

The Havercake Lad

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Regimental Paper

OF THE

1st Battalion



Duke of

Wellington's Regt.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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The Havercake Lad.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

No. 4.]

MALTA, 15th DECEMBER, 1897.

[Price 3d.

EDITORIAL.

It is most satisfactory having to announce that all the copies that were printed of the last number of this little paper were sold. More were telegraphed for, but unfortunately the type had been distributed—to use a professional term—and consequently they were not forthcoming. In future we will take good care to order sufficient copies to prevent disappointment.

The present number is in the form of a Christmas budget, and we take this opportunity of wishing all our friends the sealed-pattern—but none the less hearty—“Merry 'Xmas and Happy New Year.”

We regret to say the obituary list is of startling dimensions. Misfortunes never come singly, and a few days after we heard of the death of our Colonel, General Erskine, the news arrived of the death of H.R.H. The Duchess of Teck, a sad event which threw the whole English-speaking race into mourning. A new Colonel has not yet been appointed to us, but we hope to be able to welcome one in our next.

Fever is not nearly so prevalent as it was during the hot weather, though the band are still dogged by bad luck. The death of Lance-Corporal Dunn was a grievous blow to them, and it will be some time before we get another cornet player as good as he. A handsome tombstone is being put up to his memory by his comrades, in the Annonciata cemetery. At the time of writing several members of the band are in hospital with jaundice, but we sincerely trust they will soon be out and about again.

There will shortly be some important changes in the garrison here. Already the Suffolks have moved from Imtarfa to Isola Gate. The Borders, on their arrival from home in the *Felunga* towards the end of this month, will go to Imtarfa. The King's Own are going on in that transport to Hong Kong, and the Seaforths on their return from Crete shortly will move into Lower St. Elmo, vacated by the King's Own. The Rifle Brigade have moved out of Isola Gate and will occupy Verdala as soon as the repairs to the drains admit. Except for companies changing quarters between Floriana and Marsamuscetto Barracks we are left stationary, for which we are deeply grateful, amidst this “general post.”

Cricket and aquatics have been put on the shelf for football and hockey, at both of which games we anticipate a successful season. Hockey in particular has made immense strides in popularity since last year, and is a regular godsend for those old soldiers who, like ourselves, do not particularly relish getting “crooked up” on the brick-like football ground.

A word or two of explanation should be given as to the *raison d'être* of the new series of Regimental Records. The records at present in possession of the Regiment have been found—on referring to standard works dealing with the

periods—to be incorrect. For instance, the chapter in the last number was entirely wrong. The 33rd not only did not surrender at Almanza, but stayed and served on in Spain until the end of the war! And last, but not least, it is hoped that the present series will prove more entertaining to read than the former.

Malta, Nov. 16th, 1897.

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RECORDS OF THE REGIMENT.

"A regiment great in history bears so far a resemblance to the immortal gods as to be old in glory, yet have always the freshness of youth."—KINGSLAKE,

PART I. (*New Series*).

The 33rd Regiment first saw the light in 1702, a year that saw the birth of several other regiments; but before going into the origin of the regiment, it will be as well to go back one year and see what the causes were which led to this great increase in the British Army.

At this time France was the mightiest nation in Europe. Her king, Louis XIV., was known as "the great monarch." His possessions were vast and ever-increasing; his people industrious and warlike. You would have thought that the other nations of Europe would have been roused into resistance, but instead of that they seemed utterly cowed, and were only too glad to claim France as an ally. Now, Louis desired to place Philip, a near relation of his, on the throne of Spain. This meant that Spain would, practically, be added to the already vast dominions of France. This scheme might very possibly have been carried out, had it not been that the English throne was at this time occupied by a king of exceptional ability. William III. was wise in council, and bold and skilful in war; and he had no sooner ascended the throne than he endeavoured in every possible way to thwart the ambitious designs of the French King. But his views did not fall in with those of his parliament, nor did he receive any encouragement from a single continental nation. But William was not a man to be turned from his purpose. He seemingly acquiesced in the opinion of the majority, and by this means lulled the suspicion of the French Government, and got it to disclose more and more its grasping designs.

William had not long to wait to pick a quarrel with his French neighbour. Within a few months Louis XIV. struck several blows at British commerce in different parts of the world; he raised new fortifications within sight of the Flemish frontier; and he both increased and mobilised his armies. Such conduct as this was bound to provoke the two nations thus aggrieved. The public indignation in England was fanned by William to such an extent that it gradually grew into a cry for war. This was just what William had been waiting for. He spared no labour, no exertion. He went in person to the Hague (in Holland), and succeeded in starting the alliance known in history as the "Grand Alliance." It was an alliance between England, Austria, and the States General, to rescue Spain from the grasp of the French King, and to prevent the possible union of the French and Spanish crowns.

You will remember that William III., a Dutch Prince, had come to England at the request of the nation, to wrest the kingdom from the unpopular James II. He defeated King James at the battle of the Boyne in Ireland, and James II. fled to the court of the French king. A few days after the "Grand Alliance" had been signed James died in France, and his son was immediately acknowledged by Louis XIV. as the rightful king of England. This was too much for the English people, and aroused universal indignation. The House of Commons immediately voted William liberal supplies for his projects, the chief being an increase both of the army and navy.

On January 13th, 1702, the House resolved unanimously "that the number of men required to make good the Alliance should be 30,000—made up of 23,000 foot and 7,000 cavalry." But it was then found that the English service could only produce something like 12,000 men—to be exact, 11,672. So in order to make up the deficiency 18,328, 8,328 were to be His Majesty's natural born subjects. These were to be sub-divided as follows:—5,000 infantry, 2,000 horse, and 1,238 dragoons. The remaining 10,000 men were to be foreign levies.

Acting on this order several regiments were immediately raised. Of these, nine, namely, the (afterwards) 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Regiments still remain on the British establishment.

(To be continued).

—:o:—

ON THE SCIROC.

As this is an unwelcome visitor who has made his presence felt rather too frequently to be pleasant since we have been in Malta—in October '96, for instance, we were favoured to the tune of twenty-four days out of thirty-one—I was rather curious the other day to turn up the name in the *National Encyclopædia* and to see what that authority had to say on the subject. This unwonted seeking after knowledge on my part, was not out of mere curiosity, but in order to find out if the learned compiler mentioned any remedy by which the evil might be met.

I was not long in finding the particular volume I sought for, but I was some little time in turning up my subject. Dictionaries have nearly all got a playful but excessively irritating way of referring you from one word to another. It is the one little joke indulged in by such serious works, but it is none the less a most tantalising habit; but I am digressing. In the present instance I was referred from *Scirocco* to *Sirocco*, and found to my unutterable relief that my search did not extend any further.

For the benefit of those of my readers who may not be particularly well up in the subject, I will reproduce the pith of the matter. The words given in italics are those of the dictionary.

It is a hot and suffocating wind which appears to originate with the rarefied air in the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia, about the season that the overflowing of the Nile commences; it extends eastward over Arabia, Persia, and some parts of India, and is felt, but with less inconvenience, in Italy and Spain.

How about Malta? The compiler (Samuel) probably considered the island too insignificant a place to mention. He evidently had never been here. It is consoling to think that they have it worse in Arabia, Persia, and India. Why can't the inhabitants of those countries keep their good things to themselves without passing them along our way? Besides, there is no duty that I ever heard of imposed on scirocs, so I fail to see what pecuniary advantages government proposes to gain by importing them here. But again I find myself straying from my subject.

The winds affect the human body very powerfully, producing great feebleness and sometimes death.

They affect not only the human body, but so great is their silent eloquence that they affect to tears such unfeeling things as walls, pavements, and dghaisas. They certainly produce feebleness, though I have never yet seen any one actually killed by them. The feeling of utter limpness that comes over one reminds me of the following story: I was once watching a party of "Tomnies" at field training. They were digging some shelter trenches, and the day was scorching hot. As one of them paused for a moment to mop his humid brow with his shirt-sleeve, I heard

him remark pathetically to his next door neighbour: "If my blooming mother could see me now, it would break 'er blooming 'eart." It is just that sort of feeling, a feeling that makes you shed a bitter tear as your thoughts wander back to "England, Home, and Beauty," and the days of your childhood—that comes uppermost to one's mind when a sciroc blows.

Formerly it was thought that they were pestilential, but this is not the case, although a putrid and sulphurous smell is sometimes perceived when they blow.

Quite so. "Now we shan't be long." I have often wondered how it is that there is such a variety of odours in Malta, any one of which might fairly be termed "putrid." I have hitherto attributed them to one or all of three causes:—(a) lack of cleanliness on part of natives; (b) imperfect sanitation; (c) goats. But the real cause is evidently the sciroc. And so great must be its power in this direction, that the putrid smells remain for months after the sciroc has gone away. Like "Monkey Brand" soap, it leaves a good impression behind. 'Perceived' is hardly the word to use; 'felt' would be more appropriate. We read that this island was known to the Ancients as Melita; it will probably be known to future generations as *Smelita*.

The Sirocco of Italy is not accompanied by sand, but is a hot moist wind—the latter quality being acquired in its passage over the Mediterranean.

This is evidently the kind we get, and I suppose we ought to feel deeply grateful that it is moist instead of sandy. It certainly is moist enough to suit the most fastidious.

I am afraid I have already wasted too much valuable space, so will wind up by asking my readers if they have discovered a cure for this pest? The only thing I can think of is to sit in an ice-cold tub with a punkah going above one's head, and to imagine oneself Nansen nearing the Pole. But this is quite an unpractical remedy. What we need is a simple, cheap, speedy, and at the same time effective one; and if anybody knows of one which fulfils all or any of the above requirements, let him not hesitate to publish his recipe in *The Havercake Lad*. Thus may he earn the undying gratitude of thousands of sufferers, and leave his mark in the world's history!

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THE DUKE'S CHARACTER—HIS SENSE OF DUTY.

PART I.

In speaking of the soldier's life, it would be impossible to conclude without referring to the Duke of Wellington. He was the Bayard of England. His first and last word was Duty. It was the leading principle of his life. In public and in private he was truth itself. As a public man he had but one object in view, to benefit to the utmost of his ability and skill the service of his country. The desire of honour and power seems never to have moved him. He had no personal ambition. He was simply content to do his duty. His first business was to understand his work as regimental officer, and he had not long assumed the command of a battalion before it became the best disciplined in the service. Whatever he was commanded to do, he did energetically and punctually. He regarded time as a period in which something was to be done, and done seriously and actively.

Another point in which he excelled was obedience. On his return from India, where he had commanded large armies, and administered the affairs of provinces equal in extent to many European kingdoms, he was appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry in Sussex. Not a word of complaint or murmur escaped him, and when taunted good-humouredly with the change of his condition, he said, "I have eaten the King's salt, and whatever he desires me to do, that becomes my duty."

The government of the empire was for him the King's government. The throne was the fountain, not of honour only, but of all the rights and privileges which the people enjoyed. Yet the throne was as much hemmed in by law, and even by custom, as the humblest of the lieges. Like the best of the cavaliers in the time of the first Charles, it was for the Crown, as the greatest institution in the country, that he was prepared to risk everything. Of his courage it is unnecessary to speak. In these days of artillery and infantry it is unnecessary for a general to expose himself to danger. He has to lead, not to fight—as Gough did, sword in hand, among the common soldiers at Chillianwalla. Nevertheless, as often as his presence on a point of danger, or at the head of a column of attack was necessary, he exposed himself gallantly. At the battle of Assaye he had two horses killed under him. On the Douro he was surrounded by a body of French horse, and made his way through them, sword in hand. At Salamanca he received a contusion on the thigh, and a ball through his hat. "I found myself near him," says Napier, "on the evening of Salamanca, when the blaze of artillery and musketry flashing up as far as the eye could reach, made apparent all that he had gained. He was alone, the light of victory shone upon his forehead, his glance was quick and penetrating, but his voice was calm and even sweet."

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

A BARRACK ROOM BALLAD.

(A RECIPE.)

A chap what writes a poem
 In praise of our Tommy A's
 Aint got no call to study
 Their manners, nor talk, nor ways,
 'E's only to fake up somethin'
 What's barracky—more or less—
 And civilians don't know as it's rubbish, and so
 The ballad's a big success.

Don't 'ave no truck with the Drill-Book,
 Yer might get a bit at fault;
 So it's best to confine yer attentions
 To simple commands—like "'Alt."
 For a 'aporth of 'Industani,
 An' a pennorth o' Sergeants' mess
 (Though the meanin's all wrong) is enough for a song
 To make it a big success.

If you want to say somethin' coarse-like,
 Well! say it out plain—don't 'int,
 An' cram each line with hexpletives
 As don't look pretty in print.
 If you sneers at the "Widow of Windsor,"
 An' larfs at 'er soldiers' dress,
 An connects the word "'ell" with a haw—ficer, well—
 The ballad's a big success.

Take the slang o' the camp
 (Which is easy to vamp),
 An' some delicate soldier wheeze,
 Call the guard-room "the clink,"
 An' describe any drink
 As a gallon o' "stand at ease."
 Then you mix the 'ole lot,
 An' you serve it up 'ot;
 For ingredients such as these
 Form that singular salad,
 A barrack-room ballad,
 In Rudyard-Kiplingese. *Mark Thyme.*

(From the *SportingTimes*, April 17th, 1897.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN '97—A RETROSPECT.

