



GRAND ROUNDS.

“The Devil’s Own.”

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

A few years ago, I spent much time with the men of a fine, dashing regiment, who had adopted, as the *soubriquet* of their splendid corps, the words at the head of this page.

Now I am not going to say by what number or title this regiment is known in the “Army List,” for I should be very sorry to be the means of attaching publicly to the dear old —th, the terrible appellation which some of its own members had adopted; and before going into the special subject in hand, I must say a word or two concerning my personal experience of the brave and warm-hearted boys, whose remembrance I still cherish with all the affectionate friendship which their unvarying courtesy towards me was calculated to produce in my feelings for them. — Before becoming acquainted with them, I had heard them spoken of by persons *who did not know them*, as “the rough —th.” But as I was well aware that “Rumor, with her tongue and tongues,” does not always use *all* the truth and in telling the truth about our soldiers, I was in no way dismayed at the prospect of visiting this notable regiment.

I found them to be just what I expected,—grand, kindly fellows, to whom a lady is a sacred thing. My first visits were so well received, that I

sought and obtained permission from the Commanding Officer to organize a regimental Temperance Society, and from that time, as long as I remained within reach of them, we had a meeting in the recreation-room of their barracks every Tue-day evening. Many of their names are in my private pledge-book, and most certainly, notwithstanding what they called themselves, I never had the slightest reason to consider them as sinners above all the Galileans.”

As I willingly agreed to attend their Temperance-meeting at any hour they thought most suitable, they decided on assembling immediately after tattoo; the temperance men very wisely reasoning that, as the Colonel allowed all who wished full liberty to be present, many a careless comrade who would not sacrifice his earlier hours for such an object, and who thought nothing of religion or temperance, yet might gladly come to the well lighted recreation-room, after lights were out in the barrack-rooms, and when he was not entitled to pass for the town.

These anticipations were fully realized; for, in addition to the numerous steady members of the Society, we obtained the presence of many who began by coming solely “to pass an hour,” but who ended by joining us entirely.

The cream of the regiment were usually found among my audience on