — monument to, 210
 Wellington, Duke of, and Dr. Abernethy, 211
 — — — Winchelsea duel, 216
 — — — titles of, 219
 — — — death of, 220
 — — — Queen Victoria's lament, 221
 — — — and Sir Charles Napier, 230
 — — — Lord Combermere, 358
 — — — Army boots, 377
 Welsh Fusiliers, soldier of, 195
 — — in India, 427
 Wemyss, Lord, 235
 Wenlock, Lord, 82
 West India Regiment, 367, 369
 Westminster, Duke of, 515
 West Riding Regiment, nickname of, 132
 West Surrey Regiment and General Brennier, 109
 — — — in China, 284
 — — — soldier of, 319, 482, 485
 — — — in South Africa, 132
 West Yorkshire Regiment. *See* 14th Regiment
 — — — at Famars, 69
 — — — and Lord Albemarle, 161-3
 — — — sergeant of, 170
 — — — in South Africa, 461, 483
 — — — officer of, 482
 — — — chaplain of, 584
 Wheeler, Sir Hugh, 272
 "Whip and Spurs," 247
 White, v.c., Sir George, 498, 506
 Wigfall, ex-Senator, 247
 William III., 22, 3, 24, 25, 34, 190
 Willoughby, Sir John, 446
 Willow Grange, fight at, 461
 Wilson, General, 265
 Winchester, Bishop of, 71
 Winchester Cathedral, 53
 Winchelsea, Earl of, 216
 Wolfe, General, 49, 50, 51
 Wolmerans, Commandant, 497
 Wolseley, Lord, in Crimea, 249
 — — at Sebastopol, 251
 — — in Indian Mutiny, 266
 — — China, 286
 — — Canada, 290
 — — Ashantee, 291
 — — and Colonel Chard, 303
 — — his camel, 314
 — — answers signal, 314
 — — and Gordon, 317
 — — in Natal, 363
 — — Soudan, 364

- Wolseley, Lord, his books, 377
 Woman trooper, 28
 Wood, v.c., Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn, on Balaclava, 241
 — — — — in Crimea, 259
 — — — — a story of, 363
 Woodgate, General, 488
 Worcestershire Regiment at Roleia, 93
 — — soldier of, 480
 — — in South Africa, 492

 Yeomanry, origin of, 66
 York, Duke of, at Wakefield, 12
 York, Duke of, in Flanders, 68

 York and Lancaster Regiment, soldier of, 326
 Yorkshire Dragoons, trooper of, 522
 Yorkshire Light Infantry. *See* 51st Regiment
 — — — officer of, 472
 — — — soldier of, 472
 — — — Private Ward, v.c., 530
 Yorkshire Regiment, soldier of, 337, 474
 — Yeoman, 542
 Young, Arthur, 66
 — Pretender at Prestonpans, 39
 Zulu War, 300-5
 Zutphen, Battle of, 13

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	PAGE		PAGE
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