The cricket season of '97 is now a thing of the past, and the result—20 matches played, 13 won, 4 lost, 1 tied, and 2 drawn—is a highly satisfactory one. Owing to cricket falling in the leave season, the results of matches with other regiments are not, strictly speaking, tests. In the first leave we scored, in the second our opponents scored, so we did wisely to play the majority of our matches during the first leave. So, all things considered, the season of '97 must be considered a very good one. We have plenty of good batsmen; our fielding—if leaving a good deal to be desired—nevertheless compared favourably with the opponents we met; our bowling is fair, but not good enough. We must unearth new talent. The burden and heat of the day has been borne by Pte. Venables, who has worked like a Trojan all through the season; but besides him, the only two with any pretensions to being considered regular bowlers are Lieut. Umfreville and Corpl. Mangles. The former bowled excellently till he went on leave, and Corpl. Mangles made immense strides as a bowler towards the latter end of the season. What we need is to practise bowling more. The wickets here are entirely favourable to batsmen, and a bowler has to rely either on his pace or his natural skill to get men out. The ground won't help him. It is weary work for a bowler, but let him bear in mind that it is in adversity that genius asserts itself, and that it has been in hard run-getting seasons that such giants at the game as Spofforth and Richardson have made their names famous.

TABLE OF RESULTS.

	Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Result.	D.W.R	Opponents.	Wkts.	Runs.
May	1st	—R.A. (Eastn. Div.)	Ricasoli	won	209	48	..	161
"	15th	—King's Own Regt.	Marsa	won	142	62	..	80
"	20th	—H.M.S. <i>Vulcan</i>	Corradino	won	258 for 4	132	6	126
"	25th	—R.W. Fusiliers	Marsa	won	118	96	..	22
"	26th	—Suffolk Regt.	Imtarfa	won	303 for 7	105	3	198
"	29th	—R.E.	Marsa	lost	65	214 for 6	4	149
June	3rd	—R.A.	Marsa	won	149	91	..	58
"	10th	—King's Own Regt.	Marsa	won	208 for 2	51	8	157
"	17th	{ H.M.S.'s <i>Hibernia</i> and <i>Revenge</i> }	Corradino	drawn	230 for 5	150 for 5
"	24th	—E. Tel. Co.	Marsa	won	217	71	..	146
July	10th	—R.E.	Marsa	drawn	195	50 for 1
"	13th	—Suffolk Regt.	Marsa	won	160 for 6	54	4	106
"	22nd & 23rd	R.A.	Marsa	won	186	70	..	116
Sept.	6th & 7th	—R.A. (cup tie)	Marsa	lost	150 & 47	190 & 8 for 0	10	..
"	11th	—Worcester Regt.	Marsa	lost	109	111	..	2
"	14th	—Suffolk Regt.	Imtarfa	tie	98	98
"	25th	{ H.M.S.'s <i>Hibernia</i> and <i>Revenge</i> }	Corradino	won	180 for 4	168	6	12
Oct.	2nd	—R.E.	Marsa	won	144	44	..	100
"	8th to 13th	H.L.I.	Marsa	lost	169 & 116	288 & 218	..	221
"	27th	—A Naval XI.	Corradino	won	173 for 6	105	4	67

D.W. REGT. v. R.A. (CUP TIE).

Played at the Marsa, September 6th and 7th.

D.W. REGT.			R.A.		
1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
F. J. Siordet, c Bignell, b Gilbert	..	46	c Moor, b Traynor	..	0
Pte. Cassidy, b Traynor	..	0	c and b Traynor	..	1
Corpl. Williams, c Clarke, b Traynor	..	8	c Clarke, b Williams	..	3
Pte. Venables, 1 b w, b Traynor	..	10	c Rickard, b Traynor	..	3
Lieut.-Col. Lloyd, b Traynor	..	2	c Robinson, b Williams	..	7
R. W. Fanshawe, c Williams, b Cross	..	13	c Moor, b Traynor	..	0
Pte. Graham, c Williams, b Cross	..	1	b Traynor	..	2
Corpl. Mangles, b Williams	..	13	not out	..	2
Pte. Goodwin, b Williams	..	10	b Traynor	..	0
Sergt. Allen, b Williams	..	17	c Dalby, b Traynor	..	15
Pte. Kelly, not out	..	0	c and b Williams	..	2
Byes, etc.	..	30	Byes, etc.	..	12
Total	150		Total	47	

<i>1st Innings.</i>	ROYAL ARTILLERY.	<i>2nd Innings.</i>
B. H. Bignell, not out ..	III	
Gunr. Cross, b Venables ..	5	
Sergt. Williams, b Mangles ..	6	
H. Robinson, b Venables ..	5	
Gunr. Moor, b Venables ..	8	
Sergt. Gilbert, b Venables ..	6	
Gunr. Dalby, c Cassidy, b Siordet ..	26	
W. E. Clarke, run out ..	7	
Bombr. Sutton, run out ..	14	not out .. 6
Gunr. Traynor, b Cassidy ..	1	not out .. 1
F. M. Rickard, b Venables ..	0	
Bye ..	1	Byes .. 2
	Total 190	Total (no wickets) 9

D.W. REGT. *v.* WORCESTER REGT.

Played at the Marsa, September 11th.

WORCESTER REGT.		D.W. REGT.	
C. H. Palmer, c Williams, b Venables ..	14	Sergt. Allen, c Stewart, b Leggett ..	0
Pte. Brazier, b Fanshawe ..	1	Pte. Cassidy, b Leggett ..	2
H. A. Lang, 1 b w, b Venables ..	8	Corpl. Williams, c and b Stewart ..	10
E. S. C. Hobson, b Venables ..	4	Pte. Venables, run out ..	21
R. A. C. Leggett, c Venables, b Mangles ..	20	R. W. Fanshawe, c and b Wodehouse ..	69
H. C. Wodehouse, b Mangles ..	28	Corpl. Mangles, c Sanders, b Leggett ..	2
Capt. Sanders, c Venables, b Mangles ..	12	Sergt. Lister, b Carroll ..	0
P. C. Alderson, 1 b w, b Cassidy ..	0	Dr. Haigh, b Carroll ..	0
Pte. Broadhead, not out ..	7	Dr. Rilal, c and b Carroll ..	2
Sergt. Carroll, c Haigh, b Mangles ..	10	Pte. Trotter, not out ..	0
Sergt. Stewart, b Venables ..	3		
Byes, etc. ..	4	Bye ..	1
Total	111	Total	109

D.W. REGT. *v.* SUFFOLK REGT.

Played at Imtarfa, September 13th.

D.W. REGT.		SUFFOLK REGT.	
F. J. Siordet, c Scudamore, b Webb ..	23	Capt. Stotherd, b Mangles ..	7
Pte. Cassidy, b Wilson ..	1	G. P. Newstead, 1 b w, b Mangles ..	9
Pte. Venables, b Wilson ..	6	F. T. D. Wilson, 1 b w, b Mangles ..	22
Corpl. Williams, c Meynell, b Lorking ..	2	C. E. Foster, b Mangles ..	11
Lt.-Col. Lloyd, c Meynell, b Wilson ..	7	Capt. Montagu, b Mangles ..	0
R. W. Fanshawe, c Scudamore, b Wilson ..	7	E. W. Bell, run out ..	0
Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew, c and b Webb ..	2	H. Meynell, b Venables ..	4
Dr. Rilal, b Wilson ..	11	Major Scudamore, b Venables ..	25
Pte. Graham, c Wilson, b Webb ..	1	Clr.-Sergt. Hammond, 1 b w, b Mangles ..	5
Corpl. Mangles, c Webb, b Newstead ..	23	Lce.-Corpl. Lorking, c and b Mangles ..	4
Sergt. Allen, not out ..	1	Pte. Webb, not out ..	2
Byes, &c. ..	14	Byes, &c... ..	9
Total	98	Total	98

D.W. REGT. *v.* H.M.S.'s "HIBERNIA" AND "REVENGE."

H.M.S.'s "HIBERNIA" AND "REVENGE."		D.W. REGT.	
Lieut. Escombe, b Venables ..	25	F. J. Siordet, ht wkt, b Noble ..	44
Mr. Smith, b Venables ..	19	Pte. Cassidy, run out ..	1
Lieut. Barton, 1 b w, b Venables ..	48	Pte. Venables, b Smith ..	8
Lieut. Consett, c Cassidy, b Siordet ..	3	Corpl. Williams, c Wall, b Smith ..	8
Midn. Field, 1 b w, b Venables ..	6	R. W. Fanshawe, not out ..	103
Mr. Wall, b Venables ..	11	Dr. Rilal, not out ..	12
Midn. Blair, c Kelly, b Allen ..	18	Sergt. Allen	
Mr. Manning, b Allen ..	1	Lieut.-Col. Lloyd	} did not bat
Lieut. Noble, 1 b w, b Venables ..	15	Pte. Graham	
Mr. Crisp, b Venables ..	1	Pte. Goodwin	
Capt. Luke, R.M.L.I., not out ..	4	Pte. Kelly	
Byes, &c... ..	17		
Total	168	Total (4 wkts.)	180

D.W. REGT. v. ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Played at the Marsa, October 2nd.

ROYAL ENGINEERS.			D.W. REGT.		
C. N. North, b Venables	0	F. J. Siordet, b Hutton	8		
Corpl. Smith, run out	0	Corpl. Williams, c North, b Butcher ..	20		
Sapper Power, b Venables	7	Pte. Cassidy, c Marshall, b Bell	18		
Sapper Butcher, c Fanshawe, b Mangles	7	Pte. Venables, c Marshall, b Butcher ..	49		
H. L. Bell, c and b Venables	6	Corpl. Mangles, b Butcher	7		
Major Wood, b Mangles	4	R. W. Fanshawe, c Power, b Butcher ..	4		
Bugler Hutton, not out	8	Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew, b Bell	11		
Corpl. Hoidge, b Mangles	0	Pte. Rilal, c Shine, b Butcher	13		
Corpl. Shine, b Mangles	0	Sergt. Allen, c Hoidge, b Butcher	3		
W. Thompson, b Venables	1	Pte. Goodwin, 1 b w, b Butcher	1		
Corpl. Marshall, b Mangles	0	Dr. Haigh, not out	1		
Byes, etc.	11	Byes, etc.	9		
Total	44	Total	144		

D.W. REGT. v. H.L.I.

Played at the Marsa, October 8th, 9th, 11th, and 13th.

1st Innings.		H. L. I.	2nd Innings.	
Pte. White, c Cassidy, b Mangles	0	c Booth, b Williams	46	
Pte. Yates, c Cassidy, b Venables	0	c Haigh, b Williams	58	
Capt. E. R. Hill, c Williams, b Siordet ..	83	b Mangles	32	
Capt. G. Begbie, b Mangles	8	1 b w, b Mangles	4	
Major Kelham, b Fanshawe	92	c Rilal, b Venables	4	
Sergt. Geddes, b Siordet	9	b Mangles	17	
Pte. Hopper, c Fanshawe, b Mangles	4	c Kelly, b Williams	3	
Corpl. Waller, b Fanshawe	4	c Fanshawe, b Williams	0	
Pte. Miles, not out	36	c Allen, b Mangles	15	
Pte. Widdowson, c Booth, b Venables ..	43	c Booth, b Williams	30	
Col.-Sergt. Greig, b Venables	0	not out	0	
Byes, etc.	9	Byes, etc.	9	
Total	288	Total	218	
1st Innings.		D. W. REGT.	2nd Innings.	
F. J. Siordet, b Miles	24	b Yates	0	
Corpl. Williams, c White, b Widdowson ..	3	b Yates	0	
Pte. Venables, c Widdowson, b Yates ..	93	b Yates	28	
R. W. Fanshawe, b Miles	0	b Yates	32	
Major Booth, b Geddes	0	b Yates	29	
Lt.-Col. Lloyd } b Miles	9			
Sergt. Allen }		b Widdowson	1	
Corpl. Mangles, c Hill, b Yates	9	b Geddes	9	
Pte. Rilal, b Yates	6	b Geddes	4	
Pte. Graham, b Widdowson	1	not out	7	
Pte. Kelly, not out	2	b Yates	0	
Dr. Haigh } c Sub, b Widdowson	3			
Pte. Cassidy }		b Geddes	0	
Byes, etc.	19	Byes, etc.	6	
Total	169	Total	116	

D.W. REGT. v. NAVAL TEAM.

Played at Corradino, October 27th, 1897.

NAVAL TEAM.		D.W. REGT.	
Lieut. Barton, R.N., run out	2	F. J. Siordet, 1 b w, b Thompson	6
Major Beaumont, R.M.L.I., 1 b w, b Venables	11	Corpl. Mangles, b Pearce	31
Capt. Huggins, R.M.L.I., b Venables	11	Pte. Venables, c Parker, b Pearce	21
Lieut. Sparkes, R.N., c Kelly, b Mangles ..	13	R. W. Fanshawe, b Negus	1
Capt. Parker, R.M.L.I., b Mangles	6	Major Booth, run out	53
Mr. Thompson, R.N., b Mangles	7	Corpl. Pettigrew, c and b Sparkes	12
Lieut. Kitcat, R.M.L.I., b Venables	5	Capt. Godfrey, not out	30
Capt. Luke, R.M.L.I., not out	36	Pte. Rilal	
Dr. Peck, R.N., retired hurt	1	L. G. Stayner	} did not bat
Dr. Pearce, R.N., b Venables	5	N. B. Bainbridge	
Lce.-Corpl. Negus, c Fanshawe, b Mangles	4	Pte. Kelly	
Byes, &c... ..	4	Byes, &c... ..	19
Total	105	Total (6 wickets)	173

Mention may here be made of the Garrison Cricket Cup Competition. The rounds and results are as under:—

1st ROUND.—R.A. beat D.W. Regt.; H.L.I. beat King's Own Regt.; Worcester Regt. beat Dorset Regt.; Suffolk Regt. beat R.E.

2nd ROUND.—R.A. beat H.L.I.; Worcester Regt. beat Suffolk Regt.

FINAL.—R.A. beat Worcester Regt.

