

## REGIMENTAL SOUBRIQUETS.

Most of the regiments of the British army possesses one or more soubriquets or nicknames, the origins of which are both curious and amusing. A few of these are derived from the colour of the men's clothing or facings, occasionally combined with the name of some gentleman, once an officer in the corps. Thus, the 5th Dragoon Guards took the name of the "Green Horse," and the 7th Hussars the "Black Horse," from the dark colour of their clothing; while the Royal Horse Guards are known as the "Oxford Blues," the first part of the name originating from Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who commanded the regiment on its formation in 1661. The 4th Foot are "Barrell's Blues," after Colonel W. Barrell; and the 19th and 24th Foot, the "Green Howards," and "Howara's Greens," from the colour of their facings, combined with the names of their respective colonels—the Hon. C. Howard, and Thomas Howara. In like manner, the 34th, 36th, 39th, 53rd, 57th, and 97th Foot were, from their different facings, respectively called the "Orange Lilies," "Saucy Greens," "Green Linnets," "Brickdusts," "Lilywhites," and "Celestials"—the facings of the last corps being sky-blue. Several regiments have taken the names of their commanding officers without the addition of a colour. The 8th Hussars, or King's Royal Irish, named after Colonel R. St. George, the "St. Georges," and the 83rd Foot, or "Fitch's Grenadiers," are instances of this kind. Other regimental nicknames from puns or *bon mots* on the number or name of the regiment. Thus, the 40th Foot are "XLers" (Excellers); and the 51st the "Kolis," that word being formed of the initial letters of the words which compose their second title—King's Own Light Infantry. The badge, motto, regimental colours, and the national war-cry of the men have given soubriquets to different corps. Thus, the 77th are the "Pothooks," from the figure 7; the 78th (the regiment which performed such prodigies of valour during the Indian Mutiny), the "King's Men," from their motto, "Cludichin Rhi—Help the King;" the 17th and 65th, "The Bengal Tigers" and "Royal Tigers," from their badges—a tiger; and the 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, the "Old Fogs," from their war-cry, "Fag-au-Bealach!" (pronounced *Faug-a-bollagh*.) "Clear the Way!"—this, it is said, having been the old shout in a faction-fight of the Munster and Connaught men, who furnished the ranks of the regiment. This regiment was originally known as "Keith's Highlanders," and afterwards as the "Prince of Wales's Irish." The particular district in which a regiment was raised, or the country in which it has more particularly served, has given their names to various corps. As instances of this may be mentioned the 74th, or "Assaye Regiment;" the 76th, or "Hindustan Regiment," also known as the "Seven and Sixpennies;" the 23rd (a Welsh regiment), or "Nanny Goats" and "Royal Goats;" the 25th (King's Own Borders—raised in Scotland), or "Botherers;" the 45th, or "Sherwood Foresters," the regiment having been principally raised in Nottinghamshire; and the 47th, or "Lancashire Lads" (also known as the "Cauliflowers.") The 45th is also known as the "Old Stubborns," from its determination and pluck in the many severe actions in which it has been engaged. Some sixty years ago, the Life Guards obtained the rather unpleasant soubriquet of the "Piccadilly Butchers." In 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, member for Westminster, declared, in a letter to his constituents, that the House of Commons had exercised their powers illegally, by committing to Newgate one John Gale Jones, for being concerned in the production of a libellous pamphlet. The publication of this letter was considered a breach of privilege, and a warrant was issued for the commitment of Sir Francis to the Tower. He barricaded his house in Piccadilly for two days, but ultimately, on April 9, the sergeant-at-arms, accompanied by police-officers and a military force, obtained an entrance, and succeeded in conveying him to the Tower. In the riots that ensued in consequence of his imprisonment, the military were attacked by the people, and, in defence of themselves the Life Guards charged the mob, shooting one man, and several others. From this affair they obtained the above title. Windham, in his "Diary," refers to the occurrence, and says "Found Life Guards hunted by and hunting the mob; good deal of disturbance."

A very valuable lesson may be derived from a comparison between the efficiency of the German fire in actual warfare in the field and at the practising range in time of peace. The proportion of the former to the latter is 1 to 33 for the infantry, and 1 to 28 for the artillery. The Germans are considered to be very fairly steady in action, and have certainly given proofs that they can fight well; and yet 97 per cent. of the efficiency of their infantry fire, and a little more than 96 per cent. of that of their artillery, are lost through the fatigue, heat, and excitement of the real struggle. The conclusion to be drawn from these numbers is self-evident—namely, that any system of discipline and exercise which will increase the coolness and steadiness of troops under fire will do more to raise the efficiency of an army than the most wonderful mechanical inventions, or rather that one of the most important advantages of the latter is the self-confidence which they inspire. It might be possible to accustom troops to aiming well under disadvantageous circumstances by subjecting them to annoyances and nervous excitement produced by artificial means, though, of course, without danger to life or limb. It would be strictly forbidden that any man should look behind him, under penalty of extra drill and the cancelling of his score. Nothing more could be attempted than a very distant approximation to the distractions of a battle, but some such plan might perhaps teach the men to keep their faculties cooler and more collected, so their nerves steadier when the real trial came, and that the 97 per cent. of the effects of the fire now lost would be reduced.

