

"I was. But I did not desire this man's death."

"And the guillotine will have him, and he will not be on hand to see me scared. *Ciel!* but it is strange. Alas! the disappointments of this mortal life! Good luck to you, and *au revoir*. I thank you."

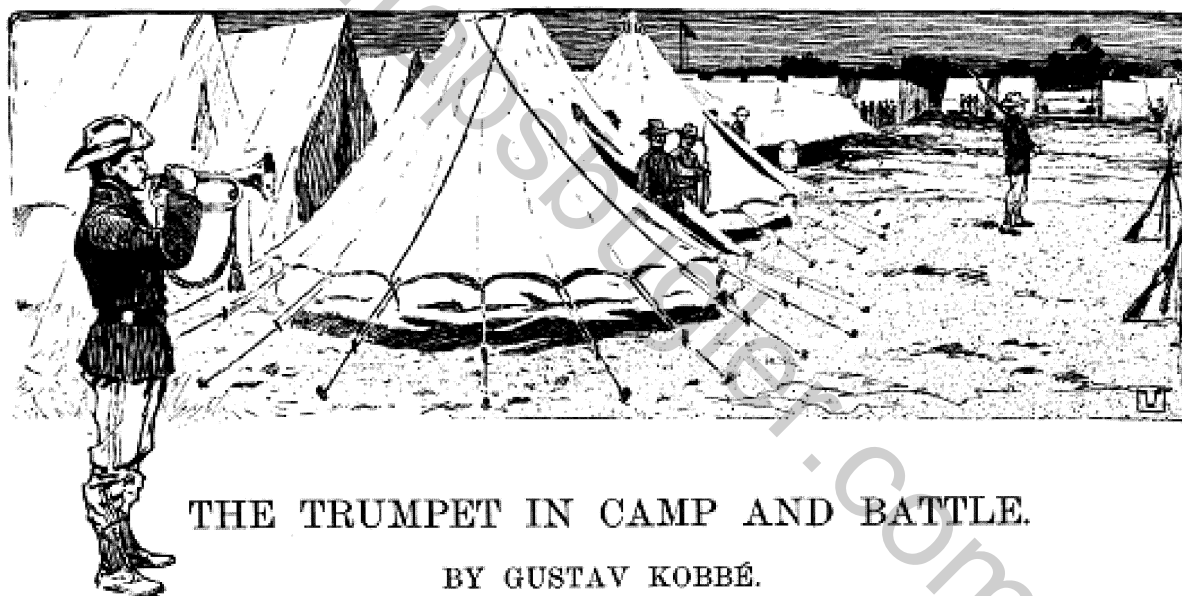
A few minutes later, Grégoire, having carefully disposed of the gold about his ample person, escorted Citizen François to the outer door. The look with which the commissioner with the wart regarded the retreating back and the big ears of François was unfriendly, to say the least.

François understood the risks of his position. For a time he was safe. After he gave up that precious paper he would be at Grégoire's mercy. "More or less," muttered the thief, with a laugh which set Toto to caper-

ing. He went toward the Seine, looked in the shop windows, and had a bite and a good bottle of wine, for the marquis had insisted on giving him ten louis for his own use. About half-past eleven he turned into the Rue Poulletier, and rang the bell at 33 bis.

"Come, Toto," he said, as he went in. "We owe Mme. Quatre Pattes a little debt. Let us be honest and pay." He closed the door behind him, and heard the sharp voice of the concierge: "Who goes there? Speak, or I will be after thee." He drew back, and looked in through the glassed door of the Crab's room. He knew she would not sally out. Why should she? Her house was only a hive of thieves and low women, who were driven away when they could not pay, and who rarely plundered one another.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



## THE TRUMPET IN CAMP AND BATTLE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

ONCE again the nation thrills to the call of the trumpet and the roll of the drum. The trumpet is the clock of the camp, but on the battle-field notes of command ring from its brazen throat. In camp it awakens the soldier, summons him to drill, invites him to mess, and bids him go to rest. In the face of the enemy it calls him to arms and to the charge. Over the soldier's grave it sings the last song—"lights out."

