

LOOKING FOR LOVE.

As a fisherman looks out over the bay
For a ship that comes from sea,
I look for my love from day to day,
But my love comes not to me.

Who is the maid that the finger of fate
Has given, and where lives she?
How long shall I linger and hope and wait
Before she will come to me?

Or have I no love, and shall I be blown
Like a lost boat out to sea?
No! Pleasure and peace shall be my own,
And my love shall come to me.

And when and where shall I know my doom?
In-doors, or where flowers grow?
Will the pear-trees all be white with bloom?
Or will they be white with snow?

Have I ever heard of your name in talk?
Or seen you a child at play?
Are you twenty yet, and where do you walk?
Is it near or far away?

Come, my love, while my heart's in the south,
While youth is about my ways;
I will run to meet you, and kiss your mouth,
And bless you for all my days!

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE FORTY-FOURTH ("THE TWO FOURS").

In 1799, when war was proclaimed with Spain, two regiments of marines were raised, and one of them was numbered the Forty-fourth. In 1741, during the war of the Austrian succession, seven additional infantry regiments were raised, and one of these, the Fifty-fifth, became in 1748, on the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the present Forty-fourth.

The Fifty-fifth, as it was at first called took part in the battle of Gladesmuir, during the rebellion of '45, when the Highlanders surprised and completely routed Sir John Cope's force, cutting down four hundred men and taking twelve hundred prisoners. The facings at this time were yellow, and the regimental color yellow silk.

In General Braddock's unfortunate march, in 1755, over the Alleghenies to attack Fort du Quebec, the Forty-fourth joined, Colonel Halkett in vain urging his brave but rash general to use Indian scouts, and to beware of ambushes. With only six hundred men, Braddock still pushed on, heedless of all remonstrance, and proudly contemptuous of his undisciplined enemies. In a place surrounded by woods, the Americans suddenly opened fire, and at the first discharge only twenty-two men of the advanced guard of the Forty-fourth, under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, were left standing.

In 1758, Major-General Abercromby was appointed colonel of the Forty-fourth regiment, and in 1758 it joined in the unsuccessful attack on Ticonderoga, when, by great rashness in not waiting for our artillery, we lost five hundred and fifty-one men. The regiment helped to take Fort Niagara in 1749, and took part in several engagements that led to the final conquest of Canada. It was engaged again in the American war, arriving in 1775 to reinforce the Boston troops under General Gage.

We find the flank companies of the gallant regiment next distinguishing themselves, in 1794, at the taking of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadeloupe; and the regiment itself formed part of the Duke of York's army in Holland. In 1798, it helped in the second capture of St. Lucia, and, subsequently, in the harassing pursuit of the runaway slaves and Caribs. In 1800, the regiment joined Abercromby's army at Malta, and sailed for Egypt.

When the Forty-fourth returned to England in 1801, there is a tradition that the flank companies were represented by two men alone, Sergeants Mackrell and Donaldson, who, in 1814, were promoted to commissions, and subsequently died as lieutenants in the regiment. In 1803, a second battalion was added to the Forty-fourth.

Colonel Burney, who served as a subaltern at the capture of Malta and Proclia, affords the following description of the uniform of the Forty-fourth, on his joining it in 1808. The officers wore large cocked-hats, leather breeches, and long boots above the knees, like dragoons, with powder and long tails, the curl of which was generally formed of some favorite lady's hair, no matter what the color might be. The evening dress was gray cloth tights, with Hessian boots and tassels in front. The facings of the coat were buttoned back, and every one was powdered and correctly dressed before sitting down to dinner. For duty, officers and men wore white cloth breeches, black cloth leggings or gaiters, with about twenty-five flat silver buttons to each, and a gorget, showing the officer was on duty. At Malta, as in other garrisons, officers for duty were regularly examined, that their buttons and swords were quite bright; if not they were turned back, and the one in waiting brought forward. Members of court-martial were sent back by the president if they had not their gorgets on, and their duty dress and hair properly powdered. To appear out of barracks without being in strict regimentals and swords, was never dreamt of. The poor soldiers ordered for duty were excused the adjutant's drill, as they took some hours to make themselves up to pass muster for all the examinations for guard-mounting, with pomatum (sometimes a

tallow candle), soap, and flour, particularly the men of flank companies, whose hair was turned up behind as stiff as a ramrod. The queues were doomed by general orders from the Horse Guards dated 20th of July, 1808. The officers wore flashes, made of black ribbon, instead of a tail, attached to the collar of the coat behind, to distinguish them as flankers. This costume has been for years preserved in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The second battalion of the Forty-fourth embarked for the Peninsular war in 1810, and at the siege of Cadiz supplied reinforcements for the fort at Matagorda. The Forty-fourth, then sailed for Lisbon and joined the army at the lines of Torres Vedras. They fought at Sabugal, and the light companies were actively engaged at Fuentes d'Onoro, where Captain Jessop commanded.

