

Asking the Echo.

The ignorant and practical man is sometimes inclined to scoff at the apparently purposeless grubbing of the scientist; but, should he find himself in a tight place, he might discover that the studious theorist could easily extricate him from it. A scientific man, while out in a boat one night on a river, was caught in a fog so dense that it was impossible to see twenty feet ahead.

The boatmen stopped rowing, saying that they must wait for daylight, or, at least, until the fog should clear away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. Their passenger then showed them what benefit could be reaped, in an emergency, from a knowledge of certain natural laws. He says:—

"I at once stood up in the boat and shouted. Soon an echo came back. Pointing in the direction from which it proceeded, I said, 'There is the nearest land.'"

"Rowing half a mile in the specified direction, we soon reached the shore."

"The boatmen expressed great surprise that, although they had been on the river all their lives, so simple a plan for finding their way in a fog had never occurred to them. The fact upon which I acted was this: Air saturated with moisture during a fog is a much better conductor of sound than when dry. Two results follow. Sound travels faster, and hence the echo returns more speedily, and the sound is heard more distinctly."

Bearing these facts in mind, a person can, with but very little practice, soon determine the approximate distance of the nearest land or woods.

Would Rather Not Tell.

A LITERAL truth may be a virtual lie, and, though there exist great cleverness in the telling, it is that sort of speech which we should scarcely care to imitate, though we may smile at it.

A party of boys were snow-balling one day in front of the old academy just as the master was approaching its door. Whizz! and one icy ball, striking his shiny beaver, carried it neatly away from his head.

It was an accident, but the master was not a man to make allowances, and, as he turned and glared at them, the boys trembled. One of them, however, had the self-possession to pick up and straighten the ill-used "tile"; and its owner, without a word, marched indoors and rang his bell.

The boys went in like mice. When they were seated, "Young gentlemen," said the master, "who threw that ball?"

No one stirred, and not a glance was exchanged. The question was repeated, and still the room was silent.

"I will put one more question," said the master, severely. "Does anyone know who threw it?"

The guilty boy raised his hand, but, as he was a model of excellence, it did not occur to the master that he could be the offender.

"You raised your hand, Reade," he said; "then you know who did it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should not, under ordinary circumstances, ask one boy to tell the misdemeanour of another, but it is evident that a coward is present and needs exposure. Reade, who threw that ball?"

"I would rather not tell, sir," said Reade, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Noble boy, I honour you!" said his master, with enthusiasm. "If there is present one boy too cowardly to confess, it is evident that there is another who is too honourable to betray a school-mate. For Reade's sake, the culprit on this occasion shall be forgiven. Young gentlemen, proceed with your work."

It is only fair to add that Reade's conscience afterwards pricked him, in view of such undeserved praise, and that he manfully confessed.

CROWDED "Solitude."—Here is an extract from the prospectus of an hotel in Switzerland, published in a newspaper of Berne:

"Weissbach, in the Bernese Oberland, is the favourite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking there from the four quarters of the globe."

THE PETS OF THE REGIMENTS.

Army Animals in Peace and War.

By D. H. PARRY, Author of "Under the Shadow of Night," "For Glory and Renown," etc.

DOGS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

IT is something to have been born on a battle-field; and at Abou Klea, during our fiery Soudan War, a certain black and white fox-terrier named "Paddy" made his debut in an artillery bucket.

He belonged to Lieutenant Kirk, who promised him to the correspondent of the *Standard*, Mr. J. A. Cameron, but, alas, neither of them survived, and "Paddy" found a guardian in Captain Rawson Turner of the 15th Hussars.

If ever a war-dog existed, that dog was "Paddy," for he not only "took" to the army in the most friendly way possible, but actually led the first charge at Suakim, barking and wagging his tail with the profoundest contempt for Mahdis and prickly mimosa, when our gallant fellows "went for" the "Fuzzy Wuzzies" through the desert sand.

He has since been to America, where a team of soldiers gave some military displays, but I would have given something to have seen that puppy going into action with all the delightful inconsequence peculiar to his breed!

War develops the best and worst qualities of



"PADDY" LEADING THE CHARGE AT SUAKIM.

human, as well as canine nature, and many a two-legged puppy has proved himself a hero under similar circumstances.

I believe "Paddy" is still alive, and wagging: what a pity we do not understand dog-language better; an account of a cavalry charge by a fox-terrier would be curious, to say the least of it!

There was another four-footed veteran whose record is still more romantic.

In the reign of William IV. we raised a British Legion to help the abominable Christina against Don Carlos, rightful heir to the Spanish throne, and in Captain Bury's company of the Marines there served a dog with the appropriate name of "Dash."

"Dash" was a born fighter, and was always at the front, being wounded at the taking of Ametzagana on 10th March, 1837; but, like Picton, who concealed his Quatre Bras wound that he might take part at Waterloo, "Dash" went in again six days afterwards, heading the column when the Carlist attack was repulsed.

He was hit a second time—in the leg; but at the close of the engagement he became "Sir Dash," for his comrades of the Marines knighted him with a drummer's sword, and made him a medal out of a Carlist bullet.

I am not absolutely certain, but I fancy he lived to reach Old England on the return of the battalion.

In one respect soldiers' pets are more fortunate than the men themselves, for, if they do not get killed in action, at least they are spared the degradation of dying in the "workhouse," where so many old veterans answer the last roll call!

Not only in our service do dogs evince militant proclivities. Colonel Metmain, of the 73rd French Infantry, had a large dog during the Crimea who was not content to merely head charges and bark.

At the battle of the Tchernaya he broke his chain, and fought like a veritable Trojan in the ranks of our red-trousered allies.

He saved the lives of a sergeant and a private, and took three Russians prisoners!

A rifle-ball which wounded his fore-paw increased his ardour, and, singling out a Russian officer, he attacked him so ferociously that he overthrew him and dragged him ignominiously into the French lines!

I need not tell you that the circumstance made a great sensation at the time, and all the more so that our English officers have always been lovers of dogs.

Wellington, when the Peninsular war was raging, formed a pack of hounds, that the officers of the staff might combine amusement with practical cross-country riding; and an officer of the "95th"—now the Rifle Brigade—made an amusing attempt to do the same.

He offered a dollar a head for anything in the shape of a dog that might be brought to him, and in a very short time secured about fifteen couples—poodles, sheep-dogs, curs, and every breed but the right one.

The day arrived; much pains and a good deal of porridge had been expended, and the pack was unleashed amid great excitement, when, lo! the whole thirty, each with a howl, set off for their own homes in as many different directions!

The dog of Bassano is almost too well known for allusion to be necessary here; it has been painted and engraved so often.

After the battle, which was one of the most important of the first Italian campaign, General Bonaparte rode across the field with his staff, and was attracted by a mournful howling on the September wind. The ground was strewn with white-coated Austrians, and, to quote Napoleon's own words, "Amidst the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night a dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand and ran towards us. . . I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, has friends in the camp or in his company, and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog. What a lesson Nature presents here through the medium of an animal!"

Writing from the Crimea, an officer says, after the Alma had been fought, "one Russian lay dead, with a little dog sitting between his legs, a position from which no persuasion could move him." On another occasion a soldier's pet was the means of imparting strange information to the French army.

The terrible combat of Dresden was waging, and, about five hundred yards off, Napoleon saw a gay group of generals of the enemy.

