

The Havercake Lad

AUTUMN NUMBER.

Regimental Paper

OF THE

1st Battalion



Duke of

Wellington's Regt.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

No. 7.

MALTA, 15th SEPTEMBER, 1898.

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EDITORIAL.

THE old saying "The times are changed and we are changed in them" is on the point of coming true. Thank goodness the time has arrived for us to be changed, and whether it be for a slap at Khartoum and the Khalifa, or only for garrison work at Alexandria or Cairo, the change will be a most congenial one.

"Three years on a rock, not to mention the fever," would make a very good title for a penny dreadful; but there would not be much sale for it if it leaked out that the name of the rock was Malta! It certainly is our turn for a change of air, for we have seen regiments come and regiments go—we have even seen the same regiments come and go—but now we are really going ourselves, and that is pleasanter to contemplate. The good ship *Felunga* is to come and fetch us on the 5th September; our married folk all leave in her on the 11th August. First leave came to rather an abrupt termination owing to that fatal invention, the telegraph, and now, at the time of writing, second leave is nearly over, then hurrah for Egypt! Unfortunately, during this second leave, we have been sore beset by the inevitable festa, and have only just emerged from a second dose—a three-day one. Taking it altogether it may be said that we have been treated kindly by Dame Fortune, for our list of casualties has been a small one compared with those of a great many other regiments. Still, we repeat, we shall be glad to "seek fresh fields and pastures new," (not that we are leaving any pastures behind us) and we trust that the goddess Bellona will only give us the opportunity to distinguish ourselves. During the three years that are just drawing to a close we have often felt inclined to say, in the words of the poet Byron:

And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,
Thou little military hothouse!
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask, for what is such a place meant?

As in England, so in a lesser degree in Malta, the representatives of the White Rose have been distinguishing themselves in the cricket field, for before leaving the island we have succeeded in winning the Governor's Cup. Nor was it won by any fluke, but each team that opposed us was handsomely beaten, as will be seen on referring to the score-sheets. We congratulate our XI. on their achievement, and hope that they will maintain their record in the land of Egypt.

It is now eighty-eight years since Lord Byron wrote his "Farewell to Malta," (a portion of which we have given above) but it is easy to see that the "little military hothouse" has, like the Ethiopian, not changed its skin, and the sentiments the poet then gave went to serve admirably to describe our overwrought feelings at the present time. We cannot do better than close this article by quoting a few more of his couplets:

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!

* * *
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!
(How surely he who mounts you swears!)

* * *
Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
That gave me fever, and the spleen!

—:O:—

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENT.

PART IV.

THE campaign of 1706 was commenced by the allies advancing upon Alcantara, the English contingent being formed of Wade's (33rd), Stewart's, Blood's, Portmore's, and Brudenell's regiments.

On March the 31st, the allies left Elvas, and arrived at Alcantara on April 9th. On the 10th, the outlying convent of St. Francis was assaulted by Blood's and Wade's men, who overcame a brave resistance and drove the Spaniards out; yet, in doing so, they lost fifty killed and wounded, amongst the latter being Cols. Wade and D'Harcourt.

Alcantara capitulated on the 14th, and on the 20th the allies left the place, and arrived at Placenzia on the 28th, and Massagona on May 1st. On the 11th, they marched towards Ciudad Rodrigo, which was invested and surrendered on the 26th. The allies then resumed their advance on Madrid under the Earl of Galway, and on August 1st were strongly placed at Guadalaxara, where a junction with Charles was effected on the 6th. The latter had brought reinforcements for Galway with him, and the allied strength now amounted to 15,000.

On August 11th, the supplies at Guadalaxara having been exhausted, Galway, accompanied by Charles and the Court, decamped therefrom and marched to Chinchon. Chinchon is a town on the Tajona, twenty miles south of Madrid, and is situated in a very plentiful district. The communications of the allies with Portugal having been broken, their new base was necessarily the Valencian coast and the fleet, which had then captured Alicant. Hence, in moving to Chinchon they were taking the first steps to secure this fresh line of operations in which a force under Wyndham was already acting from Valencia.