At the siege of Badajoz the Forty-fourth, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable George Carleton, was told off to make a false attack on the Pardaleras, and a real assault on the bastion of San Vincent. After breaking down the palisading and entering a ditch, the regiment was exposed to such a murderous fire of grape and musketry, that no ladder could possibly be raised. Lieutenant John Brooke at once sent Lieutenant Pierce to the reserve, and two companies were sent up under Captain John Cleland Guthrie, who, from the glacis, soon silenced the guns and musketry. The ladders were then raised, and the stormers entered, followed by the brigade, and the colors of the Forty-fourth were planted on the bastion. A bugler of the Forty-fourth sounding the advance, Lord Wellington, who was waiting anxiously for news, exclaimed, "There's an English bugle in the tower!" The Forty-fourth, on this occasion, lost two lieutenants, two sergeants, thirty-eight rank and file killed, and about a hundred men wounded. Of the light company alone above thirty men perished. Next morning Lieutenant Unthank was found in an embrasure dying. The chaplain of the division came up just in time to administer the sacrament to him as he rested on Lieutenant Pierce's knee. Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton had his jaw broken by a bullet, and Captain Jervoise died of his wounds. The word "Badajoz" on the regimental colors commemorates these services of the Forty-fourth.

At Salamanca the Forty-fourth were chosen to attack the enemy in front, and they took the eagle of the Sixty-second regiment. The French officer was just secreting the eagle under his gray great-coat, when Lieutenant Pierce made at him, assisted by several private soldiers of the Forty-fourth. A French soldier driving at Lieutenant Pierce with his fixed bayonet, was shot dead by Private Bill Murray, and Pierce divided twenty dollars among his four assistants. The Forty-fourth also took a French drum, which was kept as a trophy till the regiment embarked for the Mediterranean in 1848. Ensign Standley was killed, carrying one of the colors of the Forty-fourth. The regiment lost in this victory, Captain Berwick, Ensign Standley, and four rank and file, while twenty-two men were wounded.

In 1812, Wellington finding the second battalion of the Forty-fourth so reduced in numbers, formed it into four companies. The remaining six companies returned to England. They had earned in Spain the title of "The Little Fighting Fours," being small men and fond of blows.

In 1814, the second battalion, sent to Belgium in 1813, joined in the unfortunate attack on the strong fortress of Bergenop-Zoom. The Forty-fourth lost above forty men in this catastrophe. A soldier of the Forty-fourth, named McCullup, who had received nine hundred lashes within nine weeks, and on the night of the assault was a prisoner, begged to be released, saying he had never been out of fire when the regiment had been engaged since his joining, and although he knew he was a bad soldier in quarters, yet he was a good one in the field. The man had his wish, and being an excellent shot, managed to kill the first nine sentries that were met with; he was killed, however, during the night.

At Waterloo the Forty-fourth (with Pack's brigade) performed one of the bravest feats ever executed by British soldiers; being suddenly assailed by lancers in rear when already engaged in front, and having no time to form square, they actually received the cavalry in line and defeated it, as Alison proudly records, by one single well-directed volley of the rear ranks, who faced about for that purpose. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton knew his men well, or he would hardly have risked such a desperate measure. A French lancer, says Mr. T. Carter, gallantly charged at the colors, and severely wounded Ensign Christie, who carried one of them, by a thrust of his lance, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the lower jaw. The Frenchman then endeavored to seize the standard; but the brave Christie, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, with a presence of mind almost unequalled, flung himself upon the flag, not to save himself, but to preserve the honor of the regiment. As the color fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off a portion of the silk with the point of his lance; but he was not permitted to bear the fragments beyond the ranks. Both shot and bayoneted by the nearest of the soldiers of the Forty-fourth, he was borne to the earth, paying with the sacrifice of his life for his display of unavailing bravery.

Captain Burney of the Forty-fourth, in his narrative of the battle, says, "The French were in line, with skirmishers in the fields of rye, which was about five feet high. We advanced with the light company extended, but finding that the French had the advantage of seeing us, and picking off many, Colonel Hamerton called them in, and file-firing commenced from each

company, to clear the rye as we advanced. After several movements the Forty-fourth were detached at double quick to a rising ground, where we found the French cavalry had driven our artillerymen from their guns, and had taken possession of, but could not move them, as the horses were gone; many of our artillerymen were sheltered under the guns. We were in quarter-distance column, and soon put our men in charge of their guns again. A German regiment then came up, and the Forty-fourth rejoined their brigade. Soon afterwards the division was in line on the plain; the roar of artillery was awful. The French cavalry repeatedly charged, and we formed squares; on the third occasion I was wounded." Captain Burney was then carried to the rear, wounded in the head and leg. A bullet was soon after extracted from his head, without which operation the doctors agreed he would have died mad.

