

## LOVETIDE.

Chiseled cups of fairest flowers  
Through the fields are blossoming;  
Summer splendor bathes the hours  
In a rosy coloring.  
Days are sweet when love is turning  
Things of earth to brightest gold;  
Days are sweet when souls are yearning  
Heart to heart to fold and hold.

Where the stream goes leaping by,  
Lisp'ng ripples kiss each shore;  
Hark, the willows softly sigh  
To the waters they hang o'er.  
Youth and maiden half forgot—  
Scarcely heed the world without;  
Hands by tender hands are met;  
Lips are pressed by lips devout.

O, the paradise of pleasure,  
Whither souls ascend in love!  
Mingling rapture without measure,  
As they soar to heaven above.  
Stay, sweet moments; life is fleet  
Than the streamlet rushing by;  
Stay, sweet moments; love is sweeter  
Than all earthborn ecstasy.

Tinsley's Magazine.

## FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

## THE TWELFTH LANCERS.

It may surprise some of our readers to be informed that there were no regiments of lancers in the English service before 1816. Napoleon had first introduced that Polish form of cavalry into the French army, and these flying spearmen in the quaint caps, lightly accoutred and quick to advance or retreat, were found very useful in harassing infantry and destroying them when broken and in retreat. Our heavy cavalry suffered from them severely at Waterloo, and one of the first modifications introduced by our War Office after the peace, was the change of several regiments of light dragoons to lancers.

The conspiracies, and eventually the rising of the Pretender's faction, on the accession of George the First, in 1715, led to the immediate augmentation of the army. It was at this time that Brigadier-General Phineas Bowles, a zealous partisan of the House of Hanover, who had distinguished himself in the Spanish war of succession, was commissioned to raise six troops of cavalry in the counties of Berks, Bucks, and Hants, and the first duty of these troops was to escort to London a number of Jacobite prisoners who had mounted the white cockade with more rashness than discretion. In 1718, the new regiment embarked for Ireland, and remained there seventy-five years.

In 1750, King George the Second issued a warrant prescribing the following dress to the Twelfth Dragoons. The coats were to be scarlet, double-breasted, without lappets, and lined with white; the sleeves slit, and turned up with white, the button-holes ornamented with white lace, the buttons of white metal, and white worsted aiguillettes (such as footmen wear now) on the right shoulder. The waistcoats and breeches white. The cocked-hats to be bound with silver lace, and ornamented with white metal loops and Hanoverian black cockades. The forage caps red, turned up with white, with XII. D. on the flap. The boots of jacked leather. The cloaks scarlet, white collars and linings, the buttons to be set on yellow frogs, with green stripes down the centre. The horse furniture to be white cloth, bordered with yellow lace with a green stripe down the centre, and XII. D. to be embroidered on the housings, within a wreath of roses and thistles, with the king's cipher and crown over it. The officers to wear silver lace and crimson sashes over the left shoulder; the sergeants silver aiguillettes and green and yellow worsted sashes. The drummers and hautboys to have white coats lined with scarlet, and scarlet waistcoats and breeches, ornamented with yellow lace with the usual green stripe. The king's guidon was to be of crimson silk with a green and silver fringe. In the centre were to be the rose and thistle conjoined, and a crown over them with the motto, "Dieu et mon Droit." The white horse of the House of Hanover to be in a compartment in the first and fourth corners, and XII. D. in silver characters on a white ground in the second and third corners. The second and third guidons were modifications of the first.

In 1768, George the Third conferred on this regiment, which had behaved very well in Ireland, and had been altered from "heavies" to light dragoons, the honorable title of "The Prince of Wales's Regiment;" the future George the Fourth being then only seven years old; and the new regimental badge was a coronet with three ostrich feathers, the motto, "Ich Dien," a rising sun and a red dragon. In 1784, the uniform was changed from scarlet to blue, and the year after blue cloaks were given out to the men. In June, 1789, the regiment was honored by Lieutenant the Honorable Arthur Wellesley entering it, on removal from the Forty-first Foot. He left the Twelfth in 1791.

