

THE  
**NAVY & ARMY**  
 ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. I.—No. I.]

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1895.



Photo. by LAFAYETTE, Dublin.

*Captain H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, R.N., K.G., K.T., A.D.C.*

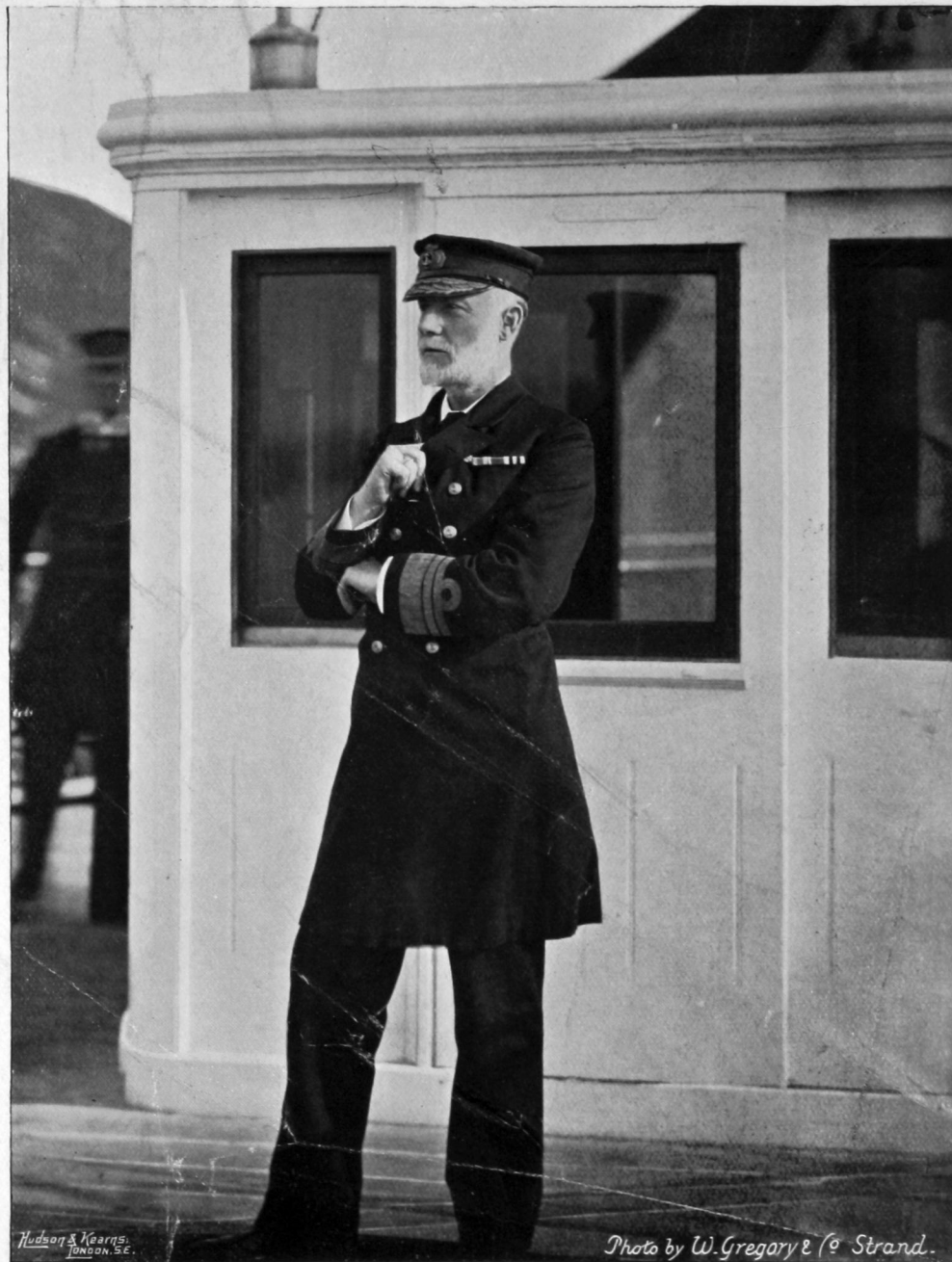
THE DUKE OF YORK began his naval career by entering the "Britannia" in 1877 together with the late Duke of Clarence. Two years later the princes joined the "Bacchante" serving in her, first as naval cadets and then as midshipmen, throughout her historic cruise. From 1886 to 1888 Prince George (as the Duke was then) served as Lieutenant in the Mediterranean. In 1889 he commanded Torpedo Boat No. 79 in the manœuvres, and in the next year commissioned the gunboat "Thrush" for the North America and West Indies station. In August, 1891, he was promoted Commander, and commanded the "Melampus" in the manœuvres of 1892. Since then he has not served afloat. Prince George was created Duke of York and promoted Captain in January, 1893, just six months before his marriage with Princess May.



*Photo by W. Gregory & Co Strand.*

*A GROUP OF NAVAL OFFICERS.*

THE government of a British Man-of-War bears in some respects a close resemblance to that of our country. Her Captain is Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, her Commander presides at the Home Office, and her first Lieutenant looks after India and the Colonies in the shape of "flats, compartments, and orlops." Here we have the Triumvirate of executive officers which at the time this picture was taken ruled the "Royal Sovereign," the heaviest battleship we now have on active service.