A repeater watch was taken on the 13th at Waterloo, by Ensign Dunlevie, of the Forty-fourth. When the regiment had reformed line from square, a French cavalry officer found himself the sole representative of his squadron, and hemmed in between two lines of our troops. Whereupon he threw off his helmet, disguised himself in his cloak, and, being splendidly mounted, charged the rear centre of the Forty-fourth (first line), making a great grasp at the colors. The sergeants called out, "Here is a staff officer, open out!" on this, Ensign Dunlevie—who held one of the colors (and which the French officer made a snap at as he rode through)—stabbed the horse in the stomach; the animal staggered and fell about twenty yards in front. Dunlevie and two soldiers hastened on, and the Frenchman was bayoneted whilst disengaging himself, pistol in hand, from his saddle. His watch and gold chain fell into their hands, and were afterwards purchased by Lieutenant-Colonel Burney for thirty napoleons. Ensign Dunlevie subsequently took this repeater to a watchmaker in the Palais Royal, who recognised it, and at once claimed it and locked it up, only half the purchase money having been paid. There being an order from the duke not to dispute with Frenchmen, Dunlevie quietly asked the man to let him compare the watch with his time, and on gaining possession of it put it in his pocket, and with a polite "Bon jour," walked away. On the 18th of June the Forty-fourth had fourteen killed, and one hundred and fifty-one wounded. Lieutenant Tomkins and Ensign Cooke were killed. The second battalion was disbanded soon after Waterloo.

In 1825, the Forty-fourth had an active share in the Burmese war. In 1841, shortly before the breaking out of the Afghan war, the regimental strength consisted of twenty-five officers, thirty-five sergeants, fourteen drummers, and six hundred and thirty-five rank and file, nearly all of whom were destined to perish in the ravines of Afghanistan. On the 2nd of November, 1841, the storm broke out at Cabul, and our political agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and Lieutenant Broadfoot, perished in their burning house. In a repulsed attack on the Rika Basher Fort, Lieutenant-Colonel Mackrell was sabred, and Captain McCrea, of the Forty-fourth, cut to pieces. The treacherous assassination of the British envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, was followed, on the 5th of February, 1842, by the retreat from Cabul of four thousand five hundred English soldiers, with about three times that number of camp followers, women, and children. Heavy snow had fallen, and the Afghans were in full pursuit. At the Little Cabul Pass confusion, slaughter, and plunder began. The Sepoys were so benumbed with cold that the Afghans wrested their firelocks from them in many instances without resistance. Whenever a European fell the mountaineers chopped him up with their large knives, as if he had been a dead sheep. Once the Forty-fourth charged, and drove the Afghans gallantly back, bayoneting many, but the relentless pursuit still continued. The road was strewn with dead. At the Tezeen Pass there was more fighting, but Brigadier-General Shelton halted the Forty-fourth, and averted immediate destruction. Here fell Major Scott, Captain Leighton, and Lieutenant White of the Forty-fourth. At barriers thrown up near Jugdulluck, many of the Forty-fourth were killed. The officers slain here and in the Pass were Lieutenants William Henry Dodgin and Francis Montessor Wade, Paymaster Thomas Bourke, Quarter-master Richard R. Halahan, and Surgeon John Harcourt.

Paymaster Bourke, says Mr. Carter, had been nearly forty years in the service, which he entered as paymaster in 1804. He had joined the Forty-fourth in 1823, and served with the regiment in Arracan. Some of the officers of the avenging army recognized the remains of the poor old man, from there being a small portion of his silvery grey hair still adhering to the skull. Many valuable papers were lost with his effects; the funds of the regiment, which were unusually flourishing, were in his hands, and some of them were altogether lost. What appeared to be a piece of dirty paper was picked up in the Tezeen valley, and proved to be an order for three hundred pounds, belonging to the officers' mess-fund. The amount was recovered by the regiment.

Quarter-master Halahan had been lieutenant in the Eightieth regiment, but was placed on half-pay on the reduction of the army in 1817. He was appointed Quarter-master of the Forty-fourth in 1822, and served with the regiment in Arracan. He was of great strength, and was known to be the most powerful man in the regiment. He carried a musket from Cabul, and fought with the ranks, killing many of the enemy. He fell while crossing the barrier in

the Jugdulluck Pass, and had been wounded at Cabul, at the Commissariat Fort.