"Capitaine," said he to an artillery-officer, "throw half a dozen balls into that group yonder."

It was done; one of the generals fell, struck by a cannon-shot which hit his right leg, passed through his horse, and broke his left knee!

"Whom have we killed?" was the question asked again and again during the day by the Emperor.

Afterwards, in a cottage, where the shattered man had been carried, coolly smoking a cigar while both legs were amputated, the French found a little dog bearing on his collar the words, "I belong to General Moreau"; and then they knew that it was the victor of Hohenlinden—fighting, unhappily, against his country—that the shot had overthrown!

I have just mentioned the battle of the Alma, which was fought forty-one years after Dresden, and it is a strange coincidence that Sir George Cathcart, who commanded a division covering our left at the former place, and who fell, shot through the head, at Inkerman in the November following, was the same George Cathcart who picked Moreau up on that terrible June day in 1813.

A boy, in urging his father, for whom he was a clerk, to join in the early-closing movement, was sharply rebuffed; whereupon he said—

"I wouldn't be like a rat in a trap, anyhow!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded his father.

"I mean," answered his son, "that a rat in a trap is always opposed to the early-closing movement."

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SOME FAMOUS GOATS.

YOUR friend the Editor has asked me to tell you something of the regimental pets and army animals generally which I have come across during many years of research among military matters; and my greatest difficulty has been which to mention and which to omit. There is hardly a corps which has not had, or still has, some dumb creature attached to it.

Tommy Atkins is proverbially fond of animals: he pens them up in holes and corners of the barracks; he takes them with him, when he can, on the line of march. He is put to strange shifts sometimes to smuggle his favourites past a lynx-eyed officer, or under the very nose of a stringent regulation; and I have heard it whispered that the big drum has been requisitioned; but if it were found necessary to beat it on those occasions, the fox-terriers and parrots inside must have had a time of it!

Some of these pets have gradually come to be regarded as part and parcel of the corps to which they belonged, and the most celebrated is undoubtedly the regimental goat of the old "Twenty-Third"—the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

So old is the custom for this famous regiment to have a goat marching at its head that no one knows when it originated.

Colonel Harrison petitioned, through the Horse Guards, to have it officially recognised, together with the "flash" or queue-ribbon, in 1834, which request was granted; but it is pretty certain that a century of "Billys" before that had learned to love the scarlet of the Royal Welsh; and it is also certain that the handful of oats in the drum-major's coat-tail pocket had something to do with the birth of that affection.

Captain Grose says, in his "Military Antiquities," 1788:—"The Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusiliers has the privileged honour of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns, and adorned with ringlets of flowers; and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward for merit, yet the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom."

"Every 1st of March, being the anniversary of their tutelar saint, David, the officers give a splendid entertainment to all their Welsh brethren; and after the cloth is taken away a bumper is filled round to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales whose health is always drunk the first on that day, the band playing the old tune of 'The Noble Race of Shenkin,' when a handsome drummer-boy, elegantly dressed, mounted on the goat, richly caparisoned for the occasion, is led thrice round the table in procession by the drum-major."

This custom led to a laughable incident in 1775, when the Royal Welsh were lying in Boston on the outbreak of the American War.

Picture the mess-room, hung about with trophies; the rows of officers, powdered and pigtailed, their scarlet coats, frilled shirts and blue facings reflected in the polished table, with the candle light glinting on the gay gold lace. The musicians—a terrible affair was a military band in those days, I can tell you—have played the simple eighteenth-century airs in the square outside, and then burst into the "Noble Race of Shenkin" as the stalwart drum-major enters proudly with the goat and its rider.

How many times they have marched round the room history does not state, but of a sudden Billy gives a terrific bound, flings the drummer full length on to the table, leaps over the heads of the astonished officers, and is away with him to the barracks, amid a roar of laughter from the rank and file!

Alas! the Royal Welsh in the same year had more serious work on hand, which gave them little cause for mirth—I speak of the battle of Bunker's Hill, where the goat was under fire, and where the Grenadier Company went into action with three officers and forty-six men, returning with five effectives only.

Fenimore Cooper, in spite of his hatred of the English, could not withhold praise from the Welsh Fusiliers, and says, moreover, that after the action they "had hardly men enough left to saddle their goat."

In 1844, after a long succession had passed in review, the then regimental pet went the way of all goats and died, and "her Majesty was pleased to

direct"—so runs the record—that the two finest in the herd in Windsor Park, the gift of the Shah of Persia, should be given to the Twenty-Third.

One joined the First Battalion at Halifax, and was serving in 1850; the other went to the reserve battalion in Canada.

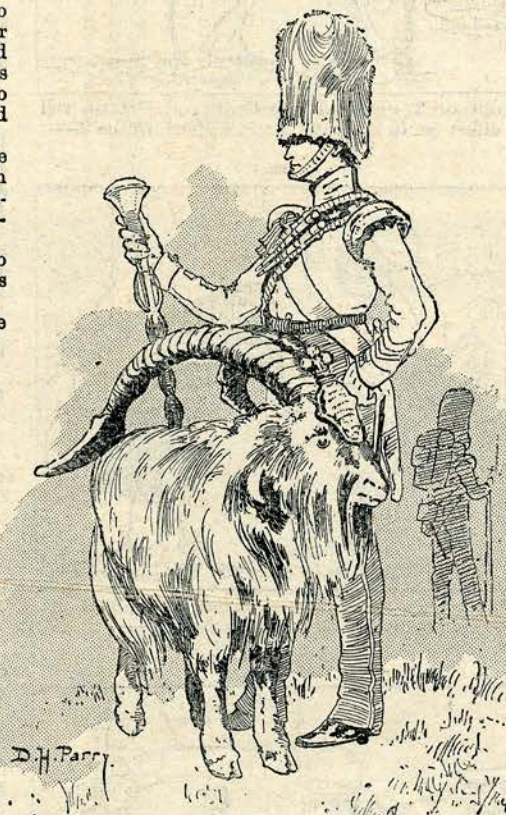
I have heard it stated that the goat was under fire at the battle of the Alma—in the which case it was probably the Queen's gift.

"Billy" is the regimental name, and between his horns he carries a handsome silver shield, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, with the following inscription:—

"The gift of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. A.D. MDCCCXLVI. Duw. A Cadwo. Y. Frenhines."

In 1892 one Billy came to a sad end. The Welsh Fusiliers went on a march, which was quite a triumphal progress, through Wales.

The idea was to recruit, and the old corps was



BILLY—THE QUEEN'S GOAT (1844).

fêted and feasted in a truly magnificent manner by the natives of the Principality, who rarely see a red coat among their mountains and valleys. I don't believe the experiment proved a success, as the men were away haymaking, and Billy got unaccountably mixed up with a baggage-wagon, so the Fusiliers lost their pet into the bargain.

The Welsh Regiment (formerly the 41st and 69th) has a goat with each of its two battalions, and that belonging to the second came to grief in 1890, when the battalion was at Cork.

An old sergeant of this corps, whose proud motto is "Gwell-augan-neu-Chwilydd" ("Death rather than dishonour"), told me that the goats in his time generally died of two things, paper and tobacco, both of which strange articles of diet they will eat when occasion offers.

One of these goats was guilty of a severe breach of military discipline when the regiment was in India a few years ago.

After parade, when the sergeants mustered in the orderly-room with the company returns, one of them was standing, twiddling the long, carefully-made-out list in his fingers, with his hands behind his back, when in came Billy.

