

cluding the Twelfth) from the left to the main point of attack, where our troops were fatigued and much harassed. At this juncture Bulow's two brigades of Prussian infantry and a brigade of cavalry had arrived in a wood on the right flank of the French. At half-past seven, Napoleon made a last tremendous charge on the English centre with four regiments of Guards and a large body of cavalry, and had even forced, by mere dint of numbers, some of our regiments to fall back. It was at this critical moment that Vandeleur's brigade, aided by Sir William Ponsonby's, made a charge which disordered both French infantry and cavalry, and not long after, Wellington, seeing signs of retreat in the French rear, shut the telescope which he had been attentively using, and cried to his delighted staff, "Now every man must advance!" The cry flew like lightning along the line. The tired men advanced fresh as boys broken from school. The last squares of the Imperial Guards were broken, Napoleon's army fell into hopeless ruins, and Waterloo was won.

The Twelfth lost Captain Sandys, Lieutenant Bertie, and Cornet Lockhart, six sergeants, and thirty-seven rank and file, in this great conflict while Colonel Ponsonby, Lieutenant Dowbiggen, three sergeants, and fifty-five rank and file were wounded. In the distribution of national rewards, the Twelfth, as we might feel sure, was not forgotten. Colonel Ponsonby (second son of the Earl of Besborough), was made Knight Companion of the Bath and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, besides receiving a bushel of German orders. He was afterwards commandant at Malta and colonel of the Eighty-sixth regiment, and died in 1837. "Waterloo" was instantly inscribed on the guidons of the Twelfth. Major James Paul Bridger was made Companion of the Bath, Sergeant-Major Carruthers was appointed to a cornetcy, and all the officers and men got silver medals.

In 1816, the Twelfth, forming part of the army of occupation, while stationed at Fruges, was mustered on the memorable field of Agincourt, and there the men received their Waterloo medals. This year the regiment became a corps of lancers, and in 1817, when the Twelfth was first styled "The Prince of Wales's Royal Lancers," the color of the facings was changed from yellow to scarlet, and the lace from silver to gold. At their return to England in November, 1818, the regiment was on duty at the funeral of Queen Charlotte. In 1819, it was reviewed by that gallant knight, the Prince Regent, and in 1820 embarked for Ireland. In 1821, it helped to guard Dublin, during the joyous welcome of George the Fourth. In 1825, General Sir William Payne succeeded in the colonelcy by Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant. In 1826, four troops of the Twelfth, under Major Barton, were sent to Portugal to protect it from invasion by Spain. They returned in 1828. In 1827, Major-General Sir Haasey Vivian became colonel of the Twelfth, and on his advancement to the peerage in 1841, chose for one of his supporters "a bay horse gar-dant, thereon mounted a lancer of the Twelfth, habited, armed, and accoutred, proper." In 1837, the colonelcy was given to Lieutenant-General Sir Henry John Cumming. On June the 28th, 1838, the regiment had the honor of being on duty at the coronation of Her Majesty, and, by a singular coincidence, three of the cavalry regiments attending on that auspicious day were commanded by lieutenant-colonels who had served side by side at Waterloo in the Twelfth Light Dragoons. The queen presented each of them (Hawell, Chatterton, and Vandeleur) with a gold medal. In 1842, the regiment was again clothed in blue.

But it is not in war alone that heroism is shown. Peace, too, has its time of peril, and its unostentatious heroes. At the dreadful wreck of the Birkenhead steam troop-ship near the Cape of Good Hope, during the Kaffir war, on the 25th of February, 1852, eight men of the Twelfth Lancers displayed a chivalrous generosity, and heroic calmness and devotion, worthy to be compared with any shown in Grecian or in Roman times. The martyr-like courage with which these brave men drew up as on parade, and prepared to die without one selfish struggle, one coward cry, rather than imperil the safety of the women and children in the boats, is a fact that has thrown fresh lustre on the name of the English soldier, for there was no mad rush of war to urge these men on, no reward to be obtained; yet there they stood like statues, till the vessel sank with them.

The pitiful yet noble story is soon told. There were on board the steam transport two cornets (Bond and Rolt) and six men of the Twelfth, fifty-two men of the Second (Queen's Royal), sixty-two men of the Sixth, sixteen men of the Twelfth Foot, forty-two men of the Forty-third Light Infantry, seventy-two men of the Forty-fifth, forty-one men of the Sixtieth Rifles, seventy-three men of the Seventy-third, sixty-five men of the Seventy-fourth, sixty-two men of the Ninety-first, making in all a total of thirteen officers, nine sergeants, and four hundred and sixty-six men. There were besides twenty women and children, and a crew of about one hundred and thirty officers and seamen. The unfortunate vessel left Simon's Bay for Algoa Bay on the 25th of February. It was a calm, starlight night, and land was distinctly visible on the port bow. At ten minutes to two a.m., the leadman on the paddle-box got soundings in twelve or thirteen fathoms, and before he could heave the lead again the ship struck on a rock with only two fathoms of water under her bows. The master commander of the ship instantly ordered the boats to be lowered, and a turn astern to be given to the engines.