Considering the antiquity of the trumpet and the drum, and their obvious adaptability to sounding signals, it would seem as if field music must have originated simultaneously with these instruments. That soldiers marched and fought to their martial strains

in the most ancient times we know from passages in the Bible and the classics. But there is a difference between military and field music. The former is played by the regimental bands, and consists chiefly of marches and inspiring airs, the latter is played on the field of battle, to fire the soldier's heart. Field music is "sounded" by the bugle, the trumpet, the drum, or the drum and fife, and consists of a system of signals by which, instead of by word of mouth, commands are conveyed to the troops. It is impossible to discover when the first system of this kind originated. Probably it developed gradually. The fact that a trumpet or a drum can be heard much more distinctly on



The earliest indisputable evidence of the use of the drum in the English army is furnished by Froissart, who mentions the drum in the list of instruments to the music of which Edward III entered Calais in 1347. The drum seems to have been first used for field music in Italy. "The drum proclaims the commands of the officer to his troops," writes Machiavelli in his "Art of War," in which he also recommends trumpets and flutes, probably fifes. The fife seems, however, to have been first introduced into Germany, where it still retains a strong hold. We hear of it in England, however, as early as 1683, Sir James Turner writing in his "Pallas Armata": "With us any captain may keep a piper in his company, and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him"—to which Sir James adds quaintly, "perhaps just as much as he deserveth."

"Tattoo," which is sounded at 9 P.M., after which quiet must prevail in the quarters, can be traced back to the Thirty Years' War, during which it was established by Wallenstein, the soldiers calling it *Zapfenstreich*, the name it still bears in the German army, and which exactly describes the purpose for which it was established. The call was introduced by Wallenstein to terminate the nightly revels of his unruly troopers. In order that the drinking-bouts should really cease with this call, the provost was ordered to proceed to all the sutlers' booths, see that the bungs (*Zapfen*) were in the barrels, and draw a chalk-line (*Streich*) over them, the sutler being exposed to heavy penalties if the morning inspection showed the line to have been tampered with during the night. Hence *Zapfenstreich* means literally "bung-line." The *grosse Zapfenstreich* ("grand tattoo") of the German army is a magnificent expansion of this call. I have heard it on the Emperor's birthday, and it is also usually played after the annual manoeuvres by the combined bands and field music of the whole corps, some two thousand performers. After eight bars for fifes and drums, a few drummers begin the long roll, pianissimo, the number being augmented and the volume swelled until a thunderous fortissimo reverberates from more than three hundred drums. Suddenly these break into four bars of simple march tempo, and the bands play the *Zapfenstreich* proper, an old-time quickstep. After this the cavalry bands play the retreat, trumpet-calls being interspersed with rolls of kettledrums and full chords on the brass instruments. A short call for drums and fifes, a slow movement,

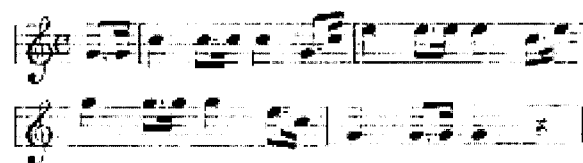
the "prayer," by the combined bands, a roll for the drums, the bugle-call *Gewehr ein*, and two bars of long chords, bring to a close a stirring performance, the effect of which is heightened by the brilliant surroundings—torchlights, glittering uniforms, and refulgent arms.

Our own term for the call to quarters, "tattoo," is derived by some authorities from "tap to," giving it the same meaning as *Zapfenstreich*. In the British infantry service tattoo is elaborate, bugles, drums, and fifes, and sometimes the band, taking part. The "first post," or "setting of the watch," is sounded by the bugles twenty minutes before the hour at which the men have to be in their barracks. The "rolls," three strokes by the big drum, each succeeded by a roll on the side drums, follow the call. The drum-and-fife corps then march up and down the barrack-yard, playing quicksteps. At the hour for retiring to quarters, "God Save the Queen" is played, the whole being concluded by the bugles.

In our army tattoo is not an elaborate ceremony; but it is the longest call in the service, consisting of twenty-eight bars, taken partly from the French and partly from the British service. The first eight bars—



—are the French signal for lights out (*extinction des feux*), and were formerly played for taps in our army. These eight bars, which were Napoleon I's favorite call, are followed by twenty bars which are copied from the British infantry tattoo, described above, and begin:



concluding with this effective phrase:



It is usually played in a three-part arrangement, and is one of the most sonorous and impressive of all the calls.

