

A CORPORAL OF THE LINE:
PRESENT TIME.

I DOUBT whether the soldier of to-day is personally a better fellow, or a braver, than at any other period of his history; but the great social barrier between him and his civilian countryman being happily almost a thing of the past, he is perhaps more popular at the present time than he ever was before.

Our standing army dates back little more than a couple of centuries; and, strange as it may sound to some, its very existence is voted annually in Parliament, and becomes legal year by year.

It began in the days of the Merry Monarch with two regiments of horse and six of foot—picturesque-looking warriors with broad-leaved hats and curled periwigs, who stood firmly

with feet apart to handle their pikes and prime their clumsy matchlocks; it increased under various sovereigns in time of war, and was partially disbanded when peace came again; it grew terribly German under the later Georges—keeping its heels together in constrained and well-nigh impossible attitudes; paid great attention to the cock of its hats and the length and fashion of its pigtales; was braided and bebuttoned, and plastered with pipeclay and flour; won high renown in Flanders, where it once "swore terribly," more renown in various corners of Europe, and in America; was flogged and branded, recruited by the press-gang, had the gaols turned into its ranks on occasion; and then, when we threw in our lot with the enemies of the French Revolution at the close of the last century, went far to lose much of its well-earned prestige under incompetent generals.

William III. did much to improve it, although he played with it largely as a toy in his favourite game of war.

There is a story of his period which will well bear repetition. Our bayonet—a weapon first mentioned in the British service in April, 1672—screwed into the muzzle of the musket, so that when fixed it was impossible to fire.

The French had invented a new attachment, then unknown to us; and in a battle, the name of which has been lost, a French



"SIR ROBERT SAVED THE CREDIT OF HIS REGIMENT AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS LIFE."

regiment charged our 25th—then the Edinburgh Regiment—with its bayonets thus fixed.

Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell ordered his men to screw in their bayonets, and the French drew nearer and nearer, until, to the dismay of the British, who expected to meet cold steel, they poured in a crashing volley at short range, which threw us into confusion.

Happily, we rallied, and the square-skirted red coats faced with yellow pressed on with such irresistible fury that the enemy's regiment lost the reward of the unlooked-for advantage they had taken, and were driven out of line.

Charles II.'s was a scarlet force, and that colour has ever since been our national one—no regiment having carried it with greater honour than the Royal Scots, who were nicknamed "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard," from their claim to antiquity as a corps.

When I was requested a few years ago to design some figures for their silver mess-trophy, the principal group represented a very heroic act performed by Colonel Sir

Robert Douglas of Glenbirvie at the battle of Steenkirke, 1692.

Their colour was captured by the French, but, springing into the middle of them, Sir Robert slew the officer who had taken it, and was returning, when he was himself mortally wounded; with a last effort, as he sank down, he flung the heavy standard over a hedge among his own men, and saved the credit of his regiment at the expense of his life.

Cavalry in the last century was not the dashing force we know now: it trotted calmly up to the enemy, and fired a volley, when, if the foe showed signs of confusion, the troopers drew their long swords and went at them; but if they stood firm, the squadrons wheeled and tried for better luck in another quarter!

At one period the horses had their ears cropped and their tails docked and cut into a species of knob, and it is said that in Germany they were so maddened by the flies, which they were unable to whisk off owing to that barbarous regulation, that they were sometimes rendered unmanageable, and consequently useless as a force.

An insight into the cavalry of that period may be obtained by a few curious anecdotes of Ligonier's Regiment, then called "The Blacks," and now the 7th Dragoon Guards.

It was on the Irish establishment for thirty years, and was so popular with the younger sons of good families, that they often paid from twenty to thirty guineas for the privilege of becoming a trooper.

Suddenly ordered on service in the summer of 1742, when the horses were at grass and the men's uniforms in the last month of wear, they were reviewed on Hounslow Heath by George II., and placed between the Blues and Pembroke's Horse, then newly clothed and splendidly mounted. The contrast was marked, and their colonel in despair.