Soon after Lord Hood had taken Toulon, the Twelfth Light Dragoons were sent out to aid the garrison, which was threatened by the French. The Twelfth afterwards helped in taking Corsica, and from thence sailed to Civita Vecchia, where the Pope, eager to please the English,

chose to be so gratified by their exemplary conduct, that he gave gold medals to Colonel Erskine and all the officers of the Twelfth, and on their being presented to him at Rome, he took a helmet and placed it on Captain Browne's head, praying that Heaven would enable the cause of truth and religion to triumph over injustice and infidelity.

The Twelfth went to Lisbon in 1797, and in 1800 were sent to join Abercromby's expedition to Egypt. On landing in Turkey the regiment received a supply of Turkish horses so poor that the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mervyn Archdale, proposed that the regiment should serve as infantry; but eventually six hundred of the men were mounted. At Aboukir, our light dragoons soon came into play and put the French dragoons, "with their long swords, saddles, bridles," to the right-about, before two notes could be played upon a bugle. The day they left Mandora Tower and the grove of date-trees, they sent the French scouring, and on the 18th of March, 1801, Lieutenant-Colonel Archdale, with eighty men, routed one hundred and fifty French hussars and infantry sent out to reconnoitre. Lieutenant Livingston, and a few horsemen, threw themselves, sword in hand, on the French left flank, while Colonel Archdale dashed full at the centre of the infantry, and broke it as one would break a pane of glass. But the old story happened again. Our cavalry, reckless and impetuous, pursued too far; the French rallied behind some sand-hills, and eventually Colonel Archdale lost an arm, and Captain the Honorable Pierce Butler, Cornets Earle, Lindsay, Daniel, and seven dragoons were intercepted and made prisoners. In the repulse of the French, the day the lamented Abercromby fell, the Twelfth had seven men wounded. At the taking of the Fort of Rahmanie, Lieutenant Drake, with only thirty men, compelled fifty men of the Twenty-second French Dragoons to surrender. In the advance along the banks of the Nile towards Cairo, the Twelfth, acting for the most part as infantry, made a dip into the desert in company with the Twenty-sixth Light Dragoons. They met a French convoy, which, weary of Egypt, at once surrendered. A white handkerchief was waved, and by that sign twenty-eight officers and five hundred and seventy rank and file laid down their arms, surrendering at the same time a gun, a stand of colors, three hundred horses and dromedaries, and five hundred camels. Brigadier-General Doyle was delighted at this, and in a letter to Colonel Browne said warmly, "With such troops I shall always feel a pride to serve, and at their head be content to fall, being convinced it must be with honor." When Sir John Doyle afterwards received supporters to his arms, he chose for one of them a dragoon of the Twelfth holding the French color taken from the Desert convoy. When, after the capture of Cairo and Alexandria, the Twelfth returned to England, each of the officers received a gold medal from the Grand Signior, and the regiment was subsequently allowed the honor of bearing on its guidons and appointments a sphynx, with the word "Egypt."

In 1811, the Twelfth Light Dragoons were ordered to Lisbon, where Lord Wellington's army was gathering to expel Bonaparte's legions from Spain and Portugal. They assisted in the operations at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and advancing against the French, drove the enemy's outposts from Usagre and occupied the town (April the 16th, 1812.) On the following day the Twelfth covered itself with glory. The cavalry brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable Frederick Ponsonby of the Twelfth, moved towards Llerena, and by a masterly bit of stratagem kept the attention of a large body of French cavalry engaged, while the Fifth Dragoon Guards and the Third and Fourth Dragoon Guards, commanded by Major-General Le Marchant, passed secretly around some adjoining heights and gained the enemy's flank. The stratagem answered admirably. The French were still occupied in front with Ponsonby's three squadrons when the Fifth Dragoon Guards slipped out of a grove of olive-trees and came thundering down on the French flanks. The same moment Ponsonby let his light brigade slip; it charged the French line, which it broke to pieces, and the enemy was pursued and sabred for several miles. A hundred French horsemen were killed, and a far greater number, including a lieutenant-colonel, two captains, and a lieutenant, were made prisoners. As often happens in these dashing cavalry affairs, when successful, the loss of the Twelfth was very slight; one sergeant, two private soldiers, and one horse only were killed, and five men and three horses wounded. Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, in the following day's cavalry orders, spoke highly of the zeal and attention of all the regiments engaged, and praised the order observed in the pursuit, and the quickness with which the ranks were formed after each attack.

