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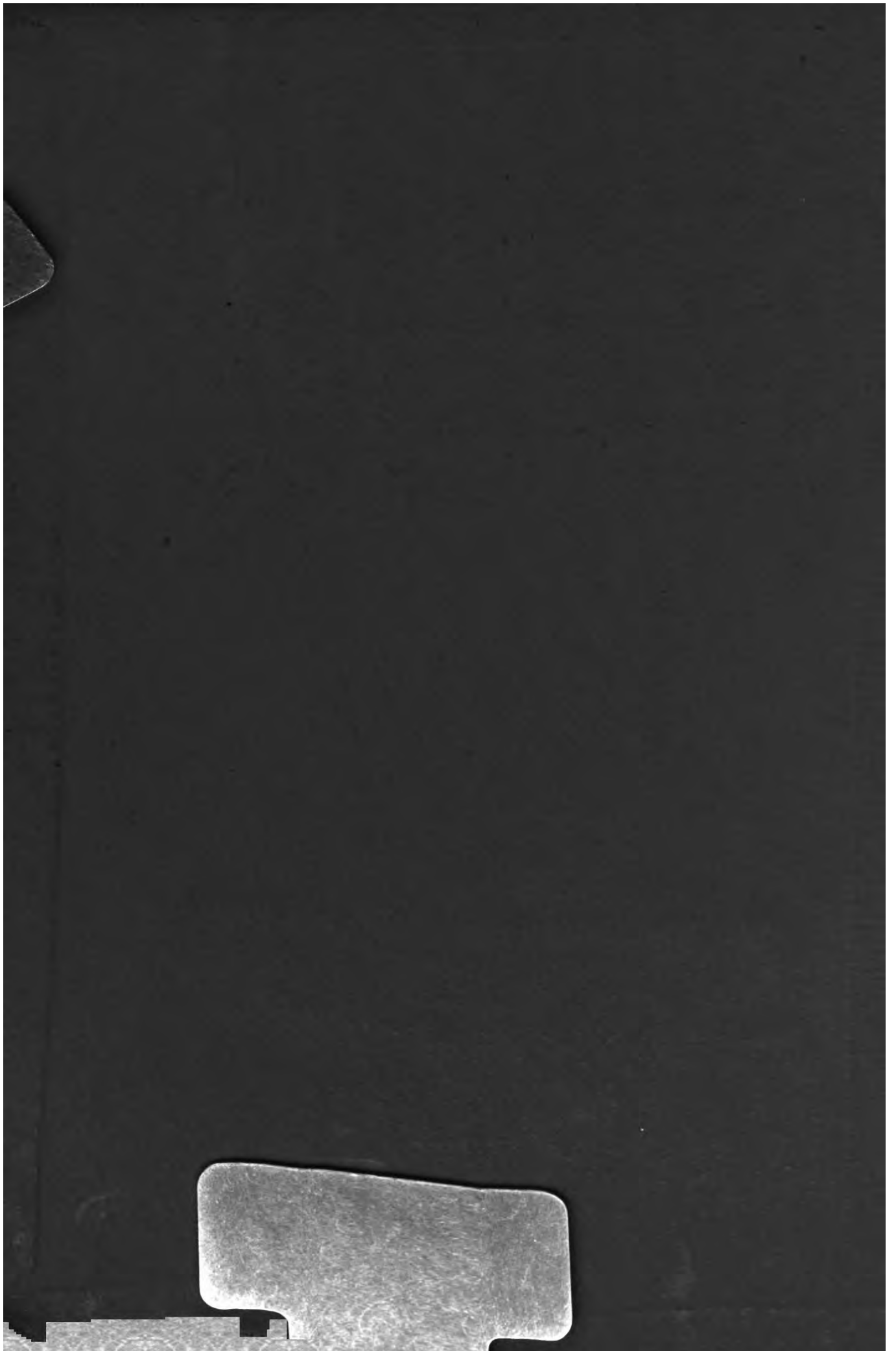


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MILITARY LIFE



IN PRUSSIA.







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# MILITARY LIFE IN PRUSSIA.

First Series.

THE SOLDIER IN TIME OF PEACE

*Translated (by permission of the Author) from the German  
of F. W. Hackländer,*

BY

F. E. R. & H. E. R.



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# MILITARY LIFE IN PRUSSIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE EQUIPMENT.

To a youthful and enthusiastic mind, gifted with a fertile imagination and a lively fancy, and imbued with the spirit of such writers as Spiess, Kramer, and others, it seems almost incredible that the grand age of chivalry, with its burnished armour, its waving plumes, and its fair ladies on prancing palfreys, should have vanished completely from the earth. To one thus constituted events would probably shape themselves as they did in my case, should it be his fate to be placed behind the counter of a shop.

The military life seemed to me the representation of the old knightly times in which alone might be found, in these prosaic days, the warlike spirit, the fresh, hearty life of the noble and squire of the middle ages. The valley in which our town was situated appeared lifeless and desolate; behind the mountains which bounded it, surely it must be dif-

ferent! There, no doubt, were thick woods in which wicked dragons lay in wait for unwary travellers; calm lakes on which white-robed damsels, wringing their hands in their anguish, awaited deliverance out of the clutches of frightful giants who held them bound by long golden chains.

Once, and only once, in my life had I seen two officers. From these two I had formed my notions of the chivalry of the present age. I was a spectator on one occasion when one of them, with waving plume, clanking sword, and glittering spurs, with a graceful wave of his hand and the brave words "Trust yourself entirely to my care," gallantly conducted a young lady through a pack of baying hounds. This incident I transferred in imagination to the shores of the lake. I saw how the giant fled before the warlike and undaunted aspect of the warrior, and how the hero then rescued the lady from her perilous situation with the words "Trust your honour to me and confide entirely in my prowess." Now, unfortunately, my fancy had a rallying-point. Yes, that noble time still survived; there still existed a class whose duty it was to protect the innocent, to defend the right, and in its cause to wield the sword. In my commercial breast dangerous seeds were germinating;—why, I asked myself, why has fate placed in my hands a yard-measure instead of the reins of a spirited war-charger? Why must I pass my days in doling out ribbon and cloth instead of measuring, as I felt myself so fully capable of doing,

my strength against mighty giants? For the nourishment of such dangerous thoughts I read all the romances and descriptions of battles which came in my way.

I learnt that the army consisted not solely of infantry and cavalry, but also of artillery.

Cannon! the very word inspired me. I saw them in imagination rolling onwards, drawn by powerful horses. I besieged a castle, and sent my beloved, who was imprisoned in one of its turrets, a rose-coloured love-letter enclosed in a bomb-shell. I continually found myself singing,—

“High in air,  
The stone-girt turret rears its threatening head.”

So completely was my mind engrossed with such thoughts, that when one day some street-boys broke a window in our shop, I answered my principal's inquiries, in a fit of absence, “It was done by the mortar on the skirts of the wood.” I now began in good earnest to consider how I might free myself from my present hateful position and enter the service of my king and country. It so happened that one day a detachment of artillery passed through our town, and this brought things to a crisis. The spirited martial music, the jovial appearance of the soldiers, who surrounded the ordnance as if it were some sacred shrine, the heavy thud of the cannon on the paved roads, all tended to excite my imagination to the highest pitch. One of the subalterns recognized our shop-girl who was standing at the

door: he was her cousin; he turned his horse out of the ranks, and rode boldly up to shake hands with her. After exchanging a few friendly words he galloped off to his charge again, his horse's hoofs striking sparks from the hard pavement over which he rode. I need hardly say that the girl was the object of universal envy for the rest of the day.

Some miles from my home, in the nearest garrison town, dwelt an old cousin of mine, a retired lieutenant-colonel, whom I determined to consult. I asked for leave one Sunday morning, and set out to visit him. My relative received me very kindly; he was a little man, with sharply-defined features and extremely arched eyebrows, which gave him a somewhat commanding air. In the battle of —, in which he commanded a regiment of infantry, he received a serious grape-shot wound which closed the door to further advancement. He usually wore a green coat, grey trousers with broad red stripes, and around his neck the first-class Russian Order of St. Anne; and in his hand he held a large silver snuff-box, on the lid of which were engraved the arms of his family. He was a cheerful, garrulous old gentleman, and fond of recounting his military experience. Tables and chairs were littered with military books and plans of battles. On the walls hung swords and pistols, to which he constantly referred in his stories: that sword he had used at such a skirmish; these pistols at such another place had done good service.

In the corner stood a model of a little fort bristling with cannon, in the original of which he had bravely held out for two days. He also preserved with great pride some grape-shot in a morocco case. To this gentleman I confided my wish to relinquish the calling of a merchant for the nobler profession of arms. Although this choice greatly pleased him—for in his opinion the military calling was the only one worth following—he most conscientiously set before me all the obstacles in the way of promotion. But what is the use of reasoning with an impetuous youth who has fully made up his mind to attain his object, come what may? I entreated my cousin to obtain the consent of my guardian and the necessary papers. The old gentleman promised at length to do his best, and I returned to my post.

A week later I received a tolerably propitious answer from my guardian—though he denounced my “folly,” as he chose to call it, in no measured terms—at the same time he sent me the papers necessary to ensure my admission into the artillery, namely, his written consent, a statement of how much I had been receiving monthly, the certificate of my baptism, and a declaration that I had never come into collision with the police. This collection of papers was completed by the doctor’s certificate, which pronounced me physically sound and fit for service.

I packed up my possessions, took leave of my employer and companions, who regarded me with a certain amount of envy, whispered in the ear of the

young lady who had been my companion behind the counter, as I pressed her hand, "A time will come when—" and then took my way towards D—, the garrison town where dwelt my cousin, under whose ægis I was to enter the Temple of Fame. I was in my sixteenth year. My admission depended on the will of the colonel; these were not his headquarters, but he visited D— from time to time to inspect the artillery stationed there, and for this purpose he was expected—happily for me—the following day.

Many amusing anecdotes were related of the Colonel von T—; he had risen from the ranks, had received his promotion during the last war, and was a gallant soldier. His gruffness, however, was excessive—the mere sight of him was enough to scare the petty officers and soldiers; and when it was reported that the Colonel von T— was in the town the deportment and attire of the soldiers became all of a sudden irreproachable; he was very tall, broad-shouldered, and possessed an extraordinary amount of muscular power. On one occasion, seeing four gunners vainly attempting to limber up a field-piece, he ran up, pushed them out of the way, and with one hand raised the trail high enough for them to turn the gun. His rubicund face wore always the same fierce expression, but to do him justice it must be admitted that his looks belied him, for, on the whole, he was decidedly a very good-hearted man; and the soldiers soon learnt that

his "bark was worse than his bite." There were three things which he insisted upon most strenuously; these were the strictest order, the most rigorous justice, and the greatest possible quickness of action. The greater number of the soldiers saw the wisdom of these demands, and liked him in spite of the torrent of invective which continually poured from his mouth. It frequently happened that during the drill he would impose for the most insignificant fault three, eight, and fourteen days' arrest, even going so far in his excitement as to extend the period to six weeks. Notwithstanding this, after the bugle had sounded the recall and his adjutant read out the list of punishments which he had inflicted, he would throw himself, with a mighty oath, from his horse, run in among the men who were resting on their guns, and if no very serious offence had been committed he would shout, in his stentorian voice; "For this once I will grant you million dogs a full pardon." Now the gunners were ready to run through fire and water for him; at such times they would gather round him and willingly listen to the lecture which he gave them whilst he breakfasted. In behalf of this important business, a servant generally accompanied him, bearing a flask of rum, a fowl or cold meat, in a great hunting-bag. One morning the colonel called for his breakfast; the servant handed him the flask, but was unlucky enough to let the fowl fall on the sandy ground after taking it out of the paper; at this the Colonel flew into a violent



rage, a torrent of abuse fell from his lips, accompanied by a blow on the man's shako; he ended his tirade with "Now that the meat is full of sand you may eat it yourself." The culprit, who in consequence of the violent box on his ear had stood motionless for some seconds, ventured at length slowly to raise his shako; finally, encouraged by the raillery of his companions who stood near him, picked up the fowl, brushed away the sand, and was in the act of raising it to his mouth, when the colonel snatched it from him, saying, "If it is eatable I will have it myself." To compensate the soldier for his loss he ordered a sutler to provide him with a breakfast.

Although this mode of treatment made him a favourite with the soldiers, it was very distasteful to many of the officers in the regiment, who, brought up in aristocratic spheres, had exaggerated notions of their own importance and dignity, and who, in their manners and dress, rather affected an effeminate style; besides, they were annoyed with the colonel for protecting the soldiers from their arrogance and overbearing demeanour, for they were inclined to treat the common soldier like a thing rather than a human being.

I was to be presented the following day to the colonel, and, in anticipation of so formidable an interview, I scarcely closed my eyes all night. At the first approach of dawn I arose and walked about for some hours, my head teeming with grand and noble plans for the future. At nine o'clock I went

in search of my old lieutenant-colonel, who was acquainted with the Colonel and who was to introduce me to him. In the anteroom we found two young men who, like myself, wished to devote themselves to the art of war; one was a tall, lank youth with an unpleasant falsetto, the other stout and short; the latter was summoned into the presence of the colonel by an adjutant, and soon returned with a beaming countenance—he had been accepted and appointed to a battery of six-pounders. Now came the tall man's turn; he also reappeared, after a short interview, as a twelve-pounder gunner. My heart beat fast when at length the adjutant called my name. The Colonel was sitting on the edge of the table, smoking most vigorously; he was in uniform, and wore a hat and feathers on his head; his left leg rested on a large heap of papers which lay on the table near him; he appeared to be in high good humour, smiled as I entered, and said to my cousin and to the officer who stood by, "If things go on like this, gentlemen, I shall soon complete my brigade from these exquisites."

I had dressed myself, as I thought, to the best possible advantage, in a dress coat, with a high cravat and still higher collar; after surveying me from head to foot for some minutes, he said, "You are highly recommended to me, and I understand you have brought your papers in good order;" he then continued, "but it seems to me you are rather weak for the artillery, especially the mounted

artillery, besides which you are below the average age, sixteen." I answered boldly, "Colonel, these are faults which will diminish with time; I have energy and a good will, which will, I hope, for the time supply the deficiency of bodily strength and age;" he laughed, and replied, "Yes, but I fear, unless you are lashed on to the gun, the first puff of wind will blow you away." I entreated him, as he took up my papers and cast his eye over them, to give me at least a trial; after a pause he said, "Well, I think we will try you. Take notice, however, there are three things above all others which I insist upon having observed in my brigade; they are—firstly, order; secondly, order; thirdly, order; it is this alone which ensures discipline, and everything else is comprehended in it; go to the artillery guard-room and tell Sergeant Loffee his colonel presents his compliments to him and sends him a trifle. Adieu, Mr. Mounted Artilleryman." Bewildered with my good fortune, I bowed and was turning towards the door, when the colonel called after me, "When I next have the honour of seeing you, may it be without the choker and collar."

I went to the guard-room and presented myself to the sergeant, who surveyed my small figure with no very favourable aspect, muttered something about too many volunteers, hard work, weak frame, then called to a youth who sat at the table writing, "Bombardier, take this young man to the quartermaster that he may be measured for his uniform."

The bombardier led me through a long corridor until we arrived at a large room which went by the name of "the room," being held sacred as consecrated to the God of War; for in it were deposited, in the most perfect order, all the paraphernalia of war.

A holy awe and an elevated consciousness seized me as I entered this temple; I could have pressed the polished weapons and glittering uniforms to my full heart. The quartermaster appeared from behind a pile of cloaks. My bombardier said, "Quartermaster, the dozen (meaning of volunteers<sup>1</sup>) is made up;" upon which the other replied, "For eleven stock-fish we have one red herring." Before the equipment took place I was measured; every one knows the instrument used for this purpose, as it stands in every passport-office. I placed myself on the step, the quartermaster took the movable bar and let it fall so heavily on my head that I collapsed; he laughed, and coolly informed me he did it in order to take the right measure, as the young men generally stretched themselves up beyond their real height. The habit, however necessary it might be, was not a pleasant one in its practical results, for it hurt my head. After this ceremony I was attired. Everything, however, was too long and broad for me, and when I stood fully equipped I looked like the children in the well-known print, who have arrayed

<sup>1</sup> "Volunteers" or "Avantageurs" is a term denoting those who voluntarily join with the intention of serving for promotion.

themselves in their father's uniform. Besides shako, uniform, riding trousers, sword, boots with spurs, he loaded me with portmanteau, pistols, and cloak, and led me back in this guise, laughing, to the sergeant, who in his turn amused himself at my expense.

I was then conducted to a room, No. 64, which I was to share with a non-commissioned officer and ten gunners; from thence I was marched off to the tailor's department, that I might have my clothes altered. On returning to my quarters I found that my new companions had taken possession of my weapons and were busily engaged in cleaning them, for they were in a shocking condition: recruits are never supplied with well-polished arms from "the room," still less are volunteers thus favoured; so the rustiest and dirtiest that could be found were given me. I should have been at a loss how to set about the task of polishing up my weapons had I been left to myself, therefore I was highly delighted to find them in such good hands; wishing, however, to take some share in the work, I took up my spurs, but soon laid them down again, at the bidding of a gunner with a grisly beard, who said, "Let them alone, I will clean them in a few minutes;" and he added, with a very serious air, "Upon my word they have given you a rusty lot! I fear without a little brandy we shall have some difficulty in getting them clean, and a little butter would not be amiss to grease the sword-blade and pistols with; or perhaps a piece of sausage might do as well for that

purpose." I declared myself willing to provide schnapps, butter, and sausage, and took out a thaler with that intent; one of the men was immediately despatched to procure these necessaries, my grisly friend saying kindly to me, "If you like, in the meantime, to go into the town and look about you, you will find your things in good order on your return." I followed his suggestion, and when I returned, after some hours' absence, I found my weapons clean and free from rust. My comrades sat at the table in exuberant spirits, their condition clearly indicating that they had not used all the schnapps in the way they proposed.

Before the bed which was assigned to me hung a smart tablet, on which was printed in large letters "H. Gunner;" and this charmed me. I contemplated it for some time, repeating over and over again, half aloud to myself, my name and subjoined title, "Gunner;" I felt as if I had indeed become somebody in the world.

The next day I was to be presented to the captain. I refrain from giving his real name, so I shall call him by the appropriate epithet "Feind,"<sup>2</sup> for certainly he never was my friend. He had a great prejudice against the volunteers, for they were mostly young, high-spirited men, who, it must be owned, did not signalize themselves by a strict attention to orders; for instance, we more often than not sported our own fine clothes instead of the dingy uniform. We did

<sup>2</sup> German for "enemy."

not always wear the prescribed heavy sabre-belt, but preferred a smarter and lighter one made of polished leather. Another thing that annoyed Captain F—— extremely was to see us drinking wine in the coffee-house while he was refreshing himself with nothing stronger than eau-sucré; we frequently did this to tease him. I had to wait a good hour in the sergeant's room before the captain made his appearance; the stiff stock which confined my throat for the first time, and very tightly, forced the blood into my head, and a mirror in which I saw myself reflected revealed a very red face. This seemed to strike the captain also when he entered, for his first remark, after scrutinizing me for a time with his arms crossed, was, "We seem to have breakfasted rather well this morning." He was in the constant habit of saying such things, and meant to insinuate that he believed I had been partaking too freely of brandy. I answered, and with truth, I had not taken a drop. He cast an angry look at me, and said,—

"*We* know better."

I bowed and kept silence. He continued,—

"Sixteen years old?"

"Yes, Captain."

"It is the usual thing to say, 'At your service, Captain.'"

"At your service, Captain."

"You appear to me very weak!"

"At your service, Captain—not at all."

“I know better ;” then, turning to the sergeant, he said, “He shall be placed under Corporal Dose for instruction.”

Thus ended the first interview with my chief, with whom I was anything but favourably impressed. I had hoped he would have asked with interest about my late employment and have expressed his pleasure at my present desire for a military life. Not a word of the kind ! On the sunny horizon of my fancy arose a little black cloud ;—ah ! how soon was my sky to be overcast by it !



## CHAPTER II.

### DRILL—ROLL-CALL.

I WAS now to receive my first instructions in infantry drill, and for this purpose I was conducted by the sergeant to the barrack-yard and handed over, with a few words of introduction, to Corporal Dose, who was told off to superintend this part of my military education. Dose was the tallest man in the whole battery—six feet two inches—and, as he was the same breadth all the way down, he bore, when seen from a distance in his uniform, a strong resemblance to a highly-coloured clock-case. This gentleman maintained an invariable gravity of deportment, even when attempting to be witty at the expense of his captain and the other officers—a liberty which sometimes got him into scrapes. He devoted his leisure time to the cultivation of poetry. Such was Herr Non-commissioned Officer Dose, under whose charge I was placed. The “Herr” was only prefixed to his rank and name when his captain was absent, for the latter had declared himself to be the only “Herr” in his battery. But this was a matter of absolute indifference to me, for Dose was a “Herr” to me, and on very sufficient grounds. If I accosted him

in the morning when I reported myself for drill by the title "Herr Non-commissioned Officer Dose," he received me much more graciously than if I simply addressed him as "Non-commissioned Officer Dose." So here I found myself on the drill-ground, where I was to be elevated by my instructor to the dignity of a man; for, according to his category, a raw recruit was at least three parts an animal. I, as a volunteer, had the good fortune to rank as half a man. He admitted, indeed, that I was not altogether deficient in good manners, since I left him five-sixths of the contents of a jug of beer which we were sharing in common.

The exercise began, and I held myself in readiness for the first word of command, "Attention." At that word I drew myself up like a flash of lightning, and stood stiff as a post. So far so good. "Now, listen!" shouted Dose: "when I say 'At ease,' you may advance your right foot and relax the muscles of your body, but you must on no account speak; when I again say 'Attention,' you must not only execute the order, but I must see by the sudden shock with which you instantly straighten your limbs in obedience to it that you are fully conscious of the importance of the moment; that word '*Attention*' should inspire every muscle and convert the unformed mass into disciplined soldiers; now, then, Attention!" I stood there an unfinished statue, and the non-commissioned officer figured as sculptor before me. He surveyed me sharply, took a few

steps backwards, walked all round me, and remarked on the want of posture, which he forthwith essayed to improve by bending me first an inch to the right, and then to the left, pushing back my shoulder-blades, then by a slight pressure under the chin he raised my head sufficiently to enable me to contemplate the heavens, and lastly he placed my hands so as to bring the little fingers into contact with the red stripes down my trousers; this he seemed to consider indispensably necessary to the military bearing of a soldier. He was tolerably well satisfied with my bearing on this first day. "Stand at ease;" I advanced my right foot, as I had been directed, and became once more "an animal"—Dose's favourite term, besides "rank-and-file," for recruits.

Thus began the practical part of my military education. Before proceeding to the theoretical part, my master delivered the following rather good preface, or introduction:—

"As in the drill the word 'attention' forbids the slightest movement of the body, so the word 'subordination' forbids in the strictest sense all independence of thought or speech. Subordination means nothing more nor less than 'Hold your tongue;' for if a soldier neither grumbles nor reasons, even in his thoughts—that is, makes no impatient gestures—he may be said to be well disciplined. There is only one expression which you are permitted to make use of. If your officer says to you, 'You are an ass,' you may answer, 'At your service,'

and there the matter will end. But this degree of self-control is difficult of attainment; you young men cannot be silent; you are inclined to be somewhat too free with your tongues, which often brings you into trouble. I could give you many examples of this. Not long ago, for instance, we had a volunteer named Laufer; he had learnt a good deal and might have risen to the rank of an officer, for he was a clever fellow, who could prove to you that black was white, but he carried his folly too far. He entered the army in the same position as yourself, as an embryo officer, expecting eventually to become a lieutenant. He had not eaten his first ration when one morning he was ordered behind the battery to look on at the artillery practice. What happened? The adjutant came by, saw our gentleman standing there, and addressed him rather roughly; it was his custom to speak roughly, but he meant no harm by it; many officers have this manner whose hearts are really too tender to hurt a fly. The adjutant asked, 'Who is he?' Instead of saying, 'At your service, Lieutenant, I am Gunner Laufer, of the six-pound horse battery, and stand here by order of the captain to watch the practice,' the devil tempted him, and he said, 'Lieutenant, "he" is a personal pronoun.' Thinking Laufer had not understood him, the lieutenant repeated his question; then the former answered, quite in the French style, 'Lieutenant, "he" is a *pronomén personale*.' You should have seen the scene which followed; the adjutant

talked of arrest, court-martial, imprisonment; and the volunteer only laughed at him. We heard all this; the captain stopped the drill, and my lieutenant at once reports Laufer to him; he is called to the front, and—would you believe it?—he declared with incredible assurance that it had never entered his head to insult the lieutenant. The word ‘insult’ in itself was impertinent—as if an ordinary recruit *could* insult an officer! He said he thought the adjutant wished to examine him in the German language. The captain, who was in a good humour at the time, turned round and laughed; the lieutenant went away exasperated and reported the affair to the major. Laufer came off well for the time being—at least we heard no more of the matter; but nevertheless it did him harm. He was soon after removed, and the adjutant took care that he never passed an examination; therefore—Attention!”

Why did he end so abruptly? In spite of the rule which Dose had just expatiated upon, I could not resist glancing quickly upwards. What in the world made Dose begin the drill again so suddenly? Ha! at the window above there appeared a flowered dressing-gown, and in the same was the sergeant, who was looking on and smoking a pipe. I redoubled my efforts, leant forward at an angle of at least sixty degrees, threw out my chest, and held my head so erect that I could comfortably survey the vane on the neighbouring garrison church. I really held myself in a masterly manner, made several right

wheels and left wheels, bringing down my foot so energetically that my heels quite tingled. The sergeant nodded graciously from his window and laughed good-humouredly; then the corporal ventured to look up and assure the important individual in the dressing-gown that I went through my drill pretty well already; whereupon the sergeant gave leave to stop the drill for that day. We now exchanged the stiff tone of duty for a freer and lighter one, and betook ourselves to Madame Linksen's restaurant, which the corporal could not praise highly enough.

I had fancied that a military canteen would be a great hall where soldiers enjoyed themselves sitting at long oak tables, with full, well-polished cans, and that the walls would be hung round with arms—in fact, a kind of knightly hall floated before my eyes. My fancy had again played me false. Madame Linksen was the wife of an artilleryman, and in respect of cleanliness her restaurant held the first place among all such establishments in the barracks. But it must not be supposed, therefore, that *her* canteen was very clean and orderly. Only an old soldier or an innocent recruit could have become a daily customer. It was well known that Madame Linksen gave the longest credit, but also she took the largest profits; above all things, she understood how to extract the ready money out of us young fellows by making the entertainment within her four walls supportable, and even pleasant, and, in

default of anything better, absolutely necessary. During my first months of service, when I still had money in my pocket, if I appeared at the door of the room and found it quite full she always managed to make a place for me somehow ; either she turned her small offspring off the bed, and begged me to use it as a sofa, or else she looked round with searching eyes, mentally opened her account-book, and saw at a glance which of those present was deepest in her debt, and that one must make way. If he had tact enough, he got up of his own accord, after one significant glance from madame, and left the company to think he was tired of sitting there ; but if he was obtuse, Madame Linksen had no hesitation about making known her desire to him in plain words.

In this *café militaire* were to be found every morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, the *gourmands* or swells of the battery who had either money or credit. It was quite a fashion at this hour to take some bitters for four *pfennig*, a roll with a sausage for eight *pfennig*—in short, a breakfast to the amount of a *silbergroschen*<sup>1</sup>—and meanwhile to talk over the service, the officers, horses, and adventures. The young and inexperienced like myself kept silence and listened with great attention to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of those who had been longer in the service. Benches and

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—12 *pfennig* = 1 *silbergroschen* = 1½ penny.

chairs were filled, men even lay on the bed and the table; the shako hung negligently over one ear and was only kept firm by the chain, which was held between the teeth; the sword between the legs served as a support for the hands or head. The company sat thus together, telling anecdotes and lies to one another. One had encountered that morning an officer whom he disliked, and if one could believe his incoherent story and the expressive movements of his hand at the sudden conclusion of it, accompanied by a significant smile, he had at least offered his superior a box on the ear. Another had been the night before at an inn, had broken everything to pieces there, had got clear off, had fallen into the hands of a patrol, had put the patrol to flight, and as a finish had run down the guard at the barrack entrance, who wanted to arrest him. Each tried to outdo the other in their reports of heroic deeds. Thus we sat, talked, swore, and laughed till about eleven o'clock, when the sound of a bugle quite changed the aspect of affairs. The bugler for the day was trying his instrument, giving forth gentle notes, that he might afterwards be able to give the signal for the roll-call truly and clearly. Immediately the session within was prorogued, every one put his arms and accoutrements in order, paid his reckoning or gave madame an expressive sign, and as the signal sounded all started up in the greatest haste to present themselves on the parade-ground for the roll-call.



The "roll-call" to a military man, especially to one of the easy-going kind, to which nearly all of us belonged, is a tedious and ticklish quarter of an hour. One can fully apply to it the well-known proverb, "No thread is so fine that it cannot be seen in the sunshine." Everything is brought to light at the "roll-call." It is a time when the captain and officers, having nothing particular to do, leisurely think over, reprove, and punish the faults and irregularities of the company, and find out new imperfections. If some unfortunate fellow among us had supplied the place of a lost button by a skilful "manœuvre de force," that is, had tied together the braces and trousers with a piece of string (the expression "manœuvre de force," which I have used here, is derived from the title of an article in our "Guide to Artillery" on patching up damaged pieces of ordnance), and the makeshift was so hidden that it would never have been detected at drill, one of the prying officers was sure to discover it now and drag the culprit out before the whole battery to receive due punishment. If another had shammed sickness to escape drill and had succeeded in cheating the doctor and extorting from him a certificate that he was suffering from a severe cold or some other malady, at the roll the case of the invalid was reported to the captain, who immediately sent the orderly to make sympathizing inquiries respecting him; in reality, however, to find out whether the patient was in bed

or in his room only. If it was announced that the invalid was not to be found, woe to him. If, on the contrary, he *was* in his room, he was generally obliged to appear before the company, and usually came attired in an old torn cloak and slippers, in order to intimate his condition.

One day about a dozen had absented themselves on the plea of illness, at which the Captain made a great outcry and sent off the orderly in great haste to bring them one and all to the parade-ground. The corporal went, but came back very soon with the announcement that all the invalids were in bed, and declared that it was impossible for them to expose themselves to the air in their condition. Renewed invectives followed from the Captain and an order to bring the invalids "*here*" instantly; as he said the word "*here*" he pointed to the ground, the orderly, who was a very matter-of-fact man, quietly unhooked his sword and made a cross on the ground just about where the finger of the Captain had pointed, and then turned to go. A thundering "*halt*" from the officer brought him to a stand.

"What is the meaning of that mark, sir?"

The orderly answered naively, that in order to execute the orders of the Captain implicitly he had marked the spot to which he was to bring the patients. The unfortunate, over-officious man! he had not dreamt in the morning that his noonday bread—*bread* in the literal sense of the word—would be eaten under arrest. Five minutes after the fore-

going occurrence the orderly was led away to No. 7½, for so the military prison was called for the sake of brevity. Similar scenes, arrests, &c., were the usual supplement to the roll-call, to which, on this account, we looked forward with anxiety, for misfortune walks fast, and our Captain possessed a certain little red book, in which each man had an account, where the captain entered all offences, especially those of the volunteers. This he consulted daily, to see whose names had the greatest number of crosses and entries against them and were thus ripe for punishment. Then, with his right hand thrust into his tunic, he would look up to the sky and meditate for how many days he should consign this one or that to the place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, to reflect on the past and future. He would then place his right foot forward, and always make the same movements, which we only too well understood. For instance, if he stamped his heel on the ground, it was an infallible sign of a coming storm, and woe to him upon whom the storm burst. When the Captain began to cut up the earth with his foot, those who had bad consciences immediately stood as erect as statues, and an adept could measure the extent of their account in the captain's book by their deportment. If the Captain saw on our faces a universal desire to please him and a fear of his displeasure, and happened to be in a good humour, he would only threaten us with his finger, as much as to say, "Next time I'll not let you off so

easily." And with this he would content himself for that day; but in other cases, if he wished to pick a quarrel with any one, an unpolished or dusty spur was sufficient excuse.

"Sir, when were your boots cleaned last?"

"This morning, Captain," was the answer.

"That's a lie, sir! don't let me catch you at that again! I know you, you're a sloven."

"But, Captain, this morning—"

"Will you be silent, sir? or, confound you!—Sergeant, give this man three days on the wood" (a variety for "arrest") "for slovenliness and insubordination."

Then he would preach us a long sermon, invoking from time to time thunder and lightning to descend on our heads, and withdraw with clanking steps.

The real aim of the roll is, once a day to assemble the company in order to see if everything is in good order; the roll is called, and each man has to testify to his presence by a loud "Here," and the absentees are of course punished. Then the sergeant, in the name of the Captain, gives the orders for the next twenty-four hours, and the whole thing—unless some interruptions happen as above related, may be over in a quarter of an hour; but *we* had the pleasure nearly every day of standing a whole hour, between twelve and one o'clock, whether it was in the burning sun or in the severest cold of winter.

My first appearance at roll-call passed by pretty quietly. Captain Feind came to me once,

pressed my shoulder-blades together, lifted up my head, and muttered several times, "Position! Position!" He asked some of my comrades if they had not breakfasted rather well that morning; but, on the whole, he was very gracious. I also saw now, for the first time, the other officers of the battery. But more of these gentlemen anon.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE RÉVEILLE—THE STABLE—INSTRUCTION.

THE first night I passed in the barracks I slept very badly; the newly-stuffed straw mattress did not yield in the slightest degree to the pressure of my body; in addition to this source of discomfort, I never closed my eyes without dreaming that I was on a hillock and trying, as one does in childhood, to roll down it; I succeeded pretty well at first, but when I reached the bottom my body came in contact with the stump of a tree which lay in the way. I awoke, and to my astonishment found that I had fallen out of bed. As this occurred several times, I determined, about three o'clock, not to go to sleep again. I whiled-away the time by dwelling on the joyful fact that to-day I was to be initiated into the mysteries of the stable! Good heavens! how little I knew what was before me! At four o'clock I arose and impatiently awaited the signal which was to summon me to the horses—animals which a brave soldier should love, cherish, and tend like his second self. At length the bugle sounded; the room, in which until now silence had reigned supreme, instantly became the scene of busy confusion. I

was the first in the passage, where I caught a glimpse of the bugler blowing away in his night-shirt; his task accomplished, he returned to his bed to indulge in two more hours' sleep. This seemed to me most unworthy of a bugler, a man who should be first in the field for courage and promptitude; what cannot he effect by one single blast of the trumpet? and yet so insensible was this man that he had not even taken the trouble to put on his trousers before giving the signal! Was it possible, I thought, that any one could be so utterly oblivious to the dignity of his calling? In all my conceptions of a bugler I had pictured a man of an imposing aspect, with a great beard, fully accoutred, a sword at his side—a man capable of leading a host of brave men by the breath of his mouth. Another of my illusions dispelled! It was a long time before I could forget the undressed trumpeter; but *not* long before I learnt that many things which at a distance look bright and beautiful, on closer acquaintance lose all their lustre and romance.

I was received in the stable by my corporal, Dose, in his accustomed manner, with a solemn harangue; which, however, he read out of a book. He commented on the importance of the stable duties, how a cavalry soldier without a horse cannot be a cavalry soldier, in fact is nothing at all; how the rider should take the greatest possible care of his steed, and a variety of other remarks to the same effect. He then handed me the book from which he had been

reading, and which seemed to have suffered inside as well as outside from the climatic influences of the stable and the guard-room, informing me that it was written by one of our highest officers, the author also of many patriotic songs. A quainter book surely never was published! The first chapter treated of the grooming and cleaning of horses, and began as follows:—

“§ I. See, my dear little horse, here is the man whose duty it is to groom and tend thee; he must come to thee every morning at five o'clock in summer and at six in winter; he must first spread out the straw upon which thou hast slept, in the yard to dry; then, after shortening thy halter-chain, commence (§ II.) the operation (sub. a.) of currying.”

The whole book consisted, in a great measure, of paragraph signs, titles, and numbers. In the preface it was directed that each officer in command of a battery should insist upon his gunners occasionally reading the book to their horses, by which means they would not only acquire a knowledge of their duties, but would also improve themselves in the art of reading aloud.

I crammed the book into my pocket and the corporal conducted me round the stables, pointing out the arrangements as we went along and desiring me to watch the men, in order that later in the day, when the horses were again attended to, I might be able to undertake the care of my own. An inde-



scribable air of comfort and cheerfulness pervades a military stable: cleanliness is the presiding genius; the well-washed floors, the polished bails<sup>2</sup> which separate the horses from each other, present a pleasant picture to the eye. Then the hum of voices, the variety of occupations—here, one man busily engaged with his horse; there, one singing, while others smoke and chat—together with the snorting and neighing of the horses, all combine to form a lively and animated scene.

The corporal stopped before a long-legged mare, which he introduced to me as his war-charger; he spat and said,—

“That is Brokus, one of the best bred horses in all Christendom; you see she knows me, she turns her head towards me; but, Brokus,” he continued, “put your head straight again, for if Captain Feind should happen to come in he would say, ‘We seem to have breakfasted rather well this morning.’”

Scarcely had he uttered these words when the captain, who had entered softly, tapped him pretty sharply on the shoulder and said,—

“Do you know, corporal, it appears to me very evident that we *have* breakfasted rather too well this morning.”

Dose stood thunderstruck, and stammered out some inarticulate words. I also was somewhat

<sup>2</sup> Swinging-bars.

startled, and became still more so when the captain turning to me, remarked in a severe tone,—

“It would have pleased me better to have found you with your own horse.”

I slunk away, took the currycomb, and began to work away at my brown Wallachian in good earnest.

Each man is required to clean from his horse as much dust as will make twelve lines a foot long and an inch thick. In order to understand this, it must be remembered that in grooming a horse a brush and currycomb are used; with the brush the dust and dirt are removed from the horse's coat, and to clear the brush it is occasionally scraped over the teeth of the currycomb, which is, in its turn, cleared by being knocked on the ground; and the dust thus removed forms the lines already mentioned. To produce this quantity of dust from one horse twice daily is hard work, and requires much practice and strength, and the idle ones in the battery are in the habit of adding chalk to make up the desired amount and so to save themselves trouble. In spite of all my exertions, and although for the first quarter of an hour the perspiration actually streamed from my face, I could not produce more than eight lines, with which, however, Dose declared himself contented, and allowed me to go to my quarters.

After I had rested half an hour I had to go, as on the preceding day, to drill, then to roll-call, and in the evening at six o'clock to the lecture, which I was anxious to attend. This was an hour set apart

for instruction, during which an officer read aloud to the soldiers from a military text-book the elements of artillery, and afterwards examined the men to ascertain whether anything they had heard had fixed itself in their memories. The officer appointed for this duty in our room was Lieutenant von R—, a tolerably gracious gentleman, though rather haughty. When he entered the room he carefully avoided coming in contact with the furniture; his valet always accompanied him, bearing his chair after him. After seating himself, he twirled his moustache, turned up his nose, invariably remarking, "There is a very strong smell of bad tobacco here;" then clearing his throat, and applying his nose to a bouquet he had in his button-hole, he chose for this evening's lesson the first chapter of the "Elements," which treated of the divisions of the artillery in general. I learnt then that a brigade was commanded by a Colonel and consisted of three companies commanded by Majors, each company consisting of five batteries—a horse a twelve-pound, and two six-pound batteries, as well as a garrison battery; each battery had eight guns—six cannon and two howitzers. He further taught us that the weight of a cannon-ball must be equal to its expressed weight, a six-pound ball, for instance, must weigh six pounds; but that it was different with grenades and shells. This and more besides I learnt in the same lecture. I remarked that most of my comrades calmly composed themselves to sleep, and were only aroused,

when a direct question was put, by a friendly poke in the ribs from their more wakeful neighbours, when they gave the most extraordinary answers—a style of reply, however, which I must say was not confined to the sleepers alone.