"Well, Ligonier," said the King, "your men have the air of soldiers, but their horses indeed look poorly. How is it?"

"Sir," replied Ligonier, "the men are Irish, and gentlemen—the horses are English."

At Dettingen, where they only mustered 180 strong, they charged the French Gendarmes, who were drawn up six deep, and lost six officers and fifty-six men, having to fight their way out against heavy odds.

Cornet Richardson, carrying the standard, received thirty-seven wounds, and returned with the colour pole slashed in many places.

When asked how he had managed to preserve it, he said—

"If the *wood* of the pole had not been made of *iron*, the colour would have been cut off."

The standard was presented to him for his gallantry when new colours were given to the regiment the following winter.

At Fontenoy the "Blacks" mustered their full strength, although they had left a man behind in Brussels, shot through the thigh in a duel; for thirty-seven recruits had just joined, being one more than was required, and the distress of the odd man was so great, that Sir John Ligonier kept him at his own expense until there should be a vacancy.

They had a strange court-martial at Ath on a trooper who, his horse being shot in the morning at Fontenoy, had not joined until after the battle.

The regiment was so enraged that they were for summarily dismissing him; but he demanded to be heard, and brought Lieutenant Izard of the Welsh Fusiliers as a witness, who stated that the dismounted trooper had come to him and requested to be allowed to carry a firelock during the battle in the grenadier company, and after fighting valiantly all day, was one of the *nine* men of that company that came out of action.

He was instantly restored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke of Cumberland gave him a commission in the Welsh Fusiliers—one of the few creditable acts on record of the "Butcher of Culloden."

It is further said that from the time of the regiment leaving Ireland until its return, not a single case of desertion occurred, not a man or horse was taken by the enemy, only six men died natural deaths, and thirty-seven troopers were promoted to commissions—a very rare thing in those days of purchase and privilege, when a few years later a lieutenant-colonelcy of horse cost £4,940, and an ensigncy in a foot regiment £405.

Great changes took place during the last century in the appearance of our troops.

The handsome Cavalier hat was looped up first on one side, and then on all three, and thus became the well-known three-cornered headgear, altering in shape, or "cock," as it was called, and passing through various fashions—such as the "Ramilies," the "Kevenhuller," the "Nivernois," and the old

"Egham, Staines, and Windsor," so named because the angles pointed in three directions like a well-known finger-post—until in 1800 it was replaced in the infantry by a straight shako, popularly called the "smoke-jack."

Regiments, once named after their colonels, were numbered by George II. in 1751, but the numbers were not placed on the buttons until sixteen years later, and the old county titles were not adopted until 1782.

Although promotion was dear and difficult, a private's funeral was not expensive, the items being as follows:—

"To the parson, 2s. 6d.; sexton, 1s.; gravedigger, 1s.; for the pall, 1s. 6d.; for a coffin, 8s. 6d."—or 14s. 6d. all told.

One strange circumstance will bear recording here of a burial that took place after Egmont-op-Zee, 1799, where our 31st met the same regiment in the French service.

A private of ours, named Robert Huilock,



ROYAL REGIMENT OF FOOT, 1742.

was shot through both jaws, and, mistaken for dead, was buried in a sandhill by a comrade named John Carnes, but coming to during the night, and having been but lightly covered, he crawled out, reached a picket, and eventually recovered!

Being greatly disfigured, and his voice

almost unintelligible, a part of his tongue and palate having been carried away, he served as a pioneer, and when in Malta, in 1809, dug the grave of a man who had died.

When the burial party reached it, they



INFANTRY, 1812.

found Hullock still digging, although the grave was then ten feet below the surface, and being questioned, he said—

"Why, sir, it's for poor John Carnes who buried me, and I think, sir, if I get him that deep, it will puzzle him to creep out as I did."

After the service had been read, he filled in the grave, and thus had the remarkable experience of burying the man who had buried him ten years before!

Recruiting at various periods was curious and costly.