It is perhaps some slight consolation for us to think that we were defeated by the winners of the cup. At the end of an innings apiece, we were only 40 runs behind the R.A., but our second venture was disastrous, and only realised 47. It was played in a regular sand-storm, and the quantities of dust that congregated under the matting made Traynor's fast bowling almost unplayable. The R.A. were indebted for their success in this competition to the bowling of the above-named, and to the batting of Lieut. Bignell. The latter's innings were—111 (not out), 17, 166, 44, and 110—which gives him an average of 112, a truly marvellous performance! Next year we must see if we can arrange the 'leaves' so has to have our best team available.

Below will be found the batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING AVERAGES.

Batsman	No. of Innings	Runs	Times not out	Highest Score	Average
W. E. M. Tyndall	.. 14	.. 474	.. 2	.. 105*	.. 39'50
Pte. Venables	.. 23	.. 632	.. 2	.. 93	.. 30'09
R. W. Fanshawe	.. 9	.. 229	.. 1	.. 103*	.. 28'62
P. B. Strafford	.. 12	.. 298	.. 1	.. 52	.. 27'09
F. J. Siordet	.. 9	.. 217	.. 0	.. 66	.. 24'11
Pte. Cassidy	.. 19	.. 394	.. 0	.. 82	.. 20'77
F. S. Exham	.. 12	.. 199	.. 2	.. 72	.. 19'90
H. K. Umfreville	.. 10	.. 145	.. 1	.. 32	.. 16'10
L. R. Acworth	.. 7	.. 91	.. 1	.. 46*	.. 15'10
Corpl. Williams	.. 21	.. 211	.. 3	.. 29	.. 11'72
Corpl. Mangles	.. 13	.. 138	.. 1	.. 31	.. 11'50
Pte. Rilal	.. 6	.. 48	.. 1	.. 13	.. 9'60
Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew	.. 7	.. 52	.. 1	.. 12	.. 8'66
Pte. Goodwin	.. 7	.. 37	.. 2	.. 15*	.. 7'40
Lt.-Col. Lloyd	.. 4	.. 25	.. 0	.. 9	.. 6'25
Sergt. Allen	.. 15	.. 72	.. 3	.. 17	.. 6'00
Pte. Graham	.. 8	.. 35	.. 2	.. 14	.. 5'83
Corpl. Pilgrim	.. 4	.. 19	.. 0	.. 9	.. 4'75

Also batted—Major Booth, 0, 29, 53; C. A. Fedden, 2*; Corpl. Scott, 15; Pte. Sykes, 7, 0; Pte. Kelly, 0, 2, 2; Capt. Godfrey, 30.*

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
H. K. Umfreville	.. 85	.. 26	.. 187	.. 22	.. 8'50
Corpl. Williams	.. 35	.. 5	.. 132	.. 14	.. 9'42
Sergt. Allen	.. 102	.. 25	.. 219	.. 23	.. 9'52
Corpl. Mangles	.. 135'4	.. 46	.. 295	.. 31	.. 9'51
Pte. Venables	.. 344'2	.. 89	.. 821	.. 67	.. 12'27
Pte. Cassidy	.. 62'1	.. 13	.. 161	.. 9	.. 17'86

Also Bowled—L. R. Acworth, 21, 7, 53, 3; F. S. Exham, 27, 3, 106, 2; F. J. Siordet, 47, 5, 189, 4; R. W. Fanshawe, 41, 6, 121, 3; Sergt. Lister, 4, 2, 6, 1.

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FOOTBALL.

The football season of '97-'98 has begun, and judging by the amount of interest taken in "friendly" company matches, promises well. Only one regimental match has been played so far, but from the form shewn in that game we have good hopes that the team is quite up to the average.

H Co. v. B Co.

Played at the Marsa, Thursday, October 21st. Result—H Co., 21 points; B Co., 5 points.

F Co. v. H Co.

Played at the Marsa, Saturday, October 23rd. H Co. having played on the Thursday previous, their forwards combined better than those of F Co., and a fast game ended in a win for H Co. Result—H Co., 21 points; F Co., nil.

C Co. v. E Co.

Played at the Marsa, Saturday, October 30th. C Co. (the winners of the shield last year) were not represented by quite their best team, and succumbed to E Co., who played a good game. Result—E Co., 9 points; C Co., nil.

B Co. v. G Co.

Played at the Marsa, Thursday, November 4th. This produced a very good game, first one side and then the other pressing. G Co. were better at taking the chances offered them than were their opponents. Corpl. Webster, Ptes. Heap and Ricketts all getting tries. Result—G Co., 9 points; B Co., nil.

H Co. v. C Co.

Played at the Marsa, Friday, November 5th. Great interest was taken in this match as last year C Co. beat H Co. in the semi-final of the shield competition. H Co. having won their first two matches somewhat easily this season, hoped to turn the tables. But in this they were doomed to disappointment. C Co. were far better behind the scrumage, which enabled them to win, after a fast and open game. Result—C Co., 14 points; H Co., 3 points.

G Co. v. F Co.

Played at the Marsa, Saturday, November 6th. This match produced the closest tussle so far this year. Pte. Brown kicked a penalty goal for F Co. in the first ten minutes, but nothing else was scored during the match. Result—F Co., 3 points; G Co., nil.

E Co. v. H Co.

Played at the Marsa, Saturday, November 13th. Both companies have done well this season, and a close game was anticipated, the partisans of both turning up in force. Nor were their expectations disappointed. Early in the first half, Birch, from a line out, scored an unconverted try for H. The remainder of the game was close and exciting, though not particularly scientific, being confined almost entirely to the forwards. Within a few minutes of time Corporal Mangles made his mark near his opponents 25 line, and Kelly placed a good goal. Result—H Co., 7 points; E Co., nil.

D.W. REGT. v. H.M.S.'S "HOOD" AND "WHITING."

Played at the Marsa, Wednesday, November 10th. In this match we were unable to put quite our best team in the field, but the combination captained by Clr.-Sergt. Oliver was quite sufficient to enable us to win comfortably, and thus maintain our unbeaten record in Malta. The "Dukes" having lost the toss, Pte. Yules kicked off up the slope, and the ball being well returned, some exciting scrums took place in our 25. It was now seen that our forwards were far more than a match for their opponents, and Haigh relieved with a punt over the half-way line. The "Dukes" getting away from a line-out scored, Haigh converting. Splendid passing amongst the Naval backs then jeopardised our goal line, but once again our forwards, headed by Yules and Birch, came away with a rush, Birch scoring. At half-time the score stood—D.W. Regt., 2 goals 1 try to nil. In the second half the Navy tried hard to score, but our defence was too good for them, and Oliver putting on two more tries the final score read—D.W. Regt., 2 goals 3 tries (19 points) to nil.

D.W. Regt.—Pte. Major (back); Pte. Goulden, Sergt. Owen, Corpl. Carney, Corpl. Mangles (three-quarter backs); Clr.-Sergt. Oliver, Dr. Haigh (half-backs); Sergt. Liddemore, Ptes. Birch, Yules, Edinborrow, Broome, Heap, Gibson and Jury (forwards).

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HOCKEY.

SERGEANTS, D.W. REGT. v. SERGEANTS, RIFLE BRIGADE.

Played on the Floriana Parade Ground, November 11th. Sergeant Brook scored first for the Rifle Brigade, but Sergeant McGovern soon equalised, and Sergeant Turner notching another just before half-time, the "Duke's" Sergeants crossed over, leading by 2 goals to 1. Soon after restarting Sergeant Eastwood quickly put on 2 goals for the R.B., and nothing further being scored, a fast and exciting game resulted in a win for the Rifle Brigade by 3 goals to 2.

N.C.O.'S, D.W. REGT. *v.* N.C.O.'S, DORSET REGT.

Played on the Floriana Parade Ground, November 13th. The Dorsets started well, Private Well scoring. Sergeant Allen, however, quickly made the game level, and half-time arrived with the score 1 goal all. After changing ends Sergeant McGovern scored a goal, our N.C.O.'s thus winning a close game by 2 goals to 1.

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AQUATIC SPORTS.

By kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel Lloyd, D.S.O., the above took place on September 2nd and 3rd, starting at 5 p.m. each day. The weather left nothing to be desired, and that a great amount of interest centred in the events was proved by the Hay Wharf, and other points of vantage, being well filled with our men. In fact, the whole show went off "swimmingly." Five of the days previous to the meeting were set aside for playing off the ties in the Water Polo and Tug-of-War, and in these great interest was shewn, the partisans of each Company turning up to cheer their comrades. In the Water Polo the selected of each Company were spurred on to perform their best by such shouts as "Go it, Nobby"; "Well played, Ginger"; "Down him, Tubby." They certainly were, to use a vulgar expression, as "keen as mustard"; and no amount of salt water seemed to damp their enthusiasm. The match that was looked forward to as likely to prove the toughest, was that between E and G. It certainly was a good game, though the superior combination of the former soon asserted itself, and the issue was never really in doubt.

E literally "emerged" successful in both the Water Polo and the Tug-of-War, and are to be heartily congratulated on their double triumph.

It will be noticed in the programme of events the large measure of success which attended the name of Martin. After this, one is tempted to believe that there *is* something in a name!

A short mention should be made of the last, but by no means the least event, the Obstacle Race. This at first seemed to be an almost impossible event to inaugurate—a regular labour of Hercules. But by the unflinching courtesy and assistance of the R.E. all difficulties were—figuratively speaking—surmounted, and the race proved one of the keenest and most amusing of the whole series. The entrance was a big one, and the obstacles, four in number, were as follows:—

- (1)—A row of life-buoys (to be got through).
- (2)—Large R.E. barge (on to deck by means of ropes, scaling rope ladders, across beam, and down ropes).
- (3)—Small R.E. barge (surmounted by means of ropes).
- (4)—An empty company six-oared boat (to be got over).

The total prizes, which were distributed to the successful competitors at the end of each race, amounted to £22.

On September 3rd, the P. & O. R.M.S. *China* was here, on her outward voyage, and the sports were watched attentively—until the dinner bugle sounded—by the passengers and crew. Below will be found the results of the Water Polo and Tug of War ties, also the programme of the two days' events (with occasional footnotes by our own special reporter—the irrepressible one).

WATER POLO (1st Round).—E beat C by 5 goals to nil; G beat F by 7 goals to nil; A beat H by 4 goals to 1; D a bye. (2nd Round).—E beat G by 2 goals to nil; A beat D by 7 goals to nil.

TUG OF WAR (1st Round).—E beat F by 2 pulls to nil; G beat A by 2 pulls to nil; C and H byes. (2nd Round).—E beat G by 2 pulls to nil; H beat C by 2 pulls to nil.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

First Day.

LONG DIVE.—1, Pte. Ireland; 2, Pte. Farrar; 3, Pte. Cunningham (F Co.) Great anxiety was at one time evinced as to the probability of Pte. Ireland's reappearance; so long did he remain submerged. His dive measured over 70 yards.

100 YARDS.—1, Pte. Creen (D Co.); 2, Pte. Martin (E Co., 4652); 3, Pte. Hyland; 4, Corpl. Heaney.

ONE MILE.—1, Pte. Martin (E Co., 4652); 2, Pte. Martin (E Co., 4425); 3, Pte. Heap; 4, Pte. McDonald.

100 YARDS (Clothes on).—1, Corporal Heaney; 2, Pte. Holt; 3, Pte. Thompson.

TUG-OF-WAR (final heat).—1, E Co.; 2, H Co. A good tussle. Plenty of excitement. E Co. won by 2 pulls to 1.

Second Day.

HALF-MILE.—1, Pte. Martin (E Co., 4652); 2, Pte. Heap; 3, Pte. Barber; 4, Pte. McDonald.

LOTTERY RACE.—1, Pte. Beard; 2, Pte. Loftus; 3, Pte. Giles. No blank tickets. This novel race was won not by a neck but by a *Beard*.

WATER POLO (final heat).—1, E Co.; 2, A Co. Excellent game, enjoyed probably by everybody except the Referee. E showed better combination, and won by 2 goals to nil.

QUARTER MILE.—1, Pte. Stephens; 2, Pte. Hyland; 3, Pte. McDonald; 4, Pte. Barber.

OBSTACLE RACE.—1, Pte. Martin (F Co.); 2, Pte. Holt; 3, Pte. Johnson; 4, Pte. McMahon. Won fairly easily in the semi darkness. The competitors had *drifting* for tea.

On Saturday, October 23rd, the Pietà Creek was set on fire by a swimming match for £5 a side, and the championship of Malta, between Pte. H. Martin, of E Co., and Pte. Tootell, of the King's Own. The latter was the challenger, and had a very fine swimming record, including all the races worth winning at Portsmouth. The race under notice was a straight quarter-mile. Great interest was taken in the event, the Hay Wharf being packed with men of both the regiments, and that portion of the harbour quite gay with company boats, dghaisas, and such-like small craft. The race was timed to begin at 4-30, but it was nearer 5 when the gun was fired. The weather was dull and cold, but there was little wind, and the sea was quite calm. The antagonists kept as close to one another as they possibly could without touching, and the struggle was an exciting one, especially when they were neck and neck about 20 yards from home. It was now seen, however, that Tootell had got more up his sleeve, as he came away from his opponent at every stroke, and won fairly comfortably by about five yards. Martin swam very pluckily, and must not be discouraged by his reverse at the hands of his more experienced antagonist.

WATER POLO.

