

HER MAJESTY'S ARMY



J. D. G. Jones
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I.

CAVALRY.

“WITH such an army I could go anywhere and do anything.” Such were the words of one who, on that terrible Sunday at Waterloo, proved them to be no idle boast; and for all—English, Irish, Scotch—whose pride it is to belong to the mightiest Empire the world has ever known, they represent an accepted, indubitable fact. The British army *can* go anywhere and do anything; whether it be beneath the glowing skies of India, amongst the scorching sands of Egypt, the tangled brush of New Zealand, the strange, historic, unfamiliar temples of China and Japan, the terrible dreariness of Crimean snows—no region is too remote, no task too hard. We are apt to smile at the seeming anticlimax of the boast made two centuries ago—

“Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.”

But after all it was no empty one, and foreshadowed, though in a faint degree, the sober fact of to-day. In Europe, the English flag floats over the frowning fortress of Gibraltar, the impregnable defences of Malta, the classic hills of Cyprus; in Asia the Empire of India owns as sovereign the Queen of England, and the spicy breezes of Ceylon's isle fill and wave the folds of her standard; in America, “the loyal pines of Canada” sway above a populace British to the heart's core; in Africa, the Cape of Good Hope welcomes the emigrant to land which his forefathers took possession of nearly a hundred years ago; in Australia and New Zealand has a new England sprung up, prosperous, with the strong, priceless heritage of the mother land, and the bounteous promise of its own stalwart youth. Over nearly a seventh of the habitable globe, over

more than a quarter of its inhabitants, reigns Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India. And this mighty lordship has been obtained and held by the warriors of an island whose area is but little more than half that of France, and smaller by far than many a Russian *province*.

Of these warriors, these makers of empire, it is purposed to give a description, which it is hoped will familiarise their countrymen with the various branches of the service to which they owe so much, with the origin, the history, the traditions, and the valour of every regiment in her Majesty's army.

The various branches of the service will be treated of in the following order: Cavalry; Artillery; Engineers; the Guards and Line Regiments; the Auxiliary Forces. The regiments of cavalry will be taken in order of precedence, those of the line alphabetically, the precedence of each regiment being notified.

Before, however, dealing with the Army proper, it will be of interest to glance at those other military bodies—stately, vigorous relics of old chivalrous days—which are included in the honourable titles of The Queen's Body-Guard, The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Body-Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, and (in Scotland) the Royal Company of Archers. Of a yet greater antiquity than these are the Serjeants-at-Arms, now reduced in number to eight, and in duties to the arrest of certain classes of offenders and participation in ceremonies of state, but which were founded in the time of Richard I., and from then to the reign of Elizabeth (with the exception of a period of almost complete effacement under Edward IV.), numbered between twenty and thirty. That they were in reality a body-guard, and not merely a species of sublime sheriff's officers, is evident from a warrant concerning them issued by Henry V. From that we learn that a serjeant-at-arms ought to stand before the King armed, his head bare, and all his body armed to the feet with arms of a knight riding, wearing a gold chain with a medal bearing all the King's coats, and with a mace of silver in his right hand, and in his left a truncheon. "They ought to go before the King for the more safeguard of the person of the King's Majesty." In the same warrant is mentioned their power to arrest, which, as before mentioned, is the function most associated with the serjeants-at-arms at the present day.

THE HONOURABLE CORPS OF GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS owe their origin to the love of splendour and regal state characteristic of Henry VIII. His father, of more frugal mind, had incorporated a stalwart body of yeomen to guard the person of the King's

grace. But the body-guard of Henry, the eighth of his name, must be composed of men of superior rank, and forthwith a troop was composed "of the cadets of noble families" and styled the King's "Pensioners and Speares." The original ordinance for their creation smacks not a little of the pedagogue. The King, it set out, "of his great noblesse, wisdom and prudence, considereth that in his realm of England be many young gentlemen of noble Blood which have non exercise in the Feate of Armes, in handling and renying of the spere, and other faits of Werre on horsebaeke, like as in other Reames and countreys be dayley practised and used to the greate honour and laude of them that so doth": his Highness therefore appointed "a Retynue daily of ecrtaine Speres called men of Armes, to be chosen of gentlemen that be comen and extracte of Noble Blood." At first the corps—fifty in number—were a perfect mass of splendid accoutrement: an old chronieler says that "themselves, their horses, and their servants, were trapped and apparelled in cloth of gold and silver and goldsmith's work," and states that they did not last very long. When we learn on good authority that the cloth of gold cost something over £5 a yard, the statement beomes the more easily eredible. But if the corps of Gentlemen Pensioners terminated its existenece, it was but a ease of suspended animation, for a few years afterwards it is again strongly *en évidence*. Minute details respecting its constitution were promulgated, and in an old picture of the famous meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold the Gentlemen Pensioners are to be seen in brave array, armed with the battle-axe which they adopted in 1539. At the close of their founder's reign the uniforms were of red and yellow damask—the orthodox royal colours according to some authorities. Edward VI. seems to have been particularly partial to the corps. In the account of a great review held before his youthful Majesty, we read that "first came the King's trumpeters, then the Lord Bray in gilt harness, Captain of the Pensioners, and a great banner of the King's Arms. Then all the Pensioners in eomplete harness and great array *in white and black*, five and five in a rank; after them their servants (about a hundred in number) in white and black." Particularly did the young sovereign commend the horses, which he describes as "all fair and great, the worst worth at least twenty pounds, none under fourteen hands and a half . . . most of them with their guides going before them"—a preeaution generally adopted with these magnificent *chevaux entiers*. "Thus they eapered twice round S. James's Field, and so departed." In the following reign the Gentlemen Pensioners watched in eomplete armour during the progress of Wyatt's insurrection, and the unaceustomed sight of stalwart men in

warlike panoply occupying the royal apartments at Whitehall, seems to have caused a pretty flutter of alarm amongst the maids of honour, albeit that those sinewy arms and trenchant weapons would do them good service should the need arise. At the ill-fated marriage of the unhappy Queen with Philip of Spain they served the Coronation dinner, which they have since done on similar occasions as well as on royal marriages, the honour of knighthood to one or two of their number being the usual recognition of their services. Under Elizabeth they enjoyed a large meed of royal favour, one of their body—Sir Christopher Hatton—becoming subsequently Lord Chancellor. But under James I. they were decidedly in the shade, and as a cause or a consequence of this, we may note that the Captain, the Earl of Northumberland, and a kinsman of his whom he had irregularly admitted into the corps, were involved in the Gunpowder Plot. Charles I., however, favoured them. At Edgehill a trooper bid fair to have killed or taken prisoner the Prince of Wales despite the efforts of his attendant, had not one Mr. Matthews, a Gentleman Pensioner, “ridden in and with his poleaxe decided the business;” and it is not uninteresting to remark that after the King’s murder, Cromwell enrolled a body-guard of one hundred and forty men of superior position, almost in imitation of the Pensioners. At the Restoration the corps was again confessedly embodied, and in 1670 the number was reduced to forty (its present number), and the pay settled at the rate now in force. Chamberlayne thus describes the duties of the Body-Guards in his day: “At home within the King’s house it is fit that the King’s person should have a guard both above and below stairs. In the presence-chamber, therefore, wait the Gentlemen Pensioners, carrying poleaxes; their office is to attend the King’s person to and from his chappell only as far as his privy chamber; also in all other solemnities. Again, in the first room above stairs, called the Guard Chamber, attend the Yeomen of the Guard, whereof there are two hundred and fifty men of the best quality under gentry, and of large stature, wearing red coats after an antient mode, bearing halberds at home and half-pikes in progress, and always wearing a large sword.” James II. infused a spirit of discipline and serviceable vitality into the corps, which it seems somewhat to have lost under the easy-going reign of his predecessor, and amongst other regulations ordained that when the King moved out of the “districts of Our bedchamber, the Captain of Our Horse Guards in waiting, the Captain of Our Pensioners, and the Captain of Our Yeomen of the Guard, shall follow.” On the accession of William III. and Mary, some of the Gentlemen Pensioners were dismissed on account of their leaning to the cause of James; in the succeeding reign, however,

two of these were reinstated. Nothing of much note respecting the corps occurred during the reigns of the Georges; under George II. it was brought into a high state of efficiency, and on the occasion of the famous rising of '45 the Gentlemen Pensioners were formally recognised as belonging to the effective army by being called out when, "the rebels having advanced to Derby, the King had signified his intention to set up his Standard on Finchley Common." On the Coronation of George IV. they appeared in an Elizabethan costume; at that of Queen Victoria the corps—now designated by order of William IV. "the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms"—wore a uniform more resembling that of the Life Guards, namely a helmet of metal gilt, with a plume of feathers, scarlet coats with facings of blue velvet, collars and cuffs embroidered with gold, a gold-embroidered pouch with gold belt, blue trousers with gold oak-leaf lace, heavy cavalry sash, sword and gold sling belt, boots and spurs. The corps now consists of forty gentlemen, with a captain—who is always a peer, a lieutenant, a standard-bearer, a clerk of the cheque, and a harbinger; the possession of the last-named officer being a mark of great distinction in former days. The Lieutenant of the Gentlemen-at-Arms must be or have been a colonel or lieutenant-colonel; the Standard-Bearer, Clerk of the Cheque and Harbinger, lieutenant-colonels; and the Private Gentlemen, captains, or subalterns in the Army or Marines. The Captain's commission is the delivery to him of a gold-headed stick, delivered by the Sovereign in person, and he takes the oath of service before the Lord Chamberlain by direction of the Sovereign; the Lieutenant in similar way receiving a silver-headed stick, and taking the oath before the Clerk of the Cheque at the instance of the Lord Chamberlain. No standard is in existence, but old records seem to intimate that, as might be expected, it was formerly a gorgeous piece of emblazonment, with the motto "*Per tela per hostes.*" Chamberlayne states that in 1672 it comprised "a St. George's cross and four bends," but he does not give the colour or any other particulars. Amongst the duties of the Gentlemen-at-Arms is that of attending the Sovereign on the occasion of a visit to the House of Lords, and they are the only guard privileged to attend the Sovereign on the throne when petitions are presented.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD—more fully the ROYAL BODY-GUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD—though principally associated with the familiar "Beef-Eaters" at the Tower, and a portion—less familiar—of the Royal *entourage* at state ceremonies, boast an antiquity earlier by a reign than that of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and second only to the Serjeants-at-Arms. Some writers, indeed, go so far as to find in the *House*

Carles whom the great Canute appointed to guard his person, the original prototype of the Yeomen of the Crown to Edward III. and the corps now existing, which was formally incorporated by Henry VII. They were troublous times even after Bosworth Field had yielded the rich harvest of a kingly crown to Richmond, and the prudent monarch may well have thought that the enrolment of a body of men, chosen for their prowess to guard his person, was by no means a bad method to

“ Make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate.”

But the jealousy, never for long afterwards entirely dormant, entertained by the English of a standing army, it induced him to limit their number at first to fifty, and to explain the enrolment by a desire that the state pageantry at his Coronation should be worthy alike of king and country. In the reign of Henry VIII., however, their number increased to two hundred, of which half were mounted, and no royal ceremonial was complete without the stately presence of these mighty men of war whom the King delighted to honour. When Tournay fell into the hands of the English, we read that there were *four* hundred of the King's Yeomen left as part of the garrison; and well was it for the English cause that the band was so strong, for all the garrison, “except such as were of the King's guard,” rebelled. When Tournay was ceded, the King graciously acknowledged the valuable services of his Yeomen—albeit there had been some little grumbling respecting a change in the mode of payment—and gave them as allowance fourpence a day, without attendance unless they were specially commanded; no such insignificant income if we bear in mind the then purchasing power of money, and that a halfpenny more than the day's wage of the Yeoman of the Guard was considered a comfortable sufficiency *per diem* for a single gentlewoman. The origin of the name *Beef-Eaters*, as applied more particularly to the Yeomen Warders of the Tower, is by some attributed to Bluff King Hal himself. It was the royal whim one day to go a-hunting dressed as one of the Yeomen of the King's Guard, and in this guise he visited a certain abbot with whose appetite and digestion a sedentary life and a liberal interpretation of the Church's rule for feast days had wrought sad havoc. His reverence watched with mingled wonder and envy the prowess of the Yeoman, before whose attacks a noble piece of beef was rapidly disappearing. “I would give an hundred pounds,” sighed the abbot, “an I could feed on beef so heartily as you do.” Shortly afterwards the abbot was arrested, thrown into prison, and fed on bread and water and nothing else for some days. At last came a day when a fine joint of beef

was placed before the prisoner, who found that his former inability to eat such meat had entirely vanished. The meat was toothsome, the abbot was hungry, and a goodly portion had disappeared when, on looking up, he saw before him the voracious *beef-eating* Yeoman whose trencher gifts had so astonished him, and who straightway demanded the promised guerdon of a hundred pounds for restored appetite. So at least declares quaint old Fuller, and rumour has it that the worthy abbot was before long made a bishop.

Edward VI. was wont to shoot with his Yeomen Archers, and at his death their number was two hundred and seven. Queen Mary, who favoured them still more, added a further two hundred, and somewhat increased the splendour of their attire. This number continued through Elizabeth's reign, during which we read of Her Majesty being served at dinner by the "Yeomen of the Guard, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden crown on their backs." In the reign of James I. their strength was two hundred, at which it continued during the succeeding reign, and at the Restoration the number was fixed at one hundred, from which it has not since varied. At that time, too, were the officers—other than the captain, whose office dated from the enrolment of the corps—appointed, and their salaries fixed. Up till that date the only remuneration of the Captain had been a robe costing fourteen pounds; when the then value of money is taken into consideration, it may be imagined that the said robe was a very splendid garment indeed. By present regulations the Captain is always a peer and goes out with each ministry; the Lieutenant must be or have been a colonel or lieutenant-colonel in the army; the Ensign and Clerk of Cheques, lieutenant-colonels or majors; the Exons or exempt, captains; and the Privates, non-commissioned officers not below the rank of serjeant. The Warders of the Tower—"Yeomen Warders of His Majesty's Tower," as they described themselves in a petition to James I.—stand on somewhat a different footing, representing probably the ancient Yeomen of the Crown. They are forty in number, and recruited from the retired non-commissioned officers of the army; their immediate superior is the Lieutenant of the Tower. It is worthy of remark, as showing the different original qualifications of the two Body-Guards, that in the Gentlemen-at-Arms we find a "standard-bearer," while the corresponding officer of the Yeomen of the Guard is an "ensign," clearly indicating that the former were originally a mounted body, and the latter foot guards. It was a Yeoman of the Guard who prevented the lunatic Margaret Nicholson stabbing King George III., and it was to both the Body-Guards that the defence of St. James's Palace was committed on that memorable tenth

of April, 1848, when London seemed to be at the mercy of a mob, and the horrors of revolution seemed very nigh, when soldiers and cannon were in readiness for expected use, when the whole force of police guarded the bridges, and all men of good repute were mustered to preserve the peace of our lady the Queen. But it was only "seemed," and the Body-Guards had no use for the rifles and bayonets—*vice* partisans and halberds, superseded for the nonce—which were issued to them on that occasion.

Amongst the Body-Guards of the Sovereign, and as such claiming a place in any account of the army, are the ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS OF SCOTLAND. Their first institution is somewhat vague; probably it sprung from the attempt made by James I. to induce his subjects to acquire skill with the bow, and thus be able to meet on better terms their good neighbours and enemies, the English, whose proficiency was known far and wide. The attempt failed, though here and there local archery clubs probably existed, but in 1677 the Company was incorporated, and a yearly prize of the value of twenty pounds ordained to encourage shooting. During and for some time after the Revolution "we hear nothing of the Company, proof presumptive that its sympathies lay with the fallen dynasty,"* but it revived again during the reign of Queen Anne, and received from her a charter granting certain privileges, in return for which the Archers were to pay to Her Majesty and her successors one pair of barbed arrows at Whitsunday, if demanded. The risings of 1715 and 1745 again explain the absence of any records of the Archers for some years, but in 1788 a public shooting match took place for the royal prize given by George III. On the occasion of the visit of George IV. the Royal Company successfully claimed the traditional right to be the King's Body-Guard in Scotland, and ten years later King William IV. presented the Company with a pair of colours. The number of the corps exceeds five hundred, and the Captain-General, who is always a peer, is Gold Stick for Scotland. The uniform is and always has been extremely handsome. At the time of the receipt of the charter from Queen Anne the dress was tartan, with green silk fringe, blue bonnet with green and white ribbons, and badge of St. Andrew. "The breeches had no fringe, only green lace as the coat; the knee buttons were worn open to show the white silk puffed out as the coat sleeves; the garters green. The officers' coats had silver lace in place of the green silk, with the silver fringe considerably deeper; white thread stockings, as fine as could be got." The Royal Archers of to-day have two uniforms: a court dress of green

* "The British Army :—" Sir S. D. Scott, Bt.

with gold embroidery, and cocked hat with a plume of dark cock's feathers, the weapon being the sword; the shooting dress is a green tunic with crimson facings, green trousers, Highland cap with single eagle's feather, and hunting knife; the officers' dress having gold embroidery, and their rank indicated by two, or—in the case of the Captain—three, feathers being worn in the bonnet.

HOUSEHOLD TROOPS.—First of the British cavalry, and so first of any cavalry in the world, are the well-known *Household Troops*,* 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards. The familiar sentries in Whitehall are to the Londoner of to-day nearly as much an integral portion of the city's visible composition as are the Houses of Parliament or the shrine of the Confessor. The participation of these splendid troops in the too few pageants he is permitted to see lend to them their state and brilliancy. Moreover, despite what one hears now and again to the contrary, the average Englishman—and notably the average Londoner—is eminently monarchical, not in any vague abstract sense, but positively, and he likes to realise that the glittering troopers, whose very appearance seems the embodiment of strength and valour and pride of place, are the Body Guards of the Sovereign, of the descendant of a long line of English kings, stately and held high in reverence by monarchs and potentates and powers.

The origin of the Household Cavalry emphasises its intimate connection with the Sovereign. Both Life Guards and Horse Guards were raised in 1661, the former from the scattered regiments of the Cavaliers who had fought for Charles I., and the latter from a selection of Colonel Unton Crook's regiment of horse which had served under the Protectorate. It is, we believe, the only cavalry regiment which can trace its lineage to the Parliamentary army. The Life Guards originally consisted of three troops, called respectively the King's Own, the Duke of York's, and the Duke of Albemarle's, and of these one troop was invariably raised in Scotland. (It is to this regiment that reference is made in Scott's novel of "Old Mortality.") "The Life Guards, who now form two regiments, were then distributed into three troops, each of which consisted of two hundred Carabincers exclusive of officers. This corps, to which the safety of the King and Royal Family was confided, had a very peculiar character. Even the privates were designated as Gentlemen of the Guard. Many of them were of good

* The 1st and 2nd Life Guards bear as a crest the Royal Arms. On their standards are inscribed "Dettingen," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir." The uniform is scarlet, facings blue, helmet and cuirass of steel, plume white.

families, and had held commissions in the Civil War. Their pay was much higher than that of the most favoured regiment of our time, and would in that age have been thought a respectable provision for the younger son of a country squire. Their fine horses, their rich housings, their cuirasses, and their buff coats, adorned with ribands, velvet, and gold lace, made a splendid appearance in St. James's Park. A small body of grenadier dragoons, who came from a lower class and received lower pay was attached to each troop. Another body of Household Cavalry, distinguished by blue coats and cloaks, and still called the Blues, was generally quartered in the neighbourhood of the capital." *

Their first actual duty seems to have been separating the hostile factions of France and Spain on the quarrel for precedence between the respective ambassadors, and it gives a strange insight into the social condition of the time to learn that the Life Guards had to charge sword in hand "to preserve the peace."

It seems quaint to us nowadays, when the distinction between the naval and military services is so marked, to think of Albemarle, a Colonel of Life Guards, being appointed—in conjunction with Prince Rupert, a dashing Cavalry commander—to the command of the fleet which fought the sanguinary battles off Dunkirk in 1666. Macaulay says that "when he wished his ship to change her course, he moved the mirth of his crew by calling out, 'Wheel to the left,'" and the result, though both sides claimed the victory, may well be taken as exemplifying the wisdom of the adage *Nec sutor ultra crepidam*. Yet the Colonel of Life Guards acquitted himself like a gallant gentleman in his unwonted capacity. "He thought," says Campbell, "that fighting was, almost on any terms, preferable to running away, in a nation who pretend to the dominion of the sea." His address to his council of war—held by candle-light before dawn on the 2nd of June—had the true British ring in the words which might well be taken as embodying the confession of faith of the Queen's warriors to this day—"To be overcome is the fortune of war, but to fly is the fashion of cowards. So let us teach the world that Englishmen would rather be acquainted with death than fear!" As will be seen in treating of the Blues, the Life Guards were engaged in resisting the ill-judged invasion of the hapless Monmouth; and it was at the head of the Scottish troop, now the 2nd Life Guards, that Claverhouse—"the gallant Viscount Dundee of a nobler strife and time"—rode against the fanatical Covenanters. Terribly worsted were the Life Guards at Drumclog, owing in great measure to

* Macaulay, "History of England."

their small number and the nature of the ground ; Claverhouse himself had his horse shot under him—that beautiful black horse, to which the Covenanters attributed, as they did to its master, demoniacal properties and origin. So fleet was the one and so expert the other, that, as we learn from Sir Walter Scott, “they are said to have outstripped and turned a hare upon the Burn Law . . . where the descent is so precipitous that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or merely mortal rider keep the saddle.” At the time when amongst the Life Guards all was confusion, many being dragged from their saddles and struggling in the morass locked in deadly embrace with their foes, when “some shrieked, some groaned, some shouted ; horses neighed and pranced, and swords rang on steel helmets,” Claverhouse was riding to and fro; doing all that commander could do to retrieve the day. The special mark of the foemen’s bullets—some of them of silver, “as he was proof against lead”—men averred that “they saw the bullets recoil from his jackboots and buff coat like hailstones from a rock of granite.” At last the retreat was sounded, and the infuriated troopers withdrew, leaving nearly forty of their number, of whom two were officers, dead on the field, to be hacked and gashed and mutilated by the victors, who claimed to be the followers of the “pure Gospel,” and who rushed into the strife with the cry, “The sword of the Lord and of Gideon !” It was not long before the Life Guards fiercely avenged the disaster of Drumellog. When, at Bothwell Bridge, the critical moment had arrived, Claverhouse, “with reins loose and brandished sword, led over all the Cavalry . . . and fell upon the Covenanters, whose loose and disheartened masses were in no condition to encounter a charge of horse, with all its terrible accompaniments of speed, sight, and sound. Burning to avenge their recent defeat at Drumellog, the terrible Life Guards, cuirassed and plumed, and armed with swords of enormous length, were first amongst them,” and soon, with the rest of the cavalry, “were riding through the living masses as through a field of ripened corn.” Previous to the abdication of James II. a troop of the Life Guards took part in one of the very few skirmishes that occurred between the Royal forces and those of the Prince of Orange under Mackay, and till the ill-fated monarch had left the kingdom and by his letter to Lord Feversham disbanded the army, the Household Troops remained loyal to their Sovereign.

In 1780 the Life Guards were employed in putting down the Gordon Riots which threatened such serious danger to London, and in old pictures and engravings of incidents which occurred during that brief reign of terror, the stalwart Life Guards are familiar figures.

In the most important of their achievements the Life Guards and Blues have acted together, and we defer, therefore, till we have glanced at the origin and early status of the latter regiment, the mention of the share which the Life Guards had in the victories of Dettingen and Waterloo, and the Egyptian campaign of our own time.

Till 1788, when the regiment was remodelled, the corporals were commissioned officers, and in warrants and official documents were styled captains, while all the privates still continued to be gentlemen (in 1716 the position of private was purchased as commissions in other regiments, the usual price being a hundred guineas), and a tale is told of some of the troopers of the old *régime* refusing to serve under the altered conditions. "Serve in the Life Guards! No! they're no longer gentlemen but cheesemongers!" The sobriquet of "cheeses" attached to them for a short time after this, but it does not appear that the infusion of the cheesemonger element affected their fighting powers. Another temporary appellation, dating from the Burdett riots, was Piccadilly Butchers, a sort of nickname which found its chief employers in the classes to whom police are "minions of the law" and magistrates "salaried hirelings." The State officials, Gold Stick and Silver Stick, are always officers—colonel and lieutenant-colonel—of the Household Troops, chosen in rotation. This privilege, as concerns the Life Guards, dates from the Rye House Plot, when, amidst all the treachery which spread far and wide, it transpired that no attempt had been even thought to be made to tamper with the Life Guards, as their loyalty was too well recognised. In 1820 it was ordered that the colonels of Horse Guards should hold the office of Gold Stick in rotation with those of the Life Guards. At that time, and up to the accession of William IV., the command of the Household Troops was dissociated from that of the rest of the army, and was vested in Gold Stick. At the latter date it was transferred to the Commander-in-Chief, and the Duke of Cumberland, then colonel of the Blues, resigned the position. The particular and honourable duty of Gold Stick devolving upon him as commander of the Household Troops, as ascribed by the old official authorities, is the responsibility for the safety of the royal person, for which purpose—especially on State occasions—he is always near the Sovereign, and takes order that a sufficient number of guards is in attendance. "The office of the Captain of the Life Guards," wrote Chamberlayne in 1669, "is at all times of war or peace to wait upon the King's person (as often as he rides abroad) with a considerable number of horsemen, well armed and prepared against all dangers whatsoever." The Household Troops seem to have had no regular barracks at first, and so late as 1690 we hear of

them as billeted in the various hostels of the Strand, Westminster, and Piccadilly. Soon afterwards probably they were located in Whitehall, for we read that in 1750 their former quarters "in Whitehall" were pulled down, and the present "Horse Guards," then considered a triumph of architectural beauty, erected. The famous cream-coloured charger ridden by the drummer of the Life Guards is presented by Her Majesty; the splendid drums themselves were presented by William IV., with an imposing pageant, and are described as being "of fine silver, richly ornamented with royal and regimental devices in frosted silver in high relief, with the name of the Sovereign and number and title of regiment, with the date of presentation on each drum."

It is of interest to glance back, which we can do but hurriedly, at the changes which have taken place in the costume of these splendid troops. The first dress was a scarlet coat with a profusion of gold lace, wide sleeves slashed in front with lace from shoulder to wrist, broad white collars, round hats with broad brims, in which were innumerable feathers, sashes of deep crimson, full ruffles at the wrist, and long hair worn in orthodox cavalier fashion, jackboots, cuirasses, and, for head pieces at times, iron caps called "potts." Their arms were short carbines, pistols, and swords, and when attending the Sovereign they carried the carbine in the position familiar to us of to-day—with the butt resting on the thigh. When they first wore armour, we read that the cost of the cuirass was eleven shillings, that of the back piece seven shillings, and that of the helmet seventeen. In 1812 brass helmets were substituted for the cocked hats, into which the broad-brimmed hats had developed; in 1817 steel helmets were substituted for the brass ones; and in 1820, on the coronation of George IV., the head-gear consisted of bear-skin caps, like those of the Grenadiers, with a white plume on the left side passing over the crown. Later on the present splendid uniform came in. The carbines that are now carried were adopted at the same time as the helmets, and the long muskets with bayonets and large horse-pistols, which till then had been the weapons, were deposited in the Tower.

THE HORSE GUARDS.*—The "Blues" date, as has been said, their present formation from 1661. Previous to that time, despite the fact of the nucleus of the regiment being in the service of the Parliament, many of its officers were distinguished for steadfast loyalty. Foremost amongst these was Colonel Wyndham, who told the King, after

* The Royal Horse Guards have as a crest the Royal Arms. On their standards are inscribed "Dettingen," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir." The uniform is blue, with facings of scarlet; helmet and cuirass of steel, and red plume.

the defeat at Worcester, that in 1636 the Speaker's father had foretold the Civil War that shortly after broke out, and had given to his sons this charge, worthy to be remembered as a golden precept for all time: "I command you to honour and obey our gracious Sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown; and though the crown should hang upon a bush, I charge you forsake it not." Right loyally did Colonel Wyndham carry out his father's behest. It was in his house that Charles was concealed while the rebels were scouring the country far and wide in search of him, and to his house did the wandering King return after his first abortive attempt to escape from the country. On the Restoration, Colonel Wyndham was awarded a pension of six hundred pounds a year, received the honour of knighthood, and was subsequently created a baronet.

At the Restoration the regiment received the title of Royal, and in 1690, in which year they distinguished themselves at the Boyne, were called the "Oxford Blues," to distinguish them from the Dutch Regiment of Horse Guards, whose uniform was also blue, commanded by the Earl of Portland. The Blues were a very favourite regiment of George III. It was "Farmer George" who presented them with the silver kettle drums, and the colonel's uniform he wore was given to the regiment at his death, and is still preserved. Their magnificent standard they owe to William IV.

Till the recent campaign in Egypt the Household Cavalry had not been ordered for foreign service since the great Peninsula wars at the beginning of the century, and there were not wanting *homunculi* who foretold the failure of these glittering drawing-room soldiers, and opined that the long canker of peace would be found to have blunted their ardour and caused the sinewy right hands which should wield the mighty sabres to have lost their cunning. How utterly such prophets of ill were wrong was proved not only by the brilliant charge at Kassassin, but by the endurance and heroism which surmounted the trials of climate and circumstances, and the exigencies of unfamiliar warfare. But previous to Waterloo the record is one of undimmed brilliancy. Though one may well wish to forget the fratricidal conflicts which from time to time in the days that are passed have distracted our country,

"Fighting her pale-faced villages with war,"

it is at the same time impossible to ignore the many deeds of valour and prowess performed by regiments and individuals. When the infatuated Monmouth made his reckless attempt to gain the English Crown, the Household Troops formed part of the army

which advanced to meet him. The Duke made an attempt to surprise the camp, but the accidental explosion of a pistol gave the alarm, and the King's forces were on the alert. "The Life Guards and Blues came prieking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse who had attempted to rally. . . . Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left, but the Somersetshire elowns, with their seythes and butt ends of their muskets, faced the Royal horse like old soldiers. . . . The King's cavalry charged again; . . . the rout was in a few minutes complete. So ended," writes Macaulay, from whom we have been quoting, "the last fight deserving the name of battle that has been fought on English ground. . . . Even in our own time the plough and the spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter, skulls, and thighbones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently that, in their childhood, they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men always raised the cry of Soho."*

At Landen, in 1693, the Duke of Ormond, who commanded the 2nd Life Guards, had a narrow escape. His steed was shot under him and he himself was wounded by a French soldier who was about to kill him, when a brilliant diamond ring which the Duke wore on his finger attracted his captor's attention and convinced him that his prisoner was some one of high rank. Ormond was accordingly taken prisoner to Namur, where he earned the gratitude of the many in similar position by distributing amongst them a large sum of money. He was afterwards exchanged for the Duke of Berwick, who had been taken prisoner at Neerwinden. A few years after this the troops received new uniforms, and a London paper of the period thus records the event: "The Guards have now received their new cloaths, which are extraordinarily grand, and they are now generally thought the finest body of troops in Europe." No mean boast—nor an unfounded one.

Well may the Household Cavalry bear *Dettingen* on their standards! In that, the most signal victory of the last campaign in which an English monarch commanded in person, the Household Cavalry proved themselves more than a match for the vaunted warriors of France, and won admiration from all who saw their desperate courage

* Some old writers derive the name of the London district, Soho, from the watchword of the Duke's army: the converse appears to be the fact, that the watchword was taken from the circumstance of his residence being in Soho Fields.

and heroic endurance. Serious indeed was the position. The English army found its retreat cut off by a strong body of the enemy at Aschaffenberg. "On the left rolled the river Main, whose opposite banks bristled with batteries; in the front glittered the serried ranks of the French army; on the right extended a tract of wooded uplands." But the bad generalship of the French and the stubborn bravery of the British and their allies resulted in the victory for the latter, and the French fled in confusion with the cry—to be heard once more when again the Household Troops shared in vanquishing the armies of France—"sauve qui peut." And the last English monarch who engaged personally in war acquitted himself, one is glad to recall, well and valiantly, as becomed the King of a conquering nation. Twice was he in imminent risk of his life; on one occasion his horse ran away and carried him well-nigh into the enemies' lines. An officer stopped the horse and enabled the King to dismount. "Now that I am once on my legs," said he, "I am sure that I shall not run away." And then, writes Frederick the Great, in his *Histoire de mon Temps*, "with his sword drawn, and his body placed in the attitude of a fencing master who is about to make a lunge in earte, he continued to expose himself, without flinching, to the enemy's fire." For five weary hours were the Life Guards exposed to fire; then their time of inaction ceased. At the same moment on front and flank came thundering the legions of France—to recoil, sullen and discomfited, before the valour of the British troopers. All night they remained on the field—as, nearly day for day, seventy-two years afterwards they remained at Waterloo—exposed to a drenching rain, without food or repose. When, the next day, their Colonel, Crawford, gave them the order to charge, it was in these words: "Come, my brave lads, follow me; I warrant we shall soon beat them. Trust to your swords; handle them well—never mind about your pistols." And handle them well they did, and the field of Dettingen was won by the British. Lord Crawford, who, as Colonel of the Life Guards, was also "Gold Stick," found his paramount duty, "the care of the Royal person," no sinecure on that occasion. As we have seen, "dapper little George," as Thackeray calls him, had no mind to be kept out of danger, but liked to be in the thick of it wherever his "brave lads" were striking hard "for the honour of old England." A trumpeter of the Household Cavalry earned a special meed of thanks from the Colonel for playing at the critical moment of the charge the suggestive and encouraging air "Britons, strike home!" After Fontenoy, again, which can scarcely be described as other than a defeat, the Life Guards and Blues did service of untold value and difficulty in covering the retreat. When their task was done

and the danger was over, Crawford rode up to them. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have gained as much honour in covering so great a retreat as if you had gained a battle." The lurid picture of the Peninsular War is lightened in every darkest shade by the valour gleam of the cavalry exploits, and the terrible tale of the campaign which included the battles of Coruna, Talavera, Badajoz, Albuera, Vittoria, tells how valiantly the Life Guards and Blues wrought for their country.

By the charge of the Household Troops at Vittoria there fell into the hands of the English spoil consisting of 151 guns, 415 cuissons, 40,000 lbs. of gunpowder, 2,000,000 cartridges, the entire military chest of the enemy, and the *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan. In one of the actions of the preceding campaign a trooper of the Blues, named White, observed a French officer of distinction approaching the English position; he rode forward, called on him to surrender, and this being indignantly refused, fought with and killed him, and, on the principle that the spoils belong to the victors, calmly dismounted and "annexed" the dead officer's watches and purse. Then he rode back and rejoined his admiring comrades unhurt. Ten years afterwards White was one of the orderly corporals on duty at Windsor, and the King, having heard of the story, asked to see the watch and offered to purchase it. White was too proud of his trophy to care about parting with it, and the King, observing his unwillingness, forbore to press him, and complimented him on his prowess.

The third name on the standards of the Household Cavalry well-nigh tells its own tale. There was no British regiment on that fateful day when

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,"

that has not earned a place in the bead-roll of heroes. On the 17th of June, while, amid a violent storm, the Duke was falling back on Waterloo, the Life Guards, accompanied by the 23rd Dragoons, charged a large force of the enemy's lancers supported by a great mass of cuirassiers, against which the 7th Hussars, who had twice gallantly charged them, had failed to make any impression. But the Household Troops and their comrades scattered the foe in every direction, and pursued them with great slaughter through an adjoining village. Then they rejoined the main body of the army in front of the village of Waterloo, where, in the drenching rain, the thunder pealing and the lightning gleaming over the weird scene, without food, without shelter, each trooper stood at his horse's head throughout the stormy night which heralded a still more stormy morrow.

The charge of the Household Cavalry (with whom were the 1st Dragoon Guards) at Waterloo against Kellerman's cuirassiers is an event of history. "The English Household Brigade, led on by the Earl of Uxbridge in person, spurred forward to the encounter, and in an instant the two adverse lines of strong horsemen on their strong steeds dashed furiously together. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. . . . Back went the chosen cavalry of France, and after them in hot haste spurred the English Guards. They went forward as far and as fiercely as their comrades of the Union Brigade, and, like them, the Household Cavalry suffered severely before they regained the British position after their magnificent charge and adventurous pursuit." *

In the famous charge the 1st Life Guards came first in contact with the enemy, and with the Blues pursued the French up the opposite declivity till on a level with the guns; then they retreated in good order. The onslaught of the 2nd Life Guards seemed at first still more successful, so speedy and complete was the rout of the enemy they engaged. But they pursued too far, and it would have fared badly with them but for the timely intervention of a body of Vandaleur's Light Horse.

All the figures on the canvas of that day's picture are of heroic size, and the individual "deeds of derring-do" were worthy of the epithet. The name of "Shaw the Life Guardsman," who slew nine of the enemy before he fell, is still synonymous with hereulean valour and strength—his solitary grave is still shown close to La Haye Sainte; a private named Godley fought single-handed against terrible odds; after the battle was won, Johnson, a trooper of the 2nd Life Guards, unaided, took prisoner three French cuirassiers, whom he had pursued into a narrow lane.

Waterloo was won, and the Household Brigade returned from the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" to the peaceful pageantry of State ceremonies, and the guardianship, in the last resort, of law and order, to meet their country's foes again, after seventy years in Egypt, instead of Belgium, and under the command of Wolesley and Drury Lowe in the place of Wellington and Uxbridge.

The prowess of the Household Brigade in Egypt is too well known, is of too recent a date, and is so fully dealt with in treating of the regiments that shared the glories of the campaign with them, that it is not proposed to dwell upon it here. A few instances here and there of individual daring may, however, be of interest.

At Mahuta, wrote Sir Garnet Wolesley (as he then was) "the enemy had con-

* Sir E. Creasy, "Decisive Battles."

structed his first dam across the canal ;” this it became necessary to take, as the water was getting dangerously low. Accordingly he directed two squadrons of the Household Cavalry to take it. This they did with dash and promptitude, and the General, who is said to have been anxious to test their powers of endurance, felt they could be relied on for anything. The force opposed to our troops at Mahuta was estimated to be about ten thousand in number, and in his despatch on the subject Sir Garnet employed language which recalls vividly the speech, which has been before noticed, made by Albemarle on the eve of the battle of Dunkirk. “Although I had,” writes Wolseley, “but three squadrons of cavalry, two guns, and about one thousand infantry, I felt it would not be in consonance with the traditions of Her Majesty’s Army that we should retire, even temporarily, before Egyptian troops, no matter what their numbers might be.” When the battle commenced the Household Troops were on the right, and soon the enemy’s shells fell amongst them. “Yet under the bursting shells the colossal troopers sat like statues amid a conflagration, quietly as they had been wont to sit a short time before in the arched gateways at Whitehall.” Had the horses been in a condition to charge—some of them had only been landed the day before—the enemy might then have been worsted; as it was, this was reserved to the following day, when the Household Cavalry commenced operations by capturing eight prisoners, assuming to be peasants, but armed with the unbefitting implements of long guns and rifles. Soon the enemy began to retreat, and the Life Guards and Blues were sent forward to capture the trains in the rear of their position. “The enemy offered considerable opposition in the neighbourhood of Mahsameh, but nothing could stop our mounted troops, tired even as their horses were. Mahsameh, with its very extensive camp left standing by the enemy, was soon in our possession. Seven Krupp guns, great quantities of ammunition, two large trains of railway waggons loaded with provisions and vast supplies of various kinds fell into our hands.” After this, while our force was moving on, a body of Egyptian cavalry threatened to charge. The appearance, however, of a single troop of Life Guards ready to meet them was quite sufficient. They did not care to meet those trenchant blades, and turned and fled at full gallop. In this engagement our troopers had one private killed and twelve wounded. After the skirmish the Household Cavalry gave chase to the enemy, and three Egyptians being dismounted, a trooper in the Blues, named Browning, a braw Yorkshire lad, got down to make them prisoners. One showed fight, in an unlucky moment for him, for the next moment Browning with one stroke (which, needless to say, “twisted up his sword”) nearly cut him in

half. It has often been said that the opposing forces are not always the most formidable of the antagonists a soldier meets in the field, and nowhere was the truth of this more exemplified than in Egypt. The following extract from the despatch of a special correspondent graphically describes the sufferings which our troops had to undergo, and from their physique and accoutrements none must have suffered more than the Household Cavalry. "The difficulties of the ground were fearful, and the heat of the sun defies exaggeration. One's hands and face became literally roasted. It was like keeping them before a roaring kitchen fire for ten hours a day. . . . Readers will perhaps smile incredulously when I say that this day made the stirrups literally *burn my boots*." After this engagement, of which Sir Garnet Wolseley says the heavy work fell on the cavalry and artillery, a forward movement—"such has been the success of the cavalry"—was made to Kassassin, the Life Guards and Blues remaining at Mahsameh under Drury Lowe. At Kassassin, after various feints, the enemy attacked the troops under Graham in force, and the sound of heavy firing warned Drury Lowe that his services were required. At about four in the afternoon, amidst heat and sand-blasts, the Household Cavalry, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the Horse Artillery, began their march to the right, against the enemy's flank. Soon it was dark night, lightened only by the pale moon and the flashes of the guns that showed how dour a conflict was going on at Kassassin. Then came the moment to charge; a few minutes were allowed to breathe the sorely wearied horses, while here and there a groan or stifled cry proved that the enemy's rifles had found their range. Then was heard the welcome order, "Trot—gallop—charge!" and through a whirlwind of dust and smoke and shot and shell, the British Cavalry rode at the guns. The gunners were cut down, and like a thunderbolt the magnificent Household Cavalry and their comrades fell upon the infantry. A terrible scene of slaughter and turmoil ensued, and in a few minutes the battle was won. So ended a charge worthy of the best traditions of the British cavalry, and proving that the Life Guards and Blues hold now as ever their lofty place amongst the warriors of nations. Of the various individual incidents that occurred in the brilliant exploit that terminated that weirdly picturesque night march from Mahsameh we have scarce space to speak. Sir Baker Russell's horse was shot under him as he led the way; fortunately he was able to secure another that was riderless, and kept up with his men. Colonel Miln-Home, who was with the Blues, got separated from his comrades in the charge at Kassassin, with only a wounded trooper near him. The latter was dismounted, so the colonel found him a riderless horse, and together the

two wandered about through the night in imminent danger of being surrounded, and were fortunate enough in the morning to find their way back to the camp. Trooper Bennett, also of the Blues, had a still more unpleasant experience. His horse bolted, and carried him through the enemy's lines. He was already wounded in three places, and the Bedouins lassoed him, hurled him from his saddle, and were about to kill him, when an officer interfered, and he was subsequently put into the same prison that held the captive midshipman De Chair. The defeated Egyptians wreaked their fury on the dead and wounded bodies of their conquerors. A visit a day or two afterwards to the scene of the charge revealed terrible instances of hideous mutilation. "One wounded Guardsman related how, in the charge, his horse was shot under him and in falling broke his thigh. While lying on the field he saw a soldier in Egyptian uniform pass by. Seeing that the man belonged to the regular army he called out to him for help, when the brute rode up and by one cut of his sabre laid the trooper's cheek open from temple to chin."

The Household Cavalry remained at Kassassin doing good work in the various engagements which terminated at Tel-el-Kebir, after which action they were employed to cut off the retreat of the utterly routed Egyptians. Then came the occupation of Cairo, noticed hereafter in treating of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the war was over. Once during their stay at Cairo the Life Guards were ordered to make a "demonstration" in the Egyptian quarter of the town, to give the natives a timely hint of the men they would have to deal with if the rioting and insults to Europeans did not forthwith cease, and, on the 20th of October following, the first detachment of the Household Cavalry landed in England, in vindicating whose honour and might they had borne so glorious a share.

THE FIRST (KING'S) DRAGOON GUARDS* were raised in 1685, on the occasion of the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. Up to 1714 the regiment was known as the "Queen's Regiment of Horse." At that date, there being no queen regnant, George I. bestowed upon it the title of the "King's Own Regiment of Horse," by which name, or occasionally by that of the "King's Horse," it was known till 1747, when it received its present title of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards. The brass helmets now worn date from 1812, when they were substituted for cocked hats. Previous to 1808 the hair

* The King's Dragoon Guards bear as a crest the "King's cypher within the Garter," and on their standards are inscribed "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Waterloo," "Sevastopol," "Taku Forts," "Pekin," "South Africa, 1879." Their uniform is scarlet with facings of blue, and brass helmet with red plume.

had been worn long and fastened in a *queue*, and the cuirass, which was part of the original equipment, was not finally discarded till 1714. The first military duty of the regiment after its enrolment in 1685 was the escorting of the hapless Monmouth from Winchester to London. Then, under Sir John Lanier, they formed part of the advanced guard of King William III.'s army at the battle of the Boyne, and took part in the painful and embittered struggles that ceased with the fall of Limerick. At Landen—that terrible battlefield of which, “next summer, the soil, fertilised by twenty thousand corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies,” and it seemed that “the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover the slain”—it was the King's Dragoon Guards that by their gallant charge rescued their master from the peril into which his own valour had brought him; with them, eleven years after, at Schaellenberg and Blenheim, that Marlborough charged the flower of the French army; at Malplaquet, “Lumley's Horse,” as they were then called, did their full share in the fierce work that resulted in sixteen cannon and forty colours falling into the hands of the English and their allies, that deepened the mourning of the Court of France, and established beyond doubt or cavil the pre-eminence of the warriors of England. At Corbach, in company with the 3rd Dragoon Guards, they charged the whole French army, and turned what threatened to be a disaster into a masterly retreat; at Cateau-Cambrises, in 1794, once more they “turned the doubtful day again,” were amongst the cavalry regiments who, their commander declared, “had acquired immortal honour to themselves,” and had the more material satisfaction of dividing £500 allotted to them as their share of the cannon, ammunition waggons, and other booty which had fallen into the hands of the allies. At Waterloo the 1st Dragoon Guards were brigaded with the Household Cavalry and shared with them the glories of that memorable day. After Waterloo had been fought and won the King's Dragoon Guards formed part of the army of occupation, and did not return to England till May, 1816. In perusing the historical records of the regiment, one is struck by the extensive service it has seen in the unheroic but useful work of suppressing riots. For their services in Manchester, in 1817, they received the thanks of Government; nine years later Yorkshire was the scene of risings which assumed formidable proportions, and the King's Dragoon Guards were in constant requisition, sometimes having to march between fifty and sixty miles a day. In 1829 Manchester was again in turmoil, and again were the King's Dragoon Guards called upon to preserve the peace, and the following year they embarked for Ireland to be engaged there on similar duties. In 1834 King William IV., on the occasion of

his reviewing the regiment, presented it with a splendid cream-coloured horse in exchange for the only remaining charger that had been at Waterloo.

On their colours is the word "Sevastopol," so pregnant with fearful memories—fearful, yet proud—to those who remember the tales of suffering, of mismanagement, of heroism that make up the history of the Crimean War. The 1st Dragoon Guards were the only British cavalry engaged in the North China Campaign of 1860, where in the ferocious Tartar horsemen they found foemen worthy of their steel in so far as courage was concerned, though the atrocities committed by the Celestial troops rank them with savages or—Boers. On one occasion it had been arranged that an embassy should be sent to discuss the terms on which peace should be granted, and accordingly Mr. Parkes with Colonel Walker and some attachés set out escorted by five of the King's Dragoon Guards and twenty of Fane's Horse. It was soon evident before long that treachery was intended. Presently the Chinese soldiers began to crowd round, an insult was offered to Colonel Walker, a French officer was discovered surrounded by Tartar horsemen, and, on attempting to rescue him, Colonel Walker was attacked and one of his party wounded from behind with a spear. No time was to be lost, and the word was given, "Charge for your lives through the enemy," and charge the little band did with such effect that they fought their way through, not, however, without leaving several prisoners in the hands of the Tartars. But the triumph was speedily revenged. An advance was ordered, notwithstanding that the allies numbered but three thousand five hundred, while the opposing hordes must have exceeded thirty thousand. After an engagement of some two hours the cavalry were ordered to charge, and the King's Dragoon Guards with Probyn's Horse scattered the foe like chaff, pursuing them for many a mile and sabring without mercy the treacherous Celestials. Mr. Parkes was amongst the prisoners, and with him was one of the King's. A few days afterwards another opportunity occurred for the 1st Dragoon Guards to avenge their comrades. A battle on a larger scale took place, and at a critical moment the King's were ordered to charge. "For a time both parties were withdrawn from view by the cloud of dust that enveloped them, and nought could be seen of the encounter save an occasional gleam of the uplifted sword or puffs of grey smoke from a carbine or pistol. In a minute, as it were, the cloud of dust was swept away and the gallant dragoons appeared drawn up in line as if nothing had happened,"* while of the Tartars nothing remained but the dead or dying beneath

* Swinhoe, "North China Campaign, 1860."

their horses. Not long after, Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley dispersed a troop of Tartar cavalry who were escorting some carts. In these carts were coffins containing the festering remains of twelve of the unfortunate prisoners, and amongst them were those of John Phipps, private in the 1st Dragoon Guards. Many of us remember, as a sort of true Arabian Nights Tales, the accounts of the "loot" which rewarded the captors of Pekin—how gold and jewels and precious stuffs and costly vessels abounded in quantities beside which Ali Baba's cave would have seemed contemptibly paltry. The King's Dragoon Guards, it is satisfactory to note, "did very well," especially in silks, despite the "enormous reduction" at which they realised—five pounds' worth not infrequently being sacrificed for as many shillings. The campaign was not—as what campaign is—without its ludicrous incidents. "I observed," writes Swinhoe, "a small boy in plain clothes, mounted on a pony, dragging a blue-buttoned mandarin along by the tail." The boy, who was a naval officer's steward, said the mandarin had deliberately fired at him while he was riding quietly about looking for his master; the mandarin vehemently denied this, and gave a glowing account of his heroism during the late engagement. He was after a while "severely let alone" and sent away. On another occasion it was found necessary to come to an understanding with the magistrate at Tien-tsin, where a portion of our force including some of the King's Dragoon Guards were left. His worship, however, proved refractory, returned evasive answers, and at last became insolent. This could not be tolerated, and General Napier ordered him to be summoned to the camp, and on his refusing to come the unfortunate functionary was forcibly placed in a chair and *carried*,

"Despite
His well-directed kicking,"

as Austin Dobson would put it.