*Photo by W. Gregory & Co Strand.*

*Vice-Admiral The Rt.-Hon. LORD WALTER TALBOT KERR.*

LORD WALTER KERR, now commanding the Channel Squadron, entered the Royal Navy in 1853. He served as Naval Cadet in the Baltic during the Russian War, and as Midshipman with the "Shannon" Naval Brigade in India during the Mutiny. He has been Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, A.D.C. to the Queen, Second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and Second Sea Lord at the Admiralty. Lord Walter wears the Humane Society's Silver Medal for saving a bluejacket's life, and is as courteous and clever as he is brave.





Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

*LOOKING FORWARD ON BOARD THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."*

THIS photograph, which was taken on board, from the fore bridge, when the "Royal Sovereign" was at Spithead in November last, just before the ship put to sea for her last cruise as flagship to the Channel Squadron, shows the two 67-ton guns of the ship mounted in the forward barbettes. Two similar guns are mounted in a similar barbette aft, the two pairs forming together the principal armament of the ship. The barbettes themselves are protected with 17-inch steel-faced armour, and the guns will throw huge projectiles  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter through 18 inches of iron, yet they are loaded, trained and fired with the greatest of ease.



Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

*SIGNALLING BY SEMAPHORE ON BOARD H.M.S. "CAMPERDOWN."*

THE scene is on the bridge of the "Camperdown," where the signalmen on duty are communicating by semaphore with another ship. All our ships use the semaphore for, so to say, "conversational" signalling and inter-communication within short distances. Our photograph was taken in 1891, when the "Camperdown" was flagship in the Channel. It was by semaphore on board this ship, in the Mediterranean in 1893, that Rear-Admiral Markham expressed to Admiral Sir George Tryon his inability to comprehend the execution of which proved so disastrous in its results to the "Victoria."





Hudson & Keakns  
London, E.C.

Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEAKNS.

*H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN:" HOISTING THE STEAM PINNACE.*

THE scene is at Spithead looking aft on board the flagship, "Royal Sovereign," which is shown at anchor with another battleship of the Channel Squadron, her sister ship, the "Resolution," close astern. The picket-boat has already been hoisted in, and secured, and the pinnace is in the act of being swung inboard to be secured, under the direction of the Commander, who is on the after-bridge "carrying on" the duty. The photograph was taken at Spithead last November, just before the "Royal Sovereign" left for the winter cruise of the Channel Squadron off the South West coast of Ireland.