The Regimental Team have had a most successful season, though few matches have been played owing to the Battalion being split up for Musketry, &c. Their record is an unbeaten one, the results being—Matches played, 6; won, 5; drawn, 1. They scored an aggregate of 21 goals against their opponents 7. The toughest opponents were the King's Own, who it may be stated defeated the H.L.I. (considered a crack team). Below will be found a list of matches in tabular form:—

Place	Opponents	Result
Pembroke ..	Worcester Regiment ..	Won 3 to 1
" Hay Wharf ..	" " ..	" 4 " 1
" ..	" " ..	" 6 " 3
" ..	King's Own ..	" 1 " nil
" ..	Worcester Regiment ..	" 5 " nil
" ..	King's Own ..	Drawn 2 all

The Regimental Team was composed as under:—Goal, Pte. Grover; back, Pte. Martin; half-backs, Ptes. Heap and McMahon; forwards, Corpl. Heaney, Ptes. Martin and Hyland. The following also played:—Ptes. Farthing, Stevens and Marsh. Ptes. Martin and Heap were the heaviest scorers, whilst Corpl. Heaney, in addition to playing a consistently useful game, proved a most excellent captain, it being due in a great measure to his energy that the team met with such success.

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"SNACKS."

(A whiff from the "Café de Dip," Marsamuschetto.)

We have all enjoyed "Snacks," from the half-dozen natives and glass of "pink" wine to the humble—though none the less hearty—cheese, rooty and onion with the 12 o'clock pint. A friendship with the company cook also comes in handy when you have a bit of a vacuum in that portion of your anatomy which is encircled by the waistbelt, for he will give you an early drain of jipper. But for a real "Snack" observe a Maltese man somewhere about 10-30 a.m., and then you will see how a *bonne bouche* can be enjoyed. The first thing he does is to get a huge hunk of bread, peculiar in taste and make to Malta, and a bit of a garlic. These he produces from a large handkerchief of such varied hue as to easily knock spots out of the celebrated Joseph's only garment. A knife—distinctly of German make

—is then unearthed. In an excited manner he cuts a triangular piece out of the centre of his "Mungi," and makes for the nearest depot of "Snacks (it does not require the nose of a hound to find one). Oil in the crudest form, extracted from olives grown on the sunny slopes of Sicily is then poured into the fissure; then, banked up on top, comes the savoury itself. It may be, as a most hospitable Maltese once informed me, "ze leetle fishes roasted." This means a fish that looks like a sardine, anchovy, or "tack in skins" (sausage). It is certainly savoury. Sometimes as a great luxury he gets a small bit of a fish, larger in calibre, a fish peculiar to Malta, a fish that it is difficult to describe. For many months I observed the natives eating this species of fish without knowing that it *was* a fish! It looks for all the world like a bit of pipe-clayed boot leather. But when put into the cooking pot it immediately turns saffron yellow in colour. I don't know the name of this fish, but it is caught in large quantities by the natives at the outfall of the main sewer—a favourite resort of anglers.

He hacks away at this little lot in a dexterous manner and, like a badly drilled soldier, shews no pauses in his movements. But where he shews consummate skill is in trimming the loaf so as not to lose a drop of oil, in order that a real rancous mouthful may be had as a fitting *finale* to the whole snack. After licking first his lips and then his fingers for some minutes he slips into a grog-shop and washes the repast down with a libation *ambiete*, or native wine. This poison is warranted to make an unwary soldier a 16th story-maniac, or to turn red serges black where it comes in contact with them. Having assuaged his thirst with nectar of this description, his next care is to find a shady place (the nearer a drain the better he likes it) and have his *siesta*. How he ever wakes to continue his mad career on this peaceful earth, Goodness only knows.

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ANNIVERSARIES AND COMMEMORATIONS.

September 7th.

Assault and capture of Sebastopol, Sept. 7th, 1855.

This testimonial is erected in the chancel of Londonderry cathedral:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS BUNBURY GOUGH,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, 33RD OR DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENT, IN WHICH HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY
28 YEARS.

Severely wounded at the Battle of the Alma, and borne down by illness contracted in the performance of his duty. He rose from a bed of sickness to lead his regiment, and fell, gloriously pierced with wounds, at the capture of Sebastopol, and died 18th Sept, 1855.

A gallant soldier, a warm friend, an affectionate son and brother, and an humble and pious believer in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.—(From the *Sprig of Shillelagh*, Oct., '97.)

September 20th.

The allied English, French and Turkish armies stormed the heights of the Alma, and defeated the Russians, Sept. 20th, 1854.

The 33rd bore a most distinguished part in this famous battle. Their list of casualties was a large one, as is evinced by the fact that no fewer than nineteen reliefs, whose duty it was to carry or escort the colours, were killed or wounded under them.

October 5th.

Marquess Cornwallis, Governor-General of India, died. October 5th, 1805.

There is a handsome silver urn in the officers' mess which bears the following inscription:—

TO COMMEMORATE
 THE ESTEEM AND HIGH RESPECT
 WITH WHICH THE EXALTED VIRTUES,
 TRUE PATRIOTISM, AND RENOWNED MILITARY TALENTS
 OF THE MOST NOBLE CHARLES MARQUIS CORNWALLIS
 HAVE BEEN HELD BY THE PRESENT AGE,
 AND BY THE 33RD REGIMENT IN PARTICULAR,
 OF WHICH CORPS HE WAS 39 YEARS COLONEL,
 THIS VASE IS DEDICATED AS A MEMORIAL
 IN THE HOPE THAT WHEN TIME MAY HAVE TEMPERED
 THE MOURNFUL SENSATIONS WHICH HIS DEATH OCCASIONED,
 THE EXAMPLE OF SUCH A REVERED CHARACTER
 MAY EVER BE HELD UP TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 33RD REGIMENT
 AND THEIR FRIENDS EVEN IN THE HOURS OF CONVIVIALITY.
 BY SUBSCRIPTION OF THE OFFICERS PRESENT
 WITH THE REGIMENT IN INDIA,
 JANUARY 1ST, 1806.

—
 October 21st.

Lord Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain at the battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805.

"England expects every man to do his duty."

This year, Trafalgar day was celebrated for the first time in Malta. It was owing to the energy of the local branch of the Navy League that the demonstrations were inaugurated. The streets of Valletta presented a most animated spectacle, several of the public buildings and shops being decorated with bunting and fairy lamps, recalling to one's mind the Jubilee festivities. The wreath sent home by the Malta branch of the Navy League occupied a prominent position on the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, and according to all reports it was much admired.

Long may it be before this, the greatest of England's naval triumphs, fades from the memory of her sons!

Admirals all for England's sake
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour as long as waves shall break
 To Nelson's peerless name.
H. Newbolt.

—
 November 1st.

Battle of Leswaree; defeat of Scindia's troops by General Lake, November 1st, 1803.

Our 2nd Battalion, the old 76th, greatly added to their laurels by their intrepidity in this battle, and added another to the list of honours on their colours.

—
 November 5th.

Battle of Inkerman; defeat of 45,000 Russians by 8,000 English and 6000 French, November 5th, 1854.

Another red letter day in the annals of the 33rd. As will be seen in the obituary column, our late Colonel, Gen. Erskine, bore a distinguished part in this victory.

There is a stirring picture in the officers' mess of a 33rd man who had got detached from his company. He found himself confronted by two Russians, one of whom endeavoured to snatch his rifle.

"By a sudden spring, the 33rd man seized the Russian's firelock, and on the speculation of its being loaded, discharged it at its owner, who rolled over dead, and his companion was immediately clubbed. Calmly picking up his own Minnie, our friend returned to his regiment."

In Memoriam.

"Virtutis fortuna comes."

The Duke of Wellington was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, November 18th, 1852.

' Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesmen-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet dearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

* * * * *
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.

* * * * *
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!

* * * * *
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;

* * * * *
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leaps to light
He never shall be shamed.

* * * * *
Such was he; his work is done,
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesmen pure,
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.'

(From Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington.)

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LEISURE MOMENTS ON GUARD.

"ODDSOCKS."

Every troop, battery or company has its funny man. His eccentricities being of a harmless nature often cover a multitude of sins, or rather, as often as not, "neglect of elbow-grease." True, he is sometimes landed in the "puggle" or observation ward; other times in the "birdcage."

About the time I enlisted (I am not going to shout my service, Mr. Editor) I met a few specimens. One—we will call him Pte. Cullpuck—was undoubtedly

unfitted to wear a white helmet, for if he did extraordinary things in the depth of an English winter, what would he be up to in the nifty atmosphere of Malta, where we get the stifle that reminds one of Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego! He fixed it one day, though. We were quartered in a famous Drop Redoubt, and the ground was covered with snow and ice. As we were coming off parade (from which Cullpuck had been reported absent) we espied him tobogganing on a ration tin down the "Drop" steps. These pranks, added to a tendency to prayer of the most extravagant kind at times when he should have been cleaning his buff, convinced us that he was "strange"—"Fond" is the Yorkshire expression. So thought a Board, which resulted in Pte. Cullpuck being canted out of it.

Then we had a likely enough looking youngster about six foot one, and about fourteen inches round the chest. He was a *special*. Had he been special Scotch he could not have given us more fun. He did try hard, but at the turnings by numbers he used to get hopelessly knotted; his knees would revolve round each other, but his feet either could or would not budge in the required direction except when they were absolutely pushed there. Then the whole show gave way! So did the squad in a most demoralising fashion. He was deficient one cold morning, but was soon marked down wandering about the docks by the M.F.P.; and when asked the reason of his forgetfulness to put on anything else but a shirt and trousers, said he was looking for birds' nests. The only solution we could come to was that, coming from the *smoke*, he had not seen a great variety of trees, and had mistaken the forest of masts for the forest he had read of in stories of the back-woods.

There was another—Pte. Spasm—he "chucked dummies" (i.e., was subject to fits). He was a treat, and one day he bought a pup, a Maltese brindled-bull-plenty-bite-him-tie-up-dog. He had given the standing orderly man a lot of trouble by his sudden feigned attacks of epilepsy; for it necessitated tramping to hospital three times a day with his rations, and carting about what Julius Cæsar called *impedimenta* to store and other places. So the standing orderly man "waited" for him. There was a stiff fatigue in the afternoon (Spasms wasn't having any fatigues), and as soon as he had scoffed the rations a thoughtful and generous country had provided for him, he spread-eagled himself. The S.O. man got a tea can and wished him, but he never moved a muscle. Then up came four reliefs with coal and bath-tins filled, and they started pouring water quietly over his napper until he was black in the face. The assistant O. man then inserted a long old-fashioned needle (used for putting on puggarees) to the full extent. He performed this feat contrary to the drill book, in that he used necessary force. Spasms sprang to it with a yell such as one can imagine a cannibal giving on seeing a Maltese Bobby when the missionaries had given out and screamed for help! He is now a *fit* soldier in a different sense of the word, and not of the kind he intended working his brief by.

But "what shall he have who killed the deer?" I believe that man was weighed out without much trouble; but it puzzled a C.O. on this island what to do with a man who, instead of being at the place of parade appointed, etc., was found fishing on the rocks in Marsamuscetto Harbour. Fancy a man trying to catch a Maltese fish! No doubt what passed through the C.O.'s mind was, "is this a *cod*, and his real object an attempt to commit suicide when no one is looking?" He puts me in mind of another "luny" who absented himself at Lydd, and remained absent till found by the R.P. asleep in a neighbouring pig-sty.

But the *Havercake* (and he can have it with "festa" sugar on the top in red, white and blue, plain, or with currants) for quiet humour goes by acclamation to a recruit—of course from the "ould counthry." Great was the "sammying"—for was not O'Doolan warned for supernumerary guard? He mounted as clean as a pin, and no doubt thought on the principle that silence gives consent, that the eagle eye of the adjutant had spotted him as an orderly. He was surprised that he did not get the "tap," but "everything comes to him who waits" thought he,

and he waited till he was marched in front of the Quarter Guard. Here he was to learn to guard Her Majesty's faithful subjects, to say nothing of all government property, etc., etc. When the sergeant of the guard had numbered them off, and said "one, two, three, right turn, dismiss," gaily did O'Doolan draw back his right foot, bring his rifle correctly to the port, and bang it again into the shoulder, carefully observing the necessary pause, then (with his bayonet fixed, of course) he dodged away to his barrack room, doing a quiet smile to the man on sentry-go as he passed. Barely had he reached his cot before the stentorian voice of the provost was heard, "Where's that — walking about barracks with his bayonet fixed?" "Here I am, sergeant," says he, "I'm sorry I forgot." Knowing him to be an unpledged rookie, the upholder of law and order, merely made the scathing remark, "it's a good thing the medical officer didn't see you walking about like that." O'Doolan now lit and sucked away at his "dhudeen so swate," peeling himself of his war suit the while, and saying to himself, "I must be more careful to unfix me sword when again it is I am for guard, and it is me that isn't wanted at all." Suddenly there arose a voice like unto the roaring of the wild bulls of Bashan and the drill instructor of them at last. It is the voice of the N.C.O. of the guard: "Where's O'Doolan?" (he had only just been missed) They hung, stuck, and threw his things on him as he was carted off, and he explained on the way "Sure didn't the sergeant say 'right turn, dismiss, Nos. 1, 2, and 3,' and sure aren't I No. 1, and didn't I dismiss?" So he had to do his guard after all, with much the same feelings probably as a compatriot of his, who enlisted and went away to the wars, and came back after a few years to the ould cabin. He sees a strange face alongside the pig. Says he, "Is me father alive?" "No, poor Mike's dead this three year." "Is me mother alive?" "No, she's dead, rest her sowl." "Is me brother at home?" "No." "Is there any whusky in the house?" "Not a drop." "Begorrah, this is indade a bitter blow." I have just had my memory jogged anent two prisoners a little while back in the land 'where the bee sucks.' They were in the Quarter Guard, and had been put back for the C.O.