The last name emblazoned on the standards of the King's Dragoon Guards is "South Africa, 1879," a name which painfully recalls the Boer warfare which immediately followed the Zulu campaign.

One would fain wish that in enumerating the campaigns in which British regiments have been engaged it were possible to omit all mention of the Transvaal. It is not because we were beaten, though that in itself is not an agreeable or familiar experience to Englishmen. It was the knowledge that we should be victorious of necessity, that with but a trifling exertion of her might our country could have crushed the insolent canting rebels who had affronted us, that made the most peaceful pale with

shame when he learnt that the defeats of Laing's Neek, of the Ingogo Valley, of Majuba Hill, and Brunker's Spruit, the treachery of Potchefstroom, the firing on flags of truce and on hospitals, the *trailing the British flag in the mud*, the more than suspected murder of wounded, were to go unavenged; and that, in the face of solemn undertakings and the pledged word of the Sovereign's Ministers, the English settlers were to be abandoned and two millions of natives handed over to their late Dutch taskmasters. But from the shame and disgrace the British army was free, and indeed the various deeds of daring and heroic endurance well-nigh rivalled those of the Indian Mutiny. The King's Dragoon Guards, however, took part in the less humiliating campaign that preceded the Boer revolt, being a portion of the reinforcements that arrived in Zululand in April, 1879, and performed an active part in the war against Cetewayo. The activity, however, was not, at all events for some time after their arrival, of the sort that soldiers best appreciate. "Contradictory orders," writes a correspondent, "have driven the Dragoon Guards half mad. Since landing the regiment has worked itself into fine condition, and is naturally eager for the field. It was ordered to the front, then it was ordered to the Transvaal, again a countermand came and it was ordered to the front again." There were only a few—about a troop—at Ulundi, and these followed the charge of the Lancers, and pursued the flying Zulus to the crest of the hills to which they fled.

On the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley one troop of the King's Dragoon Guards was attached to Colonel Baker Russell's Column, while—the Boers showing symptoms of rebellion—the headquarters of the regiment were established at Pretoria. Another troop was attached to the exploring party under Major Marter, who searched through the rocky fastnesses and forest mazes for the fugitive Cetewayo.

We can well imagine that, as the writer before quoted remarks, "The King's Dragoon Guards looked very picturesque as they rode in file amid the strange tropical trees and giant undergrowth of trailers and brilliant flowers," a deceptive paradise where the African lion lurked, and where the sharp spikes of the long-thorned shrubs pierced as sharply as the assegais of the foe who were now beaten and scattered. Acting on a somewhat theatrically worded hint dropped by a Zulu whom they met, Major Marter determined to follow a track which led over the mountain range overlooking the Ngome Forest. A terrible descent was before them, seeming in places scarcely other than a sheer precipice of some two thousand feet, but not two miles distant could be seen a low hut, where, in all probability, Cetewayo had made his last

hiding place. Scabbards and all noisy accoutrements were discarded, and, leading their horses, the King's Dragoon Guards commenced the perilous descent. Before long the rocky valley at the bottom was crossed and the troopers remounted, and after making a necessary detour the kraal was surrounded. "The white men are here, you are taken!" was the cry that sounded in the ears of the fugitive, and in a few minutes, "looking weak, weary, footsore, and very sick at heart," Cetewayo appeared. It was to Major Marter himself that the fugitive, kingly even in his overthrow, surrendered himself. "White soldier," he exclaimed to a trooper who was about to seize him, "touch me not; I surrender to your chief." At the storming of Sekukuni's stronghold Lieut. Cumming Dewar of the King's Dragoon Guards was dangerously wounded in the thigh, and would have been killed but for the heroism of two Irishmen (of the 94th), who bore him out of action, turn and turn about, one carrying him and the other firing on the pursuers; and to men of this regiment, amongst others, fell the sad duty of interring the remains of the heroic defenders of Rorke's Drift, and of recovering the body of the brave young Prince Imperial. Through all the scenes of the South African wars we see the regiment gaining to itself fresh laurels, and meriting well that the name "South Africa" should be one of the nine emblazoned on its standards.

THE SECOND DRAGOON GUARDS* (THE QUEEN'S BAYS), generally known as the Bays, were raised in 1682 from the neighbourhood of London, and were known as the Earl of Peterborough's Regiment of Horse. When James II.'s throne was tottering, and William of Orange daily expected, the regiment was ordered to Torbay, when their helmets and cuirasses were deposited in the Tower, the officers having leave to wear the latter if they chose. On the accession of William and Mary, the Bays, then designated Villiers' Horse, embarked for Ireland under Marshal Schomberg. They fought at the Boyne; at Aughrim, in company with the Royal Horse Guards and another regiment, they crossed a seemingly impassable bog under a heavy fire, formed on the other side, and by a brilliant charge won the battle for King William. "It is madness," exclaimed the French general, St. Ruth, as he watched the apparently reckless manoeuvre; "but no matter, the more that cross the more we shall kill." It was but a few minutes after that his head was carried off by a cannon ball, and the decapitated corpse was buried secretly and hastily, that the heavy loss to King James might be known neither by friend nor foe. After the fall of Limerick they returned, and for the

* The 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) bear for a crest the Royal cypher within the Garter. On their standards is inscribed "Lucknow." The uniform is scarlet with buff facings, and brass helmet with black plume.

next three years or so were employed as a sort of mounted police against the numerous highwaymen who made the commons of Hounslow and Blackheath unsafe for travellers. In 1694 they embarked for Holland, where they served with credit till 1698, when they returned to England. Six years after they embarked for Lisbon, and distinguished themselves, as Harvey's Horse, in the various stirring though comparatively unimportant actions that followed. On arriving it was found that the Portuguese idea of what constituted a proper horse for British cavalry differed very considerably from that entertained by the latter themselves, and as a consequence many weary weeks were wasted. At last General Harvey was instructed or determined to requisition chargers, and the 3rd Horse were once more included in the effective cavalry. At Almanza, under Colonel Roper, they charged and routed two French infantry regiments, though in the struggle against the overwhelming reinforcements that came up the 3rd lost Colonel Roper and two other officers killed, and three officers wounded, and prisoners. Contemporary histories report, "The regiment of horse of General Harvey is certainly one of the finest regiments that ever was seen, and the worst horse they have is worth fifty pistoles." The 3rd Horse had a share in the brilliant cavalry action at Almanza, in July, 1710, when sixteen squadrons of British and Portuguese horse charged the French and Spaniards, whose force consisted of a first line of twenty-two squadrons flanked by infantry, and a second line of twenty squadrons and nine battalions. "Such was the astonishing resolution of the British horsemen that . . . the whole of the enemy's cavalry was soon overthrown, and with their infantry fled in disorder."* At the close of the campaign the 3rd Horse, with some other regiments, under Stanhope, were surprised at Brihuega, by a force more than ten times their number. They had no artillery, little ammunition; the village was defenceless and prohibitive of the employment of cavalry, yet the British defended themselves with stones and hand missiles against the cannon of the besiegers, and repulsed with loss a general assault that was ordered. But the strife was too unequal, and at last they had to yield themselves prisoners of war. There were plenty, however, to exchange for them, and in October, 1711, the 3rd Horse arrived in England and were quartered in Surrey. The ensuing years were occupied chiefly with the Jacobite risings, and in 1715 the regiment received, in recognition of its gallantry at Preston, the title of "The Princess of Wales' Own Royal Regiment of Horse. On the accession of the Prince of Wales to the Throne in 1727 this was changed to the "Queen's," and in 1747 it received its

* "Historical Records 2nd Dragoon Guards."

present appellation of the Second, or Queen's Regiment of Dragoon Guards. In 1745 the Bays formed part of the force under General Wade, which was ordered to disarm the disaffected Highland tribes and to improve the communications between Scotland and the seat of Government. This was the "General Wade" of the famous couplet—

" Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd raise your hands and bless the General Wade."

En passant, it may be remarked that on Christmas Day of that year there joined the Bays, by exchange, Captain Garrick, the father of the celebrated actor. Through all that terrible time the Bays fought well and fiercely for the House of Brunswick, embarking in 1760 for Germany, where they fought at Corbach, Warbourg, Eimbeck, and in the snow and bitter cold at Foorwohle, and on the return of the regiment to England in 1763 did sterling if unobtrusive service in quelling the riots which were then disturbing the peace of the country. During the Peninsular War one squadron of the Bays, under Major Crauford, attacked a picket of French, consisting of six officers and about a hundred and fifty men, and took no less than a hundred and four prisoners, the remainder being killed in the attack; and till the close of the campaign the Queen's took their share in the privations, the reverses, and the conquests that ended with the winter retreat of 1794. The Bays were not at Waterloo, being engaged in preserving order during the troublous times at home, but shortly after it was fought they embarked for the Continent, there to form part of the Army of Occupation.

But it was in India at the Mutiny that the Bays earned the praise and gratitude of many living now. Many have been the pens which have described the horrors of that time; to this day the most stolid cannot read the driest account of what took place without a tingling of the blood and a feeling stronger than that of mere ordinary admiration for the men who avenged the women and children, the kindly English gentlemen, the refined ladies, who had been murdered, tortured, violated. The Bays were amongst the reinforcements sent out from England when the full meaning of the terrible state of things in India became realised. This was not the case till many fearful outrages had been committed. As it has been tersely put, "While the citizens of London were reading with much complacency the *Times'* article on the centenary of the glorious victory of Plassey, and while flowery orators in Willis's Rooms were dilating on the glorious achievements of Clive, a handful of British troops were struggling for life and empire under the walls of Delhi." On the 5th of March, 1858, the Queen's

Bays, led by Major Piercy Smith, charged the rebels outside Lucknow and repulsed them with heavy loss, though in the charge their leader was shot dead. A week after that and Lucknow had fallen, and the Bays were pursuing the terror-stricken rebels in their headlong flight.

THE THIRD (PRINCE OF WALES'S) DRAGOON GUARDS* were, like the preceding regiments, raised about the year 1685. At the time of Monmouth's rebellion the Earl of Plymouth raised a troop of horse which, with other troops, was at the close of the rebellion formed into a regiment called the 4th Horse, under the Earl of Plymouth as colonel. At that time they, in common with many other regiments of Horse, wore cuirasses. The first recorded duty which fell to the share of Plymouth's Horse was curious as bearing on a question that has recently been discussed in the Press. Stringent laws had been enacted forbidding the cultivation of tobacco, and it was to enforce obedience—very unwillingly given—to these laws that the 4th Horse were employed. More serious work, however, soon fell to their lot, when under General Maekay they fought against the intrepid Dundee, who was in arms for James II. At Steenkirke they gained a name for themselves; at Ramillies they captured the standard and kettledrums of the Bavarian Guards. Throughout the campaigns under William III. and Marlborough the 4th Horse were wherever blows fell thickest. They were engaged, too, against the subsequent Jacobite risings in Scotland. In 1745, an alteration being made in the style of some of the regiments, the 4th Horse became the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and ten years later, at the time of the French aggressions in America, a light troop, consisting of sixty privates with three officers and six non-commissioned officers, was added. In 1758 the Regiment took part in the expeditions under Charles, Duke of Marlborough against St. Servan and Cherbourg, when over twenty ships, three hundred pieces of cannon and property to the value of two million pounds was destroyed, and a levy of 44,000 livres, made by beat of drum on the inhabitants. The whole English loss on these two occasions was one officer and thirty-six men killed and about thirty wounded. At Minden they shared the honours with the 1st Dragoon Guards of the brilliant charge against the French, and during the remainder of the Seven Years' War they distinguished themselves under the Marquis of Granby. It is notable that in this campaign there were no less than 1,666 women accompanying the army, thirty-three of

* The 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards bear as a crest the Plume of the Prince of Wales, the Rising Sun, and the Red Dragon, and have on their standards "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Talavera," "Albuera," "Vittoria," "Peninsula," "Abyssinia." The uniform is scarlet with facings of yellow, with brass helmets and black and red plume.

these being wives of men in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. It was in 1765 that the regiment received its title of "Prince of Wales's," in honour of the little Prince, then a chubby, innocent child of three, under whose regency, fifty years or so later, Waterloo was to be fought and won, and who himself, as the first gentleman in Europe, gave the theme for the gibes and sarcasms of so many writers. Then, too, did the 3rd receive its proud cognisance of the Prince of Wales's Plume, the Rising Sun, and the Red Dragon.

In 1793 Great Britain declared war against the regicide Government of France, and the Prince of Wales's was amongst the troops ordered for foreign service. The following year was a stirring one for the regiment. In April, General Otto, who had started with a reconnoitring party for Cambray, found himself face to face with over 14,000 of the enemy. He sent an aide-de-camp for reinforcements of heavy cavalry, but by some inexplicable blunder, the aide mistook his road and led the brigade along the front of the enemy's artillery, which opened fire. The 3rd Dragoon Guards were terrible sufferers, and, indeed, there was at one time great danger that the whole body of reinforcements under General Mansell would be surrounded. But the next day they took stern reprisals. The Horse Guards, the 3rd and 5th Dragoon Guards, with some other cavalry—in all under 1,500 sabres—charged through the village of Cawdry, routing infantry, cavalry, and guns opposed to them, and capturing a battery of 14 guns well posted on a hill outside the village. The victory was won, and it was to Major Tiddieman, of the Prince of Wales's, that the French General Chapuis gave his sword, after an engagement in which it was said that 14,000 of the enemy were killed, 600 taken prisoners, and 35 guns captured. The day following, at Cambray, once more the English cavalry charged, and again were the "enemy broken, thrown into confusion, and once more hurled from the field with slaughter, the loss of cannon, and many officers and men made prisoners," and the 3rd Dragoon Guards were amongst the troops mentioned in the General Order before referred to, whose conduct was "beyond all praise," and who had "acquired immortal honour to themselves." Through the rest of that campaign—in which, by the way, was fought another "battle of Waterloo"—the regiment served and bore its part in that direful though splendid retreat, when the cold was so intense that the *brandy froze in the bottles*, when "in fierce pursuit were 50,000 Frenchmen," with, as allies, "fatigue, distress, the snow, and starvation," yet when every attack was repulsed, and the heroism of the British "excited the admiration even of the proud and insolent Republicans." The Prince of Wales's returned to

England in 1795, whence fourteen years after they again embarked to take part in the Peninsular War. Then came the hard-won fight of Talavera; the bloody struggle of Albuera, where the 3rd proved more than a match for the French Lancers who were sent against them, and where the English General, Beresford, had to contend not only against the bravery of the French, but the jealousy and frequent cowardice of the Spaniards; the brilliant victory of Vittoria, where the French "lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers," and where the spoil was so immense that "with some exceptions the fighting troops may be said to have marched upon gold and silver." "The spoils," says Southey, "resembled those of an Oriental rather than of an European army; for the intruder who in his miserable situation had abandoned himself to every kind of sensuality had with him all his luxuries. His plunder, his wardrobe, his sideboard, his larder, and his cellar fell into the conqueror's hands. . . . Poodles, parrots, and monkeys were among the prisoners. Seldom has such a scene of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented—broken-down waggons stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables dressed and undressed, casks of brandy, apparel of every kind, barrels of money, books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses and mules abandoned in the flight. The baggage was presently rifled, and the followers of the camp attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys figured about in the dress coats of French general officers; and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, converted silks, satins, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the army chest and loaded themselves with money. 'Let them,' said Lord Wellington, when he was informed of it, 'they deserve all they can find were it ten times more.'" All through that memorable campaign were the Prince of Wales's actively engaged, and only returned to England at the surrender of Toulouse in 1814.

They were not at Waterloo, but were detailed for foreign service in the Army of Occupation after it was won, and the next scene of warlike exploit—for the riots at Merthyr Tydvil and Bristol, which were quelled by the tact and courage of the 3rd, can scarcely count—is far-off Abyssinia. Here the Prince of Wales's was the only British cavalry engaged, and though the nature of the campaign prevented any of those brilliant charges for which the regiment had won so high a reputation, yet the difficulties the force had to contend with—the unknown, almost legendary country,

the terrible heat, the mad ferocity of the monarch against whom they fought—make the Abyssinian War one of which the country may well be proud, and which well merited the encomium passed upon its conduct by the late Lord Beaconsfield.

THE FOURTH (ROYAL IRISH) DRAGOON GUARDS* were also raised in 1685 by the Earl of Arran, who was appointed the first colonel. The regiment was first known as the 6th Horse, then, in 1690, it became the 5th Horse, subsequently known as the 1st Irish Horse, and in 1788 was officially designated by the name it now bears. From the time of their formation till 1811 the prowess of the 4th Dragoon Guards seems to have been principally confined to Ireland, with the exception of the six years campaign between 1692 and 1698, when, under William III., the 5th Horse bore its part in the battles of Steenkirk and Landen, and the siege of Namur. At Landen, under Colonel Langston, the 5th made a brilliant charge against the overwhelming squadrons of French cavalry, and, despite the capture of their gallant leader, fought desperately on till the order to retreat relieved them from the unequal contest. Then the regiment returned to Ireland, where it resumed the onerous, if ungracious, task of suppressing attempted rebellion, and upholding the authority of the Crown, and it was in recognition of this that exactly a century ago they received the distinctive title of Royal Irish. It is needless to refer again in any detail to the ferocious struggles that took place in "that most distressful country," then even as now the dupe of demagogues and self-seekers. We are referring now to the risings in 1798; the struggle, a century earlier, against William III. partook of the nobler nature of loyalty to an unfortunate king. The order must have been a welcome one which in 1811 ordered the 4th to the Peninsula under Lieut.-Colonel Sherlock. There for two years they fought in battles the driest account of which reads like a romance—a romance with the terror and blood and slaughter of a consummate tragedy, lightened by deeds of utter heroism, by touches of human nature infinitely pathetic, animated throughout with an intense impetuous realism.

In 1813 the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards returned and again found themselves in Ireland, where, throughout the turbulent times of the O'Connell agitation and the Quixotic rising of Young Ireland, the 4th upheld law and order and the supremacy of the English Crown.

* The 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards bear as a crest the Harp and Crown with the Star of St. Patrick, with the motto "Quis Separabit," crest and motto having been granted in 1838 by Her Majesty. On their standards are the names "Peninsula," "Balaklava," "Sevastopol," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir." The uniform is scarlet with blue facings, and brass helmet with white plume.

But with the Crimean war there dawned an era of warlike activity for the regiment, when—

“Many a darkness into the light should leap,
And shine in the sudden making of glorious names.

And of a verity a shining of eternal brilliancy was that which resulted from those historic charges of the Heavy and Light Cavalry at Balaklava. Twenty-five thousand of the flower of the Russian Horse were charged by the Heavy Brigade under Sir James Searlett; “for a few moments all was a wild chaos of mingled uniforms—scarlet, green, blue, and grey—of flashing swords and bannered lances, of helmets and standards, of shrieking men and snorting horses, and many an episode of chivalry and many a hand-to-hand combat was there.” The first of the onset was made by the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings (the 2nd and 6th Dragoons), and then the 1st Dragoons, the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards—in strength little more than a squadron of each—plunged into the huge mass, and in a few minutes put to flight the multitude of their foes.

After the conclusion of peace with Russia came another period of inaction for the 4th, broken by the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. There with the Household Troops and the 7th Dragoon Guards they *frightened* the enemy out of Mahuta, took the camp at Mahsameh (“Nothing,” wrote the Commander-in-Chief, “could stop the advance of our mounted troops, tired as their horses were”), fought at Kassassin—some as dismounted soldiers—and routed the enemy at Tel-el-Kebir. To the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, moreover, falls the honour of having taken Cairo, a remarkable instance of English courage, for the little force commanded by Drury Lowe only numbered 1,500 men, including, besides the Dragoon Guards, the 13th Bengal Cavalry and one battery of Royal Horse Artillery, and the city which they rode to capture was garrisoned by 10,000 troops and crowded with hostile natives to three times that number. Yet Cairo capitulated, and on the same evening Arabi surrendered himself to Drury Lowe. After the war the 4th Dragoon Guards returned to England, their companions of the 7th remaining in the Army of Occupation. Amongst the mess plate of the regiment is a silver vase presented to the officers in recognition of the invaluable services rendered at the time of the serious riots amongst the Northumberland and Durham colliers.

The FIFTH (PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES'S) DRAGOON GUARDS* were raised in 1685 by the exertions of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom the colonelcy was given, and were

* The 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards bear for a motto “*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*,” and on their standards are inscribed “Blenheim,” “Ramillies,” “Oudenarde,” “Malplaquet,” “Salamanca,” “Vittoria,” “Toulouse,” “Peninsula,” “Balaklava,” “Sevastopol.” The uniform is scarlet with facings of dark green, brass helmet, and red and white plume.

known as the 7th Horse. At the battle of the Boyne the regiment was commanded by Colonel John Coy, and fought throughout the campaign which made William III. King of Ireland as of Great Britain. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, the four first names emblazoned on the standard of the 5th Dragoon Guards, tell their own tale, and in it no regiment bears a better record than that of Cadogan's Horse, by which name it was then distinguished. At Neer Hesperen it captured the standards of the Bavarian Horse Guards, whom it defeated. On this occasion Marlborough was separated from his troops, and in imminent danger, "when," writes the compiler of the *Historical Record* of the regiment, "Cadogan's Horse, exasperated at a momentary repulse, and still more so at the peril of their renowned chief, returned to the charge; the grand spectacle of two spirited corps of heavy cavalry rushing upon each other with reckless fury was soon followed by the clash of swords and shouts of the combatants, as they fought hand to hand with sanguinary fury; but British prowess and British valour soon proved triumphant, and the Bavarians were overpowered and fled before the conquering sabres of Cadogan's troopers, who chased their adversaries from the field, took many prisoners, and captured four standards." Well might Marlborough, remembering the personal service he had received from them, write of Cadogan's Horse, "Never men fought better; they acquitted themselves with a bravery surpassing all that had been hoped from them." Wherever fighting was to be done during those wars the 5th Dragoon Guards were in the thick of it, using with murderous effect the long heavy sabres they knew so well how to wield. In 1707 they resumed the cuirass, which for some years had been discarded, and the wearing of which placed them on terms of equality, as regarded accoutrement, with the heavy cavalry of Continental armies. On their return in 1714 the cuirasses were, however, again returned to store. It was about this time, too, that the green, still the distinguishing facings of the uniform, was substituted for buff, and the nickname of the "Green Horse" applied to the regiment, which in 1746 became known as the 2nd Irish Horse. At this time the uniform was as follows: coats, scarlet with lappets of green; waistcoats and breeches, green; three-cornered cocked hats, with yellow lace, brass loop, and black cockade; big jack boots, and horse furniture of the all-pervading green. Some alterations were made in 1788, when the regiment became the 6th Dragoon Guards. In 1794 they formed part of the mighty whirlwind of mounted warriors that swept through the village of Caudry and took prisoner the French commander; then followed the unhappy rebellions in Ireland with threatened French invasions, adding a bitterness

to the strife, during which the Fifth were actively engaged. Their second title, that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales's, was bestowed in 1804 and in 1811, the regiment was ordered abroad to share in the dour Peninsular struggle, and to add to the fame already won. At Herena they attacked a body of French cavalry three times their number and threw them into disorder, calling forth the special and formal encomiums of the general; at Salamanca they captured the staff of the drum-major of the French 66th Regiment of the line, and to this day it remains a trophy of the fight. They returned to England before Waterloo, where fell their old officer, Sir William Ponsonby, who had led them so well and boldly through the hurtling scenes of that fierce Peninsular War. His brigade had advanced too far, and he, endeavouring to recall and reform them, found himself in a ploughed field with but one aide-de-camp. He was observed by some of the enemy's lancers, who charged down upon him. His own life he knew to be forfeited, but he thought that his comrade might escape, and in that supreme moment gave him the portrait of his lady to be given to her. Vain bequest! The next minute both were slain, and his old regiment in England were to hear how well and nobly their some-time leader had died, and how in the victory which hurled Napoleon from his throne he had been amply avenged. The 5th Dragoon Guards formed part of the Heavy Brigade under Sir James Yorke Scarlett, which—as described in treating of the 4th Dragoon Guards—wrought such havoc with the Russian cavalry at Balaklava. “Such cutting and slashing for about a minute was dreadful to see,” wrote a private in this regiment in one of his letters home; “the rally sounded, but it was no use, none of us would come away till the enemy retreated.” Another soldier describing his own experiences—how he was dismounted and got hold of a loose horse of the Enniskillings—says, “A Russian rode up and tried to stop me. As it happened I had observed a pistol in the holster pipe, so I took it out and shot him in the arm. He dropped his sword. I then rode up and run him through the body. . . . We had only two men killed and fourteen wounded. Major Clarke of the 5th Dragoon Guards rode into Balaklava with his helmet gone, his head bound up, and so covered with blood that none could recognise him.”

Since the Crimean war the 5th have not been engaged in foreign service, but their motto, borne, before them, by Colonel Hampden's troops in the Civil War, gives answer sufficient to any question of what their deeds will be when they may again have to strike for “Queen and Country.”

THE SIXTH DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINEERS)* were, like other regiments that have been mentioned, raised at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, and it was by Lord Lumley, the colonel of the 9th Horse (now the Carabineers) that the unfortunate Duke was taken.

Lumley had been during the reign of the Merry Monarch Master of the Horse to Queen Catherine, and in recognition of this the 9th Horse were known as the Queen Dowager's Regiment. Her favourite colour, sea-green, was the characteristic mark of the regiment; the uniform was scarlet with facings of sea-green, broad-brimmed hats with sea-green ribbons, and waistcoats of the same colour; the manes and tails of the horses were gay with sea-green ribbons; the standard of each troop was of sea-green damask. Under Viscount Hewitt they fought at the battle of the Boyne, and had their full share of the fighting against the Irish and French. On one occasion a handful of troopers of the Carabineers were saved from annihilation by the presence of mind of their trumpeter. During a reconnoitring expedition they found themselves suddenly surrounded by an overwhelming force of Rapparees, and gave themselves up for lost, when they heard the welcome sound of the trumpet-call to "March," followed by the familiar note "Charge" and a loud shout of triumph. The Rapparees heard it too, and fled "quadrivious," though the "rescuing party" consisted solely of the trumpeter, who from a place of concealment had seen his comrades' danger and hit upon this clever device for their relief. The regiment began to be called Carabineers in 1691, and it is probable that the original idea was that each regiment of horse that distinguished themselves with this weapon should be similarly designated. As a matter of fact, however, the 6th Dragoon Guards is the only regiment in which the appellation survives. In 1692, when ordered abroad, a strong spirit of disaffection showed itself in the 9th Horse. Their pay was considerably in arrear, notwithstanding the yeoman's service they had rendered, and though further exertions and sacrifices were demanded of them no pay was forthcoming. They gathered in a crowd about Charing Cross, and matters were beginning to look serious, when Lieutenant-Colonel Wood rode amongst them and by word and manner smoothed things over, and cheers and enthusiastic cries were heard in place of the sullen murmurs which a few minutes before had filled the air. For their gallantry at

* The 6th Dragoon Guards have inscribed on their standards "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Sevastopol," "Delhi," "Afghanistan, 1879-80." The uniform is blue with facings of white, and brass helmet with white plume.

Neerlanden they received from William the gift of his own charger, on which on more than one occasion during the battle he had ridden at their head. At Blenheim "no regiment distinguished itself more than Wyndham's Horse (now 6th Dragoon Guards) under Colonel Francis Palmer;" at Ramillies they took four officers and nearly fifty men prisoners, and captured the colours of the Royal Regiment of Bombardiers; they shared in the fierce struggles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and proved more than a match for the famous cavalry of France. In 1788 the name of the regiment was altered to its present style, and in 1812 helmets were substituted for the cocked hats previously worn.

They took part in the Crimean war, though they were not at Balaklava, but throughout the awful scenes of the Indian Mutiny the Carabineers were busy in expeditions of succour and vengeance. At Meerut they chased the flying perpetrators of that terrible Sunday massacre; on the 30th of May a squadron of the Carabineers, transformed for the nonce into light cavalry and wearing blue uniforms, shared with the 60th Rifles the stern joys of revenge, when through the English ranks ran the word, "Remember the ladies—remember the babies," and quarter was ruthlessly refused, the Carabineers under Colonel Neville Custance pursuing and cutting down the rebels up to the gates of Delhi. Again the following day they fought against overwhelming odds, and again repulsed the enemy; a week later reinforcements arrived, and siege was laid to Delhi. The fire from the five batteries of the enemy, however, proved very harassing, and we read that on one occasion "a fragment (of a shell) killed two men of the 6th Carabineers who were sitting in the mouth of the gateway, smashing their massive brass helmets and thick turban covers as if they had been made of thin glass." A squadron of the Carabineers formed part of the escort from Delhi to Cawnpore under Lieut.-Colonel Seaton, and at the successful though costly engagement at Gungaree no less than three of their officers—Captain Wardlaw and Lieutenants Vyse and Hudson—were killed. But the sixth had their revenge soon and fully. Three days after Gungaree they and the far-famed Hodson's Horse encountered the rebels, defeated them with great slaughter, and took prisoners the leaders, "two fat Mussulmans, in a silver howdah strapped on an elephant." Still the work of vengeance went on, pitilessly, unremittingly, and of all the trenchant blades that struck so fiercely in that awful time none were stained deeper with rebel blood than those of the 6th Carabineers.

Lest any should think that our soldiers showed too much ferocity, too little clemency in dealing with the mutineers, a short, bare *précis* of some of the sufferings

of our countrymen may be of interest. At Meerut "Colonel Furnis was shot through the back while haranguing his regiment. Fainting, he fell from his horse, and in an instant a hundred bayonets were elashing in his body." "The mutineers set on fire every European bungalow, massacring indiscriminately every European they met without respect to age or sex." Of the murder of the chaplain, Mr. Jennings, we read: "Despite the wild shrieks and entreaties of the poor girl (his daughter) they butchered her father before her eyes, and ultimately cut her to pieces, but not until they had subjected her to the most terrible indignities." In one village a child's shoes were found, *with the feet still in them*, cut off by a slash of a tulwar while the child was yet alive. "To age or sex no mercy was shown. One delicately nurtured and highly-bred English woman was stripped to the skin, turned thus into the public streets, beaten with rods, pelted with filth, and then abandoned to hordes of blood-stained miscreants, till death or raving madness ended woe beyond all description." "They then," writes an officer of the deeds at Delhi, "commenced the work of torturing to death forty-eight women, most of them girls between ten and fourteen, cutting off their breasts, fingers, and noses. One lady was three days in dying. They flayed the face of another lady, and made her walk naked through the street." "And now the work of death began. Eight officers, eight ladies, and eleven children; some of the latter were swung by the heels and brained before their parents' faces."

Small wonder then that there was little mercy shown by that English army in India of which the Carabineers formed part.

Though the Carabineers were engaged in the Afghanistan War of 1879, the nature of the country prevented much employment of cavalry; they will deserve to bear, however, the name on their standards. Amongst the *sobriquets* given to various regiments it may be mentioned that a well-known *cause célèbre* conferred upon the Carabineers that of "Tiehbornè's Own."

THE SEVENTH (PRINCESS ROYAL'S) DRAGOON GUARDS* were raised in 1688 by the Earl of Devonshire, and first ranked as the 10th Horse, five years later—in 1693—becoming the 8th. In 1746 the regiment became the 4th Horse, and when in 1788 the four troops of Horso were converted into Dragoon Guards, it assumed its present appellation, being further distinguished by the title of Princess Royal's. Its first

* The 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards bear inscribed on their standards "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "South Africa, 1846-47," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir." The uniform is red with black facings, and brass helmet with black and white plume.

service of importance was in Marlborough's campaigns, in all the great battles of which it distinguished itself under the name of Scomberg's Horse. At Dettingen, in the furious cavalry combat which was the distinguishing feature of the day, the 7th Dragoon Guards, then commanded by the famous Colonel Ligonier, after dispersing and pursuing their opponents, were in their turn surrounded. An old corporal with six troopers, *all wounded*, charged twice through the enemy's ranks; Cornet Richardson, who carried the standard, was called upon to surrender it. He refused, and, though he received no less than thirty sabre cuts, he succeeded in preserving it, though silk and pole were rent and torn. Despite his wounds he survived. The regiment still preserves a pair of kettledrums which tradition says were captured from the French on that day when, after the battle, their leader was made knight-banneret by the King on the well-fought field. At Fontenoy it is related that the horse of a trooper, Stephenson, was shot under him at the beginning of the engagement, and that he did not rejoin his comrades till its close. Irritated by the disasters of the day and jealous of any slur on the reputation of Ligonier's Horse, they accused him of cowardice and refused to allow him to rejoin. Stephenson demanded a court-martial, and called as a witness an officer of the Welsh Fusiliers, who proved that Stephenson, unable to get a remount, had come to him and begged permission to carry a gun in the ranks, that he had fought gallantly all the day, and was one of *nine* whom the officer had brought out of the action. It is needless to say that after this evidence Stephenson was received with open arms, and next day promoted to be lieutenant. The 7th Dragoon Guards were engaged during the Irish troubles of 1798, and at the siege of Rathangan Cornet Malone was taken prisoner by the rebels. "No quarter" was then the rule on both sides, and the luckless cornet would have been put to death then and there but for the intervention of a rebel captain who begged his life. The "captain" it seems had previously filled the less lofty but safer position of butler to Malone's father. The cornet somehow managed to escape, and in one of the engagements that followed the butler-captain was taken prisoner in his turn, to be begged off death by Malone.

The 7th Dragoon Guards were not at Waterloo, and for many years were in England, where they did good service during those troublous times in aiding the civil power, and were notably of valuable use at the conflagrations at York Minster and Norwich in 1829, for which the regiment was officially thanked. In the now little thought of but arduous campaign in South Africa in 1846 the 7th Dragoon Guards formed part of the force which established for a time our pre-eminence in that troublesome

district and which overcame alike the rebellious Boers and the brave but blood-thirsty Kaffir. In 1844 and 1845 some of the disaffected Boers from Natal spread the report amongst their countrymen in the Orange River Territory that the "Hollanders had arrived at Port Natal, that they were supported by the French, and that all the English were destroyed. Acting on this supposition, the Boers commenced hostilities against the natives, repudiating the sovereignty of the chiefs which had been a condition of their being allowed to reside within the Griqua territory, and announcing their intention of appropriating the land for themselves and of driving the natives into the colony. The Griqua chief applied to the British, and the Lieut.-Governor, Colonel Hare, issued a proclamation requiring the unconditional surrender of the rebellious Boers. The "grievances" of the latter as put forward by some of their countrymen who had been wise enough to swear allegiance were jealousy of the Grikwas, who, though admitted to have arrived there "a few years earlier," had, the Boers considered, no better title than themselves. The reply of the Governor was refreshing in its tone of strong authority. "The Boers," he said, "were British subjects, and if any of them were found fighting against British troops under a foreign flag or under a flag of their own, he would hang them." *Oh! si sic semper!* But though the rebellion was cowed for a while, it broke out again in 1845. The Boers having seized some cattle and wantonly shot down two native herdsmen, were called upon by the nearest British Commissioner to surrender the perpetrators and make reparation. They refused, and a company of the 7th Dragoon Guards under Lieut.-Colonel Richardson and some Cape Mounted Rifles were ordered forward to support the 91st, then at Colesberg. "The Grikwas were in the act of engaging their enemies when, to their surprise, the dragoons with their gleaming swords made their appearance. The Boers, panic struck, instantly dispersed and fled to a rocky ridge where they essayed to make a stand. They were quickly driven from that position and pursued across the plain, where but for the forbearance of the attacking party, who charged in extended order, they must have all been cut down." The result of this determined action on the part of the Imperial forces, was that a treaty of peace was shortly after agreed to between the Boers and natives.

With others of the latter, however, our relations had been uneasy for some time, when, on the 20th of April, 1846, came the news to Graham's Town that the Kaffirs had commenced hostilities in earnest. Several lives had been lost on the British side, and amongst the spoils which had fallen into the enemy's hands was the whole of the baggage of the 7th Dragoon Guards, whose total effective strength at this time was two

hundred and forty men. A more serious and painful loss was that they experienced in the death of Captain Bambrick, a brave veteran who thirty years before had served at Waterloo. He had been sent with a troop of the 7th to avenge the death of a young settler—a mere boy—whom the Kaffirs had killed in their fray upon the baggage waggons. Heedless of the unfamiliar dangers of a country where every bush is a possible ambush, Bambrick pushed on at the head of his troop and fell a victim to a concealed Kaffir. His body was hacked in pieces. “He must have received many wounds. His charger galloped past the troop without its rider; its trappings and saddle were covered with blood; while the savages bore off the mangled body of their victim, brandishing *his* sword on the top of the hill as they retreated.” A short time afterwards the skull, skin, and right hand of this gallant soldier and gentleman were presented by the bloodthirsty Sandilla as a trophy of victory to his father-in-law. It was a terribly anxious time this, when scarcely fifteen hundred men were surrounded by many thousands of ferocious savages. An officer, describing the three days’ engagement stated that neither he nor any of those in his division had had anything whatever to eat from daylight on Thursday till the following Saturday night, and then only biscuit. Early in the following month the 7th had a brisk encounter with the enemy. Here, owing to the nature of the position, the troopers had to dismount, each man of the centre file taking charge of three horses, “and in this way they had to fight their way through the bush for about six miles, cross the river and up the hill on the other side, the whole time exposed to the fire of the enemy.” None, however, were killed, though several were severely wounded. A few days after, a troop of the 7th were able to act in their natural capacity of cavalry; they made a brilliant charge under Sir Harry Darrell, and inflicted severe punishment on the enemy. On this occasion again the Kaffirs outnumbered the slender British force in the proportion of six or seven to one. The war ended in December, 1847, thanks to the dash and firmness of Sir Harry Smith, who on the first of the month arrived as Governor and High Commissioner. “Before the month was out he visited Kaffirland, fixed the frontier boundaries, concluded treaties of peace, and astonished the natives by placing his foot on Maeomo’s neck, and brandishing the sword of victory over him, while he compelled the rebellious Sandilli to kneel and kiss his toe. ‘Men laughed as awaking from a grotesquely horrid dream, when they saw the lions that had threatened to tear out the heart of the colony thus converted into dogs licking the feet of its governor.’”*

* J. Noble : “South Africa.”

Then followed a time of comparative inaction to be broken by the war in Egypt of 1882, when the 7th Dragoon Guards formed part of the cavalry brigade under Drury Lowe. It was soon found that this was war in grim earnest. They had been in England the last week in July, and on the 25th of August Captain Bibby was shot through the lungs at Mahuta, and five troopers were wounded. After that engagement a handful of the 7th Dragoon Guards with some of the 4th occupied an advanced position at Kassassin Loek under Graham, while the remainder under Drury Lowe stayed behind at the important post of Mahsameh. Graham's force was soon attacked, and Drury Lowe moved to support him in the famous midnight ride. Soon the enemy became aware of them and opened fire, "while the cavalry advancing in echelon from the left were preceded by the 7th Dragoon Guards." Then came the charge, and the enemy were routed. There were one or two more cavalry skirmishes in which the Princess Royal's were engaged before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, after which they rode with Drury Lowe—1,500 men in all—and took Cairo. The Egyptian war was then practically over, though the 7th Dragoon Guards remained for some time to garrison Cairo.

THE FIRST (ROYAL) DRAGOONS* trace their origin to the year 1661, when certain troops were raised to garrison Tangiers, the command of which was given to the Earl of Peterborough. Fierce and wild were the conflicts recorded with the indomitable warriors of the Moors, but the victory lay chiefly with the English garrison. In 1664 Captain Witham sallied out at the head of a body of horse, fell upon a superior force of the enemy and captured their splendid standard. Shortly after, however, another expedition resulted in a reverse; an ambush was contrived by the enemy, and the Earl of Teviot, then commanding the English, fell at the head of his troop. In 1684 the Tangiers Horse with other regiments of Dragoons were formed into the Royal Regiment of Dragoons, and the colonelcy given to one John Churchill, afterwards to be known wherever the name of England was known as the Duke of Marlborough. At this period the uniform was scarlet lined with blue; the troopers wore hats adorned with silver lace and blue ribbons, and with a serviceable metal guard inside the crown. High boots of the pattern familiar to all readers of the literature treating of the period, completed the costume. The

* The 1st (Royal) Dragoons bear the crest of England within the Garter, and an Eagle, with the motto "Spectemur Agendo." On their standards are inscribed "Dettingen," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," "Sevastopol." The uniform is scarlet with facings of blue, and brass helmet with black plume.

drummers are recorded as having an exceptionally gorgeous uniform, which even in those days cost. £10. The furniture of the horses was scarlet cloth with trimmings of blue. At the accession of James II. the Royal Dragoons were considerably increased in strength; they fought at Sedgmoor, and it is recorded that a troop was on duty at Tower Hill when the unfortunate Monmouth fell on the block. After this some of the men were formed into the regiment afterwards known as the 3rd Light Dragoons. When the disaffection to the last of the Stuarts was growing to a head, Lord Courtenay, who became colonel on the transfer of Churchill to the Life Guards, endeavoured by a manœuvre to take the regiment bodily over to the side of the Prince of Orange, but with very small success. After the abdication, however, the regiment accepted the inevitable and transferred their service and loyalty to William III., giving sterling proof of both in Scotland and Ireland. At Charlemont one of the Royals took it into his head to "chaff" a Roman Catholic priest attached to the discomfited garrison. The reverend father finding apparently that his theological arguments were of little avail, resorted in an evil moment to practical proof of the militant character of his Church—in plain words commenced a bout of fisticuffs with his opponent, in which, needless to say, he got emphatically the worst of it. It was cold comfort, moreover, he received from the commander of King James's forces, who unkindly but pertinently asked "What te deil had he to do to dispute religion with a dragoon?" The Royal Dragoons were the first regiment that crossed the pontoon bridge over the Shannon, and by a coincidence they found themselves opposed by their old commander Colonel Clifford, now raised to the rank of General under King James. The regiment went abroad in 1694, and again in 1702, when they covered the sieges of Venloo, Ruremonde, Stevenswaert, Bonn, and Limbourg. In 1704 they went to Portugal to further the cause of the Archduke Charles, on which occasion the horses which were supplied to them by the Portuguese Government were so bad that only about twenty men in each troop were mounted, a piece of folly or parsimony which the reverses that followed heavily punished. When Barcelona fell the Royals entered with Lord Peterborough to preserve the lives and houses of the inhabitants; two hundred of the regiment formed the cavalry of the force which, against *five times* their number of foes, relieved St. Mattheo; under Stanhope they fought in the troopers' battle of Almanara; at Penalva their colonel was wounded and taken prisoner. On their return to England they fought at Preston, and a part were with the expedition which took Vigo, Rondendella, and

Pont a Vedras. At Dettingen they captured the standard—white satin emblazoned with gold and silver—of the famous Mousquetaires Noirs. The standard was deep-stained with blood ere the gallant sergeant of the Royals could claim it as his; the lance was broken and the brave cornet who carried it was killed. They took part in the unsatisfactory engagement at Fontenoy, and after that were engaged till about 1758 on home duty. They were again abroad in 1760, and at Warbourg took prisoner twenty-one officers and two hundred men of the Swiss regiment of Planta. On their return to England, amongst other changes, the drummers were replaced by trumpeters, and till 1791 the agitated state of the country which found expression in the riots of London and Birmingham gave arduous though ungrateful employment to the regiment. In 1791 four troops joined the army of the Duke of York, and were in the full front of all the fighting. The regiment in 1809 embarked for Portugal, and did invaluable service in covering the retreat to the famous lines of Torres Vedras. The Royals were conspicuous for the number of prisoners they took. At Fuxados they took prisoners, though the opposing force far outnumbered theirs; at Albuca a patrol of the Royals and the 16th Light Dragoons took an officer and thirty-seven privates; at Fuentes d'Onoro two squadrons charged the threatening masses of the French, released a party of the foot-guards who had been taken, and again captured prisoners; at Salamanea no less than a hundred and forty-three prisoners fell to their share. At Waterloo the Royals with the Scots Greys and Inniskillings formed the renowned Union Brigade. It is hard to imagine anything more dispiriting, more chilling in every sense, than the state of the regiment before the commencement of the fight which ended in the "king-making victory." "In one place in close column behind two lines of infantry," writes an officer, "fetlock deep in mud, no baggage for officers, neither provision nor water for the men . . . so that we might be said to go coolly into action, for every man was wet to the skin." The commander of the Union Brigade was Sir William Ponsonby, whose tragic end has been noticed above, and never was charge more timely or glorious. "Down came a whirlwind of British horse, sending the whole mass of French staggering from the crest of the hill, and cutting them down by whole battalions. Ponsonby's brigade of heavy cavalry did this good service. On went the horsemen amid the wrecks of the French columns, capturing two eagles and two thousand prisoners; onward still they galloped and sabred the artillerymen of Ney's seventy-four advanced guns; then severing the traces and cutting the throats of the artillery horses, they rendered those guns totally useless

to the French throughout the remainder of the day." Of the two eagles mentioned one was captured by Captain A. K. Clarke (afterwards Colonel A. K. Clarke Kennedy) of the Royals, who with his own hand seized it from the ensign of the French 105th regiment. Dearly did the regiment pay for the rapture and the deathless fame of that

"One crowded hour of glorious life."

Amongst the killed they had five officers, six non-commissioned officers, and eighty-six men; among the wounded ninety-seven, of whom nine were officers. They returned to England in 1816, to take the field again after forty years, with their foes of Waterloo as allies, against the stubborn, innumerable armies of the Czar. At Balaklava the Royals again fought side by side with their old comrades of the Union Brigade—the Scots Greys and Inniskillings—and again did their death-dealing sabres put to flight their country's foes. The charge of the Heavy Brigade has before been described, and vivid as the colours in some master's picture are to-day the scenes of courage, of suffering, and of victory which won for the Royals' standards the emblazoned names of Balaklava and Sevastopol.

THE SECOND DRAGOONS (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS)* date their formal incorporation as the Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons from 1681, but for some few years previously the men of whom the regiment was chiefly formed had earned for themselves a terrible name under Claverhouse in the disturbances in Scotland which followed the restoration of Charles II. One of their earliest officers, he it remarked *en passant*, was Mr. Francis Stuart, a grandson of the Earl of Bothwell who married Mary Queen of Scots. When the regiment was enrolled the coloneley was given to Lieut.-General Dalziel, a stern, fierce old veteran whose merciless severities in the suppression of rebellion gained him the execration of many in Scotland. In dress as in character he was decidedly eccentric. His description in Crichton's Memoirs is as follows: "He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, which we call jockey coats. He never wore a peruke, nor did he shave his beard after the murder of King Charles I. His head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached almost down to his girdle." On the abdication of James II. the Scots Greys were taken into

* The 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) have as a crest the Thistle within the circle and motto of St. Andrew: they bear an Eagle, and boast the famous legend "Second to none." On their standards are inscribed "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," "Sevastopol." The uniform is scarlet with facings of blue, and tall bearskin hat with white plume.

the service of William and Mary, though many of the officers adhered to the cause of their former master. In 1694 they went abroad and for four years fought under King William, returning to Scotland in 1698, and going abroad again in 1702 to join the army under Marlborough. It was about this time that the troop of Dutch Life Guards, whose presence caused so much jealousy in England, returned to Holland, and their grey horses were transferred to the Scots Dragoons, whom we find referred to as "The Grey Dragoons" and "The Scots Regiment of White Horses." The Greys' duty during 1702 was chiefly confined to covering the sieges of Venloo, Ruremonde, Stevenswaert, and Liège. Towards the close of that year twenty-five troopers of the regiment were with Marlborough, who was descending the Maese in a boat. An accompanying boat and the escort on the bank got separated from the General during the night, and the little force was surprised by the enemy. The Dutch deputies who accompanied him were duly provided with passes, but Marlborough had refused to obtain one for himself, and it began to look as though the future conqueror at Blenheim would be taken prisoner. Fortunately his identity was not known, and an old pass made out in the name of his brother, which one of the officers had with him, extricated the party from their perilous position. In 1703 the Greys at Maeseyek recovered from the French some booty they had taken, and were engaged subsequently at the sieges of Bonn, Huy, and Limbourg. At Schellenberg they acted as infantry, and, led by Lord John Hay, assaulted and carried the trenches. At Blenheim the retreating French were charged by the Greys under General Lumley, and twelve squadrons of cavalry and twenty-four battalions of infantry surrendered. None of the Greys were killed in this battle, though many were wounded, and it was at the head of this splendid and already famous regiment that Marlborough placed himself when the King of the Romans visited the camp. They next fought at Neer Hesperen and Helixen; at Ramillies they charged through the village of Autreglize, and forced the French *Regiment du Roi* to surrender and yield up its colours and arms. Of the many colours which were captured that day by the English, probably not fewer than sixteen or seventeen were taken by the Greys. Any reference to the Greys at Ramillies would be incomplete which omitted mention of the "pretty dragoon," Mrs. Christian Davies. Her husband having enlisted, she donned man's attire, and, after joining a foot regiment, became a trooper in the Greys in 1702, and was wounded at Schellenberg. Still her sex remained undiscovered, and at Blenheim she met her husband, who was a private in the 1st Foot, and the two passed as brothers. But at Ramillies she was seriously wounded in the

head, and while unconscious in hospital her secret was found out. The officers subscribed to set her up with a feminine outfit, and for the rest of the campaign she accompanied the army as a vivandière, from time to time rendering valuable service by the information which her sex and military experience combined enabled her to obtain of the enemy's movements. After the peace of Utrecht she returned to England and was granted a pension of a shilling a day, and dying in 1739 was buried at Chelsea with military honours.