During my term of service I have occasionally met with men who, although overflowing with mother wit and up to all sorts of fun, appear utterly incapable of grasping or comprehending anything presented to their minds in the form of instruction. I remember one instance in particular, that of an artilleryman who could not remember that gunpowder was composed of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal; all the pains bestowed upon him were unavailing; one moment the man knew it, but if he were asked a few seconds after he would name two of the ingredients without being able to recall the third. The captain and other officers exhausted every imaginable means of impressing it on his memory, but in vain. The fame of this man's obtuseness reached the ears of the old Colonel von T——, and, wishing to see this original, he sent for him and said, "My son, tell me what is gunpowder made of?" The man remained silent. Von T—— explained that it consisted of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre, and desired him to repeat these three articles; the man stammered out "charcoal, sulphur," and then stopped. The Colonel went over the lesson again, and this time the man remembered the saltpetre and sulphur, but could not recall

the charcoal. After several repetitions of the same scene the Colonel, thinking the man must be frightened at being examined by him, took off his cocked hat and said, "Now imagine that I am not Colonel von T——, but your comrade, Gunner T——; now if he were to come up to you in a friendly way and slap you on the back and say, 'My dear comrade, do have the kindness to tell me what gunpowder is made of,' what would you answer?" The gunner sulkily blustered out, "Then I should say, 'Comrade T——, you know that better than I do.'" The Colonel gave up the contest, and withdrew laughing heartily.

Thus passed some weeks, during which time I learnt the foot exercise, facings, the sword exercise, and to get the requisite amount of dust out of my horse, and to saddle and bridle him; and now I was ready to enter the riding-school. I was to acquire the art of riding with the rest of the volunteers under the superintendence of Lieutenant L——, who was in every respect, both as a soldier and a gentleman, a most estimable and worthy man. Should these pages ever come into his hands, I herewith tender him my most hearty greetings and best thanks for the indulgence and kindness which he invariably manifested towards my comrades and myself. All who have ever served under him will remember him with gratitude, although I am not at liberty to publish his name here. It is by no means a difficult task for an officer to gain the affections of his men. L—— was very strict, but at the same

time he was just and reasonable. Truly it is an undertaking which requires great patience to reduce a body of raw recruits, for the most part composed of peasants and artisans, to obedience and order; in a word, to convert them into disciplined soldiers; but it *can* be done if rightly set about. The young officers leave the military schools with good theoretical knowledge of manœuvring a company and of the working and mechanism of the guns; to place each wheel, each peg in its right place seems to them easy work, but nevertheless when it comes to the practical part they are utterly at fault. With ardour and youthful vehemence they attack the raw material, thinking that all that is needed to fashion the shapeless iron into the elastic spring which sets the machine in motion are a few well-directed strokes of the hammer. But in reality it requires to be quietly and thoughtfully handled, slowly filed, and carefully adjusted; a violent onset on the individual man effects nothing. More can be destroyed in an hour by a torrent of oaths, by unseasonable punishments and persecution, than can be repaired in half a year. The recruit requires quiet treatment and careful instruction, and this Lieutenant L—— understood thoroughly; if a thing did not go well the first time, he ordered it to be done a second, and even a third time, without showing the slightest anger, and it was only in cases where failure was caused by obstinacy and self-will that he had recourse to severe words and punishment.

How often we have all heard officers giving instruction in the following manner:—"At the word 'mount' raise yourself from the ground by means of both your arms without bending your body, seizing the mane with the left hand and resting the right on the croup of the horse; at the second word of command, 'horse,' throw the right leg over the croup on which the right hand is resting." One or two trials is sufficient to perfect a man in this accomplishment, at least so the book informs us;—therefore it must be possible. It never strikes the worthy officer that it is an attainment of some difficulty and requires much practice and patience.

What wonderful and complicated terms of abuse one hears at such times! If the lieutenants happened to be in a good humour, they contented themselves with making variations on the expression originated by old Colonel von T——, who, seeing a gunner on one occasion mounting his horse with much pain and difficulty, observed that it reminded him of a cow trying to climb up an apple-tree.

If they confined themselves to words, well and good; but sometimes the great whip was brought into requisition. Not that it was actually used upon the men; no, thanks to the humanity of our laws, corporal punishment is strictly forbidden, and if a complaint of this kind can be proved the offender is severely punished; but an officer says, for instance, "That horse goes lazily," and gives him a cut over the flanks, should the rider's legs be included in the

stroke, what can be said? I received many a slash in this way after the good Lieutenant L—— left us.

But enough on this subject. With the help of the non-commissioned officers who instructed me in artillery drill, I gradually shook myself out of the rough husk of a recruit and became a veritable gunner. The romantic ideas with which I had started had all vanished: I soon discovered that my ideal of the military profession had very little in common with the reality; that the virtues most likely to insure advancement were silence and cleanliness; the chivalrous sentiments of bravery and high-mindedness, which I in my ignorance had painted in such glowing colours as indispensable qualifications in a soldier, were carefully stored away in "the room" during peace, to be brought forth only in time of war.

One day at roll-call the captain announced that in consequence of orders from headquarters, the staff of the brigade (i. e. the Colonel, with his aides-de-camp, secretaries, &c.) was to be transferred from its present quarters to us at D——. Thus Colonel von T—— would become stationary amongst us, and we should have to observe the strictest propriety in all our ways and carefully avoid any breach of orders. For instance, the Captain warned us against wearing our tunics open or displaying a white waistcoat; and, above all, he forbade the use of high collars, the Colonel having



strictly prohibited these three things and threatened them with severe penalties.

“If any one is caught infringing these orders and is punished,” concluded the captain, “I shall make a point of adding a few days extra! However, I hope none of my company will give me any occasion for such severity; I hope the volunteers understand me.”

Soon after this announcement the Colonel made his entry into D—— and celebrated his arrival by a full-dress parade, at which he growled and swore tremendously. He was unusually sharp in detecting trifling faults; there was a little spot of rust on my horse’s bit, so small that it had escaped my notice. He spied it out and gave me a tremendous scolding; cleverly insinuating at the same time a threat of a fortnight’s imprisonment.

In this way he made the round of the company. One had not blacked his horse’s hoofs carefully; another had placed his saddle too far back, and accordingly had the title of “unmitigated block-head” bestowed upon him. After the review the Colonel inspected the rooms, stables, and other parts of the barracks, thereby causing all who were accountable for anything to tremble.

Dose belonged to this class, having charge of the forage. I assisted him in the discharge of his duties, kept the books of supply and consumption, and wrote down every day upon a slate, which was hung up for this purpose in the loft, the stock

in hand. The barracks had formerly been a monastery and harboured a great number of rats and mice, for whose destruction Dose had procured a good cat. For the same purpose an owl, which I one day captured in the tower, was installed in the loft and confined by a chain round its leg; these little hunters soon made a considerable clearance of the game. Dose was now in great perplexity how to secrete the two animals (of which the Captain knew nothing) during the Colonel's visit. It was not advisable to take them to our room, as no one knew where the Colonel might choose to go. I advised Dose to leave them where they were; the owl, I said, would sleep and the cat would discreetly keep out of sight. And indeed there was no time to make other arrangements, for the Colonel, accompanied by his staff, was approaching, and we already heard his deep voice and the sound of his steps on the threshold. Dose was repeating half aloud to himself the report which he had to make to the Colonel.

“Colonel, the granary of Battery No. —: stock in hand—118 bushels of oats, 1000 pounds of hay; daily consumption—16 bushels of oats, 120 pounds of hay.”

The door opened and the Colonel entered. Dose stepped forward and made his report most creditably. The Colonel looked around, appeared satisfied with the order of the granary, and was just turning to leave, when the unfortunate owl, aroused, no

doubt, by the glitter of his epaulettes and sword, awoke and fluttered down from his perch; this disturbed the cat, who sprang into another corner of the room with a loud "miaou." The Colonel turned round immediately.

"What kind of order is this? The royal loft made the receptacle for all manner of beasts! What's the meaning of this, Corporal?" he said.

Dose answered in a frightened tone of voice,—

"There are so many mice here, Colonel; and the cat and the owl—"

"Oho," interrupted Von T——, laughing, "are to catch the mice? Very good."

The Captain, who had been prepared for a great fuss, bestirred himself when he saw how well it was passing off, and said, "Yes, Colonel, I had these animals placed here to clear the granary from mice."

To which Von T—— replied, as he left the place, "Very good; I am quite satisfied."

Dose, however, was not equally so; and when we were alone he said, "You see, that's just the way of the world! The moment the Captain saw that our possession of the two mouse-catchers gave no offence, he robs us of the honour of the invention; but I assure you that he shall in future pay something towards their support;" and true to his word, in my next report of broken broomsticks and shovels, he made me put down:—"For the maintenance of the animals which have been procured

in accordance with the Captain's orders, so much, as the former food of these useful animals—the mice—have considerably decreased.”

After the arrival of the old Colonel in our town we could hardly be careful enough not to be caught tripping by him in some way or other. From early morning till late at night he was on his legs, and generally appeared where he was least expected. Very often at tattoo he placed himself in a corner of the barrack-yard to see who came in late. He had a wonderful talent for recognizing faces which he had only seen once, or only by night.

It happened that one night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, a volunteer, coming out of a public-house rather the worse for liquor, stumbled on the old Colonel at a corner where a lamp was burning. To see him, to turn and run away was the work of a moment. The Colonel ran some distance after him; but our *avantageur* was too swift of foot, and the Colonel had to give up the pursuit. At noon next day, at roll-call, we saw him looking about in every direction without being able to discover the culprit of the previous night, who, as chance would have it—on account of some writing which he had to do for the Captain—was off duty. All who had come in late had been summoned before him; but this one was not among them. At last he advanced towards the Adjutants in order to give the orders for the day, still casting his eyes around. He had scarcely dictated a word when suddenly he broke

through the circle of officers, dashed under the corridor which surrounded the building, and seized upon the unhappy *avantageur*—who happened at that moment to make his appearance in dressing-gown and slippers—and dragged him into the yard. The poor fellow, who, in his dishabille and with his woe-begone countenance, cut but a sorry figure amongst the officers in full-dress, was sentenced, after a severe reprimand, to a detention of some days, and thought himself lucky to have got off so easily. The Colonel, however, shouted in his stentorian voice, so that he was heard throughout the building, “Oho, no one can escape me; I know you all again!”

Often he would visit the barracks early in the morning to see that the stable duties were punctually performed; he especially looked after the officers, and not unfrequently turned them out of bed when they did not appear in time. One morning the trumpeter had just stationed himself in the passage to give the *réveille*, but had hardly sounded a note when he broke off with a discord and uttered a piercing cry, which was accompanied by loud oaths from the Colonel. All ran to the door; the bugler, who had gone out as usual in his night-shirt to give the signal, had been pounced upon by the Colonel, who, after giving him a sound shaking, seized him by the shirt and dragged him off to the Sergeant. It was most comical to see the strong man flying along the passage with the poor

culprit—a little boat taken in tow by a great puffing steamer. The bugler was sentenced to three days' arrest, and for the future gave the signal in full costume.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON GUARD—UNDER ARREST.

THE time had now come when I was to mount guard for the first time. This is quite an event for a recruit, and is inaugurated with all due solemnity. He is expected to treat the whole guard-room, the entertainment usually consisting of beer, bread, &c. In return, he has the best station allotted to him on the auspicious occasion. Of course I conformed to this custom, and consequently was honoured with the station before the house of the Colonel, the duty there being considered very easy. The Sergeant and my non-commissioned officer had instructed me in my duties. The Colonel lived in a house having a little garden in front. I mounted guard at 3 p.m., and the comrade whom I relieved announced to me that the Colonel was not at home, a circumstance which the sentry should always know. For the first half-hour "mounting guard" pleased me. I walked to and fro in the garden, looked at the flowers, hummed airs to myself, and imagined that I had become of great importance in the kingdom. But the time soon began to pass very slowly. I counted the buttons on my uniform, the fowls running about

the garden, and the pigeons on the neighbouring houses; I measured the little enclosure in all directions, and at last owned to myself that, after all, mounting guard was no enviable lot. At this juncture the Colonel's wife, a lady of noble family, appeared at the door, and, speaking in a sweet, soft voice, said, "Gunner, look after the hens a little, and see that they do not spoil the flowers."

This seemed to me a curious idea. That *I*, placed as a guard of honour before my chief's door, should so far lower myself as to look after fowls! I assumed, consequently, my most dignified attitude and answered, "Madame, I am extremely sorry, but my instructions are only to the effect that—"

But further than this my lady did not stop to hear, but vanished into the house without deigning to bestow another glance on me. "All right," thought I, and went on as before, now and then going to the kitchen window to exchange a few words with the coachman, who was cleaning the boots there. At last I said to him heedlessly, "John, will the old man soon come back?" (I meant the Colonel) but, oh heavens! I had hardly uttered the words when a terrible storm in the person of the Colonel himself burst over my head. He was sitting at an open window above, had overheard my question, and shouted out, "Oho! yes; the old man is here, and will come down presently to break a few of your bones, you unmitigated blockhead!"

I flew to my sentry-box, shouldered my carbine



firmly, and stood immovable. The old gentleman must have come in at the back door! My heart beat audibly; one anxious quarter of an hour passed, then another, and the time approached when I was to be relieved. Never before had soldier looked forward to that time so eagerly as I did now! The clock struck five, there was a noise on the stairs, and the Colonel, with his great cocked hat, came out of the house and walked straight up to me. I presented arms better than I had ever done before. He looked narrowly at me, scrutinizing my whole appearance with a lowering countenance. When he saw that all was in first-rate order his anger somewhat abated; he merely said, "Ha, one of these volunteers! one of these exquisites! Of course it is too much for the young gentleman to chase the fowls! but to speak on duty, to ask whether the 'old man' is coming, *that* he can do fast enough! Well, young gentleman, I thank you for the kind inquiry, but I beg that it may not be repeated."

Away he went, and a weight was lifted off my heart. I had escaped his anger for the second time, but fate willed it that in a few days I should encounter him again, and with a far worse result. It was a great trial to us volunteers that we might not wear our tunics open and display a nice white waist-coat; also, that we were always obliged to wear the heavy regulation sword instead of a light one with a pretty polished belt, similar to those worn by the officers. On one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday I

took counsel with several others whether we should not venture for once to exhibit ourselves in the town in the full glory of all the forbidden articles of dress, among which was the strictly-prohibited high cravat, without which no toilet could be *comme il faut*. Much was said both for and against this plan. One said we could keep a sharp look-out on all sides and run in different directions at the least sign of danger. Another advised that we should go by side-streets into the town. The last proposal was adopted as the best plan. In the afternoon, therefore, we slunk out of the barracks attired in our best, each wearing one of the forbidden articles of dress: one black trousers, another a handsome sword-belt, a third an immensely high cravat and stiff collar, and I wore my tunic unbuttoned, displaying a white waistcoat. We walked with considerable anxiety through the streets, looking sharply about us; but suddenly the foremost drew up and exclaimed in a horror-stricken tone, "There is the Colonel!" All our well-laid plans for flight vanished; we were fascinated by the sight of his waving plume, as a traveller is by a poisonous snake, and we stood at attention. I tried hastily to button my tunic; the man with the neckcloth had just time enough to stuff in one side of it, and presented consequently a peculiar appearance, as the other side stood up as high as ever. There we stood; the Colonel came up, and, at first noticing nothing wrong, remarked, "Ah, the young fellows look quite jolly; I like that!" One

of my comrades confessed to me afterwards that he prayed most fervently, "Good God, let the Colonel pass on!" But he did not pass on. All at once a dark expression came over his face, the veins on his forehead swelled; he noticed the part of the cravat which still stood up, and, pulling it up still higher until it almost covered the ear of the unfortunate wearer, said,—

"Oho! what on earth is this, you rascal? and you," turning to me, "your shirt is peeping out of your trousers!"

I looked down thunderstruck. O horrors! in my haste I had buttoned the tunic crookedly, and the white waistcoat was protruding.

"Now," continued the Colonel, "isn't it your shirt? isn't it?"

"No, Colonel," I stammered, "only my waistcoat."

"Ah! *only* a waistcoat? I'll be-waistcoat you! And *you* there, *you* sport black trousers against orders also! You *are* a fine corps! and the fourth of this noble company wears a belt such as his colonel even does not wear! To the barracks! March! I'll accompany you."

We were obliged to obey, and he took us to the Sergeant, who was not a little astonished at the procession. The whole barracks were in a commotion; the Colonel swearing in loud tones all the way across the yard and up the steps, every one flew to the windows to look at us. He made a short trial of it,

and we were sentenced to four and twenty hours in the cells for dressing contrary to regulation, and although it was Sunday the punishment was to take effect at once. The Sergeant wrote a note to the steward of the prison, wherein our names were recorded and a friendly reception secured for us. We were obliged to put on our worst clothes and to take each of us a lump of bread, two pounds in weight, under his arm, his allowance for one day. This, with the exception of cold water, was the sole refreshment vouchsafed us whilst under arrest.

Arrest! Military arrest! Ah, it is something fearful! A noble man considers a day in his life lost in which he has done no good deed; still he has spent the day in the air and sunshine. A vagrant may say in the evening, whilst he eats his hard crust of bread in the moonlight, "Another useless four and twenty hours passed and nothing gained!" Be silent, miserable sinner! thou hast seen the blue sky, enjoyed the mild air; thou couldst lie down among grass and flowers, and dream of better things gone by. The convict returns from his labour and, throwing himself with a groan on his hard pallet, murmurs, "I have cast another day's work into the abyss which has swallowed up my whole life!" But hast not *thou* seen thy fellow-creatures? has not the light of the sun gilded *thy* chains? has not thine attention been attracted by a thousand objects during thy work which made the time pass quicker? But the day which *I* spent under military

arrest was dead and blank ; I did not *live* it ; it was a gap in my life !

In several of the vaults of a tower, which lie one over another, there are built from six to eight wooden cages in each vault, each cage being three feet wide, five feet long, and about eight feet high. Over the door, which is fastened with two bolts like a menagerie cage, there is a wire ventilator about a foot square. The door of the cage, however, is so placed as to be turned away from the window of the vault, so that this opening gives scarcely any light. The furniture consists of a wooden bed, formed of a plank, fixed firmly against the wall on one side, and occupying nearly all the room ; and, lastly, of a water-pitcher and a bucket. These are the cells. The mildest form of arrest is the guard-room, in which the prisoner has a straw mattress in place of the wooden bedstead, and has also a warm meal daily. The guard-room is also used for soldiers who are awaiting trial for the commission of some crime, thus causing considerable unpleasantness for those who are brought there only for some trivial offence. It has happened to me to be obliged to share the guard-room with thieves, and on one occasion even with a murderer. The "black hole," finally, is a place into which no ray of light penetrates, in which there is neither wooden bedstead nor straw mattress, and where the prisoner must sleep on the floor. This is awarded generally by sentence of court-martial, for serious offences, for periods of from three days to six weeks. I have

never had the honour of making its personal acquaintance. There are, besides, in a military prison a few more rooms, the walls and floors of which are studded with sharp-pointed wooden spikes; these rooms go by the name of the "Laths." They are, however, no longer used, except in very rare cases, as, for instance, when one of the chain-gang becomes mutinous to his guards.

Our military prison, called No. 7½, was under the care of an old pensioner, who claimed the title of "Mr. Inspector." We generally called him "Uncle," and he also bore the title of "King of the Rats," on account of the numbers of these animals which, in addition to the soldiers, had the honour of being commanded by him in No. 7½. This "King of the Rats" was a surly old fellow. His little feeble figure was enveloped in a pensioner's blue coat, his face always wore a malicious smile, his head was adorned with a white cotton night-cap, which, as he always nodded his head whilst speaking, was constantly waving about over his face. He coughed at every third word he spoke, and it was the joy of his heart to get one of us volunteers under his charge. Upon our arrival he remarked with a significant laugh,—

"He, he! new names, new names! He, he! I hope you will enjoy yourselves while with me! I will put you at the top of the tower, under the roof, where the owls scream; the air is freshest there. He, he!"

He examined us, to see that we had no forbidden

articles about us, such as brandy, butter, or any sort of provisions, and then took us into one of the vaults to which I have before alluded, opened the cells, and invited us to walk in. At the first sight of the place I exclaimed involuntarily,—

“Into this kennel!”

This greatly affronted the old man, and he answered angrily,—

“He, he! the greenhorn, the greenhorn! He thinks he ought to fare better than other honest men! Now then, in with you, in with you!”

I obeyed, and the bolt was drawn outside.

It was now about five o'clock. The time passed very slowly; I could distinctly hear the quarters strike, and there seemed an eternity between each. I traversed my cell—it took only two steps to get from one end to the other, and I measured this space at least a thousand times. How willingly would I *now* have watched the fowls! Sometimes I ate a little of my bread, then I sat on my pallet, drank a little water, and stood up again. Hark! the hour is striking! Then a quarter again! I tried to sleep; but my limbs ached after the first minute on the hard wood. In fact, I soon became dreadfully wearied; but as long as the day lasted it was endurable, for although it was so dark in the cell that I could not distinguish the colour of my clothes, there was a glimmer of light, and it was just possible also to go to and fro in the cell without danger of knocking my head against the wall.

Occasionally, too, I heard a dull murmur of speaking and laughing from the streets below, the word of command on relieving guard, and other trifles which helped to kill time somewhat. But as the night drew on the glimmer grew fainter and fainter, till at last darkness reigned supreme, the sounds in the streets ceased, a dead silence fell around; it became quite insupportable. It was, moreover, rather cool. I ran up and down like a bear in a menagerie—a resemblance further increased by my growls—holding out my hands before me to prevent breaking my head against the wall.

I thought over all my sins, and also of a pretty young girl who, perhaps, at that very moment was waiting for me, and at each sound would fancy she heard me coming. It was to please her that I had adorned myself in the white waistcoat, for which offence I was incarcerated in No. 7½. I did what Jean Paul advises if one cannot sleep, and counted up to a million. I conjugated irregular verbs till I became quite puzzled. I then began to imagine my prison under different and more favourable circumstances: a lamp hangs from the roof and sheds an enchanting light on a little table whereon stands a bottle of wine and a dish of beef-steaks. In the place of the pallet I imagined a soft, downy bed, on which I lay enjoying all these luxuries. But a bite at my black bread disenchanting me; I sat up on the plank and the darkness seemed all alive with strange forms.



All at once the rattle of the drums was heard before the guard-house, and from the more distant town I could hear the tattoo sounding; so it was nine o'clock, and I had still eight hours to enjoy before day returned. I made preparations for sleep, folded my pocket-handkerchief and laid it under my head, rolled myself up like a hedge-hog, and covered my breast and arms with my tunic, which I had taken off for that purpose, as it would thus keep me warmer. After numerous changes of position I fell asleep at last and had frightful dreams. I enacted the life of a hero, I fought with giants, fell into deep abysses where I fought with snakes, wild beasts, and ghosts. Suddenly I awoke with a start and recollected where I was. Thank God! judging by what I had gone through in my dreams I must have slept a long time; in a little while the morning would dawn. I heard a splash near to me; a little mouse had fallen into my water-jug; I delivered it from a watery grave, in return for which it bit my finger. With great resignation I seated myself again on my pallet, moved my limbs about, for they had become stiff with lying so long, and waited patiently till a clock should strike and tell me how near it was to morning. Hark!—one, two, three, four—that is a quarter; and to what hour? One, two—two o'clock already! Three—this is splendid! Four—thank God! Five—I sprang up. Six—impossible! it ought to be lighter then. Seven—oh! can it be only twelve o'clock?

Eight, nine, ten. I sank back in horror—ten o'clock!—oh, heavens! only ten o'clock! Is it possible? Have I only slept one hour? But so it was; one after another the clocks all struck—ten only.

I now repeated my former manœuvres, rolling myself up and covering myself over, and wished I had the horny skin of Siegfried; and after many groans and sighs, I slept again. I dreamt many things; often I thought I was falling into a rushing river, for I was in continual fear that the least movement in my sleep would precipitate me on to the floor, so that I clung firmly to my wooden pallet. But all at once, my dream became more gloomy and more terrible than ever. I was no longer a gay volunteer condemned to a short imprisonment for wearing a white waistcoat. No! I could hardly breathe. I was a murderer, and this was my last night! Already the morning was dawning, already I heard the clash of the arms of the guards who were coming to lead me forth to death. The bolt of my door was shot back. I started up in reality, awakened by a sudden light shining brightly in my eyes. The door of my cell was really open, and before it stood the guard, leaning on their guns; and the inspector, "King of the Rats," entered.

He croaked out, "Are you ready to rise, Greenhorn?"

"What do you want?" I answered angrily. "Let me sleep."

"Ah, indeed! He! he!" said he. "I am the

inspector come to examine the place and see if everything is in proper order. So, my son, the tunic taken off! He, he! is that permitted? I have a great mind to report you to the commandant; he does not understand joking, and will give you three days' arrest, and you will not know whether you are standing on your head or not. Put on that tunic immediately! He! the greenhorn has also spit upon the ground. He! what is the pail there for?" With that, he shuffled out as quickly as his old legs would carry him, drew the bolt, and I was again left in darkness.

The King of the Rats is dead at the time I write this, and how far more terrible would it be to me to be under arrest there now! I should imagine that his ghost haunted the place and glided round the cells at midnight, coughing, in his pensioner's coat, with the white night-cap dangling over his shrivelled face.

The night came to an end, as everything does in this world. I was aroused from another dose by the sound of the réveille from all quarters. Never had I greeted the morning with greater joy. At six o'clock my cell was again opened by "Uncle;" and, surrounded by a guard, we were all allowed to breathe the fresh air for a quarter of an hour in a little grated court. The company assembled there out of all the three stories of the tower resembled—myself included—a band of marauders, the remnant of a lingering war, rather

than the peaceful soldiers of a well regulated force, who were in this horrible place in consequence of some slight insubordination or foolish prank. There were men of all sorts—infantry, cavalry, artillery, pioneers—in their oldest uniforms, become still more shabby after the sufferings of several days' arrest: trousers without braces hung loose and showed a yellow shirt; faces, usually fresh and bright, had a grey look, for they were seldom washed during arrest; the hair and beard straggled about in wild disorder, for razors and combs were prohibited. But during this morning promenade every one seemed to have forgotten the sufferings of the night; there were laughter and joking going on, acquaintances met and related to each other what had brought them here, and they came to the conclusion that all were equally innocent. The water-jugs were replenished; and when at the end of the appointed time "Uncle" appeared in the court and gave a significant sign, all followed him and were led back to their respective cells. After this the time seemed to pass much quicker. I was on the top of the hill and had the prospect of descending into the valley of deliverance!

At last the welcome hour arrived. The Inspector, coming into our vault, called us by name and opened the doors of our cells. Oh, with what delight I breathed the soft air of the beautiful spring day! And my pleasure would have been boundless if the "Rat King" had not raised a black spectre

on our path by the sneering words, "He, he! I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of entertaining you again!"

As time went on I continued rapidly to improve in my military education. I learnt to ride and vault with peculiar ease; I sprang into the saddle from behind, and thus raised myself in the favour of my captain. My non-commissioned officer watched my exercises and evolutions with a beaming countenance. I was called "the child" by both officers and comrades, on account of my small size and from the very childish pranks in which I indulged. My love of mischief was so well known, if not in the town, at any rate in the battery, that if any folly was perpetrated my friend Lieutenant L—— would always stroke his moustache and say, "Ah, the child has been at the bottom of that, I'll be bound."

When I had been six months in the service I was admitted to the examination for the rank of bombardier, although I was not quite seventeen. This is the lowest rank in the artillery; a bombardier ranks with a non-commissioned officer of infantry. Upon him devolves the duty of sighting the gun, both in practice and in actual warfare. He must be able to read and write and must know the first four rules in arithmetic; he must also understand something of mathematics, know the use of all kinds of artillery, and how to prepare ammunition and repair damaged carriages, &c.; besides this, he

must be able to shoe a horse, and must also bear the highest character for good and orderly conduct. Four others were examined at the same time; we all passed tolerably well, and a few weeks afterwards were appointed bombardiers, on which occasion Colonel von T—— reminded me of the history of the white waistcoat. We received the sign of our rank—a band of gold lace sewed on each sleeve. I shall always think of that glorious day when for the first time I walked through the streets with my gold lace and continually placed my arms so that every one might see to what rank I had attained. I thought myself of no small importance when some cavalry passed and saluted me according to orders. I really began to be somebody, for, once a bombardier, I stood on the ladder to the highest grades.

An important period of my military education and life ended with my promotion. Meanwhile, summer was come; and the time approached for the annual artillery practice, for which purpose the whole brigade assembled on a great heath at W——, about ten hours' march from our garrison town. During this time we were quartered in the villages around. The waggons were loaded with ammunition, the guns completely fitted, as for active service, and on a beautiful morning the whole battery commenced the march. Colonel von T——, at our head, was in a very good humour, as was usual on such occasions.

Scarcely had we left the town when, having been

allowed by him to sing, we settled ourselves comfortably in the saddle, gave our horses the rein, raised our shakos to let the fresh air blow on our foreheads, and began our favourite song :—

“ With song and tune we gaily march  
O'er mountain, field, and glen,  
Protectors of our much-loved homes,  
We brave artillerymen !  
Not frighten'd we by enemies,  
Though greater be their might—  
The artilleryman he has with him  
The thunder of the fight!”

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MARCH—LIFE IN QUARTERS.

WE did not sing and laugh the whole day. It was in July, and our horses' hoofs raised clouds of dust from the heated ground. Our sun-burnt faces gradually assumed the colour of the highroad, from the yellowish-white dust with which they, as well as our arms and horses, were covered. Our mouths became parched and our voices, as Dose truly observed, very rusty. We shifted our shakos from one ear to the other and sought to obtain a little relief from the pressure of this intolerably heavy article of dress by placing our pocket-handkerchiefs under them or by loosening the chin-chain.

Now and then one of the party made an attempt to extract a few drops from his empty flask, but in vain ; the last drop was exhausted—a fact which Colonel von T——, or rather his groom, experienced to his cost later in the day ; for although the latter had supplied himself with an immense wicker flask of rum for the consumption of his chief, by ten o'clock it was empty, and I saw, by the extremely anxious look with which the man each time received back the flask and held it up against the sun to see



how much was left, that the contents of the bottle and the thirst of the colonel did not coincide. For this shortcoming a terrible storm was brewing, which descended on the culprit's shako about ten o'clock, when the Colonel, not supposing that the supply was exhausted, held out his hand behind him and said,—

“Friedrich, give me the flask, I want a little more.”

When Friedrich did not give him the bottle, but stammered out a few confused words, we saw the face of our chief get very red, and then, when at last the fellow summoned courage to announce that the flask was empty, it became livid with rage. He turned his horse sharply round and dealt Friedrich such a violent blow on the shako as to drive it right down over his ears; at the same time he delivered himself of a tirade, the substance of which was something to this effect,—“Ah, I see, you rascal! you're a bad one! You'll be the death of your chief some of these days,”—cleverly introducing at the same time an intimation of a fortnight's imprisonment.

I really was sorry for the poor Colonel's sufferings and would willingly have bestowed upon him the flask of liquor which, for appearance sake only, I had hung on my saddle-bow, for I never indulged in spirits myself; yet it would be contrary to etiquette to approach the chief and offer him the flask. I thought in my innocence that all I had to do was to

draw his attention to it and he would himself ask for some of its contents. Congratulating myself on such a happy device, I raised the flask to my lips and pretended to drink, and this in the very face of the Colonel, who was riding quite close to me. I could not resist looking at him, and met in return what appeared to me a kind and approving glance. It was evident that he had remarked all my manœuvres; but I learnt later, with terror, that he had construed them quite differently from their innocent intention.

Dose, who, whenever he could, acted as my guardian angel, had remarked that the Colonel was observing me rather suspiciously, and whispered,—

“He has something against you, either begin to sing his favourite song—you know it, one verse begins, ‘Then the master butler spoke,’ &c.—or get a little behind me, that I may take your place near the colonel.”

Although I did not know what I could possibly have done to vex the chief, I decided to follow the latter piece of advice and tried to rein in my horse. But there I fared still worse; Von T—— had observed all my movements, and scarcely had I swerved a little to the left than he thundered out,—

“Now, now, where’s Mr. Bombardier off to? I have already noticed a great want of order in that saddle and harness. See, Captain Feind; has that man been examined to-day by his Sergeant—eh? No, I tell you; just look at his cloak-straps, they

are all crooked; the whole man is in the greatest disorder. Dismount! I'll teach him how to saddle his horse! The young gentleman shall run on foot into quarters: nothing escapes the old colonel!"

After this harangue he burst into a fit of jeering laughter. I quietly dismounted with the most complacent air in the world, although there could hardly be anything more unpleasant than to run in heavy riding trousers and long sword in the dust, which enveloped me like a cloud and made me look like an angel in one of Raphael's pictures. I unfastened my bottle from the saddle and took, against my inclination, a good draught, glancing at the same time towards the colonel. It now became clear to me that he had thought I had intended to make game of him on account of the delinquencies of his servant; certainly nothing had been farther from my intentions, and I felt really sorry that he should have attributed such a motive to me.

My run did not last long, for in about a quarter of an hour the little town of M—— appeared in sight. We halted not far from the town, near a windmill, and the Quartermaster appeared, to assign their night-quarters to the different batteries. All the mounted batteries, one of which was ours, were distributed in the neighbouring villages. Luckily for me, I was just at the time engaged in assisting the clerk of the regiment, so that I was quartered in the town with the staff. After the park was arranged and the batteries had gone to their respective quarters

the Colonel, with his aides-de-camp and the sergeants, remained behind, in order to give and receive the orders for the following day. I also had to wait, but I retreated as far as I could from the Colonel's formidable presence. I soon had to approach him, however, for he dismounted and, looking round, cried out,—

“Now, who is there to hold my horse?”

His groom had gone to the town with the baggage, and, with the exception of the officers, there was no one but myself near; so, whether I liked it or not, I had to come forward. I had wisely adjusted the straps of my cloak, as by rule and line, on our arrival, and not in vain, for as soon as he had placed the reins in my hands he took a journey round me, and, on observing that I had arranged them, his countenance assumed a benevolent expression, and he said,—

“Ah, I see you have corrected your faults; I like that!”

This encouraged me, and when a moment after he asked a countryman whether there was not a good public-house in the neighbourhood where he could get a little rum, I offered him, but this time in plain words, my flask again. He looked at me with surprise; and when I briefly stated how I had wished to offer it to him earlier when I saw his own was empty, but had not ventured to do so, a softened expression overspread his rubicund countenance. He took a good draught, and I was glad that the

quality of the liquor was such as to prove the sincerity of my intentions towards him. I believe we parted the best friends, for when he returned me the flask he said, "I wish you well;" and this, for him, was saying a great deal.

On my billet was written, "No. 18, Mill Street; Mr. N. N—— receives a man and a horse for the day, with or without providing food." The "without" was struck out, so that I was to be boarded. My good Dose had told me sundry not very edifying stories of this billeting, and after giving me many directions as to how I should act, dismissed me with apparent reluctance, saying,—

"Hang it! if it had not been for this quill-driver" (meaning the regimental clerk) "I could have procured you good quarters; now, however, you must take care of yourself. Mind, you must insist on having your due, for the townsmen will not willingly give you anything unless they are obliged."

Above everything, he charged me on no account to exchange the quarters assigned me on my billet, under the pretext that they had not room for me, for others where there were more soldiers; for there were some, he said, who for five *silbergroschen* per day for each man were willing to relieve those of the citizens who found the billeting a burden. Out of these five *silbergroschen* they try to make a profit of four; and the kind of food that can be provided for the remaining *groschen* may easily be imagined. Primed with this advice, I made a

resolution to force an entrance into my quarters, No. 18, Mill Street, even if the house-door were barricaded by a whole mountain of objections and arguments. In this frame of mind I rode through the streets of the little town, noticing all the numbers on the houses and looking up at the windows, at which many a pretty face was visible—some so pretty that I heartily wished, as I passed each house, that it was No. 18, Mill Street. At last I reached my goal; it was a very good-looking house; but I was surprised to see that all the shutters were closed, and I was beginning to fear it was uninhabited, when I saw a servant in livery standing at the door looking inquiringly at me. I leisurely dismounted and handed him my billet; he read it through, and said quietly,—

“Yes, it is all right, but you must be quartered elsewhere, for the master went to a watering-place two days ago, and we forgot to give notice of it to the police; but it will be all the same to you: I will take you to my master’s cousin, who has a very good house also.”

“Ah!” thought I, and congratulated myself on having such an early opportunity of putting Dose’s admonitions into practice. I endeavoured to place myself in an imposing attitude before the domestic—without any great success, for my sword, upon which I should have leant in order to produce the desired effect, was too long for the purpose. However, I tried to look fiercely at the man, and I

stroked that part of my face where a moustache ought to be, as Dose did under similar circumstances.

“Indeed,” said I, “I am to be quartered on your master’s cousin, am I? No; he may be a cousin who boards soldiers for five *silbergroschen*. No. 18, Mill Street stands on my billet, and there I will remain.”

The servant answered me very quietly,—

“If you wish to remain in the street, it does not matter to me; at the same time, my master’s cousin is none of those who entertain soldiers for five *silbergroschen*.”

“Either in this house or in none,” I said, in an irritated tone. “Understand, good friend, I am a bombardier of the six-pound mounted battery No. 21, and have no desire to quarrel with you.”

I mounted my horse, but before I started I turned and added,—

“I am going to the Town Hall for redress.”

“Very good,” said the footman, and locked the door from the outside; “but if I might venture, I should advise the young gentleman to have a look at our house and *then* to go to the Town Hall; the house, after all, may be better than a hundred others that they may send you to.”

But I had already turned my horse and was riding up the street towards the Town Hall, where I stated my grievance. However, in spite of all my protestations, I was obliged to take another billet.

I do not now remember the street and number, though then I easily discovered them and alighted before the house, which was not a bad one, and knocked. Who should open the door but the servant from No. 18! This rather disconcerted me; he smiled and seemed inclined to be witty on the subject of my reappearance; however, I put a stop to any remarks by at once asking him to lead me to the stables; which he did, and I found a comfortable stall ready for my horse next the carriage-horses of the owner of the place. The groom came and helped to unsaddle and rub down my horse; my servant being with the rest of the battery, I had the sole charge of my steed. The man offered to fetch the forage from the magazine—an offer which I was glad enough to accept, as I had no particular desire to be seen marching through the streets with a great load of straw and hay and a sack of oats. A bed was provided for my accommodation in a compartment contiguous to the stalls, where were also two other beds for the grooms and stable boy. I felt inclined to protest against this companionship, though the other men, naturally looking upon me as their equal, good-naturedly said they hoped I should make myself at home, and that we should become good friends, adding that *they* did not mind sleeping in the same room with a stranger for one night.

“O Dose!” thought I, suppressing a heavy sigh; and as soon as my work was finished I ran into the street to see how my acquaintances were faring.



Happily, not many steps from the house I lighted upon one named R——, who was strutting about elegantly attired. This R—— was a wide-awake, adventurous youth, who liked nothing better than engaging in mad pranks. We nicknamed him the "Whitehead" on account of his light hair, a natural gift which was often the means of betraying both himself and us; for after making ourselves obnoxious to the townspeople, they generally replied, when required to describe the culprits, "One of them had quite light hair, Captain." This was enough for our dear Feind, who, beckoning first to R——, then to me, and lastly to another named C—— (the latter, poor fellow, is at present in Berlin studying the veterinary science), placed us before the complainants, and in most cases they joyfully recognized this worthy trio. I told "Whitehead" that I had to sleep in the same chamber with two servants, and asked his opinion as to whether anything could be done; he thought a moment, and then, snapping his fingers, bade me leave the matter in his hands and walk about the streets a few minutes before returning to the house; he seemed to think nothing easier than to find me a better lodging.