The orderly man brought them each a clean suit of red, plenty of red tack, pipe clay, blanco, etc., etc., so that when they "toed the line" there should be no excuse as to their not having cleaning traps if they happened to be a bit "miley," (there having been about twenty prisoners one way and another through the guard) The commander was busy doctoring his guard report. There arose in the still morning air that touching call "prisoners," and of course the sergeant of the guard goes to the guardroom hutch for his two birds, expecting to see them properly dressed. Judge his amazement at seeing before him a good imitation of a cross between a Red Indian and the wild man from Borneo! These ducks had cut their serges into ribbons which they had tied at intervals on their limbs. Not having a fig leaf handy, a shoulder pad was worn where the umbrageous leaf we see from old-fashioned statues used to be placed. Red tack and blanco had been freely used to heighten the effect. If they intended a surprise and did not want to be told off that day, they succeeded admirably.

I must now say as 'owd Joe Capp used to, "Where's my 'at?"—GAUCHO.

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DEPOT NEWS.

We much regret that our usual letter from Halifax has not reached us yet. Possibly our correspondent has been too busy to write. Anyhow, we shall expect an extra long budget next time. But from various sources we have been enabled to collect a certain amount of information, which we will proceed to do without further preamble.

A draft of 40 recruits from the Depot proceeded to Shorncliffe from Halifax on October 4th, to join the Provisional Battalion.

Major Thorold has arrived to do duty, and has taken up his residence in the Field Officer's Quarters.

It is expected that another strong draft will be sent to the 1st Battalion in December.

Recruiting has been brisk: 150 arrived from London last month (October); and numbers from Manchester and Liverpool. The influx was so great that the barracks were overcrowded, men being compelled to sleep on tables, forms, or other available space. This necessitated parties of 75 on 2nd November, and 50 on 15th October, being sent to Shorncliffe. 140 remain behind at the Depot. Many recruits are also coming in from the district.

Colonel Spencer has been away on leave from October 15th to November 14th. Lieut. Trotter is on leave till December 31st. Lieut. Fraser, D.S.O., 2nd Battalion, has arrived to do duty.

Duty-men, invalided from the 1st Battalion, are arriving from Woolwich and Netley.

News has arrived from the 2nd Battalion that now that the Eshove party have rejoined headquarters the Battalion are once more together, after 11 years of various detachments. They are due to embark on December 11th per s.s. *Avoca* for Bombay, *en route* for Ranikhet.

The following is a cutting sent us from a Halifax paper:—

“INTERESTING PRESENTATION AT HALIFAX BARRACKS.

An interesting event took place this morning at the Halifax Barracks, this being the presentation of the medal for 'long service and good conduct' to Quartermaster-Sergeant George Goody, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. This non-commissioned officer is well-known locally, having been stationed in Halifax for over 13 years. For the last ten years he has held the responsible post of chief clerk in the orderly room at the Depot of his Regiment in the town. He has just completed 18 years' service, and is one of the good old soldiers, of whom few remain in the Service at present. He is highly respected by all who know him, and all who know him will agree that he is a man who is in every respect deserving of the great honour conferred upon him. The presentation was made by that distinguished officer, Colonel A. G. Spencer, Commanding the 33rd Regimental District, and took place on a special parade at 11 o'clock. The troops were formed up in 'hollow square' on the parade ground at the barracks, and Colonel Spencer, with a few well chosen words, pinned the much coveted decoration on to the breast of the proud recipient. Apropos of this decoration, a now famous General once remarked that the Victoria Cross was mostly won by a gallant deed, performed in the heat of excitement, but that the Good Conduct Medal was earned by long years of steady duty, amidst temptations such as few but Army men encounter; and a man who at the termination of 18 years' service in the Army bore a character without a blemish, was deserving of any reward his country could bestow upon him. It may be added that Quartermaster-Sergeant Goody is an example of what temperance can do for a man, he being nearly a life teetotaller, and a prominent man in all local temperance movements.”

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INTERVIEW WITH A MOSQUITO.

It was one of those muggy, scirocco nights that we all know so well, and I lay tossing aimlessly about on my “downy,” vainly courting my old friend Morpheus. One's downy in Malta, in hot weather, is a bit of a misnomer; it consists merely of a single sheet placed on top of a spring-wire mattress, on which one lies, generally, in a state of nature.

After tossing about in this fashion for what seemed like a week, I put my book down and fell into a reverie, gazing with half-shut eyes at the candle which stood on a small round table near the head of my bed. How long I remained in this state I cannot relate with any degree of accuracy, when suddenly I became aware of the fact that I was not alone in the room, but that there was a small visitor waiting deferentially outside my mosquito net. In my drowsy condition I took it at first to be an owl or a bat, or some other bird of prey, but after rubbing my eyes and scrutinising the thing closer I found out that it was a mosquito! Never before having had so good an opportunity of engaging a mosquito in conversation, I decided not to lose any valuable time.

“Yes,” he replied to my solicitous question regarding the health of himself, wife, and family, “We are all right, thank you. That is to say I left them fit and well when last I saw them. But, like human beings, we can never tell what an hour, let alone a day, may bring forth.”

"Tell me what cause you have for apprehension?" I asked, for I saw his brow cloud as he settled himself on the net about an inch from my nose. He was silent for a short space and then remarked in a voice trembling with emotion: "It is not on my wife's account that I have misgivings, for she can take good care of herself. It is for the youngsters. Like most juvenile aspirants they always try to run before they can walk. Let me explain myself. When a young mosquito sees a lump of humanity his delight gets the better of his prudence and he begins to sing; you may have heard them?" I acquiesced silently and he continued: "Well, his song of course gives warning to his proposed victim, and he very often pays for his temerity with his life."

"Then it is only young mosquitoes that sing?" I queried, for the idea, though a *sound* one, was quite new to me.

"Young or senile," he replied laconically, and again there was a short silence.

Seeing my little friend looking gloomy I thought to cheer him up by changing the topic.

"But how is it that you come to visit us white people—on the off-chance of finding one who has not got a net up—when there are so many fat natives (I don't mean oysters) to whom you might turn your attention?"

"That," he remarked, "is a question that has often been put to me. You see"—here he smiled in a supercilious way—"there are different grades in the mosquito social scale, just as there are in your own. I, for instance," he added, drawing himself up to his full height, "am an aristocrat and would never demean myself by visiting a native." The notion seemed to me so very strange that, at the risk of offending him, I felt bound to ask how I could distinguish him from a lower-class mosquito. "Nothing simpler, as I hope to demonstrate. Look carefully at me. You will observe that I am striped like a footer jersey. Those stripes are the "sine que non" of blue blood in one of my tribe. The lower classes, on the other hand, do not boast of stripes. In fact, our motto is translated in the vulgar tongue thus—'penny plain, two pence coloured.'"

"And is there no penalty," I asked (for I was somewhat relieved to know on unquestionable authority that it was only the *noblesse* of the mosquito world that had made my shapely arm resemble the putty model of a mountainous country) in case a plain mosquito *does* take a partiality to a white man?"

"Yes, we have our penal code. The punishments range from 'twenty-four hours' punishment diet' to 'death from lingering torture.'"

"And what constitutes 'punishment diet'?" I asked.

"Donkeys and dghaisa men."

I now began to perceive from the brevity of his replies that my friend was getting sleepy. So after thanking him for his courtesy in granting me this interview, I bade him good-night, blew out my candle, and soon fell into a disturbed slumber.

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ARMY TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A branch of this excellent institution in connection with our Regiment still continues to flourish, like the proverbial "bay tree," under the indefatigable eye of Quartermaster-Sergeant Brown, whose untiring energy in this department is so well known. There are some capital arrangements being made for games, concerts, and general amusements to fill in the long hours of winter evenings, which are sure to be appreciated.

Below will be found a few extracts from the *Minute Book*.

"July 26th, 1897. The Quartermaster conveyed a message from the new C.O. to the effect that he was very pleased to know we had such a splendid institution in the Regiment, and that it was carried on so successfully. He hoped that the members of Section 'A' would remain true to their pledge, and that Section 'B' would sign the total abstinence pledge."

"The clock which had been purchased as a present for Lce.-Corpl. Colvin on his leaving the Regiment was then presented to him. He very suitably responded and thanked the members very much for their kindness, for which he felt extremely grateful."

"September 28th, 1897. The following were presented with A.T.A. Honours:—

Lce.-Corpl. Shea,	3	years'	medal.
Lce.-Corpl. George,	2	years'	bar.
Pte. Nevard,	1	year's	medal and 6 months' bronze badge.
Dr. Littlewood,	1	"	"
Pte. Collins,	1	"	"
Pte. Reid,	1	"	"
Pte. Sabine,	1	"	"
Pte. Harper	1	"	"
Pte. Marsden	1	"	"
Pte. McAvan	1	"	"

"October 26th, 1897. It was decided to purchase the following additional papers and magazines:—*The Weekly Telegraph, Athletic News, Strand Magazine.*"

"The result of the Whist Tournament was as follows:—

1st Prize—	Lce.-Corpl. Shea and Pte. Revell.
2nd "	—Pte. Norcliffe and Pte. Ware.
3rd "	—Corpl. Hill and Pte. Ward."

"The following Honours were distributed:—

Pte. Hardisty,	2	years'	bar.
Lce.-Corpl. Redhead,	1	year's	medal.
Pte. Harwood,	1	"	"
Pte. Turner,	1	"	"
Dr. Coulson,	2	years'	bar
Pte. Whitaker	2	"	"
Pte. Woodey,	6	months'	bronze badge.

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THE GAUCHOS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

A few years ago the restless spirit of adventure took hold of me, and the only way I found relief was to travel and seek pastures new. What finer field than the Argentine Republic, which was then much in front of the world, and whither people were migrating from all parts by the thousand? A hurried good-bye and on board with a prospective 28 days' voyage, I arrived in Buenos Ayres, the largest town in the Republic, and hearing of such glorious times in camp for those who are fond of horses and sport generally, I went inland a couple of hundred miles, and there became acquainted with the subject of this article.

The "Gauchos" pure and simple are the equivalent of the "cow-boys" of the north-west, but of a very different breed. For they have Spanish, Portuguese, and Indian blood in their veins, and are naturally of a very passionate and hot-blooded temperament. They are very reserved to strangers, but most hospitable, and there is no trouble to which they will not go to do you a favour—provided you treat them properly. Some Englishmen go out there armed to the teeth with the latest and most deadly revolver, and a knife that has everything in it from a corkscrew to a "Slade-Wallace" spade. This is quite a mistake. You need have no fear of foul play if you are civil and, of course, respect their customs. They do not take kindly to anyone who tries to ram things down their throats, and they will not be "pushed." I was fortunate in having a good show round, having come across an old schoolfellow whose flourishing business consisted in going round the different *estancias*, or ranches, and buying cattle, sheep, horses, etc.

One morning, as soon as the sun had risen, we started. The way they travel out there is with a *tropillo* of horses, one being a mare. A *tropillo* usually consists of about sixteen. After ambling along for four or five miles you pull up, lasso the mare and hobble her fore-legs; the remainder of the *tropillo* are trained to go

round her, and then, of course, you select your next mount, lasso and turn your old one loose. It is wonderful the distance you can cover in this way without any apparent fatigue being noticeable in the tropillo.

We had ridden about four hours when we espied a small shepherd's hut. As we passed, the gaucho came out and asked us to join him in his meal which he was just going to prepare. He heaped some fuel on the smouldering embers of a fire which was enclosed by some stones in the centre of the hut. The fuel consists of sheeps' dung dried in the sun. He then went outside and slaughtered a sheep, and the way he did it was simply marvellous! In less than ten minutes the animal was skinned and quartered. Then he gets a long iron rod sharpened at the end, cuts off a leg, slits in in two, and skewers it on to the rod. He then lays it across the fire to cook, turning it from time to time. When nearly ready he puts some rough salt in a bottle with some water, and sprinkles it over the meat and lets it dry in. This is for economy's sake. When the animal is cooked he thrusts the rod in the ground, saying "*Bueno, señores,*" and you pull out your knife and hack a piece off. There are no forks or plates, but as a great luxury a hard biscuit. To the civilised, grasping the meat, putting it to your mouth, then giving it a sharp cut to sever a mouthful appears to be a source of considerable danger to the chin; but you soon get used to this method of eating. This constitutes the simple camp fare all the year round. It is varied by mutton boiled with vegetables (very scarce), and rice (called *puchero*). I have never tasted mutton of such excellent flavour as the *assado*—as the meat cooked in the manner above described is called.

When the gaucho goes for what he calls a *pasiar* (holiday) you see him a real swell, mounted generally on a skew or a piebald, with his bridle and stirrups covered with silver ornaments, and with huge silver spurs on. His head gear consists of a large *sombrero*, or wide-brimmed soft hat; a very gaudy handkerchief adorns his neck; his shirt is of some vivid hue; his loose nether garments are tucked into dainty jack boots (not Peel's patent) with high heels. His whole marvellous attire is covered by a *poucho*, which is a rug (generally of fine make) with a hole in the centre, through which his head goes. On the haunches of his horse he carries his lasso, and in front of the *recado* or saddle of rugs and skins, the wonderful *las bolas*. These are three balls of lead sewn up in raw hide, and attached to separate thongs joined together at one point. These he can throw with unerring aim at horse, cow, ostrich, or *guanaco* (a kind of deer). He twirls *las bolas* round his head and throws them at the hind-legs; they twist round and eventually throw the animal aimed at. With the lasso he is just as clever, and can single out a horse or cow from a drove of hundreds that have never been touched by the hand of man.

Outside all the townships is a *carniseria*, or slaughtering place. Cattle are driven up from camp, and when one or more are wanted for killing they are driven into the open. One gaucho lassoes the hind-legs whilst at full gallop, and the other throws round the head or horns; they both then ride in opposite directions and strain out. Another nips off and cuts the cow's throat.