A man enlisted for life as a rule, although in Queen Anne's time a three years' term was adopted, and even a two years' service during the troubles of the '45, and every means (fair and foul) was used to get men into the army. Ballot, substitution, recruiting by beat of drum, even the press-gang, while criminals were often offered a free pardon if they would become soldiers, and sometimes the occupants of the gaols were requisitioned, whether they would or not!

We read of a preacher whose rival drew larger congregations, taking him before the

justices as a Methodist, and actually succeeding in compelling him to be a soldier; also of £60 being paid at Plymouth for a substitute for the militia; and another man selling himself at seven-and-threepence a pound!

In the iniquitous days of the press-gang, likely fellows, if refractory, were tied down to ringbolts in the floors of the crimping-houses, which mobs often destroyed in spite of the military who were called out to protect them.

One day at the beginning of this century, a groom was leading a horse that had cast a shoe in Withy Grove, Manchester, when he was seized by the press-gang to carry a knapsack for King George.

They dragged him into the "Seven Stars," a fine old inn with many a strange legend connected with its pointed gables, and before they left he nailed the shoe at the foot of the staircase, saying that he would claim it when he returned from the wars. That was in 1805, and I saw the shoe still in its place only a few months ago!

In spite of bad pay and popular disfavour, however, and all the thousand and one circumstances that went to make the soldier shunned, often unjustly, there was always another side to his life—the fighting side, and he got plenty of that, if an ungrateful country gave him very little else.

It is not generally recognised that, out of the 715 years between A.D. 1100 and A.D. 1815, England and France were at war for 265 of them!

On the 31st May, 1763, the old colours of the 25th, "being much wounded in Germany, particularly in the glorious and ever memorable battle of Minden," were buried with military honours at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the regiment was then quartered.

The 25th was one of the six "Minden regiments," who lost among them nearly fourteen hundred officers and men; and this burial of their shot-riven standards is a very curious fact.

The greatest loss a regiment could sustain was that of its colours, and some of the noblest acts of heroism ever recorded have been done in their defence or capture.

We have already seen how Douglas of Glenbirvie saved his standard at Steenkirke, and Richardson at Dettingen, but it would take a volume to even briefly narrate the incidents of a similar nature on authentic record, and tell of Christie, of the 44th, at Quatre Bras, who, writhing in agony with a lance-head piercing eye, tongue, and jaw, kept hold of the pole until his men killed the daring lancer; of Clarke, a volunteer in the 69th at the same battle, who received twenty-three wounds and lost an arm before his

precious charge was wrested from him; of Lathom, of the Buffs, at Albuera, who exclaimed, "I will surrender it only with my life!" when, with left arm and hand cut off, and otherwise frightfully wounded, he dropped his sword and seized the King's colour in his remaining hand, although surrounded and ridden over by the French cavalry: even then they were unable to take it from him, and the Prince Regent afterwards defrayed the expense of a delicate operation by the celebrated Dr. Carpue to restore the nose and half the face of the brave fellow.

Or of Ensign Jackson, also at Albuera, who had nine balls through his clothes, four wounds, and thirty shot-holes in the silk of the King's colour of the 57th; of Sergeant Masterson of the 87th, who took the first Eagle taken during the war from the 8th Light Infantry, and received a commission; of Ewart at Waterloo; or the capture of the "Invincibles'" standard at Alexandria by the Black Watch; of the marvellous escape of the ensigns of the 11th at Salamanca, where a shot took off the heads of the two sergeants beside them and also that of a black cymbal-player in the rear.

Coming nearer to our own time, we find Anstruther, at the Alma, falling dead on the Queen's colour of the Welsh Fusiliers, which had twenty-six bullet-holes in it; and Clutterbuck of the 63rd, who was killed at Inkerman with the Queen's colour in his grasp; the nineteen sergeants of the 33rd, who fell in the former battle chiefly in defence of the colours; and last, but excelled by no other deed ever penned, the dash with the colour after Isandhlwana, which enrolled Melvill and Coghill among the heroes of the Victoria Cross, although their lives had ended on the scene of their gallantry.