On the 14th, they encamped in a strong position with their right on the Tajona and their left towards Colmenar.

During their stay at Guadalaxara, much desertion had occurred, and their numbers at this period did not exceed 14,000.

Besides being vastly inferior to the enemy in numbers, the allies were composed of no less than five nationalities—Portuguese, English, Dutch, Neapolitans and Spaniards. They were also divided into three distinct and co-equal commands, and held respectively by Galway, Das Minas, and Noyelles. The last named general had wished to retain supreme command for himself, and was, in consequence, extremely unfriendly to Galway; and as he was in great favour with Charles, he used all his influence to destroy the English general's credit with that monarch.

Nevertheless, by sheer force of military experience, tact, and upright dealing, Galway maintained his predominance; and notwithstanding internal intrigues, the poor quality of the Portuguese, the bitter hostility of the country, and the proximity of the Duke of Berwick's powerful force, held his position at Chinchon for nearly a month.

In September, it became evident that the idea of re-occupying Madrid must be abandoned, and accordingly on September 9th, the allies marched to Valverde on the Xucar. Here, on the 17th, Wyndham joined them, and on the 28th, the Valencian frontier was gained after a well-conducted retreat of 200 miles. This concluded the operations for the year, and the allies went into winter quarters.

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

ODE TO THE FIELD OFFICER, VALLETTA.

With apologies to C. P. Calverley, Esq.

Thou who upon thy black
Horse dost the guard attack,
Bid'st them dismiss and back,
Gravely returnest;
Sweet when thou'rt come to say
"I'll turn you out by day,"
But, when thou'rt gone away,
Possibly sweetest.

I have a hatred old
For thee, and manifold
Stories of thee are told—
Not to thy credit.
How one or two at most
Visits make a sub a ghost,
Wakeful upon his post,
—Many have said it.

How they who wear the fuse,
Flash, or the gaudy trews,
All get most horrid blues;
Foolishness is it?
Sitting in tunic tight,
Girt round with waistbelt white
All through the blessed night,
Waiting thy visit.

Truce to such knavish tricks!
Still know I five or six
Majors who still can mix
Friendship with duty;
Happened the other day
One sent round word to say
"This night I stop away."
He was a beauty.

F.O's may have their use,
Yet they get much abuse;
I think they are a nuis-
-ance most eternal.
If I the power had got
I would consign the lot,
To where it's far more hot—
Regions infernal!

TYPES OF MALTESE.

No. III.—THE POLICE

THOUGH an island of no very great dimensions, Malta has succeeded in giving its name to various things, such as crosses and oranges, terriers and knights, fever and so forth. There is one other name I should like to add to this list, and that is *police*. For like the Germans in a certain popular comic song—

“ They're a noble race,
And of that race I'll sing.”

It is evident that such a high-spirited and warlike community as Malta must have had guardians of law and order, in one form or another—from time immemorial. The island has been owned at different periods by so many nations that system of police personel and regulations must have undergone a vast amount of changes. The now famous city of Valletta did not exist in the days of the Romans; otherwise one could well imagine the grim-looking *lictors* patrolling the Strada Reale, or leaning, in masterly inactivity, against the Corinthian columns of the amphitheatre—now known as the Opera House. Or conjure up to your mind a fierce saracen gendarme, with drawn scimitar in hand, ruthlessly pursuing the ill-fated christians through the *vicolos** of Citta Vecchia!

But I suppose that it was not until the inhabitants so generously yielded themselves to the motherly care of Great Britain that a system of *native* policemen came into vogue, and the existing régime started. So you will have to think of them as disporting themselves in chimney-pot hats such as were worn by the original “peelers,” and whose portraits can be seen in the early numbers of *Punch*. In all probability they adorned their toppers with cockades in the shape of Maltese crosses, as they have an eye for effect.

Long before I came, or ever dreamed of coming, to Malta, I had heard tales of the bobbies thereof, and their propensities for getting mixed up in fisticuffs with Britishers. The late Major Roddy Owen seems to have had a great partiality for them, in so much as that during his stay in the island he was known as the “terror of the bobbies.”