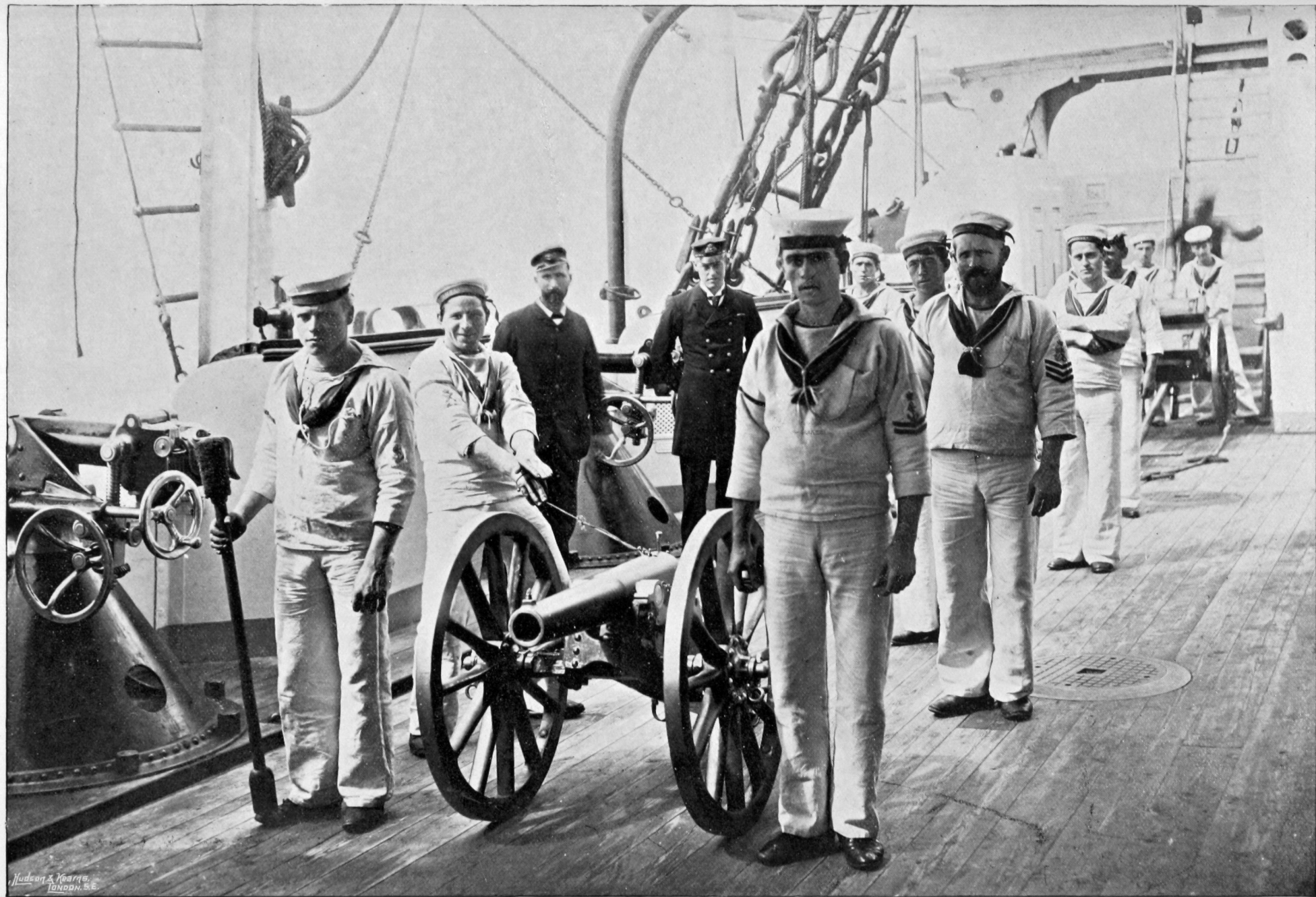


Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

DRILL WITH A "LIGHT" GUN ON BOARD THE "CAMPERDOWN."

6

EVERY battleship and cruiser in commission carries on board a number of light guns for use in her boats or as field guns on shore with a landing party should occasion arise. The number varies with the size of the ship:—thus, the "Royal Sovereign" carries four "light" guns; the "Camperdown" (on board which ship the photograph reproduced above was taken, when the "Camperdown" was flagship in the Channel Squadron in 1891), two; the first-class cruiser the "St. George," two—used with good effect in the recent operations on the Zanzibar coast—and so on down to small cruisers, which each carry one. Here we have a squad of bluejackets in comfortable white working rig at drill, the Captain of the gun being in the act of pulling the tube lanyard which fires the piece.





Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ON THE FORECASTLE OF H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

A SHIP'S Company is divided, speaking broadly, into two watches (each of which, of course, is further subdivided for duty), and the men go on leave when in port in turn, watch by watch. In our picture is shown the watch on board in the "Royal Sovereign" when at Portsmouth early in November last—upwards of three hundred and odd men of all ratings, bluejackets, stokers, and marines. The whole forecastle, including the lofty barbette and the two giant 67-ton guns, is shown covered and entirely hidden by the men, the camera being placed for the occasion right forward in the bows by the cable bollards which appear in the foreground of the photograph.



Hudson & Kearns,  
LONDON, S.E.

Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

### PAY DAY ON BOARD THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

THE pay chest on the table comprises several rows of drawers 'divided into compartments' to hold separately the money due to each man. The money is placed in the compartments in the Paymaster's office below, and the chest then brought on deck where it is paid out in the presence of an executive officer. The Paymaster is shown paying a bluejacket with the Commander of the ship on his right, while the Master-at-Arms, stands by to check the names of the men. Jack sweeps his money into his cap in the way a sailor has taken his pay ever since the time of Samuel Pepys. The British bluejacket of to-day is a thrifty soul, and seldom fails to remit a portion of his pay to the old folk at home or to have a little nest egg in the savings bank.



## SPORT IN

BY REAR-ADMIRAL  
W. R. KENNEDY,



## THE NAVY,

(Late Commander-in-Chief  
on the East Indies Station).

IT will probably be admitted that the Royal Navy offers advantages in the way of sport such as no other profession affords. The roving life of a sailor, embracing every portion of the globe, gives facilities to a sportsman beyond the reach of most people, excepting those favoured individuals who can afford the luxury of a steam yacht. Sailors are, as a rule, good all-round sportsmen, though they may not be A 1 at any particular branch; but I cannot help thinking that more enjoyment is to be got out of life by doing many things fairly well, than in being a brilliant performer in one. We cannot all be Roberts or De Greys, and I am of opinion that when once a man has reached perfection the interest must cease, and he become blazé, a condition I have never observed in Naval officers. A sailor comes ashore from a cruise determined to enjoy himself, whether it be in the ball room or the field. At a ball he dances every dance, if he can. At the covert side he blazes away, perhaps not always safely, but pleased with himself, and quite satisfied if an occasional pheasant "flies into it." If he has the good fortune to get a day in the forest, and to kill a stag, he is happy for many a day, whereas the man who seldom misses, is put out, if his bird doesn't fall, and takes a pill when he gets home. The glorious moment when the line tautens, and the gleaming bar of silver flies into the air, sends a thrill of excitement through the sailor's veins, and makes his heart beat faster—a sensation unknown to the professional—and the man who kills hundreds of brace of driven grouse to his own gun cannot have the same pleasure as the poor mariner, who is content with a modest bag.

The Frenchman may sneer at us because we are not content unless we "kill something," but it is not so. If it was as simple to kill a stag as a cow, there would be no sport in it. It is the difficulty, and the uncertainty that constitute sport.

The old sea-dogs of history (sometimes irreverently called "canvas-backs") were probably not sportsmen; they had something else to do. It was these old heroes who made England what she is, all honour to them, and proud are we to follow in their wake, but that is no reason why the rising generation should not devote their leisure hours to the pleasures of the chase. I remember as a Mid. in China, once asking leave to go ashore for a walk with my gun. The ship had been three weeks in port and I had not left her. The answer was "Why, d——m it the sound isn't out of the cable yet." Again as a Lieutenant some years later I sent in an application for ten days' leave to go on a shooting expedition. This was promptly refused, the Admiral saying he never heard of such a thing since he had been in the Service. It was even said that the gallant old hero was so exasperated at the bare idea that he threw his wig down and stamped on it.

