

her family, until the latter part of 1868, when they decided to go to Germany. They remained at Dresden until the outbreak of the Franco-German War, which induced them to return forthwith to London. Here they remained, amid a circle of sympathising friends, for two years. In February, 1871, Mrs. Hawthorne had a return of typhoid-pneumonia, from which she had suffered severely before leaving America, and to this, after much suffering, she succumbed, on Sunday, the 26th. The following Saturday "we followed her," writes her daughter, "to Kensal Green, and she was laid there on a sunny hillside, looking towards the

east. We had a head and footstone of white marble, with a place for flowers between, and Rose and I planted some ivy there that I had brought from America, and a periwinkle from papa's grave. The inscription is 'Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' and on the tombstone, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done his work as biographer lovingly and well, and the two volumes he has just issued ("Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife": London, Chatto and Windus) are fascinating reading throughout.

THE BUGLE-CALLS OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.



ALL military matters are brought nowadays much more frequently to the eyes and ears of the general public than was the case formerly, and perhaps hardly a family exists, in village or town, but has some connection with members of either the Regular Army, the Militia, or the Volunteers. During the summer months, when camps

of instruction are so frequently formed, the sound of the bugle testifies to the presence of the civilian army throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the inhabitants of a garrison town are in the same way continually reminded of the presence of regular troops by the notes of the bugle. The calls being the same whether addressed to the volunteers in camp or to the inmates of a town barrack, a short explanation of them may be found interesting to those who frequently hear them.

Considering the length of some of the calls, it may surprise the reader to hear that there are only five different notes played on the bugle, and though that is the case, the language of the instrument is not at all limited. A language with only five words might be thought easy to learn, and yet the different arrangements of these "words" ("sentences," as I may call them) are endless. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of a soldier's training to learn the language of the bugle, and even unmusical men soon acquire it. For, in the first place, the same "calls" sound much about the same time each day—a hungry recruit, for instance, does not take long to recognise the "Dinner Bugle," nor does the careless soldier forget the summons to extra drill, much as he might wish to do so. The men in their barrack-rooms, too, often associate words with the notes of the bugle, and that is a help to remember the meaning of the sounds heard.

I will first explain, as to the instrument itself, that

the notes are all made with the lip and tongue; there are no keys used, as is the case with most brass instruments: they are all notes of the common chord; and although bugles are always in the key of B flat, music for them is written in the key of C. The notes used (the five words of the language) are—



It will be easily understood that no great knowledge of the principles of music is necessary to play an instrument so limited in its capacity; a correct ear, a thorough acquaintance with *time*—for even dotted semiquavers occur frequently—and a power of learning by heart all the different calls are the chief essentials.

The authorised course of instruction for a bugler is to begin by playing the lowest note with all the variations of time or duration. The same exercises are then taught on the second note, G; these two notes are then combined in a variety of ways, after which the original one-note exercises are taken on the third note of the bugle; and when perfect in that note, exercises are played with the three notes combined, and so on with the others.

This very monotonous work is often to be heard near barracks, and it becomes decidedly painful to the ear when, perhaps, one or two boys out of a class of six or eight play out of tune. I have, however, known a case of a boy turning out a first-rate bugler who never went through a regular course at all. His father was a sergeant, who had left the army, and merely by whistling the bugle-calls, as he remembered them, the boy picked them up, and having learnt how to sound the bugle, reproduced them very correctly. This is, perhaps, rather an unusual case, and, if often tried, would naturally end in the calls being played very irregularly.

There are altogether over sixty different calls in constant use, but it would certainly only puzzle my readers, and occupy too much space, were I to give half of them here. So I will take the commonest of them, in the order in which they might be expected to

occur in any one day, either in a barrack or camp; and if any one wishes for a further acquaintance with the language of the bugle, he can get it by buying a copy of the regulation manual.

Complete silence is supposed to reign during the night both in camp and barracks, though even strict military discipline has not yet put a stop to snoring; but these stentorian sounds are not often heard by outsiders, and the first intimation they get that the silence of night is past is frequently the report of the morning gun. In any case, about 6 a.m. the bugler begins his day's duty by sounding the "Rouse":—



For some peculiar reason, soldiers have associated with these notes the following words:—"I bought a horse, I bought a horse, I stole a donkey." The music as far as the pause must be repeated twice. The last two bars have no words set to them.

There is another bugle-call used sometimes instead of the "Rouse:" it is called the "Reveillée," and is much longer and more difficult to play: in fact, buglers often break down in it, as it is very trying to their lips the first thing in the morning. There are no less than five changes of time: beginning very slow, in common time, it then increases to an *allegretto*, which is followed by a rapid movement in 6-8 time; the next part is slower again, and it finishes in 2-4 time, *presto*.

The next call will be the "Dress for Parade." I give the first four bars only, which are repeated note for note at the end also:—



Shortly after this call will come the "Fall-in," by which time every man must be ready to step into his place in the ranks:—



It must not be thought that these three calls would always be heard exactly one after the other as given here, for the bugle is the usual means by which orders of all kinds are conveyed, and if anything or any one was wanted different from the case I have assumed, the bugler would certainly be called into requisition. Another remark I must make is that every regiment has a short, but distinctive, call of its own, which precedes all other bugle-calls; it is of use in calling attention to the order which is going to be given—much, in fact, as one man calls another by his name before making a remark to him. It is also really necessary in cases when two or more regiments are in camp together, and when the bugles of one regiment would be heard equally plainly by the others, so that great confusion would occasionally arise if the "Regimental Call" were not distinctly heard.