An officer of Inland Revenue, hearing that a number of masqueraders were to appear at the Glasgow fancy dress ball in the powdered head-dresses of by-gone centuries, obtained admittance to the ball-room when the festivity was at its height, and "took down" the names of the most conspicuous of the gallants who were footing it to stately measure in happy ignorance of the fact that "a chiel was amang them takin' notes," of which good use would be made at another time. They will certainly be very much astonished when they receive their summonses to attend the Justice of the Peace Court, and answer a charge of having contravened one of the oldest statutes in existence. In the course of next week these summonses will be issued, surcharging the masqueraders with double duty for having worn powdered wigs without obtaining a licence in that behalf.

A rather curious result is obtained by comparing the effects of infantry fire during the two last wars with the numbers resting on analogous investigations before the introduction of the modern improvements. Thus in the early part of this century, when European infantry used to blaze away at each other with smooth-bore muzzle-loaders at a distance of 150 yards, the usual calculation was that one ball hit in 160, or about six per 1,000. When the worst breech-loaders were opposed to the best muzzle-loaders, as in 1866, the effects of the former rose just 150 per cent., as instead of six, the hits then became 15 per 1,000. As soon, however, as breech-loader met breech-loader, as in the Franco-German war, the hits fell back to the same point at which they had stood in the days of Brown Bess and her sisters, or six per 1,000. From this it would appear that, great as has been the revolution which the improved arms have introduced into the whole character of modern tactics, the actual amount of destruction, as far as infantry fire is concerned, is very much the same as it was 60 years ago.

Of all the sensational performances of the present day, that of the Prussian Hercules, Herr Holtum, at the Holborn Amphitheatre, is described as the most striking. There have been many performers of the gun trick, but the cannon of Herr Holtum is not a trick, but a reality. A siege gun, drawn into the arena by two horses, is loaded by an artilleryman, and in sight of the audience a cannon ball of twenty pounds weight is inserted. Then Herr Holtum walks to the opposite side, and standing face to the muzzle, gives the word of command, "Fire!" and sure enough, after a flash and a boom which shakes the building, the cannon ball is caught by the Prussian Hercules. On one occasion—either through some slight error in the management of the gun, or owing to the charge of powder being too great—the cannon ball passed over Herr Holtum's head instead of into his hands; and, as if to prove that "there was really no deception," carried away a portion of one of the pilasters.

It is said that recently a sporting clerk handed the wrong paper to the curate to announce the singing of a new anthem. The unfortunate occurrence commenced thus:—"Jerry," when, feeling annoyed at the leader of the choir for writing so briefly and irreverently, the curate added: "The words of the anthem are from the book of Jeremiah!" With another glance at the paper, he proceeded hurriedly in the manner of one wanting to get rapidly through some formal business—"3 to 1 taken—ahem! From the 2nd to the 3rd verses are taken. 'Fifth heat, 35 yards start'—ahem!" Fortunately for the reverend gentleman, at that moment the choir started with a grand burst, and he sank to his seat utterly appalled by the discovery that his unlucky clerk had handed to him a wrong paper, and instead of the words of the anthem he had been announcing to a remarkably attentive congregation several of the particulars connected with a forthcoming race, in which one of the competitors was the clerk's dog Jerry.

One night, when Carlotta Patti was in Brooklyn, she sang with Ferranti. Just as the buffo singer was leading her out the door to the platform, some one in the room behind him cried out that he had burst his coat at the seam in the back. It was too late to recede, for the audience had seen him, and the two singers advanced to the foot-lights. But the knowledge of the mishap took all the humour out of Ferranti, and the duet, which was sung in Italian, was so dolefully devoid of the usual humour that Patti noticed it before they were half through, and dropping the text of the song, she fitted the following words to it in Italian:

"What is the matter with you to-night? I don't understand your nervousness. Nobody laughs at you."

Whereupon Ferranti, in mellifluous baritone and equally mellifluous Italian, responded:

"By the virgin, I have burst my coat. Everybody will laugh when I am going off."

At this unexpected interchange of public feelings, Max Maretzek and his orchestra began to laugh immediately. Then the people in the front seats, seeing the orchestra and the artists laughing, joined themselves, and the merriment presently broke out in applause all over the house.

"Ah," said one of the Brooklyn papers, "there is always something majestic in Ferranti's singing that song. People burst into sympathetic laughter without being able to tell why."