"Hullo!" thought Billy, with a shake of his curved horns; "if that isn't paper, may I be hung for a sheep!" and in an instant the returns were bolted and Billy went capering away to the shade of a fan-palm, with an important regimental document inside him.

When the poor sergeant had made out another list, he went over to that fan-palm, and a subsequent coolness existed between the two comrades, my informant giving me to understand that it was a sore point with Billy for some time!

Haunted by a Leg of Mutton.

EVEN great men are sometimes subject to strange hallucinations. Malebranche, a celebrated philosopher of the seventeenth century, was for a long time the victim of a singular notion. He fancied that he had an enormous leg of mutton attached to the end of his nose. A friend would shake hands with him and inquire: "How is M. Malebranche to-day?"

"Pretty well on the whole, but this horrid leg of mutton is getting quite unbearable."

"What! this leg of mutton?"

"Yes, can't you see it hanging there in front?"

If the friend burst into a laugh or ventured to deny the existence of the strange phenomenon, Malebranche would get angry.

At length a colleague of his, a man gifted with a sense of the humorous, determined to cure him by some means or other. Calling upon him one day, he affected to perceive the cause of his trouble and inquired about it. The imaginary patient, overcome with gratitude, ran to embrace his first believer, who, stepping backwards, uttered a cry.

"What, have I hurt you, my friend?"

"Certainly, you have run your leg of mutton into my eye. I really cannot understand why you have not tried to get rid of that awkward appendage long since. If you will allow me with a razor—an operation performed without the slightest danger—"

"My friend! my friend! you will have saved my life! Oh! ah! oh!"

In the twinkling of an eye the friend had slightly grazed the tip of his nose, and producing from under his cloak a splendid leg of mutton, he flourished it triumphantly in the air.

"Ah!" exclaimed Malebranche, "I live, I breathe, my nose is free, my head is free! but—but—it was a raw one, and this one is cooked!"

"Why, of course, how could it be otherwise. Haven't you been sitting for an hour close to the fire?"

From this time Malebranche ceased to be haunted by his leg of mutton.

THANKS TO AN UMBRELLA.

On the Brink of a Precipice.

THERE are no more beautiful spots in which to spend a summer holiday than are to be found on the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina.

My early life was passed in America, and when I was a boy my mother often used to take me there in the summer to spend a holiday with her sister, Mrs. Nevelle, whose husband's farm was about half-way up one of the mountains.

It must be remembered, in order to understand how people live so delightfully on a mountain-side, that the ascent is very easy and gradual. The roads, it is true, in some parts are rough, but the horses and mules are sure-footed.

The road which led to the farm I speak of was in some places wide enough for only one wagon, but at intervals "turnouts," as they are called, were cut into the banks on the road. In these places one wagon could wait for another to pass, and teams going up the mountain had the right of way.

The road in question wound for some distance along the side of the mountain, and the descent from the outer edge was unusually steep and precipitous.

One day, in a summer of twenty years ago, my mother and I arrived at the little railway-station in the valley nearest to my aunt's, on our way to her house. She was there to meet us, with a spring wagon drawn by a pair of horses, my cousin Robert, a boy of fifteen, being the driver.

After hearty greetings, we all climbed into the wagon and started off. My aunt had brought a big cotton umbrella, and wanted my mother to spread it as a shelter from the sun; but she declared that she would rather look at the scenery, and so the umbrella was laid in the bottom of the cart.

We had a spin of some four miles across the valley, and then the ascent began. We went slowly, but we never tired of the delightful air that blew around us and of the picturesque view that met our eyes.

When we had gone half-way up the narrow road of which I have spoken, the horses were halted for a short rest. It was just at the place where the descent on the outer side of the road was most precipitous, and I thought, if we should tumble down there, what a sad fate ours would be.

A little way above us there was a sharp turn in the road. Suddenly I heard the rattle of wheels; round

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SOME FAMOUS CHARGERS.

ALTHOUGH our cavalry regiments are shamefully underhorsed, there is no army in the world that can beat our own for the beauty and excellence of its chargers.

Old Blucher, at a review of the English artillery, exclaimed: "Der ist not von 'orse in dese batteries dat ist nicht fit fur feld-marshal!"—and the fiery hussar knew what he was talking about.

An officer who went through the Peninsular War tells us that the hussars of the King's German Legion would share the same straw and divide their last crust with their horses, while our troopers frequently sold their forage for drink; but I cannot think that such practices were general, the English cavalryman's love for his horse being well known, as the following anecdote will show.

Sir Rollo Gillespie, who entered the army in 1783, was killed at Kalunga in 1814, on his favourite charger "Black Bob"—a horse born at the Cape, of black Dutch and Arabian Kadeschi breed.

He was put up for auction, "with saddle and housings still spotted with the blood of his gallant master," and the bidding was fast and furious.

The price was three hundred guineas, and two officers of the 25th Dragoons, to which regiment Sir Rollo had been appointed from the 8th, bid another hundred between them, but the troopers of the Royal Irish were not going to lose their favourite, and among them they raised five hundred guineas and bought the horse.

From that time "Black Bob" marched at the head of the regiment, distinguishing the trumpets of the 8th from all others, and showing himself remarkably fond of the good old Irish tune of "Garryowen" until, alas! in 1822 they received orders for home, and their horses were turned over to the 16th Lancers. The Royal Irish were "hard-up," and "Black Bob" had to go.

A gentleman at Cawnpore, a relative of Colonel Hamilton Smith, the equine authority, bought him; and the brave fellows of the 8th returned him half the money on condition that their pet should have a good stable, a snug paddock, and end his life in peace.

Three days afterwards, in the early Indian morning, the then scarlet facings of the Royal Irish mustered and marched on foot to embark for Calcutta; and "Black Bob," hearing the well-known trumpets, kicked his stall to pieces and almost strangled himself in his efforts to escape.

He refused to eat, and, a short time after, his new owner had him turned out into the paddock, when, no sooner was he free, than he jumped the bamboo fence, galloped to the saluting-point at the barracks, and sinking down, died quietly—may we not say of a broken heart?

Another black charger of the 8th Light Dragoons, on whose back their colonel, Vandeleur, had been killed at Leswaree in 1803, was shot when the regiment left India, "that he might not fall into unworthy hands."

When so many veterans are allowed to die in the workhouse, it is pleasant to read of one four-footed hero, the last Waterloo horse belonging to the 1st Dragoon Guards, being provided for by William IV. in 1834, when he reviewed the regiment at Brighton—the king giving them a cream-coloured charger in exchange for the old trooper who had kept his place in the ranks for nineteen years after the fight of fights.

Troop-horses would seem to live to a good age, in spite of shot and shell, and "moving incidents by flood and field," for a charger forty-five years old died at Snowhill, near Gainsford, in 1753, which had been ridden in Carpenter's Dragoons (now the 3rd Hussars) at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715. After death a ball was extracted from its neck, and I may mention that a two-legged survivor of the same battle was living at Kincardine in 1816 at the remarkable age of one hundred and seventeen!

A horse which was at Waterloo with a Light Dragoon regiment died near Bedford, aged twenty-seven, and no fewer than eight musket-balls were found in him, together with several lance and sabre scars! The 13th Hussars had a pet charger for many years which had gone through the Balaclava Ride, the gallant old steed being afterwards presented to her Majesty, and dying of an honourable old age at Windsor.