Tattoo is too long a call for words; but the Germans have adapted verses to their Zapfenstreich, for instance:

"Zu Bett! zu Bett!"  
Die Trommel geht.  
"Und dass ihn Morgen früh aufsteht,  
Und nicht so lang im Bette lüht [sic]."

This may be freely translated:

"To bed! to bed!"  
The drum has said.  
"To-morrow early out of bed,  
And do not be a sleepy head."

Another Zapfenstreich verse, which once was prophecy, but now is history, is as follows:

Die Franzosen haben das Geld gestohlen.  
Die Preussen die wollen es wieder holen.  
Geduld! Geduld! Geduld!

(The Frenchmen, the Frenchmen our money have taken.

The Prussians will soon get it back again.  
Just wait! Just wait! Just wait!)

Our own tattoo is especially interesting, because the French call of "lights out," which forms the first eight bars, was one of the calls of Napoleon's army, and was, as stated above, a great favorite with him. This was one of the calls which were "*composée et arrangée par David Buhl*" for the army of Napoleon. In Georges Kastner's "*Manuel de Musique Militaire*" these calls are given, and attached to this one is a note: "*Sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*." The "Emperor's favorite" is the only call of his army which has survived the monarchy, the second empire, the revolution, and the commune. The French still cling to the "*Sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*"—"lights out." It is as if the foot-lights had been turned down on the drama of *la gloire*. Yet the French seem to hear in the favorite call of the great Napoleon—and a beautiful call it is—a voice from their glorious past. And so, although now soldiers of *la République Française*, the French army goes to rest as the "*sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*" falls upon the stillness of the night. Strange, too, that it was not "boots and saddles," or the call to arms or to the charge, that the great commander loved best, but the call that sent the army to its rest.

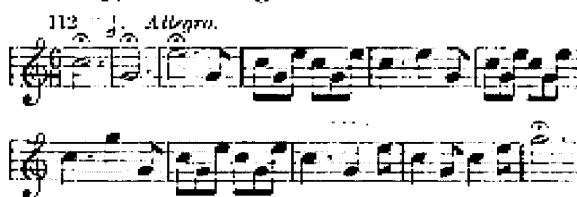
The concluding twenty bars of our tattoo, which, as I have stated, are taken from the English service, the English themselves seem to have derived from one of the *tocchi di tromba* of the Italian service; for they bear

in part a striking resemblance to *il silenzio*, a fine trumpet-call of the Neapolitan cavalry, which I have found in Kastner's book.

Our own bugle-calls underwent considerable change when Upton's tactics came into use in 1867. Both Scott's and Casey's tactics were largely adapted from the French infantry service, and the French infantry calls were transferred bodily to our service. Retreat, for instance, was the call still in use in the French infantry, beginning:



Instead of the present sonorous and effective tattoo, we also had that of the French infantry, which begins:



When Upton's tactics were prepared, General Upton requested General Truman Seymour (then Major of the Fifth United States Artillery), who was a man of artistic and musical tastes, to prepare a system of calls. The object of Upton's tactics being to provide uniformity in all branches of the service, the calls were made the same for all arms, excepting such signals as pertain to special acts of the trooper and the artilleryman which the infantryman cannot perform.

Major Seymour did his work very well. It is doubtful if any army has as terse and practical a system of drill and skirmish calls as ours, while the general calls are capitally selected. As the calls were to be the same for all branches, Major Seymour could choose from both infantry and cavalry calls. Of the old calls found in Casey's tactics he retained the reveille of the French infantry:



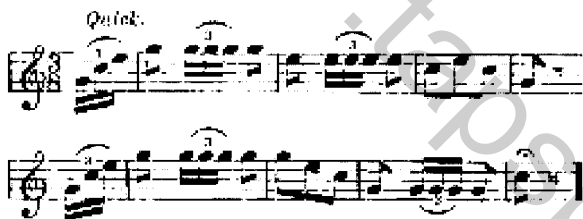
to which our soldiers sing:

We can't get 'em up,  
We can't get 'em up,  
We can't get 'em up  
In the morning.