The history of the Scots Greys is so crowded with heroic incidents that the most meagre account might well fill a volume. On the union with Scotland they were known as the Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons, without, however, losing the familiar title of the Greys, and fought at Oudenarde and at the siege of Tournay. At Malplaquet they and the Royal Irish Dragoons fought long and fiercely and victoriously against the magnificent cavalry of France, led by the commander-in-chief in person, and received the thanks of Marlborough for their courage. During the remainder of the campaign the Greys were employed in covering the sieges of Mons, Douay, and other places, and returned in 1713 to England, and were numbered as the 2nd Dragoons, up to this time having ranked as the 4th. At the time of the Jacobite rising in 1715 efforts were again made to shake their fidelity to the House of Hanover, but unsuccessfully, and for the next thirty years or so the regiment was employed at home in combating insurrections and putting down smuggling. At Dettingen the Greys charged through a line of French cuirassiers, overthrew them, and plunging into the midst of the Household Cavalry of France, drove them headlong before them, capturing "their famous white standard" of white damask embroidered with gold and silver, in the centre a thunderbolt on a blue and white ground, with the boastful motto *sensere gigantes*. Despite their reckless courage not a trooper was killed. "The Greys have escaped best," wrote a field officer, "though they took most pains to be demolished." At Fontenoy and Val, however, the death-roll was heavy. In 1749 they returned to England, and in 1755 a light troop was added, whose captain practised them in the Prussian exercises. A newspaper of the period writes: "Their captain on Saturday last swam with his horse over the Thames (at Maidenhead) and back again, and the whole troop were yesterday to swim the river." They fought in 1759 at Bergen, then at Minden, afterwards at Warbourg and Zierenberg, and returned again to England in 1763. Shortly after this the bearskin hats were substituted for the cloth grenadier caps they had hitherto worn, and other

changes made in their uniform. They fought at Valenciennes, Dunkirk, Cateau, Vaux; at Tournay they charged with the Bays and Inniskillings, and drove the enemy "into pitiable confusion."

The Greys at Waterloo form one of the memorable pictures of warlike history. Still there seems to ring in our ears the cry of "Scotland for ever!" with which they charged upon the legions of France. Familiar as household words are the traditional sayings of the rival Generals—the admiring exclamation of Napoleon, "Those beautiful grey horses!" and the muttered wish of Wellington, "Would that there were more of the Greys!" Still we seem to see the terrible whirlwind of the Union Brigade, a storm-cloud of fierce men and mighty horses and gleaming steel, which "rushed upon every description of force which presented itself; lanciers and cuirassiers were alike overthrown and cut down—several batteries were carried, and the regiment (the Greys) penetrated to the rear of the enemy's position." Sergeant Ewart of the Greys captured an eagle of the French 45th regiment. "I had a hard contest for it," he writes; "the bearer thrust for my groin; I parried it off and cut him through the head. After which I was attacked by one of their lanciers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark by my throwing it off with my sword. Then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who after firing at me charged me with his bayonet; but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it and cut him down through the head, so that finished the contest for the eagle." Ewart received a commission as a recognition of his valour.

At Balaklava the Greys found themselves again side by side with their old friends the Inniskillings, and vied with them and the Royals as to which regiment should charge the furthest and strike the hardest. In that memorable Heavy Cavalry charge—where Sir James Scarlett's brigade was outnumbered by many thousands—"the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings were the two advanced regiments," and charged the right and left wings respectively of the overwhelming force of Russian cavalry. "As lightning flashes through a cloud the Greys and Inniskillings pierced through the dark masses of the Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging with diminished numbers and in broken order charging against the second line. . . . It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, were coming back to swallow up our

handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Inniskilliner and Seot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons." Well might that war-seamed hero, Sir Colin Campbell, compliment the actors in this splendid charge. "Gallant Greys," he said, "I am sixty-one years old; but if I were young again I should be proud to be in your ranks." After the charge of the Light Brigade the Greys charged again. "Had it not been for a daring rush of Seots and Inniskilliners," writes a narrator of the event, "scaree one man of that immortal Six Hundred would have returned to receive the pity and the praise of wondering, tearful England." Of all the mottoes which from times of chivalry till now knights and heroes have borne there is none truer or better earned than the proud legend of the Seots Greys—"Second to none."

THE SIXTH (INNISKILLING) DRAGOONS* were raised in 1689 from amongst the Protestant garrison of Inniskilling who had fought with such signal success against the adherents of King James. The first colonel was Sir Albert Cunninghame, and the numerical strength of the regiment was six hundred men divided into twelve troops.

The regiment is taken here somewhat out of its regular order, which is immediately after the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, on account of the Inniskillings being one of the only three regiments of dragoons, and also because its history from the commencement is so intimately connected with its colleagues of the Union Brigade, the Royals and Seots Greys. An extract from Story's pages gives us a graphic description of this famous regiment at the time of its formation. "I met," he writes, "the Irish horse and dragoons, whom the Duke (Schomberg) had ordered to be an advance guard to his army. I wondered much to see their horses and equipage, hearing before what feats had been done by them. They were three regiments in all, and most of the troopers and dragoons had their waiting-men mounted on garrons; some of them had holsters, and others their pistols hung at their sword belts." These three regiments, which were put on the establishment of the army in 1690, were one of horse, which was disbanded some seven years afterwards, and two of dragoons, of which one is the Inniskillings and the other the 5th Lancers. At the battle of the Boyne William put himself at the head of the Inniskillings. "What will you do for me?" he asked. A shout of enthusiasm was the response when it was seen who the questioner was. "I

* The 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons bear as a crest the castle of Inniskilling with the St. George's colours. On their standards are inscribed "Dettingen," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," "Sevastopol." The uniform is scarlet, with facings of yellow, and steel helmet with white plume.

have heard much of your valour, and doubt not now to witness it." So saying he led them in person across the river. A shot struck his holster, and the officers remonstrated with him on the risk he ran. "Never mind," was his reply, "I will see you over." And see them over he did, and to the pitiless sabres of the Inniskillings was due in no small degree the victory of the Boyne.

Through all the battles and sieges that followed, the Inniskillings, under Sir Albert Cunninghame, fought fiercely and well. At Coloony their gallant colonel was taken prisoner. While he was waiting to be interrogated by the chiefs of the rebellion an Irish serjeant accosted him: "Albert is your name," quoth the savage, "and by an *halbert* shall you die." With these words he thrust his weapon through the defenceless body of his prisoner, and the "brave and humane" Sir Albert Cunninghame fell dead. The Inniskillings remained in Ireland till 1709, when they changed the scene of service for Scotland, and in 1715 fought at Sheriffmuir. Home duties occupied the "Black Dragoons," as they were sometimes called, till 1742, when they formed part of the army in Flanders—so beloved of Uncle Toby—under Lord Stair, and had their first opportunity of meeting *foreign* enemies at the battle of Dettingen, where they took part in all the cavalry charges of the day. At Fontenoy, Val, and Roneoux they fought, often finding themselves vying in dash and hardihood with their future comrades of the Union Brigade—the Royals and Greys. In 1748 they returned to England, and, with the exception of the expedition against St. Malo, in which the light troop, then recently added to the Inniskillings, took part, continued on home service till July, 1758, when the regiment, then numbering six troops, embarked for Germany, where the next year they were brigaded with the Blues and King's Dragoon Guards. At Wetter the Inniskillings, a few of the King's, and a battalion of foot attacked a force of two thousand French with the most complete success, taking as many prisoners as there were horsemen. Colonel Hervey, commanding the 6th, considering himself personally affronted by the hostile commander, "drew his sword and killed him on the spot." Throughout the campaign, which terminated with the capture of Cassel, the Inniskillings were engaged, and in 1763 they returned to England, where they remained till 1793, when they joined the army under the Duke of York. At Tournay the regiment, in conjunction with the Bays and Scots Greys, "forming one superb brigade," executed a brilliant charge and dispersed the enemy with great loss, and after taking their due share in all the fighting returned to England in 1795, to leave it again to join the army that crushed Napoleon's power at Waterloo.

Here the Inniskillings formed part of the Union Brigade, whose deeds of "derring-do" have been before referred to. In the memorable charge they captured a considerable number of prisoners, and, like their comrades, were led by their warlike ardour to pursue their discomfited foe too far. But they managed to regain their position, leaving many a gallant trooper dead on the field. On the death of General Ponsonby, the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Munter, of the Inniskillings, who themselves came under the leadership of Colonel Fiennes Miller. Later on in the day the Inniskillings took part in another brilliant charge, which scattered the foe, already under the chilling influence of impending defeat; though on this occasion, again, the regiment suffered severely, Colonel Fiennes Miller himself being twice wounded. After peace was restored the Inniskillings remained in France till January, 1816, when they returned to England, and were engaged in various duties both here and in Ireland till the outbreak of the Crimean war. The Inniskillings, with their brothers in arms the Scots Greys, led the way in the charge of the heavy brigade, so magnificently described by Kinglake, and it was (as has before been noticed) the same two regiments that by their brilliant charge enabled the dauntless remnant of the Six Hundred to regain the comparative safety of their position after their ride into the valley of death. Amongst the incidents of personal valour may be noticed the action of Surgeon Mouat, of the Inniskillings, who, when Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, of the 17th Lancers, lay terribly wounded after the charge of the Light Brigade, galloped back to him, and, under a literal storm of Russian fire, dressed his wounds and, with the assistance of Serjeant-Major Wooden, of the wounded officer's own regiment, succeeded in carrying him off the field. After the fall of Sevastopol the Inniskillings returned to England, and remained at home till 1881, when they were ordered to South Africa. Even now rumours are in the air of coming trouble with the Boers or natives—not improbably with both—and it is a subject for no small gratulation that amongst those who may be called upon to strike for life and safety and the dominion of the Imperial Crown are warriors so tried and famous as the Inniskilling Dragoons.

THE THIRD (KING'S OWN) HUSSARS*—up to 1861 known as the THIRD (KING'S OWN)

* The 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, bear as a crest the "White Horse within the Garter," with the motto, "Nec aspera terrent." On their standards are inscribed "Dettingen," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Cabool, 1842," "Moodkee," "Ferozeshah," "Sobraon," "Punjaub," "Chillianwallah," and "Goojerat." The uniform is blue with scarlet collar, hussars' busby with busby-bag of garter blue, and a white plume.

LIGHT DRAGOONS—was raised in 1685 from some troops of the Royals, and one of a regiment raised at the same time and known as the Fourth Light Dragoons. The first colonel was the Duke of Somerset, and the regiment immediately on its formation received the title of the Queen Consort's Regiment of Dragoons. His grace of Somerset, however, did not long enjoy his position. King James ordered him to attend the State audience he was about to give to the Papal Envoy. The avowed intention of this audience was to pave the way to a submission to Rome, and the Duke sturdily refused to abet what he considered was an infringement of the Constitution. His patriotism resulted in his dismissal, the command being given to his next in rank. At the accession of William and Mary, Lieutenant-Colonel Leveson was appointed, and the regiment was called by his name, the title of "The Queen's" remaining in abeyance till 1692, when it was revived. They served their apprenticeship at the trade of war in Ireland, and went abroad in 1694, where they soon acquired for themselves a reputation for hardihood and valour. One very unpleasant experience befell them. The Queen's were amongst the garrison beleaguered in Dixmunde, when, despite the energetic remonstrances of Major Beaumont, commanding the regiment in the absence of the lieutenant-colonel, the governor—not an Englishman—insisted on a needless capitulation. Thus "the gallant dragoons, after displaying the greatest valour in former campaigns, were tamely consigned into the hands of the enemy by a timid and treacherous foreign general officer." An exchange was agreed upon, but—and the fact is no small compliment to the Queen's—the French were not anxious to complete their part of the bargain, till the timely arrest of Marshal Boufflers convinced them of the advisability of acting fairly. Then the Queen's returned to the British army, and the delinquent governor, being condemned by court-martial, was executed. In 1697, while on the march from Promelles to Buiche, a squadron of the Queen's encountered a squadron of the enemy, whom they routed, taking eighteen prisoners. The regiment returned to England at the end of that year, but five years later were again abroad. At Almanza, in 1707, the Queen's almost anticipated the famous light cavalry charge, a hundred and fifty years later, at Balaklava. Detachments of the 3rd and 4th Dragoons were ordered to charge the Spanish guns, which from an eminence were seriously annoying our troops. Scarcely had the slender force, only numbering two hundred and ninety sabres in all, started when they found themselves opposed by a dense mass of hostile cavalry, consisting of ten squadrons of the flower of the French horse. A body of Portuguese cavalry ordered to act in support fled, and the little body of British were surrounded. The phrase "heroic endeavours" is somewhat

haekneyed, but none other can describe the deeds of the Queen's and its accompanying regiment, by which at last they broke through the overwhelming numbers that hemmed them in. But it was at a terrible loss! Many officers were killed, and the second squadron of the Queen's nearly annihilated. In this action it is said that three generals and thirty-four other officers fought in the front rank. In 1714 the regiment became known as The King's Own Regiment of Dragoons, and the year following fought at Sheriffmuir. Then followed an interval of quiet, to be broken in 1742, when the regiment joined the army of George II. in Flanders. At Dettingen a more than ordinary amount of fierce fighting fell to their share. For three hours were they exposed to a galling fire; then came the welcome order to charge, and the 3rd hurled themselves at a body of nine squadrons of French household cavalry advancing against them. Three times they cut through them, inflicting fearful punishment. The loss of the King's Own was very heavy; forty-two were killed, a hundred and five wounded. A private letter, quoted in the annals of the regiment, states that *all* the officers were wounded but concealed the fact, and that the loss of the 3rd Dragoons equalled that of all the other cavalry regiments except the 7th Dragoon Guards. It is said that when, the following year, the regiment was reviewed by the King, his Majesty remarked with some asperity on its attenuated appearance, and inquired whose regiment it was, and where were the rest of the men. "The regiment is mine, your Majesty," replied the gallant Bland, "and I believe the rest are at Dettingen."

The regiment fought at Fontenoy, again with loss; then it changed the scene to Scotland, and fought against the adherents of Prince Charles Edward. About this time the uniform was a scarlet double-breasted coat lined with blue, sleeves turned up with blue, blue waistcoat and breeches; the ornaments were yellow, and the hats had gold lace, a yellow metal loop, and black cockade. The horses were always black till 1811, when the expedition to Portugal was the first occasion of any other colour being permitted. At Salamanca the 3rd, with their brethren of the 4th and the 5th Dragoon Guards, made a brilliant charge, and during the time that they were abroad—only a few months—were in the thick of the sharpest fighting. They returned in July of the same year, and remained at home till after Waterloo had been fought, when they were ordered to form part of the Army of Occupation. Three years later they terminated their existence as heavy cavalry, and became Light Dragoons, in which capacity they rendered valuable service during the Sunderland riots. In 1837 they embarked for the "gorgeous East," where they have gained seven out of the eleven names blazoned on their standards.

Here they formed part of the force under Pollock for the relief of Slade, and fought gallantly at Jugdulluck and Huft Kotul. Near the former place the advancing army came upon the remains of Elphinstone's slaughtered force, "all unburied, many of the men being still belted and accoutred, and in the rags of their uniform, lying over each other in ghastly piles just where, eight months before, the death shots had struck them down." At the latter place, where the Afghans were in great force, the first brunt of the combat was borne by the infantry, before whose indomitable courage the enemy "fled with howls of rage and terror." "Then sharp and shrill rang out the brass trumpets, and the 3rd Light Dragoons, clad in blue uniform with white puggarees floating from their shakos, gave their horses the reins, and at racing speed dashed after the wild herd of fugitives, each man eager to be first in the task of vengeance. On right and left their sword-blades went flashing downward, backward and forward in the sun, and every strike found a victim, and ere long to the very hilt every sword in the regiment was covered with blood." In 1845 the 3rd, as part of the army of the Sutlej under Gough, fought at Moodkee, brilliantly and triumphantly indeed, but with heavy loss. Three days after was fought the battle of Ferozeshah, where, as night closed in on the blood-stained field, the 3rd charged and carried some of the most formidable of the batteries which all day long had been working such havoc on the British troops. The 3rd galloped to this charge four hundred strong; when they returned they only numbered two hundred and seventy, and of the hundred and thirty left dead on the field ten were officers. The next day again they charged, and the victory was won. Men and horses had been forty hours without food, exposed to the scorching heat of the day and the bitter cold at night, and to the attacks of an innumerable enemy, fierce, pitiless, and brave. At Aliwal they fought, and Sobraon, and it gives a fair idea of their prowess to quote the words of the Governor-General and of the Commander-in-Chief, who respectively stated that "H.M. 3rd Dragoons were, as usual, in the foremost ranks," and that unstinting praise was due to "the 3rd Dragoons, whom no obstacle usually held formidable by horse appears to check." In 1848 and 1849 the 3rd were at the disastrous engagements of Ramnugger and Chillianwallah, the latter one of the few battles in which the British have lost colours. "No less than five remained as trophies in the hands of Shere Sing." Yet in no combat of Paladins of yore were nobler deeds of individual daring done than by our soldiers, and in the honour roll no name burns with a brighter lustre than those of Unett, of the King's Own Hussars, and the Pennycuicks—father and son—of the 24th Foot. But Goojerat saw a brilliant triumph after these reverses, and the 3rd

Dragoons, fighting fiercely and undauntedly, as was their wont, contributed not a little to the victory which resulted in the annexation of the Punjaub to the dominions of England.

On their return to England the General Order stated, not without reason, that "they (the 3rd Dragoons) will be hailed by the country for their gallant and meritorious deeds," and that the names on their standards would be as a "harvest of laurels gained by their valorous conduct in India." In 1861 the King's Own became a hussar regiment, and the uniform was regulated as it is at present worn. In 1868 they revisited India, the scene of their former prowess, and remained eleven years. They are now stationed in Ireland.

THE FOURTH (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS* were raised shortly after Monmouth's rebellion, and consisted of eight troops, comprised of men who had joined the royal cause. The command was given to the Hon. J. Berkeley, and the regiment received on its formation the title of the Princess Anne of Denmark's regiment of Dragoons. Its first service was in Scotland, against the forces which, raised by Dundee, still struggled for the cause of King James; then, in 1692, came the order for foreign service, and the 4th Hussars, as Fitzhardinge's Dragoons, learnt at Steenkirke their first lesson in foreign warfare. It was a severe lesson. Eight of their officers fell, and the column with which they were was well nigh annihilated, the cavalry fighting as infantry, and maintaining against fearful odds an heroic but hopeless struggle. At Rouse-laer, too, they fought, victoriously though with loss, and in 1698 returned to England. Nine years later they embarked for Portugal, and at Almanza—the first battle at which the "New Union Colours," the Union Jack, were unfurled in the face of an enemy—Essex's Dragoons, as the 4th were then called, were the first in the field. It was they, too, who, in company with the 3rd, commenced the battle, charging a body of French cavalry thrice their strength, and losing their leader and many others. In 1710, the appointment to the colonelcy of the regiment, rendered vacant by the death of the Earl of Essex, gave rise to a dispute between the rival political parties of the day. The Queen appointed Col. Hill, brother to the court favourite, Mrs. Masham; thereupon Marlborough resigned, and the expressions of disapproval became strong and universal. Eventually Her Majesty yielded the point, and the command was given to Sir Richard Temple, who, however,

* The uniform of the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars is blue, bearskin busby, with yellow busby-bag and scarlet plume.

only held it for three years, being succeeded by Colonel Evans. At Sheriffmuir, we learn from the *London Gazette* of the period, the Greys and Evans' Dragoons drove the rebels before them with great slaughter for two miles. Well may the strife in Scotland be called melancholy! "Many of the officers," writes Chambers, "had sat together in the senate of their country; many had caroused together at good men's feasts; and some were even related. . . . The hand which raised the sword or pistol against the bodies of the foe, would in many cases have been more willingly extended to give the grasp of friendship."

In 1742 the 4th, then known as Riche's Dragoons, fought at Dettingen—the first battle whose name is on their standards. At the ambushade at the *Pas du Méfle*, the 4th and Royals (Foot) were surrounded by a force of between ten and fifteen thousand French. Were it not that history convinces us that there is nothing impossible to the British soldier, it would seem almost incredible to learn that they fought through such overwhelming hosts. Such, however, is the fact, as stated in the *Records* of the regiment, though only thirty-nine of its troopers emerged unwounded. At Laffeldt, in 1747, when the British army was at last compelled to retreat, the cavalry, of which the 4th formed part, executed a most brilliant and effective charge. Breaking through two lines of the opposing horse, they were confronted by a compact body of infantry which poured in a withering fire. These, too, were charged and routed, and not till a fresh body of foes came against them, and the cavalry that they had scattered rejoined the combat, did the British troopers retire, leaving behind them their brave leader and other comrades prisoners, but bringing back, as trophies of their valour, several standards taken from the cavalry they had overthrown. The Royal Warrant of 1751, by which they were first numbered as the 4th Dragoons, prescribed the uniform as follows: Scarlet double-breasted coat lined with green, and slit sleeves turned up with the same colour; waistcoat and breeches green; white shoulder-knot; hat ornamented with silver lace, white metal loop, and black cockade; cloak of scarlet cloth lined with green. The regiment was employed on home duty for a considerable time, not leaving England again till 1809. The title of the Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons had been conferred on them in 1788. They were at Talavera and Busaco; amongst other deeds of daring, it is recorded that Serjeant Beardmore and five troopers encountered a patrol of thirteen French, all of whom they took prisoners. On another occasion Serjeant Shepherd and half a dozen troopers of the Queen's Own, on emerging from a narrow lane, found themselves opposed by a large body of the enemy's cavalry. Whether the brave serjeant knew anything

about one Horatius Coeles may be doubted, but at any rate he acted in the spirit of the sentiment Macaulay has put in the gallant Roman's mouth, and resolving that—

“In this strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by—six,”

kept the lane against the exasperated Frenchmen. At Los Santos the regiment took part in the dashing cavalry exploit which resulted in two hundred French troopers being taken prisoners; at Albuera, two squadrons of the 4th and two of the 13th kept the bridge against the opposing column and a heavy force of cavalry, while the two other squadrons were amongst the cavalry who, by their effective charge, rescued the army from the confusion into which the pettish arrogance and wrongheadedness of Blake, the Irish-Spanish commander, had thrown it. The victory may fairly be claimed by the British and their allies, though the price paid for it was terribly heavy. “The trophies of the French were five hundred unwounded prisoners, a howitzer, and several stand of colours. The British had nothing of that kind to boast of; but the horrid piles of carcases within their lines told with dreadful eloquence who were the conquerors” (Napier). The day after Albuera, the 4th, in conjunction with the 3rd Dragoons, engaged three regiments of French horse, beat them, and took a hundred prisoners. At Llerena they fought, at Salamanca, Vittoria, and Toulouse. They, with their comrades of the 3rd and the 5th Dragoon Guards, were mentioned in memorable phrase in the General Order of Ponsonby at the close of the war. “The three regiments,” he wrote, “will ever have to congratulate themselves on it having fallen to their lot to be in the brigade employed on the 22nd of July, 1812 (Salamanca), in that glorious and effectual charge which contributed in so eminent a degree to decide the fate of the day, and secure the signal and complete defeat of the French army.”

The Queen's Own returned to England in 1814, where they remained while Waterloo was fought, and in 1818 were transformed into light cavalry under the style of the “4th or Queen's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons.” In 1821 they sailed for India. Here, under Napier and Scott, they fought in the fierce battles which riveted yet more firmly the chains which bound India to the British Empire; in the army of the Indus, and later on at Ghuznee and Cabul, the “Queen's Own” grew to be typical of consummate daring and faultless discipline. The regiment returned to England in 1842, where twelve years of quiet were to pass before again they took the field.

On the colours of the 4th are the names of the great battles of the Crimea, and

amongst their proudest boasts is the fact that they were one of the regiments which, under Lord Cardigan, made the ever-memorable charge—"the charge of the Six Hundred." They were in the third line led by Lord George Paget, though it seems to have been intended that they should, with the 11th Hussars, have formed the second line. The names of the other officers with the Queen's were Major Haekett, Captain Alexander Low, Captain George John Brown, Captain Portal, Captain Hutton, Lieutenant Sparke, Lieutenant Hedworth Joliffe, Cornet Wykeham Martin—the "brave modest soldier" of Thackeray's eulogistic reference—Cornet William Affleek King, Cornet Edward Warwiek Hunt. To Lord George Paget were ever audible throughout the day the final directions given him by Lord Cardigan—"Mind, Lord George, I shall expect your very best support," till "it seemed to him that there was no evil so great as the evil of lagging behind" the first line. And it will give some idea of the tremendous speed this involved keeping up, when we bear in mind that the pace at which Lord Cardigan led his handful of men against an army has been put at seventeen miles an hour. Soon came the shock and confusion caused by the riderless horses of the foremost ranks galloping back mad with terror against the supporting lines. Especially was Lord George Paget tormented and pressed. "At one time there were three or four of these horses advancing close abreast of him on one side and as many as five on the other. Impelled by terror, by gregarious instinct, and by their habit of ranging in line, they so 'closed in' upon Lord George as to besmear his overalls with blood from the gory flanks of the nearest intruders, and oblige him to use his sword." The temptation to quote Kinglake's inimitable description of the charge, or of so much of it, rather, as relates to the 4th Light Dragoons, is irresistible. "For some time this regiment had been driving through a cloud of smoke and dust which so dimmed the air as to hide from them all visible indications of the now silent battery; but upon their nearer approach the Czar's burnished brass pieces of ordnance were almost suddenly disclosed to view; and our Light Dragoons saw that at the part of the battery they confronted the mounted men there appearing were artillery drivers trying to carry off the guns. Then an officer of the regiment—and one, too, strange to say, who had hitherto been most inexorably rigid in enforcing exactness—brought his hand to the ear and delivered a shrill 'Tallyho!' which hurled forward the hitherto well-ordered line, and broke it up into racing horsemen." Then a fierce struggle began between the brave and determined Russians, whose thick coats, we read, were impenetrable by the edge of the sabre, and our Dragoons, wrought to the highest pitch of warlike enthusiasm by finding themselves

at last amongst the foe who had made that ride so deadly. A remarkable instance of coolness is recorded of one of the officers—Cornet Warwick Hunt. This young subaltern, Kinglake tells us, “became so eager to prevent the enemy from hauling off one of the pieces, that after first ‘returning’ his sword he coolly dismounted, and at a moment when the six wretched artillery horses and their drivers were the subject of a raging combat, applied his mind with persistency to the other end of the traces or ‘prolong,’ and sought to disengage the gun from the harness, a curious act of audacity in the thick of a fight, for which, unless I mistake, his colonel both d—d and admired him.” The guns had been passed; the bulk of the Russian cavalry were in retreat; beyond, their infantry were formed into squares as if to resist the onslaught of “victorious cavalry”—of a force of British horse, that is, now numbering a few over two hundred. Presently the 4th found themselves in line with the 11th Hussars retreating before a mass of the enemy’s cavalry. When only forty yards or so separated the two bodies, Lord George Paget shouted, “If you don’t front, my boys, we are done!” There were about seventy, representing the two regiments, to hear and obey, but they turned and faced the enemy, some of the men who were confused being assured of the order by the cool courage of Lieutenant Joliffe who, regardless of the onward sweep of the foe, *façed* his own men, holding up his sword for a rally, and thus enabling the order to be acted on. Just then a force of Russian cavalry was seen in our rear, cutting off retreat to the British lines. The recorded words of Lord George Paget tersely describe the position: “We are in a desperate scrape. What the devil shall we do?” And on him, as senior officer present, devolved the duty of answering his own query. He resolved to break through these new opponents, and forthwith, with but little order—the officers, indeed, being in the doubly-perilous position of following instead of leading their line—the English horsemen drove “straight towards the thicket of lances which threatened to bar their retreat.” The Russians wheeled; instead of meeting the shock of our seventy sabres they moved so that we should pass along their front and run the gauntlet so to speak of four hundred odd lances. And yet there were few casualties: “We got by them,” writes an officer quoted by the historian of the event, “we got by them. How, I know not. It is a mystery to me. There is one explanation, and one only—the hand of God was upon us.” The further retreat was terrible; the ground they traversed seemed covered with the bodies of their own comrades, dying, staggering, limping by—battered, after the cruel hail of shot and shell, by the iron heels of maddened, wounded horses. But at last the space was passed; they were still

toiling with their exhausted horses up the valley, still—for the Laureate's line is no fiction—"stormed at by shot and shell," when they heard a welcome sound. It was an English cheer, the welcome of their comrades in the British lines to the survivors of regiment who had essayed and done

"Such a gallant feat of arms
As ne'er was seen before."

Amongst the last of the arrivals was Lord George Paget. Amongst the officers who welcomed him back was Lord Cardigan, who had led the light brigade, who had claimed the very best support of the 4th Dragoons, and who himself had ridden through the zone of fire and steel, and fought his way back again.

Of the officers of the 4th, Major Hackett and Lieut. Sparke were killed, and Captains Brown and Hutton severely wounded. Of the last named, it is recorded that he was seen using his sword with dire effect on the Russian gunners at a time when his thigh was broken. Before the fierce combat was over he had been shot through the other thigh, and on returning to the British lines was lifted, scarcely conscious, out of the saddle. His horse was wounded in no fewer than eleven places. As a specimen of the courage that actuated all ranks, we may mention the brave conduct of Trooper Parkes. While shot and shell were flying thickest and the Cossacks pressing nearest, the horse of Trumpet-Major Crawford fell, throwing his rider with such force as to jerk his sword out of his hand. Two Cossacks set upon him, when Parkes, on foot, intervened, and, as Mr. Sam Weller's song would have phrased it, "prewailed on them to" retreat. Then six more Russians appeared, but these too Parkes kept at bay, slowly retreating and using his one sword to defend himself and his weaponless comrade.

At Inkerman, what was left of the Light Brigade—only two hundred men—was for a time under the command of Lord George Paget of the 4th, and while supporting some French cavalry some more casualties occurred.

After the close of the Crimean war the 4th returned to England to rest, and recruit their decimated ranks. They became hussars in 1861, and in 1867 went to India, whence they returned in 1878. They are at present stationed in Ireland. The present colonel of the regiment is General Alexander Low, C.B., who served as captain in the Balaclava charge.

THE FIFTH (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS,* as at present constituted, date only from 1858. The old 5th Dragoons, the Royal Irish of the wars of Marlborough, were disbanded in 1798, leaving behind a name inferior to none for courage and effectiveness. They trace their origin to the Protestants of Inniskilling, who—as related when treating of the 6th Dragoons—gained so honourable a name for their gallant defence after the accession of William and Mary, and from whose ranks twelve troops of horse were raised. The 5th Lancers, therefore, claim a kinship of descent with the Inniskillings and the 27th Foot.

The regiment was incorporated by warrant in 1690, and the first command given to Colonel J. W. Wynne. At Ramillies, the 5th Dragoons captured a battalion of French grenadiers, in recognition of which they were permitted to wear grenadier caps, and at the same battle Lord Molesworth, commanding the Royal Irish, was instrumental in saving for England the valuable life of her great General. The incident is thus referred to by a popular writer: “The Duke himself, at the head of seventeen squadrons of cavalry, dashed among the enemy’s cuirassiers, and the splendidly mounted and accoutred household troops of France. Hand to hand they met with the sword; steel rang on steel, and saddles were emptied fast. . . . The slaughter on both sides was terrible. . . . Amid it Marlborough nearly perished. After ordering up every available man from the right, he led one furious charge in person. On this being recognised by some French troopers, they fell altogether, and with exulting bitterness, upon him, and cutting down all around him, sought to kill or capture him. Sword in hand he hewed a passage through them, and rushed his horse at a ditch, but was heavily thrown in the leap. Again he was in danger of being killed, and would have inevitably been so but for the prompt succour given him by Major-General Murray and the Duke of Argyle. Richard, Viscount Molesworth, colonel of the Royal Irish Dragoons, now mounted him on his own horse, and brought him off; but the Duke’s secretary, Colonel Brinfield, who held the stirrup while he mounted, was struck dead by a cannon-ball.”

In 1858 the regiment of Royal Irish Dragoons was reconstituted as the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, and five years later was ordered to India, where it served till 1874. Ten years after two squadrons were included in the forces sent to Egypt, with the result that “Suakin” completes the list of names upon its standards.

* The 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers bear as a crest “The Harp and Crown,” and the motto “Quis separabit.” On the standards are the names “Blenheim,” “Ramillies,” “Oudenarde,” “Malplaquet,” “Suakin, 1885.” The uniform is blue, with scarlet facings, and the Lancer’s helmet with green plume.

At Suakin the 5th Lancers were stationed with the 20th Hussars at the rear of the centre of the line, and on the 9th of March, 1885, the welcome order to advance was given. "An officer who was there," in his very interesting sketch of the campaign, says, "the English cavalry were thrown forward, and gradually spread themselves out over the plain like a great fan, the advance parties keeping up a continuous flow of messages to the main body by means of the ordinary signalling flags. . . . I do not think I ever witnessed a more imposing spectacle than was presented by the beautiful working of this cavalry force as they gradually felt their way across the plain towards the mountains." At the attack on Hasheen Hill, the 5th, with whom were the 9th Bengal Cavalry, were on the right, and while the latter were engaged in a somewhat disastrous conflict amongst the thick bush, the 5th had been halted in a more open piece of ground to the left of the movement of the 9th, and were thus enabled to charge the Arabs in the flank, going right through them. "The Arabs practised their usual tactics, and lay themselves flat on the ground when they saw the cavalry approaching, doing their best to hamstring the horses as they passed, but the lance put an end to many of these thus sacrificed to their temerity. The leader of this little charge, who was a true soldier and thorough type of a dashing cavalry officer, was himself wounded by one of the spears of the 9th (Bengal) with which an Arab had armed himself. So quick was the Arab that the sword was too late to parry the thrust, and the spear was lodged deeply in the rider's thigh—so deeply, indeed, as to wrench it from the Arab's grasp. With the bridle in one hand and a sword in the other there was no possibility of withdrawing the lance, which caught in a bush and nearly unhorsed this gallant soldier. . . . Another officer belonging to the 5th laid four of the enemy low before he emptied his revolver." Later on the same day, the 5th dispersed with considerable loss a determined attack made on the 70th. When the war was over, leaving, alas! so much of wonder and grief in men's hearts—wonder at the conflicting views that seemed to actuate the minds of those whose orders the British army so nobly carried out, grief for the Englishman who had trusted to his country's honour to save him, and who had fallen unrescued and unavenged—the 5th returned to England, and have since remained on home service.

THE SEVENTH (THE QUEEN'S OWN) REGIMENT OF HUSSARS* was, like the other Hussar regiment bearing the same title (the 4th), originally a heavy cavalry corps, and was raised in Scotland in 1690 at the time of the struggles that followed the accession of William and Mary. Its first colonel was Robert Cunningham, under whom, in 1694, the regiment embarked for foreign service. The first action in which the hardy Scots troopers were engaged was at Moorsleede; the French were routed, but an officer and several men were killed, and the leader of the expedition received a wound which eventually proved fatal. The 7th formed part of the force that covered the siege of Namur, and returned to England in 1697. In 1711, under Kerr, brother of the Duke of Roxburgh, they embarked for Holland, where, however, they were not engaged in any operation of importance, and returned to Ireland two years later. For four months in 1714 Kerr's Dragoons ceased to exist; the regiment was disembodied, and many of the men joined the Royals and Scots Greys. On the accession of George I., however, a royal warrant summoned it anew into existence, and, composed of two troops from the Royals, three from the Greys, and one raised in the neighbourhood of London, Kerr's Dragoons, now the 7th Hussars, recommenced their brilliant career, shortly after its second incorporation receiving the title of "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales' Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons." At Dunblane the 7th fought gallantly against the Scots under the Earl of Mar, and during the affray Colonel Kerr had three horses killed under him. On the termination of the unhappy struggle the regiment returned to England, where, with occasional sojourns in Scotland, they remained till 1742. In this year the 7th, then known as The Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons, embarked for Holland, and in June of the following year took part in the battle of Dettingen, where they lost three officers and eleven men. At the "unfortunate affair" of Fontenoy they were again engaged, and again suffered loss. Together with the Greys and Inniskillings they charged through Roncoux, and their desperate valour at Val enabled the luckless Duke of Cumberland to make good his retreat. In 1749 they returned to England, and from the royal warrant of a couple of years later we learn that at this time the uniform of the Queen's Own consisted of a double-breasted scarlet coat lined with white, slit sleeves turned up with white, white aiguillette on right shoulder, white waistcoat and breeches; hats ornamented with silver lace, white metal loop, and black cockade; scarlet cloak, with white collar and lining and yellow frogs.

* The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars bear as a crest "The Royal Cypher within the Garter." On their standards are the names "Dettingen," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Lucknow." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with scarlet busby-bag and white plume.

As was the case with other regiments of cavalry, a light troop was added in 1755, which, with other similar troops, was engaged in the expeditions against Cherbourg. Five years after this the 7th sailed for Germany, and fought at Warbourg, where all the cavalry regiments obtained such high praise. At Groebenstein, later on, they, in conjunction with the 11th Dragoons (now the 11th Hussars), routed and pursued a force of French against whom they were dispatched, and took several prisoners. They returned again to England in 1763, and twenty years later became Light Dragoons; and about the same time blue, instead of red, became the dominant colour of the uniforms. Two squadrons of the Queen's Own were sent to the Netherlands in 1793, under Major Osborne, and of these two squadrons, one, at the siege of Launoy, killed one hundred and took prisoners fifty-nine of the enemy, with some guns and other *matériel* of war, with the loss of only two men wounded. At Cateau, the following year, the Queen's Own—again in conjunction with the 11th—took part in the charge so disastrous to the French, and for which so high praise was given by the Commander-in-Chief. Notwithstanding that, according to the official record, “the 7th were distinguished by their heroic ardour and contempt of danger,” their loss in this fierce engagement was only one man killed and under twenty wounded. They fought, always with courage and dash, at Tournay, Roubaix, and Mouveaux. At the last-named place their brave leader, by that time Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne, was taken prisoner. Before the French could congratulate themselves on their capture the whole force of the 7th were upon them, drove them back, and rescued their beloved officer. Of their behaviour at Launoy we read in the memoirs of a foot guard who was present, that “the Light Cavalry performed wonders of valour; it was no uncommon thing to see one of them attack three of the French dragoons at once in order to rescue the prisoners they were carrying off.” In 1795 they returned to England, where they remained, however, only four years, leaving for foreign service in 1799, and at Egmont-op-Zee the 7th were attached to the column of the famous Abercromby. During the retreat at the latter part of the year, the enemy succeeded in capturing some cannon; before, however, they were able to dispose of their somewhat rare trophy, the 7th were upon them, and had retaken our cannon with some French pieces as an honorarium for the enforced loan. They returned to England again in December of the same year, and remained at home for eight years or so. In 1807 the regiment became hussars, and received the full title which it bears at present. The Peninsular War next claimed the services of the Queen's Own, and under Vivian they joined Moore's army, where, as there was no lack of fighting, found themselves in

their proper element. Perhaps one of the most remarkable achievements of the regiment was at Carrion, where a squadron attacked an equal body of French cavalry, and made them all prisoners with the exception of the officer, who succeeded in escaping. Returning to England in 1809, the 7th had a rest for four years, when they again went abroad, and, under the command of Colonel Harrison, took sixty prisoners at Orthes, and later on in the year took sixteen officers and seven hundred men, deserving, it will be admitted, the praise they received in the despatch of Lord Wellington. While in the Peninsula their dash and utter want of respect for the majesty of superior numbers gained them the sobriquet of the "Saucy 7th"; a poetical but rather far-fetched allusion to their uniform—blue with white facings—caused them to be occasionally known as "Lilywhite 7th;" they also rejoiced in the nickname, why bestowed we are unable to say, of "Young Eyes." Some time previously to this, the regiment was occasionally known as the "Black Horse." From this period, too, dates the privilege they enjoy of being one of the very few regiments permitted to wear a white collar inside their stock. They returned for a short time, to be summoned abroad again by the further fighting necessitated by Napoleon's escape from Elba. They fought at Genappe; at Waterloo they lost fifty-six killed and nearly a hundred wounded. Being detailed to remain with the Army of Occupation, the 7th remained in France till 1818, when they returned to enjoy a longer spell of quiet than had fallen to their lot for many a day. In 1838, they formed part of the force ordered to Canada to repress the rebellion there. Their last service of importance gained for the Queen's Own the name of "Lucknow" on their standards. They reached India early in 1858, and were attached to Sir Hope Grant's force, and that well-known officer commented eulogistically on their appearance and discipline. They did not long remain unemployed after their arrival.

On March 19th, 1858, Colonel Hagart, of the 7th, performed a singularly daring feat. It became necessary to dislodge the enemy from a fort they occupied, and a troop of the 7th, some of Hodson's Horse, with a few others, were ordered for the service. "Hagart ordered the 7th to charge, but before they could be put in motion the three troop officers—Slade, Wilkin, and Banks—were cut down, the latter mortally wounded. The loss of their officers took the men by surprise, when Hagart dashed at the rebels, who were hacking Banks as he lay on the ground, shot three with a revolver, and knocked a fourth with the hilt of his sword, which was tied to his wrist with a silk pocket-handkerchief. His men quickly rallied round him, and killed every one of the enemy."

For this Colonel Hagart, who afterwards succeeded to the command of the brigade, was recommended for the Victoria Cross, and it caused some surprise that Sir Colin Campbell declined to forward the recommendation, on the ground that it was not an appropriate recognition for an officer of Colonel Hagart's rank. In another skirmish, the following month, the 7th charged a native force who were attacking our position, and Captain Topham, with eight or ten men, was wounded. On another occasion the 7th charged through a body of Zemindarces—amongst the most warlike and fearless of the foes we had to encounter—and, fortunately for the safety of the British force, repulsed them with great slaughter. On the 31st of December in that year another deed of daring was done. Major C. Fraser, though suffering from a serious wound, plunged his horse into the river Raptce and swam to the assistance of Captain Stinstead and some troopers who were attempting to cross and in imminent danger of being swept away. This was effected under a heavy fire of musketry. For this Major Fraser received the Victoria Cross.

At last the Mutiny, with its tale of horror, its hecatombs of noble lives, its thousands of bereaved and bleeding hearts, was over, and the Queen's Own returned to England. In 1886 they were again ordered for service in India, where they now are.

THE EIGHTH (KING'S ROYAL IRISH) HUSSARS* was formed in 1693, and recruited from amongst the Irish Protestants who had consistently supported the cause of William and Mary against the claims of James II. The immediate cause which called it into existence was the employment on foreign service of Wynne's Dragoons, the original 5th Royal Irish, and Henry Cunninghame, son of Sir Albert Cunninghame, whose tragic end has been described in treating of the Inniskilling Dragoons, soon raised the corps now under consideration. The first uniform, it may be of interest to note, was scarlet, with yellow waistcoats and breeches, round hats with broad brims turned up on both sides and behind, and the arms—including as they did swords and pistols, with long muskets and bayonets—were evidently chosen with the view of making the regiment available for service as infantry. The 8th were ordered for foreign service in 1704, and served with credit in the important actions which marked the commencement of the campaign. At the engagement of St. Istevan de Litera, thirty of the 8th, with about

* The 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars bear as a crest "The Harp and Crown," and the motto 'Pristinæ virtutis memores.' On their standards are the names "Laswarri," "Hindoostan," "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Central India," "Afghanistan, 1879—1880." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with scarlet busby-bag and red and white plume.

four hundred foot, repulsed nine squadrons of French cavalry and the like number of battalions of infantry; and the following day the British, then reinforced and amounting in all to some twelve hundred men, engaged and forced to retreat upwards of four thousand of the enemy. At this sanguinary encounter, however, the 8th lost their gallant Colonel, Cunninghame, whose place was then taken by Colonel Killigrew. At Villena they encountered a body of Irish Dragoons in the French service, who, however, were involved in the rout and slaughter with which the 8th defeated them. It is at once comic and rather pathetic to read that the commander of the Franco-Irish sent a messenger to Captain Matthews of the 8th, pleading not to be despised for the defeat he had suffered, as he had been unable to induce his new comrades in arms to stand the brunt of the charge.

Later on in the same year one of the mischances of "glorious war" befel Killigrew's dragoons, a hundred and fifty of them being made prisoners of war at Elehe. Mortifying as such a fate was, it was better than that which the remainder of the regiment—only fifty-one men—experienced at Almanza, where their colonel, a lieutenant, and twenty men were killed, others taken prisoners, and the remaining twenty with great difficulty making good their retreat. The exchange of the captives and active recruiting soon brought the Royal Irish up to their effective strength, and under Colonel Pepper they fought in the battles which for the next few years were ceaselessly waged. At Almanara, in 1710, they particularly distinguished themselves, overthrowing the opposing squadrons and being foremost in the pursuit of the flying foe. At Saragossa, where "the two kings of Spain were in the field and many deeds of heroism were displayed," Pepper's dragoons were in the thickest of the fight; at Brihuega they were again unfortunate, their colonel and major being taken prisoners; and four years afterwards, peace having been restored and Queen Anne's advisers being seized with a panic for retrenchment, Pepper's dragoons were, with many other regiments, disbanded. But only for a few months; in July of the following year they were reincorporated, and remained employed on home service till the troubles of the '45, when, under General St. George as their colonel, the 8th were engaged in suppressing the movement in favour of Prince Charles Edward. In the warrant of 1751, which, as before observed, settled the uniforms of the various regiments, that of the 8th is prescribed as a scarlet double-breasted coat lined with yellow, the sleeves turned up with yellow, and the waistcoats and breeches of the same colour; the three-cornered cocked hats were bound with silver lace, with white metal loop and black cockade, and the cloaks were of scarlet lined

with yellow. The coloured prints published about this time show that the regiment wore buff swordbelts across the right shoulder, instead, as was customary with other dragoons, round the waist; and tradition has it, that this distinction was commemorative of one amongst many incidents in the career of the regiment illustrating its courage—the annihilation of a body of Spanish cavalry (probably at Almanara or Saragossa), and the appropriation by the victors of their belts. This distinction, however, ceased in 1776, when the regiment was transformed into Light Dragoons, under the title of “The King’s Royal Irish Regiment of Light Dragoons,” and the badge and motto bestowed.* In 1794, the Royal Irish embarked for the Netherlands, and fought with most conspicuous gallantry at Rousbeek. Lieutenant-Colonel Hart, at the head of a squadron, led a charge into the village, which was found “crowded with opponents.” Four guns well placed played havoc with the ranks of the Royal Irish, who notwithstanding dashed forward, cleared the street and captured the guns. But the enemy were reinforced, and when the order for retreat was given there were but few of the gallant 8th left to obey it. The detachment, with its captain, was taken prisoner; of the squadron that captured the guns two officers and ninety men were killed, others taken prisoners—only Colonel Hart, Captain Sherlock, and about twelve troopers escaping. Of these two officers is recorded one of those instances of personal heroism and self-sacrifice which speak so eloquently of the *morale* of an army. Captain Sherlock, who was scarcely more than a boy, seeing that Colonel Hart’s horse was badly wounded, placed his own at his disposal, with the words, “Your life, sir, is of more consequence to the service than mine, I therefore beg of you to exchange horses.” The chivalrous offer was chivalrously refused, and both officers escaped. The 8th fought at Landmark, at Ghits, and Hootmarke. At Alost, a piquet of the 8th—about forty men, under Captain Vandeleur—charged *four hundred* French dragoons, and kept them in check until reinforcements arrived. In this action, “supposed to be as gallant a business on the part of the 8th as any that had occurred during the campaign,” the regiment lost two officers and two men killed, twelve wounded, including Colonel Vandeleur, and one officer wounded and prisoner.