This last was a fatal step. As the ship backed from the rock the water rushed in, and the ship then struck again, "buckling up," all the foremost plates, and tearing asunder the bulkhead partitions. But there was no cowardly confusion on board. Colonel Seton set the soldiers to work at the chain pumps, and the women and children calmly placed in the cutter, were pulled a short distance from the ship. Only three boats, holding seventy-eight persons, could be lowered in time. Ten minutes after the first shock, the ship separated in two, the fore part of the ship sank instantly, and the funnel went over the side; the stern part, crowded with soldiers, floated a few minutes, then sank also. At this awful moment the soldiers behaved admirably.

"Far exceeding," says Captain Wright, "anything that I thought could be effected by the best discipline; every one did as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. All the officers received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom; there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion. When the vessel was just about going down, the commander called out, 'All those who can swim jump overboard and make for the boats.' We begged the men not to do as the commander said, as the boats must be swamped. Not more than three made the attempt."

Those who came to the surface clung to the masts and yards, some swam to shore, others caught hold of spars and drift wood. But now three terrible dangers awaited the survivors. A sea swarming with sharks, a coast almost inaccessible through miles of breakers, and a bar of most dangerous weed, which entangled and drowned nearly all who ventured near it. Many of the survivors were bitten in two and carried away by sharks, others perished in the long weed. Of the many souls on board the Birkenhead ninety-seven only were saved; that is, seven officers of the ship, and fifty-three seamen, boys and marines; of the military passengers, seven women, thirteen children, five officers, and twelve soldiers.

It is heroic to mount the "imminent deadly breach," to face the flaming cannon, to rush on bayonets, to bear the hunger and hardship of a long campaign; but surely men who could meet, in a moment and without preparation, so terrible a death as this, were as much heroes as any whose names "storied urn and monumental bust" have ever recorded.

The Twelfth have since distinguished themselves in the Crimea, and in central India.—*All the Year Round.*

FAMILY MATTERS.

GREEN TOMATO PIE.—Take as many green tomatoes as will make 4 pies, 1 cup of raisins, chop them both fine, and about 1/2 cup of vinegar, and sugar to suit the taste.

CRACKER PIE.—2 crackers, rolled fine, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup boiled cider, 1 cup sugar, a handful of chopped raisins, a little spice of all kinds, a small piece of butter or a little salt.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Boil a Savoy cabbage until tender; then drain and chop it. Serve with a salad dressing made out of two hard-boiled eggs mashed very fine, three tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar. Stir until perfectly smooth, and turn over the cabbage.

STEWED PEAS.—Take one quart of tender, freshly-shelled peas, and put them into a stew-pan, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a small sprig of mint, an onion cut into quarters, two tablespoonfuls of meat stock or gravy, one teaspoonful of white sugar, and a pinch of salt; stew gently until tender, take out the mint and onion, add a little more butter if needful, and serve smoking hot.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Select very ripe tomatoes, skin and slice them, rejecting the hard parts. Put in a porcelain sauce-pan, with a little salt and pepper, and simmer for one hour and a half. Add a piece of butter, or two tablespoonfuls of beef, mutton, veal or chicken gravy. Toast a slice of bread, cut it into thin bits, and put it in the dish in which the tomato will be served, turn the contents of the saucepan over it.

ANOTHER WAY.—Take one dozen good sized tomatoes, skin and slice them; put in a sauce-pan and boil for one hour; season with pepper and salt, then strain through a sieve, put back into the pan and add two well beaten eggs. Stir rapidly for five minutes, then turn out and serve. This is very delicious as an accompaniment to roast beef or mutton.

PORK CAKE WITHOUT BUTTER, EGGS OR MILK.—Fat salt pork entirely free of lean or rind, chopped so fine as to be almost like lard, one pound. Pour half a pint of boiling water over it, Raisins seeded and chopped, one pound; citron shaved into shreds, one-quarter pound; sugar, two cups; molasses, one cup; saleratus, one teaspoonful rubbed fine and put into the molasses. Mix all these together, and stir in sifted flour enough to make of the consistency of common cake mixture; then stir in nutmegs and cloves ground fine one ounce each; cinnamon ground, two ounces. Be governed about the time of baking by putting a sliver in it; when nothing adheres to it, it is done. It should be baked slowly. Other fruit can be substituted,

if desired, in place of raisins, using as much or as little fruit as is desired, or none at all, and still have a nice cake.