The 13th lost 84 horses in that terrible "Death Ride." According to the official return, only 195 men returned mounted, and 475 horses of the brigade were killed, including 43 afterwards shot as unserviceable, beyond which 42 were more or less badly hurt!

The 11th Hussars also had a veteran Balaclava charger, whose monument is to be seen at Cahir. "Crimean Bob" died, full of years, in 1862, aged thirty-four.

Discipline seems to retain a strong hold over the horses even during the fury of an action, for Lord George Paget tells us that at one time there were four riderless chargers on one side of him and five on the other, all keeping line and charging on to the guns.

A strange anecdote is narrated of a Jacobite officer, Major Macdonald, at Falkirk (1745). He

The relative powers of endurance of man and horse is shown by an incident told me by a man who went through the China War.

The Chinese took two of our Royal Dragoons prisoners, stripped them, and tied them on their horses in the great square at Peking, where, for hour after hour, they were exposed to the terrific heat of the sun. No pity was for them; no water to slake their raging thirst: they just lingered on until death came to their relief, and the men lived longer than the horses!

Napoleon the Great knew a good horse when he saw one, though, if we are to believe the statements of eye-witnesses, he was a bad rider, and he had many celebrated chargers, nearly all of them being white or grey.

Ali was one; Jaffa, who lies buried near Cranbrook, in Kent, aged thirty-seven, was another. At Austerlitz he rode an iron-grey Arab, whom he afterwards christened by the name of the battle; at Eylau he tired out four horses; at Wagram he bestrode a snow-white Arab named Euphrates, a present from the Shah of Persia. But the most famous of all was Marengo, a white Arab of the bay stock, who carried him in 1800 at that battle which practically placed the First Consul on the throne of France.

As a horse, Marengo was considered to be faultless. He was brought over to England, and died, many years after Waterloo, at New Barnes, near Ely. One of his hoofs, mounted as a snuff-box, is preserved at St. James's Palace, with the following inscription:—

"Hoof of Marengo, Barb charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the campaign of Russia, and finally at Waterloo."

Round the hoof runs the inscription:—

"Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles."

It is doubtful whether Marengo was at Waterloo at all. Napoleon is known to have ridden a mare, named Marie, after his second wife, during some part of the battle, and she was taken by the Prussians.

Wellington's charger, Copenhagen, a chestnut, like his grandsire Eclipse, had a hard day's work at Waterloo, where 10,000 horses were slain!

The Duke was in the saddle from four in the morning until midnight, and when he dismounted after all was over, the jaded horse let out with his hind legs, and narrowly missed the great soldier. The night before, horse and man had fallen into a

deep dyke on the Wavre road, but were luckily unhurt.

Cato has been deservedly blamed for abandoning his charger on leaving Spain to save the expense of carrying him to Rome, but very different was the reward of the brave beast who bore the Iron Duke through several of his Iberian campaigns.

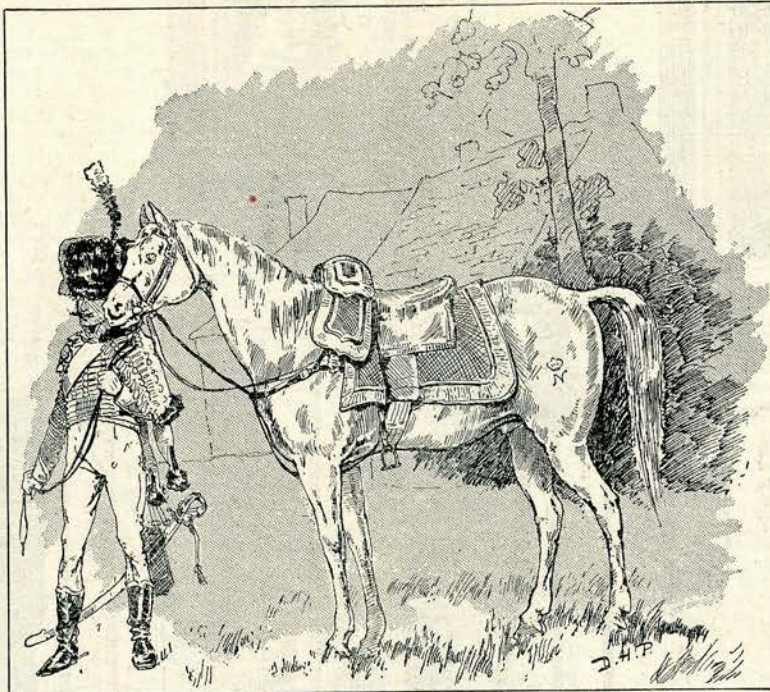
During the Peninsular, Copenhagen saved his master from the French cavalry by sheer speed; and when their fighting was done and Europe was at peace, the Duchess of Wellington went every day to see the old war-horse in his paddock at Strathfieldsaye, where, blind with age, he died in his twenty-eighth year, in 1836—it is said, of a surfeit of bath buns, sponge cakes, and chocolate creams!

Quite recently a number of Austrian and Prussian officers engaged in a contest, the memory of which sends a thrill of horror through any real lover of the horse. They rode, north and south, under conditions never likely to occur in warfare, killed many valuable animals, and brought in most of those that survived in a condition which my pen refuses to record—hoofs dropping from the bone being among the minor results of that Imperially-sanctioned barbarity.

Silver trophies and sums of money were scattered freely, but nothing was learned that had not been known before, and civilisation stood aglashed.

The war-horse suffers terribly in a campaign: surely he might be spared the additional infliction of pain in time of peace!

A HEN can only lay on a nest, but a ship can lay both on and off. A ship has another advantage over a hen. The latter can lay one egg, and the former can lay to.



NAPOLEON'S FAMOUS HORSE, "MARENGO."

unhorsed an English officer and took possession of his mount, which was an animal of great beauty; but when the dragoons fled—which, I am sorry to say, they did on several occasions during the rebellion—the horse bolted off after his regiment, and poor Macdonald soon found himself in the middle of the red-coated troopers, who promptly took him prisoner, the instinct of the charger costing the Jacobite his life, for he was executed with the barbarous formalities that disgraced that cruel age.

Few cavalry horses have earned more celebrity than Lord Cardigan's chestnut "Ronald," whose white heel was seen to fly over the guns at the head of the Light Brigade.

Cardigan was colonel of the 11th, and wore their showy uniform at Balaclava, the pelisse worn as an extra jacket, and not flying loose as so many painters have misrepresented him.

It is curious that the two leaders of the Heavy and Light Brigades in the Crimea both smelt powder there for the first time, and that both were then past fifty!

You know the story of that charge, perhaps the most dashing and the most dreadful in our annals; you know, too, that Cardigan and his chestnut were first at the guns, that we strewed the green valley with our dead, and won the admiration of the world. The chestnut skin of the brave horse is in the possession of Lady Cardigan, with one of the hoofs; another hoof belongs to the Prince of Wales, a third to the Hussars' Mess, and the last, the off-hind, is carefully treasured by Sir James Sawyer, the well-known Birmingham physician.

Lord Raglan rode a brown bay hunter named "Shadrach" in the Crimea.

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By D. H. PARRY, *Author of "Under the Shadow of Night," "For Glory and Renown," etc.*

THE REGIMENTAL TIGER; AND OTHERS.