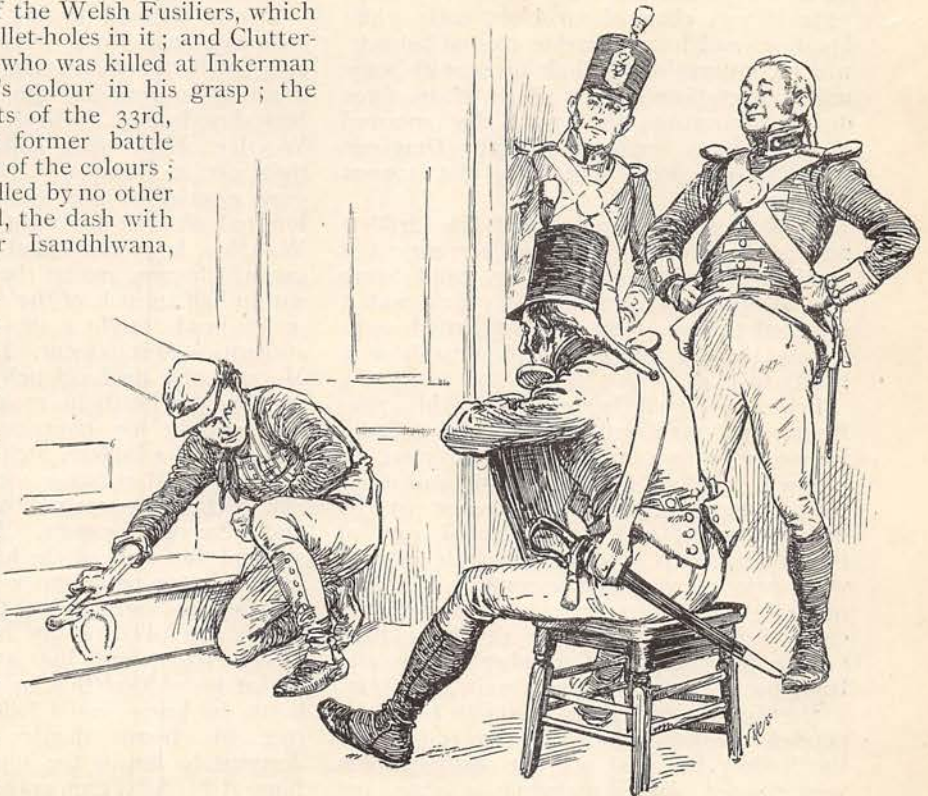
Formerly regiments carried three colours, but the 2nd Foot, now Royal West Surrey, alone have the privilege. In presenting new standards to the Welsh Fusiliers in 1849, one of which was that mentioned

above, Prince Albert summed up the uses and object of the two distinct ensigns in the following words: "Receive these colours: *one*, emphatically called *The Queen's*—let it be a pledge of your loyalty to your sovereign, and of obedience to the laws of your country; the *other*, more especially the *regimental* one—let that be a pledge of your determination to maintain the honour of your regiment. In looking at the one you will think of your sovereign; in looking at the other you think of those who have fought, bled, and *conquered* before you."

The Romans had their company colour—a wisp of straw on a pole, from which the term *manipulus* was derived; and the Germans to-day have a simple staff, as though to mark the obvious insanity of so conspicuous a mark as the huge silk folds of past times, the carrying of which Lord Wolseley has designated as nothing less than murder.

It is strange to read an order issued by Lieutenant-General Fowkes in Dublin, in 1764, wherein he recommends "that the officers of the Horse Guards will avoid mixing with the ladies in the drawing-room (of the Castle), on account of the inconvenience of spurs to the ladies' hooped petticoats."

The old term "Horse, foot, and dragons"



"HE NAILED THE SHOE AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE."

at one period embraced the three distinct arms of the service, for the dragoon was by training neither altogether a cavalry nor a foot soldier, being a species of "mounted infantry" link between the two; but in 1759 Light Dragoons were first added to the English army, and marked the dawn of a new era.

Although it "takes nine tailors to make a man," according to an old adage, the first regiment of Light Dragoons raised is said to have largely consisted of tailors, a number of those indispensable gentry having come to London to petition the king, and being induced to join Elliot's Light Horse, in whose ranks the poet Coleridge served under an assumed name for a short time.