Lieutenant Dodgin had lost a leg near Peshawur, when on the march to Cabul, in the following unlucky manner. He was at tiffin in his tent with Quarter-master Halahan, when a cry was raised in the camp of "a man running a-muck." Dodgin stepped out to see, and it turned out to be a Syce he had discharged that morning, who was making straight for the tent, brandishing a sword as sharp as a razor. Dodgin called to Halahan, who came out with a thick stick and felled the man lifeless with a single blow, but not in time, however, to aid poor Dodgin, who, in attempting to step out of the fellow's way, stumbled over a tent rope, and received from him so severe a wound as to occasion amputation of the leg. He was also killed at the barrier in the Jugdulluck Pass.

"Shortly after daylight on the 13th of January," says the regimental biographer, "the exhausted survivors found their progress arrested by a numerous body of horse and foot, in a strong position across the road, whereupon they ascended a height on their left hand, and, reaching the top, waved a handkerchief; some of the Afghans then came to them, and agreed that Major Griffiths (Thirty-seventh Native Infantry) should proceed to the Chief of Gundamak to make terms; whilst he was gone, a few of them gave the men some bread, and possibly gaining confidence from this, the enemy yielded to their usual propensity to plunder, and endeavored to snatch the arms out of the soldiers' hands, when an officer exclaimed, 'Here is treachery!' words came to blows. The Afghans were instantly driven down the hill; firing was then recommenced and continued for nearly two hours, during which these heroic few kept the enemy at bay, till their numbers being reduced to about twenty, and their ammunition expended, the Afghans rushed in suddenly with their knives. An awful scene ensued, and ended in the massacre of all except Lieutenant Thomas Alexander Souter, Lance-Sergeant Alexander Fair, six soldiers of the Forty-fourth, three artillerymen, and Major Griffiths, Thirty-seventh Native Infantry, whose lives the Afghans, with unwonted humanity, spared. In this last struggle Lieutenant Thomas Collins, Arthur Hogg, Edward Sandford Cumberland, Samuel Swinton, and Doctor William Primrose, assistant-surgeon, all of the ill-fated Forty-fourth, were killed."

Of the one hundred and two officers killed at Cabul and in the retreat, twenty-two belonged to the Forty-fourth. Of six hundred and eighty-four men of the Forty-fourth, six hundred and fifty-eight perished, nine were prisoners, seventeen survived the last brave stand at Gundamak, and of these fourteen died in captivity.

In one of the last fights Lieutenant Souter, seeing the peril, tore the regimental colors from the staff, and wrapped them round his body. The Queen's color Lieutenant Cumberland handed to Color-Sergeant Patrick Carey, who wrapped it round him; but Carey was killed, and the color never seen again. The first color was more lucky. Lieutenant Souter, in a letter to his wife, from his captivity near Sughman, in the hills, not many miles from Jellalabad, thus wrote: "In the conflict my postern flew open and exposed the color. They thought I was some great man, looking so flash. I was seized by two fellows (after my sword had dropped from my hand by a severe cut in the shoulder, and my pistols had missed fire); they hurried me to a distance, took my clothes from off me except my trousers and cap, led me away to a village by command of some horsemen that were on the road, and I was made over to the head man of the village, who treated me well, and had my wound attended to. Here I remained a month, seeing occasionally a couple of men of my regiment who were detained in an adjoining village. At the end of a month I was handed over to Akbar Khan, and joined the ladies and the other officers at Sughman. I lost everything I possessed..... My wound, which is from my right shoulder a long way down my blade-bone, is an ugly one, but it is quite healed. The cut was made through a sheepskin postern, under which the color was concealed, lying over my right shoulder, that thick Petersham coat I used to wear at Kurmah, a flannel and shirt. I then threw my pistol upon the ground, and gave myself up to be butchered. The man I tried to shoot seized me, assisted by his son-in-law, and dragged me down the hill; then took my clothes, the color, and my money. I was eventually walked off to a village two miles away. This same man and his son-in-law, whose names are Meer Jaud, came afterwards to the village where I was, with my telescope, to get me to show them how to use it. Afterwards the son-in-law and I became thick; he brought me back the color (though divested of the tassels and most of the tinsel) to my agreeable surprise."

Both the colors had for some years been mere bundles of ribbons, and the color thus saved was eventually placed in the church of Alverstoke, Hants. Colonel Shelton was killed in 1846, by a fall from his horse in the square of Richmond Barracks, Dublin.

In 1854, when the Forty-fourth embarked at Varna for the Crimean war, the regiment's strength was thirty officers and eight hundred and ninety-nine men of all ranks. After the battle of the Alma, Doctor James Thomas, of the Forty-fourth, and Private Magrath, a soldier servant, for four or five days volunteered to remain behind and alleviate the sufferings of seven hundred wounded Russians; subsequently the doctor took three hundred and forty of them to Odessa, and died on his return to Balaklava, of cholera, a victim to his generous exertions. The