



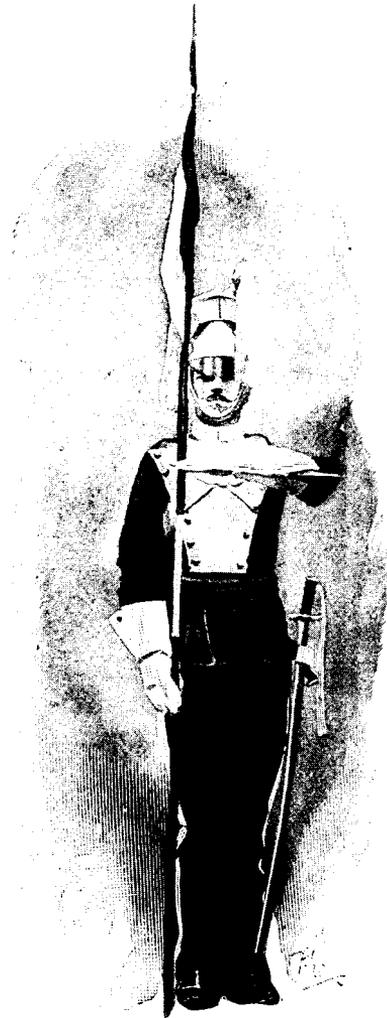
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A CORPORAL OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS.

Far be it from me to disparage the soldiers of that day. They were the men who had made England's name, had won her battles, often wresting victory from defeat by the mere fact that they refused to know when they were beaten.

Far be it from me to disparage them. As soldiers they were admirable, but perhaps as simple citizens they left something to be desired. They were a class apart; admired it is true perforce, but with the admiration was mixed a strong leaven of fear, and possibly a little contempt, too.

When the time came for leaving the regiment, with or without pension, their ways and habits of life did not always rebound to their credit, and it was often hard to find a place for them in civil life. Drink was the terrible evil, and many a

man of those days left the service, a young man in years, but prematurely broken down and aged, through his habits of life. But I would not be understood to say a word in disparagement of the soldier of thirty years back. He was essentially a soldier, having the honor of his regiment closely at heart, thoroughly amenable to discipline, trustworthy, reliable; not perhaps of the highest intelligence, but when his duty was clearly pointed out to him, thoroughly to be counted on to do it. It is no part of my purpose to discuss here



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