These light horsemen soon slashed out a tremendous reputation for themselves in Germany, where the 15th took five French battalions, their colours, and nine guns; in Portugal, where the 16th did great things under Burgoyne; and in America, where the 17th displayed their striking motto, "Death or Glory," in memory of General Wolfe, now borne by their representatives—the gallant 17th Lancers.

Their first uniform was scarlet, with red horsehair plumes on their helmets; but in 1784 it was changed to blue, with white braiding, and huge bearskin crested helmets, which continued to be their dress, with some minor alterations, until 1812, when those drastic innovations took place that annoyed Wellington so keenly, and Light Dragoons went into coatees and ugly flat topped shakoes.

Artillery, previously distributed in dribbles among the regiments, became a regiment of itself in 1716, its now famous band being formed when in Germany in 1762; and it is stated to have been the first British corps to use the fife and drum (presumably as a band), in 1747.

Prussia adopted horse artillery in 1759; France in 1792; and we, ever behindhand in accepting any improvement, in 1793.

The Grenadiers, famous in song and story, were separate companies attached to the different corps, and wore pointed caps of fur in Charles II.'s reign; of cloth, worked with various devices and resembling a bishop's mitre in the last century; and towards the close of it, fur caps again; the First Foot Guards becoming the Grenadier Guards, and being put entirely into bearskins in July, 1815.

Highlanders had their origin in the independent companies raised in 1729 to overawe the lawless clans and prevent raiding, which were formed into a regiment in 1739, and became eventually the famous Black Watch.

Many purely Scottish regiments were raised for service at various periods, and their bravery has always been conspicuous, at the present time the *esprit de corps* being higher in our kilted regiments than probably any other of the Line.

In 1800, our army, which in Charles II.'s reign began with a small 5,000, numbered 168,082 men, and the Peninsular War gave it a reputation that will never die, and also left a permanent mark on its discipline and organisation.

Some of the most terrible fighting ever seen took place during that war, and the remark of the French marshal (either Soult or Bugeaud, both Peninsular men) is well known: "The British infantry," he said, "is the finest in the world—happily there is not much of it."

The pigtails, ten inches long in 1799, were shortened to seven inches in 1804, and in 1808 disappeared altogether, the 28th Foot receiving orders to cut them off when on board ship at Spithead, and, all the tails being collected, they were heaved over the side with three hearty cheers.

A military chat of this description would be incomplete without some mention of the extraordinary wounds to which our soldiers have been subject at various times.

Private Samuel Evans, of the grenadier company, 2nd Foot, lived for sixteen days after the battle of Corunna, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had been shot through the heart there. Lieutenant Worsley of the 95th Rifles, was hit in the right ear at Badajoz, in 1812, and for three years went about with a twist that compelled him to look over his right shoulder, until, at Waterloo, he received another ball in the left ear, which came out at the back of the neck within half an inch of the former wound, and set his head straight again—a strange but well-authenticated statement. Lieutenant-General Murray, who died colonel of the 72nd, and member for Perth in 1794, had slept sitting bolt upright for *thirty-two years*, in consequence of a bullet which entered under his lower rib at Martinique, tore through the left lobe of the lungs, crossed the chest, and lodged under the right scapula. At Quilon, in 1809, a round shot took off the legs of nine artillerymen dragging a gun into position; and another, at Waterloo, carried away the head of Captain Fisher and killed twenty-five of the 40th.

Yet Picton, badly hurt at Quatre Bras, concealed his wound that he might fight in the battle he knew would follow, and where he met his heroic death; Colin Campbell, desperately hit in the hip with the forlorn hope at St. Sebastian, crawled out of hospital and led his company at the Bidassoa, where

he was again badly wounded ; and ten men of the 22nd concealed their Hyderabad wounds and marched next day, rather than miss the next fight.