Their appearance is not particularly striking, as they are dressed more or less like the British policemen. In what is somewhat jocosely known as the cold season their habiliments consist of blue serge frocks and trousers, with a headdress rather like an obsolete-patterned shako with the peak turned down. In the hot weather these articles of clothing are discarded and are replaced by others of khaki, with a white helmet beautified by a couple of horizontal blue lines in the place where a puggaree generally goes. Both styles of head covering are enriched with a large Maltese cross of some white metal. They wear letters and numerals, on their shoulder straps and collars respectively, quite in the orthodox manner. They are girt about the loins—which are in most cases of somewhat gargantuan dimensions—with leather belts, black in winter, brown in summer. Possibly the tightness of these belts precludes the possibility of any appendages being affixed, at any rate they do not carry truncheons or any visible weapon, either of offence or defence. Quite recently an order came out in council for the force to be armed with revolvers. There immediately arose a fearful storm in the Maltese tea-cup. Indignant and high-flown speeches (all in Italian) were flung at the heads of the perfidious British Government by patriotic deputies, who depicted in heart-rending terms the state of constant fear and dread the inhabitants would thenceforth live in. The scenes of horror their fertile imaginations portrayed were almost touching enough to persuade their hearers that the days of the massacring of the early christians had returned.

*Blind alleys.

But, sentimentality apart—it seems a bit hard on the poor “coppers” that they should not be provided with a weapon of some sort, even a pea-shooter would be preferable to none at all. It is particularly hard on those members of the force who are not so slim as they were once, and who would find some difficulty in getting clear of a rough-and-tumble. When there is a scuffle in a street or grogshop you generally see the bobby gesticulating in an exciting manner and persuasively trying to induce the offender to move on, and (judging by the ribald laughter of the bystanders) often exposing himself to retorts of an opprobrious nature. All this loss of dignity might be avoided if he carried a truncheon or a revolver.

But if he carries no weapon, he lets you know that he has got a whistle and a note book. I do not mean that he is always blowing his whistle as if the place was on fire, but he carries it in his pocket, attached to a magnificent steel chain of great length. The note book he generally holds in his hand, and employs himself in spare moments taking down apparently for his own gratification, the numbers of the cabs as they jog along—much after the fashion of a Bobby at the main exit of a London railway terminus. This is one of the results of free education.

The Maltese police force has been improved enormously within the last few years. The system of attaching a few embryo policemen periodically to British regiments for drill, rations, and accommodation, is having excellent results. Some of them turned out really smart fellows, and I knew one a short time ago of whom even the colour-sergeant said that “he didn’t know nothing against him!” After such a remark as that I feel that any panegyries of mine would be extremely poor, so shall not give them.

—:o:—

THE DUKE'S CHARACTER.

PART IV.

“The Duke of Wellington has left to this country a great legacy, a greater even than his fame; he has left to his fellow-countrymen the contemplation of his character.—DISRAELI.

WELLINGTON treated his subordinates with extreme politeness. He possessed in a high degree the calmness, urbanity, and charm of manner which spring either from high birth or from a natural elevation of character. In his orders he never commands, he only entreats and requests. In his conversations with his officers he entreated them not to use harsh language to their inferiors. “Expressions of this sort,” he said, “are not necessary; they may wound, but they never convince.”

Though in the midst of war, he had the greatest sympathy for his men. Napier states that he saw the Duke in a passion of tears when, after the assault of Badajoz, the report was made to him that upwards of 2,000 men had fallen in that terrible night. When Dr. Hume entered the Duke’s chamber on the morning of the 19th of June to make his report of the killed and wounded at the battle of Waterloo, he found him in bed asleep, unshaved and unwashed, as he had lain down at night. When awoke, the Duke sat up in bed to hear the list read. It was a long list, and when the doctor looked up he saw Wellington with his hands convulsively clasped together and the tears making long furrows on his battle-soiled cheeks.