While in Germany, in 1795, a notification was received that the King had, “as a special mark of royal favour,” directed that the buff accoutrements before referred to should be resumed by the Royal Irish. The regiment returned to England in the following year, and were almost immediately ordered to the Cape, where for five years

* *Vide* Historical Records. Major Lawrence-Archer states that the motto was given in recognition of the conduct of the regiment at Laswarri.

they assisted to keep in order Dutch colonists and Caffre savages. In 1801 a troop left the Cape for the scene of the war in Egypt under Abereromby, and when peace was concluded in the following year the whole regiment were detailed for duty in India. Here "in fierce Mahratta battle" the 8th wrought heroically against the splendid mailed warriors of Scindia. At Laswarri—one of the hottest and most sanguinary encounters of our many stern conflicts in India—the Royal Irish, who were mounted on *white* horses supplied by the Nabob of Lucknow, were severely and victoriously engaged. The advance guard, under Lieutenant Luidon, had a serious encounter first, and by their resolute attack forced the retreating Scindia to give battle. The time had come for the cavalry to charge; Colonel Vandeleur spoke to them a few inspiring words, and was taking his place at their head, conspicuous amongst his white-horsed troops by the magnificent black charger he rode, when—the sword fell harmless back into the scabbard, and the brave officer fell to the ground shot through the heart. No living words of his could have urged his men to utmost effort so eloquently and resistlessly as did his death. "Breathing only vengeance and slaughter, and undaunted by the fall of their beloved colonel, the Irish dragoons burst like a thunderbolt upon the recoiling legions of the Mahrattas. . . . On and on yet pressed the red coats, mingling with the silvery grey of the Bengalee dragoons, their swords flashing on every side and spreading death and carnage along the whole enemy's left, they poured through the village of Laswarri and captured several guns." There came then a short lull, while conditions of surrender were considered. When their non-acceptance necessitated further action, it was the infantry who first re-engaged the foe, then—warriors and steeds refreshed by the breathing space that had fallen—the Royal Irish again charged, and the result of that charge was the overthrow of Scindia, and the restoration to his sovereignty of the Peishwa, whose cause Imperial England had adopted. Enormous spoils fell into the hands of the conquerors, including seventy-two guns, forty-four stand of colours, and two thousand prisoners. At Furruckabad, the 8th—who, with six guns of the Horse Artillery, had covered seventy miles in twenty-four hours—surprised Holkar in his camp, and inflicted a crushing blow; at Uzulghar, they and another cavalry regiment charged the enemy and captured thirty colours, amongst them being two golden standards that had been borne before the rebel chief. In 1814, a squadron of the 8th formed part of the force that stormed Kalunga under Sir R. R. Gillespie, who formerly had been a colonel of the regiment, and in this action, his last, wore the sword they had presented him, with the inscription on its blade, "The gift of the Royal Irish." Here, dismounted, the 8th advanced

to storm the defences, and driving the Ghoorkas back to the fort, penetrated as far as the gate. There, however, they had to face back, and then it was that Gillespie, advancing to their rescue, fell dead, shot through the heart, with the sword of the Royal Irish in his hand.

The regiment returned to England in 1822. The beautiful black charger of Colonel Vandeleur, which, ever since his death at Laswarri, had kept its place in the ranks, was shot to prevent his falling into unworthy hands. After the fall of Kalunga, "Black Bob," the splendid Arab steed of Gillespie, was put up for sale, "with his saddle and housings still bearing the traces of his late master's blood." The competition was keen, but, sooner than it should leave the regiment, the troopers of the Royal Irish purchased it, and so the steeds of two dead colonels marched, riderless, in the ranks. When the regiment was ordered to England, Black Bob was sold to a civilian at Cawnpore, but the Royal Irish "gave him back half the 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." But when the trumpets of the 8th were heard playing a familiar air as the regiment marched to the point of embarkation, the horse kicked his stall to pieces, broke the collar, "and rushed at full gallop to the barracks, where he fell dead in the square, not far from the usual saluting post."

At the Crimea the 8th formed part of the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan, who, it may be remarked *en passant*, made his military *début* as a cornet in this regiment. Through all the wearinesses, troubles, and conflicts of that campaign the Royal Irish were engaged, and to them came the honour of forming part of the "Six Hundred." Only three troops, however, were then engaged, as a troop had been told off as escort for the Commander-in-Chief. The officers present at the charge were Colonel Shewell, in command; Major de Salis, Captain Tomkinson; Lieutenants Seager, Clutterbuck, Viscount Fitzgibbon, and Phillips; Cornets Hencage, Clowes, and Mussenden. It was intended that the 4th and 8th should have formed the second line, but from some unexplained cause—partly, possibly, from Lord George Paget's construction of his commander's words, "Mind, Lord George, I expect your best support"—the distance between the two regiments became greater each minute, so that eventually the 8th were riding alone on the extreme right of the charge. "When the 8th Hussars began to encounter the riderless horses dashing back from the first line, there was created some degree of unsteadiness, which showed itself in a spontaneous increase of speed, but this tendency was rigorously checked by the officers, and they brought back the pace of the regiment to a good trot. Of the three officers commanding the three troops, one—

namely, Captain Tomkinson—was at this time disabled ; another, Lord Fitzgibbon, was killed, and several men and horses fell ; but Lieutenant Seager and Cornet Clowes took the vacant commands, and those of this small and now isolated regiment who had not been slain or disabled moved steadily down the valley.” It will be noticed, when treating of the 17th Lancers, how, at a critical moment, the officer in command of a part of the latter—*fifteen* men about to charge a dense mass of Russian cavalry—heard his men remark in cheery tones, “The Busby-bags are coming.” These welcome Busby-bags, “only a squadron, but a squadron in beautiful order,” were the 8th, who, reduced to half their strength, had passed the muzzles of the Russian guns, and were advancing to join with the little force of Lancers. Then the seventy horsemen, to which these fractions of the two regiments amounted, “rode straight at the fluttering line of gay lances which the enemy was then in the very act of forming.” Colonel Shewell, who led, singled out the Russian officer in command of the hostile force ; “he clenched a rein in each hand, got his head somewhat down, and, as though he were going at a leap which his horse unless forced might refuse, drove full at the Russian chief.” The horse of the latter swerved, and Shewell broke through the two lines of Lancers ; he was well followed by his slender band ; and the three squadrons of the enemy were quickly in retreat, broken and overthrown by seventy British horsemen. Then they retreated ; in the retreat, when again exposed to the fire from the batteries, many were killed ; Lieutenant Clowes was made prisoner ; Major de Salis narrowly escaped the same fate. He gave up his own charger to a disabled trooper of the 8th Hussars, and led the horse bearing the wounded man back to the British lines. So ended the Light Cavalry charge, and, as bearing more particularly on the part played in it by the Royal Irish, we may quote a conclusion deduced by the great historian of the war. Replying to the question, “Who brought the first line out of action ?” he says : “Upon the whole it results that what constituted at last the main, though diminutive, remnant of the first line was extricated from the power of the enemy by Colonel Shewell of the 8th Hussars.”

The regiment was again engaged at Inkerman. In the Afghan campaign of 1879—80 the King’s Royal Irish Hussars were again engaged, and ably maintained the reputation of the British cavalry. Their present quarters are at Meerut, India.

THE NINTH (QUEEN'S ROYAL) LANCERS* has the proud pre-eminence of being the first cavalry corps *raised* after the peace of Ryswick in 1697; the preceding regiment, the 8th Hussars, being recalled from a condition of suspended animation. In 1715, when the first George began to fear for himself and his throne, and when £100,000 was offered for the "Pretender," dead or alive, seventeen additional regiments of dragoons and thirteen of foot were added to the establishment. Of these seventeen dragoon regiments, the first raised was that commanded by General Wynne, now Her Majesty's 9th Lancers. The first engagement of the regiment was at Preston, where the troopers fought on foot; from that time till 1797, when the troubles in Ireland reached a climax, and "the French were on the sea," their duties were the ordinary duties of soldiers in peace time. In 1797, however, began an era of unwelcome activity; Ireland, the habitat of the regiment for the past eighty years, was torn by faction, and the rebellion was stained by terrible cruelties. Throughout all these the 9th behaved well and loyally, fighting against overwhelming odds, and on more than one occasion receiving the special thanks of Government. In 1803 they returned to England, whence, in 1806, they proceeded to South America, where, as on the occasion of their first corporate action, they served on foot. The following year they returned to England, losing on the coast of Cornwall several men by shipwreck. Two years later they were ordered to Holland for the siege of Flushing, returning, however, in less than a year, leaving as victims—not to the enemy, but to the pernicious climate—no less than a hundred and fifty-two men of the six troops detailed for the service. In 1811 they joined the forces waging what is known as the Peninsular War, and were brigaded with the 13th and some foreign horse under Sir William Erskine. Outside Arrozo they and the German Hussars routed a very formidable body of French cavalry; at Sabugal they joined in the pursuit of Regniers' defeated forces; throughout the Peninsular War they gave good evidence of the sterling metal that was to be proved to the uttermost in the fierce Indian warfare of aftertime.

The 9th were not at Waterloo, but were amongst the regiments who kept "a fretful realm in awe" during the excited times that immediately preceded and followed Wellington's master stroke. Notably during the agricultural riots in Hampshire and Wilts in 1830, the 9th were of the utmost service in preserving order. We may glance here at the internal changes affecting the regiment since its formation. The warrant of

* The 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers bear as a crest "The Royal Cypher within the Garter." On their standards are the names "Peninsula," "Punniar," "Sobraon," "Punjaub," "Chillianwallah," "Goojerat," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Charasiab," "Cabul, 1879," "Candahar, 1880," "Afghanistan, 1878—80." The uniform is blue, with scarlet facings, and the lancer's helmet with black and white plume.

1751 describes the uniform as consisting of a scarlet double-breasted coat lined with buff, the sleeves being turned up with the same colour; waistcoat and breeches of buff, and scarlet cloak with similar lining. The hat and other accoutrements were, *mutatis mutandis*, the same as those of the other dragoon regiments. In 1783 they became Light Dragoons; and about this time, or a little later, the colour of the uniform was changed to blue, becoming scarlet again in 1831, and blue more recently. They received the appellation of "Lancers" in 1831, with the title of "Queen's Royal" in honour of Queen Adelaide. To the "twin victories" of Punniar and Maharajahpore the 9th contributed not a little, the foes they had to meet yielding, by their very courage and ferocity, well-merited praise to their victors. They fought at Sobraon, where the Sikhs numbered 37,000, and lost 14,000; at Chillianwallah, where their leader was Sir Hope Grant, a name famous in the annals of military India; at Goojerat, where the Sikh Horse in front of our cavalry were described by an eye-witness as being "numerous as the waves of the sea." Against this dense mass two squadrons of the 9th with some Seinde Horse charged with irresistible fury, and, with the loss of many brave lives, the enemy's cavalry was routed. "God has given you the victory," was the bitter avowal of the brave Sikhs, some of whom shed honourable tears of mortification as they kissed the weapons they were forced to give up to the conquering British.

The mutiny—so fresh in the memories of most of us—brought out in brilliant relief the sterling qualities of the 9th. It has before been observed how little the "gentlemen in England who dwelt at home at ease" realised the fearful struggle that was commencing in their far-off dependency. Well it was, for them and for us, that men of the calibre of the 9th Lancers, the Carabineers, and other regiments, whose part in the heroic struggle will in its place be recorded, were available to stem the ghastly flood of rebellion, outrage, and torturing murder that, as in a moment, threatened to overwhelm British India. On the 7th of June, 1857, the forces under Barnard and Reed, before Delhi, included the 9th Lancers, who then as now wore blue uniforms, with white puggarees round their forage caps, and their keen lances were unadorned by the gay bannerols that at other times and on other scenes made so gay a show. For some reason no immediate assault was made; but sorties and skirmishes gave plenty of work to the beleaguering force, fighting under a fierce Eastern sun and scorching wind, with the thermometer not unfrequently at 140°, and when swords and gun-barrels grew hot to the touch. On the 19th a sortie in force was made, and it seemed at one time as though some of our guns would be taken. This was prevented by a charge of the 9th under

Lieutenant-Colonel Abercromby Yule with some of the other cavalry. The fighting went on all day, and into the night. When at last the order to retire came, amongst the slain was the brave leader of the 9th, who lay dead covered with mortal wounds, and by his side four of his gallant troopers. Throughout July and August the same harassing, intermittent warfare continued; early in September, reinforcements having arrived, it was determined that a grand assault should be made. If incentive had been needed to nerve the troops for the enterprise, the General Order of Major-General Wilson, who then commanded, would have supplied it. The concluding words were: "Major-General Wilson need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers!" On the 14th of that month the assault was made. Two hundred of the 9th, with some Sikh horse and artillery, moved forward under the command of Hope Grant. For two hours they stood under fire, the round shot of the enemy emptying saddle after saddle. "Gallantly they stood, conscious that thus exposing their lives without the power of retaliating they were serving the common cause." Delhi fell, and a week later the 9th, under Colonel Greathead, were dispatched towards Alighur to cut off the rebels. In the second week in October they entered Agra, hoping for some rest after the strain and labour of the past days. But this hope was doomed to disappointment. "Four natives, apparently conjurors," writes an historian of the mutiny, "came strolling up to the advanced guard of the 9th Lancers. On the serjeant in charge ordering them off, one of them drew a sword from under his clothes and cut him down. Another serjeant moving up to the rescue was also wounded. These men were soon dispatched by the troopers, but before the alarm had reached the rear, round shot came pouring into the camp. The familiar sound was sufficient for the men of Delhi; the assembly was sounded, the men sprang to their feet, seized their muskets and mounted their horses. The enemy's horse, taking advantage of the surprise, had charged our artillery and had sabred the gunners of one gun, when a dashing charge made upon them by a squadron of the 9th drove them back in disorder." Again the enemy threatened, and again did the 9th, this time supported by some of Hodson's Horse, beat them off. In this engagement, Captain French was killed and Lieutenant Jones seriously wounded. At the time of the first charge the number of the enemy was fifty; that of the 9th, *eleven*. Prior to the relief of Oudh, they were engaged in several skirmishes. When Sir Colin Campbell marched to the relief of Lucknow, half the 9th were left behind to guard the Dilkusha Palace, in which the sick

and wounded had been placed, and the remainder of the regiment joined the brigade of Adrian Hope, and under Outram in the following year fought at the Musa Bagh and pursued the enemy for four miles, "despite the obstacles offered by nullahs almost impassable and ravines difficult for horsemen," and only desisted when they had captured six guns and slain about a hundred of the enemy.

The name that follows "Lucknow" on the standards of the 9th recalls the service of this distinguished regiment in Afghanistan. At Charasiah, on the 6th October, 1879, a patrol of the 9th, under Captain Apperley, having occupied a village, found themselves hard pressed by the enemy. A reinforcement of twenty men, under Major Mitford, joined Apperley, and the small force—some forty in all—held their ground, sustaining a regular siege in miniature. Further reinforcements arriving, the position was relieved. Two days later they again occupied a village, and were engaged in sundry skirmishes, attended with but little loss, till the public entry of Sir F. Roberts into Cabul (12th October), when the "9th Queen's Royal Lancers led the way, and were conspicuous for their smart and gallant bearing." The following month the regiment again had some sharp fighting at Maidan, where a reconnoitring party were fired upon by the still unsubdued followers of Bahadur Khan. Later on the same year there were heavy casualties amongst the 9th. The 11th of December commenced with an incident affecting the regiment which merits narrating. When in close proximity to the enemy, some men of the regiment fell into one of the deep ditches of water which intersect the country, and their horses rolled over them. Seeing this, the Rev. J. W. Adams, a chaplain of the force, rushed forward, plunged into the water, which reached his middle, and, all the while under a heavy fire, succeeded in extricating the troopers from their perilous position. By this time his horse had escaped, and the Afghans were close upon him; he fortunately was able, however, to escape, and, it is satisfactory to note, was awarded the Victoria Cross. Subsequently some of our guns were taken, and at the same time fell Harsey and Ricardo of the 9th, who were cut to pieces, fighting to the last, because they would not desert a wounded comrade. Besides them there fell Clelland and MacKenzie, and in the brilliant charge the following day, Captain S. Gould Burson, who led, was killed, and Scott Chisholm and Trower badly wounded. Severe fighting went on; Cabul was again in the hands of the enemy; and it is recorded that by the 15th of December the losses of the 9th were equal to one entire troop. The enemy blockaded our force at Sherpur, and here the Lancers did duty dismounted, their lances serving them for the pikes which did so good service in sieges of old. On the 23rd of December the

Afghans made an attack in force, and during part of that eventful day the 9th had an opportunity of acting in their natural capacity as cavalry, pursuing and killing the masses of the foe retreating before our artillery. As Sir F. Roberts wrote, they "got through the winter better than they might have expected." It will be of interest to note what an eye-witness wrote of the appearance of the regiment during the Candahar campaign:—"I need not tell you that the 9th—that fine old Polo corps—keep up their reputation for smartness, and that Sir Hope Grant's favourite corps are at present as near perfection as can be. Each troop is more like a family than a conglomeration of horse-men, and each captain is looked on as a friend as well as a commander. The regiment itself is a clan, and *esprit de corps*, the life and soul of our army, reigns supreme."*

Perhaps the last charge made in the regular campaign is thus described by the same writer. After recounting the gallant doings of the other cavalry, he adds: "Now the avenging lances of the 9th come 'pricking o'er the plain,' not quite 'a thousand spears in rest,' but a poor three hundred, and woe to the poor wretch who does not cast away his weapon and cry for quarter! . . . General Gough pushed on for fifteen miles. . . . It was now dark, and we were much encumbered with prisoners. . . . In this manner, with our nags almost dead beat, we reached our lines at Candahar about 11 P.M. . . . When General Gough's report was made, and General Nuttall gave in his, Sir Frederick said, 'Gentlemen, you could not have done better!'"

The 9th came home from India in 1885, and have since then been stationed in England, being at present at York.

THE TENTH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS,† one of the best-known regiments in the Queen's service, was raised in 1715. Its first field was the disastrous one of Falkirk, and it is officially recorded that the fact of the enemy not pursuing the discomfited royal forces "was owing to the gallant behaviour of the second squadron of the 10th Dragoons." On the last day of the same month the 10th advanced in the van of the Duke of Cumberland's army to retrieve the disaster of Falkirk, a result to which they largely contributed, and it was by some troopers of this regiment that Lord Kilmarnock was taken prisoner. In 1755, a light troop was added to Cobham's Horse, as

* Major Ashe: "Personal Records of the Candahar Campaign."

† The 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars bear as a crest the "Plume of the Prince of Wales, the Rising Sun, and the Red Dragon." On their standards are the names "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Sevastopol," "Ali Musjid," "Afghanistan, 1878—1879," "Egypt, 1884." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with scarlet busby-bag and black and white plume.

the 10th were frequently called, which, with similar troops of other cavalry regiments, took part in the expedition against St. Malo; three years later the heavy portion of the regiment was ordered to Germany. They were at Minden—brigaded with the 3rd Dragoon Guards and Scots Greys—but owing to the misconception (for which Lord George Sackville was subsequently court-martialled) they had no opportunity in sharing in the battle. At Warbourg and Campan they fought with heavy loss, in one engagement losing their major, in the other having their colonel taken prisoner; at Graebenstein they distinguished themselves in the pursuit which inflicted such terrible loss upon the enemy. In 1783 the 10th were transformed into Light Dragoons, and received the title of “Prince of Wales’s.” Twenty-three years later they (and the 7th Hussars) were the first regiments that adopted the now familiar hussar uniform, which, according to Elliott, is the national costume of Hungary, the name itself being derived from *huss*, the word for twenty, the original hussar regiments being composed of picked men chosen out of every twenty. The 10th, after a long period of home duty, were ordered abroad in 1808, and in December of that year, under Lieutenant-Colonel George Leigh, joined the army of Sir John Moore at Zamora—that army of 2,500 men that pitted itself against a host twelve times its number. At Majorea two squadrons of the regiment charged a very superior force of French cavalry and routed them with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners; and a day or two later the 10th had the opportunity of sharing in the highly creditable engagement of Benevente, where a superior body of the French were again put to flight. Our piquets were attacked by a force of at least six hundred French. By continuous charges we held them in check while Lord Paget ordered forward the 10th, who were in reserve. “In half an hour, everything being ready, he gave the signal; the 10th Hussars galloped forward, the piquets that were already engaged closed together, and the whole charged. In an instant the scene changed; the enemy were seen flying at full speed towards the river, and the British close at their heels.” It was in truth a brilliant action, and the loss to the 10th comparatively small. More fatal than the sabres of the foe were the cold and privations of the march to Corunna, and no less than eighteen officers and men of the 10th succumbed. The regiment returned home early in 1809, having gained enduring laurels during the fierce and arduous campaign of the preceding few weeks. In 1811 the Prince Regent added the title “Royal” to the style of the regiment, giving it the designation it at present bears. In 1813 the 10th were again ordered abroad, and, in conjunction with the 15th and 18th Hussars under Colonel Grant, formed part of the force under Sir

Thomas Graham, and shortly after their arrival found themselves again at Zamora, where they were employed in harassing the retreating French. At Morales, the 10th, under Major Roberts, greatly distinguished themselves. As on former occasions, the superiority in numbers was with the enemy, yet never was victory more complete than that gained by the Prince of Wales's Own. The Duke of Wellington, confessedly not prodigal of praise, describes it as "a very handsome affair, . . . where the 10th must have destroyed the enemy's 16th Dragoons, of whom they took about two hundred prisoners. . . . This gallant affair reflects great credit on Major Roberts and the 10th." At Vittoria, their services were again called into requisition. They entered the town at a gallop, while all around was wild confusion, the French retreating in increasing disorder, while the roads were blocked by carriages, women and children—the *debris* of what the historian styles "the wreck of a nation." On emerging from one of the gates the 10th found themselves opposed by a body of infantry, while in their rear appeared as if by magic a force of cavalry. The latter gave but little trouble; on seeing the 10th wheel round to oppose them they vanished, their example being followed—not quite so harmlessly—by the infantry, who retreated after firing one volley. A squadron of the 10th, under Captain Wyndham, pursued Joseph towards Pampeluna. Till the ephemeral peace of 1814 the Prince of Wales's Own were busily engaged wherever the nature of the ground permitted the employment of cavalry. After Toulouse, where they were under heavy fire for two hours and lost five killed and seven wounded, the power of Napoleon seemed crushed, and the 10th returned to England, to leave it the following year, when the escape of the Emperor from Elba summoned his conquerors to meet him once more—and for the last time—at Waterloo. Here their first position—on the extreme left of our line—was of the nature so peculiarly trying to troops, inaction under heavy fire. Later on they were moved towards the centre, and under Lord Robert Manners (uncle of the present Duke of Rutland) were soon actively engaged. After one brilliant charge some of the left squadron, about forty men, had returned, when they were ordered to operate against a square of infantry as yet unbroken. According to the official records, they charged with such effect that they "killed or took prisoners nearly every man,"* though the brave leader of this band of forty, the Hon. E. Howard, was amongst the slain. He it was of whom a brother officer said, "I never knew Howard do or say a thing one could have wished otherwise." It may well be imagined

* This statement is not corroborated by other authorities, and the comparative impunity with which squares of infantry resist cavalry renders it improbable: the fierce valour of the 10th on this occasion is a matter of history.

that when his troopers saw such a man, "so gentle, generous, and brave," brained *while lying senseless* from a shot in the mouth, they were maddened with rage and wreaked the amplest vengeance in their power on the enemy. The remainder of the regiment pursued their victorious charge past silent cannon and broken square till the setting sun told that the day of Napoleon's glory had closed for ever, and that the might of France lay shattered before the army of Britain. After Waterloo the 10th enjoyed a period of repose, with the exception of a military promenade in Portugal in 1827, till the Crimea ended the long peace, and—

"By the side of the Black and the Baltic deep
And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress flamed
The blood red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

Less fortunate than their brethren of other Hussar regiments, the 10th did not share in the "magnificent blunder" of the Balaklava charge; they arrived later at the scene of action, but in time enough to show that they had in no wise deteriorated during the long peace, and well merited that amongst the name of victories inscribed on their standards should be that of Sevastopol.

The next warlike service on which this "crack" regiment was engaged was the Afghan War of 1878 (not wholly unconnected, perhaps, with the powerful foes whose defeat "Sevastopol" commemorates), one squadron only, however, being actually present. This was attached to the Kurram column under Sir F. Roberts, and on the 21st of November led the way, accompanied by some native cavalry and a mountain battery, across the Kurram river, and remained for a time on garrison duty at the Fort. On the 3rd of January following they started with the Khost Valley column, Colonel Gough commanding the slender body of cavalry, and the officer in charge of the 10th being Captain Berkeley. On the 7th the enemy appeared in force, and "our little army was literally surrounded by hostile tribes." It is said that this was about the first occasion when the new "dismounted exercise" for cavalry had been put in practice, and the result was in every way satisfactory, our men firing with their carbines as coolly and steadily as if "at practice at Wormwood Scrubs." On the 29th they were again engaged and did good work, and in similar duties the winter wore away. But the welcome spring brought with it a terrible disaster for the 10th. A column under General Macpherson was ordered to march for Lughman, and at night on the 31st of March they moved forward, the Hussars now being under Captain d'Esterre Spottiswoode, Major Wood of the same regiment being in charge of the whole body of

cavalry. A river had to be crossed by a ford which was undoubtedly practicable. The cavalry had been gone but a short time when the troops in the rear were startled by a number of riderless horses rushing madly into the camp. The explanation was not hard to find. The ford had somehow been missed, and of the gallant squadron of the 10th twenty or more had found their deaths in the cold rushing waters of the Cabul river. Amongst the officers was the Hon. James Napier, whose account throws a terribly vivid light over the catastrophe. He and Captain Spottiswoode were riding in front; Lieutenants Greenwood, Harford, and Grenfell were behind. The water rose higher, higher still, till it reached the saddles. "This is getting rather awkward," remarked Napier, and almost directly he was thrown and separated from his horse. Many times he sank. In the intervals of swimming he noticed that "the river was crowded with men, horses, and white helmets floating past." At last, when hope had well-nigh vanished, he touched the bottom, and breathless and utterly exhausted managed to reach land. It reflects no slight credit on the men of the Prince of Wales's Own Hussars, that, as it has been recorded, "amid all that scene of death and dismay there came no cry from any of our perishing soldiers; each battled with the cruel water as he would have battled with a foe." The body of Lieutenant Harford was found some days after; meanwhile those of his comrades who had survived had fought in the bloody conflict of Futtehabad, lamenting even in the fierce fury of battle their brave young officer whose lifeless form was even then being washed and tossed by the cruel waters that had drowned him.

The battle of Futtehabad, the Town of Victory, may be said to have terminated the connection of the 10th with the Afghan campaign, and they certainly acted on the old adage which recommends to "make a good impression before leaving." Before the actual engagement they were busy reconnoitring; then—when Gough's tactics had lured the enemy into the open ground—the order was given for the Hussars and Guides to charge. A murderous conflict ensued; no quarter was given—the death of the gallant Battye, of the Guides, had filled our men with a fierce longing for vengeance—and finally the brave Afghans fled, pursued for five miles or so by our cavalry. The enemy displayed a remarkable tenacity of life. Writing from the scene of action, a correspondent says: "Revolvers were found to be of little use. An officer of the Hussars shot a man twice, but the bullets seemed to have no effect. He therefore threw his revolver at the man, and while the latter was staggering from the blow cut him down with his sabre."

Early in 1884, at about the time when Gordon arrived at Khartoum, some of the 10th were landed at Suakin, and on the 29th of February, the day that was to witness the battle of El Teb, a squadron was placed on the front and left of the square, the remainder being with the rest of the cavalry in the rear. Towards the afternoon the latter executed a brilliant charge, in which Major Slade of the 10th was mortally wounded by a spear, and a few hours afterwards the enemy were in retreat. Then came the battles at Tamai and Taminaeh, in both of which the 10th proved of signal service, and on the 28th of March the Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars re-embarked on the *Jumna*—the vessel in which they had arrived—for England, ending for the present their record of active service gallantly performed.

THE ELEVENTH (PRINCE ALBERT'S OWN) HUSSARS* date their origin from 1715, when the adherents of the Stuarts' cause gave evident signs of striking a blow for the fair heritage of the British crown. This manifestation led to the formation of several regiments, amongst others to that of Honeywood's Dragoons, under which title Her Majesty's 11th Hussars were first known. They fought at Preston, and continued engaged on home duty during the war in the Netherlands, and thus were ready to meet the Scotch insurgents in the "affair of '45." In 1760 the 11th embarked, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner (who, forty-five years before, was attached to the regiment, on its creation, as a cornet), for Germany, and shared in the famous engagement at Warbourg. Throughout the campaign, with its weary annals of marching and counter-marching, the 11th did their *devoir*, fighting at Kirch, Denkern, Capelnhagen, Foor-whohle, Groebenstein, Cassel—names which sound so quaint and out of date to us now, but which were then household words to our countrymen, having for all their associations of victory and glory, of bereaved hearts and loved lives nobly lost. The regiment returned to England in 1763 and remained at home till 1793, when it was, so to speak, distributed, two squadrons under Major Michell joining the army operating against the French in Flanders, a serjeant and twenty-five troopers being sent to the West Indies with the force under General Grey, and a corporal and ten troopers joining Lord Macartney's escort in the embassy to China. It should be here mentioned that ten years previously to this the 11th Dragoons had undergone the transformation from heavy

* The 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars bear as a crest "The Crest and Motto of the late Prince Consort." On their standards are the names "Egypt" (with the Sphinx), "Peninsula," "Salamanca," "Waterloo," "Bhurtpore," "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol." The uniform is blue, and overalls crimson, hussar's busby, with crimson busby-bag and crimson and white plume.

into light cavalry, helmets being substituted for the cocked hats theretofore worn, and the coats being regulated as blue with buff facings. Shortly after arriving in Flanders, the two squadrons of the 11th had the opportunity of performing a very brilliant exploit. Some baggage of the enemy, guarded by a strong escort, were seen under circumstances that suggested to Captain Crawford, one of the Duke of York's aides-de-camp, the feasibility of a sudden successful attack. He put himself at the head of the 11th, and, despite their inferiority in numbers, the two squadrons charged the escort, captured the baggage, and retired with the loss of only three men, bearing back with them fifty prisoners, and leaving as many more dead or wounded on the field. Throughout the following year, and notably at Cateau, where they shared with the 7th Hussars and some Austrian cavalry the honours of a most brilliant and victorious charge against superior numbers, the 11th were busily engaged with, on the whole, but slight comparative loss. The year 1795 was uneventful, and in February of 1796 the British cavalry returned to England. Three years later the 11th Dragoons were chosen to form part of the cavalry force of the Anglo-Russian army operating in Holland. Throughout this eminently unsatisfactory campaign, the regiment behaved with its traditional courage. Two squadrons were with the column under General Dundas, and two in that under Sir James Pulteney. At Walmenhuysen, Schoseldam, and Egmont-op-Zee they were actively engaged, Captain J. W. Sleigh particularly distinguishing himself in the sanguinary battle that occurred at the last-named place, where the 11th lost ten men killed and many wounded. They returned in October, and in the following year, at the personal request of Sir R. Abercromby, a detachment, consisting of four officers and seventy-five men, was chosen to form part of the expedition against the French in Egypt. They fought at the fierce battle of Alexandria, where the brave Abercromby fell, and where the British troops established a character for invincible hardihood which time has only enhanced. The officers of the 11th who accompanied the detachment which by its prowess won for the regiment the emblazonment of the Sphinx and Egypt on their standards, deserve mention.* They were Captain Money and Lieutenants Lutyens, Diggins, and Bouchier. The evacuation of Egypt by Napoleon's "Army of the East," after the capture by us of twelve thousand prisoners, released the British force from further occupation of the country, and the troops returned home in September, 1801.

Ten years or so elapsed before the 11th again saw active service, and then it was in

* This distinction was, as a matter of fact, not granted till 1838, when it was made the subject of a special representation by Lord Cardigan.

the historic Peninsular campaign, the precursor of the struggle that terminated at Waterloo. At the engagement at Caza the 11th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Cumming, were surprised, and after a desperate resistance the regiment sustained the serious loss of two officers and seventy men taken prisoners. Shortly afterwards, at Trebejo, they were again so unfortunate as to lose ten more men in the same way. At El Bodon, on the 24th of September, two squadrons of the 11th were engaged, under Captains Childers and Ridout, and were amongst the cavalry who "not once but twenty times" made recoil the massy columns of Montbrun, and when, as Napier says, "it was astonishing to see so few troopers resist that surging multitude." At Salamanca it was at the head of the 11th that the brave Beresford was wounded in the leg. At Castrejohn, where Wellington and Beresford both nearly met their deaths, the 11th were fighting from the first beautiful dawn of the July day till the setting sun sank on a field of battle where lay fourteen hundred dead. At Venta de Pozo two squadrons of the same gallant regiment, under Major Money, hurled themselves against the advancing French, and subsequently the whole regiment charged, overturning the first line, and being at last beaten back—though with little loss—by the combined two first lines of the French horse. At Cisternija the 11th took prisoner some French piquets, in a manner to elicit from Picton the remark that "it was one of the quickest exploits he had ever seen cavalry perform." At Torquemada a piquet, under Lieutenant Price, engaged and beat back more than thrice their number of French. In January, 1813, came the order for the regiment to return to England, and the very reason is in itself eloquent praise. Out of the seven hundred odd that had left England two years before, scarcely three hundred remained. So the 11th came back to England, bearing with them the regrets—expressed in no measured words—of men who well knew their worth, Anson and Stapleton Cotton. From the period of the Peninsula War dates the sobriquet of "Cherry Pickers" applied to this regiment; the explanation of which is, according to tradition, that some of the 11th were unable to resist the luscious temptingness of the Spanish orchards, and not having the fear of Lord Wellington or anybody else in their hearts, were discovered in an orchard regaling themselves *con amore*. The derivation of the second nickname, "Cherubim," from the crimson overalls which form the distinctive feature of their uniform, is somewhat illogical, regard being had to the generally accepted proportions of cherubim. But the final scene of the great drama was not to be acted without the presence of the regiment amongst the *dramatis personæ*. The 11th

fought at Genappe, charged at Waterloo, and remained in France with the Army of Occupation till late in 1818.

The following year they were ordered to India, and it is on record that when inspecting them General Hardyman stated that "he had never before inspected a corps which approached so near to military perfection." They were engaged at the siege of Bhurtpore, where they and the 16th Lancers were the only British cavalry, under Lord Combermere, formerly the Sir Stapleton Cotton who had expressed so high an opinion of their prowess in the Peninsula. When, in the evening, the fortress which had made so obstinate a resistance surrendered, the services of the 11th were called into requisition to prevent the escape of Doorjun's troops, many of whom were killed or taken prisoners. In 1838 the regiment was ordered to return to England, but many of the troopers preferred to stay, and exchanged into other cavalry regiments in order to do so. The 11th were chosen as the escort of the Prince Consort on his arrival in England, and in recognition of this a warrant was issued in 1840 giving the regiment the title of "Prince Albert's Own Hussars"—his Royal Highness subsequently being gazetted to the colonelcy-in-chief—and appointing the uniform as it is at present worn. Home duties occupied the regiment till the Crimean War, when it was ordered to form part of the famous Light Brigade, of which its colonel, Lord Cardigan, was commander, and, after a brief sojourn at Devna, arrived at the Crimea in the middle of September. Soon commenced the active work of reconnoitring and skirmishing, and at the battle of the Alma the 11th were the first cavalry actually under fire. The combat on the Bulganak, which has been described as "the first approach to a passage of arms between Russia and the Western Powers," took place on the 23rd of September, and the 11th found themselves engaged, in company with some of their comrades of the future charge, the 13th Hussars and 17th Lancers. After the battle of the Alma the regiment was actively engaged in pursuing and taking prisoner the retreating foe, and the following month saw them plunging into the death-cloud of shot and shell that met the charge of the Six Hundred. In this charge the leader, Lord Cardigan, wore the handsome uniform of the 11th as he rode at the head of the Light Brigade against the Russian batteries. The position the regiment was originally intended to take seems to have been in the front line, but in pursuance of orders received direct from Lord Lucan, Colonel Douglas, who was in command, fell somewhat back and supported the 17th Lancers. Being on the extreme left of the column, they penetrated without much difficulty the line of guns immediately facing them, and then drew bridle to form, for in front of them was a strong

body of Russian cavalry whose numbers might have annihilated their slender band. But a strange thing happened—a mere accident, perhaps, but one that showed the effect this mad charge of theirs had had upon the enemy. The commanding officer of the Russian squadron rode forward alone and presented his sword in token of submission to Lieutenant Roger Palmer. But more hostile cavalry appeared, and the 11th charged, scarcely expecting, it may well be thought, to achieve more than a splendid extinction. And lo! the enemy turned and fled, pursued by the dauntless and bewildered fifty troopers, all that then remained of Prince Albert's Own Hussars. The fleeing Russians met at last what seemed the main body of their cavalry, and our hussars were perforce compelled to retreat. In that retreat they met with the remnant of the 4th Hussars, under Lord George Paget. The meeting was a fortunate one for both regiments, for soon, in addition to the feeble pursuit from the rear, Lieutenant Palmer desisted a large force of cavalry cutting off their retreat. As Lord George observed, it was "a devil of a mess," but somehow, by daring and good soldiership, they got out of it. Again the Russians seemed bewildered; the intercepting force halted, and the 11th and 4th swept by so close in front of them that they hewed off some of the spear-heads thrust at them in a purposeless sort of way by foes that might have destroyed them to a man. And soon broke on their ears the welcome sound of English voices—the cheers of their brothers in arms for the heroes of the Balaklava charge. Amongst the wounded of the 11th were Captain Cook and Lieutenants Trevelyan and Houghton, the latter mortally. Lieutenant Palmer was more fortunate, though the historian of the war remarks that during the retreat Palmer was seen hotly engaged in a personal combat.

The 11th returned to England in June, 1856, and for ten years or so were engaged on home duties. In 1866 they were ordered for service in India, where they remained for twelve years, returning to England early in 1878. Some non-commissioned officers and men joined the Mounted Infantry Corps which served in the South African campaign of 1881, and the following year a similarly-constituted party served in Egypt in the Army Signallers' Corps, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir. A somewhat larger detachment, consisting of about forty men, under Major Swaine and Captain Harrison, joined the Light Camel Corps in the Soudan in 1884. The regiment is now stationed at Newbridge, in Ireland.

THE TWELFTH (PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL) LANCERS* date from 1715, when they were raised in the peaceful agricultural counties of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, and took their place on the army roll of Great Britain as a regiment of dragoons under the leadership of Colonel Phineas Bowles—a name recalling somewhat the stern old Ironsides of Cromwell. In the first days of the Twelfth's existence the Earl of Mar raised the Stuart standard in Scotland, and the troopers were in daily expectation of being called to the front, but the rash effort was suppressed without the necessity arising. Shortly after this the regiment was placed on the Irish establishment, and remained in the sister island for the long period of seventy-five years, and during that time there joined its ranks by transfer from the 41st Foot, Lieutenant the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington and Field-Marshal of England. Leaving Ireland in 1793, the 12th—which since 1768 had borne the title of the Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons—enjoyed their first experience of foreign warfare in the expedition which, for a few months, added Corsica to the dominions of the British Crown. After a short sojourn in England, the Prince of Wales's Dragoons were, in 1796, ordered to Portugal, where they served with the army there till, at the close of the year 1800, they took part in the expedition under Abercromby, which won for them the emblazonment of "Egypt" and the mystic Sphinx on their standard. At the battle of Mandora the 12th sustained a trifling loss, and a few days later one of those opportunities occurred which go to form the history and character of a regiment as of an individual. Lieutenant-Colonel Archdall, of the Prince of Wales's Dragoons, having received information of the approach of a reconnoitring party of the enemy, collected some sixty men of his regiment and advanced to meet the hostile force, which proved, however, to consist of a hundred and fifty French hussars and infantry under General d'Estin. Despite the odds against him, Colonel Archdall directed Lieutenant Levingston with *twelve* men to attack the left flank of the French cavalry, and, notwithstanding the disparity in numbers, the handful of British completely routed their antagonists. After its return to England the regiment enjoyed an interval of nine years' rest, and then joined the army of the Peninsula under Lord Wellington, before which the might and arrogance of France were steadily sinking. At Salamanca the "Supple Twelfth," as they were nicknamed, joined in the final charge

* The 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers bear as a crest the "Plume of the Prince of Wales, the Rising Sun, and the Red Dragon." On their standards are the names "Egypt" (with the Sphinx), "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1851-2-3," "Sevastopol," "Central India." The uniform is blue, with scarlet facings, and the lancer's helmet with scarlet plume.

which discomfited the French cavalry; at Vittoria they shared in the victory which decrowned Joseph, and, before the termination of the campaign, saw the conquest of S. Sebastian and the final struggles that preceded the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France. Waterloo, however, still remained to be fought, and in April of 1815, the 12th embarked at Ramsgate—how quaint the picture seems to us of to-day—to join the Allies, and on their arrival were inspected by the great Duke, who, despite his sparing use of praise, yet found words of eulogy for the gallant regiment in which he had served as a subaltern. At Waterloo the 12th played a very prominent part, breaking an opposing column of French and dispersing it with great loss, though in the charge their leader, Colonel the Hon. F. C. Ponsouby, fell dangerously wounded. For some short time—till 1818—the regiment remained in France as part of the Army of Occupation. In 1816, the regiment was transformed into lancers, and the following year received the full title which it now bears, the Prince of Wales's Royal Lancers. In 1852 the regiment was engaged in the campaign in Kaffirland, and after the final attack on the Waterkloof, proceeded under Lieutenant-Colonel Napier against the Basutos, at the end of a march which at first seemed as though it were going to be nothing more serious than a "military promenade," finding themselves engaged in severe fighting with the fierce warriors of Moshesh. Shortly after this, the 12th joined the allied forces in the Crimea, for which they bear "Sevastopol" on their standards. In Central India, while the ominous sullen echoes of the mutiny were still telling eloquently of the storm which had threatened the empire, the 12th were engaged in the column under Lord Strathnairn, then Sir Hugh Rose, and shared in the triumphs of the troops that reduced the fortresses of Ratghur, Garrokotah, and Jhansi, and did yeoman's service in dealing with the flying bodies of rebels, of whom, we read, no less than one thousand six hundred were destroyed in the pursuit that followed the fall of the last-named fortress. The subsequent history of the 12th Lancers is comparatively uneventful; after the suppression of the Mutiny they came back to England, returning, however, to India in 1876. They are now in England.

THE THIRTEENTH HUSSARS* were raised in 1715, and underwent their "baptism of fire" at Preston, where they contributed not a little to the defeat and capture of the

* The 13th Hussars bear as a motto "Viret in aeternum." On their standards are the names "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol." The uniform is blue with buff collar, hussar's busby with buff busby-bag and white plume.

hapless adherents to the Stuart cause. The regiment was then detailed for Ireland, where it remained till 1742, and, strangely enough, the next fighting in which its gallant troopers were engaged was the battle of Preston Pans, when the Government forces were decisively beaten. Then followed Falkirk, one result of which was the death of Colonel Ligonier, of the 13th; and after the suppression of the Jacobite rising the regiment was again ordered to Ireland. At this time the facings of the uniforms were green, from which circumstance the 13th were not unfrequently known as the "Green Horse." The change into light dragoons, with the substitution of helmets for cocked hats, took place in 1762. In 1795 the 13th were ordered to Barbadoes, where the climate "reduced the regiment to a skeleton. It lost twenty officers, seven troop quartermasters, and two hundred and thirty-three soldiers, in six months." A part of the 13th were subsequently engaged against the Maroons, and in 1798—a few of the survivors being transferred to the 20th Light Dragoons—*fifty-two* individuals, composing the whole of the regiment left, landed at Gravesend. In 1810 the regiment—restored, of course, to its effective strength—joined Wellington's army in the Peninsula, where it was under the command of Sir Rowland Hill, and subsequently of General Lane. Shortly afterwards a troop of the 13th and one of a Portuguese regiment attacked a patrol of French, when they took prisoners two officers and the *whole of the men* without the loss of a single trooper. The French captain, it is reported, being singled out by Major Vigoureux—a very tall, powerful man of formidable appearance, and mounted on a powerful charger—made no attempt at self-defence, but dropped his sword to the salute and presented it to his opponent. At Campo Mayor two hundred and three of the 13th, under Colonel Head, attacked *eight hundred and eighty* French hussars, and after a sharp conflict forced them to retreat. At Los Santos they again distinguished themselves, the leader of the French cavalry being killed by a private trooper. They were not seriously engaged at Albuera, and—though the interval was employed in several sharp skirmishes—the next important battle in which the 13th were engaged was Vittoria, when it fell to the fortune of Captain Doherty to capture the royal carriages which had accompanied Joseph to the field. At Sauveterre a party of twelve men, under Sergeant-Major Rosser, attacked a force double their number and defeated it with loss. It may be noted that not long afterwards the sergeant-major received a commission, and retired from the service as captain in 1841. At Orthes were the 13th engaged, and here Lieutenant-Colonel Doherty had a personal combat with the French commander, with the result that the latter was cut down, and surrendered. At St.

Gaudens, on the 22nd March, 1814, the 13th "in a very short time cut the 10th French Hussars in pieces, taking upwards of one hundred men and horses." Practically, this was the last engagement of the war in which the 13th took an active part. In July, 1814, they returned to England, having during their absence fought in thirty-two "affairs," besides general engagements. The following year the 13th, under Colonel Shapland Boyse, covered the retreat from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, and on the following day signally distinguished itself, charging several times with great effect. Amongst the incidents of the day may be noted that another serjeant-major gained a commission, and that Lieutenant Doherty was saved by one of those "chances" which can only be described as "providential." He had taken out his watch to look at the time, and in the hurry of a sudden order to advance thrust it back, not into its usual pocket, but into the breast of his coat. In this position it arrested a bullet which would otherwise have proved fatal. Some time after Waterloo they went to India, and were engaged in one "affair" at Zorapoor, returning to England in 1842. Here they met, at Canterbury, their old friends of the "Ragged Brigade," the 14th Hussars, with whom they had fought so many a fierce battle in the Peninsula, and who now were going to relieve them in India. Then followed for the 13th a period of rest, broken by the rude summons of the Crimean War. The story of the charge of the Light Brigade has been told before in dealing with the other regiments that composed it. It was through the ranks of the 13th that "what had been Nolan" passed in that weirdest of all rides of Death.

"Bursting on the right front of Lord Cardigan, a Russian shell threw out a fragment which struck Captain Nolan, who had joined in the charge, full on the chest, and penetrated the heart. The sword fell from his hand, but the hand still remained uplifted high in air, and the grasp of the practised horseman still lingered on the bridle; but the horse wheeled about and began to gallop back upon the advancing brigade. 'Then, from what had been Nolan—and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword-arm still high in air—there burst forth a cry so strange and appalling, that the hussar who rode nearest him has always called it unearthly. And in truth I imagine,' writes Kinglake, 'the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the form when life has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarcely other than the shriek of a corpse!'"

The 13th, with the 17th Lancers, constituted the first line of the charge. The officers

of the hussar regiment were Captain Oldham, commanding; Captain Goad, Captain Jenyns, Captain Tremayne, Lieutenant Percy Smith, Lieutenant E. L. Jarvis, and Cornets Montgomery and Chamberlayne. Soon fell Oldham, and Goad, and Montgomery; with a tempest of shot and shell from the batteries in front and on either side—this, be it remembered, is no paraphrase of a stirring couplet from a poem, but the bald relation of a fact—the homogeneity of the first line became lost, broken into its component elements of “brave, eager horsemen growing fiercely impatient of a trial which had thus long delayed them their vengeance, and longing to close with all speed upon the guns which had shattered their ranks.” Before long the handful of the 13th Hussars which was left fell in with Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, who had been previously joined by some fifteen or so of their comrades of the first line, and so won its way back from the valley of slaughter. When Lord George Paget answered his own foreboding question, “I am afraid there are no such regiments in existence as the 13th and 17th, for I can give no account of them,” he scarcely overstated the case, so far as the former was concerned. “The 13th Light Dragoons, after the charge, mustered only ten mounted troopers.” A Victoria Cross was gained by Sergeant Joseph Malone for stopping, when the scattered regiment was making the best of its retreat, to defend an officer of the 17th Lancers, Captain Webb. Malone’s horse had been shot and he was returning on foot through the dreadful valley, but he waited by the officer till other stragglers came by and helped to remove him to a place of safety. From that time no warfare of a serious nature has required the attention of the 13th. After a sojourn for a few years in India they passed a short time in South Africa, returning to England in 1885. Quite recently Major Baden Powell, of this regiment, has been appointed Aide-de-Camp to General Smyth, in command of the forces in Zululand.