I lounged up the street and remarked, as I turned the corner, that he was leaning quietly against my house. After a quarter of an hour I returned, and, looking through the open house-door, saw the servant standing in the passage with a young and rather pretty lady, who was examining

with some curiosity a card which she held in her hand. When she saw me enter she gave the card to the servant and vanished into a room to the left; I stepped forward, and the footman, handing me the card with a more respectful air than he had hitherto observed towards me, asked with some deference whether the card was intended for me. A young officer with very light hair had called and asked whether a bombardier of such-and-such an appearance was not quartered there, and then left his card, saying he would call again in a quarter of an hour. I looked at the card, and had to bite my lips to keep from laughing aloud. Where on earth had "Whitehead" picked it up? "Count Weiler" was elegantly inscribed upon it—a name as strange to my ears as were his intentions to my innocent heart. It may easily be imagined that I received the card with the exclamation, "Ah, my friend Weiler!" Looking after me, the servant then withdrew, and I saw him enter the lady's room. In about half an hour, which I spent in changing my dress and making an elegant toilet, the door-bell rang, and listening at the door, from whence I could overlook the ground floor, I recognized the voice of my friend inquiring whether Baron von Stein had come back, and in his abrupt manner desiring to be announced. The servant asked, in rather a doubtful tone, whether I was the Baron von Stein, and, opening a door to the right, invited "Whitehead" to wait while he called me; but R—— said he should prefer looking

me up in my own apartment and followed the servant, who unwillingly led the way. The lady opened the door in the passage and looked after them, and the next moment the two entered my apartment. I went towards "Whitehead," saying, in as unconstrained a voice as I could assume,—

"I am quite sorry, dear Count, to receive you in such strange surroundings. I was on the very point of going to the major to beg for new quarters. Just look at this hole! I am convinced that my servants out at the battery are sumptuously lodged compared with me."

R—— shrugged his shoulders, and with a contemptuous expression surveyed first the room and then the servant.

"It is truly laughable," I continued, "that the people here, who surely in this great house must have a spare room, should put me in the stable-room."

"*Vraiment!*" said R——, and tried to throw himself in an elegant negligé style on to a chair, failing somewhat in his attempt, this article of furniture being a three-legged one and rather too small to permit of his cutting the imposing figure he desired; however he stretched his legs out before him and as wide apart as possible, and repeated, "*Vraiment*, very absurd! indeed, Baron, it is enough to make one laugh!" whereupon we both burst into such a loud fit of laughter that we actually frightened the horses in the stalls.

The servant stood by looking from one to the other

in utter bewilderment; I believe his ideas were wandering over our baronies, so that it was some minutes before he could bring them back again to the stable; he then made an awkward bow, muttered something about "a mistake, will tell master," and shuffled out of the room.

"Now, then, away!" cried "Whitehead." "Come, take my arm and we will go out for a walk, and if on your return you are not accommodated with another room and better attendance, I will condemn myself to clean all the horses of the battery tomorrow without any assistance!"

On reaching the hall, as soon as he thought the people in the house could hear him, he exclaimed several times, "Yes, Baron, it is *très-ridicule, très-ridicule!*" trying to imitate the Berlin dialect.

We lounged about the town some hours, visiting all the coffee-houses and practising such jokes as our youthful minds could devise—inquiring, for instance, at an ironmonger's the price of the finest muslin, and at a shoemaker's what the shoeing of a horse cost per foot; now and then finding ourselves in the wrong box and receiving, in the shape of rough retorts, more than we bargained for. Happy times, long passed! when one could saunter about half a day in the streets without fatigue and stand for hours admiringly before the pipes in a tobacco-shop!

It was getting dark when I parted from "Whitehead" and returned to my dwelling. The house-

door stood open and I was going to my quarters, when a servant came up to me and begged me to follow him to the first story, where a room was prepared for me. They had made a mistake early in the day, he said, and begged my pardon, and so on, to all of which I answered not a word, following him with a perfectly serious face, although I had hard work to refrain from laughing. I was conducted into a pleasant sitting-room, where a little table was spread, on which glittered a couple of wine-bottles between two wax candles. I seated myself, and a good supper was served. In my solitude I drank a few glasses of Rhine wine to the health of "Whitehead," whose skill had so much improved my situation. He soon appeared himself to relieve me of the burden of having to drink two bottles of wine alone, and he then invited me to take an evening stroll.

Near the house we fell in with four others of our battery and joined company to seek adventure. In our garrison town we were in the habit of roaming about till tattoo, indulging in all manner of sprees, such as singing in the streets, ringing house-bells, and breaking windows. It never occurred to us on this evening, in the exuberance of our spirits, that our garrison town was a large place and that W——, where we were at present, was very small and full of officers, who might come upon us at any moment. In the same reckless way, we had none of us thought of ascer-

taining in which house our chief was lodged; there was nothing to indicate his whereabouts, as it was his custom when on the march to dispense with the sentry before his door. This oversight on our part cost us dear. Our great delight had always been, as on this occasion, to form a party of five or six, and marching through the streets in the twilight, arrayed in thick riding trousers, spurs, and heavy swords, to rush in at the open door of one of the stately mansions<sup>1</sup> and run up to the top of the house, or at any rate as high as we could get. The trampling we made generally brought out servants with lights, who, seeing us go up so boldly and supposing we were about to pay a visit, followed us silently. When we arrived at the top we stopped, and, turning to one of the servants who stood awaiting our pleasure, said, "Good friend, does a gentleman of the name of Müller live here?" After this question we all turned, and each laid hold of the banisters that we might carry out our trick with greater effect, for hardly had the servant answered in the negative than, unhooking our swords from the waist-belt and letting the points of the scabbards drag on the ground, we raced down the stairs, making the most horrible noise and clatter, which brought the frightened inmates of the house to their doors to see what the row was about. We had performed this prank several times, and had always got off

<sup>1</sup> It is necessary to remember that the houses in Germany are generally built in flats, as in Edinburgh.

scot-free, although all manner of objectionable missiles were often thrown after us. But to-day we experienced a very different fate. In the course of our peregrinations we came to a very imposing-looking house, which seemed made for our especial edification, having four stories, with a fine broad staircase lighted by lamps, and the hall-door standing wide open. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost; nevertheless I mounted the staircase with a certain misgiving for which I could not account. I was ashamed of holding back, and therefore courageously put myself at the head of the others. We reached the first story in safety, where a footman inquired our business; but it was a rule with us in these enterprises to hasten silently upwards without answering the first question, and the servant, receiving no answer, shook his head and followed us to the attics. There we made a halt, and I, with the greatest gravity, said, "I believe a gentleman of the name of Müller lives here; can you show me his room, my friend?"

The servant stood there with his candle and stared at us with a bewildered air, but answered innocently, "No, gentlemen, there must be a mistake," at which we burst out laughing, let down our swords, and began the wild chase down the staircase, which was very broad and vaulted, our swords and spurs making a frightful din and reverberation.

Having been the first to go up, I was naturally the last to descend; moreover, my sword stuck for

a moment in the banisters, so that my companions had reached the bottom of the last flight of stairs while I was still on the second flight. In order to overtake them and escape from the house, for my situation was becoming uncomfortable—every door was opening and a crowd of servants with lights were following me—I sprang down the remaining ten steps of the second flight, and suddenly drew up as if struck by lightning, for below, in the house, I heard a loud voice, which to my great horror I recognized as that of our old Colonel, Von T——!

“Ho, ho!” roared he; “now just look at these good-for-nothing rascals! Ho, ho! a whole band of you. I’ll help you to make a row. Halt! stand still! If one of you dares to move I shall do something I may be sorry for to-morrow. Friedrich, close the door and send at once to the park guard; a non-commissioned officer and three men must come. You shall be court-martialled, gentlemen; yes, court-martialled!”

How I had come to such a sudden standstill after my headlong descent I knew not; but I stood motionless behind a pillar a few seconds and pressed my sword to my breast to prevent its jingle from betraying me. Above, the servants; below, the Colonel! Where should I fly? I looked round for a hiding-place. A hole, a chimney full of soot, would have seemed to me the entrance to paradise! All at once I saw near me a door, in which I observed the handle was being slowly turned; the door



was opened a little way and a ray of light streamed through the chink. In my agony I rushed towards it; a slight resistance was made from within as I sought to force an entrance, but it was soon overcome by my desperate attack. A cry was uttered, and I stood in a pretty room face to face with two half-dressed young girls, who on my entrance tried to hide themselves. One got under the bed coverlet, the other hid herself behind a large curtain. I shut the door quickly, and said, as low as possible,—

“I beseech you, in the name of God, not to betray me! Only allow me to remain here a few seconds; I promise faithfully not to move from the door.”

Neither of them answered a word, and they appeared to be in a greater fright than I was myself, for I could see, in spite of bed-clothes and curtain, that they were trembling violently and hardly daring to breathe. I listened at the door. The Colonel was still swearing below, and now—yes—surely he was counting!

“Two, three, four, five—only five? I was told there were six. Where’s H——? he is sure to be of the party. ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’”

My comrades seemed to be answering something, but so low that I could not hear what they said. However, they did not betray me, for the Colonel shouted again,—

“So, so—no sixth? Ah, I’ll find him, though. Friedrich counted six, and six I’ll have, or by Jove!—Johann, Friedrich, look again on the

staircase—in all the rooms. The master of the house will not only permit it, but be thankful to have such a rabble routed out; and I *will* rout them out, if not physically, at least, for some time, morally.”

Then I heard doors opening on all sides and servants running up and down stairs. At last heavy steps approached the door, behind which I waited in terrible suspense to see what my two protectresses would do with me.

There was a gentle knock at the door and a voice said, “Mademoiselle Emily! Mademoiselle Bertha!”

Neither of them answered, though they both raised their pretty heads from their hiding-places and glanced inquiringly at one another. I laid my right hand on my heart and looked at them as imploringly as I possibly could; the knock was repeated.

“I was desired to ask you,” said a voice, “whether you heard any one run into the next room; they are searching for a strange man who is hidden in the house.”

The courteous domestic had too much delicacy to ask them the direct question whether any one were in *their* room. Now the decisive moment was come! It was in their power either to change my misfortune into happiness, and permit me to remain a little longer in their presence, or to deliver me up without mercy, in which case I should soon have found myself in the guard-room under arrest for heaven knows how long! But no! they were not

going to betray me! After a few seconds of painful suspense, during which they seemed to be taking counsel together with their eyes, the one behind the curtain gently shook her head, whereupon the other said in an almost inaudible voice, "I know nothing about it."

"Excuse me," replied the servant, and retired.

In the joy of my heart I could not refrain from blowing them both a kiss in the most respectful style possible.

The search naturally resulted in nothing, and the servants went down-stairs, one after the other, and informed the Colonel that they had found no one; a piece of intelligence which he received each time with imprecations and curses, and I could tell from many remarks he let fall that the storm which had been gathering for me would discharge itself on the head of Friedrich, by whom the colonel fancied himself deceived.

"So, so," he cried, "six! Oho, you must have left your eyes in a beer-can! Where are the six? I'll have the sixth! The knave! does he dare to deceive his master and Colonel! Six! as if it were not too many to have five such rascals! I'll besix him! I'll besix him!"

If Friedrich had been an honest fellow, and not the spy and informer he constantly was, I should certainly have given myself up and saved him from the fate with which he was threatened. But I thought that for the many injuries which he had

caused us one night under arrest would not be too much for him, and to my unfortunate friends I knew it would also be a satisfaction if, as seemed likely, the Colonel sentenced him to share their imprisonment.

I heard a loud voice at the hall-door which there was no mistaking; it was that of Corporal Herrschaft. It was a peculiarity of this man's to say everything, even the most jolly, cheerful things, in a doleful tone of voice, as if he were relating some very dismal story. I heard him, in his usual lugubrious tones, make the announcement—

“By the Colonel's orders I am here with three men from the park guard.”

To which the Colonel answered, “Here, I deliver over to you five vagabonds who disturb the sleep of honest people, and I will disturb *their* repose for some time! Take them off to the guard-room!” and, continued he in a louder tone, “treat them as if awaiting their trial; they shall be tried by court-martial—yes, court-martial! Ah, you rascals, you'll—”

Here his voice was lost in a low growl, not unlike an approaching storm; and, in a tone which he generally assumed when he wished to be ironical, he continued,—

“And here is another, my beloved servant Friedrich, who has had the impudence to deceive his master and Colonel; place him in confinement for the night also—yes, yes, confine him also!”

“Colonel,” answered Herrschaft, “our park guard-room is too small to hold so many prisoners; if it please the colonel, perhaps—”

“Oho!” said he. “Ah, a good idea has just struck me! withdraw the guard and put this worthy company in their place.”

“But your servant is not in uniform.”

“Then keep him in the guard-room as a prisoner till five o’clock, and then send him back to me; I’ll have the whole lot of them—yes, six.”

Corporal Herrschaft marched off with his charge; and scarcely had they left the door than I clearly heard the voice of “Whitehead” strike up an old well-known song, the words of which he altered to—

“He’ll have indeed the sixth poor knave,  
Although he should drag him from his grave.”

The Colonel also must have heard this song, for on his way up-stairs, with his host and some others—probably guests who had been detained by this occurrence—I heard him say,—

“There you see, gentlemen, all my admonitions and exhortations are entirely set at nought by these young fellows; I put them under arrest, and they hardly give themselves time to turn round before they begin to sing; but I’ll put an end to that R——’s singing!”

“Oh, Colonel,” interceded one of the ladies, “pardon the young people; their spirits have carried them away.”

“Yes,” said another, “they are doubtless of good family, have money, and probably in their heedlessness have taken a drop too much. We have all sown our wild oats, have we not, Colonel?”

“Yes, indeed,” he replied; “but if I had broken into a respectable house in this way in the days of my old General I should soon have been walked off to the lock-up.”

“Only think, Louisa,” added a third, “the one with the light hair is a young Count Weiler, probably a son of the privy counsellor in W——, who—”

“What? what?” said the Colonel brusquely, interrupting the remarks which were being made in favour of my unfortunate comrades; “a Count Weiler in *my* brigade! pardon me, that is quite a mistake.”

“But, Colonel,” answered the gentleman, “the handsome young man with fair hair left a card at my house to-day with the name ‘Count Weiler’ on it.”

“And, if I may be allowed to ask,” said the old Colonel, half-laughing, “what was the noble Count’s business with you? A visit?”

“No,” he said, “the call was not on me, but on another young soldier who was quartered at my house to-day—a Baron von Stein, as he calls himself.”

At this the Colonel burst into a tremendous fit of laughter—laughter, it could hardly be called; no,

he actually roared, so that my two guardian angels, who did not know the cause of it, started.

“Ha! ha! ha!” he roared. “Count Weiler! Baron Stein! The Baron—that must be H——. No, I assure you it is only another of the bad jokes of these youths. Oh, *I* know their tricks!”

The gentleman began now to relate what had happened to me at his house, and that our rank as Count and Baron had procured for me a better room than that first assigned me, at first under the impression that I was only a common gunner.

During the recital the Colonel never ceased laughing, and even through the closed door of the salon I heard him burst out several times with—“Now, I can’t be hard upon the young fellows; there’s no denying they’re wild youths, but as long as they do nothing bad—now I’ll see whether justice cannot for once be tempered with mercy.”

Whilst all this was passing without I continued standing at the door opposite the two girls, whose embarrassment increased every minute. Half-dressed as they were, neither of them ventured to come out of her place of concealment, and yet it was impossible for me to remain in the room all night, however much I might have wished it. To save me it was necessary that they should lead me out of the lion’s den. This they evidently felt, for the one under the quilt said softly to the other,—

“Bertha, what shall we do?” and then both in one breath sighed, “Oh, if we were but dressed!”

“Ladies,” said I, as softly as possible, “there are moments in a man’s life when circumstances involve him in difficulties which, when they are passed, leave nothing behind them but a remembrance as of a dream—circumstances which can accomplish in one moment what it would have taken years to bring about in the ordinary course of events. This has now happened to me! An hour ago I did not know you; fortune had not then favoured me by bringing me into such close and intimate relations with you.” Here I saw that the one behind the curtain rolled herself still tighter in it. “Let me speak out: perhaps in a few minutes I shall be disenchanted, and to-morrow I shall look upon all this as a dream, but,” I added with emphasis, “as a very precious dream, the enjoyment of which I shall keep to myself, for to share it with another would rob it of half its charms.”

The one under the quilt seemed anxious to speak, but did not get beyond a slight cough and a faint murmur, and I continued my tirade. “Place full confidence in me, say but a word to assure me that you are not angry with me, and tell me how I can relieve you from the burden of my presence.”

I flattered myself that by all this eloquence and circumlocution I should gain their confidence and make my presence more acceptable; but I received no reply, and it was some minutes before Mademoiselle Emily addressed me from under the coverlet. She also spoke with some circumlocution,



and with more hesitation than I had done, for she commenced in a most incoherent manner, with a whole legion of achs! ohs! and ahs! before she got out—

“We—we—have—not—hem!—betrayed you—hem!—because our brother—is a—soldier also, and sometimes—when he is on leave—relates to us—foolish—tricks—like these,—and on this—account—therefore—so—”

“So—we have,” put in the other, “not—betrayed you—and will—try to liberate you—without—discovery,—for in this house—you cannot—remain,—as you must see.”

“Yes—you must see that,” repeated Emily.

“Yes, indeed I do,” I answered softly.

“But, Emily,” said the other.

“Yes, Bertha—if we were only dressed!”

I had cast my eyes several times round the room, and each time they had fallen on two chairs which stood against the wall, and on which sundry articles of dress lay scattered in the most picturesque disorder, such as two snow-white corsets, elegant morning costumes, a pair of stockings, besides other things. Scarcely had the second sigh been heaved over their dishabille than I pointed at the two chairs and begged them to command my services; if I could hand them anything, I should be most glad to do so. At first I received no answer.

After a moment, however, one of them said, “Yes, but be quick;” and the other added, “And

take off your sword, it would be dreadful if it were to fall on the floor and be heard."

I quickly placed my sword against the wall; and taking up the two dresses, I carried them to the girls, and had the pleasure of making a mistake and handing the wrong one to each, which necessitated two journeys between them instead of one; and while I turned to fetch their slippers they put their dresses on; and for the first time stood, full-equipped, before me two charming young girls! One of them glided to the door, put her ear to the key-hole and listened.

"All is quite quiet," she said, after a few seconds, "and we may now venture to liberate you. Will you go, Bertha, or shall I?" she asked.

"Oh, do you go," answered the other. "If by some unlucky chance any one were to see you they would think nothing but the truth, but I should not be believed again. I had—I was—no, no, do you go."

"Then listen," said the first again, "and remember that we have one more flight of stairs to descend, then we turn to the left round a pillar, descend four or five more steps, at the bottom of which I shall open a door, and you must creep out and along the wall to the left, but mind and keep close to the wall, that you may not be seen; when you reach the court-door, which is unlocked, go through it and keep close to the garden wall on the right till you arrive at the windmill which stands at the entrance of the

town, from thence you will know your way. Now come."

"Oh," said Emily, "I am so frightened!" and my little conductress heaved a deep sigh. "And your sword! You must buckle it on and hold it fast, lest it should betray us. Now, make haste, make haste!"

She handed me the heavy weapon, and as I endeavoured to buckle on the belt she seized hold of the white leather, as if she would help me. Thus we stood for one moment close to one another, and I—for my peace of mind—saw too far into her beautiful blue eyes. She opened the door carefully and beckoned to me. I advanced a few steps into the room towards the other, and, with a few words of thanks, offered her my hand, which she took shyly, then I followed little Emily, who tripped lightly down the steps, which, like the rest of the house, were enveloped in darkness. I tried to follow her noiselessly, but I was wicked enough, when we reached the pillar, to pretend that I could not find my way. I said softly, "Where are you, Fräulein?"

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed; "here!—do come on!"

I stretched out my hand before me in the dark and actually came in contact with her pretty little hand, which she held out to me, but, alas! the distance we had to go now was so short that, although I made my steps as small as possible, it only took nine and a half to bring us to the house-door. Emily opened

it. I do not know what made my heart sink so when she tried to withdraw her hand from mine. Thoughts of love filled my heart as the delicious scent of roses and jasmine was wafted to me by the night wind from the garden behind the house. Yet another moment, and I stole through the court-door, along the garden wall to the windmill, on whose white wall I sat down for a few minutes, and between waking and dreaming I thus philosophized :—

“What is life? A garland of flowers held and watched over by spirits, who in their restlessness spring hither and thither and keep it in a constant state of commotion; in their thoughtless play they break off many of the blossoms, with which—such is their compassion—they seek to adorn some other bare and wasted garland; sometimes they pull the garland tight and cause us pain; then again they wave it about in their giddy mirth and occasionally—and this is very dangerous—one end of it escapes from their hands, and, fluttering in mid-air, not unfrequently gets entangled in another. The spirits seek earnestly to disentangle them, especially when the colours do not blend, but ere they have succeeded many a flower is crushed and many beautiful petals are scattered to the winds. Ah, the careless ones! This evening they had again entangled two garlands!” I could trust the old windmill. At the court-door I had kissed little Emily on the mouth and received in return a slight pressure on my arm.

It was now about twelve o'clock. I arose and set

out in search of my billet. Although I was very sorry for my comrades, I could not help laughing over our adventure, and as I went along I sang, half aloud,—

“Bold is many an enterprise,  
Noble the reward that’s promised,  
And the soldier, brave and strong,  
Wins glory and renown therefrom.”

After a little trouble I found my quarters. I wisely abstained from ringing, but, climbing over the wall, crept into the stable, where I lay down in the straw by my horse for a couple of hours.

Scarcely had the morning dawned than I was up and at work, and the stable-man was not a little surprised to find me busy cleaning my saddle and harness so early, especially as he thought, as we were on the march, that it was unnecessary to have everything so clean and bright. I knew well enough why I polished up my sword and trappings as carefully as if for parade, and why I cleaned all the leather work so thoroughly with a wet sponge. Should the Colonel, who would naturally be rather suspicious of me after last night’s exploit, attack me on my arrival at the place of rendezvous, he should, at any rate, have to search some time before he discovered anything amiss with my accoutrements. The groom assisted me, and when at about five o’clock I saddled my horse and examined him carefully, I could not find any blemish.

I was called to breakfast. As I entered the

house a gentleman was standing at the door, who, in a voice that I recognized, and in an ironical tone, wished the Baron von Stein good-morning; which courtesy I returned with the greatest possible condescension. Half an hour afterwards I mounted my horse and rode off to the windmill, passing on my way the house, the scene of our misfortune, most inopportunately for me. As I came up the Colonel was preparing to mount his horse. I sat like a statue, held the rein as elegantly as I could and let my right hand hang down by the saddle, according to regulation. Von T—— glanced at me, and I was flattering myself that I should get safely past him, when he cried out,—

“Ah! stop a minute, Bombardier H——.”

I turned my horse, vaulted from the saddle, and in the twinkling of an eye stood on the left side of my horse, with the reins in my right hand; the old gentleman walked round me, examining everything, providentially found nothing out of order, and seemed to be in a good humour.

“I suppose you have had good quarters,” he said, “and a good stall?”

“At your service, Colonel.”

“Early at home, Bombardier, or roaming about with certain others?”

“By order of the Colonel, I was in by eight o’clock,” I answered promptly, without moving a muscle. Having glanced up timidly at a certain window, I had caught a glimpse of Emily’s pretty

little face, and *that* caused me to utter this lie with such effrontery.

“Yes, yes,” laughed the Colonel, “that was according to my orders—but I know rather a curious story, the Baron von Stein—yes, yes, I know all about it. Well, I hope that horse has been fed at the expense of the barony? Was the fodder good?”

“At your service, Colonel, that which was supplied was good, but what we took for ourselves was better still.”

“Ha! ha! Remount, Bombardier,” he said. “I’ll know nothing of thieving—but allow me to tell you, if you are caught at that game I shall have to be severe with you. Bah! foraging, indeed! We are not in an enemy’s land. Well, well, I’m glad to see your horse in such good condition. Mount! March!”

I ventured to cast a look up at the window again, but I saw no one. Who could the two girls be? My vanity suggested daughters of the house, to which, however, my reason opposed some doubts. The daughters would probably have been with the company and not in their room; and yet the solicitous mother might not have wished her girls to associate with the officers; but again, would she not have come herself to speak to them instead of sending servants? Perhaps they were relatives of the house, or a couple of maid-servants? I could not believe *that*. If I had but asked the groom!

but I was restrained by the fear of betraying the girls. Absorbed in these reflections, I arrived at the place of rendezvous without arriving at any definite conclusion, except that, as far as I was concerned, the lovely girls were two guardian angels.

Most of the batteries were already assembled at the windmill ; the mounted artillerymen were putting-to their horses, the non-commissioned officers were examining the harness and limber-boxes, to see that all was in good order. Dose was thus engaged, but I saw that he kept stretching out his long neck every instant, examining each new-comer, as if he were looking for some one, probably for me ; and so it turned out. I rode up to him, to report myself, dismounted, and took my place by the cannon.

“Confound it !” began Dose, softly to me, and I remarked that he looked very cross. “There were fine pranks played last night. Herrschaft told the captain about it this morning, and he also said that one of the prisoners declared you were of the party ; you must be on your guard before Feind, for he was in a furious temper yesterday, and is to-day also. I have eight and forty hours’ arrest hanging over me.”

“And what have *you* done ?” I asked.

But there was no time for a reply, for Captain Feind was approaching, with a face which boded no good to me.

“Why,” he asked, with a malicious laugh, “has not Mr. Bombardier reported himself to me, instead of standing gossiping here ?”



“Captain, I am coming.”

He examined me from head to foot ; and when he found that my accoutrements were in good order and well cleaned, he looked out for some other cause of offence. As I had only just dismounted and knew I should have to remount in a few minutes, when the battery started, I had left my sword hanging to the hook, instead of taking it in my hand whilst he spoke to me ; this was the opportunity he sought, and he seized it.

“Don’t you know,” said he, “that you ought to hold your sword in your hand when your superiors are speaking to you ?”

“At your service, yes, Captain.”

“Listen, sir ; it seems to me we have breakfasted too well again this morning. Sergeant—and besides, a most scandalous affair, in which of course you took part, has been reported to me—Sergeant Löffel !”

The latter stepped forward, and from this beginning I could judge pretty well how the affair would end. The Captain stuck his hand into his tunic and began stamping his foot on the ground, and, speaking with great deliberation and inimitable maliciousness, said,—

“Sergeant, note down that this man is to have three days on the wood, with bread and water, for making a disturbance in the streets at night.”

“But, Captain,” I interposed.

“But, Bombardier,” he retorted sneeringly,

“ three days under arrest ; confound you, sir ! I’ll stop the way to your epaulettes ! ”

I stood thunderstruck. After this friendly morning greeting, he turned away and mounted his horse. Near the windmill several white plumes appeared in sight, and officers came galloping up from all directions, to make their reports. Colonel von T——, accompanied by the officers commanding divisions, and Adjutants, rode in among the batteries, smiling good-humouredly. How different from each other were these two officers, Feind and our chief ! The one, the personification of malice, punished heartlessly and in cold blood, without showing the slightest emotion ; the other, though surly and excessively gruff, when he punished, generally first worked himself into such a state of excitement as to arouse our compassion. But he was usually just, and used often to say, “ Well, you must have the three days ; I would willingly pardon you, but discipline must be kept up. ” For this reason we would all willingly have gone through fire and water for him.

First of all, the officers commanding divisions made their reports to the Colonel ; most of them appeared to have the same important communication to make, namely, that nothing had happened ; Von T—— saluted them without any change of countenance, and rode leisurely up to our battery. Then came the Captain’s turn ; and all remained peaceful till our dear Feind made his morning salute and report. The Colonel had a special dislike to this officer, on

account of his constant complaints and punishments. Dose and I anxiously watched the Colonel's expression, for we knew the Captain would take pretty good care to report us. The Colonel reined in his horse, and I heard him say, in a loud voice,—

“There you are, as usual, with your eternal complaints of this battery! What has happened now? let me see, you've given me such a list of names, I can't possibly remember them all. Now, what has Corporal Dose, who I consider a tolerably steady man, been up to?”

At these words, he dismounted surlily from his horse, and strode up to our gun.

“Colonel,” said Feind, saluting, “when I joined the battery this morning, I accidentally looked into this non-commissioned officer's provision wagon, and found one of our forage sacks, which was quite empty yesterday, full of oats. To my question, where the forage came from, the man had the audacity to inform me that it was the remains of yesterday's rations, which the gunners had scraped together out of the mangers this morning, and put in the sack; but, Colonel, if you like, I will have the sack brought here: it contains more than was supplied altogether yesterday. I have therefore sentenced the corporal to be put under arrest for eight and forty hours.”

“Humph! so, so!” said Von T——. Now for the rest! What has the trumpeter you spoke of, done? Let him come forward; here, my son!”

I had noticed that one of our trumpeters seemed to have rather an uneasy conscience this morning ; he kept glancing towards the Colonel, and his accoutrements were as scrupulously bright as mine. When the Colonel began to inquire about him, he drew himself up, and instantly responded to the searching look of the Captain, who with an imperious wave of his hand, bade him approach. The trumpeter was a nice-looking, well-made fellow, and bore the stripes of a non-commissioned officer, for he had already served ten years. As he stood before the Colonel he no longer looked confused, but faced his chief boldly. His black and very long moustache, which he generally, contrary to orders, waxed and pointed very elegantly, to-day hung down over his mouth, as Von T—— best liked to see it, concealing his lips and half his chin.

“Now,” continued the Colonel, “what is he charged with? Having served so long, can’t he give up foolish tricks, eh? However, I hope he only intended to play a silly joke by his masquerade; give us the history of it.”

“Colonel,” began the trumpeter, “yesterday morning, after I had gone to my quarters, and unsaddled and attended to my horse, I had scarcely sat down in my room, when Gunner Müller came in, and complained that he had wretched quarters, and hardly anything to eat, and although the house he was in was very large, they had given him a dirty hole behind the steps, to sleep in ; he asked me, as I

had served longer and had more experience, if I could help him to force the farmer to treat him better. Well, you see, Colonel, and so I went with him, and I gave the host a piece of my mind, and—then—well—yes——”

Feind saluted, and said,—

“Excuse me, Colonel, but the trumpeter had the indescribable impudence to place a white plume in his shako, and to sew a fringe of gold paper to the shoulder of his tunic.”

“So,” said Von T——, “he stuck a plume of feathers in his hat like those his Colonel wears, eh?”

“At your service, Colonel, no,” answered the trumpeter, “it was only of paper.”

“Then,” added the wicked Feind, “this man went to Gunner Müller’s quarters, cursed and swore, and, most insulting of all, told the farmer that he was Captain of the battery, and had heard they had put his gunner in a kennel under the steps; he ordered the farmer at once to show him all the rooms in the house, that he might select one himself.”

The Colonel could not repress a smile, but the next instant he was listening again with the utmost gravity.

“The poor farmer,” continued the Captain, “frightened out of his wits by the trumpeter, who threatened him with his sword, threw open his house, and the two fine fellows chose the best room, into which they dragged the gunner’s harness and baggage, and then made the farmer bring them a

jug of beer, that they might drink the health of his Gracious Majesty the King. However, the whole affair struck the host as rather suspicious, and after the two had gone out, he went to the sergeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring farm, and told him what had happened, which of course led to a dénouement. I sent for the trumpeter and gunner, and sentenced them both to three days in the cells."

"So, so! Humph!" ejaculated the Colonel, and his countenance, which had somewhat cleared during the Captain's recital, became as dark as ever at the mention of the three days' arrest, and he pushed his cocked hat over his right ear.

"Now, now," he burst out, "and what has the third, that you told me of, done? I think it was Bombardier H——. Come here, Bombardier. Why, Bombardier H—— is quartered in the town; what has *he* done?"

"When Corporal Herrschaft reported to me this morning," proceeded Feind, "that the Colonel had sent five young volunteers to the park guard yesterday evening for being guilty of a row in the streets, and that one of them had let out that Bombardier H—— had been of the party, but had escaped, I sentenced him also to three days' imprisonment, for I know the man well, and he seldom fails to take part in such doings."

After this harangue, I looked at the Colonel, full of apprehension; with another violent shove, he brought his hat over his left ear, planted his sword

on the ground, and appeared to be struggling with his anger.

“Now, listen, Captain Feind,” he said as quietly as possible, but we saw with satisfaction that he had to put great restraint upon himself to prevent using strong language: “allow me, Captain Feind, allow me to tell you that I don’t approve of these eternal punishments, especially for such offences as the three reported to me; now, if Colonel von T—— speaks a good word for them, I hope the trumpeter as well as Corporal Dose will be let off with only an extra guard to keep; and as to Bombardier H——, he’ll have nothing, for I, old T——, commander of the seventh brigade, I tell you that he was not with the five; hear you, Captain Feind, he was not with the five; and if he had been, he would not have had three days’ arrest, for I, his colonel, have pardoned them all, because they only played a foolish trick, and I would pardon two foolish tricks rather than one breach of discipline. There must be discipline!”

We looked at each other, greatly relieved, a weight was lifted from our hearts. The chief saluted, and turned to the commander of the division.

“Oberstwachmeister, let us mount and be off.”

He mounted his horse, and rode out of the battery, followed by his aides-de-camp and orderlies, to the open space at the windmill, in order to let the division defile past him.

The Captain also mounted, and as he did so he honoured Dose and me with an angry glance, drew his sword and gave the word of command, "To horse! Attention!"

At once, the bustle round the guns, which a moment before had been so lively, ceased; the drivers stood to their horses with the whip in the left hand, the riders ranged themselves behind the cannon and the howitzers, and no one stirred. To me this had always been the pleasantest and most interesting moment. When all was in order, the horses properly saddled and packed, all searching for spots of rust on our swords, &c., at an end for the time being; the horses pawing the ground impatient to start, and nothing for me to do, to become a cavalier, but to mount; then, with pistols in the holsters, and sword at my side, I was indeed a warrior and no common soldier, whose chief business it is, according to command, to wheel to the right or left, or to clean harness. This was the only moment, when the life of a soldier still appeared to me in the light in which I had seen it in my early romantic dreams. I was in particularly high spirits to-day at our departure. Before us lay the "manceuvre," of which Dose had related so many fine things, as well as the pleasure of spending four weeks among the country people, of course at a fine large farmhouse, where in the evening we could lie on the grass under the young apple and cherry trees, and listen to the melodious sounds of the returning



herds. Behind me I left the hateful three days under arrest, with which the good Feind had wished to favour me; beneath my feet was the dewy fragrant grass; above me the blue sky, and in my heart the kiss of dear, pretty little Emily.

“Mount!” That word acted as an electric spark; I flew into the saddle. “Advance!” and as the bugler clearly sounded the tune, “Up, comrades, up, to horse! to horse!” I felt inexpressibly happy, and could not help whistling the same tune to myself; but not for long, for Sergeant Löffel, the Captain’s echo, who disliked me as much as the Captain did, rode up to me, stroked his moustache, and said in no very friendly tone, “Look here, sir, we shall stop that whistling one of these days.” Snow on a spring morning! I could not resist answering the fat sergeant in the momentary irritation caused by his words, with the quiet sarcasm, “Oh, you mean me? quite right, to-day is Tuesday.” He made no reply, but took out his note-book, and wrote something in it, which he showed to the Captain, who made a motion with his head and hand, as much as to say “I’ll settle that;” and he did settle it, so that at the next parade, the commander of division gave me three days’ arrest for having a small rent in my fodder bag. As we make our beds, so must we lie!

In dust and heat, alternately singing and laughing, grumbling and swearing, we marched along the high road through the monotonous avenue of poplars,

until about two o'clock, when at a turn of the road, as an angel from heaven, we saw the staff quartermaster trotting towards us on his scraggy grey horse, with a huge portfolio under his arm. Every face brightened, even the horses seemed tired of the long march; for when the old Colonel at our head, thundered out, "Halt!" it only needed a very slight pull at the reins to bring them to a stand-still. The man opened his portfolio, and read out the names of village after village in which our batteries were to be quartered: part of the brigade at the fortress of W——, one battery here, another there; and as the villages in this part of the country could only, at the most, boast of a few farm-houses, very few of the batteries could be quartered in one place, but almost every gun had its own farm or its own village; ours was called Fettenweiden (Richmeadows), a name which seemed to please Dose, for he hoped that the quarters would correspond with the name of the place. Alas! this was far from being the case; they were terribly barren and unproductive. Before dispersing, our old chief, placing his arms akimbo, read us a lecture from his horse, upon good behaviour, attention to rules in quarters, care of our arms and uniforms, &c. &c. However the pawing of the horses and jingling of the harness drowned his voice, so that we could only catch a few words, and here and there a whole sentence, amongst which his favourite expression, "There must be discipline," occurred pretty often.

Captain Feind, from whom, alas! we had to be separated, for he was quartered in another village, gave us a very moral harangue before parting, into which he very frequently introduced his favourite expression, "about breakfasting too well." At length we were dismissed. Dose gave the word of command "To horse," and in half an hour's time we arrived at Fettenweiden. It consisted of five or six little houses situated on the borders of the heath, on which the "manœuvres" were to be held.

On the other side, divided from the houses by a stream, was an oak wood, and in the background rose tall poplars and fir-trees, from between which peeped a beautiful yellow-coloured building, the country-house of Count von R——, with whom our Major was quartered.

Dose's spirits, which the appearance of the little houses had somewhat damped, were refreshed by the sight of the green wood, the stream, and the mansion.

He confided to me that he felt quite poetical, and promised shortly to astonish me with some poems; and whilst we led our horses through a great bog to a wretched stable, he dreamed of woodland walks, nightingales, murmuring streams, and the like, remarking that there was nothing more poetical to his mind, than making verses!

## CHAPTER VI.

### CANTONMENTS.—VIVANDIÈRES.

THE stable, romantically situated on the borders of a bog, scarcely satisfied the most modest requirements. We could barely find room for our own horses and those of our two gunner servants.

Walking into the house, I intently watched Dose, in order that I might learn the secret of gaining the respect of the country people. The woman of the house met us at the threshold; behind her stood her husband, hat in hand, who greeted us with an awkward bow. The mistress, however, took the initiative by sharply asking for our billet. Dose thrust his hand into his tunic, and began to stamp impatiently on the ground, in imitation of Captain Feind, whose invariable practice it was to do this on similar important occasions. Then he commenced an harangue, of which I scarcely understood a single word, although I was pretty well used to Dose's style, and was so well versed both in his stable maxims and poetical effusions, that when I heard the first three words of an oration of his I could at once tell the end. He spoke of the arduous life of a soldier, of his responsibilities as protector

of "Fatherland," very frequently interlarding his discourse with the words "patriotism" and "Prussia." He even got as far as the unity of Germany, and concluded somewhat to the following effect:—"If he *were* an East Prussian, still he ought to be received here on the Rhine with open arms, as a protector of Fatherland." The woman could not follow this tirade any better than myself. She looked from one to the other in great bewilderment, and probably would have been at a loss to this day how to answer him, if the farmer, who had frequently nodded his head in an approving way during the oration, had not helped us all out of the dilemma. He pushed his wife aside rather roughly, saying to her as she turned round angrily on him,—

"Don't you understand the gentlemen? Why, to be sure, they want us to provide them with good victuals and drink."

I was greatly amused at the peasant's acuteness, and Dose, also struck by the man's penetration, and not at all out of countenance, recited to me as we entered the room,—

"Things which convey no meaning to the wise,  
Are guess'd by intuitions of the simple mind."

The woman, who was much impressed both by Dose's unintelligible jargon and by his imposing appearance, did not urge her demand for the billet, and assured us, after her husband's interpretation of our wishes, that we might make ourselves quite easy, as we should eat at the same table as them—

selves, and out of one dish. Very flattering! The woman, unfortunately, was true to her word, for every meal during our sojourn in her house consisted literally of but one dish, which was placed before us twice every day, with this slight variation, that whereas in the morning the dish was filled with a kind of gruel in which floated a few potatoes and beans, in the afternoon, when we returned from practice, the above-mentioned solid ingredients predominated, the gruel serving only as a kind of sauce.