Some years after this I again found myself in the Mediterranean, the fleet was in the Bay of Naples and a party of us asked for twenty-four hours' leave to go to Rome. This was flatly refused, the Commander-in-Chief declaring that it was quite preposterous! but he granted us twelve hours—not sufficient to go there and back.

Happily we have changed all this, and a different system obtains, the Naval officer of to-day is as a rule a sportsman, and can sympathise with sportsmen. By this I don't mean that all are shooters or fishers—happily not, but I have never met one yet who was not fond of sport in some form or

other, whether it be hunting, racing, golf, cricket, football, rackets, tennis, boat sailing, etc. All of which out-door sports are conducive to good health and contentment. Two of our most distinguished and gallant Admirals, now, alas! departed this life, Sir GEOFFREY HORNBURY and Sir GEORGE TRYON, were both keen sportsmen, as are many who are still serving. In fact it often happens that the older a man gets the keener he is; but alas! though the aim be as true, and the eye undimmed, the hills seem steeper as age draws on, and the wind not so good as it was.

In my younger days I seldom had the opportunity of sporting, owing to the stirring times which followed my entry into the Service—the Russian war, 1854-5, followed by the China war, 1856-7-8-9—but during the latter epoch we had occasional opportunities for shooting when not otherwise engaged with the Chinamen. Frequently some little excitement was added to the day's sport, by the probable chance of being included in the bag, and on more than one occasion I had to run for my life with a horde of Chinamen yelping at my heels. Since those days sport has been made more easy, if less exciting—as one gets up in the Service, it becomes all plain sailing. The Captain mans his boat, and attended by his coxwain, and boat's crew to carry the bag, makes for the nearest marsh or pool, and is first on the spot, and gets the cream of the sport. But to my mind half the enjoyment in sport is to let others who have not the same facilities, share it, and nothing has given me more pleasure than to take a couple of youngsters with me and see the lads enjoy themselves. Some of these boys have turned out good sportsmen and do credit to their early training with gun and rod.

In Newfoundland we used to have as many as sixteen rods from the ship, and what pleasure it was to compare notes when we got aboard again, and to see who had the biggest fish. On the S.E. Coast of South America we used sometimes to land as many guns, and there was sport for all, without interfering with each other. The most audacious thing that ever happened to me in this respect, occurred during my last cruise in the East Indies, when a midshipman of the party, "wiped the Admiral's eye" with a big stag. The boy's delight can well be imagined and was no greater than that of the Commander-in-Chief, but discipline must be maintained, and the youngster was placed under arrest to be tried by court-martial. It was currently reported however, that the young rascal was ashore with his gun the very next morning, ready to wipe the Admiral's other eye, if he gave him a chance, and the big stag's head now adorns his father's hall.

It is astonishing how bluejackets and marines take to sport, although they may never have had the chance of seeing any. I have trained several coxwains as stalkers and gillies, and found them most keen, and apt pupils, never more pleased than when "gralloching" a deer, and carrying it down to the



boat. Who, too, has not seen the faithful "Joey" following his master with waterbottle and haversack, looking vastly more at home than on "sentry go," or bayonet exercise, on board ship. But Jack's idea of sport is a seining party. Here he is seen in his element, and it is a form of amusement I have always encouraged and generally superintended, especially in the tropics, where seining can be carried on with pleasure and profit. On such occasions volunteers are not wanting, so a "hand of a mess" is told off, usually in charge of a warrant officer. The seine, some sixty fathoms long, is carefully overhauled, and about sun-down the party, rigged out in flannels, make for the rendezvous, a sandy beach devoid of rocks for choice. The seine is "shot," and all hands plunge into the water to haul it ashore. With eager expectation we watch as the corks approach the beach, how blank is the disappointment when there is nothing in it; on the other hand, what wild excitement as the gleaming phosphorescent light betrays the presence of some monsters of the deep, as they rush madly to and fro in vain endeavours to escape. And then the glorious moment when the net is hauled up high above the tide mark, and the glittering beauties of every size, shape and colour, lie gasping on the strand. Then for a spell, boys, whilst pipes are lighted and the grog passed round, whilst the seine is prepared for another haul.

How well I remember the last seining party in which I participated at Calcutta. The Viceroy had given me permission to haul the seine in some tanks in the Viceregal park at Barrackpore, where monsters were said to belong.

Our first haul being drawn blank, we doubled the seine by splicing one below the other, and repeated the evolution. For some moments nothing appeared, but as we got near the end of the tank, a huge fish leaped clean over the net followed by several others. The excitement was now intense. The men redoubled their exertions, and it became apparent that several big fish were still in the net. My coxswain was afloat in a small dingy, shouting out his directions in a loud voice, when an immense fish sprang out of the water, hit him in the stomach, and knocked him overboard. The boat was capsized on the top of him, but presently he reappeared, covered with weeds and slime, his mouth full of mud, which, however, did not prevent him from using most terrible language, to the great amusement of us all. He was finally dragged ashore in the "cod" of the net, along with some enormous fish, which scaled from 30lbs. to 50lbs. apiece.

After several successful hauls we adjourned to a sumptuous repast which Lord Lansdowne had most generously provided under the shade of a banyan tree, where the tars regaled themselves to their hearts content, drinking to the health of our popular Governor-General and his charming wife.

