

The singer sat in her lonely room
 As the stars peeped out of the haze,
 And her voice poured forth in its sweetest gush
 Though none was beside to praise—
 Till she saw a form to her window creep
 And crouch by its misty pane,
 And an old dame wept at the wondrous song
 That gave back her youth again!

The singer stirred not, nor made a sign
 That she saw where the listener stood,
 But once and again she raised her voice
 And poured out its golden flood,
 And only ceased when the minster bells
 Shook out their evening clang—
 Then one thanked God for the song she heard,
 And one for the song she sang!

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

THE STORY OF THREE FAMOUS REGIMENTS.



TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.*

Such is the motto of a famous band of British soldiers which comprises three of the finest regiments in our army, united in spirit, quality, and tradition. We refer to the Brigade of Foot Guards, and it will be of interest at this juncture, when so much is being written and said about army reorganisation, if we glance for a few moments at the past history of a force which has always played an important part in the annals of this country, and whose services deserve to be placed in high relief as an example of what British soldiers have been in the past, and what England hopes they will also be in the future.

The brigade consists of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Fusilier regiments, the first having three battalions and the others two each. Each regiment is distinct in itself and is possessed of its own traditionary records, although the brigade has likewise traditions common to the trio which extend over a period of more than 200 years. Each regiment is possessed of an orderly room at the Horse Guards, where its affairs are conducted, and here are kept, amongst many interesting souvenirs, its records and State colour. The latter is an elaborate standard used only on special State occasions, such as mounting guard on the Queen's birthday, &c., and is of crimson silk, richly embroidered with gold and edged with gold fringe, and bearing in the centre the names of the battles in which the regiment has been engaged. The staff to which it is attached is surmounted with a lion and crown of gold, from which are suspended tassels of bullion. The oldest of the three regiments is the Coldstream, which, when the brigade is paraded, takes up its position as such on the left of the line; the Grenadier regiment comes next in point of seniority, and occupies the right, while the Fusiliers form up in the centre. The proper designation, or title, of the three corps is as follows:—

1. The Grenadier, or 1st Regiment of Foot Guards.
2. The Coldstream Guards.
3. The Scots Fusilier, or 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards.

Thus it will be seen that although there is a first and third regiment there is, nominally, no *second*, for the

Coldstreams is never officially designated by that number; the reason for this will presently appear, and meanwhile we will take the regiments in regular order and endeavour to ascertain, so far as the materials at hand will enable us to do, the story of each.

The Grenadiers were known as the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards from the Restoration of Charles II. down to the date of the Battle of Waterloo, when the Prince Regent conferred upon the regiment the title of "Grenadier," in honour of its having defeated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard at that famous fight. The regiment existed prior to the Restoration, however, and experienced many strange vicissitudes of fortune during those troublous times, not the least amongst these being its departure for France in the interests of Charles I., where it became disbanded, and its members wandered about the Continent begging for bread in order to sustain existence.* The Restoration brought this fine regiment back to its native land, where it has ever since formed the *premier* corps of the British Army, and is the subject of one of our most stirring national songs.†

The Coldstreams were raised in the year 1660, at the little town near Berwick-on-Tweed from whence the regiment derives its name, by George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, a general in the Parliamentary forces and an Admiral of the Fleet. Owing to this latter fact the regiment is permitted to bear on the Queen's colour, a small Union Jack in honour of its first colonel's naval rank, a proud privilege not appertaining to any other corps in the service. The gallant Coldstreams, as they were called, materially assisted in the happy restoration of the English monarchy, and to perform this patriotic duty they marched with their great colonel from Berwick to London, meeting with an enthusiastic reception in the towns and villages through which they passed. After the Restoration the three regiments were assembled on Tower Hill to take the oath of allegiance to the King, and as a sign that they repudiated the Commonwealth they were ordered to lay down their arms. Having obeyed this order with the utmost alacrity, they were then commanded to take them up in the King's service as the first, second, and third regiments of Foot Guards. The Grenadiers and Fusiliers did so,

* Vide Mackinnon's "History of the Coldstream Guards."

† The tune of "The British Grenadiers" dates from the Wars of Marlborough.

with cheers ; but the Coldstreams, to the astonishment of the King, who was present, stood firm.

"Why does your regiment hesitate?" inquired the King of General Monk.

"May it please your Majesty," said the stern old soldier, lowering the point of his sword, "the Coldstreamers are your Majesty's devoted servants, but after the services they have had the honour of rendering to your Highness, they cannot consent to be *second* to any regiment in your Majesty's service."