During the early hours of the day there would probably be many calls played, with the object of getting together the men previously detailed for special duties

—for instance, a fatigue party might be wanted for cleaning up the barrack buildings, or a party to form a picquet might have to march off to its station; and whenever the day's supply of bread and meat was ready for issue, the "Ration Bugle" would sound:—



This call is a good example of how different orders are given by the bugle with only very slight alteration of the notes played. As given above, it means that the ration of bread is ready to be served out; the men, therefore, whose duty it was to fetch it from the stores would take with them their large tin dishes; but if the same call were played with the last long note repeated twice, it would show that the day's ration of meat was ready. The men would then have to take with them the nets in which the meat is cooked. And it would show the cooks that their work would very soon commence, and they would put the finishing touches to their respective fires. The "Ration Call" is also sounded when groceries or vegetables are to be issued, but in this case the long note is repeated three times.

I will now give a bugle-call which must be heard every day wherever a body of soldiers is quartered. It may be sounded at different hours, at different stations, and may be earlier or later, according to the time of year, but it is generally sounded with great punctuality: it is the "Guard Bugle":—



This calls the soldiers to their most important duty—a duty for which they have been preparing themselves and their accoutrements with great diligence, and which they dislike perhaps as much as any other duty they have to do. Sometimes the men for picquet have to parade at the same time as the men for guard, and it is for that reason, I suppose, that soldiers have set to these notes the following words, which must be repeated to fit in with the music: "Come and do your picquet, boys, come and do your guard."

A little later in the morning, perhaps about 9.30 or 10.0, the bugle will sound again for drill. After a few minutes' steady drill, carried out by word of command, a sudden change will come over the general appearance of the movements. About half the men will run out, separating themselves from one another, and the other half will throw themselves flat on the ground. This shows that the troops are to be exercised in an imaginary attack on the enemy, and as they will be spread over a large tract of country, orders must be conveyed to them by the bugle. I must not attempt to carry my readers through the varying fortunes of an action, and give all the calls which might possibly have to be sounded.

Our gallant troops at length march back to their quarters, and shortly after their return, perhaps even before they have had time to wash the dust from

their faces and the dirt from their rifles, the welcome notes of the "Dinner Bugle" will resound through the barracks:—



and voices will be heard in joyful reply, "You're glad you've 'listed now, boys, you're glad you've 'listed now;" and very true the remark is too, for there is many a lad in the army sits down every day of his life to a better dinner than he ever had before he donned Her Majesty's uniform. This same call is sounded for the men's breakfasts, at about 7.45, and for their tea at 4.0 or 4.30 p.m.; and on each occasion it is followed by another call, about a quarter of an hour later, which is termed the second bugle, and also about the same time the sergeants will be summoned to their meals; but the calls need not be given here.

In the afternoon the bugler will not be worked so hard. Probably, about 3.0 there will be another drill; there may be also a summons to "School" for those lads who have not passed the required simple examination. A little later the sergeants who have to stay in barracks will be called together by the bugle for "Orders," when the detail of work for the next day is given out.

After dark, and until about 9.30, the "Defaulters Call" is sounded once an hour, at which times the men confined to barracks have to answer their names to the sergeant, so that he may be sure none of them are absent. As a contrast to this, I will give the "Officers' Dinner Call," for, happily, the bugler has pleasant orders to give as well as disagreeable ones. Soldiers often put these words to the first four bars:—"The officers' wives eat puddings and pies, but soldiers' wives eat skilly." Why special reference is made to the fair sex I do not know; the ladies of a regiment do not of necessity have to obey the bugle for settling their dinner hour, nor would it be true nowadays to state that the soldiers' wives have to be content with prison fare, yet this is distinctly assumed in the words quoted. But be that as it may, the words and the music go well enough together, and so we must let it pass without further comment:—



There are three long bugle-calls which cannot be given *in extenso*, but which would very soon become familiar to any one on the look-out for them. The first of the three is called the "Retreat," and is always played at sunset, unless the authorities of the garrison take it into their heads to order it to be played at any particular time. I believe in some places, for instance, it is always sounded at 6 o'clock. The second is the "Tattoo," or "First Post," and may be heard at 9.30 p.m., and is not unfrequently followed by a roll of drums, and then a marching through the streets by the drum and fife band. Half an hour later the third call is played, or "Last Post;" and after this, any soldier seen in the streets is either "absent" or "on pass." The concluding bars of both the "First" and "Last Post" are exactly alike, and the long low notes, which are easily recognised, occur also at the *beginning* of the "Last Post;" there is, indeed, a great similarity between the two calls.

I give here the opening bars of the "Retreat" and the ending of the "Last Post":—

RETREAT.



LAST POST.



And as the last long note dies away, the bugler may congratulate himself that his work is nearly over. He has had little rest all day; he has had to be ready at a moment's notice to give the necessary orders; he could not even sit down to his meals in perfect security; and now one more note is all he has to sound. A quarter of an hour is allowed after the "Last Post," and then the order is given for "Lights Out":—



which the bugler plays with considerable satisfaction. The men who are not already there tumble into bed with all the haste they can; the smokers snatch a parting light for their pipes; the keen argument or heated discussion has to wait for solution till the following morning; and silence once more reigns supreme.

SLUMBER-SONG.

SLEEP, little baby, for daylight is dying,
Fading away in the far-distant west;
Sleep, little baby, for birdies are flying
Home to their little ones, home to their nest!
Sleep, little baby, then! slumber and rest—
Slumber and rest!

Sleep, little baby, for shadows are creeping
Silently over wood, meadow, and mere;
Sleep, little baby, for bright stars are peeping

Out of the heavens to look at you here!
Sleep, little baby, for night-time is near—
Night-time is near.

Sleep, little baby: may sweet peace enfold thee,
Weaving around thee fair curtains of rest!
Sleep, little baby: may good angels hold thee
Safe till the new day in splendour is dressed!
Sleep, little precious one! slumber and rest—
Slumber and rest!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.