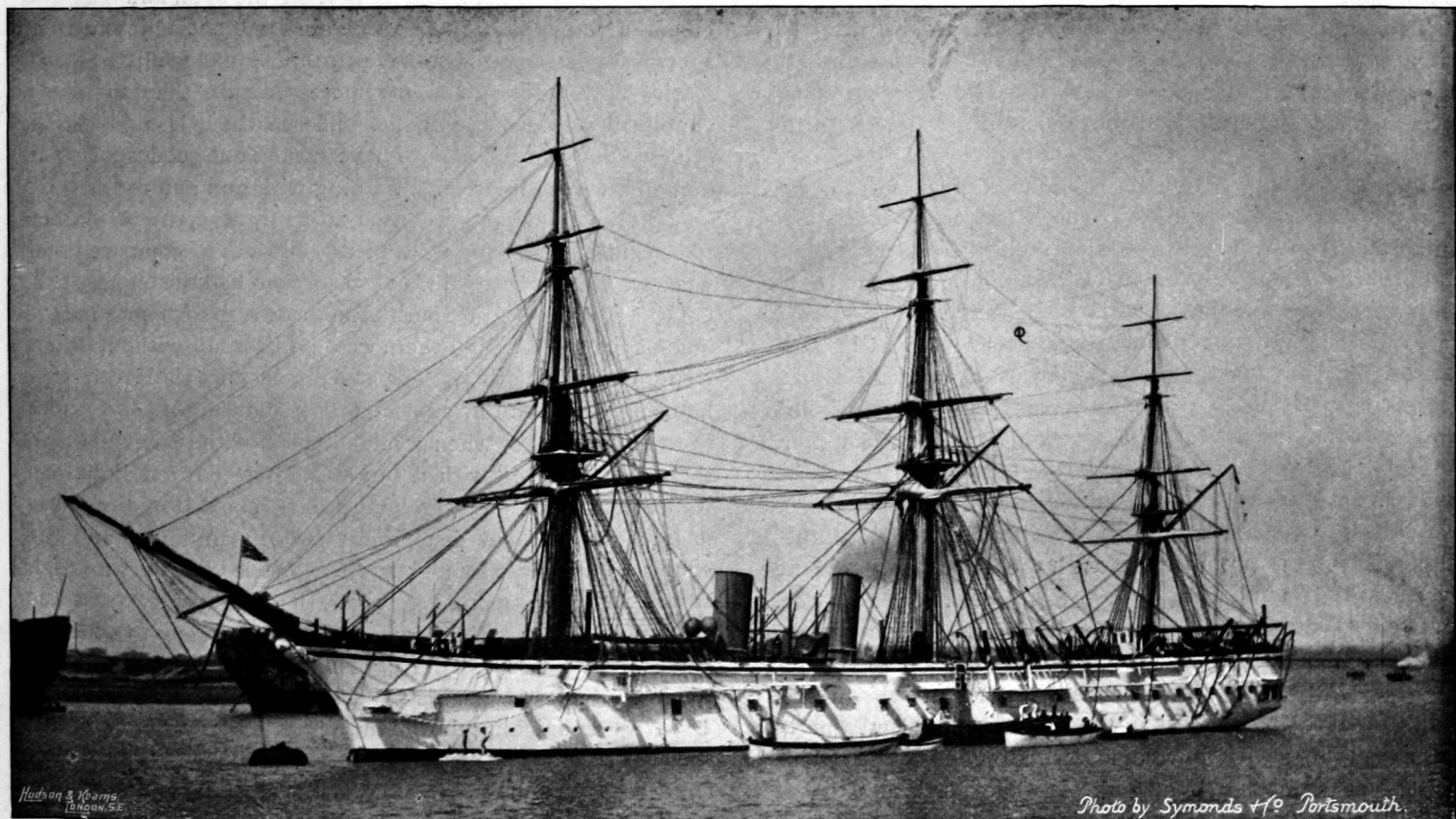
It sometimes happens that curious and rare fish are killed or stunned during torpedo practice, as I have reason to remember, for on one occasion a diabolical specimen, commonly called a "Parrot" fish, came to the surface, and was duly deposited in my boat in which I was superintending the operations. As soon as we got on board, the fish, which was apparently dead, was passed up for inspection, and whilst examining the creature, its jaws snapped together with such force that it bit off the top of my thumb, the piece falling on the deck. I went below to have the wound dressed, and while the surgeon was cauterizing it to guard against poison, my coxswain followed me down with the top of my thumb, asking what was to be done with it?

We had a young leopard on board, a most savage little beast, so I told him to give it to the leopard, which I believe was done. Whether the taste for human flesh affected its temper or no, I am not prepared to say, but we could do nothing with the brute so it was sent home to the Zoo, where it died.

I think I have touched but lightly upon the opportunities afforded to Naval officers of sporting tastes, from the Midshipman to the Admiral; but I hope I have not in this article led any one to suppose that sport is, in my opinion, the sole aim and duty of a Naval officer. Such is not my intention, far from it; but I maintain and always shall, that sport and duty do not clash, and that on the contrary, they can be so combined as to assist one another, and make Naval officers more contented with their noble profession, and more zealous in the performance of their duties.

In these piping times of peace the work and routine of a man-of-war would be apt to be monotonous, were it not for a substratum of sport. A man will work none the less keenly from knowing that as soon as it is over, his mate is waiting for him with gun, rod, or golf club, round the corner, and when his holiday is over, he will, if he be a true sportsman, as I know he must be, buckle to at his work with renewed zeal and energy, refreshed in mind and body, and with a clear conscience possibly somewhat marred by the reflection, of how he missed that "Rocket," or maybe lost the biggest fish of the season through not overhauling his tackle in his watch below.