This beginning of our life in cantonments quickly wiped away a considerable portion of the golden bloom which Dose's descriptions had endowed it with. Especially was this the case when our hostess showed us our night-quarters, which were in a closet which opened on to the passage, the only entrance to it being by a hole three feet square, about a yard from the ground, and which at first sight I had taken for the door of a cupboard in the wall. At night, when we retired to rest, our situation struck us as so ludicrous that we could not sleep at first for laughing. Dose, though of an adventurous spirit, would not trust himself in the box until he had well reconnoitred the ground. All four of us were to inhabit this hole, which we found was just large enough to contain us. It was ten feet square, the floor was covered with straw, on which some great featherbeds were laid. When we were undressed, we drew up in line, one behind the other, before the opening, and Dose as our chief stepped in first, and, thanks to

his long legs, managed his entrance comfortably. Not so the rest of us, for the floor inside being lower than the outside, I lost my balance and fell on the top of my superior; the two gunners entered in the same undignified style, so that we all lay in a heap on the floor of the closet. I had never doubted that in Dose a great general was lost, and in this critical moment his great qualities—coolness and energy—were conspicuously displayed. With a stentorian voice he called for a light, raised himself with difficulty, and, although he could not stand upright, he apportioned us our places with great dignity. I was to be next to him, and the two gunners opposite to us, so that their feet nearly reached our knees. Dose had shown his usual foresight in this arrangement, because we only possessed one coverlet between us, which, moreover, was very small. If we had all lain in a row, the least movement of one or the other in the night would have dragged it off us. Now *we* held fast to one end, and the gunners to the other, so that it was stretched out like the skin of a drum.

Before we composed ourselves to sleep, Dose related to us a story of his early life, which had given him a dislike to sleeping with several others in one bed. I will spare the reader the preface with which he began, and commence the narrative itself.

“During a march,” he said, “we once halted with the whole battery in a small village, where every house had to receive eight or ten men. In my quar-

ters there were nine men, who had two beds between them. I, who was then a Bombardier, was put in charge of four gunners in one of the beds; the non-commissioned officer, with the three others, occupied the second bed. Our corporal at that time—heaven rest his soul!—was of opinion, and very correctly, that if it were possible, gunners should not be left without supervision, even in bed. Though my bed was very wide, we found that we could only lie on our sides, like spoons in a plate-basket. I placed myself on the right side of the bed, and made the wise arrangement that the rest should, according to my orders, lie either on their right or left sides; and therefore, during the night, I sometimes issued the command, ‘Right or left, turn.’ Once, however, the man on the other side of the bed was so heavy with sleep that he misunderstood the order and made the opposite movement. I leave you to imagine the confusion this caused in the whole line. My calls to order were of no use; the bed was not strong enough to bear the violent evolutions which followed, and broke with a loud crash, precipitating us to the ground. The most curious part of the affair, however, was, that after we had pushed the ruins of the bed to one side, and had drawn the bed-clothes off it, every one remarked with great astonishment that they were more comfortable than before. I assure you,” said Dose in conclusion, “there is nothing like experience.”

The heath on which the artillery practice was held



extended for several leagues. The ground was tolerably hard, in most parts flat, and the whole was enclosed by thick fir-woods, among which lay the villages where the brigade was quartered. Those who chose this common for our shooting-ground had endeavoured—a thing not usual in military service—to unite the agreeable with the useful. On one side there was the model of a bastion, after Elanban, which served as a mark for heavy artillery and the light mortars. Near to this was a little redoubt, into which heavy shells were thrown, and to the right and left of these works two targets were placed, each six feet high and a hundred feet long, answering to the extended front of a battalion of infantry. The white walls were divided by black perpendicular lines, two feet apart, that it might be easier to see in firing with cartridges how many balls struck one soldier. The heath extended about a league behind these woods; on it were erected great banks of sand, called the “butts,” into which those balls which flew over the marks fell and were afterwards dug out. These establishments formed the useful department. The agreeable part was to be found about a thousand paces from the bastion, namely, the space marked off for the batteries, where the vivandières had their beer and wine booths. This was the romantic side of the picture. A space about four hundred feet square had been planted with accacias, which cast a grateful shade around. The guard-hut stood

on a little hill in the middle of the different parks of artillery; a splendid 24-pounder, cut out in tin, was placed as a vane on the roof, to indicate the direction of the wind. Round this hill were erected at intervals, buildings simply made of planks, some fitted up as laboratories, some as ammunition magazines, some, a little way off, as powder-sheds. A well of clear water, near which the guard-house stood, supplied the cheapest and most innocent beverage. The sutlers' and commissariat corps were just as well organized as the brigade itself, and divided into heavy and light batteries. The wives of the non-commissioned officers formed the light-mounted batteries. They swarmed round us with their baskets or little trucks, the whole day, and some of the more courageous brought glasses of brandy or the like, even to the firing parties. Others had placed little tables under the accacia trees, where during the recreation hours they sold their wares, which *here* included glasses of beer, whereas the above-named light troops only took brandy with them into the field. The heavy, solid garrison artillery were arranged in long majestic rows, about a hundred feet behind the guard-house. There were contractors from the town, who had built regular booths, in which for ready money, they sold such refreshments as soldiers delight in. In order to attract customers, each vendor took some grotesque or appropriate name as a sign. The sign of one booth especially, "To the Wet Sponge," was

in great repute, and was imitated by several others. There was a comparative of it, and one man, who was determined not to be outdone, called his booth "To the very Wettest Sponge." Close by was "The Jolly Gunner," and also "The Rakish Gunner." This last appellation was a thorn in the eyes of the old Colonel. He ordered the sign to be removed the very first day, and thereby rendered the shop notorious. From henceforth it enjoyed the largest custom, and the renown of the "Rakish Gunner" spread far and wide. Whenever the old Colonel came on his white horse to the common, he stopped a few seconds before the shop to vent his anger in some such words as these, "I'll not allow this; I'll have no rakish gunner, or—by Jove!"

His antipathy to it was so great that he narrowly inspected all whom he saw coming out of the "Rakish Gunner," to see if he could detect in them any breach of discipline. On this dangerous ground, therefore, we carefully avoided meeting him; it seemed as if he wished to make it a kind of Golgotha, to bring it into bad repute.

On one occasion an unfortunate bugler was standing before this shop, and did not see the Colonel, who suddenly came out of the bushes behind him. The poor fellow was transgressing dress regulation, for he carried his horn hanging over his shoulder, at the full length of the cord to which it was attached, whereas, according to orders, it should have been twisted round the instrument.

The Colonel noticed this, and throwing himself off his horse, he approached the bugler, and suddenly seizing the cord, with his powerful hand, gave it a good pull, and so caught the gunner in a noose.

With a volley of oaths he spun him round like a top. "Look at this man!" he cried, "I, his Colonel, have ordered him to take care of the cord, and the good-for-nothing vagabond amuses himself by spoiling it on purpose. Ha, you scoundrel! you're one of the Rakish Gunners! I'll be-rakish you! What do you belong to? What battery?"

"To the 7th foot battery, Colonel," replied the man.

"So, so," and the old man turned to an officer who was passing. "To your battery, Captain N——? So you command the Rakish Gunners? Ah, put this man under arrest for four-and-twenty hours, confound the fellow!"

These violent manœuvres had so exhausted the Colonel that he was obliged to stop from sheer want of breath. He however strode up and down before the "Rakish Gunner" shaking his fist. All the guests had long ago escaped by the back door, and the owner was in doubt whether he should not close door and windows, as in a thunderstorm.

Another booth was named the "Burning Match," and a match was actually hung on a post before the door. This likewise found no favour with the Colonel; for he used to say, "I don't like to see a

piece of royal war-material hung up there before a tavern."

The sign of another booth, patronized by some of the officers, was "To the Herr Lieutenant." Near this was one, named by a speculator, "To the Herr Lieutenant Von;" but it was not much frequented, for there were very few noblesse in the brigade. The establishment most patronized by the Colonel and the officers of the highest rank was the "Lively Vivandière."

Our practice began as usual on a Saturday, and was inaugurated by the construction of batteries against the above-mentioned bastion. This work is always carried on during the night in war-time, that, protected by the dark, the workers may not be exposed to the fire of the enemy,—and in time of peace, that the men may learn to work in the dark. Saturday was chosen for the task, so that every one might rest from the laborious employment on the following day.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we left Fettenweiden to join the battery in the next large village, where the Captain was stationed, and then to march on to the common. We were, of course, without either arms or horses. A great roll-call was first held in the artillery park, and then permission was given to the assembled troops to amuse themselves as they liked, till night began.

Soon the Colonel arrived on his little white horse, accompanied by the Commandant and several other

officers of the garrison, and dismounted before the "Lively Vivandière." He did this generally every day, and those of us who had clear consciences used to go and lie on the turf before the door, for the Colonel often afforded us food for amusement. When he was in a good humour he would laugh so uproariously at the least thing that he was heard all over the camp. Sometimes, also, he bought something from the vivandières, who swarmed round the booths, and chatted with them. But if, on the contrary, he was out of temper, a terrible storm generally occurred. For instance, he would remark some particularly fine coiffure in the far distance, and would pounce suddenly upon the unsuspecting victim as soon as she came within reach.

Among the officers who accompanied him to-day from the town were two remarkable specimens. One was Colonel von N——, of whom it was said that everything about him was false. There could be no doubt that he wore stays, and one of his servants declared on one occasion that his trousers and uniform were so padded that when he took them off they stood by themselves. The man was already over fifty, but had lost none of his vanity. Connoisseurs declared that his black hair had formerly been bright red, and was dyed from time to time. When the sun shone upon it I could see a suspicious red tint. Never in my life had I seen such a fresh complexion as this Colonel's; it was asserted that it was manufactured in Paris. He also dyed his eyebrows, and

painted at times a blue vein on his forehead. He was Commandant of our larger fortress, in which I was stationed for some time, and was now in W—— on leave. We always knew, either in rainy weather or in a breeze, which way the wind blew by just looking at Colonel von N——; for he invariably placed himself so that the wind or rain should not beat upon his face, and thereby damage his beautiful colour. He was now on very good terms with our old Colonel, though formerly, in C——, they had had severe contests.

For instance, in one of the fortifications, which the artillery had occupied several years, a large amount of tow was stored, which one of our non-commissioned officers received from the comrade whom he relieved without having it carefully weighed. One day the care of this store was given over to the infantry, and the corporal who received it, weighed it with great care, and found a deficit of eight pounds. This was reported to the Commandant, who at all times disliked the artillery. With the greatest calmness he ordered the non-commissioned officer of the artillery to be put under arrest for three days. This man had been long in the service, and was a particular favourite of Colonel von T——'s; he therefore preferred the case to the Colonel, and demonstrated that such a quantity of tow would naturally lose at least eight pounds in weight in so many years. Von T—— promised to look into the matter. At parade he went up to the

Commandant, and we, who stood round, watched the transaction with great interest. Hitherto they had had very little intercourse on official matters, and we all knew that our downright, honourable old Colonel had no liking for the affectations of his colleague. Von T—— began,—

“Colonel von N——, I wish you good morning.”

“Good morning, Colonel.”

“I have heard, with dissatisfaction, Colonel,” proceeded Von T——, “that you have put one of my non-commissioned officers under arrest for a mere trifle.”

“Colonel, these are official matters which will be best arranged in the usual way, by correspondence.”

Our old Colonel grew impatient. “Yes, by correspondence! I know that; paper—nothing but paper—bah! but I wish to speak a word to you myself on behalf of my non-commissioned officer; for I assure you, Colonel von N——, that he is quite equal to both of us in the service.”

“I am very sorry, Colonel, but for the sake of example—”

“Yes, you’re sorry! that won’t butter my bread!”

“Colonel, it is impossible—”

“Indeed? it is impossible! Yes, it is a good opportunity for trampling on the artillery.”

“I don’t know that, Colonel, but—”

“Yes, Herr” (the old man had now become so heated that he made a long angry pause between this “Herr” and the next word “Colonel”) “Colonel,



I only know this: that the man shall not be put under arrest for this silly trifle; I will pay for the tow!"

"Excuse me, colonel, but it is no question of payment; it is not the value of the *thing*, but of the regulation."

"Ho! ho!" cried the old man, "I also know something about regulation! You make a fuss because it's tow—because it's tow, I say. I'll just tell you in confidence, in strict confidence—" With these words he put his hands behind his back and shouted loudly across the square, "I know that there are certain gentlemen who are very partial to tow; they stuff their uniforms with it!"

We, who stood by, had to put a violent constraint upon ourselves to prevent laughing aloud. Colonel von T—— ran round the square till he came in front of our battery, and called out to the captain, "Non-commissioned officer S—— will go this very hour on duty to W——."

The man escaped without punishment, but the affair caused such a serious quarrel between the two Colonels, that if several parties had not interfered, it must have ended in a duel. The other officer, mentioned above, was a very old man, a Major von Ente. He had been in the campaign of the year '90 against the French, was discharged in 1816, and lived now in C——, on a small pension. On festive occasions—such as the king's birthday, or a review held in honour of the visit of some great person—Major

von Ente invariably donned his uniform. Instead of letting his sword hang down perpendicularly according to regulation, he carried it horizontally, like the fops of the last century. The tout-ensemble of this little bent old man, with his serious face and old-fashioned uniform, was rendered still more comical by the peculiar manner in which he carried his weapon, and whenever he appeared on parade a murmur of applause ran through the circle of officers. He generally placed himself in the suite of the commanding officer, the other officers forming a circle round him, so that the singular figure of the old man might be visible to all.

Before I entered on my military career I happened one day to be in C——, and followed an inquisitive crowd to the great parade ground to see a review which Prince A—— was holding during a visit to the town.

The whole garrison was formed in column; in the front was the general surrounded by a numerous suite, among whom Major von Ente was conspicuous in full uniform with horizontal sword. The Prince appeared; but scarcely had the parade begun when the solemnity of the military proceedings was destroyed by a singular occurrence. An officer of the cavalry then on parade possessed a very handsome dog, which he shut up in his room on such occasions; but by some chance the animal made his escape and ran about among the officers. He now began his performances, standing on his hind legs, dancing and

begging; but his chief exploit consisted in jumping over a sword or a stick when held out before him. Suddenly the dog caught sight of the outstretched sword of Major von Ente, ran towards it, and cleared it with a bound. The officers who saw it laughed aloud. The dog, pleased with this applause, returned and jumped two or three times more over the sword, barking with excitement. The noise attracted the superior officers, who joined in the laughter. The poor major, perfectly unconscious of what was passing behind his back, turned round, and thus presented the point of his sword to the assembled troops. The dog followed the movement, and displayed his skill to all the troops. The officers in the ranks laughed first, the non-commissioned officers and privates followed their example, column after column caught the infection, and when the Prince saw the joke, and broke into a loud laugh, the whole garrison joined in. The worst part of it was that the inhabitants of C——, who it is well known are always ready for a joke, said of the major that this was the first time he had ever put any one to the sword. He never again appeared in uniform, for though he still attended all the reviews and parades, it was in plain clothes: in this dress he had ridden to-day to the common to see the construction of the batteries. Meanwhile the time of recreation had expired, the day drew to a close; on all sides the buglers were calling the gunners together. Five batteries were to be built to-night; a mortar battery,

a battery "en ricochet," two batteries for heavy siege guns, and one for heavy and light howitzers. The principal part in each battery is the breastwork, which serves as a protection to the guns and gunners, from the enemy's shot. In the mortar and howitzer batteries, which send their shot in an arch over the breastwork, it is generally composed of turf and earth; but in the cannon batteries, where the shot goes straight out through an embrasure, the breastwork is made of earth and covered on all sides with fascines and gabions.

As soon as it was so dark that we could no longer distinguish objects on the heath, the men appointed for the building of the different batteries advanced, and the officers stepped forward to mark out the line on the ground. The men were, meanwhile, told off for their different duties, some to stand by the gabions, some by the fascines, so that at a given signal they might be ready to begin at once. On such occasions, the hammers used for driving in the posts are covered with felt; and all commands given in very low tones, so as not to be overheard by the enemy in the fortress.

My good Dose, who had to build one side of the battery, did not put me among the workers, but sent me with several other volunteers, back to the *Depôt*, to guard the material.

Now, the order to begin work sounded through the whole line. The first relay of soldiers started forward as quickly as possible with the gabions;

they set them down on the appointed place, seized their spades and pickaxes, and filled the baskets with earth, so as immediately to have some sort of breastwork, if only a very weak one. After these had worked a little while, they ran back, and were at once relieved by others.

To spectators this work had a strange effect. Everything went on so quietly and secretly; nothing was heard but the light muffled strokes of the hammers on the stakes, the scraping of the spades and pickaxes, and, now and then, the words of command given in an undertone to the labourers. It seemed to me as if spirits had arisen in the midnight hour, and were building a mysterious fabric. The speed with which such a breastwork grows is almost magical. An instant before there was nothing but the smooth ground; now a fortification five feet high has sprung up, and yet this was but the commencement.

The whole surroundings, the mysterious hasty work, made the idea of being before an enemy's fortress appear a reality. In spite of the secrecy with which the construction of the batteries was carried on, it could not fail to be observed by the besieged, who in their turn were on the *qui vive* to destroy it. We glanced anxiously and often at the bastion, whose dark outline was visible some distance off on the common, and each time we expected to see a fire-ball or a parachute sent forth by the besieged to illuminate our position, in order

to enable them to direct their guns against our batteries ; that they did *not* take this precaution, was a clear sign that they had gained the requisite information during the day by spies, or in some other way. This would have been followed by a rain of grape-shot, and woe betide the poor labourers, if the breastwork had not been raised high enough to afford them some protection.

We made a heap of our cloaks, and all four lay comfortably thereon, and watched the proceeding. The night at last became very dark, and when we could see no more, and could only hear the muffled scraping and knocking of the workers, our interest—which hitherto had kept us warm and amused—flagged, and the cold night air began to be very unpleasant. First, we covered ourselves with our cloaks, and tried to sleep ; failing in that we held a council of war, at which we came to the unanimous determination that as soon as the material, over which we kept guard, had all been carried away, we would retire behind the scenes, that is to say, into one of the booths. Only a few were open this night, and from among these we chose the “Lively Vivandière.” This booth was divided into two compartments, and had two outlets ; thus we could escape through one door or the other in case of surprise, for it was against orders to leave our post during the construction of the batteries. As quietly as possible we glided from our place, and were lucky enough to evade the workers, though we were

challenged several times. If the officers or non-commissioned officers who noticed us were far enough off, we answered nothing, and now and then when we met one of the *Depôt* lieutenants, we had the best of excuses all ready; now that we had permission to go, now that we had to fetch something from here or there. You may believe that we stole singly to the "Lively *Vivandière*," but in a short time we were all safely assembled therein.

Now, however, new difficulties arose: our first fright was occasioned by the cocked hat and the sword of the old Colonel, which lay on the table in one of the rooms. He had left them there while he inspected the batteries in a forage-cap, that he might be less easily recognized during his rounds. But he had enjoined the hostess not to sell anything to the gunners during the night. At first she refused to disobey this order, and it was only when we had excited her pity by representing our frozen condition, that she gave way. We were all four quite boys, none over seventeen; our youth melted her heart, and she agreed to mix us some delicious punch. We of course did not stop at one glass; and we were already enjoying the fifth or sixth relay of this exhilarating beverage, when we heard the door of the front room open, and our horror may be imagined when we recognized the voice of Captain Feind calling loudly for the hostess. She was no less frightened than ourselves, for she liked the volunteers better than the whole body of officers, as

they were better customers; she therefore made us a sign with her hand to keep quiet, whilst she went into the front room. She knew as well as we did, that if the malicious Feind discovered us, we were certain of three days' arrest. The hostess of the "Lively Vivandière" was a kind-hearted person and not bad looking either, somewhere about twenty years of age, rather under size, with a fresh complexion, and a remarkably good tongue. It was said of our old Colonel, that he did not patronize her for nothing. We did not immediately take to flight, because we knew very well that Captain Feind had as little right to be there as we had, for he should not have left his battery. In spite of this, he made himself quite at home in the next room, took off his cap, and asked the hostess, in a friendly tone, to shut the front door to prevent a surprise—he would not have liked to be caught thus by the Colonel. Now the Colonel would enter by the back door, and he could slip out at the front one. We congratulated ourselves heartily in silence, for the opportunity so kindly afforded us by the chief of our battery of making our escape first, and had just seized our caps for that purpose, when one of our party peeped through a crack in the wooden partition, and signed to us to come also. In the adjoining room Captain Feind was doing the polite to the hostess. He chucked her under the chin, and exchanged the cold ceremonious "Sie" and the formal title "Frau Werthin" into the soft and familiar "Du," and



called her by her Christian name of "Margaret," which he shortened into "Gretchen."

We found it difficult to help laughing audibly ; but suddenly a bold idea entered my head. I knew very well that Feind was no favourite with our old Colonel, and that of all things he would dislike being caught by him here. I took the Colonel's sword lightly from the table, placed the cocked hat on one side of my head, and though my comrades sought to withhold me, by making signs of dismay, I began to walk up and down noisily, and cough and clear my throat at intervals, as the Colonel was accustomed to do, making my voice as deep as possible, and letting the sword clank after me. Like a hare who hears the baying of the hounds, Feind flew to the door and vanished instantly. The hostess looked greatly astonished ; and when we opened the door and walked into the room, she joined us in a loud burst of laughter.

But the proverb, "He who digs a pit for another, falls into it himself," was only too well illustrated in our case. Whilst we, in our temerity, were still amusing ourselves with this joke at the open door, we suddenly heard the voice of the Colonel, who was rapidly approaching the back door with some other officers. Good gracious ! to make matters worse he was in a very bad humour, for he was swearing terribly, and we distinctly heard the words, "Yes, I tell you, Major, I'll expel them ! The rascals !"

I tried to rush out at the front door, but was

so confused that I still kept the hat on my head. My comrades were so overwhelmed with fear that none of them attempted to escape, but all called to me, "Throw the hat away! throw the hat away!"

But it was too late; the old Colonel, with Major A——, his aide-de-camp, and, worse still, with Captain Feind himself, who had slyly tacked himself on to the suite, walked quickly through into the front room. The pause which ensued, whilst the Colonel stood quite speechless at my extraordinary appearance, was the most dreadful moment of my life. I had never seen him so enraged; he made a movement with his hand to his left side, and I believe it was well for us that he had not got his sword.

"My sword! my sword!" he cried, "and my hat! in such disreputable hands! that is a crime. On my sword is the *port-d'épée* of his majesty, and he who misuses that must be tried by court-martial. Major, call the guard! Margaret, a chair! I assure you, gentlemen, this has quite unnerved me."

The old chief sat down and swallowed a great glass of grog which the hostess handed to him unasked. I had, of course, taken off the hat and held it, as well as the sword, in my hand. I was petrified. After a short rest he broke out into a fresh burst of anger. "Down with my hat," he cried, "or it will be the worse for you!"

Some of the officers tried to calm him, and one of the aides-de-camp took the hat and sword from me; but Captain Feind was spiteful enough to irritate

him still more by declaring he had constant trouble with us on account of our pranks, and volunteers such as we interfered with the discipline of the whole battery. But the good Feind injured himself in a twofold manner by this declaration : first, the Colonel said to him, with a fierce glance, " Captain Feind, of the six-pound mounted battery No. 21, it is very strange that these ne'er-do-weels all flock to this battery ; it must have some peculiar attraction for them ! " and secondly, I, enraged by our captain's accusation, and knowing that an unlimited period of arrest was certain in any case, became reckless, and, being well aware that our Colonel liked straightforwardness, I stepped forward boldly, looked him straight in the face, and related to him why we had ventured so to misuse his hat and sword. Though he interrupted my story with many imprecations and opprobrious epithets, he let me finish to the end without silencing me ; but I did not divulge the name of the officer whom we had seen in the front room. He was very anxious to find out who it was, and though he invoked the larger share of curses to descend on *my* head, the officer who had ventured to leave his battery came in for his share also.

I was sorry that I could not spare good Margaret, but was obliged to report very circumstantially the liberties which the officer had taken with her. Feind stood on pins and needles all this time.

" So, so ! " proceeded the Colonel, " that's the pretty little history, is it ? I'll soon discover who

the 'Herr' officer was. Margaret, tell me the truth, or I'll have the booth of the 'Lively Vivandière' closed because you have dared to transgress my orders and have given these young fellows drink."

"Ah, Colonel," answered Margaret, "I cannot help it, if the officers and soldiers come into the shop."

"Now then," said the Colonel, "who *was* the officer?"

"Ah, Colonel—it was Captain Feind!"

"So—o," said the Colonel, and lengthened out this "so" whilst he eyed the captain over from head to foot. "Ho! Captain Feind! also of the mounted battery No. 21."

Captain Feind had nothing to say for himself, and only stammered out a few words of excuse. The guard arrived meanwhile and we were taken off to the artillery park till further orders should be issued for our removal to the fortress at W—— for imprisonment.

We heard the Colonel's voice waxing louder and louder behind us, till at last it broke into a frightful storm which apparently descended on the head of Captain Feind.

The batteries were now nearly completed, nothing remained but to improve the external appearance here and there, to make the ground even, or to drive a few stakes into a gabion. Most of the gunners were at work fixing planks, on which the guns were to stand, to the ground with great wooden nails.

Such platforms of heavy boards are necessary for all large guns, because without them the earth would be too much torn up by the recoil.

The sky was quite clear now and a rosy glow was spreading in the east which augured well for the coming day, but what a sorrowful day it was to be for us! Yesterday evening we had looked forward with pleasure to the morning, when the batteries, finished and bristling with cannon and mortars, would present to us such a sight as we had never before witnessed. Alas! we saw but little of all this splendour; we only saw the Colonel, who was riding through the batteries to examine them. We were very sorry that all the labourers, including Dose, should have to suffer from the wrath which we had kindled in him; for the Colonel kept shaking his head, ejaculating, "That is a bad affair! a miserable piece of work!" In a short time the bugler summoned the batteries to receive orders for the following day; we were ordered to be taken to W—— and put under arrest to await our trial, as the Colonel meant to hold a full court-martial on our case.

At sunrise the batteries separated, each returning to its own quarters; Dose tried to say a few words to me, but Captain Feind, who never could resist an opportunity of making himself disagreeable, sent him off. We were made to march apart from the rest as if we were the greatest criminals, and behind us rode the Colonel's orderlies, two non-commissioned officers fully equipped.

At first we were very much cast down, but the buoyant spirits of youth soon triumphed, and we began mutually to cheer each other with sallies of wit. The Colonel had recovered his temper after a good potation in the unfortunate "Lively Vivandière," and as he rode near the artillerymen, who were returning home tired with their work and dissatisfied with the continual grumbling of their chief, he sometimes said a kind word to them and encouraged them to sing according to their usual custom. But to-day no one would begin, all marched silently along; such an *esprit-de-corps* prevailed in the brigade that their usual cheerfulness was quite damped this morning by our arrest. It would have been the correct thing for us, with any one but our Colonel, to have walked in a very dejected manner with head bent down, as if the greatness of our guilt quite overwhelmed us; but we knew right well that he had a great dislike to this kind of thing, so we marched along at the head of the column quite jollily and cheerfully. Once, when the old Colonel had dropped behind, we took out our pipes, but that was not allowed to pass unnoticed to-day. The Colonel came forward, and before I could put my pipe out of the way he had caught sight of it. I prepared myself for a fresh burst of anger, but the wrath of the good-hearted old man towards us had somewhat abated, and he contented himself with calling out to me, "Prisoners are not *generally* allowed to smell tobacco"—they

are not "*generally* allowed;" this we interpreted as giving us leave for this time, so we smoked away vigorously. As we knew how much it always pleased Von T—— to see his men cheerful and singing on their way home, we four prisoners struck up his favourite song as loud as we could, and soon all the batteries chimed in. It is a well-known song, and begins—

"There stands a tavern on the Rhine  
Where tired soldiers love to rest,  
Of Ulrichsteiner Fruchtbrantwein  
Mine hostess broaches of her best,  
And fills to each expectant guest."

When we had once got into the spirit of it we went on laughing and singing till we reached W——. On the glacis the batteries were discharged and the men went to their quarters. We were obliged to go through the town with our body-guard, as our prison was at the farther side of it. As, according to the well-known regulations of such liberal establishments, nothing but bread and water was provided, we suggested to our friendly non-commissioned officers that they should accompany us to one of the inns in the market-place, that we might fortify ourselves with a little breakfast beforehand. We had to be quick, there was no time to spare.

The sun had risen in all his glory and splendour, and the inhabitants of the town of W—— were gradually waking up. Here a window-shutter was opened, there a door, and the maid-servants were

going to the well with their pitchers to draw water. It was dreadful to pass this beautiful Sunday, and no one knows how many more days, in prison. Just as we reached the house an elegant travelling-carriage with four post-horses passed. We four, in our shabby jackets, with the orderlies on horse-back behind us, must have attracted the attention of the occupants, for I heard one of them ask the coachman who those people were, and he answered, "Prisoners of the artillery." What had *they* to do with our affairs? I could not refrain from casting rather an indignant glance into the carriage. But, oh heavens! whom did I see? Yes, it was she! by the side of a stout elderly gentleman sat my acquaintance of D—, pretty little Emily; oh, horrors! she had recognized me; I saw it by her face. I made as though I would run away, for in this situation, as a prisoner, how could I flatter myself, even had I possessed the greatest amount of conceit, that I could possibly find favour in her eyes?

The formalities of "locking up" (by which term the incarceration is designated) was conducted in much the same way as in the respectable locality, No. 7½, in C—, only that the overseer here did not perform one solemnity—namely, the search for prohibited victuals—with such refined cruelty as did the "King of the Rats" of glorious memory. But for all that, public opinion had bestowed upon him a far lower title than on the other; he was called



“Major of the Bugs,” because these charming, but to us troublesome little beasts, were as numerous in the cells here as the rats in the former place. The major merely asked whether we had any forbidden articles about us, and, as we of course answered in the negative, we saved some flasks of rum and such like effects, which we had cunningly concealed between our boots and riding-trousers. “The civilization which refines all the world”—it should properly be “defiles”—had happily not reached so far as here; consequently the military prisons were not regulated on the solitary confinement system of Pennsylvania, as was the case in our other garrison towns.

Here we were all placed in one large room, one side of which was occupied by a great wooden pallet, which invited us to repose. The windows were certainly high from the ground, and grated, but we did not care much for that, though it made the room gloomy. We were very tired with the night-watch and the march to W——, so that we slept a good part of the day and spent the rest of the time in talking.

We regarded it as a good omen that the old Colonel had not sentenced us to the guard-room, where we should certainly have had mattresses and warm food, but before us would have loomed a court-martial, to have been succeeded by “howling and gnashing of teeth.” *Now* we had a chance of getting off with three days in the cells. A court-martial, on the other

hand, would have condemned us to pass at least a fortnight or three weeks in that charming locality.

It was well for me that I remembered a proverb I had often heard in my childhood, "A good conscience makes a soft pillow;" this was truly the only one on which we could lay our heads to-day, and it was not long before we were all fast asleep. We had not slept many hours when we were aroused by the jingling of keys. We started half-asleep from our pallet, and saw the Colonel's aide-de-camp standing in the doorway, looking on with a smiling face as we arranged our disordered tunics, to present as respectable an appearance as possible before him. Lieutenant M——'s cheerful expression lifted a weight from my heart; for he was unlike many of his brother officers, who could only look pleased when we volunteers were in a regular pickle. I was not disappointed; Lieutenant M—— told us the Colonel had reached home this morning in a very good temper, because the building of the united batteries in the night had been so successfully accomplished; he still retained his good-humour after some hours' sleep and, therefore he, the aide-de-camp, had ventured to remind him of us and to beg for a mitigation of our punishment. With my mind's eye I could distinctly see the old Colonel, when this proposal was made to him, walking backwards and forwards in the room and muttering to himself, "They're scoundrels, all of them! If they would only not play such confounded tricks! Still,

I'll see what can be done this time." Yes, he had said this this morning, and after brief reflection, he granted us a free pardon; but with this addition "That they do not move from their cantonments nor lounge about the streets of W——." It may be imagined with what joy we heard the announcement of this pardon, and in the enthusiasm of the moment I heartily thanked the "Bug Major" (who deserved to have been promoted to a colonelcy in the distinguished corps which he commanded) for his good quarters. How much more benevolent was this man than the King of the Rats! *he* never once expressed a wish to have the honour of our company again!

We immediately repaired to the inn in the market-place where we had breakfasted in the morning; a little ray of hope entered my heart that perhaps the carriage, and in it little Emily, might still be visible. But the market was empty; at least, no equipage was to be seen there, but, to our disgust, there were crowds of soldiers and civilians who were enjoying a walk on this lovely Sunday. The former saw at once by our appearance whence we came, and were not surprised at it; they knew well how easily it is to earn a place in No. So-and-so. The latter, on the contrary, were not civil enough to disguise their feelings, but stood still looking after us with astonishment, and laughing; the young girls especially, in their Sunday clothes, made themselves merry at our expense.

We took some slight refreshment in the inn and

then ordered a carriage to take us back to our cantonments. I slipped to the door and asked one of the servants of the house where the equipage had driven to which had changed horses this morning at about six o'clock at the Golden Sun; but the domestic, seeing only a private in very shabby uniform before him, put his hands in his pockets and went off whistling, without vouchsafing an answer. It was a foolish idea for a common soldier to inquire about a carriage with four post-horses. Even if I had been a lieutenant an experienced servant would perhaps have given me no other answer than a shake of the head.

The vehicle we had ordered—a splendid carriage with two horses—now came to the door, and we stepped proudly into it; we had the hood lowered as soon as we were out of the town and settled ourselves comfortably in the corners. After we had rejoiced and sung a little while over our freedom we became wearied with the long drive through the deep sand and barren country, and all four fell fast asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise. I sat up, and what did I see? On horseback, at the carriage door, stood our dear Captain Feind, and behind him the fat sergeant, Löffel; the former looked at me with such a ferocious expression that I shall never forget it as long as I live, and the look of the other gave me the sort of feeling one has when dreaming of wild beasts from which there is no escape. The two good friends glared at us like angry tigers

preparing for a spring. My comrades had by this time waked, and we were all so confounded that the voice of Captain Feind demanding if we did not know what it was proper for a man to do when he met his captain first recalled us to our senses, and we instantly jumped out of the carriage to do honour to the good man, with our heels together and our little fingers on the seams of our trousers, whilst I announced, according to instructions, "Four volunteers, of such-and-such a battery, discharged from arrest in W——."

"And who has given you leave," answered Feind, in his most deliberate and malicious manner, "to put yourselves into a carriage and, instead of going home on foot as befits discharged prisoners, to drive in style to your cantonments as if you wished to imitate your superiors?"

We had nothing to say for ourselves, and so kept silence, as it is best to do under such circumstances. Feind, who was exceedingly angry, put his hand into his tunic and, as he could not stamp his foot on the ground as usual when provoked, he kicked the horse with it, who, not understanding this movement, made a sudden jump, whereat the Captain lost all self-control and called out, "Sergeant Löffel, note down this nice little story." The Sergeant knew enough of his master to be sure what would follow, and had already drawn his memorandum-book out of his pocket.

"We will report the gentlemen to the Colonel,

and of course the carriage will return to the town. We will put a stop to the arrogance of these young puppies as far as possible.”

Our coachman, whose favour we had won by a bottle of wine before starting, and who hitherto had listened with amusement to this transaction, now and then winking at one of us, asked the Captain, with the most indifferent air in the world, whether he meant *his* carriage? In that case, he regretted that he could not comply with his request; he had been ordered by his mistress to drive the gentlemen to Fettenweiden, Feldern, and Lanjenwiessen; and if they preferred walking by the carriage it was all the same to him, he must do what his mistress ordered him.

Captain Feind, who knew he had no authority over this man, did not try to ride the high horse over him, but explained as clearly as possible to our charioteer what we had perpetrated last night, and that it was an act of gross impertinence to have ourselves driven home after such conduct. But in vain; the man had been a soldier, and answered, very dryly, that these things made no difference to him and he must drive to our destinations.

What was to be done? Feind, knowing very well that as soon as he was out of sight we should step into the carriage again, was wise enough to issue no further orders, and contented himself with the remark that we had not heard the last of this affair. The Sergeant noted something hastily

in his note-book, and they both rode off. We scrambled into the carriage again, and one of us, who however did not belong to my battery, began to sing lustily,—

“Two knights rode into the gates, hurrah!” &c.;

and our thoughts were very much like those of the miller in Schiller’s “Kabale and Liebe,” who says, “As we *must* go to prison, we may as well make the best of it,” and sang,—

“So leben wir, so leben wir, so leben wir alle Tage,  
Bei der allerflottesten Feld Batterie.”

Our coachman was greatly amused with this little interlude; he told us much about his military career—how he had often been put under arrest for no fault whatever.

In good time I arrived at Fettenweiden; happily, however, after the mid-day meal. I took leave of my comrades and changed my dress and went in search of the poetical Dose, who was roaming about in the woods and fields.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ROMANCE IN CANTONMENTS.

THE pleasantest hours we spent during the manœuvre in our country quarters were on Sunday afternoons. The morning was usually even more tedious than any others which we passed on the heath, for the whole battery had to assemble, with arms and baggage, in the village where the Captain was stationed, not so much to have their things examined and deficiencies supplied as to give the soldiers some occupation on this day. Our Captain especially had a peculiar aptitude for prolonging in every possible way this Sunday roll-call, which was odious in our eyes. However, the examination was generally over by mid-day, and we returned to our quarters, where each one amused himself, according to his own tastes, as well as he could. The soldiers donned their best attire, filled their pipes, and strolled about among the houses and gardens or joined the youth of the village in the dancing-room, thereby frequently causing jealousies and squabbles.

On returning to my quarters I learnt that about an hour before my corporal had gone through the garden into the wood, where I should probably find



him. After passing the walls and hedges which surrounded the grounds of Count R——, I came upon a little stream which issued from the wood between mossy banks and low bushes. I felt I should be much mistaken if, on following the course of the stream, I did not come upon Dose. The words "woodland stream" had a peculiar charm for him, but it was long since he had really seen one or revelled in poetry on its banks. After a short half-hour I came to an open space, where the stream grew broader and flowed, sparkling and clear, past a group of oak and fir trees. There, sure enough, reclined my instructor. His long, lean figure, as it lay comfortably stretched out on the grass, might have been taken for the hewn trunk of a tree—

"A leafless trunk ; enclosed within  
Dwelt the great creative spirit."

His white head rested on his right arm, and he appeared to be reading in his book. I say *his*, though I do not mean that he had written it, but that it was one he always carried about with him—the history of the beautiful Magellone—which he had undertaken some years ago to put into verse. Though he prided himself so much on his poetical genius, and so often spoke of the works with which he should one day astonish the world, yet—God be thanked!—the arms of the printing-press had only once opened to receive one of his poetical effusions. The *Universal Advertiser* of the town of C—— had on one occasion published a charade of his. This

threatened completely to turn his head. After this he only cared to associate with *beaux esprits*, amongst whom he naturally did not reckon us; but unfortunately he considered us good enough to listen to his poems. The title of his chief poem was "On Guard;" it had, if I remember rightly, not less than six and thirty stanzas, and had become our *bête-noir*. Instead of following the example of Demosthenes and declaiming on the shores of the roaring ocean, or at least on the banks of the Rhine, he insisted on holding forth to us. I for one had heard this famous poem at least forty times. Well, there lay my Dose reading; his head rested on the roots of a fir-tree a little distance from the banks of the stream, and he seemed to be absorbed in his study. I went up to him whistling a familiar air; he looked up, and much as he rejoiced at my sudden appearance, I remarked that a melancholy expression pervaded his countenance. By the lazy way in which he moved his limbs first to one side and then to the other, and with a groan laid his head down on his left arm, I could see that he was either brooding over some great thought or that something unpleasant had befallen him. For some time he had renounced all swearing as unpoetical, and had adopted a certain nonchalance of manner which he thought well-bred and refined, but which struck us as most ludicrous.