Such has ever been the spirit of the British army, but not from an indifference to human suffering, for the Duke of Marlborough, seeing a soldier leaning thoughtfully on his firelock after the battle of Blenheim, said to him : "Why so sad, my friend, after so glorious a victory?" "It may be glorious," was the reply, "but I am thinking how much blood I have spilt this day for fourpence" (the private soldier's pay at that period). As late as 1860 we find an English officer, whose

quiet vicarage home. But we must now take a long bound, and find ourselves among our soldiers of to-day.

At the present time our regular force is 222,194 strong, exclusive of reserves, 78,168 ; militia, 117,789 ; a struggling cohort of 9,745 yeomanry cavalry, and 331,704 volunteers ;



"I HAVE BEEN THINKING HOW MUCH BLOOD I HAVE SPILT THIS DAY FOR FOURPENCE."

coolness at his gun largely helped to save a victory during the Chinese War, struck with so great a horror at the carnage he had created, that he threw up his commission and devoted himself to the cause of the Gospel.

Many officers have left the Service for the Church, at least one V.C. amongst them, and also one of the "Six Hundred," who, however, still preserved the dashing hussar uniform he had worn at Balaclava in the study of his

the regulars, who are 3,874 above the establishment, being recruited on the "short service" system of twelve years—viz. seven with the colours and five in the reserve, unless a man's time expires on foreign service, when he is liable to put in eight years' colour service and reduce his reserve time to four years.

There are a few exceptions to the distribution of service, the Guards having the option

of joining with the colours for three years, and the Army Service Corps enlisting in all cases for three years' colour service and nine in the reserve.

We have thirty-one regiments of cavalry and seventy-four of infantry, the artillery being divided into horse, field, mountain, and garrison batteries, the latter the most difficult branch of the service to recruit.

The Engineers, Ordnance Store Corps, and Medical Staff must not be overlooked; the Marines, a very crack branch, which often refuses men that other corps would jump at, being paid under the navy vote.

The cavalry is classified as heavy, medium, and light, the last class consisting entirely of the thirteen hussar regiments—an arm, gaily equipped with smart busbies and pretty yellow braiding, which represents a considerable expenditure of patience, language, and chrome per annum.

Hussars came into our service in 1806, the 10th Light Dragoons having had a troop dressed in the Hungarian costume some time before that; Lancers, of whom we have five

It is, perhaps, invidious to select particular regiments as being finer or more popular than their comrades, but the Scots Greys, the Guards, the Highlanders, the various Fusilier and Rifle Corps, and the Royal Horse Artillery are known all the world over.

The first named ride grey horses to a man, and are conspicuous as the only cavalry corps wearing the bearskin, a relic of the grenadier head-gear they won at Ramilies.

Horses have been purchased by the Army Remount Department since 1887, from fifteen two to sixteen hands, and in age rising four to seven years; ten per cent. of our horses requiring to be replaced annually, and the regiments highest on the roster for service are kept up to the highest strength.

Formerly, colonels made their own arrangements, and the result was not always satisfactory, few being able, like Lord Cardigan, to dip deeply into their purses to improve their mounts; still, notwithstanding the new system, the horse question is a difficulty, and as it takes a year to train a charger, as against eight months to render his rider reasonably efficient, we should be hard put to it in the event of a European war.

Cavalry weapons are—sword, attached to the saddle when mounted, carbine, lance, and revolver, each trooper carrying thirty rounds of ball. They have three distinct kinds of boot—jacks for riding, Wellingtons worn under the overalls, and highlows for general use, with a jack-spur, and a Wellington.

The cavalry of the Household are magnificent *en grande tenue* in their shining cuirasses and "Queen's breeches," while in undress they remain true to Dickens's happy description of that trooper, who had "such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else."

The infantry, with valise equipment and magazine-rifle, are still dressed, with few exceptions, in our time-honoured scarlet, which has of late years been elbowed by the serviceable khaki at the front; but the well-known facings, some of which were old as the army itself, disappeared in 1881, the East Kent alone getting back their "buff" after a struggle.