THE Royal Dublin Fusiliers, whose origin dates back to the middle of the last century, received a "Royal Tiger," as a badge for its gallantry at Nundy-Droog in 1791, where it fought as the "East India Company's European Regiment," and many years after—some time between 1860 and 1870—it acquired a singularly appropriate pet in the striped and banded person of a magnificent live tiger, whose history I will briefly trace. Two officers of the 5th Lancers were out on a shooting expedition during the Indian "hot season," and they chanced upon a tigress and her cubs in the wild region of the Terai.

They slew the mother, but Captain Thackwell was so badly mauled that he ultimately died; and the cubs were taken to Lucknow, where the Lancers were then lying.

They soon became great favourites, and tumbled, like a couple of huge kittens, up and down the verandah of the mess, finding that civilisation was really not a bad thing, after all—in fact, perhaps preferable to the jungle, for the meals were more regular!

The twins, alas! were doomed to a sad and sudden separation: it may have been goat, it may have been ration-beef, it was a piece of raw meat of some sort or another, which stuck fast in the cub's throat—"and then there was one," as the old rhyme says.

It ended eventually in Captain Chaffy presenting the little creature to the 1st Madras Fusiliers, which was the then name of the "European" regiment, and he proved as amiable with his new comrades as he had been with the Royal Irish.

They christened him "Plassey," after the great battle, and he became henceforth part and parcel of the corps.

One would see him in the mess-compound, stalking a donkey that lived there, just for the fun of the thing, and, as he grew taller and lengthened out at each end, he chummed in with an antelope and a dog, the three forming as strange a trio as ever graced a parade-ground with their playful gambols.

By-and-by the Fusiliers came to England, and "Plassey," two leopards and the dog came with them, the regimental pets being granted a free passage. At Dover the regiment landed, and was quartered in the Castle, "Plassey" being comfortably housed in the main fosse, with the dog for a companion, the adjutant's groom acting as his valet.

Of course, he was collared and chained, but so gentle was his temper that he always allowed the dog to start operations first at meals, giving him a little pat with his velvety paw when he considered he had had his share!

For a long time he enjoyed the sunshine, and drank in the ozone, and had ceased to be a nine-days' wonder to the good people of Dover, when the general in command of the district began to receive piteous letters from an old lady in the town who said that she had never stirred out of her house since the regiment disembarked, lest the fearsome beast should have got loose!

Poor old lady! Cannot you fancy her in a state of siege, trembling at the postman's knock, and quivering in an agony of fear when the milk came? I can see her, in imagination, peering carefully under the bed o' nights, and sending the maids—she would be far too nervous to go herself—into the cellar the last thing, to search each nook and corner; for, what more likely than that the monster should have crept stealthily down the coal-grid when nobody was looking?

However, the letters came thick and fast, the general was obliged to take action, and "Plassey," after an honourable career with the colours, was sent, into the "reserve," which, in his case, meant the Zoo! The dog went with him, as some consolation, and, to the day of his death, which happened in the spring of 1877, the exemplary tiger won his way into the hearts of his keepers by his very soldierlike and gentlemanly behaviour.

I remember seeing him, and a truly magnificent fellow he was, with his white whiskers, and eyes that had a topaz gleam in them.

He always recognised an officer of the regiment, who went to visit him more than once during his captivity, expressing his delight in an unmistakable manner, and when he died his head and skin found a fitting resting-place in the officers' mess.

It was a well-known fact, before Mr. Rudyard Kipling alluded to it in his delightful "Jungle Book," that many a scarred veteran of famous wars may still be found among the Government animals of India, although they hardly come under the heading of regimental pets; but a young elephant enjoyed that privilege in a very similar manner to "Private Plassey."

The Englishman's first impulse, on going out to India, is to shoot something—tigers, if possible.

Should he be going up the Hoogly on his way to Calcutta, the marshy Sunderbunds will still seem to his excited imagination with man-eaters innumerable, although generations of officers and civilians have carried on the work of extermination.

Elephants are carefully preserved now, but years ago they were looked upon as fair game, and some officers of the 25th King's Own Borderers captured a baby elephant, after killing its mother, a short time before the outbreak of the Mutiny.

Giving him the imposing name of "Rajah" the regiment adopted him, and the ladies worked a wonderful saddle-cloth for the new pet, covering it with the honours and emblems of the 25th, embroidered in gold thread.

The 1st Battalion came home in 1856, and "Rajah" came with it, causing considerable astonishment as they marched through country places where circuses were rare.

Again the fitness of things declared itself, for the gallant corps—raised in 1689, as the Edinburgh Regiment—deposited "Rajah" in the Edinburgh Zoological Gardens when he became too bulky to follow the drum.

Lions I have not met with as regimental pets, but the residents of Great Marlow were accustomed to see the popular Captain Marshall, strolling along the river bank, followed by a tame lioness or a handsome leopard.

Captain Marshall sold his unique collection sometime since, and it included a man-eater, an American bear, pet elephants, kangaroos, and many a strange bird and beast at which one is used to gaze upon through a menagerie grating, but which that gentleman had taught to love him with all the strength of their wild natures.

Of military bears there are numerous records.

The 6th Foot had one years ago, before the territorial system gave them the Warwick badge of the "Bear and Ragged Staff"; the 41st possessed a little black fellow in India some time since, and many a corps has adopted them as pets when serving in the hilly portion of our Indian Empire, where they are still numerous.

"Punch," the large brown bear of the 19th Hussars, lives with the troops at the dépôt at Canterbury, but it is thought better to fasten him up now on account of the children, as his great size and rather uncertain temper make him a dangerous playfellow for anything smaller than a lance-corporal!

The 17th Lancers, the famous old "Death or Glory" boys, of Balaclava fame, had a favourite bruin, and have it now, if I mistake not; while "Polly" of the 2nd Life Guards got herself into serious disgrace not long since at the Albany Street Barracks.

The animal had a kind of "bear garden" all to herself; a grassy plot enclosed within a railing and furnished with an eighteen foot chain.

Now there came a certain small boy—I won't say how frequently—whose mission was to carry beer to the troopers, and, presuming on his chance acquaintance, he ventured to crawl into the enclosure.

The bear was lying down, and the boy began to stroke her back, saying "Get up, Polly!" whereupon Polly got up with a vengeance and a growl, and straightway commenced to eat the intruder, whose screams brought a long-legged lifeguardsman to the rescue not a moment too soon!

For the injured one there was hospital, and plaster to his wounds, from which he happily recovered; for the strapping troopers a lively subject to beguile the monotony of "stables" for a morning or two; and for "Polly" a beating and the transient recollection of a flavour of small boy, which I hope she may never have another opportunity of enjoying!

An undergraduate, under examination at Dublin, was missing question after question. At last the examiner got irritated, and said:

"I declare I have got a dog at home that could answer the questions that have been given to you."

"Have you really, sir?" said the undergraduate, blandly; "may I ask you if you would sell him?"

In the Far East.

NOTHING is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other they slaken their pace, and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so as to bring the face, still kept carefully averted, on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases, uttered with great volubility, in a sort of undertoned falsetto, each trying to outdo his friend in the rapidity and extravagance of his language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other.

For some moments—perhaps for a full minute—the polite contest continues; then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, each his own way, with a look of extreme relief.

Absent-Minded.

Nor many things are absolutely indispensable. Most men would "feel lost," as the common expression is, without a watch, but, after all, the absence can be borne.