M. Alexandre Dumas fils, in a new semi-political letter ("Deuxième lettre sur les choses du jour"), complains of the little estimation—or rather contempt—in which authors, and especially dramatic authors, are held in France. Dramatic authors are, he says, with actors and dogs, "les seuls êtres que les autres hommes se soient arrogé le droit de siffler; seulement quand on siffle les chiens c'est pour qu'ils viennent; quand on siffle les autres c'est pour qu'ils s'en aillent." "Other countries," he adds, with a modesty which will be appreciated by the whole French nation, "would perhaps treat their men of letters in the same way if they had any men of letters; but they have none. On France falls the duty of feeding the entire world with literature." This is amusing enough from an author of whose numerous dramatic works not one has ever been represented in England, and of whose novels the only one that has been translated is not to be found in the shop of any respectable publisher. The knowledge of foreign literature possessed by M. Alexandre Dumas fils seems to be on a par with the knowledge of foreign languages possessed by M. Alexandre Dumas père; who, having noticed that in the English language there were a good many words of French aspect, wrote this memorable phrase:—"English is only French badly pronounced."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

M. Leouzon-Leduc, in his "Mémoires d'Alexandre II," relates a curious incident in the life of the present Emperor of Russia. One day the late Emperor Nicolas, hearing a great noise in the room in the Winter Palace where his children were playing, went in to see what was the matter. He found Constantine holding down his brother Alexander by both knees, and pulling with all his strength at the knot of a cravat which he had tied round Alexander's throat. Alexander, who was nearly throttled, was begging for mercy, and his father only came just in time to save him. On being asked the meaning of this strange scene, Constantine explained to his father that they were re-enacting a well-known event in Russian history—the assassination of the Emperor Paul I. Constantine was put under arrest for having attempted to strangle the Czarewitch, and Alexander was sent to prison because he cried for mercy.

## A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

*In the Life of a Young Lady, Aged Two.*

There was a little girl,  
Who had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good,  
She was very, very good,  
But when she was bad, she was horrid!

She went upstairs,  
While her parents, unawares,  
In the kitchen were occupied at meals;  
And she stood upon her head,  
On her little truckle bed,  
And there began hooraying with her heels!

Her mother heard the noise,  
And thought it was the boys  
A playin' in the back attic;  
So up she creep'd,  
Then in she peep'd,  
Then slapped her most emphatic.

## VARIETIES.

An old lady, writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying deacon to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling reply.

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keeferful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on washday without grumbling."

A candidate for constable, on the temperance ticket, in an interior city of Massachusetts, ruined his reputation for sobriety and his chances for political promotion, by attempting to step on a load of hay, which he took for a street car.

An Iowa merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail: "You said you are holding my note yet. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

A Western paper speaks of the house cleaning season as that when woman has her own way at the house while the "old man" takes his solemn repast from the top of the flour barrel and in sleeping enjoys the freedom of the interval between his bed-room and the front fence. It is a season of meditation, whitewash, and calm unimpassioned profanity.

The Paris journals are joking at Trochu with the word "sortie." One of them says the General got out of a railway carriage and was going to leave by the wrong gate, when an official respectfully remarked, "This way, General, for the sortie," upon which the distinguished soldier, horrified at the reminiscences of Paris, jumped into the carriage again and sped on his way.

An old lady, slightly blind, while engaged in a futile attempt to sew buttons on young Augustus's new jacket, remarked: "Drat these buttons! I can't find the holes, and they split to pieces every time I stick the needle into 'em." To which replied young Augustus: "Now, look 'ere, Granny! you just let my peppermint drops alone. You've split mor'n half of 'em already."

The Attorney-General, in his speech in the Tichborne case, after quoting the familiar passage in Macbeth—

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'"

Like the poor cat i' the adage,"

said, "I have never yet been able to make out what that adage was." A correspondent tells him that a solution of the difficulty is to be found in Staunton's "Shakespeare," vol. iii., p. 480, where the note on the passage is as follows:—"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas;" or, as it is rendered in "Heywood's Proverbs," 1566—"The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

Samuel Harriman, of St. Croix, Wis., retired from military life with a brevet brigadiership. "Good-bye, general," were the parting words of his old comrades in the army. "How are you, colonel?" was the salutation on reaching Wisconsin. As he approached home, this began to come down to "How d'ye do, captain?" and finally, when he came among the boys at home, he was greeted with "Hallo, Sam; got back again?"

Gibbon, the historian, was short in stature, and very fat. One day, being alone with the beautiful Madame de Cronzas, he dropped on his knees before her, and made a declaration of love in the most eloquent terms. The lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you rise." "Alas, madame," faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

A gentleman of something over forty years of age, by the name of Page, found a young lady's glove and handed it to her, saying:

"If from the glove you take the letter G,  
The glove is love, and that I give to thee."

Her answer was:

"If from the Page you take the letter P,  
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

A day or two since, a man not over and above familiar with the dark ways of telegraphing, went into one of the offices in this city with a dispatch, which he insisted on having sent off immediately. The operator accommodated him, and then hung the dispatch on a hook. The man hung around some time, evidently unsatisfied. At last his patience was exhausted, and he belched out: "Ain't you going to send that dispatch?" The operator politely informed him that he had sent it. "No yer aint," replied the indignant man; "there it is now on the hook."—*Commercial*, Bangor.