"It is sad," he began in a low tone, "that you should do so little credit to my training, and that nearly every week you are put under arrest, or very

narrowly escape it, for some foolish trick; or, to express it better, that arrest, like the sword of Damocles, is always hanging over your head."

"Yes, good Dose," I answered, "I am very sorry that the steps to the Temple of Fame should be so slippery to my unsteady feet, and that I should be always stumbling; but I assure you I was quite innocent of what happened in the night. How could we help it? Our watch by the building materials naturally came to an end when they were all removed."

"Well, yes," replied Dose, "I will say nothing this time; the officer of the guard is ever walking on the brink of an abyss concealed by thistles. You remember the passage in my poem which expresses this pretty nearly in the following way—"

"For goodness' sake, Dose, no poetry! Tell me rather what has caused the melancholy expression which I see on your face."

Dose motioned to me to take a seat near him, and as I stretched myself on the mossy bank he said, in an affectedly low tone,—

"You find me meditating on life's poetry. In the material circumstances of our existence or non-existence there is little of this elevating principle to be found. But the saddest part of the affair is, that so few people have any taste for poetry, otherwise they would be able in some small degree to embellish their daily lives by the many insignificant yet graceful trifles around them. I was thinking over

my birth, my baptism, which were poetical enough, and took place a short time after my father's marriage. Why was I born in North Germany, where the people have such an unfortunate passion for naming at least one out of every ten boys 'Friedrich Wilhelm,' and five or six of the remaining nine 'Friedrich'? Alas! *I* received the very unpoetical name, Friedrich Dose! This has always been an annoyance to me. Why could I not just as well have been named 'Max,' 'Emilius,' or, after the great general, 'Eugene?' Listen, how effective! Eugene Dose! I have long thought of taking another Christian name, but I knew it would only meet with ridicule from base-born souls. Therefore I have hit upon another expedient to-day—to pronounce the name 'Friedrich' in a foreign language! With this in view, and assisted by the schoolmaster, I searched through some lexicons this morning. The French 'Frédéric' savours too much of the posthumous works of the old Fritz, whom I do not wish to imitate; the Hebrew, Solomon Dose, might lead people to suppose I was a Jew, so that wouldn't do. But Russian—Russian! I assure you there is a great deal of poetry to be found in Russia in spite of the knout. Are you aware how soft 'Friedrich' sounds in Russ?" At these words Dose raised himself up and looked solemnly at me. "It is pronounced Feodor; not Fedor, but Feodor! Have the kindness to call me Feodor Dose for the future."

I must confess I was not proof against so much poetry. I pressed his long person to my heart and murmured, as sentimentally as I possibly could, "Dearest Feodor!"

Dose stretched himself again comfortably under the tree, took the book that lay before him, and showed me the title-page, on which he had written in pencil, "Verses composed by Feodor Dose in High German."

For half an hour after I remained with him, listening patiently to all the nonsense which succeeded the first outburst of poetry, and as it was impossible to-day to bring him back to any reasonable state of mind, I took leave of him in order to continue my walk. When I had gone a few steps I turned and rejoiced his heart by a loud "Adieu, my Feodor!" an attention which he rewarded by a languid wave of the hand.

My first impulse on entering a new region is to reconnoitre the ground. At every step one meets with trifles which gladden the heart and, by engaging the imagination, relieve the monotony of such times as the "manceuvre."

Pursuing the course of the stream upwards, I was just in the act of springing across it, in order to look over the hedge of the park, when I heard some shots among the bushes. Turning hastily towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, I came to an open space, where I found some of my comrades who had built a little fort on the slope of a

bank, at which they were shooting with miniature cannon and pistols. It was a common amusement amongst us. The fort had loop-holes, in which they had placed little boards to serve as targets. After amusing myself with them for a few minutes I turned back to the stream again.

A little green-painted bridge which caught my eye invited me so temptingly to pass over that, although it led nowhere but into the park, I could not resist the temptation, and overcoming all scruples, I crossed it; the worse thing that could befall me would be to be turned out by a surly gardener. I paced the clean gravel walks overshadowed by tall, umbrageous trees, or wandered about among the brilliant flower-beds on the soft, green turf.

As I entered the park the thought struck me that I was doing wrong in trespassing on private property. I was astonished at myself, for I had never been so scrupulous under similar circumstances before. Moreover, there being no board at the gate with the inscription, "No admittance," I easily persuaded myself there was nothing to prevent my going through, and that I could not injure any one by quietly strolling about; it was so delightful among the fresh trees and sweet flowers!

Arrest always left my mind in a depressed state for some days after; as one sits in the dark cell it is almost impossible to realize that it is only some trifling offence that has occasioned the disgrace. To me, at any rate, it always seemed that I must be a wicked

criminal, and this impression remained for days after my release, like a fog. But to-day as I entered the garden I was in a very different frame of mind. I strolled leisurely about among the trees, and at last came to a place where they had directed the course of the stream into a round basin that apparently was intended for a bathing-place. Thick yew hedges surrounded the basin, and the boughs were so closely interlaced that it was impossible to see through them. At the top of the leafy wall a trellis-work had been placed which was covered with vine, roses, and honeysuckle, forming a beautiful bower; a little entrance cut in the yew hedge led through a wooden door into this secret retreat.

I entered, and whether it was the sultry summer air or the clear water in the basin I know not, but a sudden desire for a bath seized me, and as I, unfortunately, never in my life stopped to think after I had formed a resolution, I quickly bolted the door and began to undress. First, for precaution's sake, I walked round the place and listened on all sides, to see if I could detect the sound of any one approaching, but all was quiet and still. The hot afternoon seemed to have driven every one indoors; even the birds had hidden themselves, and only now and then a nightingale uttered a note, as if to ascertain whether his voice was in good tune for the coming evening.

The water was so cool, pure, and refreshing, and the shadows of the leaves and the sweet blossoms of

the honeysuckle held heart and mind so entranced that I could not tear myself from the bath. I splashed about in the water in great enjoyment, imagined the rose-leaves which fell around me from above powerful fleets which I, the mighty Neptune of the deep, assembled or dispersed at will. Suddenly I stopped and listened, for I thought I heard footsteps, though at a distance, on the gravel path. As quick as thought I jumped out of the basin and seized on the most indispensable of my garments. It was as I thought; several persons were coming through the park, I could hear them talking and laughing; and now—I could not be mistaken!—I distinguished the voice of our Major's adjutant, who was also quartered here.

I dressed as quickly as possible, hoping to have time to escape, but, alas! that was impossible. They were already close to the bower. Lieutenant von L——, an elderly gentleman, probably Count von R——, in company with an elderly lady, and a young one. Good heavens! Emily! my little Emily! How beautiful she looked. A light, transparent dress set off to advantage her slight and budding form. How charming the delicately shaped head, with its naïve face, to which the little pointed nose gave such piquancy! what beautiful eyes! certainly the most beautiful I had ever seen in my life. And I must meet her, for the second time in the same day! This morning as a prisoner, now as a trespasser on her grounds. Yes, and in this sacred



retreat, where doubtless she had often bathed her dainty limbs.

In this unpleasant situation the only thing that occurred to me was to lie down and pretend to be asleep; and indeed there was no time for anything else, so I drew back the bolt and, placing myself in a corner of the mossy bank, shut my eyes, but my heart beat so violently against my tight-fitting tunic that any one with half an eye might have detected my imposition. As they drew nearer I heard the party discussing the newly-made bathing-place and its advantages. Then the old gentleman opened the door, but stepped back with the exclamation,—

“What’s this?”

The others pressed forward to see what was the matter, and their various expressions of surprise naturally awoke me. I jumped up in a moment, just as little Emily was putting in her head with some curiosity. She had again recognized me, for with a little exclamation of astonishment she retreated quickly, saying to the old gentleman, “Why, uncle, it is a soldier!”

Lieutenant von L—— now approached, and asked—after eyeing me severely from head to foot—what I was doing and how I had come there. To my great relief, through the open door I saw Emily laughingly relating something to the old lady, who regarded me with a friendly air, so I plucked up heart and answered the lieutenant, curtly,—

“Through the wood, across the bridge, and in at the open door.”

This officer was one of those who believe that a soldier and an officer—especially a nobleman like himself—are made of quite different materials, so he answered me gruffly, “Herr—r—r! How could you dare to enter a garden where you had no business?—an audacity which is increased by the knowledge that you might possibly encounter me or the Major even!”

I did not answer Lieutenant von L——, but turning to the old gentleman, I begged him, as respectfully as I possibly could, to pardon the liberty I had taken in trespassing on his grounds, the exceeding beauty of which, I pleaded as my excuse, had allured me, and I had indiscreetly entered this cool retreat, where sleep had overtaken me.

The old gentleman received my excuses very affably, smiled, and said I was quite at liberty to walk about his park as much as I liked. The lieutenant, interposing, asked how I had managed to get my hair so wet in my sleep; to which I answered, I supposed it must have rained; he bit his lip and was silent. That my name would be written in his black-book ever after there could be very little doubt.

I advanced towards the old lady, to pay my respects to her and to Emily before withdrawing. The former said she understood that I was an old acquaintance of her niece, at least, that she had seen me when we passed through D——; and the young

lady added, laughing, "Yes, and again this morning in W——, when we changed horses." This was by no means a pleasant reminiscence; I expressed my sense of the honour she conferred in thus remembering me. The old gentleman, who had done the honours of the house to the lieutenant, now rejoined us; and when he heard that I had been under arrest that morning he very kindly invited me to spend the evening with them. What delight!

We walked about the park, and, with little Emily, by my side all the tender and romantic feelings which the scene at the bathing-place and my morning's misadventure had served somewhat to damp, revived with tenfold ardour; now and then she looked at me laughingly out of the corner of her eye and made some mischievous allusions to our transient rencontre in D——, allusions which no one but ourselves could understand. It was probably the first time she had ever had a secret to keep, and she appeared to enjoy it immensely. The Lieutenant followed with the old gentleman, and was obliged, though unwillingly, to submit to a dissertation on the beauties of his grounds. Once, when I accidentally turned my head, I saw that he was not following the direction of the Count's finger, which was pointing to some particular object; he was watching with a dissatisfied air the movements of the lively young girl who fluttered hither and thither talking and laughing in the most fascinating manner. In the short time it took us to walk to

the middle of the garden she dropped her pocket-handkerchief or her parasol at least half a dozen times, I, of course, picking them up and presenting them to her with the greatest *empressement*. Each time this occurred the Lieutenant made an involuntary movement forward, but the Count held him tight by the arm and continued his discourse, without noticing the extremely bored expression of the poor officer's face.

In a large arbour in the garden tea was served. Emily sat near me, and I had the happiness to be helped several times by her fair hands. Once she handed me the sugar, and I had the opportunity, but only for one moment, of touching her little hand; another time she jumped up to see whether the water was still boiling in the urn, and I felt her breath—like a sweet zephyr from an orange grove—fan my cheek. How my heart beat at that moment! Never in my life had hours passed so swiftly! I would willingly have remained there for a short eternity; but at length the old lady rose: this was a signal for the guests to return to the house and for me, alas! to take my leave.

I expressed my acknowledgments for the kindness which I had received, and added that in my position, as a common soldier, it was doubly appreciated by me. The old Count invited me to take a walk in the garden whenever I had nothing better to do.

A man who has never served in the ranks can

form no idea of the insufferable haughtiness of the officers, which is sometimes carried to such an extent that one in my rank is almost driven to believe himself an inferior being; neither can one inexperienced in such matters realize the softening influence of contact with good and hospitable people.

I went towards the little door, but stopped behind the first hedge, from whence I could see the party come out of the arbour. Lieutenant von L—— offered little Emily his arm, and I blamed my folly for not having ventured to do the same when walking with her in the garden. However, she did not take it, and I heard her say pretty loud, “Ah, I have lost my glove! I must have dropped it near the bath. Pray, Herr Lieutenant, and you, uncle, go in; I will be with you immediately.”

Without waiting for a reply she turned from them and ran quickly towards the bower. I confess my bashfulness!—I debated a moment whether it would be seemly to follow the dictates of my heart and hasten to the bower to see her once again. I did not hesitate long, however, and bounding over the beds and flowers, I reached the place in a few seconds. Emily was not there! which direction had she taken? I ran towards the park-door, and, oh happiness! there she stood on the green bridge, with her back to me. I hastily plucked a rose and hurried up to her: Emily turned, and we stood face to face. I could have flogged

myself afterwards for my stupidity in saying that as I understood she had lost a glove in the bower I had gone in search of it, but had not found it; this was as much as confessing I had been eaves-dropping!

Although the young girl blushed at this speech, she recovered from her embarrassment better than I did, saying softly, "I found the glove on my way and came here to shut the door."

In my diffidence I took this reply as a hint to me to withdraw, though Emily certainly did not intend it as such. I would rather have been placed under arrest than have caused her the slightest annoyance, and yet I was chained to the spot and could not tear myself from her presence. Without a word, I offered her the rose which I had gathered; she held it for an instant as if to smell it, but if I saw aright, if my fancy did not deceive me, she pressed the rose to her lips instead, and returned it to me, saying,—

"Keep it, we have plenty of roses here, and you probably have none; wait a minute, I will give you another."

She turned and picked me a spray of white roses. I took the hand she extended in mine. Whether she gave me her other hand or whether in my boldness I seized it myself, I know not; but if I can believe the ravishing dreams which haunted my pillow that night, Emily did not withdraw her hands till I had pressed them to my heart, whispering, "Good night, dear Emily!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIELD-DAY.

ALTHOUGH several days had passed since that evening, I had not seen Emily again. I had long since been on excellent terms with my guardian, and about this time I received a letter from him which, under present circumstances, made me very happy. In it was a bill of exchange, always acceptable to a soldier; but what rejoiced me still more was a letter of introduction to Count von R——. My guardian wrote as follows:—

“As your quarters must lie in the neighbourhood of the estate of my acquaintance Count von R——, I send you a letter of introduction to him which may be of service to you. If he is not greatly altered since I knew him, you may rely upon a friendly reception from him, and he will introduce you into better society than that of your non-commissioned officers and bombardiers.”

Of course I lost no time in going up to the castle to deliver this letter, but learnt to my great chagrin that the Count had driven to W—— with his niece and would not return till the following day. What pleasure had I not vainly anticipated! and to-day

of all others, when there was a very disagreeable military duty to perform ! We had received orders to fire our siege-guns from the newly-constructed batteries against the bastion. I was told off for the first time to fire a large gun—a 24-pounder—the report of which was so tremendous that all the men retired from the battery beforehand, except unfortunate No. 3, who had to apply the match. A little accident happened on this occasion. When I lighted the fuse which was placed in the touch-hole, instead of immediately communicating the fire to the charge, it burnt slowly, contrary to all regulation ; this was, to say the least, very unpleasant, as it kept us waiting in expectation of the horrible detonation for some seconds. The Colonel, who stood before the battery, became very impatient.

“Thunder and lightning ! that is a bad piece of work !” he shouted. “Which artificer prepared the fuse for this battery ?”

Still the gun did not go off ; and I suppose I looked a little dismayed, for the old Colonel thundered at me,—

“Oho, what’s the matter with you ? You needn’t look so pale ; it won’t bite you. What a confounded piece of work this is ! Hang it !”

Boom ! the charge thundered out, and the proverb *Tout vient à point, à qui sait attendre* was fully illustrated ; the heavy ball entered one of the embrasures of the bastion and shattered into



splinters the old gun-carriage and four wooden soldiers which were placed there.

The horrible crash of the gun when ball is used is a true test of the constitution of a recruit out on his first manœuvre. The moral effect on the men is almost incredible. I confess that at first I felt at every report as if cold water was being poured over me. But the effect of the discharge on several of my comrades, who had weaker nerves, was often serious, and sometimes ludicrous. However well practised the men are before they come on the heath, and however precisely they may go through all the movements on the parade-ground, all goes wrong at the first ball-practice. For instance, one man gets so confused that he forgets that the gun is already loaded and attempts to put in a second ball; another wishes to fire before the fuse is in the touch-hole; a third involuntarily recoils some steps at the word of command, "Gun, fire!" Others again, at the sound of the discharge drop whatever they hold in their hands. I remember a gunner who, when No. 1 threw the sponge to the ground, put his fingers in his ears and ran about as if mad. Some can never become accustomed to the report, and have consequently to exchange into the infantry or cavalry.

On the following morning we were to march out very early. A great field-day was to be held in conjunction with the garrison of the fort at W—, at which we must appear fully equipped and with

our valises packed. As a volunteer I had my own uniform; and to-day, in spite of careful search, I could not find a stable-jacket, although I remembered perfectly taking it with me from the garrison town. This was very unfortunate; for if it pleased the good Captain Feind to search my valise the absence of the stable-jacket, added to what he already had noted against me, would certainly condemn me to two days' arrest, or at the very least to detention in the guard-room. Happily, Dose had a second very old jacket; we cut off the non-commissioned officer's stripes, and in the morning I packed this jacket in my valise.

At daybreak we entered the village where the Captain was quartered, and my horse and accoutrements were in such remarkably good condition that (a most unusual thing) he found no fault with me during the inspection; and several times he expressed his approval of the perfect order in which he found all my things. The whole of the artillery, the regiment of Uhlans, two regiments of infantry, and two companies of rifles were formed into two bodies which were to act against each other. To distinguish us, we wore our shakos and the enemy forage-caps. It was a beautiful morning; the bright, cloudless sky promising a hot day. Half a squadron of Uhlans was to support our gun, our first position being on a hill from which we could command a small copse. It was our duty to prevent the infantry from establishing themselves

among the trees and thus gaining a position on the plain.

We all enjoyed such a field-day as this, where the activity and excitement of real warfare prevailed. The smaller details of discipline were not so strictly attended to; the things chiefly insisted upon were—that the firing should be rapid and that order should be preserved. The Vivandières were also allowed to approach the batteries, the officers pretending not to see when they came about us selling refreshments.

At the beginning of the day a very trying post was assigned us. On all sides we heard the report of firing: first artillery against artillery; then the line of riflemen was drawn out, and from every hollow in the ground, and from behind the smallest bushes, the cracking of small arms was heard, but always too distant for us to take any part in the combat. The rays of the sun fell on the arms of the infantry and the lances of the Uhlans, who were defiling at the foot of some little hills a short distance from us. I think that had it been a real battle we could not have watched the progress of the fight with more eagerness than we did on this occasion. Each volley of artillery was noticed and commented upon.

“That was the second 12-pounder battery! There goes the first mounted battery up the hill! Now it unlimbers. Hurrah! that must have hit! See how the infantry there wheels round and retreats! Another volley!”

It was not long before the firing commenced in our neighbourhood also. Some of the enemy's riflemen boldly crept in front of the wood and fired on us ; but we advanced and drove them back. One of the Colonel's aides-de-camp galloped up with our Captain, who had ridden forward a little, in order to see the position of the different bodies ; and the old Colonel came immediately after on his white horse and shouting, while he was still some way off,—

“ Ho, ho, attention there ! Captain Feind, point the gun accurately and don't fire too soon.”

The Captain saluted with his sword in answer, and gave the word of command,—

“ Battery, load ! A thousand paces on the hill before us !” and the loading proceeded with the utmost rapidity.

The bombardiers lay down on the guns to take the sights ; and we gazed in anxious suspense in the direction of the hill for the next move. It was the third mounted battery which galloped up the hill and had the audacity to take up a position within range of our guns, which were loaded and well aimed.

Captain Feind watched for the most favourable moment to open fire upon the opposing battery. It was so near to us that we could distinctly hear the bugle calls. Now they unlimbered ; and just at the moment when horses and men were galloping to the rear and were in a medley the Captain gave the word,—

“Battery, fire!”

Our gunners fired with a loud hurrah. Our eight balls produced—I may say, *had* produced—great confusion in the enemy’s battery. But scarcely had the discharge taken place when the Colonel galloped up to our gun and called out to us that it had not gone off. As for me, I felt quite mystified; the report was so loud and the smoke so dense that I could have sworn our gun had been doubly charged.

“Load!” shouted the Captain again; but Dose, who had turned very pale, held the gunners back, drew his sword, pulled the fuse out of the touch-hole, rushed in front of the gun, and with his own hand took out the unburnt cartridge, put his hand again into the muzzle and, with a violent oath, drew out my unlucky jacket, which—as I remembered now to my horror!—I had thrust in there on our march from the garrison. There would be a pretty business about it! Dose, as well as I, were equally to blame; he, for not having carefully inspected the gun before loading. It is impossible to describe the anger of the old Colonel at this moment; he was quite speechless with rage.

Meanwhile the unloading of the gun was the work of a second; and our gunners, knowing well no time was to be lost, went to work so quickly that our discharge only came a minute behind the rest. The captain, happily, had noticed nothing; and now, as the infantry appeared from behind the hill, he gave the word,—

“Load with grape-shot!”

In this case each non-commissioned officer has to give the order to fire to his own gunners as soon as his gun is loaded. It may easily be imagined that as I looked at my jacket I felt more dead than alive.

The old Colonel had sprung from his horse and called out to the unfortunate Dose, “Who has done this? I will know to whom the jacket belongs!”

But Dose, though plainly seeing that all was lost, had regained his composure, and answered quietly, “Colonel, when the enemy is driven back I will commit myself to arrest. Now, I must send my grape-shot at the infantry yonder. Gun, fire! Load with three-ounce grape!”

I was afraid that at Dose’s words the Colonel would rush upon him and actually lay hands on him himself, but, on the contrary, he mounted his horse again, remarking quietly, “We’ll see about it.”

Fortunately, with the exception of myself, the gunners belonging to our gun were old and experienced hands, and knew of what importance it was at such a moment to fire quickly; and therefore they did their very best. In the next two minutes, the guns of the battery each fired six times—our gun, nine times. The enemy’s infantry retired over the brow of the hill and their battery limbered up and vanished.

“Battery, cease!” commanded the Captain. “Lim-

ber up for pursuit! Battery, gallop! Battery, march! march!”

We galloped as fast as the horses could go. Dose called out to us to fire the next time as quickly as possible; and we went up the opposite hill with indescribable clatter, the Colonel keeping close behind us. On the other side we saw the enemy's battery flying over the plain, with its escort of Uhlans. We followed down the hill and tried to get nearer to them. At the bottom there was a wide ditch over which we must go; our gun was the first to leap it.

“Battery, halt! Load with one-ounce grape!”

The other guns were hardly turned round into position when our gun fired; and we kept up our fire with unprecedented rapidity.

Whilst this was going on, one of the aides-de-camp of our brigadier galloped up to the Colonel and asked for three pieces of horse artillery to support a cavalry regiment on the right wing. Our gun was ordered off with two others for this duty. We limbered up almost as we fired, and followed the officer over the plain at full gallop. But it seemed as if we were fated to meet misfortunes to-day.

A high road lay before us, with a wide ditch on either side, which we had to leap. We took the first ditch very well, but in the second there were some large boundary-stones, and the wheels of the carriage struck so violently against one of these that the felloe and several spokes broke. There we lay. The officer called out that he could not wait for

us, that we must stop there and repair the damage, if possible, according to directions—that is either by fastening the pieces together with cords or, if that would not do, by tying a piece of wood underneath, which being firmly fixed to the carriage, the axle would, for a short time, in a measure replace the wheel. We must only resort to flight at the very last extremity. But where should we find a tree for the necessary repairs?

Fortunately, a few steps from us was a finger-post. One of our drivers, a regular giant, remarked, laughing, that all was fair in war; and, running to the finger-post, with one powerful wrench tore it out of the ground—it was painted with the national colours and seemed made for our *manœuvre-de-force*.

We quickly took off the broken wheel and bound the post as firmly as possible under the carriage. Dose would not let the board on which the name of the place was written be taken off, and it produced a most comical effect. The hand which was painted at the end of it pointed up to the sky, as if it would call down the judgment of heaven on our presumptuous deed. The broken wheel was tied to the limber-box. We took our seats and galloped off. Happily, we reached the right wing in time to take part in the lively fire of the two other guns. The enemy soon retreated, as it was settled in the orders of the day, and the manœuvres were over for that time.



We returned to the park, and a march-past before the Colonel and the commanding officers of the other troops followed.

Before we rejoined our battery we had again tied the finger-post very firmly, and during the march-past our gun was on the side nearest the Colonel; we could see even in the distance that he was in a good humour and had apparently quite forgotten the history of the jacket.

When we passed him and he saw our piece it was quite evident that he was very much pleased with it; he called out several times, "That's very well done, it deserves praise!" and when the march was over he rode up to our gun with the strange officers, and showed them with great satisfaction that the artillerymen knew how to help themselves. The use of the finger-post seemed to please him especially.

"That really does you credit," said he; "it is plain that Dose is a clever officer, and it seems to me that the finger-post has stood very well."

"Yes, indeed, Colonel," answered Dose, "we have unlimbered and limbered up again several times with it, besides galloping a good distance."

Suddenly the event of the morning recurred to the Colonel's mind, and he said, "Ho, ho! this is the same gun which committed a serious fault this morning! but," he added, good-humouredly, "which also distinguished itself so greatly in firing!"

“At your service, Colonel.”

“But what was the real meaning of it? The man who put his jacket into the gun must be punished.”

I stepped forward and told the Colonel that I was the culprit.

“So,” he answered, “I’ve just let you out of prison and you do such a thing as this immediately? Bah! confound you! If you’d not worked the gun so well to-day it would have been my duty to make a grand example of you; but as it is, I shall let you off easily. Gunner H—— shall pass the night on the heath in the guard-room. Regulations must be attended to!”

I, and especially Dose, congratulated ourselves on having got off so cheaply, for if the affair had come to the ears of Captain Feind, or of the Major, the aide-de-camp of the latter, Lieutenant L——, would have remembered the adventure of the bath, and I should have been certain of three days’ arrest. For all that, this slight punishment of passing the night up here was more disagreeable to me to-day than a whole day’s arrest under other circumstances. I had promised myself a visit to the castle immediately upon our return to quarters, in order to reap the first-fruits of my letter of introduction. Now it was impossible, and to-morrow there was to be another field-day!

It was four o’clock. The different batteries returned to their quarters to the sound of brilliant

music, and I was obliged to give up my horse; the Colonel and the other officers resorted to the booth of the "Lively Vivandière," and I betook myself to the guard-room, where, happily, one of my acquaintances was on duty to-day. I ordered some dinner from one of the booths, laid aside my arms, and we seated ourselves outside the door to enjoy the beautiful fresh evening air. If I only could have thought less of Emily! As it was, my thoughts were sad ones. I murmured, "Hurrying clouds, ships of the air," &c.

Suddenly the sentinel called to the guard to turn out.

The Colonel and officers were coming out of the "Lively Vivandière," and the former was evidently trying to explain something to one of his orderlies which the man could not understand, the Colonel saying several times,—

"Well, my son, it appears to me that you don't yet understand. Now, tell me, what is it you have to do?"

The gunner stammered out a few words, and the Colonel said,—

"Don't you see that you haven't understood me? The sentinel shall bring out a bench for me to spread my map upon."

I took up the camp-stool on which I had been sitting and carried it to him. He spread out his map and began to give very simple directions to the man. Our battery was not to take up its position the next morning near a certain windmill,

but at the corner of a neighbouring wood. Fortunately for me the gunner was of very limited comprehension, and either could not or would not understand the Colonel, so that at last he called out,—

“Well, I must say, it is a very strange thing, they always give me the most stupid men as orderlies.”

A ray of hope flashed before my eyes, and turning as respectfully as possible to the Colonel, I said that if he would entrust me with the commission I would do my best to perform it well.

The old man looked at me and said, “But you are a prisoner!”

I answered, “At your service, but only so long as the Colonel pleases.”

He evidently thought I should fulfil this commission better than the orderly, so he repeated to me the message that was to be taken to our Captain and told me to take the orderly’s horse.

“But,” he added, “when you have executed my orders you must return here, give the gunner back his horse, and then spend the night in the guard-room; I can’t let you off.”

This was a matter of indifference to me; I had the hope now of at least seeing Emily for a moment. I quickly accoutred myself, sprang on the horse, and rode off.

It was dark when I arrived at Captain Feind’s quarters. The Sergeant, looking out of the window

in his flowered dressing-gown, was not a little astonished to see me. I cantered into the yard as a regular orderly should do, and delivered the Colonel's orders to our Captain. As I had hoped, Feind desired me to take the orders on to the commander of our division.

Fettenweiden soon lay before me. I rode up for a moment to our quarters to bid good-night to my Feodor, who was entertaining himself before the house-door with our hostess, and then galloped along the walls and fences of the park to the castle, where the old gardener held my horse for me.

As I ascended the steps I looked around in all directions, but without finding what I sought.

When I reached the hall I sent in my name and had to wait a long time before the aide-de-camp, Lieutenant von L——, came to receive my message.

I saw immediately that he was by no means pleased to see me here, and he dismissed me as soon as possible. If *only* the Count had come out and seen me he would no doubt have asked me in for a few minutes, in consequence of the letter of introduction which he had lately received, and then I should perhaps have seen Emily! Confound it! No one came; and though I made my salute and withdrew as slowly as possible, still, in a few minutes, I had descended the steps and found myself in the court again.

The old gardener, who knew me because I had

sometimes sent a letter by him, said, as I looked up at all the windows whilst mounting my horse,—

“The Colonel and the young lady will go to-morrow evening to the heath to see the troops in bivouac.” Then he took some flowers out of his pocket and gave them to me, laughing, with these words: “The young lady picked this bouquet this evening and gave it to me; I don’t know what for. You can take them.”

I had at least, then, something *from* her! I took the bouquet hastily and put it in the belt which passed over my breast.

I was just passing through the gate when I heard a well-known voice behind me calling, “Johann, Johann!” I turned my horse round, and at one of the windows stood the young girl, dear Emily! If I had only had another horse I would have made a knightly salute, but my ancient steed did not second my endeavours, and when I touched him with the spurs only he made a great leap into the middle of the court. I pressed my hand to the flowers and then to my lips; I could not see if she returned my greeting, but when I turned once more, as I rode out, I saw a white handkerchief fluttering from the window.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A MANŒUVRE.

MY expedition to Fettenweiden had converted the hard pallet of the guard-room into a bed of roses, and the white handkerchief which on looking back I had seen waving from the castle window appeared to me in my dreams that night in a variety of pleasant forms: now it took the likeness of a white dove fluttering lovingly towards me; and now, spreading out on all sides, it became a flowing robe which gradually revealed the graceful form of little Emily, who gave me one of her sunniest smiles. Although the hardness of the bed on which I reposed occasionally cast a shadow across these glowing pictures, I nevertheless slept better than I had ever done before under the same circumstances, and I did not awake until the réveille sounded from the park guard.

The day, which was just breaking, promised fair weather for the manœuvre, and the companies were assembling by degrees from their different quarters. First appeared the infantry, with its band playing, and, piling arms in front of our park, was followed by a division of rifles; then arrived the artillery from all sides, the first mounted battery which appeared

being ours. Feodor had had my weapons and horse well attended to, and brought the latter to me himself, when he took occasion to read me a lecture on the subject of my jacket, which he said had very nearly caused his ruin, that is to say, got him put under arrest. I was just in the act of tightening my horse's saddle-girths when Captain Feind rode up. I expected to receive a severe reprimand from this worthy, but he contented himself this time with a significant shake of the head and rode on to the booth of the "Lively Vivandière," where the officers were assembling for breakfast. The Colonel soon made his appearance, we had heard him talking and laughing long before he came on the heath; he was, as usual on grand field-days, in high good humour, and his rubicund face beamed with benevolence as he looked at the soldiers who lay scattered in groups on the ground, fortifying themselves for the day's exertion. When he rode thus through the park he liked the men to wish him good morning, which most of them did. Now and then one added, "A fine day, Colonel," to which he would reply, good-humouredly, "Yes, yes, so it is."

Our park, surrounded by soldiers, horses, cannon, and arms of all sorts, formed a beautiful *tableau-vivant* framed in green acacia-trees. Here, two gunners, leaning against their gun, were sharing a sausage off the muzzle, which served them as a table, near them were the horses tied to a wheel sniffing with open nostrils the fresh morning breeze which was sweep-



ing over the heath ; here, a dozen of the infantry sat round a drum on which one of the busy vivandières had spread a simple repast of white bread and brandy. This peaceful repose was suddenly succeeded by the greatest animation as the trumpet sounded the "assembly." At first there was nothing to be seen but a confused mass of gay and glittering uniforms which by degrees resolved itself into long regular lines stretching nearly across the heath. The infantry marched off first in order to leave more room for the movements of the cavalry and artillery. The former, in their turn, marched out of the park to leave our batteries free scope for their evolutions. Now the Colonel, with his staff, issued from the "Lively Vivandière" and the officers gave the order to mount.

The chief again rode through the batteries, smiling good-humouredly at one or finding some trifling fault with another, as the case might be. The programme of the manœuvre had been arranged beforehand, as on the preceding days. The enemy was not to come on the heath with us, but was to proceed to the points marked out for them in the vicinity of the fortress. We wore the light forage-caps to-day and the opposite party the shako. The General of division and the General of the cavalry brigade had arranged, in concert with our Colonel, the position of our different *corps-d'armée*, and now the squadrons and batteries began to march to their respective posts. Our battery was the last one at the place, and as we were stationed behind a large powder-magazine

the Colonel had not remarked us, but on riding round the corner of the building he came upon us suddenly, whereupon he uttered a tremendous oath roaring out,—

“What’s this? there’s an eternal confusion always in this battery!” Captain Feind rode up, saluted with his sword, and looked very much surprised at the Colonel’s remarks, who continued, “I should like to know who is to blame for this disorder. Yesterday I gave an express order that half of this battery should act in concert with the enemy. Captain Feind, didn’t you understand? must I repeat my orders over and over again?”

At these words of the Colonel I saw the first aide-de-camp show the order-book to another staff-officer and shake his head. I also thought from Feind’s manner that he must be in the right this time, for, in rather an aggrieved tone, he replied, “Colonel, I have done according to order. Sergeant Löffel!”

“Now, now,” returned the Colonel, “if there is a mistake, we don’t want the Sergeant, I had much rather see the original of my order than the copy. Lieutenant von L——, give me the order-book.” The latter, who had already opened it, whispered a few words to the colonel as he placed the book in his hands.

The chief cast his eye over the page, shook his head, and was obliged to confess that it was he who had made the mistake. Thus a quarter of an hour was lost, and to make up for it the second half of the battery, to which our gun belonged, was ordered to

ride at full gallop to the town, and to report itself to the general who commanded the enemy's army to-day. We turned round and galloped off in high spirits across the plain. Our good lieutenant was in command, and we left those two evil elements, Captain Feind and Sergeant Löffel, behind us. In a short time we reached the enemy's first outpost, near the town. They took our rapid approach for an attack and opened fire on us accordingly. A young Uhlan officer, who was posted on a hill with a picket of forty men, thought this a good opportunity for displaying his courage, and rode quickly down the hill towards us, intending to take Lieutenant C——, with his four guns, prisoner. The cavalry officer had a good horse and was soon at our lieutenant's side. The Uhlans, however, who followed, were some distance behind our guns, which were being driven at a great rate.

All this did not escape Lieutenant C——, and when the Uhlan officer summoned him to surrender he answered, laughing, "Herr comrade, just look at your own cavaliers; have a care that I don't summon you to surrender your sword and take *you* prisoner before the eyes of your picket. You must understand that we are to form part of your army for to-day. Where is the general?"

The Uhlan officer turned the affair into a joke, and laughed heartily as he pointed with his sword to a crowd of black-and-white plumes which were visible in the distance. It would, however,

have pleased the young gentleman well enough to have been able to boast that evening over his wine that he had performed the heroic exploit of taking us prisoners. As he galloped back to his post a loud laugh from all the artillery, from the captain of the howitzer to the last driver of a gun, followed him. The General and his staff were not less astonished when they saw us, whom, from our forage-caps, they naturally took for enemies, coming towards them. Lieutenant C—— reported himself; the General said he had not in the least reckoned on this half battery, and that he must distribute the four guns among the four different corps. This division of his battery did not particularly please Lieutenant C——, who was obliged to attach himself to the suite of the General. The arrangement, however, gave great satisfaction to the several captains, especially to Feodor.

To have the entire control and management of his gun struck Dose as extremely poetical. He had never before given the word of command, "Gun, march!" with such solemnity as on this occasion. We were ordered to the extreme left of the line of battle to report ourselves to the commander of the two squadrons of hussars. Whilst we were riding across the heath Dose came up to me several times and congratulated himself on the unlooked-for promotion he was enjoying. The only thing he regretted was that he was only acting in a pacific movement.

"You will see," he said, "what our gun alone is

capable of accomplishing when served with courage and address."

The two squadrons of hussars, which we soon reached, were commanded by an old surly Major with a formidable moustache; he had dismounted and was standing near his horse smoking a short pipe; he watched our approach with the utmost indifference. Dose alighted and "storked" up to the major—this was an expression which our Colonel was in the habit of using to designate my non-commissioned officer's general lean and ungainly motions, his long thin legs having a strong resemblance to those of a stork. Feodor informed the old hussar that he was ordered to follow the two squadrons, and was not a little astonished when the officer answered him shortly,—

"That must be a mistake, I don't want you at all."

So deeply wounded was Dose by this contempt of his gun that he turned away in great displeasure and mounted his horse. The Major called after him,—

"Non-commissioned officer, you had better go to the corner of the wood. There are two squadrons of Uhlans there; perhaps it's to them you are sent."

We trotted off to the place indicated, but did not meet with a better reception from the Uhlans than we had from the hussars. The commander did not want us and sent us away. This was too much for Dose's equanimity; he could disguise his disgust no longer and expressed his displeasure against the officers pretty freely. The thing that annoyed him

most, however, was that two impudent young officers, who looked as if they had only just left the military school, had the presumption to laugh at us, and judging by their extraordinary postures they were mimicking Dose's stiff and awkward movements. We rode along the edge of the wood, and Dose was just thinking of returning across the heath to our General when we perceived the roof of a house between the fir-trees and bushes: over the door was a board bearing these consoling words, "Beer and Brandy." Yes, they were indeed consoling to Dose. To his highly-sensitive feelings, so sorely outraged as they had been by the contempt with which his gun had been treated, the poetical peace of this tavern contrasted most soothingly with the noisy tumult on the heath. He ordered a halt, and after a short consultation with the bombardier they conducted the gun into the court and dismounted. It was very wise of Dose to allow us to put up here instead of taking us across the heath in the blaze of the noon-day sun. We made ourselves quite at home, placed the gun in a shed, led the horses to the stable, and finally betook ourselves to the coffee-room. What could we have done better? Nobody wanted us, and we should have found it very difficult to make our way through the lines of riflemen, who had just opened fire. The coffee-room was very comfortable; its adornment was a Black Forest clock, whose monotonous tick alone broke the silence which reigned throughout the house. The

host and his servants had left early for the scene of action, and only an old woman and a young boy were left in charge of the house.

The beer which they set before us was by no means to be despised; it was cool, and tasted delicious after our hard ride over the heath in the morning heat. Dose's very wise orders, not to lay down their weapons nor to drink more than sufficient to quench their thirst, were scrupulously attended to by the gunners. They made themselves as comfortable as possible, placed their elbows on the table, lighted their short pipes, and began to sing in low tones. Dose and I retreated into a corner near a window, which, like all the others, was protected by strong iron bars, almost concealed by the luxuriant foliage of a vine. All the windows were adorned in this way with creepers, and we felt as if we were in a little fortress from whence we could see all that went on outside without being observed ourselves.

Dose's soul was deeply stirred; the clear, cool beer, the quiet room, the green wood without, the consciousness of having performed his duty and yet being privileged to sit here in the cool while his comrades were scouring the heath in the full blaze of the noon-day sun, all this threw him into a most poetic frame of mind. It was with great difficulty that I restrained him from repeating to me, for at least the fiftieth time, his poem, "On Guard." However, I could not prevent his bringing out his thick, dirty manuscript and reading aloud for my

benefit new rules on the stable duties and on the cleaning of harness, directions of our dear Captain Feind, which Dose had thrown into a poetical form and entitled, "Military Maxims in Prose and Poetry."