A certain gentleman so decided on one occasion, according to a story related of him. Indeed, he may be said almost to have demonstrated that life can be lived with a good measure of comfort and success in the absence not only of a watch, but even of a mind.

In company with a friend he was one morning hastening to catch a train, when he stopped suddenly and exclaimed:

"There! I've come away and left my watch under the pillow!"

"Let's go back and get it," said his friend.

"Wait a minute!" said the other, "I don't believe we shall have time."

Upon this he drew the lost watch from his pocket, looked carefully at the face of it, and added:

"No, we shan't have time."

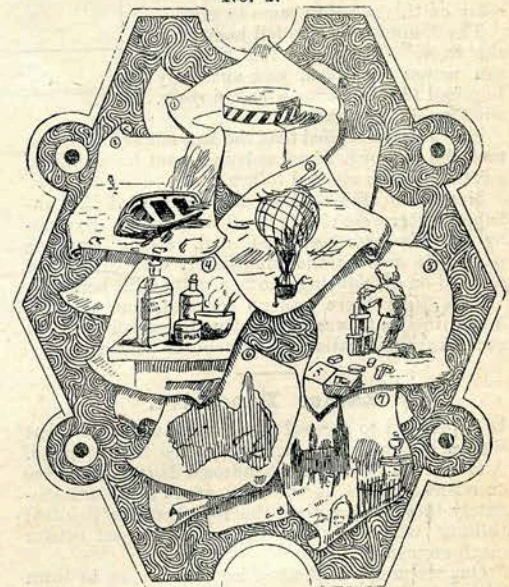
Then he pressed on to the station, saying, "Oh, well, I can get on for one day without a watch!"

OUR PUZZLES.

No. 1.

Six equilateral triangles can be formed with seven matches. Take two of the latter away, and leave no triangles.

No. 2.



Write down the words pictured in the above. The first letter of the first word, and the second of the second, and so on, will give the name of something of which all boys are fond.

[Drawn by E. BOARD, 43, Kingsdown Parade, Bristol, to whom a Solid Silver Pencil-Case has been forwarded.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 111.

No. 1.—Robinson Crusoe.

No. 2.—Victoria; Violets—Orchard—Ivy—Ring—CAT.

THE PETS OF THE REGIMENTS.

Army Animals in Peace and War.

By D. H. PARRY, Author of "Under the Shadow of Night," "For Glory and Renown," etc.

THE LAMB, THE RAM, AND THE DEER.

IF there is one thing that all English-speaking folk know it is the famous fact that "Mary had a little lamb"; but many will now learn for the first time that Private W. Bright, K Company, 43rd Light Infantry, had another one, whose sad history it is my privilege to chronicle.

During the Indian Mutiny the "Light Bobs," which was the nickname for the "Fighting Forty-third," started from Bangalore to Calpee, a distance of some 1,300 miles by road.

The lamb, and a terrier named Spot, accompanied the regiment on its six months' journey, doing the dozen or so miles of night-stage, and resting in the burning heat of the day.

The two friends were often to be seen playing together near the band at the head of the regiment, but when they were nearing Saugar, in Central India, three companies were ordered back to Nagode, "K" Company being one of them.

Spot went on with the regiment, and the chums were destined never to meet again in this world of sorrows and mint sauce.

The private's pet had fattened marvellously on a generous diet of *gram*, a dry grain equivalent to our split peas, and it was fast getting to that stage when a lamb ceases to be a lamb—the precise period being one upon which my butcher and I are often at variance.

The detachment lingered some months at Nagode, and the affection of the soldiers deepened for the little animal; but Christmas approached, and the officers cast an evil eye upon it and thought of the crisp brown shoulder and the tender loin.

Suddenly an order was issued: "That all pets, except dogs, were to be got rid of"—a thing utterly unnecessary, and reflecting discredit on those in authority.

The men were in despair, but there was nothing for it but to obey. Private Bright, great big fellow as he was, sat on the edge of his cot and burst into tears, while one of his comrades led the lamb away to the Bazaar, where the officers' black servant had orders to watch for it.

The result was that the officers fared sumptuously on Christmas Day, which was the real motive of the order; and if any one of you ever heard a meaner thing, I shall be glad if you will let me know.

About three months after the 43rd lost their pet, the 95th Derbyshire acquired one under peculiarly stirring circumstances.

They formed part of the column which marched to destroy the rebels in Kotah, a strong walled town of Rajpootana, where a strong force under an ex-pay-sergeant of the 72nd Bengal Infantry defended itself with great bravery.

In the fearful heat, with our men dying right and left from cholera and sunstroke, we at last blew up the city wall, and stormed the place; and, while clearing the streets and bazaars at the point of the bayonet, a private of the Grenadier Company of the 95th found a magnificent black ram, of the Rajpootana fighting-breed, tied in a garden, gay with the pink gum cistus and feathery foliage of palm and tamarind.

The man pointed it out to one of his officers, now Sir Julius A. R. Raines, C.B., who was wounded at Sebastopol, and he ordered him to take possession of the animal; the regimental badge, by the way, being the "Derby Ram."

He was christened "Derby I," and marched with the big drummer upwards of 3,000 miles through Central India, until the Mutiny was ended. And afterwards, in the glory of a scarlet saddle cloth—worked by the ladies of the regiment—he stalked proudly with his huge curved horns until 1863, when he was drowned in a well at Hyderabad, to be succeeded by another "Derby," the custom having become very popular with officers and men.

Our old friends, the 25th King's Own Borderers, of whose pet elephant I have already told you, once had a fine deer on the strength of the regiment, but the rascal was guilty of the most heinous offence of attacking his colonel.

To butt one's commanding officer in the pit of the stomach, and pin him against a wall, meant death in those days, and death was quickly dealt out to the sad scamp who had sinned—regimentally speaking—beyond all forgiveness.

Shorncliffe Camp is one of the bleakest spots in

England, and no doubt selected by a paternal Government on that account as the most fitting place to quarter corps returned from India's torrid climes, on the same principle that Dum-Dum was originally the artillery station, being the very dampest part of Hindustan; and at Shorncliffe, in 1863, the 78th Ross-shire Buffs were lying, and there, too, lay "Roderick," their pet deer.

"Roderick" never assaulted the "chief," not he; he was a soldier, every inch of him, and the "kilties" were justly proud of their four-footed comrade.

He did "sentry-go" regularly, and enjoyed it far more than his companion; on parade he inspected each company with a critical eye, appreciating the ostrich plumes and the bare knees of the "braw laddies," and calmly taking his place with the band when the regiment formed column.

He hated the artillery uniform, and any unlucky gunner that came near him had a bad time.

There was only one man of his own regiment whom he disliked—the armourer-sergeant—but when that individual was in uniform "Roderick" never attempted to interfere with him, which, I think, is a remarkable fact, well worthy of note.

The Highlanders embarked in the *Himalaya* for Ireland, and "Roderick" refused to go; but when his comrades had passed up the gangway he could stand it no longer, and he followed meekly, his love of the old corps quite overcoming his fear of seasickness.

As he got older he became rather testy. (I have noticed the same in other old veterans; in fact, it seems to be the correct thing when you grow bald in the service, and have medals and indigestion, and half-pay, and only two-thirds of your liver left.) Anyhow, "Roderick" nearly killed a barrack-labourer, and there was nothing for it but the Dublin Zoological Gardens, where he ended an honourable career, deeply regretted by his comrades of the Ross-shire Buffs.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good un, heart and hand."