THE FOURTEENTH (THE KING’S) HUSSARS* were raised in 1715, Brigadier-General Dormer being its first colonel. Like the 13th, the first engagement in which the new regiment was employed was at Preston; like the 13th, too, the King’s was shortly afterwards ordered to Ireland, where it remained for twenty-five years. Then followed the rising of the ’45; then a period of inaction, during which—namely in 1776—the change from “heavy” into “light” dragoons was effected, and it was not

* The 14th (King’s) Hussars bear as a crest “The Royal Crest within the Garter,” “The Prussian Eagle.” On their standards are the names, “Douro,” “Talavera,” “Fuentes d’Onor,” “Salamanca,” “Vittoria,” “Orthes,” “Peninsula,” “Punjaub,” “Chillianwallah,” “Goojerat,” “Persia,” “Central India.” The uniform is blue, hussar’s busby with yellow busby-bag and white plume.

till 1796 that hostilities in the West Indies offered the 14th the opportunity for foreign service. At Mirebalais they greatly distinguished themselves, but the climate proved a foe victorious even over British valour, and when the regiment returned to England in 1797 it was represented by twenty-five men. In 1798 the 14th were granted the style of "The Duchess of York's own Regiment of Light Dragoons," and in 1808 they joined the British troops at Lisbon. At Oporto they performed a brilliant feat of arms, paying, however, therefor a heavy price in killed and wounded. They fought at Talavera, at Almeida, at Frixadas, and Mortago. Well-nigh every day occurred skirmishes involving loss by death and wounds and gain of honour; at Fuentes d'Onor they won special recognition; at Salamanca they shared in the decisive attack of the 3rd Division which contributed so largely to the victory gained. Not long after, three troopers of the 14th and four German hussars, under a corporal, captured a party of the enemy consisting of two officers, one sergeant, one corporal, and twenty-seven private dragoons. Then followed nine skirmishes, fierce and costly. At Vittoria the 14th were attached to the division under Sir Rowland Hill, and during the pursuit that followed, a patrol of three men, under Lieutenant Ward, took prisoners twenty-five French, regularly armed and in good position. They fought at Orthes and Toulouse, and returned to England in 1814. Two squadrons were ordered to join Keane's expedition against New Orleans, and served, "to the admiration of every one," as dismounted soldiers. On the return of the troops to the fleet, about forty officers and men of the 14th were taken prisoners by the Americans. The regiment was not at Waterloo, though two of its officers were on the Duke's staff, and till 1841 its duties were limited to England and Ireland. In 1830 it received the name of "the King's," and therewith discontinued the orange facings it had previously worn and assumed the royal scarlet. The 14th had hard work before them in India. To the army of which they formed part we owe the Punjaub; on their standards are commemorated the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat. At Ramnuggur, under Colonel Havelock (brother of Sir Henry Havelock, whose name ten years later was on all men's lips with pride, and sorrow, and gratitude) the 14th charged the Sikh cavalry with great effect, though the character of the ground on which they had to act exposed them to heavy loss. Twice they charged; in the second charge Colonel Havelock fell dead; as they were preparing for a third, Captain Fitzgerald fell mortally wounded. At Chillianwallah the regiment became involved in a position of difficulty, owing to some misunderstanding as to orders, and in the confusion which ensued Major Charles Stuart was severely wounded. At Goojerat they were par-

ticularly exposed to a merciless fire from the Sikhs, till it seemed that the regiment bid fair to be decimated. But their revenge soon came. Under Sir Joseph Thackwell, of whom it has been said that "no other British dragoon ever saw so much service," they charged after the flying Sikhs, making a dreadful slaughter. Amongst the trophies taken—and the plunder was enormous—was a richly ornamented standard which Corporal Payne of the 14th captured after cutting down its bearer. They were engaged in the expedition against Persia, and afterwards in the terrible struggle in India. In April, 1857, they engaged in a sharp skirmish with the troops of Tantia Topi; later on in the same month they were at Jhansi, where a detachment under Major Gall made a false attack, the remainder entering by the breach. The reserve on this occasion was under the command of an officer of the 14th, Major Stewart. While the enemy were retreating after Kunch, in a manner which commanded the admiration even of the British commander, they occupied on one occasion a position which would have proved serious to our forces, but for the timely attack by the 14th under Captain Prettyjohn—an officer who deservedly obtained the highest praise for his conduct throughout the war. In June the 14th were engaged at Arungabad, when some of the Hyderabad cavalry mutinied. Owing to the too merciful unwillingness of the General to order the mutineers to be attacked, the charge of the 14th was not productive of so great results as otherwise it undoubtedly would have been, only a dozen or so falling before their avenging sabres. Captain Abbott, who rode with the 14th on their charge, overtook a native (mutineer) officer, but on his begging to be spared, "Abbott, like a Christian and a good soldier, stayed his hand,"—an act of mercy rewarded by a pistol-shot from the treacherous miscreant as he turned and fled. In December we find that Major Prettyjohn again distinguished himself, charging (at Ránóa) with a hundred and thirty-three of the 14th into the midst of the enemy, who simply collapsed at the shock. Escape seemed the only idea, but in the pursuit the 14th left more than their own number dead on the field. The loss of the regiment was not heavy, though the gallant Prettyjohn was severely wounded, the command thereupon devolving on Captain Need. The following year, at Betwa, Lieutenant Leith won the Victoria Cross by a signal act of bravery. Captain Need was seen to be fighting manfully against a surrounding body of rebels, and, despite his gallant resistance, numbers must inevitably have told had not Leith, regardless of the fact that he himself was unattended, dashed into the crowd and rescued his commanding officer. At the same "well-foughten field," Lieutenant Prendergast, who, the record runs, "was always foremost in the

fray," was most severely wounded. On the return of the 14th after the Mutiny they were made hussars, and remained in England for some time. In 1870 they again went to India, where they remained for sixteen years, returning in 1886. They are now stationed at Brighton.

THE FIFTEENTH (KING'S) HUSSARS* was raised in 1759 as light dragoons, and was the first troop of that arm of horse placed on the *permanent* establishment of the army. It will be remembered that a few months previously several troops of light dragoons had been attached to the regular regiments and had accompanied the expedition of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, against the French coasts. On that occasion the command of the brigade of Light Dragoons had been given to Colonel Elliott, and it was to this gallant officer—who afterwards earned a deathless reputation as the heroic defender of Gibraltar—that the commission to raise and command the 15th Light Dragoons was given. Considerable interest attached to the creation of this regiment; it was a new departure in the composition of the permanent army, and the names of its officers—the Earl of Pembroke, Sir William Erskine, Sir David Dundas, besides Colonel Elliott himself—gave promise that the regiment would speedily become distinguished. Such it did become; such it still remains.

In June, 1760, the 15th, under the Earl of Pembroke, embarked for Germany, and in the following month they won the name which their standards alone display—"Emsdorf." The account of the fighting and the details of the victory read like a romance: how Major Erskine bid his troopers pluck from the overhanging trees sprigs of oak, exhorting them to quit themselves stubbornly and firmly as the trees they despoiled; how the French—six battalions of infantry, some artillery, and a regiment of hussars—found themselves surrounded by the troops under the Prince of Brunswick, of whom the 15th formed part; how the enemy fled, and how the Prince with the 15th and a few German hussars alone pursued them; and how at last to this one regiment surrendered 177 officers, 2,482 men, nine guns, six pairs of colours, and all the arms and baggage. Great was the enthusiasm at home over the prowess of the popular "Elliott's Regiment;" the Prince of Brunswick issued a General Order which for ardent eulogy and genuine admiration has probably never been equalled. The regiment

* The 15th (King's) Hussars bear as a crest "The Crest of England within the Garter," with the motto "Merebinur." On their standards are the names "Emsdorf," "Villiers-en-Couche," "Egmont-op-Zee," "Sanagun," "Vittoria," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Afghanistan, 1878-80." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with scarlet busby-bag and scarlet plume.

subsequently received permission to bear "Emsdorf" on their guidons and appointments, and, in addition, the following legend on their helmets: "Five battalions of French defeated and taken by this regiment, with their colours and nine pieces of cannon, at Emsdorf, 16th July, 1760."* At all the battles and sieges which form the history of the war for the next two years, the 15th were present, fighting, taking prisoners, rescuing friends. At Groebenstein and Homburg they and the Blues acted together and proved more than a match for very superior numbers of the enemy. At Friedburg the Prince of Brunswick was surrounded by French hussars and his position seemed hopeless, when the 15th charged to the rescue, drove back the hussars, and remained, fighting against overwhelming numbers, till their general effected his retreat. Of this combat a survivor, according to the *Official Record*, was living in 1827 in full possession of all his faculties, though of the age of eighty-six.

Amongst other traditions of the regiment, it is recorded that on one occasion—"after a repulse and a march of seventy-four miles in twenty-four hours, when scarcely a horse was able to walk"—Major Erskine of the 15th fairly *bluffed* a whole regiment of French infantry into surrender. He was somewhat in advance, and saw the French formed in a position with a morass at the rear. He promptly rode forward and called on them to surrender, to avoid annihilation at the hands of a large body of cavalry that were advancing—probably adding, *sotto voce*, "if the horses can still put one foot before another." The French refused. "Your blood be upon your own heads," solemnly rejoined Erskine, turning to go back to his regiment. Upon this the French officer thought better of it, and he and his men lay down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Shortly after the return of the regiment to England the facings of the uniforms were changed from the familiar green to blue, and the full appellation of "The King's Royal Regiment of Light Dragoons" bestowed. The word "Royal," however, by degrees dropped out. At the time of the formidable riots at Birmingham and Sheffield the 15th performed invaluable service, and not long afterwards—in 1793—two squadrons were ordered to the scene of hostilities on the Continent, and before they had been long landed one squadron attacked a hostile body of cavalry twice its numerical strength, overthrew it, and took prisoners two officers and forty-two privates. So brilliant is the record of this very distinguished regiment that it must suffice merely to mention the names of the more remote battles and actions in which they were engaged, promising

* Trimen.

only that, did space permit, the bare enumeration might be lavishly embellished by countless instances of valour and heroism. The 15th, then, were at Lannoy; Cateau, where they rescued the Prince of Schwarzenburg; at Villiers-en-Couhé,* where they gained especial praise; at Tournay, Roubaix, Mouveaux, and the disastrous retreat therefrom. At Duffel, Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill of the 15th killed the opposing commander in single combat; at Nimeguen the general complimented them on going to their fierce work "with as much pleasure as if it had been an English fox-chase;" at Egmont-op-Zee the 15th bore the brunt of the cavalry work till the rest of the horse came up. In 1806 the regiment became hussars, and officers and men were directed *inter alia* to wear "moustachios on the upper lip." In 1808 the 15th Hussars joined the army of Sir John Moore in Spain, and two months after landing a body of between three and four hundred of the regiment, with twelve of the 7th, attacked about seven hundred French dragoons, killed several, and took prisoners two lieutenant-colonels, eleven other officers, and a hundred and fifty-four privates. For this exploit they bear the name "Sahagun" on their standards. The 15th did not have any actual fighting at Corunna, and returned to England in 1809, where they remained for four years, escaping positive inaction by being engaged in the suppression of the Luddite and other riots. In 1812 they joined the army of the Peninsula; fought at Burgos, Morales, Osma; supported the brilliant action of Kemp's brigade at Vittoria; shared in the brilliant victory of Orthes. At Grenade fifty King's Hussars overthrew two hundred opposing French troopers.

At Waterloo the 15th were in the first line, part being detached for duty on the Nivelles road. After suffering for some time from the heavy guns of the enemy, the 15th (with whom were the 13th) charged a superior force of French cuirassiers, driving them back with loss, though in doing so they became "exposed to superior numbers on both flanks." "From this period," runs the *Official Record*, "the regiment made various charges At one moment it was cutting down musketeers, at the next it was engaged with laneers, and when these were driven back it encountered cuirassiers." The result to the regiment of the battle was three officers, two sergeants, and twenty-three privates killed; seven officers, three sergeants, and forty privates wounded. Soon afterwards the 15th were detailed to form part of the force investing Cambray, and the following year returned to England. In this country and in Ireland they remained

* It is stated that at this battle the charger of one of the officers had its tongue torn out by a grape-shot, notwithstanding which it went through the day's labours, and survived for some time on invalid diet.

till 1839, when they were ordered to India. After a lengthened sojourn in our Eastern dependency they returned to England, and the next active service in which they were engaged was the Afghan War of 1878-80. Under Colonel Swindley they marched from Mirut in October, 1878, and in January a squadron, under Major Luck, encountered a body of about four hundred of the enemy's cavalry, which they utterly defeated, the loss to the Afghans in killed, wounded, and prisoners being about a hundred. Major Luck, who was slightly wounded, was made a C.B. for his services on this occasion. On the same day another squadron, under Captain Langtry, was engaged in the Ghilo Pass. No further event of importance affecting the 15th occurred at this time, and in May, 1879, the regiment returned to Mirut. In the second campaign, in which Major—then Lieutenant-Colonel—Luck commanded, the enemy was defeated before the arrival of the King's, and the regiment was accordingly ordered back to India, where it arrived in October, 1880. In 1881 it seemed for a time as though "Africa's burning shore" was in its turn to witness the prowess of the 15th, as the regiment was ordered to South Africa. But they scarcely did more than touch, coming on immediately to England, where—or rather in Scotland—they now are.

THE SIXTEENTH (QUEEN'S) LANCERS* are "the second regiment of light cavalry raised in England for permanent service," being raised in 1759 by Lieutenant-Colonel Burgoyne. In 1761 a couple of troops were employed in the expedition against Belle Isle, and "gave presage of the gallantry for which the regiment afterwards became distinguished." The following year the regiment was ordered to Portugal and soon became actively employed. They surprised and took the city of Valencia de Alcantara; seven troopers encountered a body of twenty-six Spanish cavalry, and after killing six took the other twenty prisoners. At Villa Velha, not long afterwards, the Queen's obtained a similar victory, again earning the highest praise from the commanding officer. The peace concluded in 1762 enabled the regiment to return to England, where it remained till 1776, embarking in the summer of that year to join the royal forces in America. At this period the uniform of the Queen's consisted of helmets with horse-hair crests, scarlet coats with blue facings, white waistcoats and breeches, and high jack boots. In America one of its first achievements was the capture of the insurgent leader,

* The 16th (Queen's) Lancers bear as a crest "The Royal Cypher within the Garter," with the motto, "Aut cursu, aut cominus armis." On their standards are the names, "Talavera," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nive," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Bhurtpore," "Afghanistan," "Ghuznee," "Maharajpore," "Aliwal," "Sobraon." The uniform is scarlet, with blue facings, and the lancer's helmet with black plume.

General Lee, under whose command, before the Colonial "difficulty" arose, the 16th had gained the brilliant victory at Villa Velha, and throughout the unhappy struggle the Queen's was constantly and honourably engaged. Fourteen years of peaceful home duty which followed the termination of the American War was broken by the Revolution in France, and in 1793 the Queen's, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Laurie, joined the army of the Duke of York, two squadrons with detachments of other light cavalry regiments forming a brigade under General Dundas. Here was war in earnest! The first picket supplied by the Queen's at Valenciennes was posted for fourteen hours under an epaulement, and exposed during the whole of the time to a shower of shells, afterwards supporting the storming of the breach. Shortly after the surrender of the town the regiment ran a narrow escape of capture or annihilation. Rounding the village of Bouiller, they came suddenly on a force of several thousand French. The order was at once given by Dundas to retire at a gallop, "but before facing about Lieutenant William Archer fired a double-barrelled pistol into the French line." In 1794 the 16th formed part of the whirlwind of horse that swept through Caudry; at Cateau-Cambrises they were amongst the regiments declared in general orders to have "acquired immortal honour to themselves." Shortly afterwards the campaign ended, but ere long the drama of life and death, victory or defeat, was to be re-enacted, and the veterans of the stage—by no means "superfluous" *bien entendu*—were to present it, with, to use in all seriousness a familiar figure, "unexampled effects and under new and world-renowned management." This time the scene was laid in the historic Peninsula. The 16th fought at Talavera and Fuentes d'Onor. At Carpio a squadron of the Queen's and one of the 14th drove back the formidable Lancers of Berg; at Monasterio Captain Rose "held the bridge" with his gallant troopers, recovering it after being twice beaten back by overwhelming numbers. Then followed Salamanca; at Venta de Pozo Colonel Pelly and some thirty troopers of the 16th fell into the enemy's hands, the result of some of the allied forces falling in confused retreat together with their pursuers on the Queen's, at the same moment that an impetuous charge was made by the French dragoons on the same devoted regiment. At Vittoria the 16th were with the light cavalry which inflicted such terrible punishment upon the flying foe; on their standards we read evidence of their prowess at La Nive; right well and valiantly did they quit themselves at the crowning victory of Waterloo. Then came a time of well-earned rest, to be broken by the war in India, whither the 16th were dispatched armed as Lancers. At Bhurtpore the names of Luard and Cureton and the deeds they did with the troopers of

the 16th are familiar as household words. While at Candahar in 1839 Lieutenants Inverarity and Wilmer of the Queen's were fishing, and, unsuspecting of danger, were unarmed. They were treacherously attacked and the former killed, Wilmer with great difficulty fighting his way to a place of safety. The Queen's fought at Ghuznee and Maharajpore; at Aliwal, under Cureton of Bhurtpore fame, they charged and drove back the Sikh cavalry; under Smith and Pearson they cleared the village of Boondree, piercing through and through a square of infantry and proving once more the incontestable advantage of the lance as a cavalry weapon. Their loss was, however, heavy; the Sikhs were wont to throw themselves on the ground while the Lancers passed and then shoot at them from behind. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that in these charges the 16th had eight officers and upwards of a hundred troopers killed and wounded. At Sobraon "Brigadier Cureton with his cavalry threatened by feigned attack the ford at Hurrekce, and there could be seen waving the plumes and bannerets of the 16th Lancers as they advanced and retired," and subsequently the charge of the cavalry under Thackwell heralded a complete victory for the British and terminated successfully the first Punjab war. Since then the 16th have not been engaged in any war or campaign of note, but in countless ways have proved themselves of the utmost use in the numberless circumstances that arise in our Eastern Empire which claim prompt and fearless action, steadfast discipline, and that *esprit de corps* which is the necessary result of a long tradition of glorious services. The headquarters of the regiment are now in England.

THE SEVENTEENTH (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN) LANCERS*—well known to many, otherwise ignorant of military details, as one of the "crack" regiments—dates its history from 1759, in which year it was raised in Hertfordshire and the neighbourhood by Lieutenant-Colonel John Hall. Colonel Hall had only just returned from America, whence he had brought the tidings of the capture of Quebec and the death of General Wolfe, and to perpetuate in his regiment the double teaching so constantly and vividly before him ever since that glorious but mournful September day, he besought and obtained the royal permission for the 17th to bear on standards and accoutrements the "Death's Head" with the alternative, "Or Glory!"† With the exception of a draft

* The 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers bear as a crest Death's Head, "Or Glory." On their standards are the names "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Central India," "South Africa, 1879." The uniform is blue, with white facings, and the lancer's helmet with white plume.

† A similar emblem is worn by the Swedish King's Own Hussars, and by the Black Brunswickers of Germany.

that was ordered for service in Germany, the 17th were engaged in the United Kingdom till 1775, when they were the first cavalry chosen to proceed to America. At this time the uniform was scarlet with white facings, and a helmet ornamented with white metal and scarlet horsehair crest. In America the 17th were attached to the Highland Brigade, and at Long Island, Brooklyn, Pelham Manor, White Plains and other battle-fields, distinguished themselves by their smartness and valour. Amongst other incidents it is related that Sergeant Tueker of the 17th—he had come out as a volunteer, and eventually received a commission—with only twelve men captured a fort held by the enemy. There was tremendous fighting at Charlestown, Camden, and Cowpens, in all of which the 17th were engaged, at the last-named place suffering considerable loss. Men of the 17th were frequently chosen as bearers of dispatches; when Private McMullens was so employed he was attacked by four of the rebels, two he put *hors de combat*, and brought the other two, prisoners, to camp. Corporal O'Lavery was with a messenger when the enemy attacked them, killing the dispatch bearer. O'Lavery snatched the missive from the dying man and escaped, riding on till he fell from loss of blood. In the morning when he was found, he was just able to point to a deep wound *into which he had thrust the dispatch* to keep it from the enemy, should he fall into their hands. His heroism cost him his life; the insertion of the paper made mortal a wound which would not otherwise have been so. When peace was secured by the cession of the colonies, the 17th returned home, and were next employed against Irish rebels. In 1794 they were ordered to the West Indies, and in Jamaica had several encounters with the Maroons, in which great collective and individual courage and address were shown, the termination of the war being probably due to the brilliant action of Lieutenant Weege in confronting, at the hazard of his life, the hostile chiefs when in full assembly. After more fighting and severe suffering from the climate, the 17th returned to England in 1798, where they remained till 1806, a sergeant's party having in 1798 been engaged in General Eyre Coote's descent upon Ostend, when they were taken prisoners. In 1807, the regiment was engaged at the siege of Monte Video, and subsequently at Buenos Ayres. The following year saw them in India, where they remained till 1823, the change into Lancers being effected in 1822. During the fifteen years of their sojourn in India, the 17th found plenty of employment in the ceaseless warfare with the Bheels and Pindarees. A detachment from the regiment, moreover, under Lieutenant Johnson, joined Sir John Malcolm's expedition to Persia, and received emphatic praise for the manner in which they carried out their duties. At Cutch, and Dwarka, and

Okamandel, and Baroda, the 17th were in the thick of the fighting, officers and men vying each with the other in deeds of courage and coolness.

In 1823 they returned to England, not to leave it again till the Crimea. They fought at the Alma, where the impetuous charge of the light cavalry across the river, and the supporting of the six guns which wrought such havoc on the retreating, beaten foe, was much remarked upon. At Balaklava the 17th with the 13th Hussars formed the first line in the famous charge, the officers present being Lieutenant-Colonel Morris in command; Captains White, Winter, Webb, and Godfrey Morgan; Lieutenants Thomson, Sir W. Gordon, Hartopp, and Chadwick; and Cornet Cleveland. As the fire grew heavier and the numbers of falling men became greater every minute, Captain White, anxious "to get out of such a murderous fire and into the guns," tried to force the pace, and in so doing came nearly abreast of Lord Cardigan. The latter, who we know from his own account looked upon his instantaneous death as absolutely certain, would yet allow no deviation from the stately rules of British cavalry. He laid his sword across White's breast, checking by a few words the latter's natural impulse. But, as we have seen in the case of the 13th Hussars, this orderly progress could not in the nature of things last long. When well under the guns of the battery in front the serried ranks became broken; "the racing spirit broke out, some striving to outride their comrades, some determining not to be passed." Captain Winter and Lieutenant Thomson here received their death wounds; Captains Webb and White and Lieutenant Sir W. Gordon fell seriously wounded. Scarcely more than fifty or sixty men remained of the two splendid regiments that had formed the first line, but "carried straight by a resolute leader this mere half-hundred were borne on against the strength of the thousands. The few in their pride claimed dominion. Rushing clear of the havoc just wrought, and with Cardigan still untouched at their head, they drove thundering into the smoke which enfolded both the front of the battery and the masses of horsemen behind it." Soon they shot in between the guns, a few of the 17th outflanking them a little on the left. Then came the "sabring the gunners," a time of wild fighting, till some of the 17th found themselves grouped under the leadership of Sergeant O'Hara of their own regiment, while others had followed the summons to rally round Brigade-Major Mayow. Meanwhile the few—about twenty—who had overflanked the line of Russian guns charged straight at a body of cavalry opposite them. The Russian leader fell, pierced through by Morris's sword, and the enemy's hussars were broken; but only to join again. Morris's sword had given so shrewd a thrust that he was unable

to withdraw it from the body of his prostrate foe. The sword itself was fastened by a wrist-knot to his hand, and in this position, actually "tethered to the ground by his own sword arm," Morris received a couple of furious sword cuts, which caused him to fall unconscious from the saddle. When he "came to" he found his sword free, and this enabled him for some time to keep at bay a surrounding body of Cossacks. After again being desperately wounded he surrendered; and about the same time, in another part of the field, Lieutenant Chadwick also became a prisoner of war. The rest of Morris's men were joined by those under O'Hara, and gradually fought their way through the enemy back to where the heavy cavalry, under Scarlett, were posted. The remainder of the regiment, under Mayow, charged the Russian cavalry, pushing them back on their reserve; there they halted till they were joined by the compact remnant of the 8th Hussars, under Colonel Shewell, and then made their best way back to the English lines. Morris had, it will be remembered, given his sword to a Russian officer; the latter, however, disappeared, leaving his captive free to follow the example. He had first to force his way through the Cossacks, who evidently considered themselves now at liberty to kill him. After incredible sufferings he seized a horse, but soon this was shot, and fell, crushing his rider's leg. Extricating himself with difficulty he crawled on till at last he fell senseless beside a dead body—that of his friend Nolan. Such friends were they that each had in his pocket the other's farewell letter to his nearest and dearest. Nolan had Morris's letter to his wife; Morris, Nolan's farewell to his mother. And a passer-by might well have thought that neither letter would be delivered, for that both the writers were dead. Morris, however, was rescued by Dr. Mouat, of the Inniskillings, and Sergeant-Major Wooden, of the 17th, each of whom received for their daring act of succour the Victoria Cross. This distinction, it may be added, was also gained by Sergeant-Major Berryman and Quartermaster Farrell, who rescued from a similarly dangerous plight Captain Webb of the 11th Hussars. At Inkerman—where the whole of the five regiments comprising the Light Brigade only mustered two hundred sabres—the 17th again suffered some loss, Cornet Cleveland and one or two men being killed during the harassing fire to which their position exposed them.

The next name borne on the standards of the 17th is "Central India," but it would be dwelling too long upon an oft-told tale—and yet one that never loses its fascination—to recount again the history of the struggle those words tell of. One thing we may rest well assured of, that whether their share in it was greater or less, no regiment that

bears "Central India" did other than well and valiantly in a strife which tried to the uttermost soldiers' qualities.

The 17th were amongst the regiments ordered, at the request of Lord Chelmsford, for reinforcements to proceed to South Africa in 1879. They arrived there in May, and were soon actively engaged in making reconnoissances which on more than one occasion developed into skirmishes. They were amongst the troops on whom the news of the Prince Imperial's death fell like a thunderbolt, and who the next day visited the scene of the piteous tragedy; and it was on a soldier's bier of lances belonging to the troopers of the 17th that the body of the young Prince, at one time the heir to an imperial crown, at the time of his death the hope of many thousands of his countrymen, the idol of a loving mother, sorrowful, widowed, discrowned, was laid by his sorrowing comrades. At Erzungayan Hill Drury Lowe led the 17th—his own "regiment of origin"—against the harassing masses of Zulus, a daring exploit which resulted in the death of Lieutenant E. P. C. Frith, the adjutant of the regiment, and an officer deservedly popular both as a soldier and a man. Previous to the memorable charge of the Lancers at Ulundi, Drury Lowe was knocked off his horse by a spent bullet. He speedily recovered, however, and about half-past nine in the morning received from Lord Chelmsford the welcome order—"Go at them, Lowe." In a few moments the Lancers were off "at racing speed with lowered lances after the flying and disorganized hordes of the foe." From an unsuspected quarter they were met by a volley which emptied many a saddle, amongst those who fell dead being Captain the Hon. Wyatt Edgell. It was an unfortunate shot for the Zulus that which laid Wyatt Edgell low. To the warlike ardour of the men who followed him was added a fierce yearning for revenge. "A moment more and the bristling line of steel meets the black and shining wall of human flesh, rent, pierced, and gashed by a weapon as death-dealing and unsparing as their own assegai. Still, though crushed and stabbed by the lances, and though their fierce array was scattered like sea-foam, the Zulus fought in sullen knots, nor cried for quarter, stabbing at the horses' bellies as they went down, and trying to drag the men off them in the *mêlée*. The lance was now relegated in most instances to its sling, and the heavy sabres of the troopers became red with gore." *

The charge at Ulundi practically terminated the Zulu War, so far, at any rate, as the 17th were concerned, and they shortly afterwards sailed for India, where they still are. With the most recent draft which has left the *dépôt* for Lucknow, Prince Adolphus

* "Story of the Zulu Campaign."

of Teck sailed, having not long since been gazetted a lieutenant in his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge's, Own Lancers.

THE EIGHTEENTH HUSSARS,* as at present constituted, dates only from 1858, and it would be exceeding the scope of this work, which treats of her Majesty's army as it at present exists, to do more than glance, and that briefly, at the history of the regiments of light cavalry, now disbanded, which have been numbered "18th." The first 18th Light Dragoons was raised in Ireland in 1759, and—though the statement sounds not unlike the conventional "Irish bull"—was first numbered the 19th. The disbanding, however, of the original 17th Light Dragoons caused it to rank as the 18th. It took part in the expedition to Jamaica, and in that under Sir R. Abercromby in Holland; and in 1807, under its new title of hussars, joined the army of Sir John Moore in Portugal. Throughout the Peninsula campaign the 18th distinguished themselves even in that army where all won fame. Subsequently they fought at Vittoria, La Nive, Orthes, Toulouse. At Waterloo, where they lost a quarter of their number, the 18th, with the 10th Hussars, claim "the distinction of being the brigade which first completed the final rout of the French" (Archer). Then came peace, and with the peace the 18th Hussars ceased to exist, being amongst the regiments which were disbanded to lessen as speedily as possible the heavy drain made on the resources of the country by the long-continued war. The present 18th Hussars were embodied in 1858, and received at once a sort of recognition as the lineal descendants and representatives of the old 18th. The words "Peninsula" and "Waterloo" were permitted to be borne, and, later on, busby-bag and plume were made similar to those of the old regiment, and its motto—"Pro Rege, pro Lege, pro Patria conamur"—was granted to its successor. The only active service—if we except the unfortunate necessity which compels the presence of armed troops in Ireland—which has fallen to the lot of the 18th was the Nile expedition of 1884, when a detachment formed part of the Light Camel Regiment which did such good service.

* The 18th Hussars bear on their standards the names "Peninsula," "Waterloo," with the motto "Pro Rege, pro Lege, pro Patria conamur." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with blue busby-bag and scarlet and white plume.

THE NINETEENTH (PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN) HUSSARS,* like the preceding, bear the number of a regiment disbanded some years before the present 19th Hussars came into existence. The immediate ancestor, so to speak, of the present regiment was incorporated in 1781, as—at first—the 23rd Dragoons, being numbered the 19th two years later. Its existence, if a brief, was a brilliant one. The two first names borne by the present regiment chronicle as daring exploits as any in the long list of famous deeds British regiments boast. At Assaye Sir Arthur Wellesley set himself to vanquish the hosts of Scindiah, officered by French soldiers and numbering at the least fifty thousand men. The 19th Light Dragoons moved on first to reconnoitre, and then formed into line to act as a reserve. A terrific charge made by the Mahratta cavalry on the British infantry, on which the enemy's guns had been playing with due effect, was the signal for a counter-charge by the 19th before which the savage foe recoiled and fled in confusion. When the Mahratta infantry began to waver the 19th charged again; on the last occasion their leader, Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, was killed at the moment of complete victory. Thus ended a battle "which still ranks amongst the hardest fought of those that have been gained by the illustrious Wellington," and in remembrance of that victory, to which their predecessors in title so greatly contributed, the 19th Hussars bear the word "Assaye."

The other name, "Niagara," recalls a war in which there was little satisfactory save the personal courage of the regiments engaged.

But the 19th Hussars are not without their own record, none the less glowing because speaking of more recent events. It is easy to try to belittle the Egyptian campaign, though the effort is not a very successful one; but the most acidulated of critics can find nothing but praise when speaking of the part the British soldiers played in it. Throughout the operations extending from 1882 to 1885 the 19th Hussars were engaged. After a long spell of outpost duty, the second battle of Kassassin found them still at Ismalia. Then came the concentration in the camp at Kassassin, and the preparations for the move on Tel-el-Kebir. The 19th were, with some infantry and engineers, detailed to guard the baggage and stores, and well it was that the precaution was taken, for while our victorious troops were resting after their successful struggles, a band of Bedouins swept down upon the camp, which doubtless they thought to find defenceless. They

* The 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars bear as a crest "The Elephant." On their standards are the names "Assaye," "Niagara," "Egypt, 1882-1884," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Nile, 1884-1885," "Abu Klea." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with white bushy-bag and white plume.

were, however, speedily and vigorously undeeived. The loss to the 19th at this stage of the campaign was one officer wounded. They were amongst the troops left to garrison Cairo, and in February, 1884, were ordered to form part of the force dispatched to relieve Tokar, which they reached in safety despite the untoward accident of their ship, the *Neera*, grounding on a reef. On the morning of El Teb a troop of the 19th was on the right of the square, the remainder being at the rear under General Stewart. At the nick of time the cavalry formed in three lines, swept round the right flank of the square, and charged the dense masses of the enemy. Here Colonel Barrow, of the 19th, was severely wounded, and Lieutenant Freeman killed. Barrow himself would have inevitably lost his life but for the courage of Sergeants Fenton and Marshall and trooper Boosley—all of the 19th—who at great personal risk brought him out of the mêlée, a deed of heroism for which Marshall received the V.C. It is on record that a corporal of the Princess of Wales's Own had four horses killed under him; and after the battle Sergeant James Fatt, who was on scout duty, rode alone into Tokar, though, for all he knew, it might have been crowded with hostile troops—as indeed it was. With the battle at El Teb and the affair at the Wells of Tamanieh, hostilities for a time in some measure ceased. At last, in August—four months or so after Gordon had sent to Mr. Gladstone's Government the message in which he left to them "the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons"—preparations were made to attempt the relief of Khartoum, and the 19th Hussars were attached to the desert column. Their appearance is well described by an eye-witness, whose graphic account is a distinct addition to the literature of the campaign of 1885. "The 19th were of course mounted on their own horses, little wiry grey Egyptian stallions, hardly deserving the name of horses. I should properly call them ponies, as not one reached fifteen hands; little beasts always full of go whether they got their rations or not. . . . They seemed to thrive on desert air and crumbly dry grass."* Most of the scouting duty fell to the 19th, and the way in which they performed this important and arduous work elicited from Sir Herbert Stewart the eulogium that they were "the very acme of light cavalry."

At Abu Klea, Colonel Barrow, who had recovered from his wound at El Teb, with ninety men of the 19th, advanced on the left of the square; a smaller body of the regiment was with the skirmishers on the right. Barrow soon brought his men's carbines to play on a mass of several thousand Arabs who threatened the left, though with but little visible effect, and when at last the Egyptians recoiled before the withering fire of the

* "With the Camel Corps up the Nile," Count Gleichen. Chapman and Hall.

imperilled square, the 19th charged with tremendous effect. When it was known that Sir Herbert Stewart had succumbed to his wound, the 19th, "who had served under him in previous campaigns and were much attached to him, made a forced march in the hope of being in time for the funeral," but they only arrived in time to erect a large cairn on the spot where their loved commander had been buried. A squadron of the 19th was attached to General Earle's column, and under Colonel Buller fought at the battle of Kirbekan, where they captured the enemy's camp. On the 23rd of March Lord Wolseley inspected the regiment at Korti, and paid it a well-merited compliment on its achievements and appearance, and in the May following orders were given for its return to England, where—at Hounslow—it is now stationed.

THE TWENTIETH HUSSARS,* also raised in 1858, trace their origin back to an Irish troop incorporated in 1759 and known as the 20th Inniskilling Light Dragoons. This was shortly disbanded, as was also another "Twentieth," raised twenty years later. In 1791 came into existence the Twentieth Light Dragoons, which earned themselves lasting fame in the Peninsular War, and which have transmitted a memento of their prowess to the present regiment of the same number, which bears "Peninsula" on its appointments. The penultimate 20th ceased to exist in 1818, and the present regiment, though practically in existence for two or three years earlier, was not finally transferred to the Horse Guards till 1862 (Lawrence Archer). The regiment remained in India, taking part in occasional encounters with the hill tribes, till 1872, when it was ordered to England, where, with a sojourn of four years in Ireland, it remained till 1884, when a detachment proceeded to India. The 20th took part in the second Soudan war, and proved themselves of sterling metal at the battle of Hasheen, on the 20th of March, 1885, in which, to quote from General Graham's report, "the cavalry showed great dash and individual gallantry on very difficult ground." Later on they took part in the affair near Dhakdul, almost the last engagement of importance during the campaign, and shortly afterwards returned to England, where they still are, one squadron, however, still being in Egypt.

THE TWENTY-FIRST HUSSARS† were raised as Light Dragoons in India in 1861, and did not make their appearance in England till some twelve years later. The change into

* The 20th Hussars bear on their standards the names "Peninsula," "Suakin, 1885." The uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with crimson busby-bag and crimson plume.

† The 21st Hussars' uniform is blue, hussar's busby, with French grey busby-bag and white plume.

hussars, however, took place the year following their institution. The regiment had no fewer than three predecessors in title, of which the one immediately preceding it was the most renowned, having during its brief existence of thirty-six years—it was raised in 1784 and disbanded in 1820—seen hard service in most quarters of the globe. It fought in San Domingo, in South Africa, at Monte Video. The last three years of its existence were passed at Cawnpore, but no occasion offered for active service. In 1884 thirty-eight men of the present 21st, under Major C. W. Wyndham and Lieutenant J. Fowle, formed part of the Light Camel Regiment, whose valuable services in the Soudan have been before referred to. Captain C. B. Piggott, an officer of this regiment, commanded the desert column of the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment in the same campaign, not long after the termination of which the 21st went to India, where, at Bangalore, they now remain.

The next regiment of Her Majesty's Army which demands our attention constitutes in itself one distinct arm of the service, and that so essential a one, that there are not wanting those who claim for the ROYAL ARTILLERY the foremost place in point of utility in the changed and changing conditions of modern warfare. Bearing in mind the fact that the whole artillery service is only one regiment, divided into brigades whose number and arrangement have been the subject of innumerable changes and developments, it would be outside the plan of the present work to attempt to deal exhaustively with the various transitions through which the present component parts trace their continuity. This is the less necessary since the subject has been dealt with fully and in detail by many to whom the labour—no inconsiderable one—has been a work of love, and whose histories of this splendid regiment are eloquent with the research and exactness begotten of ardent enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*.* Our object will be to trace untechnically the history of the regiment at large, from its struggling, almost despised birth, to its present pride of place, immeasurable importance, and far-reaching renown. The Royal Artillery bears the names of no victories, for it has shared in all the victories that British arms have ever gained. Its dual motto—"Ubique," "Quo fas et gloria ducunt"—states a sober fact no less than an heroic aspiration.

The present regiment of Royal Artillery dates from May, 1716, when it was incorporated, with a strength of two companies out of a proposed complement of four. To quote

* "History of Royal Artillery," Colonel F. Duncan; "Records of Horse Artillery," J. G. Mitchell; and the compilations by Major Hime and R. H. Murdoch, may be instanced out of many.

Colonel Miller's words, "Considering that these two companies were never reduced, and the remaining two, as well as the field officers, were added within a few years, there can be no hesitation in taking this as the starting-point for any regimental records of the Royal Artillery." Nevertheless it is true, with regard to the history of British artillery in itself, that "*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*" From the chaos of confusion, ineptitude, and disorganisation which represents the history of the Ordnance prior to the above date, there stands boldly out the record of what English gunners did in bygone days and battles of olden time. English guns thundered—or did their best to thunder—at Vannes and Crecy, Agincourt and Falaise, at the Battle of the Spurs, at Flodden Field, in the battles fought by William and Marlborough, in the early Jacobite struggles in Ireland and Scotland. But it is little more than the bare fact which appears; the principal details surviving are those of wearisome orders of an incompetent Board of Ordnance, displaying carelessness, and ignorance, and jobbery, and all the evil propensities of red tape *in excelsis*. Strange and unfamiliar names and offices, of persons and things, are discernible in this blurred record, continuing, some of them, into the period of nascent order. We read of robinets and minions, of culverins and basilisks; the men who worked or were responsible for these strange-sounding weapons were matrosses,* artificers, petardiers, master gunners, chief bombardiers, fireworkers, over all of whom was a chief firemaster. The cannons of the earlier days were made of wood, iron hoops, and even leather; the balls were often of stone; many of the necessary attendants on a gun in the field were not soldiers but ordinary labourers. In the latter end of the sixteenth century the heaviest shot fired was one of 60 lbs., which required a similar weight of powder. In contrast with this it may be of interest in this place to quote from a report of some experiments made with the artillery of to-day within the last few weeks: "The 80-ton guns are loaded by machinery, the shells and powder being hauled up from the chambers below to the muzzles of the guns, and then driven home by other machinery. The full charge of powder, which weighs 680 lbs., was not used. The shots were about 17 cwt., and with a full charge are calculated to carry eight or ten miles." Truly a stupendous advance, and one whose measure is not yet completed! It is true that records, or rather traditions, exist of much more formidable shot than that mentioned above as being used in the olden time. A French writer speaks of shot fired at the siege of Constantinople, in 1453, weighing 1,451 lbs.; and De Comines, who is generally trustworthy, tells

* "Matross: soldiers in the art of artillery next below the gunners; their duty is to assist the gunners in traversing, sponging, loading, and firing of guns, &c." The rank was abolished in 1783.

of some cannon belonging to the King of France which threw their shot nearly *five miles!*

Various spasmodic efforts seem to have been made, from time to time, to reduce the artillery service to a state of coherence; finally, on the accession of William III. and Mary, the Duke de Schomberg, then appointed Master-General of the Ordnance in succession to Lord Dartmouth, who had held the office under James, brought the force into some order. He left the Board no peace, pooh-poohed in the roughest way all objections urged, and by dint of continued harassing at last got his way. It was well he did, for there was plenty of work to do. When William started for Ireland there accompanied him a fairly-equipped artillery train, whose dress was as follows: "Gunners, matrosses and *tradesmen*, coates of blew with brass buttons, and lyned with orange bass, and hats with orange silk galoone. The carters grey coates, lyned with the same. The money"—for the uniform—"to be deducted by equal proportions out of their paye by the Treasurer of the Trayne." At this time the gunners received 2s. or 1s. 6d. per diem, and the matrosses sixpence less. Early in the reign of Queen Anne the war against France was commenced, and a train of artillery was ordered to join the allies. The number of guns was thirty-four, and the *personnel* consisted of two companies of gunners, one of pioneers and one of pontoon men, in addition to the requisite staff and a number of artificers. The following extract from Colonel Duncan's work gives an interesting insight into the organization of a body of artillery in the pre-regimental days:—

"Each company consisted of a captain, a lieutenant, a gentleman of the ordnance, six non-commissioned officers, twenty-five gunners, and an equal number of matrosses. At this time the fireworkers and bombadiers were not on the strength of the companies, as was afterwards the case. Two fireworkers and eight bombadiers accompanied this train.

"The pioneers were twenty in number, with two sergeants, and there was the same number of pontoon men, with two corporals, the whole being under a bridgemaster. The staff of the train consisted of a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, a comptroller, a paymaster with his assistants, an adjutant, a quartermaster, a chaplain, a commissary of horse, a surgeon and assistant-surgeon, and a provost-marshal. The kettle-drummer and his coachman accompanied the train. There were also present with this train a commissary of stores with an assistant, two clerks, twelve conductors, eight carpenters, four wheelwrights, three smiths, and two tinmen. The rates of pay of the various attendants are again worthy of note. The master carpenter, smith, and wheelwright, got 1s. daily more than the assistant-surgeon, who had to be happy on 3s. per diem; the provost-

marshal and the tinman each got 2s. 6d. ; the clerks and the gentlemen of the ordnance were equally paid 4s. ; the chaplain, adjutant, and quartermaster received 6s. each ; a lieutenant received the same, and a fireworker 2s. less. The pay of the higher ranks was as follows :—colonel £1 5s., lieutenant-colonel and comptroller, each £1, major 15s., and paymaster 10s. The gunners received 1s. 6d., matrosses, pioneers, and pontoon-men each 1s.”

A few years later and the Duke of Marlborough was the occupant of Schomberg's post, and, as before stated, in “May, 1716, the regimental baby was born.” The first colonel was Albert Borgard, by birth a Dane, and who at the time of his appointment was sixty-six years of age and had served in the English army since 1692. The first expedition of the new regiment was that under Lord Cobham against Spain, and the fire of the artillery effected in two days the capitulation of the citadel of Vigo. Sixty-six pieces of ordnance of all description accompanied Borgard's regiment, and there were taken and destroyed belonging to the enemy nearly two hundred. The expedition, indeed, was in every way successful, the booty being estimated as amounting in value to no less than £84,000. No event of importance concerning the Artillery occurred for about twenty years, with the exception of their first service on the defensive, which was at the siege of Gibraltar in 1727. There were two hundred men of the Royal Artillery present under Colonel J. Watson and Captain Hughes. During the progress of the siege—at which our losses were three hundred as against three thousand of the Spaniards—no less than a hundred of the fortress guns burst. It would seem, however, as though the cannon brought by Colonel Watson from England was of a superior kind. One immediate result of the siege of Gibraltar was that the regiment was raised to the full—as then intended—complement of four companies, the strength of each of which was nine officers, six non-commissioned officers, and a hundred and two men of all departments. A few years later, namely in 1741, Woolwich was founded “for all the raw and inexperienced people belonging to the military branch of the Ordnance.” The “cadet” element, however, predominated, and considering that the age of these young gentlemen then averaged between twelve and fourteen, the lives of the governors were, as may be expected, distinctly burdensome. Some of the extracts from the orders preserved in Colonel Duncan's book, are too quaint and racy to be passed over.

“The gentlemen cadets are now strictly forbid to cut or carve their names, or initial letters of names, on any part of their desks, or any way to spoil them. They are not to spoil their own locks, or those of any other gentlemen cadets, by attempting to open them

with wrong keys. . . . The Lieutenant-Governor expects that henceforward no gentleman cadet will be guilty of ever attempting to open or spoil any of the desks or drawers of the inspectors, professors, or masters, or of another cadet, or even attempt to take anything out of them, under the name of *smouching*, as they may be fully assured such base and vile crimes will be pardoned no more. The gentlemen cadets are likewise forbid from leaping upon or running over the desks with their feet; and the corporals are expected not only to keep a watchful eye to prevent any disorder in the Academy, but, by their own good behaviour, to set an example to others."

Then comes a sort of remonstratory wail: "The cadets have been guilty of a habit of making a continual noise, and going about greatly disturbing the masters in their teaching; also, when the Academy ends, by shutting their desks with violence, and running out of the academy hallooing, shouting, and making such a scene of riot and dissipation greatly unbecoming a seminary of learning, and far beneath the name of a gentleman cadet; and, lastly, during the hours of dancing several of the Under Academy, whose names are well known, behave at present in so unpardonable a manner when dancing, by pulling, and hauling, and stamping, that the master is thereby prevented from teaching. Hence the Lieutenant-Governor assures the gentlemen that those who are anyways found guilty of such conduct for the future will be immediately sent to the barracks and receive such *corporal* punishment as their crimes deserve." The corporal cadets seem to have exceeded their power and exercised their ingenuity in punishing their subordinates. An order was therefore necessary, pointing out the limits of the juvenile authority. But discipline must be maintained, and the Order therefore concludes: "On the other hand, the Lieutenant-Governor expects the gentlemen cadets to obey the corporals' commands equally the same as any other superior officer, subordination being the most essential part of military duty. Lastly, the Lieutenant-Governor expresses the highest satisfaction in the genteel behaviour of the company during the hours of dancing, in a great measure owing to the care of the present corporals."

There was stern work before the new Royal Artillery. They took part in the unfortunate expedition against Carthage, where, says Smollet, "the admiral and general had contracted a hearty contempt for each other, and took every opportunity of expressing their mutual dislike. . . . Each proved more eager for the disgrace of his rival than zealous for the honour of the nation." In the army that fought for Maria Teresa were three companies of artillery, and at the battle of Dettingen—where, by the way, but slight work fell to the artillery—the regiment was represented by twenty-four

three-pounder guns with their proper complement. They were at Fontenoy, and did their best to prevent the defeat; at Culloden, under Colonel Belford, and the engagements connected therewith, "the victory may be said to have been won by the Artillery." It is said that a shot aimed by Colonel Belford, at Culloden, ploughed up the ground at Prince Charles's feet and killed his attendant groom. They fought at Roucoux and Val, at the sieges of Bergen-op-Zoom and Maestricht; then came European peace and with it a further development for the Artillery. Belford succeeded Borgard in the command; the discipline and status of the regiment became more defined; the distant wars in America, Jamaica, and the East Indies proved daily, by vivid object-teaching, the supreme importance of the force; in America, the terrible disaster at Fort du Quesne emphasized it the more. It 1755, from the loins of the parent stem sprung the Royal Irish Artillery, which, fifty years or so later, was amalgamated with the English, having gained more than ordinary fame in the campaigns under the Duke of York, in the Netherlands, in America, and the West Indies. The uniform of the Royal Irish Artillery at the time of the amalgamation was as follows: blue coat with scarlet facings, cocked hat with black cockade, white breeches, and gold and yellow embroidery on cuffs and collars.