"They are right," said the King, "and they shall be *second to none*. Let them take up arms as my Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards."

Monk rode back to the line and communicated the King's decision to the regiment. It had a magical effect. The arms were instantly raised amid frantic cries of "Long live the King!"

Since this event the motto of the Coldstream Guards has been *Nulli Secundus*.

The Fusiliers were raised previous to the Restoration, and were called Scot's Fusiliers from the fact of Scot being the name of their first colonel. They are popularly believed to be of Scotch origin, but they were originally an Irish regiment. They have, however, of late years been composed principally of Scotchmen, and a band of *pipers* who wear the Highland costume was added to each battalion of the corps (by the Queen's permission) after the Crimean War. But, as we have seen above, the Coldstreamers are the genuine Scotch regiment. There is little known authoritatively about the movements of the Fusiliers previous to the time when it took up arms in the King's service as the 3rd Foot Guards, but since that event its brilliant services have equalled on every occasion those of sister regiments.

Here I must pause to remark that these time-honoured traditions are amongst the most treasured possessions of British regiments, for there is not a corps in our army without a history of its own. And, by some means or another, every soldier, from the colonel to the smallest drummer-boy, who takes a pride in his profession, becomes acquainted with these traditions, and cherishes them as jealously as if they were his own, and the deeds of his predecessors were a matter of life and death to him. And so it is ; for in those tattered colours which are borne proudly before him he views the record and visible embodiment of those deeds, and resolves, when in the battle-field, that no action of his shall sully the proud history of his corps. Nelson's celebrated signal at Trafalgar trebled the strength of the force under his command ; and so likewise in the heat of a battle on land the magic words, "Coldstreamers !" "Fusiliers !" "Black Watch !" (whichever the regiment may be) have precisely the same effect, by conjuring up in every man's breast that *esprit de corps*, without which a regiment would be an utter nonentity. The soldier of every nation is, as a rule, very sensitive with regard to the name and distinctive badges of his regiment, and none more so than the British soldier. Take these away, as some persons would have us do, and simply number the regiments from right to left, give them a universal

badge with clothing of the same pattern, or, in other words, destroy that regimental organisation which has made the British Army famous, and we shall have nothing left but a counterpart of the militia—a kind of armed mob, *minus* all those fine feelings and traditions which ennoble the profession of arms, and stimulate its disciples to deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. Let us hope that such a state of things will never come to pass.

The uniform of the Guards has undergone many changes since the Restoration, at which time it was of a very neat and picturesque character. It consisted of a frock-coat rounded off at the hips, and open in front, showing a waistcoat of a buff colour, with gilt buttons, tight leathern knee-breeches (white), jack-boots, and a three-cornered cavalier cocked hat. This continued to be their costume for a very long period. The "bearskin" headdress of the present day is a comparatively modern adoption, and was introduced into the English army by the Duke of Wellington, in imitation of those worn by Napoleon's Imperial Guard, while the present pattern tunic and waistbelt superseded the swallow-tailed coats and clumsy crossbelts, which were in use so recently as the year 1855.

The three regiments, although doing duty principally in London, have, at all critical moments in the nation's history, been ordered abroad to share in the glorious task of facing the foreign enemies of their country, and we find them acquitting themselves nobly beneath the banners of Marlborough, Moore, and Wellington. At the battle of Fontenoy occurred that ever-memorable scene, when for the first time the English and French Guards found themselves face to face, and both corps hesitated, from a noble sense of chivalry, to commence the attack. At length, with characteristic *sang-froid*, the French commander, lowering the point of his sword in respectful salute, exclaimed, "Gentlemen of the English Guards, please to fire first."

The Grenadiers were present at the battle of, and subsequent retreat from, Corunna, when Sir John Moore lost his life and was laid in a strange land—

"— like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him."

and by its conduct at this trying crisis, this gallant regiment proved that it could sustain hardship and reverse as nobly as it could rush to victory. The Coldstreamers at a later date proceeded to Egypt, where, beneath the shadow of the pyramids, and with the now historical "forty centuries looking down upon them,"* they gained fresh laurels against the French, and so distinguished themselves as to win the distinctive badge (a red plume) which they wear to this day in the right side of their "bearskin" caps. They also bear the word "Egypt" upon their colours, with the figure of a sphinx above it. Again, all through the Peninsular War the Guards performed gallant service, which culminated in that noble and irresistible charge at Waterloo that crushed Napoleon's power, and placed England upon the pinnacle of fame ; and for their services on this occasion, the Prince

* *Vide* Napoleon's address to his army on landing in Egypt.