You know the stirring tune—and, if you don't, you ought to—but probably only a few outside the Worcestershire Militia know "Tommy," the beautiful little fallow deer of the battalion, who parades with marvellous regularity in his scarlet coat and regimental facings.

During the Civil War the Worcester Militia were loyal to King Charles, and so, indeed, was the family of Berkeley, and it was fitting, in every sense of the word, that "Tommy" should have seen the light in Spetchely Park, a seat of the Berkeleys, before Corporal Davis, the big drummer, took him in hand and made a militiaman of him.

At the head of the Royal Warwickshire regiment, formerly the old "6th"—why couldn't they leave the well-known number 8 alone?—his twisted horns, tipped with silver, a silver collar round his graceful throat, and two chains of the same metal held by a couple of drummer-boys, "Billy," the antelope, goes past at the head of "Guise's Geese," the ancient nickname of the "Saucy Sixth."

A blue cloth, embroidered with many a glorious trophy of the regiment's prowess, in gold thread, adorns his back, and they are proud of him, from the colonel to the last new "Rookie," personifying, as he does, the badge won by the corps at the battle of Almanza, in 1707, where it took the flag of the Spanish "Royal African" regiment, blazoned with an antelope.

If every corps adopted their distinctive badge as a pet, some of them would be hard put to it. I don't think even Jamrach could supply a "Red Dragon," or a "Sphinx"; and the "Rising Sun" would hardly consent to come under martial discipline for the benefit of the "23rd."

It is a well-known fact that miserly persons are very much given to attempts to make it appear that they are very generous.

"Why, I tell you," exclaimed one exceedingly "close" man, vauntingly, "I give away a sovereign just as freely as I would a copper!"

"No doubt, no doubt," said a friend; "only you never give the copper!"

MASTER (with severity): "Brown, did you let off that cracker?"

Scholar: "Er—Yes, sir!"

Master (with increased severity): "Well, sir, what do you think ought to be done to a person who wilfully—"

Scholar (quickly and brightening): "Why, let him off, too, sir."

He was let off.

And the World Gained an Artist.

GUSTAVE DORÉ's illustrations exhibit him as a master in depicting the grotesque. His genius early led him to loiter in the streets of Strasburg that he might stare at every odd-looking person he met. An ordinary man had no attraction for the little boy, nor did he more than glance at a richly-dressed woman; but he knew every old janitor, postman, street Arab, and beggar.

One evening the Doré family were sitting in the parlour, and Gustave was at a little table drawing quaint forms and figures in an exercise-book. Something prompted the mother to look over her boy's shoulder.

"Do come and look!" she exclaimed, catching up the book. "See what Gustave has done! How funny! Here is the postman, here is Françoise (the old family nurse and servant), and a lot of people whom I don't even know. Where did you see them, Gustave?"

"Everywhere," he answered, with a loud laugh. "Yes, but how have you been able to make them so lifelike? Did they sit to you?" persisted the delighted mother.

"Sit to me? Never!" said the boy, scornfully. "They are all here," touching his forehead significantly. "Why should I not draw them like?"

"My son is a genius!" exclaimed the mother. "Don't fill his head with nonsense," answered the father, who was a civil engineer.

"It is not nonsense," retorted the mother. "My son is a great genius; he must study painting. He will be one of the first artists in the world."

"Our son will be nothing of the sort, and he shall not study painting," reproved the father. "He shall go to a school with his brothers, and we shall see what he can do; but he will never become a painter, if he wishes to please his father."

The boy made no reply, save to brush away a tear. He turned to his mother for sympathy, and she encouraged him to keep on drawing.

As they were both of them persistent, and as the boy's talents were really of a decidedly striking quality, they triumphed, and the world gained an artist of undoubtedly exceptional merit.

OUR PUZZLES

No. 1.

THE letters contained in words of the same length—signifying "a fish," "a part of the body," and "anger," will form the name of a well-known poet.

No. 2.



Find a word of two syllables, the first of which is supplied by the letters of the word describing one of the above objects, and the other by the initials of three and the initial and final of one.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 113.

No. 1.—"He that complies against his will Is of his own opinion still."

No. 2.—Avon, Severn, Trent, Tyne, Exe, Dee, Wye, and Tees.

THE PETS OF THE REGIMENTS.

Army Animals in Peace and War.

By D. H. PARRY, Author of "For Glory and Renown," etc.

SOME BIRDS WITH MARTIAL PROCLIVITIES.

IF you were asked which of the two birds was the more "military," the eagle or the goose—always supposing that such a term may be applied to a winged creature—you would say the eagle, without hesitation. Its beak, to begin with, is Wellingtonian, the eagle-eye is a popular characteristic of a great commander, and one thinks with admiration of the mighty wings, with their sweeping flight, and the general majesty of the king of birds. Yet it is a strange fact that our humble friend the goose, whose name recalls little more than a memory of soft beds and Christmas dinners, and who is altogether a comfortable, countrified, farmyardy sort of fellow, has far more right to a soldierly reputation than all the eagles that ever lived.

You find the eagle represented as Jupiter's companion in the old mythology; it figured on the Roman standards and the shot-riven tricolours of the French army; but I can only discover one instance where a live bird of that species played any part in military history, and then it turned out a complete farce.

Many years ago there was a little man whom the world afterwards called Napoleon III., and he possessed a tame eagle, which he intended should fill a very important rôle in a scheme that had been long maturing in his brain.

The scheme was nothing less than an attempt to overthrow the French Government and place the little man on the throne; and one August day, 1840, Louis Napoleon, Count Montholon, who had been with the great Emperor at St. Helena, the tame eagle, and about fifty persons, set sail in a hired steamer from Margate, which in itself is not a very romantic affair, and sounds uncommonly like a "cheap trip."

Landing at Boulogne, they marched towards the barracks, hoping the soldiers would receive them as they had formerly done "the exile of Elba," and then it was that the eagle was to have come in, hovering over the distinguished arrival with great dramatic effect, and finally to have perched upon his shoulder, or his hat, within which, ill-natured people say, a tempting morsel of the *rosbif* of Old England had been placed.

There were the troops drawn up to resist that mimic invasion; there were the devoted Napoleonists ready to shout, "Vive l'Empereur"; there, too, was the emblematic bird. But when the little man "pulled the string" the eagle "wouldn't work," and in less than no time, after a few shots had been wasted, the party—let us be charitable—retired to their Margate boat, the would-be Emperor and a good number of them being taken prisoners!

What became of that disappointing bird I know not. Let us dismiss him from our thoughts as quite unworthy of serious consideration, and turn to a remarkable goose which attached itself to the gallant 95th Rifle Regiment, now the Rifle Brigade, about the beginning of the present century.

The guard-house was its headquarters, and it marched with the sentry backwards and forwards night and day in fine weather, sheltering in the box with him when it rained.

It always accompanied the visiting officer on his rounds, and kept a sharp look-out for the captain or field-officer, never leaving its post except at breakfast and dinner time; then it would go into the guard-room, and you may be sure it was not neglected.

It had a curious habit of cackling when they laughed, until you would almost believe that it understood the joke and thoroughly enjoyed it.