The sham-fight had commenced some time; the detonations of the guns, which consumed a large amount of powder this morning, rolled like distant thunder over the heath, and the wind occasionally bore to our ears the crack of the rifles and the bray of the bugles. Our situation was rendered somewhat insecure and unpleasant from our ignorance of the movements of the troops during the manœuvre. Should they approach our hermitage, we ran the risk of being surprised, and this might lead to evil consequences, in spite of our Colonel's good temper. If, on the other hand, the troops moved in the opposite direction, it would necessitate a ride of some hours' length in the evening to join them, and we should probably arrive too late for the evening's bivouac. In order to be prepared for all emergencies, Dose had stationed a sentry on the edge of the heath, which was a few steps from our rear, who reported from time to time the movements of the troops.

Meanwhile the firing came nearer and nearer, and towards noon, when I relieved the sentry, Dose accompanying me, we remarked that several small hillocks within sight were occupied by batteries which kept up a brisk fire. Here and there we saw



columns of infantry advancing, regiments of cavalry uniting and forming in long lines of battle; the latter especially approached most unpleasantly near to our hiding-place, so close that in a general attack their left wing could easily cut off our retreat.

Furthermore, these regiments were enemies, for they wore the shako, and although we had belonged to them in the morning, yet the great heart of Feodor beat for those to whom we *now* rightly belonged in virtue of our head-gear.

Our fears of being surprised were not ill founded, for a large body of cavalry began to form in column behind some banks, one end of which line it was inevitable must reach as far as our position. Dose ordered the gun to be unlimbered, and placed the gunners—all of whom, happily, were quite sober—behind the shed with their horses. The gun was then taken into the wood by a road which our hostess assured us would take us to another part of the heath behind the house.

The doors at the back of the yard, as well as most of those in the house, were shut and locked, so that a party of cavalry coming in our direction could not pass through the yard in pursuit of us. We left the front door open, which led into a dark passage, to the left of which was the coffee-room. On account of the lonely situation of the tavern the door was made of thick planks of oak secured by a strong lock.

Dose and I had clambered up inside the shed to the roof, where through a hole we could overlook a

large part of the heath. What we feared was taking place: we saw several Aides-de-camp detach themselves from a group of officers, who by their white plumes we recognized as the General and his staff, and galloped in different directions over the heath. The trumpets and bugles sounded and the cavalry, under the protection of the batteries, which kept up a brisk fire, began to march in our direction and to deploy. Now the line of battle was formed, and the left of this line approached so near the skirts of the wood that in advancing it must come close to us. On the other side our friends, who wore the forage-cap, were in motion, and the position which their cavalry took showed clearly that a general engagement was about to take place between the two bodies; the enemy's cavalry began to advance, approaching nearer and nearer to us. In a short time we could distinguish the different regiments, the wing nearest to us being composed of Uhlans. The line advanced at a slow trot, and in a few minutes the extreme left arrived before our hermitage. Dose and I descended hurriedly from our post of observation in order to beat a hasty retreat; for which, however, we had plenty of time, as during our descent we heard the bugles of the whole line sound the "halt," by which we concluded that the first part of this day's "manœuvre" was over, and that a short time for rest was to be allowed before the second part commenced. "At ease!" sounded through the different squadrons, and the riders

exchanged the stiff military position for a more easy and comfortable one.

Dose now directed that the gun should be slowly removed farther into the wood, which, owing to the soft moss-covered ground, was accomplished without the slightest sound; he then returned with me to the house, and we stationed ourselves behind a corner to watch the movements of our enemies.

The officers assembled in groups in rear of the troops and talked or rode slowly backwards and forwards. Near the wood a party of these gentlemen were riding about, amongst whom Dose recognized the two lieutenants who had mocked him in the morning; they were making their horses caracole to show off their own powers of horsemanship. At this moment a young Hussar officer who was of the party leapt the little ditch which divided the heath from the wood, crying out to his companions, "Guess what I have discovered! why, nothing more nor less than an inn!"

Three of the officers, and amongst them our two Uhlans, followed him; the others returned to their squadrons, not wishing to desert their posts and to venture on unknown ground. The Hussar, however, argued, no doubt, that being engaged merely in a sham-fight there could be no danger in penetrating into the interior of the wood.

A grand idea took possession of Dose's mind when he saw the four officers directing their steps towards our inn: he called the lad, of whom I have

already spoken, and sent him to the front of the house, promising him a reward if he would offer to take charge of their horses. The officers rode up to the door, and, as we had anticipated, called for something to drink. The boy, allured by the promise of money, very discreetly invited them to alight, saying that there was only an old woman in the house who could not easily bring the glasses out to them. How our hearts beat as the officers dismounted and left their horses in charge of the boy, to be led up and down before the house! Dose ordered me to return to the gun and wait for him. I obeyed, but I could not help looking back very often as I went, and I saw Dose climb over the low wall that surrounded the court and slink into the house. After a few minutes, which seemed to me an age, he came very warily out at the back door, which he locked with the key which he found inside the door. Then he climbed the wall again, crept round to the other side of the house, and beckoned to the boy who was leading the horses about. He came to Dose and received his reward. However there seemed to be some dispute between them; Dose was evidently demanding something of the boy which he was unwilling to do. At last Dose took him by the ear, shook his fist at him in a menacing manner, and finally drove him before him with the horses into the wood. I hastened back to the gun and briefly related to my comrades what had happened, which produced a good deal of merriment. In a short time Dose

appeared, looking somewhat excited by the heroic deed he had performed, conducting the boy and the four horses; the latter he delivered into the hands of four gunners; then we mounted and trotted gaily into the interior of the wood. The youth stood for some time where we left him, looking very lugubrious and rubbing his ear; at last he turned his back on the house and, taking to his heels, darted as swift as an arrow into the wood.

At this moment the trumpet sounded; this was the signal for attack. What a rage the officers would be in to find themselves prisoners! Soon we heard the tramp of the cavalry; we clearly distinguished the trot and then the gallop of the horses. Thanks to the bushes, we were able to march within sight of the troops without the risk of being seen ourselves; we followed a road cut in the wood until we came to a place where the heath encroached on the wood, and here we had to halt, as we could not proceed farther without being seen. From this point of observation we had a good view of the field of battle. We saw our cavalry advance to meet the enemy. The two long lines, with the snorting horses and glittering weapons, produced a truly brilliant effect. Behind the line of the cavalry of our friends, in the midst of a little body of superior officers, we perceived our chief on his white horse.

In a minute the two forces would charge and one or other must be crushed, this however would natu-

rally only be indicated in a manœuvre. This time the enemy, with the shako, was victorious.

The bugles sounded through the ranks of our cavalry and the whole line made a demi-tour and beat a hasty retreat towards the position they had occupied before the attack, the conquerors pursuing them for some distance. All at once the fugitives halted, faced about upon the enemy, charged them, and put them to rout.

This was the moment so earnestly longed for by Dose; here was a grand opportunity for displaying his brilliant abilities as captain of a gun. He prepared to salute the enemy—who must pass us in their flight—with a discharge of cartridge.

The heath was divided from the wood by a ditch, and the bank on our side formed a natural breast-work, behind which we placed our piece in position. Dose had it loaded and directed towards the heath; we heard the clattering of the horses approaching nearer and nearer, the enemy's cavalry flying, ours pursuing. We let the former come within twenty paces of us, and then Dose gave the word, "Gun, fire!" and the forty-one case-shot, each weighing an ounce, which in real warfare we should have fired, at so short a distance would have made terrible havoc among the cavalry. "Load!" We fired again and again in rapid succession. All the combatants—friends and enemies—were greatly astonished at this sudden firing from so unexpected a quarter. The Commander of the enemy's cavalry, thinking that

he must have committed some error, ordered the squadron to turn; and retreated farther across the plain. Dose ordered the gun to be limbered up, and we cleared the somewhat wide and deep ditch in safety. By this time our cavalry had come close to us, and several officers, amongst them our chief, galloped up to the gun.

“Ho! ho!” shouted he, still a little distance off; “what’s going on there? Where do you come from, Corporal?”

Our gun was soon surrounded by officers, as curious to have the Colonel’s question answered as to whence we came as to know how the officers’ horses came into our hands. “Why, that is Lieutenant von P——’s bay,” said one; and another added, “Yes, and the chestnut belongs to my cousin in the hussars.”

Dose stood immovable, like a rock in mid-ocean, among these inquisitive gentlemen, regardless of all the questions with which they overwhelmed him, and it was to the Colonel alone that he deigned to give an account of the whole transaction, which he did as circumstantially as possible, not omitting to lay great stress on the conduct of the two Uhlan officers.

The Colonel throughout the relation looked very much amused; the darker the countenances of the cousin and friends of the imprisoned officers grew the merrier he became, at last he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter: “Ho! ho! ho! ho! I must say the adventure amuses me amazingly!” and

the more the other officers strove to show him how contrary to all discipline the proceedings of the non-commissioned officer had been the louder he laughed; he let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, with his arms on his sides, he looked round with an air of great satisfaction. "Yes," he cried, "there are many of the young cavalry officers who set at nought a thing on four legs, and who, more than that, mock my artillerymen, but they are punished sooner or later—yes, I assure you, my friends, they are punished!"

"But, Colonel," replied an old hussar major, "I should certainly put the non-commissioned officer under arrest for deserting the 'manœuvre' and not returning to his division."

"*That's* your advice, Major?" said the old Colonel, contemptuously. "I, on the contrary, think that he has done his duty. For one gun to take four of the enemy's officers prisoners is an unheard-of thing. I'll report it to the General myself."

The General, who was in the other wing, had remarked the officers gathering round the gun and now galloped up to us, with his staff. The whole affair struck him also as very absurd, and consequently nothing more was said of punishment for my Dose. He was desired to deliver up the horses to the General's orderlies and the key of the house to one of the Aides-de-camp, and to rejoin our battery. The General and our Colonel, surrounded by a great number of officers of all ranks, who, now that the



manceuvre was over, gathered together from all quarters, rode to the house in order to release the officers, whose faces I should dearly like to have seen at this auspicious moment. We rejoined our battery not far from the artillery park, and even Captain Feind could not help laughing when Dose related to him what had happened. It was now about four o'clock, and we had two hours for rest. At six o'clock each *corps-d'armée* was to bivouac.

A great number of ladies and gentlemen had already arrived in carriages from the fortress and neighbouring country-houses to view this imposing military spectacle. I had fastened my horse to the wheel of a gun and sat down on a limber-box to watch for a green carriage drawn by two black horses, an equipage I knew too well; but in vain, it did not come, and yet the gardener had told me that the Count and little Emily would visit the bivouac. I feared the old gentleman had altered his mind.

Our time for rest soon passed. The different corps of our army wearing the forage-cap assembled near the park, the other corps returned towards the fortress. The two bivouacs were to be established one on each side of the little stream of L—. We directed our steps towards the stream, which we soon reached, and saw the enemy's forces busily engaged in preparing their encampment on the opposite side.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BIVOUAC.

DURING the day the Engineer officers had marked off with stakes the place of encampment for the different troops. The cavalry were on the right wing, we on the left, and the infantry occupied the centre. That the horses may be securely tethered in bivouac the fore-wheels of the gun are lashed to wooden pegs driven into the ground, the extremity of the pole is also attached to a strong post, so that the gun offers a solid resistance to the impatient stamping and pulling of the horses. Behind the gun are placed the harness, the baggage, and arms of the men, and some hundred steps farther back holes are dug in the earth, in which the soldiers make their fires for cooking. At roll-call, held before marching into bivouac, our gun was told off to guard the outpost, so we had to take up our position at the extreme end of the encampment. A picket of Uhlans and a small company of Rifles were sent with us. A little chain of hillocks extended from our position to the edge of the river. On one of these the gun was placed, and No. 3 stood near it with a lighted match. The Rifles and Uhlans

were scattered round the hill, and we retired behind it with the horses, so that our ammunition waggon might be at a safe distance from fire if any skirmishing took place with the enemy's outpost. Although we were very romantically situated, and it was a great honour to guard the outpost, I would much rather have passed the night in the encampment, for here, so far from the centre, I should lose all chance of the visit I so earnestly longed for. I stood with Dose by the horses, and never did this great man appear more poetically inspired than upon this evening. His exploits in the day's manoeuvre absorbed his mind, and he described minutely to me the brilliant reward which would have been his had he been engaged in a real battle; nothing less than an order, which he considered at all times as the greatest possible mark of distinction. How often had he, when we were alone, pasted a paper cross on his breast and yielded himself up to the most extravagant fancies!

"An order!" he would say; "will not every one ask, 'Who is that interesting-looking tall man there?' 'That is Non-commissioned Officer Dose.' 'Ah, indeed! the celebrated!'"

Alas! my good Feodor has never received his order. But a much less poetical mind than his would have been impressed by the beauty of our bivouac. A clear moon shed its light over the encampment and the surrounding battle-field of the day; but no groans of the wounded and dying

smote on the ear of the passers-by. The silence of the night was only occasionally broken by a low song or a genuine Westphalian oath. No mortally wounded friend, half man, half spirit, raised himself from the ground to groan out, "Greet my *Lottchen*, friend!" Only here and there a vivandière was murmuring some scarcely intelligible words, offering a small amount of brandy for a large sum of money.

But though the horrible accompaniments of real war were absent the scene was very soul-stirring. Behind and close to us was the bivouac, and we could distinctly hear the snorting and neighing of the horses, the hum of men's voices, and at intervals a low song. We saw sentries of the infantry, with their muskets shouldered, walking quietly and with measured steps, backwards and forwards; the Uhlans, with the *czapka* over the right ear, by their horses; and our artillerymen by their guns. The officers were grouped round a large fire, which flickered on their faces, and which must have felt itself honoured in being the light of such lights!

Our gun on the top of the hill, pointed at the enemy, stood out darkly against the clear sky. The whole scene was enough to fire a patriotic heart and make it beat for the righteous cause. During the night our Rifles and Uhlans had continual skirmishes with the enemy's advanced guard, which gave us plenty of occupation. Their hussars, enveloped in their cloaks, frequently rode through the shallow stream and crept like ghosts up to the

foot of the hill on which we were stationed. We knew at once when they were going to fire by the gleaming of the moonbeams on their carbines, the polished barrels of which, as they raised them to take aim, described brilliant circles in the moonlight; having fired, they galloped back over the stream under a volley from our rifles.

Dose and I sat down on a horse-cloth before our cooking-pot, which, in preparation for the bivouac, Dose had ordered our hostess to fill with a large potato salad. But our hard riding during the day, and the heat, had had such an effect on the oil, which was not of the finest quality to begin with, that, though we were not fastidious in such matters, we could scarcely swallow it.

All was life and movement in the bivouac. Round the great fire we saw numerous epaulets glittering, and the bands of the infantry and cavalry played alternately. We could also distinctly see the visitors from the neighbourhood, who had come to the camp on horseback or in carriages.

We could distinguish the ladies by their light dresses as they walked amongst the dark groups of soldiers, horses, and cannon. But no one came in our direction. Sometimes we fancied we heard the roll of an approaching carriage, and I sprang up and listened eagerly, but the sound soon died away in the distance. Some riders occasionally came towards us, but turned back again to the camp when they saw all so quiet here. The old gentleman must

surely have driven with Emily to the common; perhaps the young girl was thinking of me and looking for me amongst the artillery; *perhaps*, I say—ah, the certainty that it was so would have made me the happiest of men! On the whole, it was very much the same whether I was in the camp or here on the outpost; for if she were really there with her uncle it would have been almost a miracle, if in the darkness she had distinguished me among so many soldiers.

But hark! again I hear the rumbling of a carriage! I could tell from the sound that it was coming in our direction, and a multitude of “ifs” and “buts” instantly arose in my heart. *If* the carriage did come to us—*if* it should be her carriage—*if* she should be in it! Just as many “buts;” and I became so uneasy and restless that I trembled like a schoolboy who has not learned his lesson. Meanwhile the carriage came nearer, and I held my breath, as if I feared the beating of my heart would frighten it away. At last I saw it—it was a light carriage, like the one for which I so earnestly longed. I went towards it on tiptoe, and at the moment when I recognized the two black horses I distinctly heard the voice that was so dear to me saying to the coachman,—

“What is there here, Friedrich?”

To which he answered, “Fräulein, this is the outpost.”

And the sweet voice replied, “Friedrich, drive

round the outpost. I have never seen one before."

I now walked up to the carriage and wished the young lady good evening. My vanity told me she must have expected to find me here, for she answered my greeting with the gracious words,—

"Ah, you *are* here!"

Friedrich stopped the horses, and I could have fallen on his neck and embraced him when he said to the young lady,—

"Fräulein, if you wish to see the outpost nearer, this Herr volunteer, who was lately walking in the garden with you and your Herr uncle, will willingly take you up to the gun, from whence you will be better able to see the advanced guards skirmishing. I will wait here with the carriage."

I stood waiting anxiously for Emily's answer, and trembled lest she should decline Friedrich's most reasonable proposition. But oh, heavenly light of the moon! I did not deserve such happiness! She agreed; I opened the door, and, leaning on my arm, she sprang out of the carriage. I must confess that at first I behaved very foolishly. I began to explain very dryly the duties of the artillery, and especially of the advanced guard. The dear little child listened quietly and patiently. If I had only had the courage to offer her my arm! but I was afraid of offending her, and also of soiling her beautiful silk dress with my dusty uniform. At last my heart conquered my timidity, and that I might have some

real pretext for offering my arm I took her towards the horses, and then, with great diffidence, asked if she would not permit me to lead her safely past them. When she took my arm and I felt its warmth penetrating my thick tunic, the gun, the horses, and the whole country seemed dancing before me. Emily talked to me of her uncle; he had stopped, she said, with the General, and had allowed her to drive alone through the encampment—of all which I only heard a few words here and there. I hummed all sorts of airs between her sentences, for it was quite impossible for me to answer her intelligibly. We descended the hill that we might see across the little stream, and as she felt the wisdom of the warning I gave her, not to go too near the cannon, on account of the shooting, we descended to the banks of the stream, from whence we could distinctly see our gun and part of the bivouac, and the skirmishing of the outposts.

I was alone with Emily in the silent night. The objects by which we were surrounded made her rather nervous, so that she drew closer to me. The braying of the bugles broke at intervals, like flashes of lightning, across the muffled tones of the distant music in the encampment, and the roll of the great drum followed, like distant peals of thunder; flashes of lightning also came from the clouds which had now covered the sky; the stream flowed mysteriously at our feet, and its clear waters reflected the lightning in fantastic forms. All was



so strange, so new to her, that although she contemplated this phase of human life and of the elements with pleasure, yet a mysterious awe fell upon her, in which I also participated as I pressed her arm closer to me, and sometimes felt it tremble. I know not why, but in spite of the warm summer night I felt an unaccountable shiver run through me; and though my ear was pretty well accustomed to the noises around me, it detected the faintest sound, and I looked anxiously, like the young girl, at the dark sky, and shuddered at the cracking of the muskets, which was to be plainly heard on the banks of the stream. What frightened and pleased Emily most was the continual skirmishing between our Uhlans and the hussars of the enemy. She had withdrawn her arm from mine, but left me her little hand, which I covered with kisses.

How rapidly the time passed by! and we might have stayed there longer still had not Friedrich become impatient and driven after us, cracking his whip to give notice of his approach. We must part.

“Good night, dear Emily,” I said, as if in a dream.

She answered something in a very low voice, but though I heard not a word of it, I could see by her glistening eyes and the smile on her lips that her adieu was as hearty as mine. We went back to the carriage, I lifted Emily in again, wished her good night, and she drove away.

When the sun sets it becomes cold, and my sun vanished in the darkness of night—a cold, sharp hail

fell on the flowers which had just bloomed in my heart. Ought I not to have rewarded Friedrich for his kindness? Yes, it would have been right; and I remembered distinctly, that as I returned to the carriage I had put my hand into my pocket and found it empty—a desert which quickly communicated its aridness to my heart, and a mocking voice spoke therefrom: “Thou, a common soldier of the King, and this maiden?” Yes, what was my object? I had none. From my earliest youth I had indulged in dreams of wonderful good fortune which would be realized by me some day—of glory, wealth, and honour. My imagination often transported me into these scenes. I was indefatigable in building such castles in the air, but just as I placed my foot on the golden steps the whole fabric invariably crumbled away. My dream of to-day was too sweet, too grand and glorious, and my imagination could go no farther.

I went pensively back to my non-commissioned officer, who lay stretched out on his horse-rug, his arms spread out, and his head moving so strangely that at a little distance he might have been taken for a great lizard. He had noticed the carriage, had seen the young lady descend and accompany me to the stream, and had fallen into a poetic ecstasy on the subject. I lay down opposite to him, so that our heads almost touched, and for the hundredth time at least he related to me the story of his love for a merchant's daughter, kindly

adding that he hoped my flame would not be extinguished so unpoetically as his had been. The first time Dose recounted this history to me he showed me his uniform, the facings and lace of which bore indelible marks of his last happy meeting.

Meanwhile silence fell on the camp. Midnight was past, the music ceased, and the fires gradually died out. All at once one of the gunners came to us and reported to the non-commissioned officer that the infantry on the opposite bank were shooting across with small stones. We at once hastened to the gun and found that such was really the case. The cowards, who had hidden themselves among the bushes, fired on our gun at intervals. Though the distance was too great for the little pebbles to do any damage, still the infantry were guilty of great indiscretion. One stone hit my spur and another struck Dose on the foot. What should we do? If we gave the alarm, and the affair became known in the bivouac, it would be most severely punished, and the culprits would spend at least six weeks under arrest. We could not do this; and took counsel together, therefore, as to how we might avenge ourselves. At last our driver hit upon a very good plan. Our gun being loaded for the signal-shot at *réveille*, he proposed that the muzzle should be filled up with small potatoes, which grew in a field close by, and that they should be discharged at the infantry for their breakfast.

For a long time Dose refused to sanction this

project ; he was afraid of taking such a responsibility upon himself and incurring severe punishment. But at length we persuaded him ; and he so far gave in as to say he would pretend not to see what was done. I went with the driver to the field, where we filled a forage-sack with small round potatoes suitable for our purpose. The cartridge in the gun was again well rammed down, the potatoes put in above it, and this charge was covered with a great piece of turf. When the enemy next fired I pointed the gun towards the spot from whence the flash came ; and we then quietly waited for the dawn.

But before the moment for our revenge arrived we had to pass through a season of great anxiety. Scarcely had Dose and I lain down again on our rug when we heard "Who goes there?" from the sentry who was placed by the gun, to which a deep, well-known voice answered with the pass-word.

It was the old Colonel, who was visiting the outposts to see that they were keeping good watch. With him was Lieutenant von L——. We hastened to them, and Dose made his report. Von T—— did not stop long ; and to our great relief did not examine the gun, as he often did. But the Lieutenant, who had not yet forgotten the affair of the bath, tormented us with questions.

"Non-commissioned Officer Dose !"

"Lieutenant."

"Is the gun properly loaded ?"

“Yes, Lieutenant, at your service.”

“Is the match ready?”

“At your service, Lieutenant, no.”

“There you are again with your confounded ‘At your service’! Have you nothing else to say, sir?”

“At your service, Lieutenant, no.”

“Sir, mind you fire with the greatest care!”

“At your service, Lieutenant.”

It was well known to all of us that Lieutenant von L—— had a particular dislike to this expression, “at your service,” and as he was not one of those who had treated us with the greatest courtesy, we made a point of using the words as often as possible when addressing him.

As he was going away he turned round again and asked whether a carriage had not driven up here about two hours ago.

Dose, out of consideration for me, was going to answer in the negative; but I turned quickly to the Lieutenant, and said very quietly,—

“At your service, Lieutenant, a carriage with a young lady in it did drive up here.”

“Who wished to inspect the outposts,” added Dose. The look which the Lieutenant cast on us was anything but friendly.

The rest of the night passed pretty quickly, and soon the sky began to brighten. I have always watched the daybreak with great pleasure; and to-day, wrapped in my cloak, I leant against the

gun, and pensively watched the dark veil of night becoming transparent in the east. Gradually the circle of light increased and the stars paled; then it became tinged with pink, and in a short time the clouds which floated in the horizon became edged with crimson. I thought of the many pairs of eyes which were now slowly opening, seeking a beautiful, but vanished, morning dream. I thought also of her who was everything and yet nothing to me, and in my thoughts I sent her a hearty embrace.

Now the *réveille* sounded from the other end of the encampment; the drums beat, the bugles sounded the signal to fire, and the artillery and cavalry bugles played joyously between. The cannon opposite to us, and to which our gun must answer, now fired. As well as the twilight allowed, we spied into the bushes on the opposite bank of the stream and saw the tormentors who had fired so impertinently at us during the night. We knew by their black accoutrements that they were fusiliers. The gun was so pointed that part of the potatoes would strike the surface of the water before reaching the other bank. We were now all ready, the match was prepared, and our whole corps was on the watch to see the effect of our fire on the infantry.

“Gun, fire!” and the potatoes flew on the water, rebounded with considerable force, and spread among the bushes. The picket which was lurking there—composed of a non-commissioned officer and about twenty men—turned round and ran as fast as

their legs would carry them to the plain. The clattering of their great cartridge-boxes bore witness to their disordered flight.

The bivouac very soon became full of life. Day-break revealed the comical confusion which had crept amongst us during the night. In one place an officer, looking round with astonishment, finds that he has slumbered in the closest proximity to his servant. The awaking vivandière contemplates her basket with consternation, for the best contents had vanished during the night. She suspects her children, who, on hearing her angry words, put their heads out from under the woollen horse-rug; and the eager, hungry glances they cast on the still remaining provisions plainly testify that they are innocent of the theft. Here a movement is seen under a cloak; it is a warrior who had rolled himself up securely the evening before, and is now making painful efforts to disengage his head. The loud calls of the bugles and horns had suddenly produced animation where a moment before all had been still as death. The snorting and tossing of the horses as they expanded their nostrils towards the rising sun—the hasty movements of the soldiers, who expected every instant to hear the signal for marching, all united to form a lively picture, which was contemplated on each occasion with fresh pleasure. Again the bugles sounded; it was the signal for the assembling of the different corps. Our gun was withdrawn from the hill, mounted, and

galloped round the encampment to join our battery, where all was still in commotion.

It was Sunday, so the manœuvres were of course suspended; and after a march-past, held by the General of division, the troops were dismissed to their quarters. We soon reached Fettenweiden, laid aside our heavy arms and uniforms, and enjoyed the coffee which our hostess, in honour of the day, had made better than usual.

When we had first come to these quarters Dose had scored on the walls of our closet a mark for every day of the manœuvre season; and every night before going to bed he rubbed out one of the marks. He was generally very particular about this; and when he once happened to forget it until he was just falling asleep, he got up again to rub out the mark. The reckoning was perceptibly diminishing, and before many days passed we should be on the march back to the garrison town. As far as the manœuvre itself was concerned, it was all the same to me if we left the next day; but on account of other matters, I would willingly have passed years at Fettenweiden.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE "DIVIDED" LIEUTENANT—PROMOTION.

SUNDAY morning was generally spent by us in attending to little matters which necessarily fall to the lot of bachelor soldiers; such as repairing defects in uniforms, mending the lining of trousers and holes in the forage-sacks and fodder-bags, and other handiwork of the same kind.

I was sitting astride a large forage-sack, which had been stuffed with straw to render it easier to mend a great rent, and was working away vigorously, when I heard a low laugh behind me and saw Dose making one of his most affable and graceful bows. I turned round quickly, and to my dismay beheld Emily, who, accompanied by her maid, was making the tour of the garden and had come suddenly upon us engaged in our poetical occupation. Dose was not at all disconcerted, he shrugged his shoulders (I may as well observe in passing, that when he made this movement his shoulders nearly reached his ears), and said,—

“A soldier in the field must know how to take care of himself.”

I added, "We wished to try if we could not repair these trifles ourselves."

I scarcely ventured to look at the girl, she was so lovely this morning; she wore a white dress fastened in front with a rose-bud, which served as a brooch, and her dark hair was confined in a net of coloured silk. Oh, what indescribably sweet and tender reminiscences this hair awoke in my breast! the locks which here and there escaped through the meshes of the net were perhaps those which yesterday I had touched with my trembling hands! If she had observed my attire as closely as I did hers she certainly would have found nothing very attractive in it; my wounded vanity, therefore, rendered her dear visit anything but agreeable. Young girls, however, think so differently on these points from us, and whilst *my* eyes wandered from her beloved face to her graceful and charming figure, she kept *hers* fixed on my face, and smiling sweetly, she said,—

"It appears to me that you are not very skilful with your needle."

The maid adding, somewhat contemptuously, "Heavens, Fräulein, just see the great stitches!"

Dose excused us as well as he could, saying that the coarseness of the material did not admit of very fine work, it was sufficient if the stitches held together during the manœuvre.

Dose, in spite of his poetry, was a most impudent fellow truly, for he turned to the maid and added "If you like to make a trial, my needle is at your

service. I have a number of elegant articles to mend, such as fodder-bags and provision-sacks; in one of the latter, especially, there is such a dreadful rent that I know not how I shall manage to mend it before to-morrow's manœuvre."

The two girls laughed, and although I stamped furiously on the wretch's foot he strode off to fetch his sack. What was to be done? I was in the greatest perplexity, for I was pretty certain that he would ask the maid straight out to mend the hole; and so he did. I looked through the house-door and saw him coming out of our bed-closet holding the bag in one hand, with the other he seized a chair which stood in the passage and came striding back to us again.

"You see," he cried on the threshold, "here it is, and I should esteem myself very happy if—"

"But, Dose," I interposed, "you surely do not think—"

"That Babet will mend this little hole," put in Emily; "why not? it will be done in no time."

The maid laughed, and Dose presented the bag, needles, and thread with a most graceful air. Happily there was no one in the place but ourselves; the people of the house were at church and our gunners were strolling about in the village. Dose gallantly offered the chair he had brought to Emily, but she did not make use of it. Babet sat down on our forage-sack, laughing merrily as she did so, and set to work bravely.

It was a curious group. Dose gazed at the busy sempstress, and sentiments of a far tenderer nature than mere gratitude appeared to be awakening in his poetic breast towards the charming girl. Meanwhile, Emily told me that she had stayed away from her uncle too long the previous evening, and that she had told him of her meeting with me and that I had taken her to see the outposts. I regret that I was no longer innocent enough to rejoice at this confession. The charm of having had this little interview with her privately was the pleasantest part of the affair. Thus the time passed on as we stood or sat together, and the rent in the forage-sack was successfully repaired, when suddenly in our innocent conversation occurred another and a much larger rent! Lieutenant von L—— had probably followed the pretty girl through the garden, and now suddenly appeared round the corner of the park, making a terribly wry face at sight of the group before him. The Lieutenant had evidently attired himself with a view to make an impression; he was in undress and wore a small forage-cap placed jauntily on one side of his head; his moustache was elegantly curled, and the little hair he possessed was carefully brushed forward and arranged with the utmost precision on each side of his head.

A Lieutenant in love represents the *positive* degree; a jealous one, the *comparative*; but a Herr Lieutenant in love and jealous of his subordinate is the *superlative*! And truly Lieutenant von

L—— at this moment was in the highest degree superlative !

I am convinced he would have rejoiced to inflict vengeance upon us at once, but as we caught sight of him too soon he was obliged to approach us leisurely, and, moreover, to observe the common forms of courtesy. The conflicting passions, however, which were striving for the mastery in his breast, rendered his appearance comical in the highest degree ; for with his left eye he smiled, and this somewhat sardonic smile spread over the whole of his left side, so that even his left hand made gracious signs of recognition and his left foot stepped out elegantly, quite a picture of peacefulness ; whilst on the right side—which was turned towards us—a terrible storm was raging, his right eye sought mine with a look which would have annihilated me if it could, his lips, a little apart, revealed some yellow teeth, and his hand was clenched convulsively. Thus did the outwardly “divided” lieutenant advance towards us ; his heart was cruelly lacerated, for not only had the young lady not sought him out in the garden, but she had actually come away with the intention of conversing with the *common people* !—a favourite expression of the lieutenant’s. The feelings which agitated him influenced his gallant speeches. By a skilful and graceful movement he placed himself between Emily and the rest of the party ; and then, assuming as pleasant an expression as possible, he began

playfully to reproach the young lady with having avoided his society, making at the same time some suspiciously menacing gestures towards us with the valiant fist which held his riding-whip behind his back. I understood very well what he meant when he looked at us now and then over his shoulder during a pause in his monologue, for he carried on the conversation quite alone. Emily did not even deign to listen to him, and kept looking in our direction, where her maid also was sitting; the latter was obliged to bite her lips to keep from laughing aloud at the absurd comedy enacted by the Lieutenant.

I had, however, not the least desire to obey his mute signs, which as distinctly as signs could speak commanded us to get out of the way.

Dose even had the effrontery to tell the Lieutenant that he was unspeakably charmed to have made the acquaintance of the young lady—he meant Babet—for she had mended a rent in his sack most skillfully.

This speech caused the Lieutenant to cast a still more furious look on us, and he said to Emily, "Oh, oh, Miss Emily, how could you?" He then looked superciliously over his shoulder, and said, in an imperious tone, "Non-commissioned Officer Dose, the gunner there will go this instant to my office, where the secretary of the division will give him a despatch, which he must take on horseback immediately—mind, I say *immediately*—to the

CHAPTER III

I had been told that the castle was a fine specimen of the architecture of the time, and that the view from the tower was magnificent. I had also been told that the castle was a fine specimen of the architecture of the time, and that the view from the tower was magnificent. I had also been told that the castle was a fine specimen of the architecture of the time, and that the view from the tower was magnificent.

As we were passing the tower I saw a man in a red coat and a black hat, who was looking at me with a curious expression. I was a little startled, but I did not say anything. He followed me for some time, and then he disappeared. I was a little startled, but I did not say anything. He followed me for some time, and then he disappeared. I was a little startled, but I did not say anything.

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steps and reached a long corridor, at the end of which was the office. The Colonel's apartments opened into this corridor, and I had to pass them on my way. The door of one of them being open, I peeped in, but seeing the Colonel walking up and down smoking a pipe, I hastily retreated, not, however, before he had caught sight of me. He called out to me, good-naturedly, to enter. Colonel von T——, as I have before observed, was generally very good-tempered except at drill-time, but to-day he was unusually affable, and spoke so quietly and gently that I hardly knew him. "Well, Gunner H——," said he, "where do you come from?"

"I come as Orderly from the third mounted battery, to bring this despatch to the Commandant of the brigade."

The Colonel opened it, glanced over the paper, and returned it to me, saying, "Ah, ah! I know about that already; go to the office and let them make out the answer."

I was about to withdraw, when my chief threw himself down in a corner of the sofa and desired me to remain.

"Why, you have been a whole year in one of my batteries," he began.

"At your service, Colonel."

"There, there, drop that 'at your service,' and say only 'yes.' In spite of the many foolish pranks you have played during this short time, I do not regret having admitted you at D—— into my



brigade. I can put up with a little folly ; if only you young gentlemen are brave, cheerful, well-intentioned, and not hypocrites, everything else will come right. Even Captain Feind, who complains of you so often, has told me that he is quite satisfied with your zeal and aptitude. For this reason—well, well, go to the office and bring me the answer to the despatch for my signature, and tell them to show you the list of promotions.”

Although I did not understand what he meant, his words suggested a very pleasant thought to my mind—Was it, *could* it be possible that I was to be raised to the rank of a non-commissioned officer ? I hastened to the office and delivered the despatch into the hands of the Adjutant, and whilst he was reading it I stepped up to one of the secretaries—a friend of mine—who, unasked, handed me the promotion-list, and amongst the names of non-commissioned officers I read, with sensations of joyful emotion, my own name !

I held the list in my hand, quite absorbed in contemplating the effect I should produce with the gold lace on my sleeves and collar, and especially thinking “ What will Emily say to it ? ” when my friend gave me another circular which he had just copied, and the purport of which gave me such a shock, after the joy I had just experienced, that I let the promotion-list fall from my hand. The paper ran pretty much as follows :—

“ His Majesty our most gracious King has seen

fit, in consideration of my long services, to grant me permission to retire with the rank and pension of Major-General. This royal decision I desire to make known through this circular to the excellent staff of officers, to the batteries and companies under my command, and, at the same time, to express the deep sorrow it gives me to leave a troop so well ordered and disciplined as my brigade has ever been. When separated from my old subordinates I shall always think with pleasure of the affection which they have shown me, in spite of the severity with which I have sought to maintain discipline.

"VON T——,

*"Colonel and Commandant of the Brigade."*

My readers may easily imagine the sensations with which I read this announcement. My friend shook his head sorrowfully; and I am sure that I express the sentiments of all whose names stood on the list of promotions, when I say they would gladly, and with all their hearts, have torn up the list, if at such a price they could have retained their good old Colonel amongst them.

Meanwhile the answer to the despatch had been prepared. How gladly—after hearing the sad intelligence—would I have avoided the necessity of appearing again in the presence of the Colonel! But his commands had to be obeyed, and I returned to his room. As soon as he saw me he said kindly,—

"Well, Herr non-commissioned officer, are you pleased?"

I was too much agitated to do more than thank him in a few hearty words.

“Now,” continued he, “conduct yourself well and you will rise higher still; when you gain your epaulettes, think of old T——. If he punished you young men sometimes, he always meant well by you.”

He took a few steps up and down the room, and then said, “I have something to tell you. The Herr Count von R—— has told me that he knows your family, and that he should be very glad if, after the manœuvre, I will grant you a month’s leave. I will do so, and you can go to the Adjutant to-morrow and obtain the necessary papers. Adieu, Herr bombardier!”

Forgetful of all military etiquette, I laid my hand on my heart and retired, he nodding kindly at me. My thoughts were in a terrible state of ferment: joy at my own promotion and sorrow at the loss of our good old Colonel were striving within me for the mastery. Joy gained the victory, and I went into a shop and spent my last pence in purchasing some gold lace to put on my uniform. I then mounted my horse, and the anxiety to be in time for dinner, and also to announce to Dose my two pieces of news as soon as possible, passed from my heart into my spurs, and thence into the sides of my horse and urged him to a quick gallop. I soon reached Fettenweiden and went to the castle to deliver the despatch. I ran up the steps to the office, where I found only the Major,

to whom I gave the letter. I could not help telling him of the sad circular; he answered sorrowfully, "I know that already, I know that!"

In descending the steps I met Count von R——, who stopped me with a cordial greeting, and, as I had expected, invited me to dine with him that evening. I now hastened in search of Dose, and when my good Feodor heard my news he was as much agitated as I had been. In spite of his friendship for me, however, sorrow preponderated, and he could not restrain himself from giving vent to his feelings in a torrent of oaths; he was for the moment *wholly* a non-commissioned officer, and I was obliged to implore him by that which he held most sacred—poetry—to control himself, otherwise he would assuredly have cost our hostess the plate out of which he was eating his soup, and in which, in his excitement, he was violently twirling the wooden spoon. I sat down in a corner and listened patiently to his execrations whilst I sewed the gold lace on my tunic. I then made a careful toilet, anxious to look my very best at the dinner. Dose lent me his newly-washed parade gloves, mine being anything but clean, and at the appointed hour I betook myself to the castle.

Lieutenant von L—— looked very much surprised when he saw me enter. At first he thought I had come to make some report, and was just going to take me to task for appearing in undress when Count von R—— introduced me to the company. I was too little *au fait*, alas! in the customs of the great

world, or I should have offered Emily my arm when the butler announced that dinner was served; she turned towards me with an appealing look, but Lieutenant von L—— came up at that moment, gave her his arm, and carried her off, and I was obliged to content myself with following them; however, the Count kindly took hold of my arm in a jocular manner, and as he did so he caught sight of my new gold lace, and immediately proclaimed my promotion to the assembled company.