W. R. KENNEDY.



H.M.S. "BOADICEA," RECENTLY FLYING THE FLAG OF REAR ADMIRAL W. R. KENNEDY ON THE EAST INDIES STATION.



# RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY,

BY LIEUT.-COL. F. C. TURNER,

(Late Recruiting Staff Officer, London Recruiting District.)



SERGEANTS OF THE RECRUITING DEPOT AT ST. GEORGE'S BARRACKS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



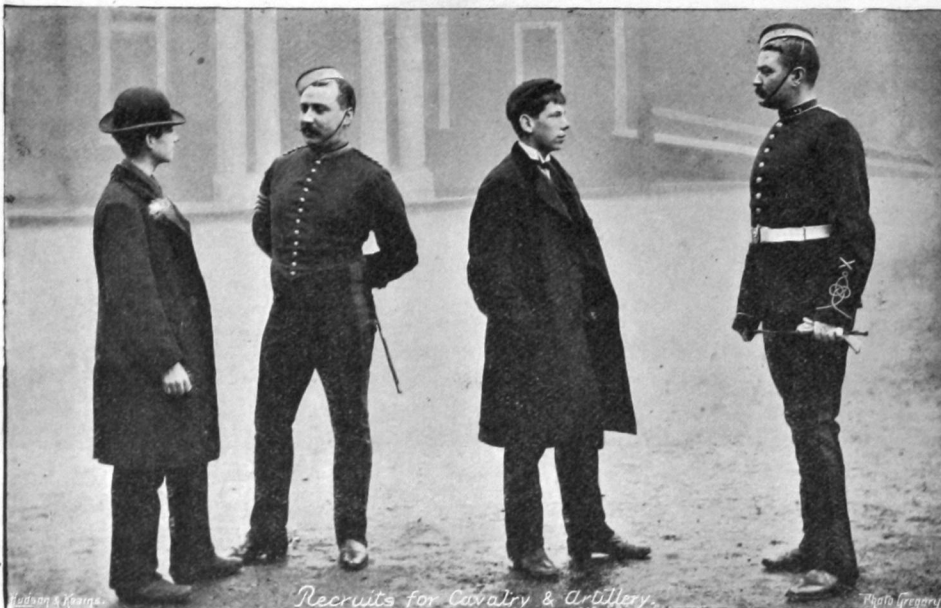
ST. George's Barracks, Charing Cross, the Depôt of the London Recruiting District, is by far our most important centre of Army recruiting. Of course, a great number of recruits are obtained annually through Regimental Depôts throughout the country, but as a matter of fact, when a man wants to enlist, he generally leaves his district to do so, the Territorial system notwithstanding. About one quarter of the recruits for the whole Army are actually enlisted at St. George's Barracks, and a considerable proportion of the remainder at Woolwich, Hounslow, and other neighbouring centres. The machinery at Charing Cross for everything connected with recruiting is, of course, very complete, and attached to the barracks there is a contingent of special recruiters, a number of whom are daily in evidence within a few hundred yards of St. Martin's Church. These men are paid from two and sixpence to five shillings each for every recruit they bring in, the lower sum being the infantry rate while the five shillings is paid for Cavalry, Guards, and Artillery recruits. They get as much as from £2 to £3 for a Life Guardsman. Amongst Londoners the Cavalry, Highlanders (or Scotch Highlanders as the London recruit calls them) and the Rifle Brigade are in particular demand, the hardest recruits to get being those for Garrison Artillery, for which men of

exceptional physique are required, while the branch is not particularly popular. With recruits for the Royal Engineers a special course is taken, as they have to be tested in their knowledge of a trade. There are certain workshops in London where this testing is undertaken for a fee, and as, even when a man has undergone this test he may still be rejected at Chatham; it will be seen that it requires genuine knowledge of a trade to become a Royal Engineer. In the case of the Royal Engineer, too, a certificate of character is required, and the same qualification is necessary in regard to the Army Service Corps and the Medical Staff Corps. But with the line or cavalry recruit, provided there is nothing of a suspicious nature about him, such as a recruiting officer of experience can generally detect at a glance, a character is not considered a *sine qua non*.

A good deal is heard from time to time about "special enlistments," that is, of undersized lads who promise to fill out to the required development. Personally, I am in favor of



these, for the simple reason, that by taking these "growing lads" you secure recruits of a much better class than you can if you decline to take anyone under a hard and fast standard of measurement. I may mention, too, that many cavalry commanding officers have declared that these "specials" often turn out the best soldiers they have. In London the general rule as regards admitting





recruits who do not come exactly up to the standard, is that they should make up in some way for their actual deficiencies. Thus, if a man is under height, he must have a specially good chest measurement, if his chest measurement is not quite what it should be, then both his height and weight must be fully satisfactory. My own rule has been always to attach importance to weight, and in the course of a long and varied experience, both in London and in the country, I have never passed a man whose weight was not what it should be, taking age and other circumstances into consideration.