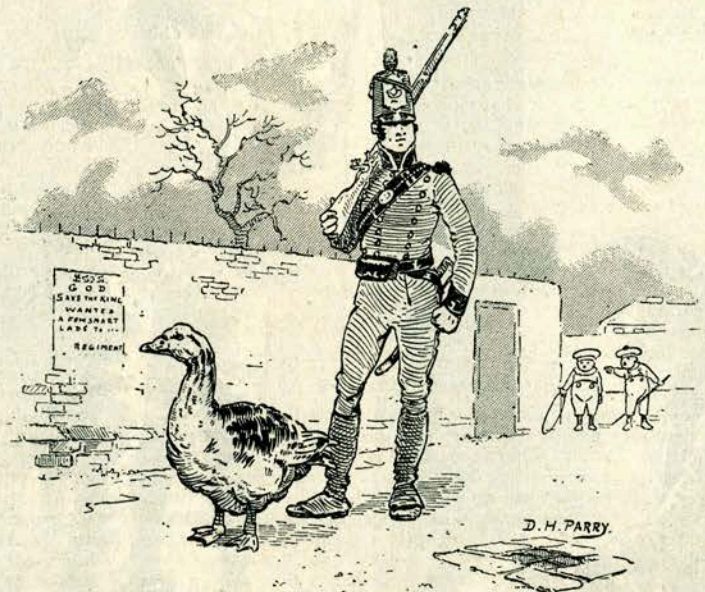
At length, when one of the battalions was serving in Spain, in 1812, they heard from the dépôt at home that the goose had disappeared, and they mourned as for a lost comrade. Although the men at Hythe, where the goose had remained, actually offered a reward of £10 for it, dead or alive, it was never heard of again, and its last self-elected "sentry-go" was ended; but, as it had done the "goose-step" for a number of years when it was stolen, it must have become mighty tough; so let

as hope that it lay heavy on the chest, if not the conscience, of the thief who purloined it!

Perhaps the oldest record of military watchfulness on the part of the genus *Anser*—let us give it its Latin name when we are quoting from Roman history—was the famous defence of the Capitol, due solely to a flock of geese, dedicated to Juno, whose uproar roused the sentinels as the Gauls crept up the rocks, having passed the watch-dogs without disturbing them.

Who cannot picture the darkness veiling the City of the Seven Hills which the fierce enemy had taken; the little band of warriors that had shut itself up in the citadel on the famous Tarpeian Rock with young Manlius Marcus; and the stealthy barbarians gliding like darker shadows through the gloom?

They have almost gained the summit, and the weary sentinels will be roughly wakened too late to give the alarm, when a violent clamour arises on the night!—the foe has come upon the flock, dreaming with head under wing; and there is that babel of hissing and screeching, so familiar to our ears, which rouses every Roman on the instant and brings them sword in hand to the edge of the rampart. Manlius



THE PET GOOSE OF THE 95TH RIFLE CORPS.

flings several of the invaders down the rock where, a few years later, he himself was thrown, and after a brave fight the Capitol is saved, and the Gauls go scrambling downwards in flight. No wonder the Romans carried a goose in procession, gaily garlanded and reclining on a soft cushion, followed by a dog, impaled on a stake, and treated with every mark of scorn!

Coming back to our own time, there was a German Uhlan regiment which had a pet gander whose career was very similar to the Rifles' protégé; but they all fade away into nothingness when compared with "Jacob," late 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, whose story is so romantic that one would scarcely credit it were it not for the head and gilt gorget preserved in the Coldstreams' Orderly Room at Whitehall, under which we read the eloquent legend—"Died on duty!"

During the unfortunate Canadian rising in 1838-39, some of the Guards were posted at a farmhouse near Quebec, and one day the sentry at the yard-gate saw a remarkable spectacle: a fine goose heading straight for the farm, pursued by a hungry fox!

He dared not fire and bring out the rest of the detachment, so he watched with no little excitement, the fox gaining rapidly meanwhile, in spite of the efforts of the terrified bird to escape.

As it reached the astonished guardsman the fox was close upon it, and made a ravenous snap at it as it tried to squeeze between the man's legs; but the British bayonet brought the chase to an end, and there was no mistake about the goose's gratitude. It rubbed against him with its head and refused to leave the spot, pacing up and down with each relief that occupied the post day after day. About two months after, when the same soldier was on guard, the enemy attempted to surprise the place, and in the dead of a winter's night two men crept through the snow, knife in hand.

They came on him unawares as he stood at ease,

but the faithful bird rose on the wing with discordant cries full in their faces, and so startled them that the sentry was able to run one through and shoot the other before several more came up to their assistance. Even then the bird flapped and hissed as the sentry stood at bay against tremendous odds, until the guard turned out and hurried to his rescue. Small wonder that the Coldstreams prized "Jacob" highly, or that they carried him back to England after the suppression of the rebellion.

For twelve years he did regular duty with the sentries at the barrack gates, and, but for an accidental encounter with a passing vehicle, there is no knowing how long he might have pursued the even tenour of his way.

During the whole of his service he had always been in the van; this time he got *under* it, and, as his epitaph states, he "died on duty!"

In the foregoing articles I have told you of many curious instances of Tommy Atkins's love for dumb creatures, a love which does him honour. To those animals, and the regiments that possess them, which space has compelled me to omit, I tender my apologies, and hope that they may find a worthier pen than mine to hand them down to posterity.

If in the future our geologists should discover *ichthyopatolites* on some prehistoric parade ground, or unearth the fact that a Volunteer corps existing before the Stone Age had a *Ramphoryncus* for a regimental pet, I will let you know; but, in the language of Artemus Ward, I somehow fear me that "it couldn't was!"

Scoring Off Handel.

HANDEL knew his own power, as every great man knows; and it is not surprising that he was thought to be proud. Nor could such a noble intellect be else than earnest and thorough. When at work, he was often rough and peremptory.

He would deal out torrents of abuse "ven tings vos mixed," to understand which one required to be intimately acquainted with at least English, French, German, and Italian. Yet these rages were healthy outbursts of a great mind, not morbid, jealous feelings. Such fits of wrath led to amusing scenes.

How he thundered and roared at Cuzzoni when she refused to sing an air which he had written for her, and only did so from fear lest he should give effect to his threat to throw her out of the window.

What a rating, too, he gave the poor Chester printer, Jansen, who assured Handel he could "sing at sight."

"You schountrel! Tit not you tell me dat you could sing at site?"

"Yes, sir," said the affrighted chorister; "and so I can, but not at *first* sight."

With Ten Minutes in Hand.

THE world owes much to Albrecht von Graefe, who for many years devoted his whole time in alleviating the terrible misery of people suffering from blindness.

He had a fine sense of justice towards his patients, and would not allow even royalty to interfere with his work at the hospital for the blind.

The Queen Dowager of Prussia summoned him to Potsdam, to examine her eyes, but it was only after much intercession that he would consent to grant her one hour. A special train bore him and his attendants like lightning to Potsdam, where carriages were ready to receive them.

At the castle, a lady in waiting informed the professor that her Majesty had not yet risen, but that she would receive him in an hour. He pulled out his watch.

"In forty minutes from this time," said he, "I shall be at the hospital."

Needless to say that the queen soon appeared. The operation was performed immediately, and von Graefe returned to the hospital with ten minutes to spare.

WHY NOT?—A little boy went to a children's party one afternoon. On his return he said to his parents:

"At the party a boy fell through a chair to the floor. All the other boys laughed, but I didn't."

"Well, why didn't you laugh?"

"'Cause I was the one that fell through."