It is a great sight to see these men shearing on a large *estancia*. I was invited to spend New Year's eve on about the largest in South America, at Tonquist Bohia Blanca. There were about two hundred gauchos shearing, and we played them a great joke. It being New Year's eve we made merry in the English style and concocted some punch from the native *cana*, a spirit made from maize, tasting like whisky and as "roofy" as poteen. At about 12 o'clock somebody suggested saluting 180— with a volley. Every sort of fire arm was requisitioned. We got outside; the signal was a pull of the big bell; we blazed away—when out came the gauchos from every conceivable outhouse, with their knives ready. They thought the place was attacked! We assured them of our peaceable intentions, and they laughed it off, though we could hear mutterings about *les locos Ingleses* (the mad Englishmen).

I shall never forget the first *baille*, or native dance, I was persuaded to go to. I had not collared a word of Spanish, so a friend gave me a few complimentary expressions which I wrote down. I could only make out one, though, when the critical time came, and my whole conversation to each *senorita* was "esta noche muy linda" (isn't it a fine night?)—a joke that always told against me afterwards.

The gaucho is singularly apt to anything he takes to. We used to play a lot of polo, of course on the raw article, and after a great deal of persuasion we induced some of them to play. It was astounding how handy they became at the game.

The more you travel the smaller the world seems to be! I stopped one day "used up" at a *fonda* or store. I had lost my way on those endless pampas and had been in the saddle about two days. When I had refreshed the inner man I was politely offered a *cigarillo* by a strikingly handsome gaucho who was seated there. He proved to be one with a history. He was known as *El Capturo*, so called because when an infant he had been kidnapped by Patagonian Indians, and had only been liberated when twenty-four years old. As a horseman I have never seen his equal. When I was at Buffalo Bill's show at Earl's Court a few years ago, I saw that a party of gauchos had just arrived. Judge my delight at finding *El Capturo* amongst them! I asked him what he thought of England, and he said he was surprised at seeing *so many officers about*. He had only seen the common-or-frozen-tacked Tommies who are certainly better dressed and in every way smarter-looking than the diminutive holders of commissions in the Argentine Army—the only officers he had ever beheld. A couple of years later I was in New York and I found Buffalo Bill's show running at Brooklyn. I went and looked him up, and to say he was surprised does not half describe it.

Should any of you take a journey out there you are bound to come across *El Gaucho*—handsome, courageous, kindly, and one of nature's sportsmen. In the cool of the evening I knew of nothing so soothing to the savage breast and calculated to make one forget all trouble and care, as to listen to him singing a simple love song on his mandoline or guitar, while you sip sweet nectar of a more solid kind and inhale the excellent *cigarillos* of that country. When I said *adieu* to these good people to return to the old country I made up my mind (D.V.) to again some day amble along the boundless pampas, where the almighty dollar does not predominate and where you can enjoy nature unaccompanied by the busy hum of men. *Viva la libertad!*

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ON THE SQUARE.

In the September number of the *Lad* there was, you may remember, an article headed "Military Phraseology (or Tommy Terms)." It dealt with a number of expressions used by our friend "Atkins" in "the daily round, the common task."

But there is yet another kind of military phraseology quite distinct from the above, and yet quite as unique in its way. I allude to the language of the *barrack square*.

This is another language which cannot boast of a dictionary, a fact which makes it most elastic—not to say ever-increasing. It has been a tradition in the Army from time immemorial and is still to the fore. Changes and innovations of all sorts, great and small, have from time to time "crept in" to our military system, but the language of the barrack square goes on for ever.

In older days—days when men enlisted for life and not for seven years—this lingo must have been in its zenith. In those halcyon times (now alas! departed) it was considered *infra dig.* for an officer to read his drill-book. To do so was considered "shoppy," and an offender got himself cordially disliked. So in matters

of drill an officer became as dependent on his Colour-Sergeant as a baby on its nurse, and all the words of command he uttered were the promptings of his Colour-Sergeant. Sometimes, however, this course of procedure was rendered impossible. Take, for instance, a General's inspection, when the officer was called out to put the troops through the manual or bayonet exercises. He had no more notion how to accomplish the feat than the man in the moon, and his Colour-Sergeant was not at his elbow. So what did he do? Why, he employed the language of the barrack square—in other words he emitted a number of perfectly unintelligible sounds—and the men (who in those days knew their drill thoroughly) performed the required exercise with machine-like regularity and precision. Everybody would go away quite satisfied, and the Colonel would be complimented in warm terms by the General on the proficiency shewn by the officers.

Those good old days are no more, but even in this degenerate age one hears a few specimens of the language. It is confined chiefly to Sergeant-Majors and drill instructors. I will give a few examples that have come under my personal observation, with their English equivalents in brackets.

Hix-brits (six bayonets); hump-swur (as you were); ho—frun—stease—steasy (halt—front—stand at ease—stand easy); J. nibs (change arms); toody hips (shoulder arms); kars—stoy (markers—steady).

In *Truth* of August 19th, there was a growl from a certain Regiment about men getting into trouble for not doing what they were ordered on parade. Their excuse was that they could not understand the Sergeant-Major's words of command. Some of his commands were then enumerated in the vernacular, with the English translation, and ran thus:—Ip a cada, mach (open order, march); shoulda ah (shoulder arms); chits (attention); rea tits (rear turn); ford (forward); riev exca (review exercise); pi e han bac (keep your hands back). Fancy grumbling about that! What next? Those dissatisfied "grousers" ought to have half-an-hour at the ancient system (mentioned above) before they talk of indistinctness!

Without the language peculiar to it the barrack square would be deprived of half its charm and old associations. Besides, there is good in it. For when a soldier has to interpret his instructor's commands he has to keep all his wits about him, a mental exertion which precludes the possibility of his getting drowsy.

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REGIMENTAL NEWS, ETC.

The retirement of Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency deprives the West Riding Regiment of its last remaining Crimean representative on the active list. He joined the regiment in the trenches before Sebastopol, was at the assault on the 8th September, and left the Crimea with the 33rd in July, 1856, when head-quarters were at Gibraltar. Gen. Erskine,* now senior survivor and honorary colonel of the Regiment, had already left the 33rd on promotion to an unattached lieutenant colonelcy, and the regiment was brought away by Col. Mundy, who had commanded it at Inkerman, and died nine years later whilst still in the prime of life.

From the *Broad Arrow*, Sept. 4th, 1897—

"Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency joined the 33rd as ensign on Aug. 18th, 1854; became lieutenant, Jan. 12th, 1855; captain, March 29th, 1861; major, Sept. 25th, 1869; lieutenant-colonel, June 14th, 1876; colonel, June 14th, 1881; major-general, Nov. 30th, 1889."

From the Official Army List;—

"On April 2nd he was appointed to the command of the Dublin district, and he retires under the age clause."

Below will be found a resumé of his war services:—

"Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency served with the 33rd regiment in the Crimea in 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and attack of the Redan on the 8th Sept. (medal with clasp.

* Since deceased (Ed. H.L.)

Sardinian and Turkish medals). Commanded a detachment of the 33rd against the rebels, and after the death of the senior officer, commanded the Dohud Field Force in suppressing the insurgent Bheels in the Rewa Kanta, Guzerat. Served with a wing of the regiment at the siege and occupation of Dwarka, Okamundel. Served in the Abyssinian campaign of 1867-68 (medal). Commanded the Frontier Field Force during the operations in the Soudan in 1886-87 (Khedive's star). Commanded the British column of the Frontier Field Force during the operations on the Nile in 1889 (mentioned in despatches).—(From Hart's Army List.)

Extracts from the *London Gazette*, Aug. 24th:—

The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regt.)—Capt. F. M. H. Marshall to be Major, *vice* Major J. C. Duke, promoted Lieut.-Colonel on half-pay. Dated 30th July, 1897.

Supernumerary Capt. Owen Harris to be Captain, *vice* F. M. H. Marshall. Dated 30th July, 1897. Oct. 5th:—

The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regt.)—The restoration to the establishment of Supernumerary Captain Owen Harris is *vice* F. H. A. Swanson, deceased, and not as stated in the *Gazette* of 24th Aug., 1897. Dated 18th Feb., 1897.

Nov. 9th:—

The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regt.)—Lieut. J. A. C. Gibbs to be Captain, *vice* H. C. Suft, retired; 2nd Lieut. R. N. Bray to be Lieutenant, *vice* J. A. C. Gibbs; 2nd Lieut. V. J. Tighe, from the half-pay list, to be 2nd Lieutenant, with precedence next below 2nd Lieut. R. St. J. Carmichael, *vice* W. E. Drielsma, deceased; 2nd Lieut. V. J. Tighe is seconded for special extra-regimental employment.

Draft.—On Saturday, Oct. 2nd, a draft consisting of Major Booth, Captain Harris, 1 sergt, 1 lce.-sergt, 7 lce.-corpls. and 79 privates arrived from England in the hired transport *Avoca*.

Invalids.—The following have been invalidated home:—

Lce.-Corpl. Frith; Ptes. Jenkinson, Cockerton, McDonald (embarked 22nd August). Corpls. R. Pilgrim, Bromley; Ptes. Horsley, Wilkinson, Rainbow, Embleton, Harrison, Fisher, Ward, Marjoram, Walters, Dawes; Boy Rush (embarked on P. & O. *Rome*, Sept. 18th). Corpl. Kaye (embarked on Sept. 30th). Ptes. Tippet, Mills.

Discharged by Purchase.—4933 Pte. R. Hughes, B Coy; 4766 Pte. C. Jack, A Coy. *Time expired*.—2564 Pte. R. Norris, B Coy.

Extensions of Service.—The following have been permitted to extend their army service so as to complete 12 years with the colours:—2832 Sergt. A. Tuck, D Coy; 2821 Pte. F. Pennicott, E Coy; 2873 Sergt. G. A. Lister, A Coy.

Bandsmen.—The following are appointed bandsmen from the dates specified:—2703 Pte. T. Kelly, D Coy. (20th Aug.); 3630 Pte. J. Broadbent, B Coy. (23rd Sept.); 4000 Pte. J. Reilley, H Coy. (19th Sept.)

Command.—On Monday, Oct. 11th, Lieut.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O., proceeded on six weeks' leave, the command of the battalion in his absence devolving on Major L. E. B. Booth.

Depôt.—It is notified for information that Major H. D. Thorold has been selected for duty at the Regimental Depot, and will join on 30th Sept.

Death.—It is with much regret the Commanding Officer announces the death of Lieut.-Gen. G. Erskine, Colonel of the Duke of Wellington's Regt., and who served with distinction in the 33rd Foot in the Crimea, 1854-55. As a mark of respect to the memory of their late Colonel, the officers of the battalion will wear mourning, in uniform, till 14th Nov., 1897.

Marksmen.—We omitted to include the names of Lieut. H. D. E. Greenwood, F Coy., and 3225 Pte. J. Eycott, H Coy., in the list of marksmen published in our last.

Certificates of Education.—The following obtained certificates of education at the examination held on Oct. 13th.

2nd Class.

5201 Lance-Corpl.	W. Whiteley, A Coy.	4225 Pte.	G. Ramsden, D Coy.
5234 "	R. Johnson, A Coy.	4894 "	C. McKee, D Coy.
2951 "	W. Gate, B Coy.	4749 "	W. Sharpe, E Coy.
4873 "	J. Lineham, C Coy.	4508 "	G. Graham, E Coy.
4736 "	R. Watson, D Coy.	5153 "	A. Hudson, H Coy.
4640 "	H. Rogers, D Coy.	5334 "	S. Leighton, D Coy.
4935 "	W. Rands, G Coy.		
4665 "	E. Stephenson, H Coy.		

3rd Class.

4555 Lance-Corpl.	J. Catton, A Coy.	4303 Lance-Corpl.	J. Craven, E Coy.
5322 "	W. Burns, D Coy.	4247 "	T. Brady, F Coy.
5109 "	J. Parkin, D Coy.	4385 "	P. Boyle, F Coy.

4759 Pte. H. Knowles, A Coy.	5255 Pte. J. Woof, E Coy.
5060 " G. Johnson, A Coy.	4425 " J. Martin, E Co.
4276 " A. Schofield, A Coy.	4652 " A. Martin, E Coy.
5243 " J. Cox, C Coy.	4917 " J. McAvan, E Coy.
5008 " J. Beasley, C Coy.	4505 " G. Johnson, E Coy.
4722 " W. Donovan, C Coy.	2941 " R. Edinborrow, F Coy.
4824 " A. Fletcher, C Coy.	4715 " W. Deland, G Coy.
5014 " R. Brown, D Coy.	3176 " W. Roberts, H Coy.

Humane Society's Medal.—No. 4354 Pte. C. Ireland was awarded the bronze medal of this Society for saving life in Marsamuscetto harbour, on 14th July.

Boy.—4290 Boy W. Bamber, A Co., having attained the age of 18 years on September 15th, will receive the pay of a Private from that date.

Examination for Promotion.—The following N.C.O.'s have passed for promotion to the ranks specified:—

To Sergeant.

2855 Corpl. F. Waller, D Co.

To Corporal.

5291 Lce.-Corpl. J. Williams, B Co.	4902 Lce.-Corpl. W. Sharpe, E Co.
3008 " E Waller, B Co.	5026 " J. Dale, E Co.
5012 " A Partridge, C Co.	4395 " H. Winter, G Co.
5109 " J. Parker, D Co.	4417 " W. Drewery, C Co.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

The Commanding Officer is pleased to make the following Promotions and Appointments in the Battalion:—

To be Lce.-Corporals (unpaid)—

4640 Pte. H. Rogers, D Co.	3584 Pte. T. Duffy, G Co.	3629 Pte. J. Brennan, F Co.
5109 " J. Parker, D Co.	4873 " J. Lineham, C Co.	4542 " H. Barron, H Co.
3292 " F. Medley, H Co.	4501 " J. George, E Co.	