The greatest drawback to recruiting in this country is undoubtedly the British mother. The average British lad has certainly no repugnance to the Army, and the average British father has very little objection to his son's becoming a soldier, or at any rate to his remaining one if he has already enlisted. But to the British mother—of the lower middle class more especially—it seems to come as a positive blow to find that her boy has not done the great things she expected him to do, and has, as she thinks, sunk to the level of a mere recruit. It seems to her such a terrible waste of the good education which the lad has had given him, and which ought to have produced such infinitely better results. The British mother, accordingly does her best to discourage military ambition, and when her son has taken the matter into his own hands and enlisted in spite of her, she will often try hard to get the lad back to civil life. When I was in charge at St. George's Barracks, I repeatedly had two



AT ST. GEORGE'S BARRACKS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE: MEMBERS OF THE RECRUITING STAFF.

and three mothers in one day making tearful enquiries after their sons, and begging me to help them to get a discharge. My advice in such cases invariably is, that the lad, if physically fit, should be allowed to give the Service a fair trial. In any case if he sickens of it he can be bought out for £10 within three months, with the certainty that he will never attempt the experiment a

second time, while the chances are that if the youngster is worth anything at all, the Army will soon make a real man of him. I have known many cases in which parents have eventually been glad to admit the soundness of this advice and have come to be very proud of their smart soldier sons.

There is no question as to the improvement of late years in recruiting for the Army. Nor is there any doubt as to why this improvement has taken place. The condition of the soldier is altogether different from what it used to be, and the treatment he now receives throughout his whole service is wonderfully kind and considerate. Better food, better opportunities of recreation, a better system even of canteen management, are all advantages calculated to draw young fellows to the Service, that so much is being done to provide reservists and discharged soldiers with employment in civil life, and to remove the scandal caused by reservists tramping from union to union, the prospects of recruiting will continue to improve year by year.

But even now, I repeat, the British Army has little difficulty in getting recruits, and getting them, too, of the right quality.



"The Raw Material."





Photo. by WALERY, Regent Street.

*H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.*

**T**HE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was born in 1819, and entered the army in 1837, with the rank of Colonel. He became Major-General in 1845, Lieut.-General in 1854, General in 1856, Field Marshal in 1862. In the Crimea the Duke commanded the 1st division, and was present at the Alma, Balaclava and at Inkerman, where he had his horse shot under him. In July, 1856, the Duke was appointed Commander-in-Chief, which office he held until October last. On his retirement the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was specially appointed Chief Personal A.D.C. to the Queen, and Colonel-in-Chief of the Army, a distinction that will give the Duke precedence and an *ex-officio* position at all reviews and military ceremonies he may be present at.



Photo. by LAFAYETTE, Dublin

*Field Marshal The Rt.-Hon. VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.*

EVER since the Coomassie Expedition of 1873 LORD WOLSELEY (then and for nine years after known as "Sir Garnet") has been before the public. Tel-el-Kebir brought him a peerage, and the Nile Expedition a Viscounty. In May, 1894, he was promoted a Field Marshal, and in March, 1895, he was appointed Colonel of the Blues. On the 1st of November he became Commander-in-Chief *vice* the Duke of Cambridge. Entering the service in 1852, LORD WOLSELEY has seen fighting all the world over, has been repeatedly wounded, and repeatedly mentioned in despatches. Here he appears in the full dress of a Field Marshal, with the baton of his rank in hand.





Photo. b. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

*GUNNERS OF FIELD ARTILLERY DRILLING WITH A 12-POUNDER.*

HERE we have a 12-pounder gun, which a squad of gunners, in field service uniform, are pointing at an imaginary enemy during the New Forest operations of last August. This is one of the weapons with which the Royal Artillery, both field and horse batteries, have recently been supplied. It is claimed for the 12-pounder that as a light field gun it is second to none. It weighs under the third of a ton, and with a service charge of 4 lbs., if given 25 degrees of elevation, has a range just under five miles. The calibre of the piece or size of the bore is three inches. The drill is taking place in camp.



*Col. R. POLE-CAREW, C.B., Commanding 2nd Coldstream Guards.*

COLONEL REGINALD POLE-CAREW, C.B., commanding the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, entered the regiment as Ensign in May, 1869. He attained the rank of Colonel in the Army in October, 1888, and the regimental rank of Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards in February, 1895.



*Col. F. A. GRAVES-SAWLE, Commanding 1st Coldstream Guards.*

COLONEL FRANCIS AYLMER GRAVES-SAWLE, commanding the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards entered the regiment as Ensign, in June, 1868. He attained the rank of Colonel in the Army in April, 1889, and the regimental rank of Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards in September, 1894.