For royal regiments the facings are now blue—white for English, yellow for Scottish, and green for the Emerald Isle, but many quaint customs still survive reform, and may they ever do so. Branding for desertion and bad conduct was abolished in 1871; flogging ten years later. The "shilling" is no longer given to the recruit, and the iniquitous system of purchase was done away with in 1871; but the Welsh Fusiliers still retain their black silk "flash," once intended to prevent the



DRUMMER OF THE FOOT GUARDS, 1792.

splendid regiments, only appearing in our army in 1816.

The minimum height for infantry is 5 feet 4 inches; for cavalry, 5 feet 5 inches; and the minimum chest measurement respectively 33 inches and 34 inches.

pigtail greasing the coat. The "hymn tunes" of the 41st are yet played every Sunday after last post; several regiments deck their helmets with roses on Minden Day; and so on.

Uniform, which we have touched upon at various periods of its alteration, is supplied by the Army Clothing Depôt at Pimlico, and is technically known as "clothing," the under garments being called "necessaries"; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the "free kit" given out on enlistment represents everything the soldier has to buy.

If he joins the hussars, for example, he receives, nominally, thirteence a day, paid weekly, a pound of bread, and three-quarters of meat, with use of gas and coal; but tea, milk, butter, potatoes, and anything in the way of relishes he must pay for at an average of threepence *per diem*. Sixpence a week is deducted for the weekly washing of one small towel, a shirt, pair of drawers, and pair of socks; he pays the room "buck," or guard, twopence a week; library costs him threepence. In short, about half-a-crown fades from his astonished vision before he gets anything for himself.

Nor is this all. He must pay eighteenpence for a pair of "putties"; the same price for his walking-whip, at the lowest; burnisher costs him two shillings; brush, curry-comb, sponge, rubber, and saddle soap are served out as stable-kit; but polishing-paste, bath-brick, pipeclay, blacking, soap for personal use, and that mysterious compound which he calls "akkiboo," cost him elevenpence for the seven days. And still he has not done—for his Wellingtons, when he gets them, are so hideously square-toed that he has them "made over," or narrowed, and the luxury costs him 9s. 6d.; while, horrible eventuality! should he from carelessness or inexperience break his service-blade, bang goes 18s. 6d., like the Scotchman's proverbial "saxpence"; and for the scratching of his carbine barrel they will promptly mulct him in the sum of half-a-guinea.

Nevertheless, with drawbacks and petty annoyances, small pay, and a good deal of work that is both hard and monotonous, the army is a fine school to discipline a man, to teach him respect, both to himself and to his superiors, and to imbue him with strong self-reliance.

It is a life totally distinct from civilian existence, with a routine, habits (some of them not very good ones), and a language entirely its own.

Some instances of cavalry *patois* are curious: for example, a mounted recruit is a "jossier," an infantry one a "toey"; to grumble is "to crib," to talk, "to chew the fat"; a man with plenty of cheek, or "nerve," as we sometimes

put it, has a "hard neck" in the cavalry, while a duffer is said to be "sizing for the Army Service Corps"; main-guard, or sentry, is the "main-chat"; and the cleanest man of



SCOTS GREYS AND 93RD HIGHLANDERS: TIME OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

the guard, consequently chosen as orderly for the day, has "pulled the stick."

On organisation and the multitudinous military departments I have no space to dwell. Our active force is about equally divided between home and foreign service, a cavalry regiment spending, as a rule, twelve years abroad, and an infantry battalion sixteen.

To meet possible warlike contingencies, a field force of some 20,000 men is detailed and kept in readiness, principally at Aldershot; and for home defence a scheme of mobilisation furnishes three army corps, with headquarters at Aldershot, Colchester, and Maidstone, together with four brigades of cavalry.

Free criticisms of existing schemes are not for this place, and the proof of the pudding must ever be found in the eating of it. We have sanguine minds and alarmists watching over our military interests, each urging their respective ideas; but one thing is certain: we have a glorious past to look back upon, the rest is *in futuro*; our small army is underhoused, underpaid, and widely distributed, and the greenest of laurels gathered at the bayonet's point are poor rations at the best of times!