Delightful as it was to sit at the same table with the sweet girl, still I did not feel quite at ease during the repast. It was the first time that I had dined in a grand house, and I sat on pins and needles the whole time. To begin with, I experienced a few uncomfortable sensations. When a footman drew back the chair for me to sit down, in spite of my belief that he would not let me fall, I could not help turning my head rather nervously to see whether the chair was really within my reach. Before partaking of any of the various dishes offered to me I wisely looked round to see how my neighbours acted, but, notwithstanding the attention I paid to the conduct of those near me during the meal, I nearly made a sad blunder with respect to the blue crystal bowls which were placed before each of the guests at the end of the repast. I naturally concluded that they contained some choice beverage, and when I saw the rest of the company raise the bowls to their mouths I did the same and

took a good draught out of mine. The taste of the warm water flavoured with citron-juice struck me as rather suspicious, and when I perceived that the others had merely moistened their lips I was covered with confusion at the mistake I had made. I cast a timid glance over the edge of the glass. No one seemed to have observed me but my good Lieutenant, over whose hard features an ironical smile played, and who could not refrain from saying quite aloud,—

“The Herr bombardier seems to be still very thirsty!”

I reddened up to the roots of my hair, but had the satisfaction of seeing Emily dart an angry look at the Lieutenant for his spitefulness.

After dinner we went into the garden. This time I made bold to offer the young lady my arm, which she did not refuse, and I felt extremely happy. I could, however, obtain no other advantage.

The Lieutenant did not take his eyes off us for one moment the whole evening. How my blood boiled! and how I longed to pick a quarrel with him! But he was my superior officer and I must be silent. It was getting dusk when I quitted the garden. Although the young lady accompanied me apparently quite naturally to the gate, the rest of the company were so near that at parting we could only exchange a slight pressure of the hand.

I found Dose still busy with his gun, which he was preparing for the grand field-day on the morrow. I

had to attend to my horse and clean my arms. Our duties being completed, we clambered into our closet, where Dose, having wiped out another of his chalk-marks and lamented and philosophized for a time, we went to sleep.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MISFORTUNE.

It was scarcely three o'clock when we set out with the gun to join the battery. Captain Feind was walking up and down before the guns with a very solemn demeanour, carrying some papers in his hands. Dose reported himself and we formed in line. The Captain advanced to the front, cleared his throat several times, called out "Attention!" and read the Colonel's mournful circular. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the whole body of men. There was not one face which did not suddenly lengthen, and a murmur of surprise and horror ran through the ranks. Feind laid aside the circular and read from the list of promotions which he held in his hand the names of those in his battery who were promoted to the rank of bombardiers or non-commissioned officers. My name was amongst them, and the Captain could not forbear remarking to me that for this time he had allowed mercy to take the place of justice!

My new duties began this very morning, for one of our non-commissioned officers being ill, I was ordered to command his gun during the



manceuvres of the day—a charge of which I was very proud.

Such a command is difficult for a novice. I hardly knew either the men or horses of the gun, which rendered my command all the more difficult; on the other hand, I was certain that all the gunners liked me and would do their best to make everything pass off well.

Dose, with whom I had to part for to-day, gave me a few words of advice as we rode with the battery to the heath. Many corps had already assembled, others came up with us, and, as the different batteries met from all sides, came the inquiry, “Do you know what has happened to our old Colonel?” and the general answer was, “Yes, confound it!” One by one the batteries had all assembled near the park, and soon the old Colonel, surrounded by his staff, was seen coming round the wood. He sat thoughtfully on his white horse, and, contrary to his custom, spoke but little and in a low tone to the officers around him. A profound silence reigned throughout the brigades; the gunners stood by their horses or leant on their guns with their eyes fixed on the Colonel as he approached. He rode through the first battery and, as usual, looked round kindly and wished the men good morning, but they were all silent; every one was so much moved by the news of his departure that they were unable to make their usual cheerful response. But scarcely had the Colonel reached the centre of the brigade,

where our standard was raised in front of the guard-house, and scarcely had he removed his hat to salute the emblem of honour, when an old bugler who had been with him in all his campaigns cried, with a loud voice, "Comrades, long life to our Colonel, hurrah!" and immediately our feelings vented themselves in a thundering cheer thrice repeated. Von T—— was so much affected that he pressed his hat down over his eyes and turned quickly into the guard-room, from whence he sent orders to the batteries to march to their different positions. Everything went well with my gun and myself at the beginning of this manœuvre. If I was going to make a mistake the driver called out to me, "Bombardier, a little more to the right"—or, "a little more to the left!" and as Dose happened also to be near me with his gun, no mischance occurred which could offend the vigilant eyes of Captain Feind. As on the last field-day, a great crowd of lookers-on had come from town and country. I thought several times that I saw the two black horses, but the carriages were too far distant for me to be able to distinguish them clearly.

It might have been about twelve o'clock when the Colonel summoned all the mounted batteries and ordered them to advance, supported by the Uhlans and hussars, to make a vigorous attack on the enemy's cavalry. I was placed on the left wing of the whole line and awaited the word of command with a beating heart, for it was the first time that I had had command of a piece against the enemy.

The word was given, "Trot—battery, gallop!" and we set off as fast as the horses could go. We soon reached the high-road, before which we should no doubt have to halt and fire. But the road made a bend just before us, so that in order to keep the line we were obliged to leap the ditch and take up our position on the road itself. Here there was a crowd of carriages and horsemen anxious to witness our attack, and amongst the foremost I recognized the equipage of Count von R——, and beheld my little Emily standing up in the carriage in order to see better. Ah! she knew me at once and drew the attention of the old gentleman towards me, who gave me a friendly nod. Was I not to be excused for turning my eyes to the left at this moment, although it was so necessary to watch the movements of the right wing? My horse took the ditch splendidly, and I was so delighted to show off my horsemanship before the young lady that I forgot everything—battery, attack, word of command, and all—and was only recalled to my senses after a few seconds by the cry of "Halt, halt!" from my driver.

I looked round and saw to my horror that all the other non-commissioned officers had already sprung behind the guns, which had been taken a few steps farther forward, halted, and unlimbered. I wheeled my horse sharp to the right, and scarcely had I done so when my foremost driver hurried up in order to be in time. I had made too short a turn, the horse slipped and fell with me, and as I stretched out my

hand to catch my shako, which had fallen off, both wheels of the gun passed over my right hand. Though the pain was dreadful, I sprang up and rushed to the gun, happily without any of my superiors noticing the error. We fired several times at the enemy's cavalry, which was repulsed by ours; then the trumpet gave the signal, and the field-day was over.

Now, for the first time, I thought of examining my hand and tried to draw off the glove, but the pain was too great. My comrades came round me. Dose brought a doctor, who felt my arm and gave me the pleasant information that two fingers were broken and I must go without loss of time to the hospital at W——. Captain Feind, who had heard of my accident, came to see me, and I was very much astonished that he found no fault with me. The carriage with the two black horses also came up behind our battery, and the Count von R—— got out and asked with great concern what had happened to me. Upon hearing that I must go to the hospital at W——, he at once offered to take me there in his carriage. What could I wish for more? I could almost have thanked Fate for my misfortune if the pain in my hand had not become so great as to be almost unendurable. We got into the carriage, the old gentleman himself driving. How my heart was touched by the sympathy of this good man! The young girl's eyes were filled with tears when she saw me biting my lips that I might bear the pain

caused by the shaking of the carriage. The Count drove quickly, and we soon reached the town. I descended in the market-place before the same inn where for the first time I had seen Emily again on my way to prison. I would much rather have passed a night with the Major of the Bugs than have gone into the mournful hospital, which did not easily give up its prey when it had once caught it. The Count grasped my sound hand and wished me a speedy recovery, and Emily also gave me her dear little fingers, which I would willingly have pressed to my lips if the old gentleman had not been by. I was obliged to content myself with a hearty pressure, which the sweet girl returned. I crossed the market-place, and at the corner stopped to look back once more. She pressed her handkerchief to her lips and I blew her a kiss.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE HOSPITAL.

IN its way, the military hospital was very similar to the military prison. As in the prison, so here, all communication with the outer world was shut out, and, unless one was dangerously ill, or fortunate enough, as I was, to meet with congenial companions, the time appeared indescribably long and tedious. Entrance could be obtained any day, but no one was allowed to go out except on the days when the doctor went his rounds in the wards, which happened only twice a week at the most. The hospital is also subjected to all manner of antiquated and vexatious rules; the quantity of food dispensed to each invalid being regulated by the "number" given him by the doctor, and does not always accord with the poor patient's appetite. Considerate Captains and superiors, knowing what a low diet *all* were put upon in order that the remedies might take greater effect, kept those, who were only slightly indisposed, in the barrack-ward, and never sent them to the hospital for trifling ailments. Our good Captain Feind, however, considered it a matter of great importance to check what he termed these "pre-

tended ailments” by sending the men to hospital. If one was reported to him at roll-call as indisposed he would begin to stamp with his foot, thrust his hand into his tunic, and desire the fat Sergeant Löffel to note down, “He’s ripe for the hospital. Confound the fellow! no room-sick in *my* battery!” and he always took care to add, “No half ailments with me—either quite ill or quite well!”

We revenged ourselves on him for this, for, on grand parade-days, when he was expected to have his battery well manned, it often happened that all the men belonging to one gun would be in the hospital, thereby causing many gaps in the troop. Our old Colonel remarked this, and, knowing what constant vexations the men in that battery were subjected to, he did not receive Captain Feind in the most friendly manner on such occasions.

“It is curious,” Von T—— would say, as he passed in front of the battery with his hands crossed behind him, “it is curious that there should be such unhealthy air in this battery. At any rate, there is foul air somewhere, for,” he added, shaking his head, “those who are not in hospital are in prison. Ho, ho! *I* know how it is!”

But if he *did* know the cause it was out of his power to prevent it.

Hitherto I had only been acquainted with the exterior of the hospital in W——; like most establishments of the kind, it did not present an inviting aspect. It had formerly been a Franciscan convent,

and stood close to the ramparts. It was an immense building standing in a large paved court, surrounded by high walls. Around the building stood ancient chestnut and plane-trees, whose drooping branches, with their thick, dark foliage, cast a gloom over the whole place. At the entrance-door, suspended by a long iron wire, was a discordant bell, whose harsh sound summoned the porter. It was the duty of the worthy functionary here, as well as at the prison, to search the new arrivals and see whether they had anything in the way of food or spirits about them—the rules of the hospital forbidding the use of rum, salt meat, and other comestibles likely to neutralize the effect of the medicines. Of course, no one will doubt that all this was done to promote the welfare of the sufferers.

As I stood before the door of the hospital, with the non-commissioned officer who had accompanied me, my wounded hand became more and more painful, and, in addition to this physical suffering, I experienced the greatest mental depression from the thought that in all probability I should be detained in the hospital for three or four weeks at least, and, although as a general rule I was quick enough in building castles in the air, I was now too downcast to indulge in happy thoughts of little Emily and of a happy meeting with her. Dark shadows flitted across my imagination, and even my position, which, in spite of innumerable vexations and annoyances, had hitherto given me much satisfaction, now began,



in consequence of the retirement of our dear old Colonel, to appear unendurable to me.

Several gunners and bombardiers from other batteries arrived at the hospital at the same time as myself; some afflicted by ailments more or less severe, and some who, from sheer laziness, had come to seek peace within these sacred walls.

The bell sounded, and I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the shuffling step, accompanied by the unmistakable cough, which could only belong to one man in the whole world. The door was opened slowly, and I was not mistaken. It *was* he—the King of the Rats from No. 7½, at C——!

“He, he, he! new companions! new companions!” said the little wizened man.

In spite of the very unpleasant recollections brought to my mind at the sight of him, I answered, laughing, “Oh, the old Herr Inspector! How do you do?”

“He, he!” he replied good-humouredly. “One of my greenhorns from C——! Glad to see you! glad to see you! I’m no longer Inspector of the prison; the old Sergeant having, as a reward for his long and loyal services, become steward of the hospital—yes, steward of the hospital. Come in, come in!”

We followed the King of the Rats, who hobbled before us as quickly as he could across the court to the house, his rapid movements causing the point of his white cap to nod from side to side, producing a most ludicrous effect.

When we had reached his room he took our certificates, entered our names on his book, and gave to each a ticket bearing the name of the room and the number of the bed which he was to occupy. Then he came up to us with his usual vivacity, saying,—

“I’m very sorry, very sorry—he, he!—but it’s a very strict rule of the hospital that every one must be searched; if any of you have anything about you, you’d better speak out before the ceremony. I’ve been a prison Inspector—he, he!—nothing escapes me—he, he!”

For old acquaintance-sake, and because he well knew that I abstained from all spirituous liquors, he passed me over very superficially; but he took a different course with an old bronzed bombardier, with an imposing black moustache, who bore on his breast the silver medal indicative of his fifteen years’ service. The King of the Rats found on him what he expected and was in search of, namely, a good-sized flask of rum, which the poor fellow had hidden in his boot. At the sight of this the Rat King’s eyes glistened with joy and malevolence, and after he had recovered from a violent accession of coughing he began with great volubility to represent to the old bombardier the shamefulness of his conduct. The latter at first was amused at the wrath of the little man; but at last he said, quietly, that he thought it very inopportune to overwhelm an invalid with such a torrent of abuse, and that he must beg he would hold his tongue. That was too much for the Rat King.

“He, he!” he cried, “an old Sergeant to bear that from a bombardier! I shall report it—we shall see! he, he!”

“How? not hear it from a bombardier!” said the other scornfully; “a bombardier in the artillery is worth a dozen worn-out Sergeants! Basta!”

But the Rat King did *not say*, “Basta!” and no one knows how the squabble would have ended had not some one just at this moment, in passing, stopped at the open door and looked in, attracted by the noise. It was the hospital Inspector; he wore a frock-coat ornamented by ribbons of various orders; his moustache, like those of most of the old infantry officers, was shaved, with the exception of little tufts under the nose, and his head was covered by an infantry forage-cap. “The Inspector has not a prepossessing face,” thought I to myself.

As soon as the King of the Rats saw him he laid his complaint before him, and concluded with these words,—

“He! Captain, this man ought to be punished for daring to tell an old Sergeant like me to hold his tongue! he!”

The Inspector regarded us with no very friendly aspect. “Are you not aware, sir,” he said sternly to the culprit, “that opposition is no more suffered here than in the regiment? It is only in the artillery that we meet with such insubordination.”

This was too bad, and I could not refrain from answering that the artillery were not likely to put

up with dictation and insolence from a hospital porter.

At these words the Inspector entered the room and, walking straight up to me, surveyed me from head to foot, with the colour mounting to his brow, and demanded my name. I gave him not only my surname, but my Christian name, the place of my birth, and the number of my battery ; in short, I gave him a brief sketch of my life, and concluded my autobiography with the words,—

“ Now, Inspector, as you know who I am, perhaps you will not detain me any longer in the porter’s room, but will allow me to go to the ward assigned to me.”

“ Yes,” said the non-commissioned officer who had brought me, “ I am anxious to get rid of my charge, and I cannot conceive the use of all this ceremony and questioning.”

This effrontery was too much for the captain.

“ Herr-r !” he thundered out, “ are you aware that I can have you arrested by the guard ? What’s your name ?”

The non-commissioned officer gave his name, laughing, and the old bombardier, with great excess of zeal, gave his also ; upon which the Inspector, again surveying us from head to foot, hastened away, muttering between his teeth as he went something about severe punishment. The non-commissioned officer who had accompanied me then shook hands with me and left the hospital. The

old bombardier was domiciled in a part of the building which amongst us went by the technical name of the "Knight's Chamber." The King of the Rats put me under the charge of another hospital attendant who was sunning himself in the court. This fellow had an extremely repulsive and low physiognomy; he wore a dirty linen jacket and an apron which had once been white; and his feet were encased in woollen stockings and slippers, or rather, shoes worn down at the heels. The tassels of his dirty nightcap fell over his ear after the fashion of a domestic's, to which class he had a much greater resemblance than to an attendant on the sick.

"He, he!" said the King of the Rats to him, "this young gentleman is to be placed in No. 20—the convalescent ward."

The fellow cast a sidelong glance at me, and, with his hands behind his back, shuffled lazily before me up the staircase, stopping when he arrived at the door of No. 20.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CONVALESCENT WARD.

WE ascended to the second story and made a halt before a door.

“Are there many people in the ward?” I asked of the hospital attendant.

He stared at me, but did not utter a word.

“Ah, very well,” thought I, and followed him into the room. My first glance satisfied my curiosity as to the number of patients in No. 20. There were at least twenty beds, only two of which were unoccupied.

My dumb guide led me to one of these, and, with a movement of his head, said, “The bed!” Then he turned away and, passing between the rows of patients, went towards the door. Though many of them spoke to him and asked questions, he only replied by a nod of his head or a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

“Hie, Matthew!” cried one, “what is there to eat to-day?”

“Will the sixpenny loaf soon fall to eightpence?” said another.

“Matthew!” called a bass voice from one corner

“I should like to have a bottle of rum; but you must go tick for me. Eh, Matthew?”

“He! he!” mocked another, imitating the King of the Rats; “a bottle of rum!—hospital rules—tell the Inspector. He! he!”

“Listen, Matthew,” said another in a serious tone. “Send up the bill of fare from your private kitchen. As the doctor has forbidden me solid food, you can have a ham omelet made for me!”

The attendant did not condescend to answer this raillery; he only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously at one, cast an angry glance, or put his tongue out at another, and ended by leaving the room whistling amidst roars of laughter.

“The rascal!” remarked he of the bass voice.

And another added, “Since the cooking has been taken away from his wife I am certain that he rows in the same boat with the King of the Rats, for money can get anything out of him that one wishes.”

“Yes,” said a third, with a sigh; “but it takes a deal of good coin.”

So here I was in the hospital, in No. 20, the convalescent ward, and soon saw very plainly that they were indeed convalescents, and not invalids; for only a few of the eighteen occupants of the room lay quietly on their beds. The rest lounged about or sat in groups chatting and amusing themselves. The dress of all the patients in a military hospital is the same—wide grey trousers, a striped blouse,

white woollen stockings and slippers. All distinctions of rank having thus vanished, sergeants, corporals, and privates talked and joked together without any restraint. I lay upon my bed in one corner of the room alone, suffering intensely, my wounded arm causing me the greatest pain.

The attendant soon reappeared, bringing me the above-mentioned costume. At his entrance the same jokes and mockery commenced among the patients, Matthew remaining silent as before. Only once, when a voice called out "Fie on the spy!" he threatened the speaker with his fist; whereat the possessor of the bass voice declared that if he shook his fist any more he would throw some medicine-bottles at his head.

My hospital dress lay before me, but all my efforts to undress were ineffectual; I could not get the glove off my wounded hand. Some of the men who were nearest to me noticed my vain efforts, but were too lazy to get up and assist me, till suddenly the bass voice was heard again, saying in a peremptory tone,—

"Don't you see that the non-commissioned officer can't use his hand? Why don't some of you help him to undress?"

Of course I did not yet know to whom the bass voice belonged; but I observed that it possessed great influence in the room, for several men immediately arose and helped me to draw off my boots and riding-trousers. But it was quite impossible to



get my tunic off; my arm was so inflamed that we could not draw the sleeve off.

“We’ll call the doctor,” said one of my assistants.

“Yes,” said the bass voice, “call the surgeon; the fool shall do his business.”

One of the men went down, but soon returned with this answer—“The doctor has gone out, and the King of the Rats says that it is now half-past three, and he must wait till four o’clock—the hour of inspection—and then the doctor will arrive and attend to him.”

I lay down on my bed and tried to sleep, for I was very tired; but the pain in my hand kept me awake. At last four o’clock struck; and scarcely had the last stroke sounded when the bass voice issued the following order—“No one shall move or speak till I do; every one must go to sleep.” In obedience to this command, all who were sitting up immediately arose, each lay down on his bed, and a deep silence reigned throughout the ward.

At about a quarter-past four we heard steps coming up-stairs; and the bass voice gave a snore, which was echoed by the seventeen others, and a concert impossible to describe was the result.

The door opened and the doctor—a tall, thin, pale young man—entered; and, seemingly quite used to this sort of music in the convalescent ward, he took no notice of it, but approached my bed,

preceded by Matthew and followed by two assistants—very young men—who were laughing heartily at the scene around them.

I sat up, and the surgeon asked harshly if I was not aware uniform was not to be worn in bed.

My sufferings had not improved my temper, and I answered irritably, "If people had done their duty here and attended to me at once I should certainly not have been obliged to remain with my wounded arm in this tight tunic."

The noise in the ward was so great that I could scarcely hear my own voice; and the doctor, who seemed to wish to hear my answer, turned to the snorers and said, "If you make such a row, it will be impossible for me to inquire into the condition of your comrade."

At these words he of the bass voice appeared to awake suddenly, and ceased snoring; the seventeen others followed his example immediately, and the whole performance was at an end.

When the doctor had felt and examined my arm a little, his manner became much softer than I could have imagined possible from his first speech. He said, "I am very sorry that I have kept you waiting so long. I was told that your hand was only slightly hurt; it is by no means an insignificant injury. We must cut up your sleeve and glove and take them off carefully."

He then found that two fingers were broken; the setting of which caused me dreadful pain. My hand

was bound tightly in linen bandages and placed in a zinc apparatus, which looked like the end of a roof gutter. This, supported in an old black handkerchief tied round my neck, made the bandage complete and changed my appearance into that of a young invalid.

Happily, the doctor had put me on the "second form," an expression which I did not understand the first day, and which I will try to make clear to the uninitiated.

I have said before that the food in the hospital is not very good. There are three degrees of diet, which the soldiers term first, second, and third form. On the third form are put all who are seriously ill and can only take very light food, which consists of a glass of toast-and-water for breakfast, soup with bread or rice in it for dinner, and for supper much the same. To this form also are condemned all who are suspected of being in hospital from idleness or a wish to shirk service.

The second form—on which I was placed—is much better. In the morning we had bread-and-milk, or tea and white bread; at dinner some broth, with a *soupçon* of meat, and, according to circumstances, a glass of wine or beer; and in the evening, some more broth, in which were all kinds of nourishing ingredients, such as potatoes, barley, rice, and the like.

But he was a happy man who was placed on the first form; and many have assured me that they

would willingly have passed their three years of service within the walls of the hospital if they could but have been placed on the first form. I was on the second form, and this was written very legibly on the little black tablet which bore my rank of non-commissioned officer, my name, age, and complaint.

As I sat before my bed and looked at this little black tablet, my first day of service in D—— came to my remembrance, when, standing before my pallet, I had read with such pride "Gunner H——." Nearly two years had passed since that time. My ideas had undergone a change with regard to the noble career upon which I had then entered; I now plainly saw that this military life in time of peace consisted mainly of glitter, show—a phantom, appearing under such circumstances, even to children, amusing and harmless, although in time of war, when seen in all its native ugliness, it cannot fail to fill one with horror. I had often confessed to myself that I was tired of playing at soldiering and would willingly change my sphere of life if my means would allow it. I repeated this sentiment to myself now, when, though surrounded by companions, I sat so lonely and neglected by my bed, trying to read the dark future in which no ray of light appeared to cheer me.

My comrades, seeing that I was quite worn out by pain and fatigue, were considerate enough to leave me in peace. Besides, it was near meal-time, and they were occupied in getting out of the little cupboards which stood between the beds their

implements, consisting of a spoon and fork, in order they might set to work upon their supper as soon as it arrived. This important moment soon came ; for scarcely had the clock struck six when Matthew appeared at the door carrying a large dish, and followed by another attendant carrying a second of the same size and shape ; and out of these, according to our forms, we each received our ration of broth, bread-and-milk, or meat. In this distribution Matthew, the hospital attendant, took care never to make a mistake in *favour* of a patient ; but, on the contrary, often tried to give the third form to one who was entitled to the second. Though I showed him my tablet, on which the doctor had written "second form" with his own hand, he only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and gave me some thin porridge. Of course I did not then know that my proper portion was some strong broth and a small glass of wine. My appetite being good, I was returning to my bed to enjoy the meagre repast as well as I could, when watchful Providence, represented by the above-mentioned bass voice, interposed. The owner of this voice made known his displeasure very energetically.

I now for the first time discovered that this organ belonged to a young, strongly-built man, who appeared to be about three or four and twenty ; he lay on his bed, not far from mine, and had not risen to partake of his meal, but followed the distribution of the food with watchful eyes.

“Hi, Matthew!” he called out suddenly, “can’t you read what is on the non-commissioned officer’s tablet? It is ‘second form,’ not third. Non-commissioned officer, oblige me by throwing your pap at his head. He should give you broth, white bread, and half a glass of wine.”

Matthew scowled in the direction of the speaker; the others stopped eating and made known their approbation of this interference.

“Yes,” said one, “he has treated me in the same way. Ah, we know him, he’ll sell the wine and eat the soup himself. He always has enough *pap* left over.”

Matthew answered not a word, but, with a scornful laugh, continued the distribution. Although I had no wish to begin a quarrel, I could not allow myself to be cheated, therefore I went up to the attendant and told him he must give me what was my due. The impudent fellow did not deign even to look at me, but, the distribution completed, took up his dish to go.

“Do you hear?” I said in a threatening tone; “don’t you understand me? I *will* have what is my due!”

He snarled at me, showing his teeth, and said, “What is your due? I can’t help it if they haven’t cooked veal and potatoes for the ‘third form’ to-day. Ha! ha! ha!”

“That’s right, non-commissioned officer!” cried the bass voice; “he must give you ‘second form.’”

“Yes,” said I hotly, “you shall!” and, setting my basin on the floor, I seized him by the sleeve.

“So?” said the fellow, “you assault me, do you? Well, all have witnessed that you have assaulted me. I’ll report it to the Inspector, and we’ll see who’s right!”

“Yes, fortunately,” said the bass voice, “the Inspector, or rather the Herr Captain, thinks well of you and believes you; but call the Inspector, and we’ll ask him if it is right for you to give ‘third form’ when ‘second form’ is ordered.”

At these words there arose from the occupants of the ward, who were overjoyed at the prospect of an altercation with the Inspector, such a chorus of, “Yes, yes; the Inspector shall come up here,” &c.

“You shall be waited upon,” said the churl, laughing maliciously, as he went towards the door with his soup-dish.

The young man with the bass voice had meanwhile picked up one of his slippers and aimed it at the departing attendant, saying, however, “See how I will crush the flies on the wall there!”

The slipper was vigorously thrown, but Matthew, who knew well enough for whom it was intended, sprang quickly through the door, and, as luck would have it, bounced against the King of the Rats, who was coming up the corridor to ascertain the cause of the uproar in the convalescent ward. This meeting was so hasty and so unexpected that neither could

save himself, and the remainder of the porridge was upset and both were inundated by it.

“He, he!” cried the King of the Rats, “I, an old Sergeant, and steward, to be treated in this way! I’ll report it to the Inspector and Commandant; and the Commandant doesn’t joke; he’ll give you three days in the cells, where there is howling and gnashing of teeth! He, he! my coat is quite spoilt and the ribbon of my medal of service dirtied. He! profanation of the royal order. He! that shall be severely punished.”

Though Matthew himself was soaked from head to foot, yet he was so utterly confounded at having received the steward in this unceremonious manner that he only stammered out a few words of apology, which were in fact an accusation against us.

We had listened attentively to the exordium of the King of the Rats, and at its conclusion the bass voice broke into a loud fit of laughter, in which the others joined lustily. Infuriated by this burst of merriment, the King of the Rats rushed into the ward. At all times his appearance was comical enough, but, crimson with rage and covered and besmeared with porridge, he produced the most absurd effect possible. He turned towards the bed on which lay the man of the bass voice and shouted in his ear,—

“He, he! recruit, nothing but a recruit! a three years’ recruit! as usual, at the bottom of everything. He! and turns to ridicule an old experienced Sergeant, the greenhorn! You should all be



ashamed," he added, turning to us, "non-commissioned officers, bombardiers, and volunteers, at having anything to do with this greenhorn of a recruit. Yes, recruit, recruit!"

"Listen," said the bass voice, with a laugh, "listen, Herr steward of the hospital, ex-inspector of the hospital. We are all equal before God, even in the hospital. Every one wears the same dress, and if you did not accidentally bear the distinguishing mark of porridge no one would take you for an old experienced Sergeant. He, he!"

And the ward repeated, "He, he!"

The King of the Rats was no orator and had already expended his vocabulary of strong expressions, in the passage and in the ward, as, "Complain to the Inspector;" "three days' imprisonment;" "howling and gnashing of teeth;" "greenhorn;" and "recruit." So, his wrath having no other vent left, he repeated, "Complain to the Inspector, complain to the Inspector! He, he!" and dashing out of the door he was followed by a chorus of "He, he! he, he, he!" from all the invalids.

But the scene did not end here, for he really called the Inspector, who speedily appeared at the door, followed by the non-commissioned officer on guard and two soldiers of the line. I was really curious to see how the possessor of the bass voice would get out of the scrape.

The Inspector entered, his forage-cap on his head, his hands on his sides, and looked round.

“Well,” he said, after a moment’s silence, “I must say I never in my life heard of such doings! I shall make all these — scoundrels walk off to prison one after the other. I cannot permit such things to happen in the hospital where I am Inspector. What was it all about, Matthew? How did the affair begin?”

Before Matthew could answer the man with the bass voice gave a great stretch in his bed and yawned, beginning on a high note and descending through at least one whole octave, and this excited universal and scarcely-suppressed laughter among the rest.

“So,” continued the Inspector, “this scoundrel cannot stop even in my presence! You will compel me to put a guard into the room and place you all under arrest. How did it begin?”

Now, thought I, it is time to raise myself in the estimation of the ward; so I stepped forward and said, in a modest tone and manner, “I can give the best information, for, without any fault of mine, the discussion began with me.”

“So,” said the Inspector, with suppressed fury, “Herr Non-commissioned Officer of the Artillery, hardly a quarter of an hour in the house, and quarrelling already! Matthew, how was it?”

He answered, shrugging his shoulders, “About the form, Captain.”

“Yes, about the form,” I answered; and a dozen voices from the beds echoed, “Yes, about the form.”

“On my tablet,” I added, “the doctor wrote with his own hand ‘second form,’ and Matthew gave me, in spite of all remonstrance, the third-form food, consisting of porridge.”

With these words I made a slight wave of my hand towards the attendant and the King of the Rats, which was accompanied by a burst of laughter from the patients. The Inspector bit his lips with anger, put his hands behind his back, and said, with a nod of his head,—

“What have I done that I should have to keep such *canaille* in order? Steward, take the name of that young man!”

“At your service, Inspector,” I answered, “that has already been done. I am ready to own to my name anywhere—Non-commissioned Officer H——, of the second mounted battery, seventh brigade of artillery.”

Without vouchsafing me another look, the Inspector left the ward, followed by Matthew and the King of the Rats; my comrades in the convalescent ward assuring me I had behaved extremely well, and that I had risen several degrees in their estimation.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HERR FORBES—DOSE'S DISCHARGE.

SCENES similar to that just described, but more or less stormy, were of daily occurrence. The King of the Rats soon became the object of all sorts of railleries. Threatening letters were sent him hinting at his unfaithfulness to his wife, and innumerable annoyances of a similar character were invented to torment him. Matthew was one of the most spiteful fellows I have ever met with in my life; our treatment of him was, however, very uncertain, depending entirely upon the amount of favour shown him by Forbes.

As hospital-attendant, it was his duty to see that the relations and friends of the patients did not smuggle in prohibited provisions when they came to visit them. Matthew acquitted himself of this office of spy with consummate skill and zeal. He was actuated by more than one motive in denying the poor prisoners such little pleasures; for, in the first place, it really afforded him amusement to pain others; and, secondly, incredible as it may seem, he had in his own room a little store of forbidden articles of food and drink which he sold at exor-

bitant prices to those who could afford to pay ready money for such luxuries. One of his chief customers was the man with the bass voice, whose name was Forbes, called ironically by the King of the Rats "a three years' recruit." Irony and truth were oddly enough combined in this *soubriquet*.

Herr Forbes was the son of a well-to-do farmer, and his two elder brothers having completed their term of service, at length his turn came. But his father being too old to take an active part in his affairs, the entire management of the land devolved upon this youngest son, who was the most industrious of the family; he therefore entreated the magistrates to exempt him from military service, but in vain. So irritated was he by their refusal that he made a resolution to suffer anything rather than do any service; and this singular vow he had kept for nearly three years. The day he entered the barracks he reported himself ill and was sent to the hospital, from whence, however, he was soon dismissed as cured; he then remained in his own room, under the pretext that he was suffering from weakness in his legs, which prevented his walking or even standing upright. He was again examined and again declared quite sound; nevertheless, he maintained that he could *not* stand, and refused to leave his bed. Men were then ordered to take him out of bed and carry him down to the barrack-yard. As soon as they let go their hold of him Herr Forbes fell to the ground; they picked him up and carried

him back to his room, and from thence to the hospital, where he was narrowly watched day and night, but without any result, for he either *could* not walk, or he was acting his part so skilfully that it was impossible to detect the imposture.

On one occasion he was aroused out of a deep sleep in the middle of the night by cries of "Fire!" in the hope that he would jump up and save himself by flight. He awoke, calmly stretched out his hand for his crutches, which stood near him, and crept with difficulty out of bed. The physicians from all the hospitals in the town had had a consultation about him and declared his case to be quite inexplicable; if in their hearts they believed him to be an impostor, they did not say so. The head physician even went so far as to say in a report of his case that, although it was unaccountable and suspicious, yet in spite of the healthy appearance of the limbs he would not deny the possibility of such a weakness. Forbes had had the wit to procure a copy of this report, and as he was in no want of money he had exerted himself to the utmost to obtain his dismissal, but hitherto without success. Therefore he had, as I have already observed, lain in this way for nearly three years, and during that time had suffered a good deal. They put him at first on the third form, and although he had made every exertion to get put on the first form, he did not succeed until he had written two or three times to the Minister of War. He had even been confined

for several months in a room by himself; and it was this which at last induced his father to address a petition to the King, which produced a reprimand to the Inspector, resulting in a change in Forbes's position. The Inspector did his utmost to get rid of the man, maintaining that his presence was detrimental to the discipline of the hospital; and he had some grounds for this assertion, as all the foolish tricks which were perpetrated originated in the fertile brain of Forbes, who, as he lay day and night on his bed, had plenty of leisure to concoct them.

Thus one day, when the Inspector had brought the doctors to his bed-side for another examination, Forbes desired one of his brothers to bring him a little bag full of mice; these he managed to let out during the consultation, and then caused it to be inserted in the report that it was impossible for any one to recover in a hospital where the Inspector did nothing to relieve the patients from the annoyance of countless numbers of vermin.

My injured hand did not make very rapid progress towards recovery, but the pain I suffered from it was nothing to that caused by the silence of Count von R——, or rather of little Emily; and even from Dose I had not once heard. At last one morning about ten o'clock the door of the room was opened by the King of the Rats, and I shouted for joy as Dose entered. The poor man looked very solemn, even sad, and sat down with a heavy sigh by my bed-side.

“Why so downcast, dear Dose?” I inquired.  
“How does your consoler, poetry?”

“Oh!” he answered dejectedly, “it’s all up with the poetry. I have just ridden over the heath. Park batteries, powder-magazines, all are gone! It’s a perfect desert; even the ‘Lively Vivandière’ has taken down its sign-board! Ah me! this world’s all an empty show! The ‘Wet Swan’ is dry, and in the ‘Burning Match’ I have just left a party of twenty artillerymen, non-commissioned officers, &c., of the brigade, who are giving in their resignations, as they don’t wish to serve under a new Colonel, and they are applying for situations in the post, excise, and even in the gendarmerie, to which they think their long services have entitled them. I also,” added Dose, sighing, “have applied for an appointment, and, as I am one of the oldest, I expect to receive one amongst the first.”

“But, Dose,” I answered aghast, “what’s to become of me? Without you *I* cannot possibly remain in the service!”

Much moved, the long man laid his hand on my sound left arm and his eyelashes trembled suspiciously. “Ah,” said he, “my dear H——, if I were to remain we should not be long together; you are now a non-commissioned officer, and will soon, mark my words, be transferred to a foot battery; yes, to a foot battery!—the thought makes me shudder!—or, it may be, to a garrison battery!”



“ Oh,” I said, quite stunned, for the very idea was horrible, “ *I* in a garrison battery ! no, that shall *never* be !”

“ No insubordination,” returned Dose. “ You know the good Feind is not very well disposed towards you. Some fine day, when you are in C—— again, Captain Feind at roll-call will thrust his hand into his tunic and stamp on the ground with his foot, while the fat Sergeant Löffel will blandly read out to you that you are appointed to the garrison battery in G——. Farewell then to your black steed ! I also must part with my old chestnut which I have ridden for the last ten years !” As he said these words the old officer’s eyelashes quivered again.

Dose was evidently in a very melancholy mood, and as his prophecies of the garrison battery were, alas ! too likely to be fulfilled, I was terribly depressed.

“ As to your advancement,” continued Dose, “ that’s at an end. The good Colonel loved the untitled officers, and he had a heart and helped those to whom he wished well ; but goodness knows who we shall get now ! I much fear that next year the booth of the ‘ Herr Lieutenant Von ’ will do a splendid business. I read somewhere,” he added in a lugubrious tone of voice, “ an account of the funeral of an old Indian General ; his officers and subordinates quitted the army on his death and burnt themselves on his funeral pile. We cannot do so much

as this, but we *can* leave the army as a mark of esteem for our good old chief."

So saying, Dose rose from my bed-side and extended his hand to me. "Now, farewell!" said he; "we start early to-morrow morning, and I must return to Fettenweiden. The chalk-marks on the wall," he added, with a smile, "are all wiped off, but I should like to see them again, or even double the number, if that would alter things. Our hostess desired me to bear her greetings to you. *A propos* of that, there is some one else—oh! ha! you know who I mean!" he said, as I suddenly coloured up. "Now this some one has often come to see me and to ask how you are getting on, and the like; but yesterday and the day before I have not seen her."

"Indeed," I said pensively. Those words, "I have not seen her," troubled me, I knew not why.

"We shall meet in C——," added Dose; "till then, once more good-bye!" He stretched out his hand to me, and after I had taken a tender farewell of him, and embraced him as well as I could with my left arm, we parted like two old friends.

As I lay on my bed after his departure and thought over all that my old Corporal had said, I felt he had prophesied truly, but that he was much happier than I. *He* could leave the brigade at the moment when the retirement of the old Colonel and my probable removal had rendered military life distasteful to him. His prospects being good, he would

have no difficulty in getting an appointment; *I*, on the contrary, had no prospects, and it can easily be imagined that a life like this, from which all hope and ambition had vanished, would appear odious and unendurable to me. I found that none of the many plans I had formed would bear close inspection; all were, alas! impracticable and untenable. I had no fortune, my family had none, and though among my more distant relatives I had some cousins who might be called rich, heaven had blessed them with so numerous a progeny that, however sanguine my dreams might be, I could not expect much support from them.

A joyous and thoughtless life continued to reign in the convalescent ward. On the day Herr Forbes received his remittance, Matthew suddenly became the most courteous of men; he brought everything that was good, regardless of expense, and they caroused and made merry far into the night.

Still, as I heard nothing from Count von R——, a bitter feeling arose in my heart against even darling Emily. She might at least have thought how lonely and deserted I was here, and how acceptable any little sign that she remembered me would be. One morning, however, as I was thinking of her, and of that memorable evening when I took her to see the outposts, a well-known acquaintance—Count von R——'s gardener—entered, bearing a letter from his master.

I opened it hastily, and the Count, after condoling

with me on account of my accident, added these terrible words :—

“I am very sorry to be obliged to take leave of you in these few lines. Pressing business has hindered me hitherto from visiting you, and suddenly obliges me to leave to-day.”

I stared at the gardener, and at first could not collect my thoughts; the old man looked at me smilingly, and drew from his pocket a little bouquet of flowers, which he handed me.

“Yes,” said he, “this journey has been very suddenly decided on; the Count is going to South Germany, to take the young lady to her relations, who live in Heidelberg, and she will not return for the present. My young mistress has given me this bouquet as well as this little letter for you.”