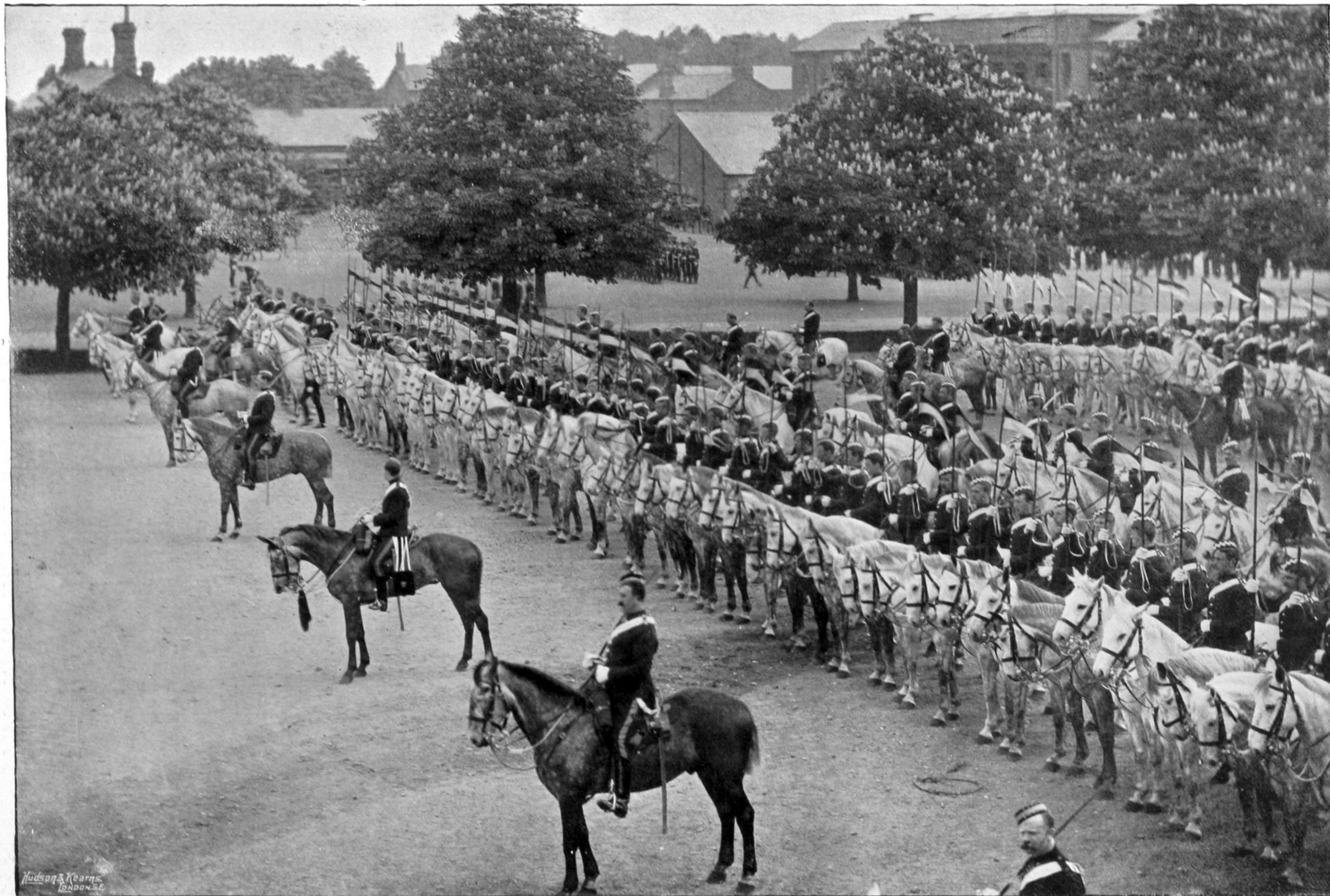


Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

“SECOND TO NONE.”—THE SCOTS GREYS.

THE SCOTS GREYS were originally the North British Dragoons, whose first Colonel was Graham, of Claverhouse. Their grey horses, the legend goes, were the gift of William the Third, for good service in Flanders. Their Bearskins were won under Marlborough at Ramilles, where the Greys overthrew the famous French Regiment, du Roi. Twice since then have the Greys taken standards in battle: the white damask “Giants’” flag of the French Household Cavalry at Dettingen, and the Eagle of the French, “45th of the Line” at Waterloo. In the charge of the Heavies at Balaclava they displayed splendid heroism. The Honorary Colonel of the Greys is the Czar of Russia, to whom recently the regiment sent congratulations on the birth of the Grand Duchess of Olga.



Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

### TWO NOTABLE GUARDSMEN.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT HEATHCOTE-AMORY of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, is the tallest officer (6 feet 5½ inches) in the Guards' Brigade. The drummer is JOHN MASKELL, a boy with a story. Picked up at the manœuvres near Swindon, in 1893, while following the troops, and found to be an orphan and a fine spirited boy, the officers of the battalion placed him in the Gordon Boys' Home. There JOHN MASKELL did well and became cornet player in the band, whence the officers of the Coldstream Guards took him into their own band as a drummer. He is a universal favorite and a good boy.





Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

### THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF THE SOLDIER.

*Display by the Staff of the Aldershot Gymnasium.*

PARTICULAR attention is paid nowadays to the systematic training of the British Army, so as to work up the raw material out of which the short service soldier has to be moulded into men fit to do anything and go anywhere. As it should be, Aldershot is the chief centre of the instructional system, under the able supervision of the Inspector of Army Gymnasia, Colonel G. M. Fox, late of the Black Watch. What manner of men his assistants are is shown by our photograph of the Aldershot Gymnasts, under Sergeant PATTERSON, rehearsing their *tour de force*, for the Royal Military Tournament in May last.



Photo. by GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.

*DRUM-MAJOR PATRICK, 2nd COLDSTREAM GUARDS.*

OUR portrait of DRUM-MAJOR PATRICK of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards is particularly interesting, in that the gallant Drum-Major besides being himself a credit to his corps belongs to it by hereditary association. His father served in the 2nd Coldstream Guards, and three of his uncles fell in action while with the battalion in the Russian War. Drum-Major PATRICK himself enlisted in the 2nd Coldstream Guards in 1875, at the age of fourteen, and served with the battalion in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, for which he wears the medal and star. He is an East Anglian, from Great Yarmouth, and has the good conduct medal.