At the time of the inauguration of the Irish force the Royal Artillery consisted of eighteen companies, and during the stirring times of the Seven Years' War, with its gunners' records of Minden and Belleisle, and the contemporaneous struggles in America and India, its value became so patent that it was increased to thirty companies. The invasions, under Charles, Duke of Marlborough, of St. Malo and Cherbourg, referred to before in connection with the temporary formation of light cavalry regiments, resulted in a victory which was signalled by a sort of triumph for the Royal Artillery on their return. The war with the French in America at times seemed to resolve itself into an artillery duel; at the siege of Louisbourg we are told that the expenditure of shot was "13,700 round shot, 3,340 shells, 766 case shot, 156 round shot fixed, 50 carcasses, and 1,493 barrels of powder." It was about this period that foreign countries paid the Royal Artillery the compliment of occasionally "borrowing" officers and men either for active service or to assist in organising their own force, and those interested may find related amusing accounts of the adventures of three privates who entered the service of the Emperor of Morocco. Passing over a few years of peace, during which further developments were made in the regiment of Royal Artillery, we come to the record of the years 1775 to 1783, during which was fought the war which resulted in the independence of America. In this war nothing is more noteworthy than the growing importance of the

Artillery. At Lexington the fire from the guns covered the retreat of the infantry; at Bunker's Hill the thunder of the guns was the signal for the stern steel to steel conflict that followed; throughout the whole of the campaign—at White Plains, at Long Island, at Saratoga and Savannah (name of bewilderment to Mr. Willett of the Maypole), at Guilford, at York Town, and in Canada—His Majesty's gunners were doing their best to reassert the discarded dominion of the mother country. Still more stubbornly and defiantly did they acquit themselves at Gibraltar, swelling with the thunder of their cannon that "Doom's blast of a 'No,'" which was England's answer then, as it must ever be, to the summons to yield up the Rock citadel. The command of the Artillery during the siege devolved upon Colonels Godwin and Tovey and Major Lewis, in the order of sequence in which their names are mentioned. Very early in the siege it was deemed necessary to recruit the slender ranks of the Artillery, which consisted of the five senior companies of the second battalion, numbering some 485 of all ranks, and accordingly 180 picked line-men were chosen to be instructed in the science and art of gunnery. Heavier daily grew the storm of shot and shell; the batteries erected by the besiegers were formidable beyond experience; disease and privation joined their forces with Spaniard and Frenchman. But Spaniard and Frenchman were met by courage equal to their own, and skill and science which put their engineers to shame. The Artillery officers invented contrivances by which the guns could be depressed and thus sweep away too close an attack, and from a craggy eminence British shot and shell should play continuously on the enemies' camp. Red-hot shot set on flame the blockading vessels; sorties were made, of which one was said to have destroyed *materiel* of the enemy worth two millions sterling. The Artillery lost two-fifths of their strength; the work was incessant, day after day and night after night; eight thousand barrels of powder and two hundred thousand cannonballs were expended. Then came peace, and, after a siege which lasted three years and seven months, Gibraltar remained the property of the nation whose soldiers had kept it so well. Among other incidents of the siege which relate exclusively to the Artillery may be mentioned the following: "An officer of Artillery, in Willis's batteries, observing a shell about to fall near where he was standing, got behind a traverse for shelter. The shell struck this very traverse, and before bursting half buried him with the earth loosened by the impact. One of the guard, named Martin, observing his officer's position, hurried, in spite of the risk of his own life when the shell should burst, and endeavoured to extricate him from the rubbish. Unable to do so by himself, he called for assistance, and another of the guard, equally regardless of personal danger,

ran to him, and they had hardly succeeded in extricating their officer when the shell burst and levelled the traverse with the ground." Again: a gunner named Hartley was employed in the laboratory, filling shells with carcass composition and fixing fuses. During the operation a fuse ignited, and "although he was surrounded by unfixed fuses, loaded shells, composition, &c., with the most astonishing coolness he carried out the lighted shell, and threw it where it could do little or no harm. Two seconds had scarcely elapsed before it exploded. If the shell had burst in the laboratory, it is almost certain the whole would have been blown up, when the loss in fixed ammunition, fuses, &c., would have been irreparable, exclusive of the damage which the fortifications would have suffered from the explosion, and the lives that might have been lost." Lieutenant Boag was the victim of a somewhat strange accident. Just prior to the general attack he was in the act of laying a gun, when "a shell fell in the battery. He immediately threw himself into an embrasure for safety when the shell should explode; but when the shell burst, it fired the gun under whose muzzle he lay. Besides other injury, the report deprived him of hearing, and it was long ere he recovered. Another officer of the artillery, Major Martin, had a narrow escape at the same time, a twenty-six pounder shot carrying away the cock of his hat, near the crown."

When at last the long siege came to an end, the Duke de Crillon, commander of the Spanish forces, paid a friendly visit to the fort, and on the artillery officers being presented to him, paid them a compliment as graceful as it was marked. "Gentlemen," said he, "I would rather see you here as friends than on your own batteries as enemies, when you never spared me." The siege of Gibraltar was so admittedly a triumph for the Artillery, that one is not surprised to find them made the subject of a special compliment addressed to their commander by the Duke of Richmond. "His Majesty has seen with great satisfaction such effectual proofs of the bravery, zeal, and skill by which you and the Royal Regiment of Artillery under your command at Gibraltar have so eminently distinguished yourselves during the siege; and particularly in setting fire to and destroying all the floating batteries of the combined forces of France and Spain on the 13th September last."

Hitherto no mention has been made of that branch of the Royal Artillery which, more perhaps than any other, represents to the ordinary mind the brilliancy and warlike romance of this arm of the service. We refer to the Royal Horse Artillery, a *corps d'élite* amongst ourselves, the admiration and acknowledged pattern of other

and more "military" nations. Its commencement was singularly unworthy of its present pre-eminence. At the close of the eighteenth century six troops were raised; twelve years or so later it had become an organised force, thanks mainly to the decision and wise masterfulness of the Duke of Richmond, at that time Master of the Ordnance. The new corps had the right to select the best of the artillery recruits; "the men were magnificently dressed and amply paid;" the officers appointed were men who had already made their mark. Throughout the stern struggle of the Peninsula war the Royal Horse Artillery made for itself an undying reputation. In 1799 troop A of the Horse Artillery, the "Chestnut Troop" of after renown, joined the expedition to the Helder, and at Egmont-op-Zee found itself in advance of the allied position and exposed to the attack of the enemy's cavalry. "Taken by surprise, the gunners did not lose their presence of mind, but fired into the advancing cavalry until they were in their midst; and then, with any weapons they had, they struggled with the troopers, who, in immense numbers, surrounded them and sabred them at their guns." All or most of the guns were captured, to be re-taken shortly afterwards by Lord Paget at the head of the 15th Hussars. Special thanks were given in a general order to Major Judgson of the Chestnut troop, and to the artillery of reserve for their conduct throughout the day.

The Royal Artillery supplied a contingent of five hundred and forty of all ranks to the force commanded by Sir R. Abercromby in Egypt, and at Cairo, Aboukir, and Alexandria did most signal service. At the siege of Copenhagen, in 1807, the conduct of the Artillery was such as to win the following strongly-worded encomium: "The Commander of the Forces must be allowed in a particular manner to express his thanks to Major-General Blomefield and Colonel D'Arcy and the officers and corps of the Royal Artillery and Engineers, whose laborious service and success have been most remarkable." The behaviour of the Artillery was one of the bright spots in the dismal picture of the Buenos Ayres expedition. The Peninsula war, as has been before mentioned, raised the regiment to the highest pinnacle of honour. One would fain linger over those days of the "combats of heroes," and dwell upon each salient incident which pointed out the progress of the Royal Artillery, were it not that their deeds of the nearer past—beneath the snows of the Crimea and the burning sky of rebellious India—will in their turn claim chronicle and meed of praise. It must, then, suffice merely to mention, almost at haphazard, some of the battles in which the Artillery took part, premising that what is written is but a tithe of what was done, and that the eulogies recorded are but the feeble echoes of the clear-ringing note of praise which, not at home only, but

far and wide, amongst friends and foes alike, was sounding, with trumpet-peal and deep diapason of conquering guns, the laud of the Royal Artillery of England.

At Roliça they fought with unexampled bravery but heavy loss; at Vimiera we read of the "murderous fire of the Royal Artillery," which conduced so much to the emphatic victory of our troops. Of the passage of the Douro Sir Arthur Wollesley wrote that he "had every reason to be satisfied with the Artillery," praise which is intonsified by the report of their own commander, General Howarth, who declared that "never was artillery put to such a trial." At Walcheren the General Order testified that "it was impossible to do sufficient justice to the Royal Artillery;" at Talavera "the Artillery was of the greatest service;" in Cayonno and Martinique official reports speak with frigid enthusiasm of "the eminent services rendered by this distinguished corps." *En passant* it may be mentioned, that in order to be present at the battle of Talavera the Chestnut Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery marched sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, in the hottest time of a Spanish summer. This same troop was chiefly instrumental in enabling the army to cross at the engagement of the Coa. At Busaco the commander testified that he was "particularly indebted to the Artillery;" at Barossa "the fire from the Artillery—close, rapid, and murderous"—frustrated the efforts of the enemy. At Fuentes d'Onor occurred an incident which, aliko for its intrinsic value as for the magnificent language in which a master's pen has narrated it, must be described with something of fulness: Norman Ramsay and his battery of Horse Artillery were surrounded. Regiment after regiment of the splendid cavalry of France dashed towards the place where were the handful of gunners whose fire had been so galling to the army of the Emperor. Those on our side "ceased to think of Ramsay and his men, except as prisoners. Presently, however, a great commotion was observed among the French squadrons; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point, where a thick dust was rising, and where loud cries and the sparkling of blades and flashing of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. . . . Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear; the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth, sword in hand, at the head of his troop, his horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain; the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons in desperate career."

Then follow—each with its record of praise to the Artillery—the battles of Badajoz, Albuera, Salamanca, Vittoria, San Sebastian, Orthes, and Toulouse. At Vittoria occurred

an incident which leaves a melancholy impression. Norman Ramsay, the idol of the regiment, was put under arrest by Sir Arthur Wellesley for an alleged disregard of orders, which Ramsay emphatically and consistently denied having received. The blow to a man of his temperament was a crushing one. Two years later, "at Waterloo, on the morning of the battle, as the Duke rode along the line he saw Ramsay for the first time since his arrival in Flanders. He accosted him cheerfully as he passed. Ramsay merely bowed his head sadly until it nearly touched his horse's mane, but did not speak. In a few hours he was where sorrow and injustice are unknown."

At Waterloo the artillery consisted of thirteen troops, with seventy-eight guns (exclusive of the foreign artillery), and was under the command of General Wood. The action of Quatre Bras, at which the Horse Artillery were not present, gave stern promise of what was before the regiment for the morrow. That morrow—the last morrow on earth for so many—broke after a night of storm, and wind, and rain, to be merged and forgotten in the more deathly tempest of warring nations and rage-maddened men; and the artillery, with the rest of the British army got ready for the strife. Fifty-five thousand men, under the Duke of Wellington, were to meet a hundred and fifty thousand French, commanded by the Emperor in person. There was time, so Napoleon calculated, to sweep these opponents away before the Prussians could come up—to meet, in their turn, with a like fate.

"About ten o'clock the music of the French bands could be distinctly heard along the British position; then the skirmishers, backed by supports, came in sight. Anon their columns, preceded by mounted officers, began to appear, the bright bayonets flashing over the dark and sombre masses as they wheeled at different points, while the sound of brass drums and sharp trumpets rang out upon the air. Ere long their whole army was visible—their infantry formed in two lines, one hundred and eighty yards apart, flanked by lancers, whose tall lances were erect, with their banneroles fluttering in the wind. In rear of the centre of the wings of infantry were the cuirassiers, their brass helmets and steel corselets shining in the sun. In rear of them, on the right, were the lancers and chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, the former clad in scarlet, the latter, like hussars, in green, with bearskin caps and pelisses trimmed with fur and gold lace. In the rear of the cuirassiers, on the left, were the horse grenadiers and dragoons of the Imperial Guard, most brilliantly clad and accoutred. In rear of the whole was the infantry of the Imperial Guards, a dense dark mass, with lofty bearskin caps and knee-breeches, together with the 6th corps of cavalry; and this army, with 246 pieces of

cannon, with all their matches lighted, gave an awful presage of the carnage that was to come."

The signal for the fray came from Cleve's German batteries; the defiant note was repeated loud and clear from Sandham's nine-pounders. At Hougomont the old T Troop, under Major Bull, were in the thick of the furious, long-contested struggle. When Picton gave his memorable order to charge, and fell dead as he gave it, some of the gunners of Major Rogers' battery, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, "joined in the pursuit brandishing their sponges and portfires." When Ney made his magnificent charge of cavalry—that charge which Napoleon declared was too early by an hour—the order was given for the gunners, who were in front of the British line, to retire within the squares of infantry after discharging their guns. In one instance was this command disregarded—an instance of the same sort of disobedience of which Nelson was guilty when he uttered his famous "Cease firing! No, hang me if I do!" The square of foreign infantry within which Captain Mercer's troop should have taken refuge was already much broken by the heavy cannonade to which it had been exposed, and Mercer saw that the hurried ingress of his men would have a most demoralising effect. He resolved to stand his ground, and by this self-sacrifice prevent so far as in him lay the shattering of the square. It was at a terrible sacrifice, indeed. The troop was reduced to a skeleton; the officers fell wounded right and left. "Though untouched myself," he writes, "my horse had no less than eight wounds. Our guns and carriages were all together in a confused heap, intermingled with dead and wounded horses." It is said that the Duke never forgave this action; and indeed some quasi-private statements of his with regard to the conduct of the Artillery at Waterloo, have given just grounds for indignant protest to the members and friends of this most distinguished regiment. Pages might well be filled with the incidents of that day as they related to the Royal Artillery, but one must suffice, which, though chosen at random, gives a vivid picture alike of the courage and *esprit de corps* which then as now actuated "the gunners." Lieutenant Strangways, of Whinnyate's Troop, received a terrible wound, a cannon-shot striking him on the thigh and injuring the spine. Utterly hopeless though his condition seemed, those standing by sought to move him to a place of safety. "Do not move me," came the words, choked with agony; "let me die near my gun." Wonderful to relate, Strangways did *not* die, but partially recovered, and lived for some years.

It has before been incidentally remarked that the gallant Norman Ramsay met

his death at Waterloo. In reading the account of his death, as in following the sparse details given of his career, we are strangely moved by the emphasis given to one salient feature in his character—the intense *loveableness* of the man. It was to Ramsay that men went with their troubles and their joys, sure of sympathy and help for the one, of genuine, self-effacing pleasure for the other. When news came of sorrow or loss, of honour or good fortune, “I must go and tell Ramsay” was the first thought that found expression. It may well be believed, then, that, even in the mad fury and excitement of a fierce battle, many were the eyes that grew moist and the lips that trembled a little when it became known that the brave, gentle soldier was dead, with the shadow unrighteously cast over him at Vittoria still unlifted from the blameless life it had so sadly darkened. Far away in Edinburgh his aged father awaited, as tens of thousands awaited, with terrible anxiety, the news from Waterloo. When the tidings came that his son Norman was dead the blow proved too much. The old man’s reason left him, and when the accoutrements of the dead warrior reached the house he would never enter again, his father grew more cheerful, and wrung the hearts of those about him by babbling how “Norman had come home at last.” A somewhat bold remedy was tried—as it proved, successfully. General Frazer was communicated with, and on inquiry he ascertained that Sergeant Livesay, of Ramsay’s troop, who had formed one of the burying party, felt sure he could find the hasty grave. Nor was he mistaken, and before the eyes of saddened mourners the body was disinterred. Though it had been in the ground three weeks the features were quite unchanged, and men looked once more on the kind face that would smile or sadden never more. His father’s mind regained its balance, and he was able to realise not only that his son was dead, but that he had died gloriously, and left a name that men would ever mention with love and honour.

After Waterloo, six companies, under Sir A. Dickson, were attached to the Prussian army, and engaged in reducing the frontier fortresses that still held to Napoleon.*

It must suffice to mention, and that but briefly, the places where, between Waterloo and the Crimea, the Royal Artillery were engaged, always with honour, nearly always with brilliant success. At Cambray; at Peronne, where Wellington narrowly escaped a soldier’s death: “after directing his staff to get under shelter, he posted himself in the sallyport of the glacis. A staff officer having a communication to make came suddenly upon him and drew the attention of the enemy, who treacherously discharged a howitzer crammed with grape at the point. It shattered the brick wall near which the Duke was

* It is worthy of remark that after Waterloo, Wellington made his headquarters at Malplaquet.

standing, and 'made,' to use the words of one who saw him immediately afterwards, 'his blue surtout completely red.'" At Algiers; at Mukanpoor, where "the enemy yielded to our superior artillery;" at Nagpore, where the artillery, though defective, "did most sterling service;" at Maheidpore, where Stanton and Chisholm, of the Artillery, gained special renown; at Soonee, where Adams, who "had with him but one regiment of native cavalry and some Horse Artillery, gave to the thousands of the Peishwa a most signal overthrow;" at Assughur, "the Gibraltar of the East;" at Bhurtpore, where amongst the spoils were found—when and how brought none could tell—an old Scottish cannon of brass,* bearing the inscription "Jacobus Monteith me fecit, Edinburgh, Anno Domini 1642." The Royal Artillery supplied a contingent to the chivalrous folly of the British legion in Spain; their guns thundered "stern remonstrance" in Canada; they humbled the pride of China and Burmah; amongst the victims of the retreat from Cabul were some Horse Artillery, forming the rearguard of that doomed force of which one only was fated to survive. At Moodkhee, where Brooke's Horse Artillery did such wonders; at Ferozeshah, where we read that the artillery surged closer and closer till the muzzles of their guns were within three hundred yards of the hostile batteries; at Aliwal, where Lawrence, of the Horse Artillery, stated in his report that the quantity of captured ammunition, shot, shell, grape, and ball cartridge, was "beyond accurate calculation;" at Sobraon, where the guns of Horsford and Fordyce and Lane "from their adamant lips spread a death shade" of terrible blackness over the army of the Sikhs. In all places where need was that the power of England should be asserted, there the Royal Artillery† have done their devoir, taking a right worthy part in the making and keeping of the mightiest empire in the world.

At last, after years of comparative peace, broke the red dawn of the Crimean war. The part that the Artillery bore in the campaign is too well known, and has been the subject of too many and exhaustive treatises to need any lengthy consideration here. The alterations, moreover, in the designation of the various component parts of the regiment would render it tedious to identify in the course of this narrative the various troops and batteries from time to time referred to.‡ The command of the Artillery at the Crimea was given to General Fox Strangeways, Colonel J. E. Dupuis commanding the Horse. Amongst the names of Artillery officers and men still familiar to us, who especially distinguished themselves during the war, are those of Sir Collingwood Dickson,

* Still, we believe, preserved at Edinburgh.

† The Indian Artillery is now—since 1859—incorporated with the Royal Artillery.

‡ See Explanatory Note, p. 130.

Sir J. W. Fitzmayer, Sir C. C. Teesdale, Dacres, Wodehouse, Miller, Dixon, Gronow Davis, Maude, Cambridge, Henry, Dowling, and Williams of Kars. The account of the sufferings from cold, privation, and disease which Lord Raglan's gallant army underwent, can even yet cause a shudder of horror.* A glimpse of these sufferings, as they especially affected the Horse Artillery, is given in the following graphic description: "The fondness of the thoroughgoing Horse Artillery driver for his horses is proverbial, and even under these harassing conditions there was no diminution of it; they could be seen trying to coax, as it were, their done-up horses to eat, holding the feed for them, rubbing their ears, &c., and staying by them until they themselves went to lie down in mud in a tent frouzy within, probably unwholesome from sick comrades unable to move, and covered in ice and snow without; not having any chance of removing their clothes or opportunity of washing themselves; tormented with dysentery and diarrhœa during the hours of night, and rising with aching bones in the darkness to begin their toil again."

At the Alma, Turner's battery was the first to cross the river, in which action it was somewhat retarded by a wheel being shot off one of the guns. So little, however, did this impede the others, that on arriving on the opposite bank it was found that some of the gunners had not yet got over, whereupon the *officers* loaded and worked the guns, making good practice till relieved. Later on the battery was surrounded for a time. Sergeant Henry, however, with Gunner Taylor, stuck to his gun. Taylor soon fell dead; Henry was at last overpowered, and when the guns were rescued was found to have received *twelve* wounds. He recovered, however, and reaped the reward of his valour in the receipt of the Victoria Cross and a commission.† While serving as a gunner Lieutenant Walsham was killed, an officer who gave great promise of future fame. He was only twenty, and already, in the days when mountaineering was in its infancy, had gained himself a name by the then dangerous ascent of Mont Blanc. At Inkerman the artillery gained a high tribute of praise from an opponent, and that opponent one whose opinion was of all others the most valuable. "The English artillery," remarked General Todleben, "sustained its infantry perfectly."

It was a heavy day for the artillery, that of Inkerman. One of the shot from the

* In the earlier stage of the campaign scarcity of provisions had not begun to be felt. It is on record that Lieutenant Taddy, R.H.A., bought from the Tartars fourteen pigs for twopence! Another officer paid only two shillings for a turkey, a chicken, and four ducks; while eggs were obtainable "at a price within the reach of all"—namely, one penny for fourteen! A few weeks later, and we read that "Captain Baddeley, while on the march, paid a French soldier one shilling and sixpence for as much water as would fill his regulation bottle!"

† In the early days of the Royal Artillery it was the custom to bestow commissions upon non-commissioned officers after a few years good service.

Russian batteries had a more than usually fatal mission ; it was charged with the death of one of the gentlest and best of Her Majesty's warriors. General Fox Strangeways was on his horse with others of the staff, when a round shot struck him on the leg, almost severing it, insomuch that the lower part was connected only by a shred of skin. "Will someone kindly help me off my horse?" were his quiet words, the while that no expression of the intense agony he suffered escaped his lips. From the first his ease was hopeless, and in a few hours he died, thankful that "a soldier's death" was vouchsafed him. There is little doubt that the timely arrival of Gambier's heavy guns at Inkerman materially assisted to the result of "the soldiers' battle." Their fire told with fatal effect, though the men who served the guns fell in terrible numbers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier himself was severely wounded. When at last the storm of shot and shell which, on the 17th of October, 1854, opened on Sevastopol, had resulted in its evacuation, men felt that to the Royal Artillery of England the cause of the allies owed a heavy debt. Certainly no troops had better earned the temporary rest that followed ; their labour had been prodigious, "the artillerymen in trenches not having more than five hours' rest out of the twenty-four, and exposed day by day incessantly to a tremendous fire." * Time forbids us to dwell, grateful though the task would be, on the—

"Moving accidents by flood and field,
[The] hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," †

of which the Royal Artillery were the heroes ; on how Dixon, and Gronow Davis, Williams, Teesdale, Cambridge, Miller, and Collingwood Dickson each won the Victoria Cross ; how Trumpeter McLaren showed the stuff British boys are made of by staying in the thiek of the fight despite his Colonel's kindly direction to "get out of harm's way ;" how Sergeant Dowling, wounded at the Redan, lived to become a colonel in the Italian army. But any account, however slight, of the doings of the artillery at the time of the Crimea would be manifestly faulty which did not mention the defence of Kars by Fenwick Williams—Sir W. F. Williams of Kars—and Teesdale. It was in June, 1855, that Williams arrived at Kars, where he found Colonel Lake, of the Engineers, "with fifteen hundred men, three months' food, and very little ammunition." The

* Browne : "England's Artillerymen."

† Perhaps as "hairbreadth 'scape" as any—and that, too, literally in the "imminent deadly breach"—was that of Bombardier Marsh, of Captain Dixon's company. He was in charge of the magazine of his battery, which was temporarily taken by the Russians. He concealed himself, and the Russians commenced prodding about with bayonets, one actually piercing Marsh's thumb. As they left, one soldier fired in pure wantonness, regardless of the fact that they were surrounded on all sides with powder.

investment was pushed with rigour, though every actual attack was repulsed. (It was after one of these that Teesdale gained the V.C. for rescuing a wounded Russian officer.) Provisions grew scarcer and scarcer; on the 24th of November twenty-six shillings was given for a *rat*; three days later two hundred and thirty men died of starvation. The survivors were so weak that they could not stand to their guns. "I have had no animal food for seven weeks," wrote Williams himself; "I kill horses secretly in my stable, and send the meat to the hospital." When capitulation became inevitable the Russians showed they knew how to appreciate valour in a foe. The terms insisted on by the besieged were agreed to, and the enfeebled garrison treated with all honour and kindness.

The guns that had thundered victoriously in the Crimea were to learn a yet "more horrid hent"; to their frowning muzzles were to be bound the murderers and outragers of women and children in the terrible mutiny, and the white smoke that followed the discharge would be flecked with a ghastly crimson. When first the storm broke, only the Indian Artillery was on the spot to protect and avenge their British countrymen, and stem the hideous torrent of revolt, and right well and valiantly did they do their duty. From the numberless deeds of courage of which officers and men of both the British and Indian Artillery were the heroes we can mention but one or two. At Seetapore, in 1857, Lieutenant John Bonham was in command of a native field battery of the Oude contingent. To this station the rumours of the surrounding mutinies came thick and fast, embellished even beyond the hideous facts—if indeed that was possible—with awful tales of massacre and torture. There were two native infantry regiments and one of cavalry, and to the European officers of these it seemed better for the interests of their country to anticipate the revolt that was hourly expected, and, while there was yet time, make for the headquarters of the British operations. Only Bonham and his Farrier-Sergeant, Bewsey, were left. It seemed, however, as if the anticipations of the revolt of the Seetapore regiments were premature; at any rate the native officers came to Bonham, and representing that their superiors had left, asked him for directions. Forthwith he ordered them to march to Lucknow, and put himself at their head. The anxious march was nearly over; already were the towers and minarets of the city almost visible, when the last and conclusive inducement to rebel was supplied by the arrival of a treasure party. Thereupon the native officers came to Bonham and told him that the men would go no farther, preferring to plunder the convoy. But so highly did even these men think of the brave English officer, fearless and alone amidst thousands of foes, that they gave

him an escort, four loads of the recently acquired treasure, and his own battery in its entirety. And thus did Lieutenant John Bonham arrive at Lucknow—if not a conqueror, at least with honours of war voluntarily granted by enemies little used to humanity, let alone courtesy. When Laurence fought at Chiuputt, Bonham was present; throughout the siege of Lucknow he served, being twice wounded. He was recommended no less than four times for the Victoria Cross, but, *mirabile dictu!* never received it, the authorities at home having lost the papers! One can scarcely wonder that there have been heart-burnings and head-shakings over so strange a mischance, which is rendered the more inexplicable by the fact that Sergeant Bewsey, whom Bonham himself recommended, received not only the Victoria Cross, but a commission.

At Delhi, on the 9th of July, 1857, Lieutenant Hills (afterwards Sir James Hills Johnes) was on piquet duty, with two guns, at the mound to the right of the camp. "About eleven o'clock a.m., there was a rumour that the enemy's cavalry were coming down on his post. Lieutenant Hills proceeded to take up the position assigned in case of alarm, but before he reached the spot he saw the enemy close upon his guns before they had time to form up. To enable them to do this Hills boldly charged, single handed, against the head of the enemy's column, cut down the first man, struck the second, and was then ridden down, horse and all. On getting up and while searching for his sword, which had dropped, three more men came at him—two mounted. The first man he wounded with his pistol, he caught the lance of the second in his left hand, and wounded him with his sword; the first man then came on again, and was cut down; the third man on foot then came up and wrenched the sword from Lieutenant Hills, who fell in the struggle, and the enemy was about to cut him down when Major Tombs, who had gone up to visit his two guns, saw what was going on, rushed in and shot the man and saved his brother officer. By this time the enemy's cavalry had passed by, and Major Tombs and Lieutenant Hills went to look after the wounded men, when one of the enemy passed with Lieutenant Hills's pistol, which he had seized. He first cut at Lieutenant Hills, who parried the blow, and he then turned on Major Tombs, with a like result. His second attack on Hills was more successful, as he cut him down with a bad sword-wound on the head, and would no doubt have killed him had not Major Tombs rushed in and put his sword through the man."*

Amongst the first of the Royal Artillery to reach India when the news of the revolt became noised abroad were a contingent from Ceylon. Of this contingent—some fifty

* Despatch of Lieutenant-Colonel Maekenzie, Commander 1st Brigade of Horse Artillery at Delhi.

men, under Maude and Maitland, took the field at Allahabad early in July. Maude (now General Sir F. F. Maude, V.C., G.C.B.) received his Cross for displaying what Sir James Outram designated "the calm heroism of the true soldier;" and Maitland rendered most valuable service. Reinforcements for the artillery now began to arrive from England under Major-General Dupuis, four troops of Royal Horse Artillery being under Colonel Wood. With the column under Sir Hugh Rose were some Royal Artillery commanded by Captain Ommaney; the artillery with Whitelock's column was under Captain Palmer. At Surajpoor Warren and Middleton took their guns up within five hundred feet of the enemy's batteries, the fire from which was described as "tremendous"; at Jhansi Bombardier Brennan earned the Victoria Cross for bringing up two guns at a critical moment and under a heavy fire, and laying them with the greatest coolness. It was during the mutiny, too, that Sir F. Roberts, now Commander-in-Chief in India, won his Cross. A British standard was being carried off by two sepoys; Roberts gave chase and rescued it. At Agra Captain D'Oyley, commanding the artillery, was mortally wounded while in the act of helping to move one of his guns. "Say I died fighting my guns to the last," he gasped, and before many hours had passed he died. Throughout the mutiny, in innumerable instances, those who escaped owed their preservation to the presence of artillery, however small in force. The frowning guns turned against a mutinous regiment acted as a grimly deterrent influence; it would seem almost as though the rebels had a prescience of the use those guns would be put to when vengeance and retribution were sternly dealt. Terrible, indeed, was this retribution. At Nageena, in Rohilcund—the district where, the preceding year, Messrs. Raikes and Robertson, and Doctors Hay, Bude, and Hansbrow were barbarously murdered—Sir J. Jones gained, in 1858, a signal victory. Twenty guns were taken, thirty elephants laden with treasure, and ten thousand prisoners. The prisoners were put in two lines, and every tenth man selected. Those chosen were taken and placed, two and sometimes three deep, against a wall, close enough for one bullet to kill. The order was given to fire, and within the length of a hundred yards hundreds of men lay dead. Colonel A. J. Wake, then attached to Light Field Battery No. 10 of the Bengal Artillery, and himself an active participator in all the struggles and victories of that terrible time, tells that he saw the bodies themselves—of all ages, from boys to old men, some with a smile on their dark faces, others frowning and contorted with agony—and that in some cases the discharge had been so close as to actually ignite the cotton clothes: a fearful example, and yet not one whit too severe when one remembers Lucknow and Cawnpore, and the women

and children these men or their fellows had murdered and tortured. Colonel Wake moreover gives it as his opinion that the result was most salutary, and was probably the saving of many thousands of lives. For fifteen months or more this country had been the hotbed of the revolt; six weeks or so later, when Colonel Wake's detachment passed through, the people were without exception "as polite and civil as if there had never been such a thing as war known there."

In the expeditions and "little wars" which have occupied Her Majesty's Army since the Crimea, the Artillery have borne their share, always well and honourably, generally with marked success. In China, where the guns under Milward and Barry, Desborough, Mowbray, and Gavin taught so severe a lesson to the Celestial troops; in New Zealand, where fell Lieutenant-Colonel Mercier, R.A., "one of those brave, gallant, and God-fearing men who are an honour to our service and to humanity itself," and for tending whom, while shot were hailing around him, William Temple, Assistant-Surgeon, gained the Victoria Cross—where, too, Lieutenant Pickard and Dr. Manley earned the same merited honour, the former for carrying water to the wounded at the imminent risk of his life; the latter for ministering "to the wants of the wounded and dying, amid the bullets of the enemy, with as much *sang-froid* as if he had been performing an operation in St. George's Hospital;" in Abyssinia, where the names of Milward and Murray, of Penn, and Nolan, and Twiss recall the toil and the victory in which the Royal Artillery shared. From time to time in our Eastern Empire are expeditions, such as that of "the Black River," which we "who live at home in ease" scarcely hear of, yet these records would be wanting in a very important feature did they omit reference to the part borne by the Artillery. The accounts of the Ashantee war recall the names of Rait and Sanders, Duncan, Gordon, and Maurice, and the heroism of young Eardley Wilmot, who, though wounded in a manner which the surgeons said must have caused him most terrible agony, fought his Native Rocket Battery till a bullet pierced his heart. With the Afghan campaign are associated the names of Lindsay; of Parry, who fought his guns so well at the head of the Peiwar Notal Pass; of Captain Andrew Kelso, whose untimely though warrior's death was so mourned; of Hazelrigg, and Swinley, and Smith; of Colquhoun and Latour. Stewart's Horse Artillery, at Futtehabad, gave most invaluable assistance towards the victory gained by General Gough. When Roberts marched to avenge the murder of Cavagnari he had with him three batteries, and one recalls the names of Parry, whose guns silenced the ravaging fire of the enemy at Charasiah; of Duncan Saftoe, who perished in the explosion of the magazine at the Bala Hissar; of Lieutenant Hardy, who

because he would not desert his guns, nor abandon a young wounded officer (Forbes, of the 14th Bengal Lancers) who had been seated on one of the limbers, was cut to pieces "fighting to the last;" of "gallant young Montanaro, who fought his guns so pluckily on the Asmai heights," and was mortally wounded a few days later; of Walters and Campbell; Corbet, who was wounded at Ahmed Kheyl; of Blackwood, whose artillery practically won the battle on the Helmund. At the fatal battle of Maiwand, Blackwood, of whom it is said "that not a better soldier or braver man ever served the Queen," fell dead; Hector Maclaine was taken prisoner, afterwards to be barbarously murdered; for heroic bravery in the face of surrounding death and confusion Sergeant Patrick Mullane and Gunner Collis, both of the Royal Horse Artillery, received the Victoria Cross. At the final victory of Baba Wali the guns of Major Tillard played a conspicuous part, though the joy of every artilleryman must have been dashed with bitter regret at finding the dead body of their comrade, Hector Maclaine, still warm, with the life-blood still pouring from his throat, which had been deliberately cut.

The Zulu wars and the subsequent engagements with the Boers give the historian plenty to relate of the doings of the Royal Artillery. The names of Low and Owen, of Tremlett and Harness and Lloyd, are chronicled by his pen over and over again. He must needs tell, too, how Russell fell at Isandhlwana, when his gunners were killed to a man, and how, before he fell, he sent hissing to the pitiless sky three rockets as a signal of alarm; he must tell of the good work done by Rundle with Wood's flying column; he will relate how the escort which accompanied the captive Cetewayo to Cape Town was commanded by Captain Poole, who afterwards fell at Laing's Nek. In describing the sad pilgrimage of the widowed Empress to the spot where fell her son, fresh from Woolwich, he must perforce mention that in the mournful company—in special request by the Empress, as a personal friend of the brave, dead boy—was Lieutenant Slade of the Royal Artillery. Hurry as he fain would over the Boer campaign, he can dwell with pride, amidst so much that is galling, on the Order which tells how, in the opinion of the gallant and fated Colley, "the artillery well sustained the reputation of the corps by the way they served their guns under a murderous fire (the Ingogo River, February, 1881) and brought them out of action, notwithstanding their heavy loss in men and horses," and which laments the death of Captain Greer, Royal Artillery, "who was killed at his guns, setting a noble example;" while it recognises the "distinguished conduct" of Lieutenant Parsons in the face of terrible odds, two-thirds of his force disabled and himself severely wounded.

In the Egyptian campaign, which commenced in July, 1882, the chief of the staff was Sir John Abye, an Artillery officer; so, too, was Sir E. B. Hamley, commanding the second division of infantry. The details of this "military operation"—for we were authoritatively declared to be "not at war"—are so fresh in the memories of all that a mere mention of names will recall the incidents with which their owners were connected. Hickman's two Horse Artillery guns (N Battery A Brigade), overworked and wearied, did splendid service at Mahuta, working their guns "from early morning until late in the evening while opposed to a heavy cross-fire of twelve guns."* "The searching fire of the Horse Artillery prepared the way" for the magnificent cavalry charge at Kassassin; at the second battle of the same name the same searching fire silenced the heavier batteries of the enemy; at Tel el Kebir "their shot and shell tore along the trenches and made dreadful havoc among the Egyptians." Goodenough, Newman, Norreys, Borrodaile, Rundle, Schreiber, Van Straubenzee, Baker—these are some of the names which the narrator of the deeds of the Artillery in Egypt must dwell on, telling as they do, not of their individual prowess alone, but of the courage, and skill, and endurance of the non-commissioned officers and men whom they commanded. The staff of the expedition of August, 1884, was rich in Artillery officers. There were Lieutenant-Colonel Swaine, Major Creagh, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Alleyne, Colonel H. Brackenbury, Colonel J. F. Maurice, and Lieutenants Childers and Abye. The morning of the battle of Abu Klea was heralded in by the firing of Norton's guns; at the same fierce battle Gunner Albert Smith gained the Victoria Cross for saving the life—alas! only for a time—of Lieutenant Guthrie. At Hasheen the service of the artillery "was excellent;" with the frontier force and at the battle of Sarras we again meet the name of Major Rundle, and again mark with pride the good deeds of the Artillery, while at the present time English gunners are manning the cannon that forbid the rebels' advance on Suakin.

We have thus, by forced marches as it were, brought this sketch of the history of the regiment of Royal Artillery up to date; but before passing on to its scientific *confrère*, the corps of Royal Engineers, a few words as to what may be called the "domestic" arrangements of the regiment may be of interest. The Royal Horse Artillery takes precedence, when it has its guns, even of the Household Cavalry, except when the Sovereign is present—a limitation which only dates from 1869. On parade, the Field and Garrison Artillery take place after the Cavalry of the Line. As bearing upon this,

* General Order, 28th August, 1882.

the following letter, addressed in June, 1804, to the Commander of the Artillery, may be noticed as setting at rest definitely the question of precedence :—

“DEAR COLONEL,—I submitted to the Master-General your letter of the 5th instant, relating to a conversation which took place with General Sir David Dundas when the Horse Artillery marched past with the cavalry on the King’s birthday, in which Sir David, though the Horse Artillery then led, expressed doubts as to the precedence and rank of the Horse Artillery on such future occasions.

“Lord Chatham not being aware upon what circumstances Sir David’s doubts have arisen, and not considering the communication from you in any other light than as a wish to know how far, as commanding officer of Artillery, you are justifiable in making a claim to the right for the Horse Artillery when paraded with cavalry, his lordship has desired me simply to say that he considers the privilege so well established by practice, as well as opinion, that he is unwilling to suppose it can be disputed. His Majesty has never seen the Horse Artillery in any other place; they were encamped on the right of all the cavalry (of the Blues) at Windsor, and in all parades of ceremony and honour placed on the right of the cavalry.

“I am, dear Colonel,

“Your obedient servant,

“J. MACLEOD.”

Up to 1859 the division of the Horse Artillery used to be into troops; in that year a change was made into battalions, which in 1862 gave place to the present arrangement of brigades. Formerly the officers of artillery used to carry fuses (small light guns); for these swords were substituted in 1770. The ancient weapons of the non-commissioned officers used to be halberds, with long brass-hilted swords, the gunners carrying field-staffs in addition to the sword. The drivers of the Royal Horse Artillery carry no weapons at all, the idea being that the possession of the means of engaging in the combat must of necessity distract their attention from the all-important duty of attending to their horses. The regiment has no standards, though it would seem as though at one period this was not the case. There was formerly an old-established rule to the effect that all the bells in any city captured after bombardment became the perquisite of the officer commanding the artillery. After the siege of Flushing, General Bloomfield made the claim in due course, but the inhabitants resolutely refused. The question was referred to the home

authorities, when the following letter was written by the General:—"It being an invariable custom in our service, whenever a place capitulates after a siege, to allow the officer commanding the Royal Artillery a claim of the bells in the town and its dependencies, or a compensation in lieu of them—which has twice occurred upon services in which I have been employed, viz. the sieges of the Havannah and Fort Royal, in Martinique—I conceive it to be my duty, which I owe to my brother officers, as well as myself, to express my hope that in the present instance it will not be dispensed with." It was thought better, however, by the "powers that be" to allow the custom to lapse, and the privilege was accordingly lost to the artillery.

It would be an impossible, at any rate an invidious, task to single out any one troop or battery for special notice, but, as part of the "folk-lore" of the great regiment, one or two distinctions may be instanced. At Vaux, the present 6th battery, Welsh Division—then the 1st company of the 4th battalion—behaved with such signal gallantry that after the battle *the whole army* was drawn up to witness their march past the Commander-in-Chief. Another company, No. 10 of the then new battalion, so distinguished itself during the war in America that it was permitted, by General Order of October, 1816, to wear the name "Niagara" on its appointments. No. 1 battery of the Welsh Garrison Artillery, formerly 8th company Royal Irish Artillery, was presented by its commander, in recognition of its distinguished services at Martinique, with a brass drum and a battle-axe ornamented with a brass eagle, and has since been known as the "Battle-axe Troop."* When the Indian was incorporated with the Royal Artillery, the Horse Artillery became the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th brigades, the Field Artillery numbering 16 to 25. It was after all only a reincorporation, for the Indian Artillery derived its source from four of the companies raised in 1755.†

* To these may be added the "Chestnut Troop," A Battery, A Brigade, R.H.A., and the "Eagle Troop," H Battery, B Brigade, R.H.A.

† EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The Royal Artillery are divided into Horse, Field, and Garrison Artillery, the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Malta Fencible Artillery not being included in this account. The Horse Artillery, which was formerly composed of brigades, subdivided into troops, is now represented by brigades divided into batteries. The Brigades are A and B, and the batteries are numbered A to L in Brigade A; and A, B, F, G, H, I, K, M, N in Brigade B. Till last year (1887), A Brigade had one more battery (M), and B Brigade three (C, D, E), but these have now been changed into Field Artillery, and are designated the T Battery, Second Brigade; T Battery, Third Brigade; S Battery, Fourth Brigade; and H Battery, Third Brigade respectively. There are also two Depôt Batteries, and a Riding Establishment. The uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery is blue, with scarlet facings and yellow shoulder-cords, and busby with scarlet busby-bag and white plume. The armorial bearings of the whole regiment are "the royal arms and supporters, with a cannon," and the motto, "Ubique," over the gun, and "Quo fas et gloria ducunt," below it.

The Field Artillery consists of four brigades, numbered 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and divided into batteries, varying in number and designated by the letters of the alphabet. The original denomination was battalions, which were sub-

The corps of ROYAL ENGINEERS, like their brethren of the Royal Artillery, are pre-eminently a scientific corps. It is not too much to say that very few people indeed have an idea of the diverse and multifarious nature of an Engineer's duties. A very fair epitome—and, full though it is, only an epitome—is given in the review of a book (Connolly's "Sappers and Miners") which appeared some years ago. The Engineer, the writer declares, must be taken as "condensing the whole system of military engineering, all the arts and sciences, and everything that is useful and practical, under one red jacket. He is the man-of-all-work of the army, the navy, and the public; and the authorities may transform him into any of the various characters of astronomer, geologist, surveyor, engineer, draughtsman, artist, architect, traveller, explorer, commissioner, inspector, artificer, mechanic, diver, soldier or sailor—in short, he is a sapper." Somewhat bearing on this view of his capacities is a tale told of a certain foreigner of high degree, who, on visiting one of the earliest exhibitions, saw in one place a sapper testing the strength of woods by an elaborate process. Further on he came across another, describing, "as if to the manner born," to an admiring circle the objects and mechanism of some philoso-

divided into companies and these into field batteries. To each brigade is attached a *depôt*. The uniform of the Field and Garrison Artillery is blue, with scarlet facings and blue shoulder-straps, and cloth helmet with gilt ball; the Field Artillery wearing on the shoulder-strap in brass letters the number of the brigade, and the Garrison Artillery the name of the territorial division.

The Garrison Artillery is divided into eleven territorial divisions, divided into brigades and subdivided into numbered batteries. Of the brigades only one in each division belongs to the Royal Artillery, the others being auxiliary. The original nomenclature was battalions and companies. Subjoined is a brief epitome of the composition of the regiment :—

HORSE ARTILLERY.

A Brigade, consisting of Batteries A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L.
 B Brigade, consisting of Batteries A, B, F, G, H, I, K, M, N.
Depôt, consisting of Batteries A and B.
 Riding Establishment.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

1st Brigade, consisting of Batteries A to W, and *Depôt*.
 2nd Brigade, consisting of Batteries A to T, and *Depôt*.
 3rd Brigade, consisting of Batteries A to T, and *Depôt*.
 4th Brigade, consisting of Batteries A to S (omitting N), and *Depôt*.

GARRISON ARTILLERY.

The Northern, Lancashire, Eastern, Cinque Ports, London, Southern, Western, and Scottish Territorial Divisions have each a brigade, consisting of ten batteries and a *depôt*. The Brigades of the Welsh, North Irish, and South Irish Divisions have each nine batteries and a *depôt*.

The oldest batteries are A, B, C of the A Brigade, R.H.A., dating from 1793; B and N of the 1st Brigade Field Artillery, dating from 1705; and Batteries No. 3 of the Cinque Ports Division, No. 7 of the London Division, and No. 2 of the Scottish Division, which date from the same period.

Battery D, A Brigade, R.H.A., was formerly the 1st Rocket Troop, being the survivor of the two Rocket Troops founded in 1814.

plical instruments. Pursuing his round of inspection, his attention was attracted to a draughtsman, who, undisturbed by the crowd around, was making a correct and practical plan of the building. A glance at the uniform showed the artist to be a sapper. Presently from a vast organ pealed forth a concord of sweet sounds. Our foreigner had an ear for good music, and drew near to listen. When he caught sight of the performer he turned bewildered to his companion: "Mon Dieu! encore un sappeur de genie!" It will be noticed that both reviewer and astounded foreigner employ the word "sapper,"* not engineer, and this leads us to a retrospective glance at the history of the corps. Till within the last twenty years—to speak exactly, prior to October, 1856—the important military arm we are considering presented this anomaly, that the officers comprised one regiment and the rank and file, with the non-commissioned officers, another. The former were the Royal Engineers; the latter, first known as the "Soldier Artificer Company," then as the "Military Artificers," became in 1812 the "Royal Military Artificers, or Sappers and Miners," the next year dropping the first part of their title and remaining the "Royal Sappers and Miners." The Royal Engineers had existed as a separate body at least from 1683, and it is evident that, in a greater or less degree, and whether having a distinct corporate existence or not, a body of men exercising their functions must have always formed an integral part of any army of importance.† The military roads of the Romans still claim deserved admiration, all allowance being made for the varying exigencies of modes of warfare. Many of the fortified places of remote or nearer antiquity give evidence of special and technical skill, in a strictly military sense, employed in their construction. In the early part of the eighteenth century—1717—the Engineers were made part of the military branch of the Ordnance Office, and at that time numbered fifty. Forty years later their military rank was recognised by their commissions emanating direct from the Sovereign; and about this time, or rather in 1759, the strength of the corps was fixed at sixty-one, and the pay fixed, the chief receiving £1 7s. 6d. a day, and the subordinates less by gradations, the lowest rank—that of sixteen, "practitioners"—receiving 3s. 8d. each.

In 1788 the privates of the corps were supplied by the introduction of the "Military Artificers," who were established by royal warrant from the Soldier Artificer Company formed in 1772, and at the same time the status of the amalgamated force was fixed by

* From the French *saper*.

† "For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar."—*Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. iv.

an order which directed that "when required to parade with other regiments, the corps was directed to take post next on the left of the Royal Artillery." As has been observed, up to 1856 the Royal Sappers and Miners—to give them the latest modification of their style—were officered by the Royal Engineers. In that year, in recognition of the very signal services which the corps had performed in the Crimea, Her Majesty was pleased to direct that "the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners should henceforward be denominated the corps of Royal Engineers, and form one body with the existing corps of Royal Engineers."* The same difficulty is experienced of giving within a small compass a fairly succinct account of the Royal Engineers as was felt in the case of the Royal Artillery. Their deeds of worth have been, from the nature of the corps, coincident and widespread. While in one quarter of the globe they have been leading literally to the "cannon's mouth" of some hostile fortress, in another they have been warring against the forces of nature, or superintending the eminently peaceful labour of organising relief works. At one time they are laying the lines of Torres Vedras, at another raising sunken cannon, or surveying with microscopic accuracy the mighty area of crowded London. And yet, despite this diversity of occupation, few regiments can show a better purely military record. It has been said, and with truth, that "at every station where the British soldier has a *locale* this corps has served, and also in many countries where none but themselves have appeared." In the Eastern campaign of 1854-6 they were the first British troops in Turkey, and the only soldiers of Her Majesty's army that served in Circassia, Bulgaria, and Wallachia. They were at Alma and at Inkerman; the mere mention of Sevastopol recalls their "invaluable services." They were with the Kertch expedition and at the bombardment of Odessa. Wherever the Engineers have served, there have they won meed of renown, not only for skill and organization, but for cool, unflinching valour. As Sir Harry Smith exultingly told them in South Africa, they "can both build works and storm them." Witness the story of what Meiklejohn and Dick—two young subalterns not out of their teens—did at Jhansi. They were with the storming party, and the fire they had to face was so heavy that out of thirteen scaling-ladders only three could be brought up to the wall. "In an instant Dick was at the top of his ladder; in another instant he was lying at its foot with a bullet through his brain." Nor was Meiklejohn far behind. He too mounted his ladder and gained a footing in the fort, to fall ere many

* The Royal Warrant affecting this change was dated the 17th of October, 1856, the anniversary of the opening of the siege of Gibraltar.

seconds had passed hacked to pieces. Yet before long Jhansi—which he had been the *first* to enter, paying toll with his life—was in the hands of the British, and all men knew how well these two boy subalterns of the Engineers had striven and died for their country. Another story, simple, but not the less pathetic, in which the characters were an artilleryman and a sapper, is told of that long Crimean war, so greedy for brave men's lives.* “Two old acquaintances, who had not met for years, chanced in the early night, as the darkness was falling, to recognise each other in the quarries. Each grasped the other's hand, and while engaged in the animated greeting, with the warm smile of welcome on the lips, a round shot struck off both their heads. The friends were Sergeants Wilson of the Sappers and Morrison of the Artillery.”