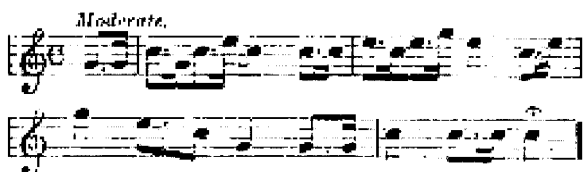
He also retained the French "church call" (*la messe*). This and our dinner call are both taken from the "Sonneries de Chasseurs d'Orléans," which were promulgated in 1845, our dinner call being the French *la soupe*:



For the retreat of the French infantry Major Seymour substituted for the same ceremony the French cavalry call, that ancient call of which I have already given the music. Another spirited signal adopted from the French cavalry is the "assembly of trumpeters," or "first call":



This precedes reveille, retreat, and tattoo, and, as these calls are usually played by all the trumpeters at the post, is the signal for them to assemble. It is also the first call for all ceremonies. Another pretty call is the "assembly," the signal to form the companies into ranks:



The most thoroughgoing change made by Major Seymour was, however, his erasure of the French infantry tattoo, and his substitution of the call, made up of the French extinction des feux and the British tattoo, which I have described above.

The skirmish signals have been devised upon a most practical system. All changes of gait are differentiated upon the same note. Thus we have:

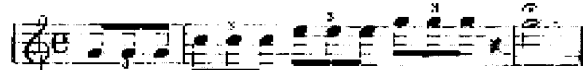


## GALLOP.



Movements to the right are signaled on the ascending, those to the left on the descending, scale:

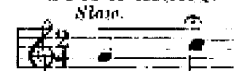
## PLATOONS RIGHT WHEEL.



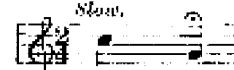
## PLATOONS LEFT WHEEL.



## GUIDE RIGHT.

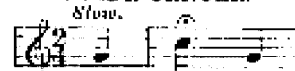


## GUIDE LEFT.



In guide center, the middle or center note of the three is the one that is accentuated and held:

## GUIDE CENTER.



These calls are readily memorized, not only by the men, but, in the mounted service, by the horses, which will go through a drill faultlessly if left to themselves to follow the signals.

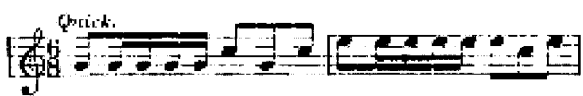
A characteristic cavalry call is our "boots and saddles":



This is said to be an English call, but I do not find it among the English cavalry signals. The same call in the French cavalry is in exactly the same rhythm as ours, though it begins a fifth lower:



and ours would therefore rather seem to be derived from the French. Ours, being pitched higher, rings out louder and more effectively, and bears out that sentence in our cavalry tactics: "It is generally expected of cavalry, and is its pride, to be bold and daring." "Stable call":





is another characteristically buoyant cavalry signal. Our soldiers have set these clever verses to it:

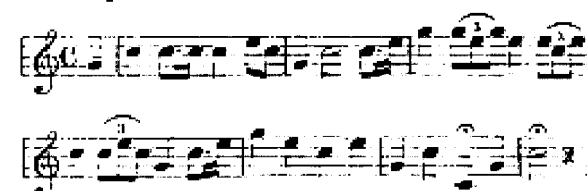
Now go to the stable,  
All you who are able,  
And give to your horses  
Some oats and some corn.

For if you don't do it  
The captain will know it,  
And then you will rue it,  
As sure as you 're born.

West Point has a church call of its own, which is extremely pretty. It is here printed for the first time:



At West Point special calls not used elsewhere in the service are sounded for the different recitations, and at 7 P. M. a pretty "evening call to quarters" is sounded. This is also printed here for the first time:



These calls are believed to have originated at this post many years ago, and are tenaciously clung to.

The drum and fife seem to be disappearing from our service. There is a drum-and-fife corps at West Point, which has preserved a number of the old calls, such as "peas upon a trencher" for breakfast, "roast beef" for dinner, and "Hark, the bonnie Christ Church bells" for church. The latter is an old Eng-

lish round; and, in fact, our drum-and-fife calls are of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh origin, having evidently been adopted into the Revolutionary army from the British service. Under Scott's and Casey's tactics there were no fewer than fifteen general and twenty skirmish calls for the drum. Among the former were the "general" (to strike tents, etc., preparatory to marching), "assembly," "reveille," "retreat," "tattoo," and the "long roll" or "daddy-mammy," as it is always called in the British and American service. At West Point the old calls, like "peas upon a trencher," have been handed down by ear. The drum and drum-and-fife calls under the new tactics are few in number; for in the new extended order the line is so long that an instrument of penetrating tone like the trumpet is needed. For this reason, although a few of our infantry regiments retain the drum-and-fife corps, the musicians must also be trumpeters.