The Twelfth had some rather hot skirmishing with Marmont's dragoons during the retreat behind the Guarena (1812). At the Battle of Salamanca our brave regiment was stationed on the left near Arapiles, and towards the evening charged twice, and each time broke up the French infantry. The Twelfth lost only two men. They skirmished a good deal with the French at Tudela, Valladoloid, the Pisuerga Valley, Monasterio, and the retreat from Burgos. In the latter affair the Twelfth covered our rear and fought stubbornly with the French advanced guard, and in one of the frequent rencounters the gallant commanding officer, Ponsonby, and Lieutenant Taylor were wounded.

When the regiment went into quarters at Oliveira, it could reckon thirty-three skirmishes and one general engagement in its six months' campaign. At the battle of Vittoria, the Twelfth supported the attacks of the infantry and artillery on the right of the enemy's position at Abehuuco and Gamarra Major, and towards the close of the action it crossed the Zadorra, turned the right of the French, and out off their retreat by the Bayonne road. The regiment lost only two men. The Twelfth helped to defeat General Foy's division at Tolosa, in June, 1813, and were employed in covering the siege of St. Sebastian during Soult's unsuccessful attempt to relieve that important fortress. They also assisted in forcing the passage of the Bidassoa, and supported the infantry at Nivelles. When Lieutenant-General Hope, in 1814, effected the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, a squadron of the Twelfth crossed in boats, the horses swimming. The blockade of Bayonne soon followed. The regiment remained some time at Bordeaux, and furnished posts and patrols between the Garonne and the Dordogne, on one occasion breaking up some French infantry at Etollers.

When the regiment moored down at last at Dorchester, it could boast that, during the whole Peninsular war, it had never had a picket surprised nor a patrol taken, nor had any case of desertion taken place from its ranks. After commanding the regiment for twenty-three years, General Sir James Stewart Denham, Baronet, was removed to the Scots Greys, and succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir William Payne, Baronet. The Prince Regent permitted the Twelfth Dragoons to bear on their guidons the word "Peninsula," and rewarded Colonel Ponsonby with a medal and two clasps for his share in the battles of Barossa, Salamanca and Vittoria.

The cry of "Vive Napoleon!" when Bonaparte broke from Elba, soon brought the Twelfth into the field. Six troops of the regiment, commanded by Colonel the Honorable F. C. Ponsonby, embarked at Ramsgate, April, 1815, and landed at Ostend, forming a brigade with the Eleventh and Sixteenth Light Dragoons under Major-General Sir John Ormsby Vandeleur. Soon after their arrival in Flanders, they were reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, who was pleased to express his approbation of a corps "which had always been distinguished for its gallantry and discipline; and he did not doubt but, should occasion offer, it would continue to deserve his good opinion; and he hoped every man would feel a pride in endeavoring to maintain the reputation of the regiment."

When Napoleon endeavored to drive his army, like a wedge, between the British and Prussians, the Twelfth was suddenly ordered to Englien, and from thence to Quatre Bras, where they arrived just as Ney was withdrawing his forces. On the 17th the Twelfth, when the army retrograded to get nearer the Prussians, withdrew by the woods, passed the river Dyle at a deep ford below Genappe, and took post on the left of our position in front of the village of Waterloo, bivouacking in the open fields under heavy rain.