In the honour roll of the Victoria Cross the Engineers are well represented. Gerald Graham, Howard Elphinstone, and Lennox amongst the officers; Perie, McDonald, Leitch, Ross, and Lindrim in the lower ranks, are in the list of those “whose names shine gloriously from out the storm-cloud of the Crimean war.” There is another name connected with the Royal Engineers, a name eloquent to all of the honour of him who bore it—eloquent, alas! to us of the shame and “the deep damnation of his taking off.” When he was only twenty-nine, Charles Gordon, then a major, was recommended by Sir C. Stavely to the Chinese Government, who just then were in need of—

“A man with head, heart, hand,
Like one of the simple great ones gone,
. . . a still, strong man.”

He was appointed general of the army, which under his leadership gained the sobriquet of “Ever Victorious.” In fourteen months he had suppressed the rebellion at Taiping. By his soldiers he was revered as something almost more than human; they were wont to tell how in the thickest press of battle he rode unarmed save for a riding-cane. It was said of him at the time that “Charles Gordon has gained more battles in the field, taken more cities, more men have laid down their arms to him, than any British general living.” He returned home, declining a gift of £10,000 pressed upon his acceptance by the Chinese Government, and reaped his reward in the consciousness of having done his duty and in the reverence of his countrymen. Well might the *Times* write of him: “Never did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer degree of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting, with more mercy towards the vanquished, and with more disinterested opportunities of personal advantage than

* The number of casualties of all ranks in the Engineers was 550 out of a total of 1,644.

this young officer who has just laid down his sword." The sword is laid down for good now. The tragedy of Khartoum wrought in its catastrophe a sad yet splendid climax to a noble life. He "died defending the city he had gone to succour. His corpse, pitted with spear-thrusts, had no doubt been thrown into the Nile to become the prey of the crocodiles, so that not even the palm of martyrdom could be laid upon his grave. And yet those last months of his life were one long martyrdom, as terrible as ever canonised saint was called upon to bear. Still he had seldom complained; his thoughts were not of himself, but of those entrusted to him. He made the sacrifice of his own life; all that he desired was to 'save his people.' No man ever showed a more touching resignation than he did, and no man ever felt a greater love for his fellow-creatures." So died General Charles Gordon of the Royal Engineers.

In a work such as this it would be obviously impossible, bearing in mind the absolute accuracy of the description given above of the ubiquity of the Engineers, even to mention the names of the various military operations in which they have been engaged. We will but glance at the suppression of the rising in New Zealand; at the Bhotan campaign, where Perkins and Trevor and Dundas did such good service (the two latter gaining the Victoria Cross for "valour at the Block-house, Dewan Giri.") The expedition in 1868 to Abyssinia, however, deserves a fuller notice. It was commanded by an Engineer officer, Sir R. Napier, and throughout, the part played by the corps was an important and distinguished one. A very fair idea, it may be remarked *en passant*, of the multifarious duties assigned to Engineers may be gathered from orders issued by the General at the commencement of the campaign. "To Colonel Wilkins, R.E.," we read, "was assigned especially to determine the adaptability of the shore for landing, the erection of piers, floating wharves, and shelter of all kinds; he was also ordered to advise upon the general value of the positions selected, and to assist in general reconnoissance." The country was certainly calculated to exercise to the uttermost engineering skill as well as military endurance. "A broken Libyan highland, Abyssinia is what a vaster Switzerland would be if transported to the tropics, and if bordered by blazing deserts on each side of its cool rocky peaks;" while "many of the hills are so steep as to be accessible only by ladders and cordage." When at last Magdala was reached and orders given to storm, Major Pritchard, of the Engineers, with some of his own men, led the 33rd Regiment up to the gateway. Through loopholes in this came a heavy fire, Major Pritchard receiving two wounds, fortunately not severe; and matters might have become serious had not Private Chamberlain effectually silenced one and

Lieutenant Morgan another, by thrusting a gun into each. The character of Lieutenant Morgan, it may be remarked, recalls in a striking manner that which is recorded above respecting Norman Ramsay. Of Morgan it is stated that "he was regarded by his men as father, mother, brother, and sister. They confided to him not only their domestic histories, but the inmost secrets and affections of their hearts." Not long after the fall of Magdala he died, and it is with a sad and wistful admiration that we read how one of his last acts, before being laid up, when he was in all probability already suffering from the first sufferings of a mortal fever, was to carry a heavy greateat for a tired soldier.

The Ashantee war of 1874 again provided opportunities for the Royal Engineers. We read of roads being hewn by them through the dense forests and clinging undergrowth, of rivers being bridged, of works erected. At the battle of Amoaful, "during the whole of those five hours' hostile firing, our Engineers were steadily at work with axo and saw cutting the bush down; and it seems a miracle that any of them escaped, as they were frequently occupied thus in places where the enemy were thickest." Though their loss was less than might have been expected, it was yet severe. Amongst those that fell before the "storm of shot which swept through the bush, shredding away showers of twigs and leaves," was Captain Buckle, in charge of the Engineers of the left column. When Coomassie was taken, it was to the Engineers that the grateful task fell of burning and blowing up the palace and charnel house, reeking and pestiferous with clotted blood and freshly-slain bodies. "Several stools," we read, "were found covered with horribly thick coatings of recently-shed blood—the blood of victims; and indeed an odious smell of gore pervaded the whole edifice. The sickly odour of blood was everywhere," partly due to the proximity of the adjacent charnel-place, where were the remains of *many thousands* of victims sacrificed to a "hideous and atrocious paganism." "Some were only three days old; but of the great majority the white skulls alone remained in this carrion grave or Golgotha garden." A veritable labour of love must it have been to the Engineers whose task it was to burn and blast to the ground this ghastly Palace of Death.*

The second Afghan war, in which again the Royal Engineers were engaged, recalls two incidents affecting members of the corps which deserve mention. At the battle of Peiwar Kotal, Captain Woodthorpe, of the Engineers, had a most miraculous escape. At the time when the fire was the hottest "a ball struck the butt-end of his pistol,

* In this campaign Lieutenant Mark Sever Bell, R.E., won the Victoria Cross for exemplary courage at Ordashu, 4th January, 1874.

knocking the weapon to pieces; it then ran round his back, tore up his pocket-book, and passed through his tunic in front. Save that his back felt as if seared by a hot iron, he had no other injury." The other incident is the gaining of the Victoria Cross by Lieutenant Reginald Clare Hart, who, says the official report, "took the initiative in running some twelve hundred yards to the rescue of a wounded sowar* of the 13th Bengal Lancers, in a river bed, exposed to the fire of the enemy, of unknown strength, from both banks, and also from a party in the river. Lieutenant Hart reached the sowar, drove off the enemy, and brought him in under cover with the aid of some soldiers who accompanied him on the way."

The annals of the third Afghan war tell how sadly Captains Dundas and Nugent were killed by an accident at Sherpur: they had gone to blow up some fortified place, but from the fuse being faulty† the mine exploded too soon, and both the Engineer officers were killed. They tell, too, of Burn-Murdoch, who was wounded at Cabul; of the gallantry of Lieutenant T. R. Henn, who, in the direful day of Maiwand, fell, with Major Blackwood of the Artillery, in the final desperate effort to save the last remaining gun; of how Major Cruickshank, at Candahar, effected a lodgment in a ruined building, "and there held at bay the enemy, whose force was increasing fast, till a ball from a matchlock cut him down, and a dozen swordsmen rushed forward to hew him in pieces."

On the Zulu war it is not our purpose to dwell. The corps of Royal Engineers was represented by, amongst others, Colonel Durnford—than whom, writes Gillmore, "a braver soldier never drew a sabre"—who fell at Isandhlwana; by Captain Blood, commanding the Engineers in Clarke's column; by Major Macgregor, whose operations on the 28th of November, 1879, in blowing up the caverns and rocks round Sekukuni's hiding-place led to the capture of that redoubtable warrior, and who was unfortunately killed at Ingogo; by Major Frazer, who, though reported missing after Majuba Hill, happily returned; by the six Engineers who formed part of the tiny garrison of sixty-nine men under Lieutenant Long who held Lydenberg for eighty-four days. And there is yet another name of which, as belonging to them, the Royal Engineers may well be proud: that of Chard of Rorke's Drift.

Isandhlwana had been fought; the African sky was glaring down on a mass of dead—dead with—

" . . . a manhood in their look
Which murder could not kill."

* Cavalryman, trooper.

† It was said to be an Afghan fuse taken at Bala Hissar.

Yet no murder was it; we were overpowered by numbers and surprise, and the heroism of the band of British had extorted praise from their savage foes. "Ah! those red soldiers at Isandhlwana—how few they were, and how they fought! They fell like stones—each man in his place." Melvill and Coghill lay side by side; in death they were not divided, and hidden amongst the boulders of the brawling stream which hurried past their death-place lay the colours they had died to save. Lord Chelmsford's column was distant, and itself in parlous plight, when "there came galloping up to Rorke's Drift—then under command of Lieutenant Chard, R.E.—on horses fleeced with foam, Lieutenant Adendorff and a Carabineer with tidings of what had befallen the camp." Barricades were hastily erected with biscuit-boxes and corn-bags. A hundred and thirty-nine men, of whom thirty-five were incapacitated, had to fight and keep at bay no fewer than three thousand of the enemy. From half-past four in the afternoon of the 22nd till four o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, they fought. "The hospital was a sheet of fire," the outer barricades had been forced, and the little band of men was surrounded on all sides by a surging mass of fierce savages. But the fire of the besieged never faltered; steadily, pitilessly its leaden missives of "no surrender" crashed amongst the mass of swarthy forms burning to make Rorke's Drift even as Isandhlwana, till with the dawn of day the yells grew fainter, and over the western hills the Zulus withdrew, sullen and repulsed. Then Chard, with whom was associated—*par nobile fratrum*—Bromhead of the 24th, sallied out collecting the arms of the slain foes, and strengthening wherever possible the defences that had been so sorely tried. But no second attack came, and four hours later Chelmsford's rescuing force came in sight, and the destruction which had seemed—and but for the gallant defence made by Chard and his colleagues would have been—inevitable, was averted.* For his valour Chard was promoted to the rank of Major, and received the Victoria Cross, and later on, at Ulundi, proved, if further proof was needed, how well the honours were deserved.

The Egyptian wars and operations from 1882 have given numberless opportunities for the Royal Engineers of asserting their immeasurable value and importance, and of these they have availed themselves to the full. It is impossible to peruse any account of military affairs in Egypt without on every page meeting some evidence of the work they did. The Intelligence Departments, the control of the telegraphs, the lines of railway, and the operations connected therewith, which played so conspicuous a part in

* Further details connected with Rorke's Drift will be found in the account of the 24th Regiment, of which the bulk of the defenders was composed.

the successful accomplishment of the end in view—all these and many more were under the superintendence of officers of the Royal Engineers, and were carried through by men of the corps. Gerald Graham, Ewart, Edwards, Sir C. Wilson, Sir C. Warren, Turner, Le Mesurier, Wallace, Frazer, Chermiside, Childers—such are a few of the names of which every dispatch was full. Dorward led the Engineers of the force that pioneered the way from Halfa to Korti, and commanded the representatives of the corps in Stewart's desert column; Major A. Green was intelligence officer to Sir G. Graham; Colonel Clare Hart, whose deeds we have heard of before, was aide-de-camp to the same general. Colonel H. V. Turner had the control of the telegraphs, Wallace of the railway operations; to Sir Charles Warren was given the task of avenging the murder of Professor Palmer. For weeks those interested looked anxiously for news of Kitchener and Rundle—Kitchener of the Engineers, Rundle of the Artillery—on whom at the time so great responsibility was laid, and who are still amongst the “officers attached to the Egyptian army.” Of a corps of which volumes have been written, a sketch must of necessity leave untold many incidents, many deeds of worth and valour, which might well claim mention and eulogy, but enough has been said to show the value and gallantry, both by tradition and in actual fact, of the corps, which, like the sister arm of the Royal Artillery, claims as its motto, “Ubique. Quo fas et gloria ducunt.”

A few words may not be out of place on the composition of the corps and its development from the commencement. The division of the corps of Royal Engineers is into troops, companies, and battalions. The troops (mounted) are three: Pontooners, Field Park, Depôt. There are eight Field Companies with a depôt company, fourteen Garrison Companies with seven depôt companies, two Railway Companies, and four Survey Companies.

The battalions are the Submarine Mining Battalion, consisting of nine companies and one depôt company; the Eastern Submarine Mining Battalion, consisting of four companies; the Coast Battalion, consisting of two divisions; and the Telegraph Battalion, consisting of two divisions. The uniform is scarlet, with blue facings and yellow shoulder cords, the troops wearing the busby, with garter-blue busby-bag and white plume, and the companies and battalions wearing helmets. The band wear bearskin caps without the plume. The Pontooner Troop (Troop A) dates from 1815, and the Field Park Troop and Depôt Troop from 1856, though there have been subsequent modifications. The present arrangement dates from 1882.

Though, as observed above, the corps of “Royal Military Artificers” was incor-

porated in 1787, there had been for fifteen years or so previously a company of "Military Artificers" engaged on the works at Gibraltar. In 1786 this company was divided into two, and eleven years later added to the English establishment. These two companies, which are the oldest of the corps, are now represented by Companies 7 and 8. The Royal Engineers take precedence after the Artillery. The badge of the corps is a grenade (worn on cap and collar); on the appointments are borne the royal arms and supporters, which, with the motto, were granted in 1832.

The next regiments to be considered are those constituting the foot complement of the Household Troops, namely, the "Grenadier Guards," the "Coldstream Guards," and the "Scots Guards." Of these the first in order of precedence are the GRENADIER GUARDS,* the very name of whom suggests, in an exceptional manner, visions of the proudest victories and of the dourest struggles that have befallen British arms.

The Grenadier Guards have a double origin. In 1656, when Charles II. had been compelled to leave France, where he had resided after the defeat of Worcester, some troops were raised for his service in Flanders, in pursuance of the arrangement come to with Spain. One of these was the Royal Regiment of Guards, numbering about four hundred loyal adherents of banished royalty, the command of which was given to Lord Wentworth. Their first engagement was a futile attempt to take Mardyke, when the Anglo-Spanish army under the Marquis of Caracena proved hopelessly unable to cope with the genius of Turenne. But their next battle, that of "the Downs," fought in 1658, gave glorious promise of future fame. The Anglo-Spanish army was, indeed, completely defeated; numbers—(they had no guns as against forty with the army of Cromwell's soldiers and the French, while their cavalry also was numerically inferior)—and generalship were both against them, but the honour won by the Royal Regiment of Guards in this defeat puts in the shade the fame of many a victory. On all sides was utter rout; regiment after regiment turned and fled; at last even the other English troops left a field where all was lost. The regiment of Guards had suffered severely. Many of the officers had fallen, and the ranks were terribly reduced. But they stood firm. Amongst them were several who had fought for Charles I., and, come what might,

* The Grenadier Guards bear as regimental badge a grenade. On their colours are the names "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Lincelles," "Corunna," "Barossa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Suakin, 1885." The uniform is scarlet with facings of blue, and bearskin grenadier cap. As to the various colours of the Grenadier Guards, see *infra*.

they were not going to flee before the followers and allies of the man at whose door lay the death of the "White King." So they stood firm, a shattered regiment against an army. "Thus was Charles's regiment of Guards left alone and unsupported on the field of battle, but determined to maintain not only their own honour, but, until the last spark of hope had fled, the cause of their lawful sovereign. . . . All the regiments to the right and left were routed and quitting the field. . . . None of these circumstances however in any way daunted the courage of the King's Regiment of Guards; both officers and men continued firm, and maintained their ground while the first line of the French infantry passed them on their left hand and some of Cromwell's regiments on their right. The second line of the French then came upon them, commanded by the Marquis de Rambures, who, having much esteem for Charles II., and observing this small body of men, in the service of their sovereign, deserted by their allies and standing alone in the field against the now victorious French army, went up to them himself, before his own men, to offer them quarter. They replied that they had been posted there by the Duke, and were therefore resolved to maintain that ground as long as they were able. Rambures remarked that it would be to no purpose for them to hold out, as the whole army was routed and had left the field. They answered again 'that it was not their custom to believe an enemy;' upon which he proposed that if they would send out two or three of their officers he would himself accompany them to a sandhill in their rear, from whence they would perceive that what he affirmed was true. Two officers accordingly were sent out and conducted by Rambures to the hill, whence they perceived that they alone of the whole Spanish army were left on the field. On their return to the regiment they reported what they had seen, when the officers, still determined, even in this their last extremity, not to yield except upon terms dictated by themselves, told Rambures that in case he would promise that they should not be delivered up to the English, nor be stripped, nor have their pockets searched, they would lay down their arms, and yield themselves prisoners of war. He agreed to this, giving his word for its due performance, upon which they yielded, and the promise was scrupulously kept."

When, two years later, the King came "to his own again," Lord Wentworth's regiment of Guards remained in Dunkirk, while in England the army was being reorganized. One of the first acts of this reorganization was the formation of the King's Regiment of Foot Guards, under Colonel Russell. It consisted of twelve companies of a hundred men (exclusive of officers), and was composed of musketeers and pikemen, in the proportion of seven of the former to five of the latter. The musketeers wore red,

with black cavalier hats; the pikemen were in buff coats with steel helmets. From the records of the time we learn that the pay of the officers and men was on the following scale:—The colonel received twelve shillings a day, the lieutenant-colonel seven, the major five, the chaplain six and eightpence, the surgeon and his mate six and sixpence, the quartermaster four shillings, the sergeants eightpence, the corporals and drummers one shilling, the privates tenpence. At this time, too, were the colours and badges granted, while by royal order it was declared that “Our own regiment of Foot Guards shall be held and esteemed the eldest regiment.” Meanwhile the Royal Regiment of Guards at Dunkirk was not forgotten. Its strength was raised to the full complement of twelve hundred men, and the same badges and colours granted to it as had been appointed for Russell’s regiment. When Dunkirk was ceded to the French, the Royal Regiment of Guards came to England, and for some two years the two regiments were distinct. The death of Lord Wentworth, however, provided the opportunity for an amalgamation, and the two regiments became the King’s Regiment of Foot Guards (16th March, 1664). Evelyn relates in his “Diary” how he saw four thousand of the King’s Guards, under the Duke of Albemarle, drawn up in honour of the French ambassador, and relates that “the troops were in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, mounted, and ordered.” Among the “gentlemen of quality” he notes that the old Earl of Cleveland (father of Lord Wentworth) “trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file of a company of foot.”

On the amalgamation, the companies of Lord Wentworth’s regiment ranked after those of Russell’s, being, though actually earlier in existence, later in joining the English establishment. Throughout the reign of Charles II. the regiment of Guards developed apace, its domestic arrangements acquired stability,* and the warlike operations taking place abroad added to the reputation already gained. When the Dutch vauntingly sailed up the Medway in 1667, they met their first check at Upnor Castle, where was a company of Guards under Sir Edward Scott; and later on, on more than one occasion, the Guards worsted the same doughty foes, whom, shortly afterwards, the whirligig of time and the schemes of potentates transformed into allies. In 1667, when one of the then periodical outbursts against the Roman Catholics forced the hand of the King, some officers of the Guards who belonged to the unpopular faith had to resign, and amongst

* In 1664 it was proposed that a bridge should be erected between Westminster and Lambeth, and that at one end should be built a strong house for the Guards, that they might be at hand to defend the King, and, if need be, receive him into a place of security.

those appointed to fill the vacancies thus occasioned was one whose name became a household word throughout Europe—John Churchill, afterwards colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, and Duke of Marlborough. Ten years or so later was introduced the weapon from which their name is, etymologically, derived,* and the fact is quaintly commented on by Evelyn, who was present at a review in 1678. There he saw for the first time “that new sort of soldier, who with a pouchful of hand grenades was skilful in throwing them at the enemy,” and who wore “furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which gave them a fierce expression, while some wore long hoods hanging down behind, as fools are pictured. Their clothing was piebald, yellow and red.” It has been well said of the three regiments of Foot Guards that their “annals, indeed, may almost be said to be identical with those of the British army, as in every campaign of importance—every campaign which has had a material bearing on the fortunes of the commonwealth—their services have been called into requisition. They have shared in our greatest battles. Their serried ranks stood firm at Fontenoy; turned the tide of battle at Quatre Bras; withstood, unshaken, the assaults of Napoleon’s brilliant chivalry at Waterloo; and ascended, with stately movement, the bristling heights of the Alma.”† To these must be added participation in national pageants and State functions, influencing in a greater degree than might be thought the history of the period; the quelling of riots which, unchecked, might have ended in revolution; the upholding in an exceptional manner the *imperium et libertas* which constitute the palladium of the country’s peace and greatness. It will be obvious, then, that a sketch such as this can notice only the landmarks, as it were, of the “land of fame” that the Guards have made their own.

Some of the Guards were engaged in the defence of Tangiers, and fought valiantly in the famous combat where fifteen thousand Moors were routed by some three thousand British. When the troubles of James II. arrived at a climax, his nephew, the Duke of Grafton, then colonel of the 1st Foot Guards, was among those who urged the infatuated monarch to make one effort to win back the loyalty of his people by summoning a “free Parliament.” But the King hesitated. “It is no time for that now,” was his reply, and a few hours later saw Grafton join the Prince of Orange. But the Guards remained loyal, attached though they were to the English Church; and not till James by his letter

* The name of “Grenadiers” was given to the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards by G. O. of 29th July, 1815, in recognition of their having defeated the French Grenadier Guards at Waterloo.

† “Famous Regiments”: Davenport Adams.

to Lord Feversham had practically released them from their allegiance did they enter the service of William. So well, indeed, did the latter recognise the loyalty of the regiment to his father-in-law, that for long they were jealously watched, and quartered in detachments which were separated from each other by soldiers of his own nationality. William soon plunged into the vortex of Continental wars, and in the battles and wearisome marching and counter-marching of his campaigns companies of the Guards took part. At Steenkirke, we read, that the second battalion "possessed themselves of a battery of the enemy's cannon, which the enemy were obliged to quit by the vigour of our charge, and Colonel Wareup, who commanded the battalion and who behaved himself extremely well on this occasion, placed a sergeant and a guard upon it."

The praise was well merited, for when the battle was over half their number lay dead on the field, and at Landen, again, their loss was heavy. At the siege of Namur on one occasion the order was given "that no guardsman should fire until he came up to the palisades and could put his musket through them. Then were to be seen the British Guards with their arms shouldered boldly advancing without firing a shot, but exposed to the murderous fire of the enemy from the ramparts, close up to the palisades, when they poured in their volleys and put the enemy in some confusion." Their appetite for the war feast was now whetted. Another covered way, strongly fortified, was before them; this they took, and afterwards pursued the enemy sword in hand, the most forward advancing to the very counterscarp of the town. At Scheelenberg, Lord Mordaunt commanded a "forlorn hope" of fifty grenadiers of the 1st Guards, and "heroically led the way in face of a withering storm of shot. Forty of his brave followers were put *hors de combat*" before the rest of the battalion came to their support. At Blenheim their courage has well-nigh passed into a proverb. As usual their loss was heavy, including their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Dormer, who fell at the head of his men. At Ramillies, "the immediate consequence of which was the surrender of nearly all Brabant, while the city of Paris was overwhelmed with consternation," the Guards were amongst the infantry which "before their levelled bayonets drove the broken hosts of Marshal Villeroy with a fearful slaughter." At Oudenarde the Guards were with the brigade under Major-General Cadogan, their future colonel. Terribly fierce was the struggle fought that 11th of July, 1708, amidst the peaceful Flemish scenery, lying, like Arthur's tarrying-place,

"Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

Though "the last light of day had faded away from the level landscape, and the stars were reflected in the rivulets, pools, and marshes, yet the battle was maintained with a savage obstinacy rarely equalled. The battalions fought singly wherever they could oppose each other—in open fields, in barnyards and gardens, from behind hedges and ditches; or they volleyed in line, till the whole horizon seemed on fire with the incessant flashes of the musketry." It has been observed that the Guards were amongst the troops under the command of General Cadogan, and it may not be out of place here to refer to an incident in which he and the Duke of Marlborough—both in their time Colonels of the 1st Foot Guards—played characteristic parts. One day Marlborough, when reconnoitring with his staff, dropped his glove, and, somewhat to the surprise of his companions, requested General Cadogan to dismount and pick it up. The request was immediately complied with and the party rode on. On regaining his quarters the Duke dismissed his staff with the exception of Cadogan, whom he asked if he remembered the spot where he had dropped his glove. Being answered in the affirmative, Marlborough went on to say that he had been struck by its strategical value and had adopted that somewhat unusual mode of impressing the exact locality upon Cadogan's mind, as he intended—without making the fact prematurely known—to have a battery erected there, which he instructed the General to see done. "I have already given orders to that effect, your Grace," was the reply. Marlborough was astonished. How on earth had his valued coadjutor divined his thoughts! Cadogan's reply was noteworthy: "I knew your Grace was too much of a gentleman to have put an apparent slight upon me needlessly; it was evident you wished me to remember the occurrence and the locality, and I at once guessed for what purpose."

During the siege of Lille five grenadiers of the 1st Guards volunteered for a most hazardous service. It became necessary to cut the chains of a drawbridge, and W. Lettler and four others volunteered for the desperate task. In the face of a perfect storm of bullets they essayed to swim the ditch; three were killed, another incapacitated, but Lettler persevered and successfully achieved his object. He was rewarded with a commission, and died, in 1742, a lieutenant-colonel. At the battle of Malplaquet two battalions of the 1st Guards led the attack upon the parapets, from which the Brigade du Roi and the regiments of Picardy and La Marine poured "a veritable tempest of musket-balls." Five officers of the Guards were killed in this, "the greatest battle that had yet been fought in modern Europe," as well as Count Lottum, with whose brigade they were. At Dettingen the 1st Guards suffered no casualties, owing to their position

in the rear, anticipating an attack in that direction, and to the fact of their late arrival on the field. At Fontenoy they were on the right of the first line, under Lieutenant-Colonel Russell. At this battle occurred the incident which has become familiar from the romantic description of it given by Voltaire.* The 1st Guards, under Lord Charles Hay, suddenly rounding a corner, found themselves confronted by a body of the French Guards. The English officers raised their hats, and the French returned the salute. Then Lord Charles called out, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire." "We never fire first, gentlemen," rejoined the Marquis d'Auterroche, commanding the French; "fire yourselves." And fire the English Guards forthwith did, their comrades of the accompanying battalions following suit, with such effect that the whole of the first rank of the French Guards was swept away, nineteen officers and ninety-five soldiers being killed and nearly three hundred wounded by the *first* discharge. Another account, which is the one adopted by Sir F. Hamilton in his "History of the Grenadier Guards," says that Lord Charles, after salutes had been exchanged, "chaffed" the French, expressing the hope that they would not try to swim away this time as they had done at Dettingen—referring to an incident which caused some amusement at the time. Though Fontenoy was a reverse to the British, the Guards may be said to have won their part of the battle, having taken and held an important position within the French lines. When the victory of the latter admitted of no further doubt, the Guards, "undismayed, retired in perfect order;" and the official report stated that, despite the trying circumstances, they had "remained the whole day without once falling into confusion"—a fact the more creditable seeing that they had four officers, three sergeants, and eighty-two men killed; seven officers, nine sergeants, and a hundred and thirty-three men wounded, besides a considerable number taken prisoners.

We will pause in recounting the military doings of the 1st Guards to glance for a moment at their domestic history. In 1735 their grenadier companies wore, as did the grenadiers of all regiments, the device of the White Horse of Hanover in front of the mitre-shaped blue caps with which Hogarth's and other contemporary pictures have made us familiar. In 1742, the pouches of the 1st Guards had the royal cypher and crown, the "grenade" badge being given in 1768.† The unfortunate disagreements between sovereign and heir-apparent which disfigured the reigns of the Georges were from time to time emphasised by the withdrawal from the residence of the latter of the

* Other writers make no mention of the courteous invitation to "fire first."

† The actual "hand grenade" had been discontinued many years.

eustomary guard of the 1st Guards. When there was a ball at His Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket a guard of a hundred men with officers of the same regiment was always in attendance, and amongst the instructions given to the sentries was an emphatic direction that they were "not to permit any person whatever to enter the said theatre in habits worn by the clergy."

At St. Cas, in 1758 (in which year, it may be remarked in passing, steel instead of wooden ramrods were first issued to the Guards), a disaster befell them, the record of which, however, is eloquent in praise of their devoted courage. The British, under General Bligh, had landed on the coast of France, when intelligence reached them that an overwhelming force of the enemy was at hand. It was resolved to embark, and the Grenadiers of the Guards and half the 1st Regiment, in all about fifteen hundred men, remained to cover the operation. Before this was completed, however, the enemy were upon them, when, "having fired away all their ammunition, they found themselves placed between the sea on one side and the overwhelming masses of the Duke d'Arguillon on the other, without a cartridge in their pouches. General Dury, a brave and resolute officer, formed them in grand division squares of two companies each, and in this order they prepared, with the bayonet alone, to meet the great force that was rushing against them. Under a dreadful fire of cannon and musketry these splendid English guardsmen stood for two hours and a half, according to the French account (for only five minutes according to Smollett), unaided by sea or land. General Dury was severely wounded, and, rushing into the sea, perished in attempting to reach a boat. "At length the Guards gave way," says an officer who was present. "The Grenadiers soon followed; and as there was no place of retreat for them in an enemy's country, most of them plunged into the sea and endeavoured to swim to the ships. Several were killed in the water, and all who could not swim were drowned. At one o'clock the firing ceased, and the French sang 'Te Deum.' . . . Of the Guards there were killed Captains Walker and Rolt, and Ensign Cox; and there were taken Lord Frederiek Cavendish, Lieutenant-Colonels Pearson and Lambert, Captains Diekens, Hyde, and Pownal, and Ensign Sir Alexander Gilmour, of Craigmillar, with thirty-nine other officers and eight hundred men, who were treated with great humanity by the Bretons, whose conduct deserves every praise. . . . Sir William Boothby, of the Grenadiers, swam two miles before he was picked up. He died, a major-general, in 1797. . . . For many weeks after, triangular beavers bound with gold or white braid, powdered wigs, &c., and red-coated corpses, gashed and mutilated by shot, and others otherwise disfigured by fish, after being the sport of the

waves, continued to be tossed by them on the rocks of St. Malo, the sands of St. Cas, and the bluffs of Cape Frehel."

The 1st Foot Guards were engaged in the American war, and a few years later in the Netherlands campaign of 1793. In one battle—that of Lincelles—they greatly distinguished themselves under General Lake. The brigade of Guards was directed to assist the Dutch in retaking the city, from which they had been driven by the French. On arriving, however, it was found that the Prince of Orange's troops had retired by another route, and the Guards were left alone. "Notwithstanding this, and the vast superiority of the enemy in strength, General Lake made his preparations, and advancing under a heavy fire, attacked a redoubt of unusual size and strength, situated on high ground in front of Lincelles. The woods were fiercely defended by the enemy, whose flanks were covered by ditches. The 1st Guards led the column, which advanced with great celerity. Amid a shower of grape that hissed and tore through their ranks, the line pushed swiftly on, and after two steady volleys made a furious charge, stormed the works, and dispersed the enemy." In this action, for which the Guards were thanked in General Orders for their "gallantry and intrepidity," the 1st Regiment had only about three hundred and fifty men.

Four of the "light" companies of the 1st Foot Guards took part in the unsatisfactory expedition to Ostend in 1798, which resulted in the destruction of an enormous amount of property, and the subsequent capitulation of the little band of British invaders, who were surrounded by overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Fortunately, however, the 1st Guards were *not* amongst these, the ship on which they were having been delayed. They fought in Holland in 1799; at Alexandria they behaved with singular bravery and coolness; the name "Corunna" on their colours records their share in that most heroic exploit. Opposed to the force under Sir John Moore were all the French forces in the Peninsula, and an idea may be formed of the disparity in numbers when we read that the French cavalry alone exceeded Moore's *entire army* by twelve thousand men. The horrors of the retreat through snow and cold can scarcely be described. The regimental officers were compelled to carry their personal effects about with them, as the baggage animals had perished; "the way was marked by the wretched people, who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold; their bodies reddened in spots the white surface of the ground." History tells how valiantly the Guards fought on the memorable 16th of January, 1809, and how at Talavera their headlong valour entailed upon them a severe loss. "Barossa"

is the legend that follows Corunna, telling how the British under Grahame, deserted by their allies, and having been twenty-four hours under arms and without a morsel of food, forced back the legions of Marshal Victor, "four thousand British heroes inflicting disgrace and defeat upon ten thousand French!" At Salamanca they gained special praise for the splendid obstinacy with which they held their position at Arapiles. Throughout the record of the Peninsular war the mere mention of "the Guards" is synonymous with stubborn courage and the gallantry that knows not when it is beaten. At Bergen-op-Zoom the 2nd battalion was with the brigade of Guards which earned the special praise of the commanding officer (Lord Probyn). And now was beginning to gleam the dawn of the day whose close was to see the fame of the Guards* established on a higher pinnacle than ever before. The histories of Quatre Bras and Waterloo vie with each other in praising the conduct of these splendid troops. We read that "at Quatre Bras the Guards turned the tide of battle by their irresistible valour. They were weary with a fifteen hours' march when they reached the battlefield, but having loaded and fixed bayonets, they advanced to the charge with the most lively alacrity. Nor could their imposing progress be arrested. The French masses were forced to yield, and the sun went down on a victory won.† At Waterloo the light companies of the three regiments earned undying fame for their magnificent defence of Hougomont, those of the 1st Foot Guards, under Lord Saltoun, holding the orchard and wood. Fierce was the struggle; at one time the Guards were pushed back almost into the buildings, but later on they recovered the orchard and woods, and Napoleon in despair gave up the attempt to carry the position. The remainder of the 1st brigade were towards the close of the day behind that famous ridge towards which came surging the invincibles of the Imperial Guard of France, the heroes of Jena, and Wagram, and Austerlitz, the *corps d'élite*, never employed save in utmost emergency. Such an emergency had now arrived. "The Prussian guns were now blazing on the French right," and the British force—scarcely more than half that of their assailants—had more than held their ground. Led by Ney, *le brave des braves*, the Imperial Guard advanced till within about fifty yards of the place where the Guards lay. Then the Duke‡ gave the memorable order, the

* At Waterloo, as in many other battles, the "Guards" included the three regiments of the Household Brigade.

† The 2nd and 3rd battalions of the First Foot Guards composed the 1st brigade under Sir Peregrine Maitland.

‡ It may be of interest here to note the appearance of the Duke of Wellington, who, a few years later, was colonel of the Grenadier Guards, on this memorable occasion. "He wore a blue frock coat, and white buckskin pantaloons, with Hessian boots and tassels; a white cravat, a low cocked hat without a plume, but ornamented with a black cockade for Britain, and three smaller for Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. In his right hand he carried a long telescope, drawn out and ready for use."

purport, if not the precise words of which was, "Up, Guards, and at them." As the words of command were given they sprang to their feet and stood, in a line four deep, an impenetrable barrier to the legions of the Emperor. A tremendous volley carried confusion into the ranks of the Imperial Guard, and then Lord Saltoun (who had come from Hougomont), receiving the orders from the Duke, called out, "Now's the time, my boys." There was a ringing cheer, a magnificent charge which swept all before it, and the defeat of Napoleon's last mighty effort was assured. The two rear battalions of the Imperial Guard alone in their retreat preserved any "semblance of order," but being overtaken, General Cambonne surrendered personally to Lord Saltoun,* who gave him in charge to a grenadier named Kent, for convoy to Brussels. The loss of the Guards during the day was very heavy. "Of all the troops comprising the Anglo allied army at Waterloo," writes an historian of the events, "the most exposed to the fire and onslaught of the French cavalry, and to the continuous cannonade of their artillery, were the 3rd battalion of the 1st Guards." From the time of Waterloo, in recognition of their valour there, the 1st regiment of Foot Guards have borne by royal order the familiar title of the "Grenadiers." The Grenadiers were represented in Portugal in 1826, and in the rising in Canada in 1838—42. The conflict in the Crimea was, however, the next opportunity offered to them of adding to the victories emblazoned on their colours. Here they were in the division commanded by the present Commander-in-Chief. It is on record that at the commencement of the terrible march to the Bulganak, "the Foot Guards seemed to suffer most from heat and thirst. Jackets were torn open; stocks and bearskins were thrown aside. Many were seen by the wayside, speechless, choking, and writhing in agony." The Alma was to show how little the Guards of that day had deteriorated from the heroes of Waterloo. At that memorable battle they supported Sir George Brown's Light Division, which formed the left of the attack. After performing prodigies of valour, the Light Division were compelled to fall back; the ranks of the Guards were thrown open to allow them to reform, and with stately, magnificent force the Household Troops pressed into the fray. "The sheets of fire from the redoubt seemed to threaten to sweep the battalions from the field;" anxious voices were heard to say, "The Guards will be destroyed! Ought they not to fall back?" The answer that was given by Sir Colin Campbell might well serve as the "proud device," not only of the Guards, but of all the regiments of the Queen's army.

* Grant says it was to Sir Colin Halkett, and adds, "So much for the popular story of 'La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas.'"

“Better that every man of Her Majesty’s Guards should be dead upon the field than turn their backs upon the enemy!” was the response of the stern old warrior; and ere long the heights of the Alma were won, though at a terrible cost of brave men’s lives. Right valiantly did they quit themselves at Balaklava; the mere phrase, “the Guards at Inkerman,” recalls as brilliant an achievement as any to be read of in history or romance. At one time the Duke of Cambridge was surrounded, and only the opportune assistance rendered by Dr. Wilson of the 7th Hussars saved the present Commander-in-Chief from capture or death. It had been arranged that the Guards and Highlanders, who, during the storming of the Redan on the 8th of September, had been in reserve, should make a renewed attack on the following morning. But before the hour fixed for the assault arrived there came the tidings, scarcely credited at first, that the grim stronghold had been evacuated, and before long the ruins of Sevastopol were in our hands, and in the air was the joyful rumour of peace. The British dead sleep close on Cathcart’s Hill, and on the cross which marks the resting-place of the fallen heroes of the Household Troops is inscribed, “Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots Fusilier Guards, A.D. 1856.” More enduring than the graven legend, more imperishable than the hewn stone from which it speaks, is the memory, cherished in the hearts of their countrymen, of what the Guards did in the battles of the Crimea.

The next active service on which the Guards were employed was in the recent operations in Egypt, and on their colours we read the names of “Egypt, 1882;” “Tel-el-Kebir,” and “Suakin.” The Brigade consisted of the 2nd battalion Grenadier Guards, the 2nd battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and the 1st battalion of the Scots Guards, all under the command of the Duke of Connaught. It is recorded that when the scowling Arabs gathered at the street corners of Alexandria and Ramleh saw the brigade of Guards defile by, they were filled with wonder and misgiving, and ejaculated with dread forebodings, “All is lost; Islam is overthrown!” Though too late to join in the actual fighting at Mahuta on the 24th of August, 1882, they arrived at six o’clock, having marched from Ismalia in less than five hours—a feat which, performed as it was under the burning sun of an Egyptian desert, won from Sir Garnet Wolseley the statement that he “had every reason to be satisfied with the exertions” they had made. The special correspondent of the *Times* wrote: “Throughout all these early days of the advance the Guards worked splendidly. During the next few days the Guards remained at Mahuta, and on the 9th of September were moved up to Kassassin. For some reason the Guards were not in the front during the action at Tel-el-Kebir, a cir-

umstance which at the time elicited some remark. They were formed in support of General Graham's Brigade, and thus missed the fierce brunt of the fighting. The casualties in the Grenadiers were one non-commissioned officer and one private killed; one officer and nine privates wounded. For the present the fighting, at any rate so far as the Brigade of Guards was concerned, was over; there remained but "the pomp and circumstance" consequent on victory. A detachment of the Grenadiers was, about the middle of September, sent to Tel Abou to cut off any retreat that might be essayed; others accompanied their commander and Sir Garnet to Cairo. But the discomforts of a campaign, more especially an Eastern one, are by no means limited to those attendant on actual fighting. Heat and dirt met with no repulse at Kassassin; Arabi might be a prisoner, but fever germs, vermin, and "the rankest compounds of villainous smells," remained free—a great deal too free*—and the health of the troops suffered accordingly. On the occasion of the alarming explosion that occurred at the Cairo railway station at the end of September, the prompt appearance of the Guards under the Duke of Connaught added another to the long list of proofs of their admirable discipline and alacrity; and it is not to be wondered at that when his British allies passed in review before the Khedive, whose throne they had restored to him, the appearance of the Guards elicited much admiration, not merely from the orientals, but from the *cognoscenti* and representatives of the European powers present on the occasion.†

On the renewal in 1884 of warfare in the Soudan, the 3rd battalion of the Grenadier Guards was ordered to the front.‡ At the battle of Abu Klea the Guards were stationed at the front right face and the right face of the square. We do not propose here to dwell upon the details of that sanguinary and anxious fight; but it may be remarked that it was a private of the Grenadier Guards who received the farewell glance of the dying hero Burnaby. "The last seen of Burnaby in life was when his head was raised by Private Wood of the Grenadier Guards, who, seeing the ease was hopeless,

* A late voluminous writer (the late James Grant) asserts that "the Brigade of Guards was fairly driven out of the citadel by the armies of bugs and other plagues of Egypt that assailed them."

† Amongst the officers of the Grenadier Guards who were present with the Brigade during the campaign of 1882, may be mentioned Colonel the Hon. S. Home, Colonel Thynne, Lieutenant-Colonel Reynardson, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord A. C. Gordon-Lennox, Lord H. A. Russell, Lieutenants Bradford, Atkinson, Cooper, Maedonald, Major Crabbe, Major Hon. V. Stopford, Captain Reynolds, and Captain Acland-Hood.

‡ Amongst the officers not before named who accompanied the 3rd battalion may be mentioned Colonel Corkran, Colonel Oliphant, Colonel Antrobus, Colonel Ricardo, Colonel Hon. E. C. Digby, Colonel Colville, Captain Crauford, Captain Lloyd, Captain Luttrell, Captain Drummond, Captain Lord W. Cecil, Lieutenant Crawley, Lieutenant Hon. F. Whyte, Lieutenant Hon. J. T. St. Aubyn, Lieutenant Legh, Lieutenants Scott Kerr, Lane Fox Pitt, Lindsay Taylor, Pakenham, Mills, Powney, Lloyd, Gunton, and Holmes.

said, 'Oh, Colonel! I fear I can do no more than say, God bless you.' The dying man, his life-blood running out in a stream from his jugular vein, smiled, gave a gentle pressure of the hand, and passed away." The Grenadier Guards provided a contingent for the Camel Corps, which formed part of the force that attempted—though too late—the rescue of Gordon; and we have, on a previous page, mentioned that one of the most readable accounts of that expedition is from the pen of Count Gleichen, a lieutenant in the regiment.

The Guards have not since left England. That no necessity may arise to call for their services is the hope of all who have their country's weal at heart; that should such a necessity arise they will prove, as they have done aforetime,

"A glorious company, the flower of men,"

is the proud and assured conviction of all.

A passing glance at some of the changes in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards may be of interest. At the time of the coalition of the two regiments of Royal Guards (see *supra*), the uniform consisted of scarlet coats faced with blue, blue breeches and stockings, and plumed hat. The ranks of the officers were distinguished by their corselets; the captains of companies wearing double gilt; the lieutenants, polished steel, richly wrought; and the ensigns, silver plate. (Archer.) The Grenadier companies were added in 1678, and wore tall pointed cloth caps. Ninety years later, when the then obsolete grenade was added as a badge, these were exchanged for "tall fur caps," and in 1815 the whole regiment received a similar head covering. The subject of the colours of the Grenadier Guards might well claim a small volume to itself, and space allows but a very brief abstract here. As distinguished from the line regiments, the Guards have for their first, or "Queen's colour," the Royal Standard (in this case, "the Royal Cypher, ensigned by the Crown, or some national device, such as St. George's Cross," on an oblong flag of crimson silk), while the "Company colours" are the Union Jack with royal badges. These royal badges are thirty in number, twenty-four of them being granted by the warrant of Charles II., and six being granted by Her Majesty the Queen in 1854, on the augmentation of the regiment from twenty-four to thirty companies. The 1st (Queen's) company received from William IV. a special crimson standard, having in the centre the royal cypher crowned; in the first and fourth corners, the rose of England; in the second corner, the thistle of Scotland; and in the third, the shamrock of Ireland; each badge being surmounted by the Imperial

Crown. (Perry.) The badges represent the family insignia of the various sovereigns of England; there is the Golden Lion, the Fleur-de-lys, the White Rose of York, the Porteuillis of the Somersets, the Red Dragon of Wales, the White Antelope of the House of Hereford, the Unicorn of Scotland (added as the left supporter of the Royal Arms by James I.); the stump of a tree, the punning device on Woodstock adopted by Edward III.; the green oak tree, added by Charles II. in memory of his concealment after Worcester, and others of a less interesting or more well-known origin. The 17th and 26th Companies respectively claim as mottoes *Vivat Prudentia Regnans* and *Je Maintiendrai*.

The COLDSTREAM GUARDS* date in point of origin from a somewhat earlier period than do their precursors in place, the Grenadiers. They were the famous regiment of the Lord General Monk, which, on the eventful 2nd of February, 1660, marched with him into London, and gave the delighted populace assurance that the tyranny of the Parliamentary régime was coming to an end, and that the Government of the country would be again "according to the ancient and fundamental laws of this kingdom, in King, Lords, and Commons." The regiment was originally composed of five troops from each of the regiments commanded by Hesilrige and Fenwicke, and they derive their name—a name, as their legend has it, "Second to none" in the army roll of valour—from the village whence they started on the march that was to restore a king to his crown and a people to its freedom. One is constrained to dwell, if only for a moment, on the occurrences with which the early history of the Coldstreams is so intimately connected, incidents the grouping of which form a picture as dramatic as any in the long gallery of the country's history. The people were groaning beneath an iron tyranny; army and parliament were striving for the mastery; the Speaker, Lenthall, had been arrested by order of Harrison. All eyes turned to Monk. Already had his leanings towards loyalty been suspected; it was not long before his death that Cromwell had written him, half jestingly, but none the less with a keen insight into his lieutenant's aims, "There be that tell me 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." At last Monk declared for the supremacy of

* The Coldstream Guards have on their colours the names of "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Lincelles," "Egypt" (with the sphinx), "Talavera," "Barossa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Suakin, 1885." The uniform is scarlet with facings of blue, and bearskin cap with scarlet feather on right side. On the shoulder-straps a white rose, and on cap and collar the Star of the Garter.

the civil over the military power, and procured the assembling of a free Parliament. Scarcely had this met before it was announced that at the doors waited an emissary from exiled royalty. Audience was forthwith given; the memorable resolution referred to above as to the constitution of the Government passed with acclamation; and before long, amid strewn flowers and shouts of loyal joy, while old men wept for happiness and children lisped "God save the King!" Charles II. was welcomed to the throne from which his father had passed to the scaffold of Whitehall.

All the army were disbanded, save only the Lord General's own regiment—the Coldstreams; for them, as the more immediate instruments of the restoration, a signal honour was reserved. With pomp and ceremony they were assembled and commanded to lay down their arms, in token that they no longer owed allegiance to the Government under which they were enlisted. A moment's pause, and they are bidden to take again the arms they knew so well how to wield, to bear them thenceforth for the King, in whose service they were then constituted a guard extraordinary. For a time after the death of Monk—the Duke of Albemarle—the Coldstreams were known as the Queen's Regiment, and by Royal Warrant of March, 1673, their precedence, as following immediately after the First Foot Guards, was authoritatively settled. It was the royal pleasure that "the captains of the Coldstream Regiment of our Foot Guards be ranked and command next to the captains of our own regiment of Foot Guards." Of actual warfare there was but little as yet. The Coldstreams took part in naval operations, served under Louis le Grand, shared in the expedition to Virginia, in Flanders found themselves in the brigade commanded by the future Duke of Marlborough. At this time the regiment consisted of twelve companies, and the uniform was a red coat lined with green, red stockings and breeches, and white sashes fringed with green. At the time of the coronation of James II. the dress of the officers only differed from that of the First Foot Guards in having their embroideries, laces, fringes, and buttons gold instead of silver. The hats were adorned with "tours" of white feathers. The headdress of the privates was a "black hat turned up with gold galoon, in which they wore red ribbons; and the sashes or waste scarfs of the pikemen, being of white worsted, were fringed on the sides and at the ends with red worsted." In 1686 the uniform was red lined with blue, blue breeches, and white stockings.