To be Lce.-Corporals (paid)—

1865 Lce.-Corpl (unpaid) J. Pilgrim, A Co.	5292 Lce.-Corpl. J. Newbould, C Co.
2951 " W. Gate, B Co.	" W. Burns, D Co.
4303 " J. Craven, E Co.	4351 " F. Redhead, E Co.
5291 " J. Williams, B Co.	

To be Corporal—

4222 Lce.-Corpl. C. Storey, E Co.

To be Lce.-Sergeant (unpaid)—

4216 Corpl. R. Sly, F Co.

To be Lce.-Sergeant (paid)—

3958 Lce.-Sergt. A Turner, E Co.

To be Sergeant—

3985 Lce.-Sergt. W. Knowles, C Co.

Good Conduct Pay—

At 3d.

1476 Pte. R. Pilgrim, F Co.

At 2d.

3088 Pte. J. Harrison, A Co.	3128 Pte. O. Fletcher, H Co.	3152 Drumr. J. Benson, A Co.
3105 " F. Allen, D Co.	2759 " E. Dove, D Co.	3014 Pte. A. Myatt, A Co.
3120 " G. Buckle, F Co.	2976 " R. Alderson, A Co.	

At 1d.

4335 Pte. E. Smith A Coy.	4845 Pte. H. Swaine A Coy.	4978 Pte. G. Harman A Coy.
4552 " C. Parker "	4899 " G. Abbott "	4980 " A. Long "
4461 " F. Cornish "	4739 " J. Scott "	4975 " G. Thompsett "
4557 " C. Holt "	4971 " C. Jackson "	5025 " P. White "
4847 " A. Grayson "	4983 " W. Browning "	5086 " J. Koller "
4849 " A. Ablett "	4976 " G. Dodd "	
4283 Pte. C Wood B Coy.	4870 Pte. T. Cole B Coy.	4985 Pte. A. Westbury B Coy.
4851 " R. Dyson "	4865 " R. Stanley "	4987 " J. Kirk "
4573 " H. Childs "	4861 " V. Watson "	4997 " H. Newell "
4857 " E. Jones "	4994 " E. Garrison "	4428 " F. Welch "
4626 Lc.-Cpl. J. Grayling "	4990 " A. Rouse "	4988 " G. Erlington "

4794	Pte. F. Emsley	C Coy.	4873	L.-Cpl. J. Lineham	C Coy.	5005	Pte. G. Mead	C Coy.
4143	" B. Magee	"	4874	Pte. E. Fowler	"	5007	" J. Taylor	"
4323	" T. Hyland	"	4876	" F. Clark	"	5008	" T. Beasley	"
4577	" E. Mills	"	4878	" W. Strahan	"	5009	" G. Curtiss	"
4584	" H. Peters	"	4879	" E. Smith	"	5011	" M. Clifton	"
4593	" J. Joyce	"	4882	" C. Hillbourne	"	5012	L.-C. A. Partridge	"
4576	" T. Fowles	"	5003	" E. Spencer	"			
4600	Pte. J. Stafford	D Coy.	4892	Pte. W. Fordham	D Coy.	5014	Pte. R. Brown	D Coy.
3691	Dr. J. Giles	"	4896	" J. Brown	"	5015	" J. Ford	"
4887	Pte. E. Sherman	"	4897	" C. Saville	"	5020	" G. Magee	"
4893	" A. Chitty	"	3159	" W. Dugdale	"	5021	L.-Cpl. F. Anstey	"
4894	" C. McKee	"	4320	" W. Farrer	"	5022	Pte. C. Dawson	"
4888	" W. Watson	"	5013	" H. Brown	"			
4650	Pte. W. Knowles	E Coy.	4818	Pte. W. Teale	E Coy.	4421	Pte. W. Dobson	E Coy.
4283	" H. Heptinstall	"	4902	L.-C. W. Sharpe	"	5026	Lc.-Cpl. J. Dale	"
4806	" J. Fox	"	4905	Pte. C. Croydon	"	5027	Pte. H. Bird	"
4706	" J. McMahon	"	4907	" A. Groves	"	5031	" H. Harold	"
4811	" F. Knight	"	4915	" H. Hands	"	5033	" J. Wisdom	"
4816	" C. Reeves	"	4909	" J. Morgan	"	5064	" T. Heywood	"
2880	Pte. S. Hancock	F Coy.	4920	Pte. J. Saunders	F Coy.	5040	Pte. T. Clarke	F Coy.
4790	" J. Brown	"	4925	" W. Griggs	"	5041	" P. Parr	"
4808	" F. Warman	"	4924	" J. Atkinson	"	5043	" W. Hedges	"
4814	" W. Day	"	4928	" J. Gregg	"	5044	" S. Davis	"
4819	" W. Austin	"	4930	" A. Richards	"			
4800	Pte. A. Mitchell	G Coy.	4951	Pte. W. Smith	G Coy.	5052	Pte. F. Stallwood	G Coy.
4719	L.-Cpl. A. Lodge	"	4942	" W. Taylor	"	5048	" H. Lawrence	"
4935	" W. Rands	"	5046	" F. Pusser	"	5053	" J. Hearne	"
4950	Pte. A. Dawson	"	5047	" J. Brundell	"			
3916	Pte. H. Duell	H Coy.	4963	Pte. C. Frost	H Coy.	5055	Pte. T. Meads	H Coy.
4671	" H. Chapman	"	4954	" H. Gray	"	5060	" H. Valler	"
4726	" T. Troll	"	4955	" J. Cunning	"	5061	" J. Sparling	"
4298	" T. Beyer	"	4960	" G. Rogers	"	5063	" H. Avory	"
4688	" F. Whitaker	"	4966	" W. Sheppard	"			
4958	" H. Goddard	"	4968	" A. Cox	"			

—:O:—

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

The following cutting from *Answers* of July 11th, 1897, has suggested this article.—

WHY NOT ARMY CRICKET INSTEAD OF DRILL ?

During the past month a rumour has been busily wandering round the vicinity of the War Office to the effect that universal cricket is about to partly take the place of drill in the Army.

Why there should not be at least some solid grounds for the whisper no one can make out. It is a pretty well acknowledged fact that for some years past Tommy has had a bigger dose of monotonous "goose stepping" than is altogether good for his constitution, and an experiment to vary the Army drill with a daily allowance of cricket during the cricket season has been seriously proposed by two or three influential authorities.

At all events, nothing could be lost by such an experiment, and it is generally thought that if the idea were universally put into practice the Army would be improved by at least seventy per cent.

There is another view of the matter which has, perhaps, not yet presented itself to the agitators of the movement—the question of uniform. Would Mr. Atkins be supplied free gratis with a suitable cricketing uniform? And, if so, could he not use this for the street instead of his present startling attire? It seems to me this would do away with a state of things against which Tommy has been chafing for years.

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

Extracts from Battalion Orders 1997.

PUNISHMENT.—The commanding officer regrets to announce that he has been compelled to confine Pte. Chinstrap to barracks for three days. He sincerely hopes, however, that this unpleasant incident will in no wise interfere with the good feeling which has hitherto existed among all ranks.

PARADES.—It is proposed to hold a parade on Tuesday next, at 10-30 a.m. All desiring to attend will kindly give in their names to their company orderly sergeants not later than Monday evening. Flannels and straw hats may be worn.

REVEILLE.—From this date and until further orders reveille will be sounded at 9-30 instead of 10 as heretofore. Should any disinclination to rising at this hour be noticeable, however, this order will immediately be cancelled.

G.C. PAY.—No. 1001 Pte. Algernon Pheddup has been granted G.C. Pay at 5s. from this date.

ARMY ORDERS.—The following is published for information. Extract from Army Order B 572861:—"Some exceedingly vulgar terms for articles of diet, etc., having crept into use, it is to be distinctly understood that they be in future discontinued. For instance, 'spuds' should be 'potatoes,' 'gipper' should be 'sauce,' 'pongolo' a 'meal,' 'duff,' 'suet,' and so forth. To be read on three successive parades.

APPOINTMENT.—Pte. Pullthrough is appointed colour-sergeant at his own request from this date. Documents to be altered accordingly.

FATIGUES.—Constant complaints having reached the ears of the commanding officer as to the decided aversion the men have to being put "on pioneers," this fatigue will in future be exclusively performed by civilian workmen.

PUNISHMENT.—No. 58621 Pte. Rollicker, in detention room (Class I.) from the 2nd to 3rd instant—1 day. Awarded 12 hours bread and butter diet for refusing to do anything, not doing it, and using unparliamentary language in the presence of an N.C.O., and being deficient of the following articles of regimental necessaries, viz:—1 shoe-horn, 1 Ruff's Guide, 1 Daily Havercake Lad, 1 bottle of "De Guiche" boot varnish.

DIVINE SERVICE.—N.C.O.'s and Men are respectfully requested to abstain from snoring during Divine Service, as such a proceeding is calculated to wound the chaplain's feelings.

SMOKING.—The commanding officer wishes it to be known that there is no objection to men smoking on parade or guard-mounting, provided that Maltese "Skeggins" at five a penny are not used. On the command "right or left dress," the smokes will be removed from the mouth to prevent accidents. The additional words of command will be "cease smoke," and when the line is dressed "carry on with the smoking." The battalion orderly sergeant will invariably carry wax vestas (of British manufacture).

BALLOON.—There will be a balloon race on Tuesday next, open to corps and regiments in garrison. The course will be from Malta to Pietermaritzburg and back. The new preserved ration "Hossmeet" will be carried.

FOOTBALL.—No less than three accidents of a trifling nature having occurred within the past five years from men playing a barbarous game known as "football," the G.O. Commanding the Infantry Brigade, directs that in future, men wishing to partake in that pastime be cautioned to employ a complete set of pneumatic pads, which can now be obtained from the Qr.-Mr's stores. The expenses will be defrayed by the Regimental Athletic Club.

BOARD.—A board composed as under will assemble to-morrow in the canteen, at an hour to be hereafter fixed by the president, for the purpose of testing

samples of '93 Champagne received. President—Cr.-Sergt. Swillington; members—Lce.-Corpl. Bibber and Pte. Boosy.

EXTRA DUTY PAY.—1st class Staff-Cricket-Sergt. Bailer is granted extra duty pay at 10s. and £4 a match, *vice* Corpl. Latecut, who has resigned the appointment.

CRICKET.—It is notified for information that letter Q Co. is the best cricket company in the battalion. The sergeants of this company will therefore wear the prescribed badge.

REQUISITIONS.—The supply of frozen bread being short, requisitions for tea cakes (A.F. P 1410) are to be immediately sent in to the Qr.-Mr's stores. It should be stated in the column of remarks whether plain or currant ones are required.

MARRIAGE.—A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place between Pte. Edwin Poggie of this battalion, only son of the late Ponsonby Poggie, Esq., of Castle Poggie, N.B., and Miss Angelina Masham of this garrison.

COURT OF INQUIRY.—A Court of Inquiry, composed as under, will assemble at the Station Hospital at 11 a.m. on Saturday next, the 18th inst., to investigate and report on the circumstances under which No. 40185 Pte. J. Weezer, P Co., contracted a cold in his nose. President—Captain Busby; members—Lieut. Sabretasche, 2nd Lieut. Haversack. The attention of the court is directed to Q.R. Sec. 6, para. 129.

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LECTURES TO YOUNG SOLDIERS.

BY THE LATE SERGEANT-MAJOR A. W. MARSHALL, 1ST D.W. REGT.

Lecture 1st—PART I.

"I wonder how many of you have thought seriously about what you have now made your profession! It has probably not occurred to many of you to think where you may be, or what you may be doing, this time next year; and yet which of you would not consider these very points—and consider them very seriously too—before you went from one situation to another?"

I have no doubt that each and every one of you had his special reason for enlisting, and were I to ask you, man by man, I should probably get a different story from each; but the view I take, and it is the view I also invite you to take, is that you have done nothing more nor less than changed your job. You have got a fresh situation. You have embarked upon a fresh undertaking, a new business that in one respect is exactly the same as civil life, and that is, that your getting on is entirely dependent on your own exertions.

'A new broom sweeps clean,' and so when you have got a fresh master your first care is to please him. Is it, then, too much to ask you to do the same in your present employment? Remember, much depends upon a good start. I firmly believe that you are all very anxious to please your present employer, and that you are equally keen upon starting well—if you are shewn how. And this, as I said a few moments ago, is what you are here to learn.

The first step will not cause you much exertion. It is simply that you should look upon soldiering as your profession or business, and the barracks as your home. It is a profession to be justly proud of, and one that is brimful of dignity and honour. Make up your minds firmly that the career you have just entered upon is to be one of usefulness, industry, and good behaviour, and not—as is frequently supposed by civilians—a life of laziness, and one calculated to make you unfit for civil employment when you leave the Service. This feeling is, I am glad to say, fast wearing away, and its entire disappearance is, I trust, not far distant. I may

safely say that, before any of your terms of service expire, the question for employment of discharged soldiers will have made such progress as to render the obtaining of situations an absolute certainty, always provided—and I want you to pay particular attention to this point—your military career has been a life of industry and good behaviour.

This takes me back to what I said a moment ago. Let us have a good start. You have heard the expression "Give a dog a bad name, etc." Well, I know of no employment where that saying is more applicable than in the Army.