On the morning of the 18th of June, the Twelfth were formed in columns of squadrons, and posted in a pea-field above Papilloit, a short distance from the left of the fifth division, which formed the left of the British infantry. About eleven A.M., Count d'Erlon's corps attacked the British left, but was repulsed by desperate charges of the Royals, the Greys, and the Inniskilling Dragoons. One French column on the French right, however, still pressed forward. Part of Vandeleur's brigade was away supporting the Royals and Inniskillings, who were reforming after their last charge, and Ponsonby, having a discretionary power, and thinking the French column unsteady, somewhat rashly ventured on an attack, though with so inferior a force. As the French column came into the valley, he rode down past a ledge occupied by Highlanders, and over ploughed land soaked with rain, exposed to the French artillery, then charged. The Twelfth cut through the column with great carnage, but were soon stopped by the columns of reserve, and then charged by three hundred Polish lancers (equal in numbers to the English alone). Ponsonby, too late, attempted to withdraw his regiment, but fell wounded in the mêlée.

The Twelfth, utterly overweighted, were at last reformed under Captain Hawell; but in ten minutes one of the three squadrons had gone down, and the regiment had to be told off into two. Major James Paul Bridger, whose horse had been killed, mounted another and assumed the command. Colonel Ponsonby's groom, a faithful old soldier, who was in the rear with a led horse, rushed forward with tears in his eyes, and continued to search for his master, regardless of fire and sword, till he was driven away by the advance of the French skirmishers.

The following is Colonel Ponsonby's interesting account of his own sufferings, after this rash and unlucky charge:

"I was stationed with my regiment (about three hundred strong) at the extreme left wing, and directed to act discretionally; each of the armies was drawn up on a gentle declivity, a small valley lying between them.

"At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry, which was advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops on the right a fire much more destructive than the enemy's, they having begun long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer; when we were within fifty paces of

them, the French turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians who had remarked our success. But we had no sooner passed through them, than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about three hundred Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us a heavy fire of grape-shot, which, however, killed three of their own for one of our men. In the mêlée, I was disabled almost instantly in both of my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down (no quarter being asked or given), I was carried on by my horse, till, receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round, when a lancer, passing by, exclaimed, 'Tu n'es pas mort, coquin,' and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards a tirailleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture; and was no sooner gone than another came up for the same purpose; but assuring him I had been plundered already, he left me, when an officer, bringing up some troops (to which, probably, the tirailleurs belonged), and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded; I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed to the rear; he said it was against the order to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would (for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered), every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head; he then passed on into action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life. Of what rank he was I cannot say; he wore a blue great-coat. By-and-bye another tirailleur came and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while; at last he ran off, saying, 'Vous serrez bien aise d'entendre que nous allons nous retirer; bonjour, mon ami.'

"While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls, which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along theirs and the British line growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly; the clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way, it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed a distance; the cries and groans of the wounded around me became every instant more and more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, outcries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' the discharge of musketry and cannon; now and then intervals of perfect silence, which were worse than the noise. I thought the night would never end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony; his weight, convulsive motions, noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the latter circumstance, the most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder (and the scene in Ferdinand, Count Fathom, came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there); several of them came and looked at me, and passed on; at length one stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could (for I could say but little in German) that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me; he was, I suspect, on the same errand. He came and looked in my face; I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said that he belonged to the Forlieth regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man; being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. At eight o'clock in the morning, some English were seen in the distance; he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me. I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house, about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed from which poor Gordon (as I understood afterwards) had been just carried out. The jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing, were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleedings, one hundred and twenty ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field."

But at the close of the day the Twelfth had a second opportunity of distinguishing itself. Many of our regiments were now so decimated, that in some instances it took two or three regiments to form a square, and the heavy cavalry had suffered much from its rashness, when Lord Uxbridge ordered six regiments of cavalry (in-