I felt in the pocket of my hospital coat for a trifle to give the gardener, but he would not take anything, which, for some reasons, I was not sorry for. As he was evidently pressed for time, I took a bit of evergreen out of the bouquet of flowers, and, covering it with kisses before his eyes, gave it to him as my answer to the yet-unopened note of the young lady. I afterwards learnt that the good old man delivered my message faithfully. The note was as follows :—

“My uncle and I leave to-day, and I cannot see you again, for which I am *truly very* sorry.” The “truly” and “very” were underlined. “Farewell, then, and if you think of me as often as I shall think of this

year's 'manœuvre,' we shall neither of us forget the happy hours we have passed together.—EMILY.”

After reading the note I lay down, and, turning my face towards the wall, pretended to sleep ; but the traces which the note bore from that time proved that I was very differently engaged.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MOUSE-DIRT SOUP.

A FEW days after these events I received a letter with an official seal, which I broke hastily; it contained a document, signed by good old Von T——, granting me four weeks' leave. This paper was of great importance to me, and I treasured it up most carefully. It can easily be imagined that the fact of my having myself applied to the Colonel for leave would not increase the good feeling of Captain Feind for me. I also felt that I must be careful not to overstep the time named in the document, for if I returned an hour too late he was certain to put me under arrest.

The food we received in the hospital was never first-rate, but of late it had been extremely indifferent. The rations of meat consisted of scarcely anything but bone, the potatoes were specked and decayed, and—what was worse than all—the barley, oats, and rice were generally completely blackened by a large admixture of mouse-dirt. We had made many complaints, especially about this, to Matthew, the King of the Rats, and even once to the Inspector. The latter, however, as ex-captain of infantry, was

much too grand to pay any attention to the complaints of such insignificant persons as ourselves. What should we do? To whom should we carry our grievances? The Major *du jour* came twice a week to the hospital, and it was his duty to inspect the food and to go through the wards, in case there were any complaints to be heard, but nothing of the kind was done here. The Inspector knew well enough the days on which the officers would come, and as this visit always took place between ten and eleven o'clock a.m., it was a natural thing that a good *déjeuner à la fourchette* should be prepared for them, and thus without much trouble they could taste the food which was *not* cooked for us. The Inspector thus understood perfectly how to unite pleasure and duty, and the officers *du jour*, who never went beyond the limits of the Inspector's dwelling, could swear with a good conscience that they had found everything in the hospital in good order and of the very best description.

We had often resolved to complain of the food, and especially of the barley, with its disgusting admixture; but our designs were always frustrated, for the Major *du jour* never came as far as our ward. One day, having held a grand council on the subject, we decided that, if the officers did not come through the ward the next morning, one of us should go down into the court with a basin of barley soup, and put himself in their way, in order to display the horrible condition of our food in the presence of the

Inspector. A basinful of barley was hidden under a bed, with this aim in view, and I was chosen to be the bearer of the complaint against the Inspector of the Royal Hospital.

The next morning, at about ten o'clock, I took the basin from under the bed. The soup having become cold, a thick skin had formed over the top, the numerous black specks showing with good effect on the white surface. With this *corpus delicti* in my hand, I walked to the window of the vestibule, which led by several steps into the court, and waited for the appearance of the Major *du jour*. Towards eleven o'clock the bell rang, and, followed by another officer, in he stalked. My heart beat fast, and those who know that, in the military service it is no trifle to make a complaint against a superior officer, will not think less of me when I confess that I descended the stairs with slow and hesitating steps. My comrades from No. 20, who at first had watched me through the open door, now came out into the corridor, in order that they might watch the important event from the window.

The Major *du jour* had, as usual, received a report from the King of the Rats concerning the condition of the patients in hospital, and he now crossed the court towards the Inspector, who came to meet him, bowing and smiling. The two worthy gentlemen were well acquainted with each other, and, after shaking hands, the Major took the Inspector's arm, and they sauntered in a jovial manner into the well-



known little room on the ground-floor, where the breakfast was already served. I had placed myself behind one of the door-posts, and waited patiently with the bowl of soup in my hand. In half-an-hour the Inspector and the officers came out again. The face of the fat Major *du jour* was shining with satisfaction, caused by the excellent meal he had just made, the end of his nose and cheeks were tinged with red, and the thin Lieutenant who followed him had his mouth still full.

“My dear Major,” said the Inspector, “will you not like to see the kitchen, or the store-room?”

But the Major, with a wave of his hand, said,—

“Never mind *that*, Inspector; your cooking arrangements are excellent. Don’t you agree with me, Lieutenant?” he added, turning to the other officer. “Would not nice soup, such as the people receive in this house, and such as we have tasted, be fit for any table?”

“Yes, yes,” said the Lieutenant as he swallowed his last morsel.

At this moment, encouraged by the signs which my comrades made from the window of the corridor, I stepped up to the three gentlemen and presented to them my congealed soup. They looked up, and their astonished gaze fell upon me and the basin. At first they had no idea what it signified; the Inspector alone, having a foreboding of its meaning, became red in the face, and exclaimed,—

“Herr—r—r! what do you mean by this?”

“What I mean,” I replied very calmly, “is to enforce my rights. Will the Major be so good as to examine the condition of this barley soup?”

“No! this effrontery is *too* much!” roared the Inspector.

“The Major will permit me to inform him,” I continued, “that in spite of repeated representations, both to the hospital attendant and to the Inspector, we have been obliged for several days to eat food in this condition. I beg that the affair may be looked into.”

“Yes, gentlemen,” interrupted the Inspector, in a voice trembling with rage (and possibly with anxiety also), “there is some wicked plot underneath this. *I* know this man.”

I raised my bowl, and held it close under the Major’s nose.

“Well, certainly,” said the Lieutenant, “there’s some mouse-dirt in it!”

“Nonsense!” said the Major, “the Inspector is right. Young man, you had better take care; coming from you, this affair is a little suspicious.”

“Major,” said the Inspector, encouraged by these words, “I beg that the affair *may* may be inquired into.”

“When was this soup given out to you?” asked the Major.

“Yesterday, Major.”

“So, so! and where have you kept the soup?”

At this question I hesitated, but thought it was

above all wisest and best to speak the truth, and I said,—

“ Under my bed, Major.”

“ There !” cried the Inspector. “ My dear Major, you see their malice. *Can* I help mice being in the wards ?”

It had indeed struck me that my attack might be parried in this manner, and I was a little troubled by it, but I answered,—

“ We have never noticed mice in our room, and this soup came to us in its present state direct from the kitchen yesterday.”

But, oh heavens ! Fate had decided my ruin, and had chosen the hand of the innocent Lieutenant as her instrument. He had possessed himself of a little bit of wood, and was stirring up the soup with it, when at the bottom of the bowl he felt a resisting body, which excited his curiosity ; he brought it to the surface and it was—a mouse ! which in the night must have jumped into the bowl and been suffocated.

“ There, you see, my dear Major,” cried the Inspector, rubbing his hands. “ Treat men well and kindly as *I* have done, and this is your reward. Painful as it is to me, I *must* ask that this man may be punished !”

“ Yes, yes,” said the fat Major, who had turned away with horror from the sight of the dead mouse ; “ that *is* a little too much ! Let a report be drawn up about the affair. An example must be made of this man !”

“Permit me,” said the Lieutenant, putting his hand to his shako, “but, without implying any want of confidence in the Inspector, it will be necessary, in order to give more weight to the report, to take the evidence of some of the persons who have been in the same room with this young man.”

At this suggestion the Inspector cast an angry look at the Lieutenant; but the fat Major, who had no objection and did not see that the Lieutenant’s proposal was directed against the Inspector, agreed, and the whole commission of inquiry mounted the stairs.

All the heads disappeared precipitately from the window of the corridor, and my comrades had doubtless returned to their beds. We entered No. 20, and at the sight of the Major “du jour,” the Lieutenant, and the Inspector, they all jumped up with the exception of Forbes, who still lay quietly in his bed, and more than one face lengthened when they saw that an inquiry was set on foot here.

The Major took a chair, and the Inspector, taking off his forage-cap—a thing he had never done before in our ward, said, “The Major has come up in order to look into an affair which sounds so incredible that it can only be the result of malice. But as most of you are non-commissioned officers, volunteers, and privates of the Major’s battalion, he trusts all the more to your love of truth, and desires your evidence in this business.”

“Yes, indeed—yes, indeed,” said the Major; “it is

a very bad, malicious story! Any one of you who does not tell the truth, he—he'll know what's what! Aha!" and he turned to one of the patients. "Non-commissioned officer Knoll, you here! Then answer me: Have you for some days past received soup which could not be eaten? Hush! no one else must speak!"

Non-commissioned officer Knoll shrugged his shoulders at this address, and said, "It is quite true that for some days we have found some mouse-dirt in the soup, but—"

"But you have been able to eat it all the same? Have you eaten it, non-commissioned officer?"

"Most certainly I've eaten it," he answered.

"So, so," said the Major. "Who among you has *not* eaten his soup? I'll hear nothing else," he continued, making a sign to silence some who were going to speak. "Who of you has *not* eaten his soup for several days?"

To this question of course no one answered.

"Enough! my dear Inspector," said the Major; "we will put all this in the report. Non-commissioned officer Knoll admits that some dirt was found in the soup, but all agree that it was not uneatable."

The Lieutenant, during this one-sided examination, had stood quietly by and contented himself with shaking his head, having, no doubt, good reasons for keeping silence.

Herr Forbes, on the contrary, did *not* keep silence,

but, sitting up in bed, he demanded that his declaration should also be added to the report.

“Yes,” he said, in a voice loud enough to be heard in the four adjoining rooms; “yes; I say that the soup *was* uneatable! and if we *have* eaten it, it was because we had nothing else, and because, to all the other things we have to endure in the hospital, we will not add that of dying of hunger. The soup was as black as the bowl you have seen, and there is no malice hidden in this complaint. I shall, moreover, write a letter to the King and lay the whole case before him.”

The Major stared at Forbes with astonishment, and asked the Inspector who the man was.

With a shrug of his shoulders the ex-captain of infantry said he was an obstinate knave who had already spent several years in the hospital, and represented himself as an invalid in order that he might not be obliged to serve.

The Major then got up and, in the twofold dignity of Major *and* Major *du jour*, ordered the bass-voice to “hold his tongue”—a military expression of irresistible force, which at once puts an end to a discussion between an officer and a common soldier, further parley being impossible.

As the Major and the Inspector left No. 20, Herr Forbes began to abuse our comrades, and set their cowardice before them in such plain and forcible words that a general quarrel was the result, which I, as the person principally concerned, could hardly

appease. Herr Forbes called them "cringing foot-soldiers"—an expression which certainly was a little too strong, although they *had* deserved some rebuke.

At three o'clock I was summoned to the Inspector's house, and in the presence of an officer on duty he took down my deposition. This statement was so cleverly twisted and worded that I was represented as having been wanting in respect to my superiors, and as having in a particularly spiteful manner made a false accusation against the excellent administration of the hospital. Happily my comrades in the ward possessed sufficient honour and love of truth entirely to refute these miserable statements by their frank declarations; in short, this act of administration of justice was a masterpiece in its way, and when the Inspector and officer of the day had put their names to the report, I already saw in my mind's eye the Inspector of the prison standing before me and welcoming me to four or six days in the cells. Yes, if the Commandant of W—— had been my brother, *this* report would have obliged him to sentence me to a good term of imprisonment.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ESCAPE FROM HOSPITAL—ON LEAVE.

SUCH was the state of affairs when, the day following the drawing up of this *just* report, I received a letter from my guardian, the thickness of which, compared with the usual size of his notes, seemed to portend something good. And so it proved. Fate compensated me in the most brilliant manner for the execrable soup and the report caused by it. On opening the envelope, the first thing that fell out was a bank-note for fifty thalers; this was accompanied by the following wonderful letter:—

“MY DEAR BOY,—It really seems to me that you have more luck than understanding. I have heard from Count von R——, who passed through this place lately, of your promotion to the rank of non-commissioned officer; of the accident with your horse, and of the injury to your hand. By-the-bye, the Count’s charming niece spoke of you, and showed an interest in you which pleased me very much; this must be cultivated. But now to business: your cousin P—— has met with a great misfortune, which tends, however, to your advantage. As his son and daughter were



driving the other day (you know that he was always an imprudent youth), the horses ran away ; he was thrown from the carriage, and unfortunately died from the effects of the injuries he received. The girl, also, though still living, is so severely injured that she cannot recover. You know how rich your cousin P—— is. He always had rather a liking for you, and has regarded your follies with indulgence. He has written to me to ask if it would be possible for you to leave the army, as he wishes to adopt you. You see, my boy, this is no small piece of luck for you. Wandering about in fields and woods was always your delight, and you are by no means a bad shot, though I cannot forgive you for having on one occasion, when hunting with me at Ringsholy, wounded my Diana's right hind-leg. (N. B.—She is quite well again and has six puppies, which promise to be splendid dogs ; you shall have one of them.) To return to our subject, i. e. to business. You may imagine that I wrote immediately to the General of artillery, and asked for your discharge. I expect that when you get out of the hospital and arrive at C—— you will find it awaiting you. This will not particularly please your dear Captain Feind, I fancy. You must then come to me, and I will look after your outfit, for which your cousin P—— has sent a considerable sum. I should think that by this time you must be in a very ragged condition. Write immediately to your cousin P——, and do not be so lazy as you usually are about such things. Now,

good-bye, and do your best to get out of the hospital quickly.”

Those who have followed me in my adventures, especially through the latter part of them, can imagine what my feelings were on reading this epistle. I thought at first it was a dream, and not until I had read the letter several times could I convince myself of the reality of my good fortune. I knew Cousin P—— was very wealthy, and that he lived sometimes in town, sometimes on his country estate. As good luck would have it, this property where he best liked to be was situated in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg. I lay all day long on my bed, building the most beautiful and glorious castles in the air. It was indeed well that Fate had made up to me so richly for the injustice of the report. The King of the Rats used sometimes to say, “The Commandant does not joke!” and so it turned out; the Commandant took the affair in a most serious manner, and three days after the report had been sent in I was summoned to the Inspector’s office and informed that, on account of insubordinate conduct, and of having brought slanderous accusations against my superiors, I was condemned to eight days’ imprisonment. Eight days’ imprisonment! that was very severe. Those who remember my slight description of the cell, and who will *believe* that these philanthropic establishments are really a thousand times worse than I have described them, will have no difficulty in realizing that it would have relieved my feelings, in

my first burst of indignation and wrath, to have been able to make the Inspector swallow a bowlful of the disgusting soup. No slight punishment to *him*! I was to undergo these eight days' imprisonment here in W—— on leaving the hospital, and if I *must* be in prison, I preferred the one here, as the dreadful system of solitary confinement had not been introduced into it. I should also be out of the way of a lecture from Captain Feind, which otherwise I certainly should not escape.

Although I was in some measure comforted under this injustice by the brilliant prospect set before me in my guardian's letter, still eight days' arrest was no trifle, and I took counsel with Herr Forbes as to what I should do. He gave me some good advice, which I followed. My hand had now so far recovered that the bandages were removed, and the young doctor, with whom I was on very good terms, said that I might leave the hospital in a few days' time, or even to-day if I wished. The doctor lived in the establishment, and was a sociable, agreeable man. During my residence here I had paid him frequent visits, and made myself useful to him in many ways. I knew how to prepare very good blacking and ink, and, in spite of my wounded hand, had made some beautiful pipe-lighters for him. I also fed his birds, of which he had six, and to one of them (a bullfinch) I had taught part of the celebrated air, "So leben wir, so leben wir," and also Dessaner's march. In this way I had won his goodwill, and he had put me

on the "first class," and protected me so far as he could. The history of the soup had so much excited his anger against the Inspector, with whom he was never on the best of terms, that he promised to assist me as much as possible in carrying out Herr Forbes' plan.

The next morning I received a note from him, in which he authorized the King of the Rats to take my uniform out of the store-room—the state of my health requiring exercise and fresh air. In spite of objections raised by the "King" and the Inspector, the doctor held to his request, and I received my uniform and quitted the heavy atmosphere of the hospital for the pure air of heaven. It did indeed refresh me to walk about the town like a free man again. When I entered a coffee-house and saw my own reflection in a mirror, I perceived how pale I had become during my confinement. My next step was to go to a tailor's, and to buy a ready-made suit of plain clothes, which, however, I left at the shop, saying I would call for them the next morning. I then arranged with a carriage proprietor to have a conveyance ready for me at the gate of the town early the next morning. The reader will suppose from these secret preparations that I was contemplating nothing less than a flight from the royal hospital. And such was indeed my design. I returned to the hospital punctually at seven o'clock in the evening, and repaired to my friend the doctor. I found him occupied in preparing certificates for some patients who were to

leave the hospital the next day. Mine was among them, and the good doctor committed a small fraud on my behalf, and pretended that he had forgotten the Inspector's notice to the effect that at my dismissal I was to be considered a prisoner, and to be taken straight from the hospital to the prison. On this evening I received my certificate, and thought that all my difficulties were now happily removed, "for," I argued, "if I do leave the hospital in an irregular manner to avoid eight days' imprisonment, still I have the doctor's certificate of dismissal." True, I saw in the background the terrible countenance of Captain Feind greeting me on my arrival in C——, but my youthful thoughtlessness whispered, "What of that? Before your leave is expired, your cousin will have obtained your discharge." But man proposes, God disposes. As I entered No. 20, with the paper in my hand, the King of the Rats received me in his usual friendly manner.

"He, he, he!" said he with a sneer, "you have stopped out a long time. Herr non-commissioned Officer will leave us to-morrow, he, he! but *not on leave!* he, he! not on leave! will first spend eight days under arrest! It is a pity that we are not in C——. I should then have had the honour of the non-commissioned officer's visit."

I pushed the goblin aside in order to enter the ward, which only augmented his wrath.

"He, he, greenhorn! to push an old experienced

Sergeant on one side ! I'll report it to the Inspector. But now come with me, young gentleman, and give up your uniform. According to regulation, it must not be left one night in the ward."

Good heavens ! I had never thought of this. If I gave up my uniform I should have nothing to wear, and if I asked for it again early in the morning, the Inspector would take care that I should only don it in order to be led to prison in it.

This was a bad, bad business. At first I tried persuasion with the old King of the Rats, saying humbly,—

"But, dear Herr steward, why should you give yourself this trouble ? You know I shall want it again early to-morrow morning. If you will allow me, I will come down with you and we will drink a bottle of wine together before parting."

But he was inflexible, and I suspected that the Inspector was at the bottom of it, and that the Rat King was only obeying strict orders. I was obliged, therefore, to take off my uniform and deliver it up to him. Resuming my hospital dress, I betook myself disconsolately to Herr Forbes, and imparted to him my misfortune.

"Hem, hem !" said he, "it does sound bad, but having said A you must now say B, and you would rather run some risk, I suppose, than be shut up for eight days. I will tell you what to do. The gates of the town are opened at five o'clock in the morning. Get up at four, slip out into the garden in

your hospital dress—the wall is very low—and if it please heaven that no one sees you, go and knock up your tailor, take your carriage, and at five o'clock, by the help of Providence, drive out of the gates."

This was bold advice, and, as it seemed to me, very difficult to carry out. But I had so reckoned upon escaping the dreadful eight days' imprisonment, and upon going, instead, in a comfortable carriage to my sister's, with whom I contemplated spending my leave, that I could not make up my mind to relinquish the pleasant project. I pressed Herr Forbes' hand, hoped I should see him again, and determined to fly. It may easily be believed that I did not close my eyes that night; I counted every hour, and at three o'clock I got up, tied my few effects—a cigar-case and little Emily's flowers—in a handkerchief, and slipped noiselessly through the room. Every one was asleep except Herr Forbes, who gently raised himself and silently squeezed my hand. I stole out of the ward, went down the steps and through the court to the garden door. In passing the King of the Rat's room I heard him coughing violently. Ah! I am sure that at that moment the good man was dreaming that we were both at C——, that he was just leading me to the top story of the tower, and shutting me up for eight days with the shrieking owls. As I shut the garden door behind me I felt that nothing stood between myself and liberty but the wall. I had

not thought of the sentinel who made the round of the buildings during the night ; so my horror may be imagined when I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a loud "Halt ! who goes there ?" Happily I had sufficient presence of mind to answer very calmly that I could not sleep and wanted to get a little fresh air. As the rules did not say what a sentinel was to do in such a case, he let me pass, and I quietly continued my walk under the trees. Scarcely, however, had he vanished round the corner when I swung myself into the boughs of a nut-tree, from thence on to the wall, and sprang down into the street. Then I ran as fast as I could till I reached the houses, for the hospital stood in an open space, and I was afraid of being seen in my hospital dress by a patrol.

I soon reached the tailor's shop, and with great trouble aroused him out of his morning's sleep. When I had succeeded in doing so, his amazement at beholding me in such peculiar attire was great ; but the matter did not concern him, and he, being a sensible man, gave me my clothes. I paid him, and when I had packed up my hospital dress, and directed it to the King of the Rats, I took the parcel under my arm and went in pursuit of my coachman, who was more easily awakened.

By this time it was nearly five o'clock. The horses were put to, I left the parcel under the charge of the coachman's wife, got into the carriage and drove comfortably away.



I encouraged my charioteer by the promise of a good gratuity, and he urged on his horses so that, by the time the first rays of the sun gilded the mountain tops, we had reached the heath, the scene of our late practice. The wide plain lay before me, but all the busy life that was there a few weeks ago had vanished. No trace was left of encampments and bivouacs, except black heaps of ashes, sometimes isolated, sometimes in long lines. The taverns were no more, and their former positions were only indicated by a square patch on the ground which had been enclosed by the wooden walls, and trampled down by the feet of the guests. Here had stood the powder-sheds and the laboratories—on that spot we had built the battery by night: but of all these things only faint traces were left. Far away on the heath the butts still loomed, gleaming in the first rays of the sun, and recalling the many hot hours when we had had to scramble up to them to collect the balls that had fallen there. I pointed to all this as I drove by, enjoying a cigar.

Now I reached the spot where I had met with the accident, and soon after I came to Fettenweiden, and could not refrain from stopping to pay our hostess a fleeting visit. Ah, how many pleasant and painful memories were recalled by all these things! Our sleeping-closet, the door of which had been covered with marks traced by Dose's long fingers, but especially the count's park, the green gate of which stood open as usual! I walked pen-

sively under the trees whose leaves were already turning yellow and falling. There was the house, and there the round enclosure with the bath. The remembrance of the two happy evenings I had spent here was too painful to permit me long to linger. I broke two leaves from the jessamine bower and placed them by the withered bouquet which the gardener had brought me as a last greeting. Then I threw myself again into the carriage and drove out into the world. Towards four o'clock p.m. I reached the little town of D—, where I dismissed my carriage, and begged the coachman to be so good as to go to the hospital and give my compliments to the Inspector and the King of the Rats.

The next day I took the coach, and by the evening reached my sister's house. Here I passed a very pleasant and happy time, feeling like one who has been freed from both bodily and mental chains. I could now yield myself to the sweetness of this liberty, for the fetters which bound me to the army were about to be struck off.

At first the military life had certainly appeared brilliant and jolly enough, but it had little real merit, and therefore soon became insipid and wearisome to such a mind as mine happily was.

One day, however, in the midst of this happiness, by brother-in-law brought me a newspaper, and pointed out a paragraph which alarmed me not a little. I was there, clearly and distinctly designated as a deserter, to be pursued with warrants. I was

described most correctly, and, as a peculiar mark, it was mentioned that the little finger of my right hand was crooked. At the conclusion of this description, all authorities military and civil were requested to arrest the above-named H——, and to deliver him over to the Commandant of the 2nd mounted battery at C——. I therefore immediately presented myself before the Burgomaster of the town, with my certificate of leave in my hand, telling him who I was, and that I could only believe that the notice was caused by some very unpleasant error in the name. After he had examined my papers, and looked at my note of dismissal from the hospital, he said, laughing, that he must give notice at C—— that the advertised Non-commissioned officer H—— had reported himself to him ; “ but,” he added, “ make yourself easy ; you are not really in fault, and therefore the affair will not be followed up.”

In spite of this assurance of the good Burgomaster, something more *did* follow, for my excellent Captain Feind sent an order from the Commandant of the division, to the effect that Non-commissioned officer H—— was to be arrested immediately and sent to C——. This was a little too much, and, instead of allowing myself to return to garrison as a criminal, I determined to report myself ill. I had not looked well ever since leaving the hospital, and these last anxieties had affected me much, so that I had no difficulty in obtaining a sick certificate from the parish doctor who lived in the town. This was sent

instead of myself; so I was again saved for the time being. The days passed on in an agreeable and lively manner, with dances and theatres, varied by picnic parties, and I lived only in the present, and did not awake from my dream until I glanced one morning at my certificate of leave, and saw that I had already lingered three days over the allotted time. If I had not been quite decided already to quit the army, and had a real prospect of doing so, I should have been more punctual; but now the good opinion of my superiors was of no consequence to me, and I had a pretty certain hope that my discharge would have reached C——, and thus have put an end to all difficulties.

I tore myself away at last with great difficulty. I told the Burgomaster that I was starting for C——, and bade my sister farewell, with the joyful prospect of soon meeting again under happier and better auspices.

Then I took my seat in the diligence and arrived the same evening in C——.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SPECIES FACTI.

WALKING into the barracks and entering my room, I found my comrades assembled, and the apparition of a ghost could not have startled them more than my unexpected appearance. They had looked upon me as irretrievably lost, and as they all liked me, they showered a thousand little attentions upon me now ; in short, they treated me as one who was to be led to execution the next day. When I inquired after Dose, they told me that his application for employment had been immediately responded to, and about a week since he had been appointed conductor to the mail from B—— to R——. Many of the other artillerymen and non-commissioned officers were also missing, and I found that what Dose had told me in the hospital was quite true, for numbers of them had left the service, some entering the gendarmerie, and others finding employment in the Post or the Customs.

Early the next morning I reported myself to Sergeant Löffel, who at the sight of me rubbed his hands, as much as to say, "Aha ! we have you at last, young man !" With a heavy heart I went on my

way to Captain Feind, and reported myself to him also.

He was sitting on his sofa, attired in a flowered dressing-gown, drinking coffee, and smoking a pipe. On my entrance, a flush which augured ill for me overspread his face, but he controlled himself, and received my report quietly, only tapping a little on the floor with his foot.

“So it was illness which made you overstep the limits of your leave?” said Feind. “Hem! hem! Have you been to Sergeant Löffel?”

“At your service, Captain.”

“Very good, you may go.”

I made the correct turn, not a little surprised at my reception, and hardly knowing how to interpret it. My comrades also were greatly astonished when they saw me enter the room again, safe and free.

“Thank God,” I exclaimed in my innocence, “*that* business is happily over.”

At eleven o'clock I attended the roll-call as usual. Captain Feind arrived, strode along the ranks, and had wonderfully little fault to find. But when the roll-call was over, he suddenly called me to the front, and said to Sergeant Löffel, “Sergeant, take down the name of this non-commissioned officer, we'll make an example of him. Lieutenant L——,” he added, turning to that officer, “have the goodness to draw up a *species facti*. And you,” turning to me and invoking thunder and lightning to descend on my devoted head, “Herr—r—r, herr—r—r, you do

your best to turn your Captain and the whole brigade into derision! You desert from the hospital,—yes—*desert*, and then, instead of returning to your battery at the proper time, you overstep your leave by five days. Ah, herr—r! I'll be the destruction of you, as sure as my name is Captain Feind. It shall not be my fault if you keep your stripes! To the right turn! Dismiss!"

Feind cast one more terrible glance at me, and Sergeant Löffel taking me to his room, the drawing up of the *species facti* (or crime report) immediately commenced. I was very glad that Lieutenant L—— superintended the examination, for he was one of our best officers.

"He has got himself into a good mess," he said in his thick voice, "and he'll have some trouble in getting out of it. Now listen, Sergeant Löffel; we know the affair is bad enough, isn't it? but we won't make it worse than it is!"

The Sergeant bowed, with a very sinister smile, and the inquiry began. To the first question—why I had escaped from the hospital—I answered that it could not be called an *escape*, because I had my regular note of discharge, which lay before them; that in the morning, as I could not sleep, I had gone down into the garden and from thence passed into the street, where I quietly continued my walk. On my way I met a fly which was going towards T——; I hired it, and, calling for the clothes which I had previously ordered, I drove away.

The Lieutenant shook his head, and the Sergeant asked if I did not then know that I was sentenced to eight days' arrest on leaving the hospital. When I answered "Yes," the Lieutenant cast a dissatisfied glance at the Sergeant and shrugged his shoulders.

In answer to the question, why I had overstepped my leave, I referred to the medical certificate. With this the examination closed, the report was signed, and sent to the Commandant of the brigade. In the meantime I received a very kind note from my cousin P—, in which he said very much the same as my guardian had done. The latter, too, had twice written to me, and expressed his wonder that I had not received my discharge yet. My only hope now was in its arrival, for then I thought they could no longer detain me. Every day I inquired at the office of the division whether anything had come to hand concerning me, but in vain; my discharge came not.

About eight days after the departure of the *species facti* an answer to it arrived from the Commandant, which sentenced me to four weeks' arrest. The good Captain Feind wished me to add to this the eight days which I ought to have had in W—. But Lieutenant L— protested against this, for the Commandant knew of it, and had sentenced me to four weeks' arrest altogether, which could not now be arbitrarily changed to five weeks.



As it was of great importance now to gain time, it was necessary that I should fall ill, and it happened, by a fortunate or unfortunate accident, that my horse trod on my foot when I was in the stable, which obliged me to keep my room for two days. It is easy to imagine how eagerly I looked for an answer to my uncle's letter. But nothing came. I was declared sound again, and Captain Feind could wait no longer, and ordered that I should be taken to the prison the next morning. The post with the letters from the Commandant came in at eleven o'clock a.m., so I tried to delay my departure on all manner of pretences that I might not start before this hour. But in vain. I was at last obliged to put on an old faded prison uniform, and the artilleryman Lingsen, who was ordered to conduct me to No. 7½, came to fetch me. I was in an extremely bad temper, for the prospect of four weeks' imprisonment in cells is no joke. We sauntered through the streets as slowly as possible, but it was of no use; we came nearer and nearer to the horrible place.

Suddenly I heard, from a print-shop close by, a voice which sounded very familiar, and I perceived a tall, fine-looking man in plain clothes, eagerly talking to a Colonel of infantry.

"Oho!" said the tall man; "oho! Colonel; I tell you that portrait of our most gracious king is not a bit like him. I think I ought to know something about it."

We could not hear what the other answered, but our old Colonel von T——, now General on the retired list (for it was none other than he), spoke as loud in the print-shop as if he were commanding a brigade.

“You like the whiskers,” he said. “I assure you his most gracious Majesty never wore them so.”

We had stopped and were staring with astonishment into the shop, when he came out and instantly recognized us.

“Oho!” said he to the Colonel of infantry. “There are two of my brigade, and one looks as if he was on his way to prison. What! is it Non-commissioned Officer H—— again? Now, what have you been doing?” he added, turning to me.

“Ah, Colonel—pardon me, General I should say,—it is a very sad story.”

“So?” cried the old man, “but I hope you’ve done nothing dishonourable.”

When the artilleryman Lingsen assured him that this was not the case he calmed himself and said,—

“Well, then, come a little way with me and tell me all about it. I am never ashamed,” he added, turning to the infantry Colonel, “to be seen walking with my non-commissioned officers, even when on their way to prison. Now, let’s hear this sad story.”

I began with the fall with my horse, which the old general remembered very well; then I related

my experience in the hospital, and the old man laughed so immoderately at the history of the mouse-dirt soup that people in the street stood still, quite alarmed.

“Ho, ho!” he said, “I know the Inspector, I know him! Have had many such complaints to settle with him; but I have never had the inclination to trouble myself with the mouse-dirt except when it concerned my own people. And for them,” he added in a lower tone, “I can do no more. Now go on.”

I then related to him the history of my leave; that I had been ill; that a *species facti* had been drawn up, and that I had been condemned to four weeks' imprisonment. All this excited his anger, and he could not suppress a few maledictions on Captain Feind. The new Commandant of the brigade also came in for a side-cut, “That he should give four weeks' arrest without having thoroughly examined into the affair!”

When I further told him that I and many of my comrades no longer wished to remain in the service after his departure, and that on that account my guardian had applied for my discharge six weeks ago, and had not yet received any answer, in his anger he pressed his hat over his left ear, exclaiming,—

“Ah! I see; there's no longer any order in the command, but I'll see what I can do for you. Artilleryman Lingsen, I hope you will take care to report to your Captain that I took you and Non-

commissioned Officer H—— to the Commander of the division to speak about this affair.”

We followed him to the office, where all the clerks rose up, much pleased to see their old Colonel once more. The detachment clerk, who was a friend of mine, held out a paper to me as soon as he saw me, which after a hasty perusal I found, to my great joy, to be my discharge. This paper was dated six weeks back, and heaven only knows whose fault it was that it had not come to hand till to-day. I gave it to the Colonel, who took it with him into the next room, where he went to speak to the Major. When, after some time, he returned, an order was made out, by which my punishment was to be suspended till further notice. This was given to Lingsen, and we were dismissed.

I thanked old Von T—— heartily for his kindness; as I did so my eyes filled with tears, which quite affected the old man, who stretched out both hands to me. As though a word of command had been given, all the clerks left their desks in a moment and surrounded the General, eagerly seizing his hands.

“I beseech you, children,” he said in a trembling voice, “no more of this—no more of this!”

He tried to free himself, and when after a little trouble he had succeeded, he passed his hand across his eyes and wished the Major good morning. Then he turned once more to us, and said,—

“I shall leave C—— to-morrow and go to the

Oberrhein, and shall probably not see you again for some time. Meanwhile, farewell, and sometimes think of your old Colonel.”

At the last words his voice became so weak and trembling that we could not have recognized it as the same which had so often sworn and yelled at us. He descended the steps, and none of us, alas! ever saw him again, for he died a short time after in a little town of the Oberrhein, remembering to the last his faithful gunners.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FREEDOM.

As we went down the steps, the detachment clerk called after me to hint that it would neither be necessary nor well to say anything to Captain Feind of the arrival of my discharge, but merely to give him the paper which contained the Major's order for the suspension of my punishment. We arrived just in time for the roll, and saw Captain Feind in the distance, walking up and down before the battery with a well-satisfied smile on his face; he was probably thinking at the moment of my happiness in that charming prison, with the prospect of a four weeks' residence in the blissful abode. It is impossible to describe the furious look with which he received Lingsen and myself, and with which he read the Major's order. He stamped more violently than ever on the ground, gave an angry grunt, and thus addressed my companion,—

“Herr—r—r! when I send you to take some one to prison, what do you mean by running about the streets of the town seeking pardon for him? Confound you!”

“Captain,” answered the artilleryman firmly, “I

have not been running about the town after pardon ; I have only followed the request of a very worthy man, my late chief. But, Captain," he added sullenly, "I've served too long to allow myself to be treated like a recruit."

Though Lingsen was an extremely quiet man, he could, when unjustly treated, lose his temper completely.

"Artilleryman!" answered Feind, "hold your tongue, or I'll have a *species facti* drawn out about you."

"Do, Captain!" cried the artilleryman, "do ; but let it be signed by all my comrades. We'll explain to the authorities how we are treated by you. We are not dogs, and we'll *show* you that we are not!"

Captain Feind, white with rage, could only stammer out a few words as he laid his hand on his sword. But Lingsen stood quietly, I might almost say imposingly, before him, with his eyes fixed steadily on him.

"Sergeant Löffel!" exclaimed the captain, quite beside himself, "see that this man is immediately taken to the barrack-guard. He shall have a court-martial—yes, a court-martial!"

Feind thought these words would fill the artilleryman with consternation, and that he would make some apology for his conduct, for he wished for a pretext for moderating his anger. But when Lingsen said not a word, but merely shrugged his shoulders with a smile, Captain Feind completely lost all con-

trol over himself. He rushed on the artilleryman, and was just seizing him by the throat when Lieutenant L—— threw himself between them and ordered Lingsen to withdraw to the barracks. Then for a moment all the anger of the Captain was turned on myself, and the scene with the Artilleryman Lingsen would probably have been repeated with me, had not the Major's orderly appeared at this moment and handed Feind a paper, which he opened and read. It was my discharge, and with it the Major "informed the battery that on account of the discharge of Non-commissioned Officer H—— his punishment was cancelled."

Captain Feind, on receiving this news, which was certainly very unpalatable for him, behaved admirably.

"Now, thank God!" he said, turning to me and striking the paper with his hand, "we are rid of you! Such rebellious spirits are the ruin of a battery, and I must give you one last testimonial before the assembled battery, namely—*You have never been worth a charge of powder.* Go—"

The sentence ended inaudibly, but I could read from his expression that he commended me rather to hell than to heaven.

As I was no longer a soldier, I made him a low, polite bow, turned my back on the battery, and returned to my room. I experienced a strange feeling when I took my things to the uniform-room to restore them, and I remembered very distinctly



the morning when I was first presented to the quartermaster as a "red herring." Two years had passed since that time, during which I had seen much, and perhaps had also learned much.

I found the Artilleryman Lingsen in his room in great agitation. He would not let this affair with the Captain pass over in silence, and he *did* not, for he insisted that a *species facti* should be drawn up, to which several non-commissioned officers were induced to put their names. This was very unpleasant for Captain Feind; indeed, in about six weeks the General Commandant of the Artillery sent his answer to the *species facti*. Lingsen was sentenced to three days' confinement to barracks, and Captain Feind was removed to a distant garrison town, Lieutenant L—— being afterwards appointed to the command of the 2nd mounted battery.

As soon as I had wound up my affairs in C——, I packed up my things and took a place in the stage-coach. I had received two kind letters from my cousin P——, in which he expressed his impatience to see me. In one letter he told me that he knew a certain Count von R—— whom I had met at W——, and mentioned a niece who lived with the Count, and who often visited him with her uncle. My good cousin thought her a very charming girl, and that I should certainly be glad to make her more intimate acquaintance. He was not far wrong there!

I left C—— about two o'clock in the morning,

and reached B—— about five, where I had to wait an hour for the diligence which was to take me to the Rhine. Suddenly it occurred to me that here I might very likely meet my dear Dose, and scarcely had I begun to make inquiries about him, when I saw his tall figure emerge from the baggage warehouse. Wearing his conductor's uniform, with a gold buckle (denoting his military service), and by it the silver eagle, the badge of the mail service, with its chains of unusual size, Dose looked very imposing, and carried the sealed packet of letters with an air of great importance.

Recognizing me, he immediately advanced with long strides and embraced me most heartily with his left arm, which was at liberty. He told me that he was extremely happy, and assured me at the same time that he found scope for his poetical genius even in his present calling. He was already intimately acquainted with every stone and tree on the road along which he passed every day, and he added that now he had plenty of leisure to improve his mind by the study of instructive and useful literature. I related to him briefly what had happened since we parted, and he rejoiced sincerely in my good fortune.

The postillion now blew his horn; Dose opened the door of the coach, and invited the passengers to take their places from 1 to 6. Then he mounted, and I stretched out my hand once more to take perhaps a long farewell of him.

“By-the-bye,” he cried, suddenly drawing out his pocket-book, “I had nearly forgotten to tell you that I have just embarked in that kind of poetry called the ‘Sonnet;’ the subject of the one in hand is that of a man taking leave of a friend. The first line runs thus:—

“‘If I once more should meet you, my friend,’

—but,” said Feodor, “I want some rhymes to ‘friend.’ Suggest a few, I entreat you.”

“Ay,” I answered laughing, and recommended the poetical conductor to take “wend” and “spend.”

Dose hastily wrote down these two words.

“‘Blend,’” I cried again, as the postillion raised his whip over his head, and was in the act of letting it fall on the horses.

Yet again Dose stretched his hand out of the door, and begged me to find one more rhyme.

As the coach rolled slowly through the gate, I had just time to call after him,—

“Dear Dose, one rhyme which we have not had till now is—

“‘END.’”

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