The advent of the Prince of Orange was not viewed with much favour by the Coldstreams, nor was the first experience of the new Sovereign's rule particularly gratifying to any of the Guards. A letter written at the time deploras the appearance of London :

“the Guards sent to quarters at a distance, while the streets swarmed with ill-favoured and ill-accoutred Dutchmen;” but such soldiers as the Coldstreams were of too valuable material to be wasted, and so before long we find them sent to Holland to assist William’s Continental subjects. Then began the era of the famous Dutch campaigns. There was a heavy “butcher’s bill” at Steenkirke; at Lauden a soldier of the Coldstreams captured a standard of the French Life Guards; before Namur the ranks were thinned by heavy losses. In this fierce battle, where the Guards so distinguished themselves, and where William, forgetting for the nonce his preference for the Dutch troops, exclaimed, “Look! look at my brave English!” none was more conspicuous than Lord Cutts, of the Coldstreams. “In that bull-dog courage which flinches from no danger,” says Macaulay, “however terrible, he was unrivalled. There was no difficulty in finding hardy volunteers—German, Dutch, and British, to go on a forlorn hope; but Cutts was the only man who appeared to consider such an expedition as a party of pleasure. He was so much at his ease in the hottest fire of the French batteries that his soldiers gave him the honourable nickname of “The Salamander.” At Alamanza* the Brigade of Guards, under Colonel Bissett of the Coldstreams, suffered severely. But complete though our defeat was, it required repeated charges of the exultant cavalry of France, fierce onslaught by overwhelming numbers, desperate hand-to-hand conflicts, wherein quarter was unknown and no prisoners taken, before the allied forces, amongst which were the Guards, retreated from the field in a solid square, sullen and dangerous though worsted. It should be remembered, too, that the odds were heavily against us. The allies numbered forty-four battalions and fifty-four squadrons; the force opposed to them were not less than fifty-two battalions and seventy-six squadrons. The names “Oudenarde” and “Malplaquet” tell of the share the Coldstreams bore in those memorable battles. The former of these made ample recompense for Alamanza; at the latter we read that the Foot Guards led the attack against the Brigade du Roi and the regiments of Picardy and La Marine. The shot fell like fiery hail, the French fought with brilliant and obstinate courage, but the British forces steadily forged their way to victory. At Dettingen the Guards were with the stubborn infantry that gained the day for the British; at Fontenoy, where for a time “the British infantry bore all before them,” the heavy loss the Coldstreams incurred showed the fierceness of the fight they had waged. The historian of the regiment thus describes the con-

* Amongst the romantic incidents of this disastrous battle, we read that the beautiful *chère amie* of the Marquis de Minas, one of the allied leaders, was slain by his side, fighting in a bewitching Amazonian costume.

ditions under which retreat became inevitable. "No additional corps were sent to the relief of the British, whose compact formation had hitherto enabled them to repair the losses caused by these incessant attacks. No fresh orders were issued; no cavalry was within reach to follow up the panic which had seized upon the enemy. The Dutch did not appear from any quarter . . . the fire was constant, the slaughter great, and the loss on the side of the British was such that they were compelled to retire." "The Household Brigade had 724 officers and men placed *hors de combat*." A battalion of the Coldstreams was at Bergen-op-Zoom under General Braddock, who subsequently held a command in the American war of 1755, where he fell, having doubtless mismanaged matters, but dying in such wise that it is recorded of him that "his obstinacy, pride, and courage seemed to increase with the peril around. . . . Five horses were killed under him" before he received his death wound.* After Bunker's Hill, in 1775, the Guards were despatched to America under the command of Colonel Ed. Matthew, of the Coldstreams, and shared in the victory of White Plains and the subsequent incidents of that lamentable struggle. At St. Amand, in 1793, the Coldstreams "covered themselves with glory." Three times had the Austrians been repulsed. On the arrival of the Brigade of Guards, the Prussian General Knobelsdorf rode up and said, "I reserve for the Coldstream Guards the honour, the special glory, of dislodging the French from their entrenchments. As British troops you need only to show yourselves and the French will retire." An historian of the event remarks: "The General omitted to state that the Austrians had been three times repulsed, with the loss of *seventeen hundred* men, and he now proposed to the Coldstream Guards the honour of performing with *six hundred* rank and file what *five thousand* Austrians had failed to accomplish." Under Colonel Pennington the Coldstreams moved forward, accompanied as far as the skirts of the perilous wood by the Prussian general. The latter was doubtless too magnanimous to detract from the "special glory" he had assigned to the Coldstreams by sharing in it himself. He waved his sword encouragingly towards the point of attack, and—rode away. It was a veritable *feu d'enfer* that greeted the devoted Guards. Guns wheeled up from a neighbouring battery, and, concealed by the thick underwood, opened on them at pistol range; in ten minutes the companies under

* An incident of Bruckermuhl is thus recorded: "At a time when the Coldstream Guards were maintaining a fire over the bodies of the slain, Thomas, Viscount Saye and Sele, an officer of the corps, reprimanded a sergeant for uttering an exclamation of horror, and was thus answered, "Oh, sir, you are now supporting yourself on the body of your own brother." The loss of the Coldstream Guards, however, was only thirty-one of all ranks.

Colonels Gascoigne and Bosville had lost half their numbers. Ensign Howard, who bore the colours, fell—

“As fall full well he might,
For never was there promise yet of such a bloody fight”

—to paraphrase the speech of Macaulay's Henry of Navarre. Near him fell rank and file with fearful celerity. Conspicuous amongst the heroes of the regiment on this occasion was Sergeant-Major Darling. According to a contemporary account, he “performed prodigies of valour. He had an arm broken and shattered by a ball, but yet continued fighting with the most animated and determined bravery. He put to death a French officer who made an attack upon him, but at length had his leg broken by another cannon-ball, in consequence of which he fell into the hands of the French.” The trenches before Valenciennes proved the death-place of many, particularly of the Guards. On the 25th of June, a hundred and fifty of the Household Brigade, and an equal number of the line, were ordered to form the forlorn hope prior to the general assault. Corporal Robert Brown, of the Coldstreams, has left in his journal an account of this and subsequent operations. The troops, he says, “rushed on with the greatest impetuosity and jumped over the palisades, carrying all before them at the point of the bayonet.” The enemy were driven out, and three days afterwards the town capitulated. A few weeks later occurred the battle of Lincelles, the fourth name on the colours of the Guards. A battalion of each of the three regiments, under General Lake, found themselves, owing to some misunderstanding, unsupported in the face of at least five thousand of the enemy. The Coldstreams were on the left of the column which, amid a shower of grape-shot that hissed and tore through their ranks, pushed swiftly on, and after two steady volleys, made a furious charge, stormed the ranks, and dispersed the enemy. From Corporal Brown we learn that the enemy in their flight threw aside both arms and accoutrements, and that the Guards took a stand of colours and two pieces of cannon. Not without loss, however, was the victory won. Amongst others who fell was Colonel Bosville, who led his company of Coldstreams in the engagement of St. Amand, and whose death was due to his great stature, he being six feet four, and the ball that killed him passing through his forehead. The whole numerical strength of the Guards in this brilliant affair was just over a thousand. The Coldstreams fought at Mouveaux, and shared in the memorable retreat that terminated the campaign in Holland. Two light companies were with the force that

invaded Ostend in 1798.* Then came the campaign of the Helder, where the Guards again did gloriously. Bergen followed next, and then ensued the battles in Egypt, for which the Coldstreams and Scots Fusilier Guards (to give them the name they then bore)—not the Grenadiers—bear “Egypt with the Sphinx.” Space fails to dwell on all the incidents of the campaign where the ‘forty centuries’ invoked by Napoleon saw his legions, “invincible on so many fields, succumb to the endurance, calm courage, and brilliant heroism of the sons of Albion.” Of the Guards at Alexandria we read that they “conducted themselves with singular bravery and coolness,” and the conduct of their officers is described as being “beyond all praise.”

The Coldstreams were engaged at Copenhagen in 1807, and then the scene opened on the tragic drama of the Peninsular War. The light infantry of the Coldstreams were the first to make the famous passage of the Douro; at Salmonde, a brilliant movement of two companies of the same regiment under Colonel Mackinnon enabled the remainder of the regiment under Colonel Fuller to lead the way to the attack which drove back the enemy “in wretched confusion.” At Talavera no fewer than six hundred Guardsmen perished, and at one time it seemed that their dogged, fiery courage had doomed them to extinction; at Fuentes d’Onoro,† the firm front of the Guards checked the impetuous charge of Massena’s infantry; at Barossa the Coldstreams were amongst the five thousand odd whom our ally the Spanish general had left to meet unaided the well-equipped division of Marshal Victor of more than double our numerical strength. The battle lasted an hour and a half; when that time had passed the French were in retreat, officers of high rank and trophies of war were in our hands, and the British, nearly a fourth of whose thin ranks had fallen, were left wearied and foodless, but victorious and defiant, on the heights of Barossa. Throughout the Peninsular War they were engaged, ever proving their claim to be a *corps d’élite*; in the unsatisfactory assault in 1814 on Bergen-op-Zoom, six companies of the Coldstreams were present, doing what Cato says is more than commanding success—deserving it, and receiving the special thanks of Lord Probyn, who led the Brigade. A company of the Coldstreams were with the “handful of Guards” who, having crossed the Adour, were attacked by two columns of the enemy. The Guards stood firm and the enemy retired. Who does

* Two light companies of the Coldstreams. Colonel Calcraft, of the same regiment, commanded the light infantry.

† At Fuentes d’Onoro the commissariat was so faulty that when (says the historian of the Coldstreams) “the 92nd Highlanders arrived in position, officers and men were literally starving, and the circumstances being made known to the Brigade of Guards, they volunteered giving up a ration of biscuits then in their haversacks.”

not know of the prowess of the Coldstreams at Quatre Bras and Waterloo! At the former battle the Guards—the Coldstreams being in the second brigade under Sir J. Byng—drove the enemy back and “repulsed at all points the repeated efforts of a large body of cavalry under Kellerman, who made frequent and desperate charges, seconded by two *corps d’armée* and a considerable preponderance of artillery.” The “towers of Hougomont” are vocal of their desperate courage and stubborn endurance. One is tempted to ask with pride who other than British soldiers could have held that all-important post from morn to night in the face of such odds? “At no time,” writes Colonel Mackinnon, in his History of the Coldstreams, “did the Guards exceed two thousand men, exclusive of eleven hundred Germans; yet they maintained their post, amid the terrible conflagration within and the murderous fire of the enemy without. When the contention ended the French lay piled around the chateau, in the woods, and every avenue leading to it.” Fearful odds of a truth they were! Seven regiments of the infantry of Prince Jerome’s division first attacked; then came the supporting column and the Horse Artillery; cavalry in their turn were hurled against the coveted position. From the pen of an officer* of the Scots Guards (who with the Coldstreams under Colonel Macdonnell, held the buildings while the 1st Foot, as has been observed, defended the grounds), we learn the value of the share the Coldstreams bore in the conflict. The French infantry fiercely attacked the chateau, “but when they attempted to cross the orchard they received so destructive a fire from the Coldstreams that they were completely staggered. . . . Again the fire of the Coldstreams did us good service; in fact, it was this fire that constituted the strength of the post.” Later on Colonel Woodford, with a portion of the Coldstream Guards, drove back the French and “cleared all before him.”

As has before been observed, the Guards rested on their laurels after Waterloo till the war against Russia, with the exception of the operations in Portugal and Canada, in which the 1st and 2nd Battalions of Coldstreams were engaged. The Coldstreams were with the first brigade under the Duke of Cambridge: the names of “Alma,” “Inkerman,” and “Sevastopol,” tell the tale of their courage in accents familiar in every clime where is heard the sound of “the Queen’s morning drum,” and to dwell here on their achievements would be but to repeat an oft-told tale—a tale, moreover, which has inspired the pen of one of the most eloquent writers our literature can boast. Yet one is fain to glance in passing at the picture handed down of those

* Colonel Hepburn.

few hundred Coldstreams at Inkerman holding the redoubt against as many thousands of the enemy. Thrice did the hordes of Russians—their natural courage inflamed by fanaticism and drink—rush up the hill on the top of which, calm and determined, stood the small force of Her Majesty's 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards. Well might the memories of Lincelles, of St. Amand, of Waterloo, be conjured to embolden them, for in sorer strait even they had scarcely ever been. Three times were the Russians driven back, only with strong reinforcements to hurl themselves again upon the diminished band. The ground was slippery with a hideous crimson slime; men slipped, and recovering themselves, saw that it was on a dead comrade's body that their feet had found purchase. The Guards' ammunition became exhausted, and in place of leaden bullets the assailants were now met only by heavy stones. The struggle soon became hand to hand; the group of Coldstreams fought back to back with clubbed muskets, and succeeded in forcing back the foe sufficiently to form line. Then ensued a companion wonder to that charge of Norman Ramsay at Fuentes d'Onoro. The surging crowds of Russians were seen to waver and give way, and cleaving through the grey mass came the remnant of the Coldstream band, with bayonets at the charge, and having the mien of men who have worsted death itself. After the Crimea the Guards were not actively engaged for close on thirty years, when in 1882 a battalion of each regiment, under the command of the Duke of Connaught, proceeded to Egypt.* The share taken by the Guards in this, their latest warfare, has been referred to in the account of the Grenadiers. At Tel-el-Kebir, one officer—Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling—and seven non-commissioned officers and men were wounded. At Abu Klea, Lieutenant the Hon. A. D. Charteris was also severely wounded; and in the march from that place to Metammeh the Coldstreams, with whom were the Scots Guards, were on the left of the flying column. In the force that marched under General Graham to Tamaai in 1885 the Coldstreams numbered twenty-nine officers and seven hundred and forty-three men.†

As with the Grenadier Guards, so also with the Coldstreams, pages might be filled with details, all more or less interesting, of the domestic history of the regiment. The

* The battalion of the Coldstreams engaged in this campaign was the 2nd.

† Amongst the other officers who served with the regiment during the Egyptian wars of 1882-5, may be mentioned Colonel Wigram (who commanded the Coldstreams in 1882), Colonel Sterling, Colonel Hall, Colonel Digby, Colonel Corry, Lieutenant-Colonel Follett, Colonel Hon. H. Boseawen (who commanded the Camel Corps in 1884), Colonels Graves, Sawle, Pole Carew, Montgomery, Manly, and Dawson; Major Legge; Captains Ross, Codrington, Gladstone, Douglas Dawson, and Henniker Major; Lieutenants Corbet, Lovell, Webster, Fortescue, Drummond Hay, Winn, Mulligan, Holland, Maude, Grenfell, Pleydell Bouverie, Hamilton, and Frederick.

colours themselves have and suggest a continuous narrative fraught with interest, but we must reluctantly content ourselves with a mere mention of one or two of its striking features. There are sixteen company colours of the Coldstreams—exclusive of the first three, formerly the Colonel's, Lieutenant-Colonel's, and Major's—and these share between them two mottoes—those of the Garter and the Prince of Wales, the latter being borne by the second, third, fourth, and fifth companies, and the former by the rest, with the exception of the seventh and eighth, which have no mottoes. The Queen's colour of the Coldstreams is a crimson banner, with the Star of the Order of the Garter. Amongst the badges are the White Lion of the Earls of March, the White Tiger of Henry VI., the Crossed Swords of Hanover, the Red Rose of Lancaster, the White Boar of Warwick, the Tudor Rose, and the White Horse of Hanover.

The next regiment, the third of the famous Household Brigade, is that of the Scots Guards.* The earlier records of this distinguished regiment are somewhat more obscure than in the cases of the Grenadiers and Coldstreams, owing to the destruction of some of the archives by fire. The year 1639 is by some claimed as the starting-point, but the consensus of opinion seems to point to 1662.† In that year, at any rate, the Earl of Linlithgow was appointed colonel. The strength at first was five companies; four years later the warlike condition of affairs caused this number to be doubled, to be reduced, when calmer counsels prevailed, to seven. The first appearance of the Scots Guards‡ in England seems to have been in 1686, when James II. was holding a series of reviews, a display of power which proved illusory. Having in mind the date, it seems strange, but yet bears testimony in a way to the continuity of the Royal Army, to read that amongst the places through which they marched were Clapham, Putney, Barnes, Wimbledon, and East Sheen—names familiar enough to-day to many of the Queen's soldiers of both the regular and auxiliary forces. It would sorely puzzle the stout pikemen and musketeers of my Lord Linlithgow to recognise in the Clapham or Wimbledon of our times the smiling country villages through which they passed in that march of theirs, two hundred years ago. At Bothwell Bridge, in 1679, the Scots Guards were

* The uniform of the Scots Guards is scarlet, blue facings, and bearskin cap without plume, but having the star of St. Andrew; on the collar is the thistle.

† This is the date given by Colonel Turner, himself an officer in the regiment. Another account has it that the present Scots Guards are the direct representatives of a Highland regiment raised in 1639 for the service of King Charles I., and who, after fighting desperately in Ireland, were almost annihilated at Dunbar and Worcester.

‡ Their title was changed into Scots Fusilier Guards by King William IV. in 1831; in 1877 her present Majesty acceded to the request of the regiment, and directed that the old name should be re-adopted.

led by Lord Livingstone, son of their Colonel, who was in command of the whole force, and took a stern revenge for the disasters their predecessors had suffered at the hands of the Covenanters twenty-eight years previously. They fought at Steenkirke in 1692, and were amongst the regiments* which Macaulay records to have been "cut entirely to pieces" by overwhelming numbers, thanks to the disgraceful disloyalty of Count Sohnes—second in command under King William—who is reported to have replied in answer to urgent demands for reinforcements, "Let us see what sport these British bulldogs will make us." They shared in the fight at Landen; at Namur they advanced with the English and Dutch Guards against the fortified position of the enemy, and achieved one of the most brilliant victories on record; in the Spanish War of Succession, in 1709, they fought and suffered heavy loss; on their colours is inscribed "Dettingen," where the charge of the British infantry wrung from the flying French the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" At Fontenoy the Scots Guards were brigaded under Sir John Ligonier, and amongst the first to fall before the artillery fire, which they were ordered forward to check, were two officers of the regiment. At Bruckermuhl, where the slaughter was so fierce that "towards the close of the day, that which truly served as a redoubt were the dead bodies of men heaped up for the purpose," the Household Troops behaved with the "greatest bravery," and the third regiment lost sixty killed of all ranks. At Long Island and White Plains they shared in the honours won by the Guards under General Matthew. "Lineelles" records their powers under General Lake. At Tournay, and in the retreat that followed, the services of the Guards were beyond praise. In the unfortunate expedition to Ostend, after losing several officers and men† and finding themselves—the whole force being about seven hundred men—surrounded by the enemy's troops, "six hundred men to our left, and an immense column in front with cannon, and a very large column on the right," the Guards were forced to capitulate. In Egypt, 1801 (where, contrary to the plan adopted recently, the army advanced, led by the Brigade of Guards), the Scots Guards greatly distinguished themselves. At the siege of Copenhagen the Scots Guards, with the Coldstreams, were to the fore in all the fighting that preceded the capitulation of the city. At the passage of the Douro and at Salmonde the Scots Guards shared with the rest of the Household Brigade the praise bestowed upon it by Sir Arthur Wellesley. The battlefield of Talavera saw no more desperate courage than that evinced by the

* Six officers of the Scots Guards were killed in this engagement.

† General Coote and Colonel Campbell of the Scots Guards.

Brigade of Guards, which in its headlong courage found itself attacked by the French reserve and played upon by a heavy battery of artillery. The fifth name on their colours records the brilliant victory of Barossa. But to enumerate all the achievements of the Guards during the Peninsular war would be to tell afresh, from beginning to end, the history of those years of conflict which placed the power of Britain on so firm a basis. It seemed that with the well-fought field of Toulouse the long struggle which had been for twenty years waged between Anglo Saxon and Gaul had come to an end, that the Guards and other heroes of the protracted fight might look forward with confidence to a repose rendered sweeter by the sufferings and dangers and privations which had heralded their world-famed victories. But before another year had passed a final and supreme struggle was to be required at their hands, and to the victor's wreaths they had won were to be added the gleaming, fadeless laurels of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The fame of the Guards at the former field has been told before—how, though weary with a fifteen hours march, they charged with that impetuosity the French knew by such sad experience, how the “masses of the enemy were forced to yield, and the sun went down on a victory won.”*

The Scots Guards were united with the Coldstreams in the defence of Hougomont, the chateau and buildings falling to their share. They were under the command of Colonel Hepburn, who was still suffering from a wound received at Barossa, and it profits not here to repeat how valiantly and at what terrible loss they held their post. As harrowing a detail as any is that which records how “many wounded officers and men perished miserably amid the flames of the out-buildings,” from which there was no means of removing them in time. A Guardsman writing of the day's occurrences says in regard to this incident, that those who were in the chapel escaped this fate, and adds as a remarkable fact that the fire did not extend beyond the entrance, “and only ceased at the feet of a wooden image of our Saviour.”

“Alma,” “Inkerman,” “Sevastopol!” The names conjure up pictures of the struggle on the heights of the Alma, of the “soldiers' battle,” of the weary misery of the trenches, where protean Death hurled right and left his shafts, now in the form of Russian shot and shell, now in the agonizing convulsion of cholera or in the fatal stupor of icy cold. At Inkerman the Scots Guards, with the rest of the Household Troops, had stern work. It is a thrilling account which describes how, as the

* It is noted that the 3rd Scots Guards had about four hundred militiamen under their colours, and that “many of the Household Troops fought in their Surrey Militia jackets.”

Grenadiers, impatient at the "state of impuissance" to which their position reduced them, left it to seek one better situated, and the exulting enemy rushed into the work with triumphant hurrahs, Colonel Walker,* who led the Scots Guards, sent Dawson Damer with orders to turn them out. "Damer instantly attacking, swept the enemy out of the work, and during nearly the same moments Colonel Walker with the rest of his battalion fired a volley into the bulk of the column and, charging immediately afterwards, drove it down the hillside, the enemy this time retreating in disorder as well as in haste." But with the stubborn Russians it was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*; once again the dense column advanced up the crest, "and again, as before, Colonel Walker undertook to meet it with the remains of his Scots Fusiliers. The Fusiliers delivered their fire, but the Russians though scathed did not turn. Walker ordered his battalion to charge. Colonel Blair riding onward before the line—that horse of his, for its singular beauty, is still curiously remembered—was struck down mortally wounded, and Drummond, the adjutant (dismounted), who also had come to the front, received a shot through the body; but already the Scots Fusiliers† had sprung forward with their bayonets down at the charge, and the enemy, shunning their steel, was driven pell-mell down the hill." Later on, when the position of the Scots Guards became so serious that Colonel Walker, "if refusing to harbour despair, at least confessed to himself that he would willingly know of some basis on which hope might rest," that officer received his third wound—a musket ball in the jaw—and reluctantly handed over the command to Colonel F. Seymour. Soon came the time when on "the Ledgeway" many personal combats were sustained by private soldiers of the Guards, just after Captains Kinloch and Lindsay, of the Scots Guards, had fought their way to where Charles Russell and "his valiant man Anthony Palmer" were holding their own so well. When at last the battle was won, the loss of the Scots Guards was found to be heavy. Kinglake gives one thousand three hundred and thirty-one as the total strength of the brigade, and at the Sandbag Battery no fewer than five hundred and ninety-four fell killed and wounded. Of the Scots Guards one officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Blair, was killed, and eight—Colonels Walker and Seymour; Captains Shuekburgh, Gipps, Baring, and Drummond; Lieutenant Blanc, and Surgeon Elkington—more or less severely wounded. With these reminiscences—taken at random from a crowded narrative of valour—we must leave the record of the Scots Guards in the Crimea. Their next active service

* Colonel Walker's horse at that moment was shot under him.

† It will be remembered that at the period of the Crimean War the Scots Guards were called "Scots Fusilier Guards," not to be confounded with the "Royal Scots Fusiliers."

was in the Egyptian campaigns of 1882-5, and here again it must suffice to mention how well in what fell to their duty they upheld the high fame they have won.*

The Scots Guards are divided into sixteen companies (exclusive as before mentioned); the Queen's colour is a crimson standard with the Royal Arms of Scotland surmounted by a crown, and amongst the badges are the Red Lion of Scotland, St. Andrew on a glory, the Blue Griffin, the Salamander of Orleans, the Green Lizard, and the Talbot Dog of Catherine of Portugal. The Scots Guards are richer in mottoes than either of their fellows of the Household Brigade. The three field officers' companies bear "En ferus hostis!" "Unita fortior," and "Nemo me impune lacessit." Each company (with the exception of the last four) has a distinct motto, indicative in each case of the badge. Thus the motto of the eighth company, whose badge is a thunderbolt, is "Horror Ubique;" of the ninth—badge, a cannon in act of firing—"Concussæ cadent urbes;" of the tenth—badge, a green lizard on a mount—"Pascua nota mihi."

The next regiment of which we purpose to sketch the history is taken here out of the alphabetical order in which it is proposed to treat of the various regiments. But in a way the ROYAL SCOTS LOTHIAN REGIMENT,† stand in a unique position. They are by far the oldest regiment in the British service, and there is little reason to doubt that their identity can be traced in a fairly unbroken line with the famous troop of Scots who, under stout John Hepburn, entered in 1625 into the service of Gustavus Adolphus. There were other troops of Scots serving as auxiliaries on the continent of Europe. The renowned *Garde du Corps Ecossoises*—familiar to all through the pages of "Quentin Durward"—were formed in 1440; as early, indeed, as the year 882, Charles III. of France had formed a bodyguard of twenty-four Scots; twelve years previous to the arrival of John Hepburn, another body of Scots had joined the service of the King of

* Amongst the officers of the Scots Guards who took part in the Egyptian campaigns of 1882-85 may be mentioned Colonels Stracey, Graham, Walker, Gaseigne, Hon. J. Vanneck, Campbell, Hon. H. Methuen, Hon. F. Bridgman; Lieutenant-Colonels Fludyer, Willson, Jones, Sir W. Gordon-Cumming, Lord Coke, Broadwood, Paget; Major Crutehley (severely wounded); Captains Hon. North Dalrymple (severely wounded), Drummond, Romilly, Stracey, Menzies; Lieutenants Hon. L. White, Dundas, Pulteney, Balfour, Hanbury, Astley, Scott Murray, Milner, Wigram, Cuthbert, Erskine, Heyworth, J. W. Drummond, L. G. Drummond, Hartopp and Finnie.

† The Royal Scots bear as badges "The Royal cypher within the collar of St. Andrew, and the crown over it; the sphinx, superscribed Egypt." On their colours are inscribed the names, "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Louisberg," "St. Lucia," "Egmont-op-Zee," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "St. Sebastian," "Nive," "Peninsula," "Niagara," "Waterloo," "Nagpore," "Maheidpore," "Ava," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Taku Forts," "Pekin." The uniform is scarlet with facings of blue. The helmet has the star of the Order of the Thistle in gilt metal with a silver thistle on a green ground within a circle of the motto of the Order Underneath is, "The Lothian Regiment."

Sweden. After the fatal battle of Nordlingen, when the Swedish army was entirely routed, the wreck of the Scots Brigade, under the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, united with the armies of France. The Scots in the French service were then under the command of Hepburn, the old leader of the Scottish-Swedish contingent, and the two regiments seem to have been immediately amalgamated. Subsequently the Scottish Brigade in the army of France became known as *Le Regiment de Douglas*, and afterwards as "Dumbarton's Regiment," and in 1661, on the application of Charles II., was sent over to England. Cannon, in the "Official Record," thus epitomises the facts known concerning the origin of the Royal Scots: "A body of Scottish infantry proceeded from Scotland to France in the reign of James I. to assist Henry IV. in his wars with the Leaguers; and was constituted in 1633 a regiment which is now the First or Royal Regiment of Foot in the British line."

From that time till 1684 the services of the Royals alternated between England and France; in that year, however, it quitted France for ever, and found other and less congenial outlet for its prowess in the unhappy conflicts with Monmouth's devoted followers.* The next active service of the regiment—the first in its purely British character—was in the Marlborough campaign. The Royals shared in the battle at Walcourt and the various engagements that followed. At Steenkirke, where "the fight was so close and desperate that the very muzzles of the muskets crossed," the division in which the Royals were, beat back the overwhelming masses of the foe, though in the thick of the conflict their brave commander, Sir Robert Douglas, lost his life. At Landen they again were pitted against a superior force, and again beat their opponents back. At Namur they assisted in a marked degree to obtain the victory which produced so great an effect on Europe. "The judgment of all the great warriors," writes Macaulay, "whom all the nations of Western Europe had sent to the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse, was that the English subaltern was inferior to no subaltern, and the English private soldier to no private soldier in Christendom." At Schellenberg they were foremost in the attack on the heights. At Blenheim they joined in that memorable charge under Lord Cutts, when the British "forced their way up to the very palisades, under a heavy discharge of cannon and musketry, before firing a single gun." At Ivry, at Sandlivet, at Ramillies, Dendermond, Ostend, Menin, and Aeth—"wherever duty was

* From the Army List of that date we learn that the regiment had twenty-two companies, and that the uniform was "red coats lined with white, sashes white with white fringe, breeches and stockings light grey; plumed hats; blue facings; the grenadiers distinguished by caps lined with white with 'the lion's face proper crowned;' flag, St. Andrew's Cross with thistle and crown circumscribed in centre."

to be done or glory secured"—we read of the Royals ever welcoming the one and covetous of the other. They fought at Oudenarde and Wynendael; they shared in that victory at Malplaquet in which the French admitted that "an army of one hundred thousand of the best troops, posted between two woods, trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, were not able to stop for one day" the army in which the Royals fought so well. At Fontenoy their "butcher's bill" gives a terrible attestation to their valour: eighty-seven were killed, a hundred and ninety—of whom seven were officers—wounded. At Falkirk and Culloden they served; at Louisberg and Ticonderago. Amid the strange unfamiliar scenes of Indian warfare—described as none else could by Fenimore Cooper—the Royals were undaunted and victorious as their custom was. The blood-curdling war-cries, the inhuman atrocities, the stealthy cunning of savages, to whom every wood and ambush was familiar, had no terrors for them. "Through wooded defiles, where a score of resolute warriors might almost have stopped an army, over rugged mountainous tracks, across brawling streams and gaping ravines," they held their implacable way. The following description of one of these "battles in the west," taken from the graphic pages of an historian* of the regiment, gives a vivid picture of the warfare in which the Royals acquitted themselves so well. When within a few miles of an Indian town, "stragglers were recalled to the ranks, muskets loaded, the troops formed in close companies, and skirmishers were thrown out in advance, with a few horsemen on either flank. When a grove of trees or an intertangled thicket was approached it was secured by the light companies before the main body of the troops advanced. Even these precautions were not proof against the subtleties of Indian warfare. Arriving at a wooded glen, thickly planted with bush and brambles, Captain Morrison and a few men pushed forward to examine it. They were instantly met by a straggling fire, which brought the Captain to the ground, and from every part of the wood arose the yell of a thousand Indians, a yell which might well appall the bravest in its ferocious intensity. But the British were not unused to the Indian war-cries, and with undaunted courage the Royals rushed amongst the trees to face their treacherous enemy. . . . At this moment the main body of the Indians was seen descending the mountain slopes on the left, and with horrid gestures and ear-piercing yells—more terrible than the slogan of the Gaels—seeking to dismay its antagonists. The Royals accepted the defiance with cheerful composure, pushed to the front, deployed among the thickets, and answered the scattering fire of the Indians with

* Davenport Adams.

a close volley and the 'cold steel.' The Indians maintained the contest for an hour, killing one of the officers and eight of the privates of the Royals, and wounding three officers, a sergeant, and thirty-two rank and file. At length they gave way before that steady courage, which is the effect of discipline, and fled."

Others of the Royals had meanwhile shared in the expeditions which captured Ile aux Noix, subdued Canada, annexed Dominico and Martinique, fought in the famous Havannah, and took the formidable citadel of El Moro. They fought in Corsica, and formed the storming party that carried the outworks of Calvi. The second battalion was in Egypt, and in the battle of Alexandria shared in the struggles and successes of the Guards, with whom they were brigaded. The same battalion received special commendation for its conduct at St. Lucia, and shared in the expedition which captured Tobago. Meanwhile the first battalion was employed in the West Indies, and took part in the engagements in Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice. The third battalion was with Moore at Corunna, where it lost two hundred and fifty men, and after sharing in the Walcheren expedition, joined the famous army in the Peninsula under Wellington. In all the battles of the campaign the Royals—who about this time received by royal warrant the appellation of the First Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots—took an active part. At Salamanca, with the rest of the Fifth Division, they joined in that charge which changed what but the moment before had seemed "a disciplined body, almost too formidable to be assailed, into a disorganised mass, flying at headlong speed from the fury of its conquerors." In this battle the Royals lost twenty-four of all ranks killed and a hundred and thirty wounded. Amongst the latter was Lieutenant-Colonel Barns, who led the charge, and he was succeeded in the command of the regiment by Colin Campbell, the future hero of the Crimea and India.

In the assault on San Sebastian, the Royals were again engaged. The official records relate that "the battalion had passed the night in the trenches. At daybreak on the following morning it led the attack under the orders of Major Peter Frazer, and though exposed to a most destructive shower of grape and musketry, which thinned the ranks, it advanced in the teeth of this storm of fire in the most cool and determined manner. Major Frazer, while gallantly encouraging his brave followers by his example was killed, and Captain Mullen being next in seniority, assumed the command of the battalion, which duty he performed with much credit. Though the cannon of the fortress thundered in front, the French soldiers poured down their volleys of musketry, and hand grenades, shells, and large stones flew in showers through the darkened air,

yet onward went the Royal Scots, and assailed the breach with a degree of valour and intrepidity which rivalled the gallant exploits of their predecessors under the great Gustavus Adolphus." In this terrible and abortive exploit the Royals lost eighty-seven killed and two hundred and forty-six wounded, while on the occasion of the second storming and surrender of the citadel their numbers were yet further reduced by fifty-three killed and a hundred and forty-five wounded. The first battalion meanwhile was engaged in America, adding to the roll of the regiment's distinctions the name of Niagara, at which place, as well as at Lundy's Lane in the preceding July, it specially distinguished itself. The second was in India, and the fourth—*revenant à ses premiers amours*—serving in Germany under Bernadotte, the first sovereign of the present dynasty in Sweden. At Quatre Bras the Royals, with their comrades of the fifth division, under Picton, came "crushing through the thick green corn, which waved to and fro in the summer wind. . . . A sharp exchange of musketry, and the word was given—'Charge!' The Royals and their comrades, shoulder to shoulder, fell upon the French like an avalanche, and whirled them from the field." Afterwards, unbroken, they received and repelled the thundering charges of Kellerman's renowned cuirassiers.

At Waterloo the Royals, when Napoleon delivered his first grand attack, charged against the van of the French column and "broke it speedily into fragments." Afterwards, they were included in those memorable squares against which the mailed cuirassiers of the enemy dashed again and again, but always fruitlessly, always with heavy loss. Shortly after Waterloo the third and fourth battalions were disbanded. Under Colonel Frazer, the second battalion fought brilliantly in the Mahratta war, and at Nagpore the companies under Captain Cowell and Lieutenant Bell did most signal service—rendered costly by the death of the latter officer—and received from the general in command unqualified praise. Again at Maheidpore the victory was gained only at the cost of many valuable lives and many soldiers severely wounded; amongst the killed being Lieutenant McLeod, and amongst the wounded Lieutenants McGregor and Campbell of the Royals. At Talnere the heroism of Private Sweeny, Colonel McIntosh, and Captains McCraith and McGregor in rescuing Colonel Murray would have gained for each and all the Victoria Cross had the envied decoration been then in existence; at Asurghur the gallant commander of the Royals, Colonel Frazer, was shot dead while leading on his troops. They fought at Burmah, where we read that Dr. Sandford of the Royal Scots, being taken prisoner by the enemy, and, on the advance of our troops, consulted by them as to the British forms of negotiation, engaged, in order "to raise

their opinion of British faith, to convey a letter to the British camp and to return of his own accord; and his reappearance astonished the whole population of Ava, to whom a parole of honour was incomprehensible." Both Dr. Sandford and his companion, Lieutenant Bennett, of the same regiment, were subsequently released. Then followed the comparatively unimportant operations in Canada, and the next serious war in which the Royals were engaged was the Crimea. Here—at Alma and Inkerman—they were in the third division under Sir Richard England and Brigadiers Campbell and Eyre, and "splendidly vindicated their old renown." The "Taku Forts" and "Pekin," inscribed on their colours, tell of their deeds under Sir Hope Grant in the flowery kingdom. The first battalion remained in India after the Chinese War till 1870, and the second from 1866 to 1880. The former is now in Africa, and the latter at home.*

The first regiment of the line, according to *alphabetical* order, is the PRINCESS LOUISE'S ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS,† regimental district 91. This regiment consists—in accordance with the rearrangement of 1881—of two former regiments, the 91st and 93rd, now respectively the first and second battalions. Its historical record, therefore, as in the great majority of the territorial regiments constituted at the above date, is made up of two distinct factors; nor has the change been sufficiently long in operation for these factors to have completely coalesced. The NINETY-FIRST Regiment was formed in 1794, under the auspices of the Duke of Argyll,‡ and the year following its creation joined the expedition under Sir Alured Clarke at Cape Town. For the first four years of its existence the regiment was numbered the 98th. At Cape Town the 91st remained for some time, doing

* As bearing upon the antiquity of this regiment, it may be observed that Trimen says that they have the sobriquet of "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguards." According to Brewer, when the regiment—then the "Regiment de Douglas"—was in the French service a dispute arose between them and a regiment of Picardy, about their respective claims to antiquity. Finally, by way of a clencher, the Picardy officer asserted that his corps was at least as old as Christianity, as they were on duty on the nights after the Crucifixion. "Had the duty been ours," retorted the Scots' colonel, "*we* should not have slept at our post."

† The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have as regimental badges the coronet and cypher of the Princess Louise, with a boar's head (Campbell) and cat (Sutherland). They bear as mottoes "Ne obliviscaris," and "Sans peur." On their colours are inscribed "Cape of Good Hope, 1806," "Roleia," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Pyrenceas," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "South Africa, 1851-3," "Alma," "Balaklava," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," "South Africa, 1879." The uniform is scarlet with facings of yellow, kilt, and feather bonnet with white feather and scarlet and white diced border.

‡ According to Trimen the present is the fourth regiment which has been numbered the 91st, the 93rd having the same number of predecessors.

sterling service at a period when, of a truth, there had come "the four quarters of the world in arms" against Great Britain. In 1804 a second battalion was formed, which was subsequently disbanded after serving at Bergen-op-Zoom and elsewhere. In 1807 the 91st sailed to take part in the great Peninsular war, in which they were attached to Crawford's Brigade. The first three names on their colours tell of their connection with the stirring episodes of the war: at Talavera the sick of the regiment, who had been left behind, were formed into a detachment and did their duty in the field; they can boast of an inheritance in the fame won at Vittoria; when the sun, which had risen so gloriously on the valley of the Nivelle, went down on a scene of blood and flame and ruin, the 91st were amongst the British troops which remained victors, though with three generals wounded and nearly three thousand of all ranks lost. At Nive they fought, and Orthes and Toulouse. At Waterloo they missed the actual fighting, being detailed on the duty, which might have become all paramount, of covering the road to Brussels. They served in Jamaica in 1822; on the occasion of the wreck of the reserves in Table Bay, twenty years later, they exhibited a calm gallantry which deserves to rank as high as the most brilliant valour in battle.* In the war in South Africa in 1846-7, the 91st signally distinguished themselves. Numberless were the deeds of individual daring. The Governor, Sir Harry Smith, was hemmed in in Fort Cox, and Colonel Somerset of the 91st with a few men made a desperate effort to communicate with him. But they soon became surrounded by overwhelming masses of the enemy, and only extricated themselves by a fierce hand-to-hand combat, in which Lieutenants Maturin and Gordon, with twenty privates, were killed, and many more wounded. Subsequently, however, Privates Walsh and Reilly were more successful, and at imminent risk—not only of death, but of torture and mutilation of the most harrowing and revolting nature—succeeded in conveying a dispatch. At Trompeter's Drift, again, Lieutenant Dickson evinced the greatest gallantry. At the assault on the Waterkloof the 91st were in the left column, under Colonel Napier. Steadily they forced their way; "for four successive days the three columns traversed every part of the land, capturing horses and cattle, routing the natives, and destroying their villages." Though the story has often been told, it is impossible in any account of the regiment to omit mention of the wreck of the *Birkenhead*. "Bravery," Thackeray declares, "never goes out of fashion," and conduct such as that of the 91st and their heroic comrades have still power to stir the pulse

* See the full account of this incident in Captain Murray's work on the Scottish regiments.

as strongly as ever did "the old song of Percy and Douglas!" A draft of reinforcements for various regiments, chiefly the 91st, had all but arrived at the Cape in the *Birkenhead* when she struck on a hidden rock, and in an instant was sinking. "Barely twenty minutes elapsed between the time of the ship striking and her going to pieces." The commanding officer—Colonel Seton, of the 74th—ordered the bugle to be sounded, and steadily, as if for parade, the men fell into their ranks, while around them the hungry sea was surging ever nearer and more greedily. All must have known that it was their last parade, that death was but a matter of minutes, and that never again would the absent ones of home be seen; that here, in a fearful way, was an end to all dreams of ambition and plans of happiness for the coming years. It was not an ordinary death, where merciful weakness deadens the faculties, or the splendid fury of war blinds to all but glory and victory; the men of the 91st had to stand and wait to be drowned. Before the ship went to pieces "the whole of the women and children were sent safely off in the boats, and our gallant soldiers remained behind to die, every man doing his duty to the last. According to the report of Captain Wright of the 91st, who swam ashore, many of the men on the lower troop deck must have perished in their hammocks. 'Every man did as he was directed, and there was not a cry or a murmur amongst them until the vessel made her final plunge. All received their orders, and had them carried out as if the men were embarking and not going to the bottom.' " Out of a total of 631 only 193 were saved.

In 1859 the 91st went to India. Twelve years later they, being in England, received special command to furnish a guard of honour at the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Louise. The year 1879 saw the regiment engaged in the Zulu war. At the battle of Ghingilovo, on the 2nd of April in that year, they held the rear face, and in the evening of that day it was against their position that the whole strength of the enemy was hurled. "Four times they flung themselves against it, but were hurled back by the dreadful fire that smote them; and at one time—about seven o'clock—it seemed as though they were on the verge of effecting an entrance." But at last they retired, and the next day the 91st were with the welcome column that relieved beleaguered Etschowe. During the remainder of the Zulu war* the 91st were with General Crealock's column, and the outbreak of the Transvaal war found them still at the Cape. In 1881 the regiment became the first battalion of the Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), and a year later resumed the kilt.

* It is to be noticed that during the Zulu war the colours of the regiment were displayed in action.

The second battalion of the regiment consists of the old 93rd. This in its turn was the successor to the "Sutherland Fencibles," and was raised in 1800, being at first known as "Major-General Wemys's Regiment of Infantry." The first service of the regiment was in Ireland; the next, in which they gained great distinction, the expedition under Sir David Baird against the Cape of Good Hope. There were two other Scottish regiments with the force, namely, the 71st and 72nd, and the three regiments were formed into a Highland brigade under General Ferguson. By an unfortunate accident their landing was saddened by the loss of thirty-six men, who were drowned through the upsetting of a boat. In the movement against the position of the enemy on the Blaw Berg, the brigade made a bayonet charge, which is described as irresistible. The 93rd were not at Waterloo, but at the close of the year in which it was fought took part in the unfortunate expedition against New Orleans, in which they lost in killed, wounded, and missing, no fewer than five hundred and eighty-four of all ranks. In 1838 they were engaged in suppressing the rising in Canada. But the full harvest of their honours came with the Crimea and the Indian mutiny. In the former war the Sutherland Highlanders comprised, with the Black Watch and the Cameronians, the famous Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, which with the Household Brigade, constituted the First Division, under the present Commander-in-chief.* At the Alma "their ardour was irresistible, and conjointly with the Guards . . . they scaled the bristling height, and drove back the Russians at the point of the bayonet." A Scottish historian thus describes the charge of the Highland Brigade: "And now to the eyes of the superstitious Russians the strange uniforms of these bare-kneed troops seemed novel and even terrible; their white waving sporrans were taken for the heads of low horses; and they cried to each other that the angel of light had departed, and the angel of death had come." At Balaklava it was the 93rd, the Sutherland Highlanders, who formed that "thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel," which its own heroism and the matchless eloquence of one who told its deeds have

* The Scottish regiments are so undoubtedly good soldiers that the excessive and unreasonable adulation they receive from some writers is, in their own interests, to be deplored. They would be the first to disdain the immeasurable superiority over their comrades in arms. Yet one would almost gather, from the extravagant eulogy of some historians, that nearly all the victories won by British valour are to be credited to the Scottish regiments. At times, too, this eulogy approaches the ridiculous. As an example may be quoted the following passage from the work of an entertaining and voluminous writer, now unfortunately deceased ("Recent British Battles," James Grant). In describing a skirmish which took place during the Egyptian campaign of 1882, the writer, evidently with feelings of pride, records that "A shell knocked off the helmet of a Gordon Highlander, yet the kilted line never swerved." The "yet" is magnificent!

rendered immortal. The Turks were driven back before the impetuous attack of twenty-five thousand Russians, who seemed able to engulf the slender double line—numbering only five hundred and fifty in all—of the Sutherland Highlanders, which alone barred the way. The Sutherland Highlanders were drawn up on rising ground: “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.” As before mentioned, it had been arranged that a final attack on the Redan was to be made by the Guards and Highlanders—the latter of whom during the previous assault had been in reserve at the right attack—but the evacuation of Sevastopol by the Russians rendered this unnecessary. There was yet sterner work in store for the 93rd in the Mutiny.

In November, 1857, they were with the force which, under Sir Colin Campbell, proceeded to the relief of Lucknow. In the attack on the Secunderabagh, the 93rd, under Colonel Hay, were the first to occupy the barrack, and afterwards joined in the attack on the main building. “No mercy was shown,” writes a narrator; “and if some wretch had—as, however, was rarely the case—cowardice enough to throw down his arms and sue for pardon, none was given him. ‘Cawnpore!’ was hissed into the ear of every one of them before a thrust of the bayonet put an end to his existence.” In the assault on the Begum’s palace in March, 1858, the 93rd were particularly active, “hurling out the defenders with their avenging bayonets;” and distinguished even amongst the many brave there, were Colonel Hay, Captain Middleton, Captain Clarke, and Lieutenant Maclean.*

In the attack on Roohea, where the brave Adrian Hope fell—his death casting a gloom “thick and palpable” over the minds of all—the regiment again fought desperately, and with some loss. They remained in India till 1869, when they returned to England, and have not since then been actively engaged. As has been observed, they were incorporated with the 91st in 1881, on which occasion her Royal Highness Princess Louise is said to have herself designed some of the badges.

* This officer is said to have killed *eleven* of the enemy with his own hand.

The next regiment in territorial alphabetical order is the BEDFORDSHIRE REGIMENT,* formerly the 16th Foot, and still—having no other regiment incorporated with it—wholly identified with that famous old regiment. It was raised in 1688, and was first named Colonel Archibald Douglas's Regiment, and was called the "Old Bucks," a sobriquet which it subsequently made over to the present 14th Regiment. The 16th and the 17th (now the Royal Leicestershire) are the only two remaining out of twelve that were raised in the year 1688. On the revolution, Colonel Douglas adhered to the cause of King James, and Colonel Hodges was appointed to the command of the regiment by William III. Their first active service was at Walcourt, where they lost two officers and thirty men. At Steenkirke, where the apathy of Count Sohns caused so great a loss amongst the British, Colonel Hodges fell, as did many others, at the head of his men. At Landen they again suffered, three officers and fifty men being in the melancholy lists of "killed, wounded, and prisoners." They were at Namur, Liege, and Schellenberg. At Blenheim the regiment was "one of those which bore the brunt of the battle": four officers were killed and twelve wounded; "Ramillies" and "Oudenarde" are amongst the victories in which they claim a share. "At the famous siege of Lille one of the sergeants of the regiment, by name Littler, performed a gallant service by swimming the river, hatchet in hand, single handed, and in the face of the enemy, cutting the fastenings of a drawbridge," a feat of daring for which he was rewarded by a commission in the Buffs. Malplaquet is amongst the names on their colours. Throughout the campaign in Germany they fought valiantly. At Carthage—a name pregnant with memories of mismanagement and incapacity, and where no less than twenty thousand men succumbed to pestilence or the bullet—the 16th stoically performed their duty. During the American war the 16th were engaged from 1779-1781; at the Savannah we read that "Major Graham, commanding the 16th, artfully drew the enemy into a snare, by which the French and Americans fired on each other, and had fifty men killed before the mistake was discovered." They were engaged in Nova Scotia and Jamaica, and experienced considerable stress in the Maroon war of 1795. They were not at Waterloo, but joined the army of occupation which remained in France till 1816. Though probably few regiments have done harder work, yet it has been the misfortune of the 16th to be removed, by the circumstances of their duties, from many

* The Bedfordshire Regiment has on its colours the names "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet." The uniform is scarlet with white facings. Its badges are "The united Red and White Rose;" a hart within a garter on a Maltese cross on cap. A hart on collar. Its regimental precedence is 16th. Its motto is the motto of the Garter.

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