WINTER BOUQUETS.—A young lady writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman*:—"On the mantel of the parlor, in our pleasant country home, there stand two beautiful Bohemian glass vases. During the summer they are gay and bright with flowers, but when "cold winter's a'wa" they stand mournful and empty monuments of the beauty and bloom which the cold chilly winds of December stole from us, while the "lesser lights" around do duty by holding tapers of many colors and fanciful shape, and yet others the rare winter-blooming flowers from the green-house. What to fill these gaping, empty monsters with, was the question. I remembered a method I had seen for crystallizing grasses for bouquets, and resolved to try it. Went to work and gathered the grasses, tying up two large bunches, mingling the long, graceful wild rye with feathery orchard and herd's grass, giving dignity and substance by the addition of sturdy timothy and millet, bearded wheat and Norway oats (dipping these last two in red aniline dye, which colors them a bright pink, and forms a pretty contrast to the green of the remainder), and crowned the whole with long, drooping heads of "sweet wheat," which came with a lot of flour seed from one of our leading florists, and was petted and tended through a sickly infancy of growth only to develop into an enlarged form of our millet. It made a beautiful finish, however, for my bouquet, which I tied up loosely, and suspended over a small tub (wooden). I then dissolved a pound of alum in a quart of rain water, and when scalding hot, pour it over the grasses, taking care that the solution reach every part of it. Left them hanging all night, and found them in the morning with a crystal shining from every spray. So the question how to fill the vases was answered, and all this coming winter, in the lamp-light and glow from the fire, they will scintillate and sparkle as though the dews of Golconda had fallen upon them, thus proving "a joy forever"—or until

"The roses bloom again,
And the springs do gush anew."

When I can treat persons to a new version of the old adage, and tell them "all are not diamonds that glitter."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* says: A young lady of this city who had just returned from school, sent her card to her uncle, our old friend Colonel G—M—, with the letters R. S. V. P. inscribed in one corner. The Colonel, who didn't understand "R. S. V. P.," and who didn't care a darn if he didn't, sent his card in reply—in inscribing the letters D. S. C. C. in the corresponding corner. These were new initials to the young lady, and when she met the Colonel, asked what he meant by such outlandish initials?

"What did you mean by yours?" queried the Colonel in response.

"Oh! I meant that you must answer if you couldn't come. Now what did you mean?"

"Me! Why, I meant—that is, the letters meant—'Darned sorry couldn't come.' Wasn't that correct?"

The young lady was fairly cornered, and gracefully "acknowledged the corn."

A GOSSIPY book just published in London, entitled "Court and Social Life in France, under Napoleon III.," has an anecdote of the late Emperor, which, if true, is very much to his credit. While Napoleon was in London, "waiting his destiny," he was watched by French diplomatic detectives. Three of these elevated gentlemen so far imposed upon the exile that he invited them to dinner, asking some of his English friends to meet them. After dinner the subject of horses came up, and the conversation resulted in the purchase of a horse by one of the Frenchmen from an English officer. The horse was sent to the place designated, but the English gentleman did not get his money. Prince Napoleon heard of the transaction after a few days, and immediately sent to the Englishman a check for the price, saying that no English gentleman should sell a horse at his table and not be paid for it. "There were swindlers," he said, "in all countries; but, if they made their way into good society, the hosts which they deceived must see that their other guests did not suffer."

ONE of the simplest and most effective devices for giving timely alarm, in case of fire breaking out in a building, is an ingenious little invention known as the Tannicellie Fire Alarm. It is nothing more than a cylindrical barrel some three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, which, by a screw attached midway along its length, may be readily secured to the ceiling or any part of the room desired. It is made of malleable iron, with a smooth bore, and contains, when ready for use, a small charge of powder, to which is attached an inch of fuse. This fuse is formed of a chemical mixture that will ignite whenever the surrounding atmosphere is heated to 200 deg. Fah.; that is to say, it is kindled by merely heated air, and at a temperature less than that of boiling water. In case of fire, the heat, which ascends at once to the ceiling, quickly ignites the fuse, and causes the required explosion to take place before the flames can get beyond a point at which they may be quenched by a pail of water. The discharge of one of these protective instruments

makes a report as loud as that of an army musket loaded with a regulation cartridge.