Regent conferred upon the officers of the brigade a double rank, a privilege they are still permitted to enjoy.*

Forty long years of peace beheld the Guards performing their London duties, quietly, disturbed only by the Canadian rebellion of 1838, when two of the battalions were dispatched thither, and remained there for about four years. During the long period just mentioned there were not wanting detractors of their fame, who envied them their well-earned rest, and who seemed never weary of asserting that the Guards had deteriorated, and had fallen to the level of mere feather-bed soldiers. Suddenly, however, the Crimean War broke out, and the three regiments were again among the first to be dispatched to the seat of war. How nobly they conducted themselves in that campaign, let the hearts of their countrymen and countrywomen, on which their glorious deeds are engraven, bear living witness; for what Englishman can recall, without feeling a glow of honest national pride, the day when England's chosen troops—the flower of her army—

"———went up
Red Alma's heights to glory?"

Of the three gallant corps, the Fusiliers on that day bore off the palm, for their colours, riddled with shot and with their staves shattered, were among the first, if not *the* first, to be planted on the summit of those hard-won heights. At Balaklava, though under fire, the Guards were compelled, sorely against their will, to remain passive spectators of that immortal death-ride at which "all the world wondered," and which will remain an everlasting memorial of the splendid discipline, and stern devotion to duty, that is the characteristic of the British soldier. Then came Inkerman—the soldiers' battle—in which the brigade surpassed all its previous doings. The brave Coldstreamers—George Monk's *Nulli Secundus* men—made heroes of themselves, and immortalised their name. They went into action with sixteen officers and 400 men, and of this small number they had thirteen officers and more than 200 men killed and wounded.

This regiment positively crossed bayonets with the Russians *eleven times*, and the spot which the Guardsmen defended so gallantly became heaped with their corpses. Eight officers were killed, amongst them being Colonels Cowell, Elliot, and Mackinnon, who fell while leading their men to the charge. Many were bayoneted as they lay wounded by the brutal foes, and one—poor Captain Ramsden, an officer as gentle as he was brave—was so disfigured as to be almost beyond recognition when his body was afterwards found. At length the Grenadiers and Fusiliers, after much fighting, cut their way to the spot where their gallant comrades were being annihilated. Thus united, the three regiments bore down upon the enemy in a line of single file (so fearfully had they suffered) and beat them back down the ravine.

When peace was proclaimed the Guards returned home, to receive the well-earned reward of their prowess. All London turned out to welcome them, and a right hearty welcome it was. Her Majesty the Queen, and the Prince Consort, witnessed the march of the three regiments from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, and the former waved her handkerchief to the brave fellows, as they passed by on their way to Hyde Park, with their ranks broken by the people, who in their enthusiasm wished to shake hands with the heroes of the day. Indeed, their reception was quite an ovation, and never had soldiers so nobly deserved it. With bronzed faces, and beards descending halfway down to their waists, they looked the fitting impersonation of that gallant little army which had conquered foe, frost, hardship, and suffering, and added new lustre to the pages of our island story.

Such then is a brief sketch of the history of these three famous regiments. Their deeds would fill volumes: but it must suffice to say that no army in the world could ever wish to be represented by a nobler phalanx of men than the Brigade of British Foot Guards, and that (to paraphrase a certain well-known and now historical expression) our army—nay, the whole Empire is "proud of them."

J. A. E.

"GONE AWAY—NO TRACE!"

TOLD OVER A COUNTER.

"**A**H! Mrs. Marbury, is that you? What wind has blown you into the old neighbourhood? Have you come to settle amongst us again?" I opened my eyes as a tall young fellow, with a cheerful aspect and ruddy complexion, put these questions to me over the counter of a North London branch post-office, whither I had gone for a money-order, to send to my land-

lady in Camden Town. You see, my movements are uncertain; and Mrs. Griffiths has quite enough to do to make ends meet, without waiting for her lodger's rent.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed; "I did not know you, Mr. Green; how young men do change in a short time! you had no whiskers when I saw you last."

"Short time, Mrs. Marbury!" he replied, in amazement; "why, it is more than eight years since. There has been time for many more changes than the growth of my whiskers. There has been time for me to succeed to my father's business, and for a good long courtship, and my marriage into the bargain. And as for the neighb—"

* An Ensign in the Guards ranks as a Lieutenant in the army, and bears the double designation of "Ensign and Lieutenant." This becomes "Lieutenant and Captain," "Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel," &c., as he rises in his regiment; and should he wish to exchange into another regiment, he would do so with an officer of the superior rank, as he receives the pay for such rank.