Now, if a civilian loses his berth as the result of misconduct, he goes to a new master and gets a fresh start; but a soldier cannot do this. He has the one situation for at least seven years, and once he gets the name of being a drunkard, an habitual absentee, a lazy or untidy soldier, or of being disrespectful to his superiors, (all of which are offences against the rules of the Service, and concerning which I shall have more to say later on), he will find it somewhat difficult to remove the impression which his own misconduct has created.

You must begin with good resolutions. Make up your minds that you are going to do some good for yourselves, and let your every action be marked by a determination to be a credit to your Regiment and yourself. Use every effort to keep the standard of character so high, that to be a soldier will mean, on the face of it, being a well-conducted man and one worthy of trust.

If you are guided by these principles you will hesitate before doing anything that your conscience tells you is not in accordance with your good resolutions."

—:o:—

PIPE PUFFS.

Scene: Church Parade, Easter Sunday. The orderly sergeant reports to young officer, "Company present, Sir." Young Officer: "Thank you." Judge the young officer's surprise when he had inspected half the company to see eight or nine men came running in. "Young Officer: Orderly Sergeant, what's the meaning of this? You reported all present." Orderly Sergeant: "I did, Sir, but it's Easter Sunday, and these men are volunteers for church." Utter collapse of Young Officer and stupid numerics.

* * *
Striking camp at Pembroke. A voice: "Come back here, Murphy, and get a decent load in your mitt." Murphy: "Sure an isn't it enough I'm carrying—three poles, one in each hand?"

* * *
Sergt. Spuds (to squad of two men): "Quick mark toime. Lift, lift, lift roight lift. (In exasperation) If I only knew which of you it is was out of step I'd put ye both in the guard-room!"

* * *
Last-joined Sub. inspects barrack room No. 1., and on looking behind the door finds Pte. Duff in hiding, covered with brickdust, etc. Last-joined Sub: "What are you doing here?" "I'm orderly man, Sir." "Very good." He enters room No. 2, and finds no one behind the door. "Where's the orderly man? He should be in his place when I come round."

* * *
Field Training. C.O.'s examination of N.C.O.'s and selected privates in map reading, &c. C.O.: "What's this, Corporal?" "A river, sir." "Very good, and what's this in the centre?" "A lake; no, no, it's an island." C.O.: "That will do for you, Corporal." (Outside): "Well it's the first bally island I've seen with a river all round it."

Clr.-Sergt. Issue, letter M Co., goes to look at dinners. "Now, orderly man, I want to see these dinners made out properly. Apportion the substaceous substance first, and then pour the gravy or residue on afterwards." Orderly man, aghast: "Blimey, I wonder if the flag means the jippo. I never heard it called gravy or residue before."

* * *

Our old friend Pte. Ramsbottom has been doing sentry-go several times lately. These are amongst the most recent of his one-horse wires. "His post will extend from the absolute room to the gate." "He will allow no one into the mess except Maltese calling on officers." "He will allow no civilians into the barracks unless preceded by a pass signed by the Regimental Police." "He will at once report any of those offences not obeyed."

* * *

They were practising the attack, and the young N.C.O., being supervised at close quarters by the Sergeant-Major, lost his head. The men of his section were all down on the knee waiting for the word of command. The N.C.O.'s hesitation was delaying the advance of the old line. Spurred on to action by the close proximity of the Sergeant-Major, the N.C.O. at last found his tongue and shouted: "Present arms."

* * *

Some of the specimens of "English as she is writ" that one sees in Malta are curious. They are generally painted in large figures on shops or houses, and stand out boldly. These are a few I can call to mind:—"Pianos for sale or hirp." "Furnished appartaments." "Old funny antiquities." "Artistical specialite costumes." "The First and Last spirits and grocer." "Hair-cutting hollow-ground razor." "Aerated water manufactory."

* * *

How Tommy goes shopping on a pay day. Enters canteen. "Joe, give us tin of dubbin, 1d. biscuits, *Havercake Lad*, cake of Sunlight, tin of sardines, pair of Jumbos, razor, bottle of relish, 1d. butter, tin of white tack, tin of red tack, and how much is the ammonia a bottle? Look slippy, I'm pushed."

* * *

Place: Dover. Scene: Commanding Officer's kit inspection of last draft of recruits. In the course of his wanderings the C.O. stopped in front of a cot, on the right hand side of which a recruit stood rigidly at "attention." His small book showed his age as 24 years 9 months, but his well set-up figure, closely cropped grizzled hair, and general *tout ensemble* belied him. C.O.: "Where's your hold-all, my lad?" Recruit: "At the dhobi's, sir." [N.B.—A dhobi is an Indian washerman.]

* * *

Absent-minded officer inspecting the rifles of his company on parade: "Hullo, Colour-Sergeant, this man's rifle's corroded; lend me a sight protector." Futile efforts on the part of the Colour-Sergeant to repress a smile as he produces a sight *reflector*.

* * *

A recruit was firing his course. Miss after miss had been signalled up after his shots—by the left, by the right, short, over the top. At last a ray of hope dawned on him as the ricochet flag appeared. "Does that count anything, Sergeant?" he asked the commander of his section. "Count!" replied that worthy with an ironical leer, "in course it counts; it counts an *hur* to you." Needless to say he referred to the R which denotes a ricochet.

* * *

Yet another range story. The marking at the butts was not everything that could be desired. Pte. Tibbitts, an old soldier, in particular was consigning the butt superintendent to a warmer climate. His last shot had not been signalled at all. On its being challenged a miss was sent up. "Miss!" cried he indignantly,

"it was a *bull* I tell you; I could swear it on a mile of Bibles!" [P.S.—He pronounced *bull* so as to rhyme with *dull*.]

Nervous subaltern putting a brother sub. through the firing exercise in the presence of the C.O. "On the command *one*, carry the left foot about 10 inches in front of the right pouch, at the same time bringing the rifle to a horizontal position at the right side."

He was an officer's servant, and slightly addicted to the bottle. The methods he employed of getting money from his master were worthy of a better cause. One day he came with a long face and said: Beg pardon, Sir, but I would thank you to give me ten shillings to send to my Mother." Master: "What's the matter with your Mother, Jones?" "She's very ill, Sir, and the doctor says she needs nourishment." "Oh, all right then, give me her address and I'll send her a postal order." But this was not what Pte. Jones wanted. He hummed and hawed about the address, and finally left the presence muttering that if he could not send the money himself, he did not care whether his mother got it or not.

Overheard on the parade ground; spring drill of the Royal Sicilian Militia. Instructor in a grating voice: "Squad—on the right close two deep—move to the right in file—right wheel this way!"

This "puff" rather took my fancy. It was in the form of a poster and announced the following—

The School for Scandal.

Brilliant Comedy in five acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan's.

It is to be hoped that the shade of the great dramatist *Richard Brinsley Sheridan* did not turn in its grave and squirm. For such is fame.

—:0:—

Obituary.

On October 7th, suddenly, at 53 Lee-park, Blackheath, S.E., aged 82, GENERAL GEORGE ERSKINE, Colonel of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment.

General Erskine joined the 33rd Regiment on August 17th, '32; became lieutenant 3rd July '36; captain 1st May, '40; major 20th June, '54; lieutenant-colonel 12 December, '54; colonel 12th May, '60; major-general 6th March, '68; lieutenant-general 1st October, '77; general 1st July, '81.

He was appointed colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders June 9th, '88, and was transferred to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment June 30th, '95.

The following is a list of his war service, taken from Hart's Army List:—"General Erskine served with the 33rd Regiment in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55, including the battle of Inkerman and siege of Sebastopol; he commanded the pickets of the Light Division on the 14th October, 1854, when they repulsed the attack made on them by the enemy (medal with two clasps, brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, 5th class of the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal)."

The following reference to his death appeared in battalion orders of October 17th:—"It is with much regret the commanding officer announces the death of Lieutenant-General G. Erskine, Colonel of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and who served with distinction in the 33rd Foot in the Crimea, 1854-55. As a

mark of respect to the memory of their late Colonel the officers of the battalion will wear mourning, in uniform, till 14th November, next."

This is a portion of the obituary notice which appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of October 16th, '97:—"Plain 'General George Erskine!' Not even a C.B.! And yet he was 'a veteran of fame and service,' a most valiant captain, a sturdy soldier of ancient type—no time-serving suppliant courtier of the fountains, which pour out streams of ribands and orders on those who delight to honour them; but a man who did his duty with heart and soul, body and mind, in peace and in war, in the barrack and in the field; and who saw with silent wonder, for year after year, gazette after gazette, appear week after week with the names of his comrades who were not, we will not say better, but as good as he, but who were lucky, which he was not. He wondered, because he could not understand why they were taken and he was left out in the cold. And how was it? Had he no friend to knock at the military secretary's door, and say a word for the grim, taciturn, kindly little warrior who had fought so well at the Alma, in the trenches, and all through the great siege, an example to the regiment of which he was so proud—The Duke of Wellington's—and to exclaim, 'You surely are not going to leave George Erskine out again?' It would seem as if there was not; and it is quite true, in contravention to the old saying, 'Nothing comes to him who waits—from Pall Mall.' 'Hang out the knocker! That's your only chance,' said Hastings Doyle to an old friend who asked him what he was to do for an appointment. But General George Erskine had no hand for the knocker, and so nothing came to him but a sense of wrong. The new Boards will perhaps give heed to the claims of patient merit in like cases in times to come.

The late General Erskine commanded the military train for some years. For nearly a dozen years he was either Deputy Inspector or Inspector General of the Volunteers. He was then at Shorncliffe as a Brigadier, and for five years he held the Chatham command. When he ceased to be employed in the service he devoted his time and talents to the advancement of the Royal United Service Institution, which owes its present position and prosperity in a great measure to his indefatigable exertions as chairman of council; and by the older members of the R.U.S.I. he will long be remembered for his valuable services to that institution at a time when it stood so much in need of a vigorous moving spirit to help it over difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable.

The funeral of the late General Erskine took place on October 11th, at Charlton Cemetery. The following members of the Council and Staff of the R.U.S. Institution, of which the General was a vice-president, and at one time chairman, were present:—Vice-Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith, Admiral H. Boys, General Lord Chelmsford, Colonel Lonsdale Hale, Lieutenant G. R. Maltby, R.N., and Major R. Holden. There were also present Major A. J. Erskine, General E. A. Williams, General Finch, R.A., General Roberts, General Lynden Bell, Major-General M. Protheroe, Colonel W. Robinson, Colonel Shervinton, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Day, R.A., and Major Hamilton. Major Philip Read who was colour-sergeant of the General's company in the Crimea, and Sergeant-Major Elliott of Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, who had served with him in the Military Train, attended at the cemetery.

On August 20th, LIEUTENANT ARCHIBALD JAMES MACAULAY HIGGINSON, Indian Staff Corps (1st Sikhs), died at Datta Khel from enteric fever, supervening upon his illness and wounds received at Maizar during the attack on the British force under Colonel Bunny. He was 28 years of age, and joined the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment as 2nd lieutenant on March 20th, 1890; became lieutenant February 18th, 1892; and joined the Staff Corps 31st December, 1893.

On August 19th, at Malta, from Mediterranean fever, LANCE-CORPORAL T. DUNN. The deceased was first cornet player in the band, and his death is a great loss to the regiment.

On September 25th, at Malta, PRIVATE J. SAGGERS, E Co., from fever.

On October 3rd, at Malta, from the result of a boating accident in the P. and O. Harbour, PRIVATE J. HUTCHINS, D Co.

On October 7th, at Malta, from inflammation of the liver, SERGEANT GEORGE HALL. The deceased had $19\frac{1}{2}$ years' service in the regiment, and leaves a widow and a son ($3\frac{1}{2}$ years old).

On October 18th 2nd LIEUTENANT WILLIAM EDWIN DRIELSMAN, 2nd Batt. Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, died at Pietermaritzburg, Natal. He was the elder son of Lieut.-Col. Drielsman, 260, Cromwell Road, S.W., and joined the Army March 7th, 1894.

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NOTICES.

The Havercake Lad is published quarterly, price 3d. Annual subscription (including postage), 1/4. The dates on which the paper is published are approximately these:—March 15th, June 15th, September 15th, and December 15th. As the paper is printed in England, much time is of necessity taken up in sending proofs, voyage, etc. Communications should, therefore, reach the Editor not later than the 10th of the month *previous* to that in which the paper comes out.

Copies may be had on application to—

The Editor of the *Havercake Lad*,

Floriana Barracks, Malta.

A certain number are always kept for disposal in the Regimental Canteen (Mr. J. Dowd, steward).

All correspondence intended for publication should be legibly written in ink and on one side of the paper only, and care should be taken that all proper names and names of places be clearly and distinctly written.

Correspondents and subscribers are requested to inform the Editor of any change of address.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—*A.S.C. Journal*, *Sprig of Shillelagh*, *Man of the World* (weekly).

All applications for advertisements to be addressed to Private E. Garrison, B Company.



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TESTIMONIALS—From Regiments that have quite recently left the Island.

Floriana, Malta, March 5th, 1894.
I have much pleasure in stating that Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co., have supplied our Canteen and Sergeants' Mess with Ale and Stout since our arrival here in January, 1891, and have given every satisfaction. About May last they commenced supplying the Regiment with Groceries, all of which have been of good quality and reasonable in price; further, I have always found the Firm most civil, obliging, and attentive in every way, and can strongly recommend them.

E. W. BRODRICK, Lieut.-Colonel Commanding 1st Battalion The Queen's
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G. CONNER, Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding 1st Gloster Regiment.

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G. L. C. MONEY, Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding Cameron Highlanders.

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Malta, 10th June, 1896.

(Signed) P. LONGBOURNE, Colonel, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Gentlemen,

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Malta, 26th December, 1895.

F. S. ALLEN, Major, Commanding, and President Canteen Committee, 2nd Battn. Worcestershire Regt.
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