THE governor of a prison in Cornwall, England, has discovered an admirable remedy to cure tramps and vagrants, in ~~casual wards~~ and prisons, of the habit of expressing their profound grief at the buffets of fate by rending their garments, thus placing society in a ridiculous position by compelling it to provide them with new wardrobes at the very moment when it is least inclined to bestow upon them any mark of its favor. When he finds a prisoner huddled up in a corner of his cell, covered only with the cell rug and his clothes lying in a heap of torn rags at his feet, he sends for a needle and thread, which he gives to the clothes-destroyer, informing him at the same time that he will be fed on bread and water until he has thoroughly reconstructed his garments. This cure has been found to work wonders, for long before the time allowed by law for bread-and-water diet expires, the clothes are mended with marvellous skill, and the intelligence of the hardship thus inflicted being conveyed by tramps on leaving the prison to their friends and acquaintances, not only induces them to resist the temptation of tearing up their clothes when they are sheltered beneath its roof, but leads many of them to avoid confinement altogether in an establishment where they are exposed to such ungentlemanly treatment.

ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. OF PRUSSIA.—When Crown Prince, he was one summer morning walking in the garden of Potsdam in the simple uniform, which he usually wore. His path was crossed by a poor old woman, vainly endeavoring to coax or drive forward her donkey, loaded with vegetables. In her distress she called to the officer. "What can I do for you, my good friend?" said the Crown Prince. "I will take him by the bridle and pull him forward," said the woman, "and you go behind and push." At it they both went. The old woman pulled and the Prince pushed, until the little animal was compelled to move. The woman thanked the officer and said "she would be always ready to do the like for him." The Crown Princess, who had witnessed the scene, now came up and said remonstratively: "Fritz, what have you been doing?" "I have only been following the example of my dear father. I have so often seen him push donkeys forward in my life, that I thought there could be no harm in my doing the same." As an instance of his wit, he once attended the first representation of a new tragedy so stupid that he left the theatre after the third act. In the lobby he found one of the servants asleep. "Poor fellow," said he, "no doubt he has been listening through the key-hole."—"Personal Recollections of the Revolution of 1848 in Berlin," by Theodore S. Fay.

THE treasures of the Sultan of Turkey outshine those of the Shah. Their value is \$27,500,000, and they lie in a rather plain kloek immediately adjoining the Turkish transept and surmounted by a crescent and a star. The domed ceiling is painted in arabesques, and pendant from it are five large golden walls. Here may be read the history of the Sublime Porte from the days of the conqueror of Byzantium, Mahmoud II., to the present Padishah, Abd-ul-Aziz. The golden throne of Nadr-Shah is here, which was renowned in the East before the peacock throne of the Great Mogul at Delhi was dreamed of. It is marvellous in its workmanship, large enough for a couch, and weighs four and a half hundred weight. It is enamelled in celadon, green and crimson, and its patterns of arabesque are in rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Above it hang the turban and armor of Sultan Murad, heavy with gold and gleaming with jewels. Near it are the horse caparisons of Selim III., with the heavy Mameluke stirrups and Arab bit of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds. Scabbards, where nothing but diamonds can be seen; cinctures of diamonds; bowls of China porcelain, their patterns marked out in gold and reset with rubies; clocks encased in diamonds and glistening with crescent moons and stars; hookahs with golden bowls; and chibouques whose amber mouth-piece are encircled with rings of diamonds, gleam and glisten everywhere.

An exchange thus relieves its mind on a reasonable subject: Whether the fly was contemporaneous with the original monkey-man, pollywog-man, or any other man was ever permitted on earth without his attendant fly. Whether the flies disported themselves in the palaeozoicera, or came out at the drift formation, is of no consequence. We have flies in abundance now, and that is all—more—than we care to know. There are many families of flies; but the kind whereof we now discourse is waggishly termed the "house-fly." We view it as the "everywhere-fly." It is of the sect insect. It disports in the air, perambulates the earth, and dies in the water. It has a head which is all cerebellum, which accounts for its insatiable animal propensities. Its body is shaped like a military shell. It has a miniature trunk on elephant principles—six legs, six feet, two wings, and several thousands of eyes. Viewed by a microscope, it is highly curious and interesting, but a telescope view is far preferable. Its principal occupation is looking into matters and things generally; but it prefers to do this particularly. Hence its thousands of eyes. It has an appetite for all devourable things. Hence its trunk. It is of pertinacious habits. Hence its feet are on the suction principle. Just what the fly was made for—why so many were made—whence they come or whither they go—is a mystery. How long they live no philosopher has yet determined. They are more