The uninitiated think that in order to make a drummer of a person it is only necessary to give him a drum and two sticks. But a drummer requires a most supple wrist, all beats being from the wrist; and while some people can learn to drum in six weeks, others cannot learn in a lifetime. The "daddy-mammy," for instance, is produced by striking two blows with the left hand and two blows with the right hand with extreme regularity and phenomenal rapidity, so as to produce a continuous tremolo, and must be learned at an early age. "Daddy-mammy," by the way, undoubtedly derived its name from the suggestion in the "long roll" of the exercise of parental authority, whence our own phrase, "what Paddy gave the drum."

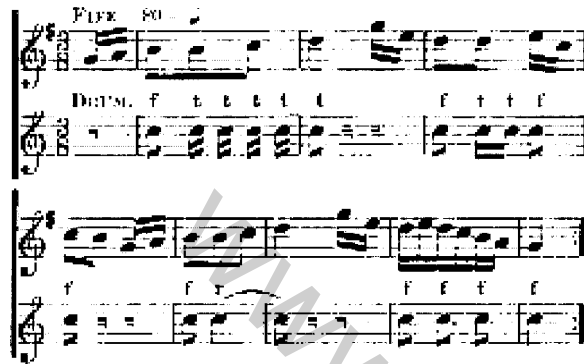
The music for the drum is for convenience written in the treble clef, the C on the staff being used. As the drum does not produce a musical note, it is necessary only to indicate the rhythm and the nature of the beat — whether a tap (*t*); a flam (*f*), which means two taps; a drag (*d*), in which one stick drags over the drumhead, while the other taps; or a roll (*r*). The number of strokes to each roll is indicated by figures. Here, for instance, is the "general," consisting of taps, rolls of four strokes, and one drag:



The "daddy-mammy" has this notation:



"To the colors" is a good example of a drum-and-fife call, the drum-beats being flams and taps, with a roll of nine strokes:



General Albert Ordway was the author of an interesting little book which recognizes the utility of the bicycle for military purposes. There are cycle corps attached to several regiments of the Connecticut National Guard, and experiments are being made in our standing army, under the supervision of General Miles. General Ordway's book is entitled "Cycle-Infantry Drill Regulations"; and in addition to the regular trumpet-calls of our service, he devised a system of whistle-calls. The notation, if I may so term it, of the calls consists

of short and long dashes indicating the duration of the blast, for instance: forward, -- (two short blasts); halt, -; begin firing, --- (two long and two short blasts); cease firing, ---; double time, ---, ---, ---. These calls are interesting, because the officers of the United States army have recently been ordered to have whistles inserted in their sword-hilts for use in giving signals on the skirmish-line.

In speaking of our trumpet-calls I purposely omitted one with which it seemed most appropriate to close this article, for it is the call which closes the soldier's day—"lights out," or "taps":



I have not been able to trace this call to any other service. If, as seems probable, it was original with Major Seymour, he has given our army the most beautiful of all trumpet-calls. Played slowly and expressively, it has a tender, touching, mournful character, in keeping with the fact that it is sounded not only for "lights out," but also over the soldier's grave, be he general or private, so that as with "lights out" night closes in upon the soldier's day, so with the same call the curtain rolls down upon his life.

## TWO AND FATE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

THE ship we ride the world in sniffs the storm,  
 And throws its head up to the hurricane,  
 Quivering like a war-horse when ranks form  
 With scream of bugles and the shout of men;  
 Neighs to the challenge of the thunderbolt,  
 And charges in the squadrons of the surge,  
 Sabring its way with fury of revolt,  
 And lashed with exaltation as a scourge.  
 Who would not rather founder in the fight  
 Than not have known the glory of the fray?  
 Ay, to go down in armor and in might,  
 With our last breath to dominate dismay,  
 To sink amid the mad sea's clashing spears,  
 And with the cry of bugles in our ears!