Writing at the same time to his friend, Marshal Beresford, he said, “Our losses quite prostrate me, and I am quite indifferent to the advantages we have gained. I pray God that I may be saved from fighting any more such battles, for I am broken-hearted with the loss of so many old friends and comrades.” To Lord Aberdeen he said, “The glory of a triumph like this is no consolation to me.” And yet he

had won a great battle, and the allies were in the glow of victory! When riding over the field, and hearing the cries and groans of the wounded, the warrior gave vent to the lacerated feelings of the man in the memorable words: "I know nothing more terrible than a victory—except a defeat."

When afterwards addressing the House of Lords, he said: "I am one of those who have probably passed more of their lives in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil wars, too; and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it."

PART V.

The Duke was a most humane man. He protected the Spanish people against the cruelty of their own soldiers. He also protected his enemies. After the battle of Talavera, the English came to blows with Cuesta's soldiers in order to prevent their killing or mutilating the wounded Frenchmen. M. Chateaubriand has said: "We have too much respect for glory to withhold our admiration for Lord Wellington. Indeed, we are touched even to tears when we see that great and venerated man promising, during our retreat in Portugal, two guineas for every French prisoner who should be brought in alive."

The whole of the Duke's career abounds in traits of this kind. In India he recovered and brought up the son of Doondiah, found lying among the wounded. He interested himself in the recovery of General Franceschi, whom the Spaniards had left to die in a pestilential dungeon. He delivered young Mascarhenas, and many other victims of the cruelty of the Spanish Government. He protected with solicitude, against the fury of the Portuguese soldiers, the wounded French, and such of the enemy's soldiers as the fortune of war threw into his hands after the evacuation of Oporto. "By the laws of war," he said, "they are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford to them." He permitted the French surgeons to attend to the sick of Soult's army, and to pass to and from the allied camp with a safe conduct.

He possessed the same sense of honour in dealing with the enemy. When it was proposed to him in India to end the war with Doondiah Waugh by a stroke of the poniard, he rejected the offer with contempt. And when there appeared a likelihood of a revolt of Soult's troops in Spain, and the Duke was asked to support it, he gave the same steady refusal. He considered it unworthy of himself and of the cause, of which he was champion, to obtain through a military revolt what ought to be the reward of ability and valour only.

When at Torres Vedras, the Prince of Essling was anxious to inspect the English lines. He advanced under one of the English batteries, and examined it with a glass, resting upon a low garden wall. The English officers observed him, and although they might have overwhelmed the staff of the commander-in-chief by a general discharge of the guns, they only discharged a single shot in order to make him aware of his danger. The shot was discharged with such accuracy that the wall was beaten down on which the Prince's glass rested. Massena understood the courteous notice. He saluted the battery, and remounting his horse, rode away.

It was the same with Wellington at Waterloo. While the Duke was watching the French formations, an officer of artillery rode up, and pointing to the place where Napoleon stood with his staff, observed "That he could easily reach them, and had no doubt that he would be able to knock some of them over." "No, no," replied the Duke; "generals commanding armies in a great battle have something else to do than to shoot at each other."

(To be continued.)

ON HAVERCAKES.

IN the first number of this magazine we briefly gave the reasons for the title adopted, but as many of our readers have not perhaps seen that issue, and as questions are frequently being asked relative to the meaning of the word "havercake," it may be as well to plunge now more thoroughly into the subject, and in doing this we will first give the derivation of the word, and secondly, its connection with the old 33rd regiment. *Havercake* is a combination of the words *haver* and *cake*. *Haver* is an old Dutch word that means "oats," (compare with it the German *hafer*, which means the same thing). But in spite of its nationality "haver" has nothing to do with "my old Dutch," nor is a havercake even distantly connected with a cheese-cake. It is generally to be found in conjunction with some other word, *e.g.*, "sack," a haversack being an article of equipment known to all our military readers. Now a haversack originally meant a sack for carrying haver or oats, on which dainty they evidently used to feed the sons of Mars in olden times (of course before the messing of the soldier, or the improved scale of diet in accordance with the Aldershot school of cookery came into fashion). If a haversack were a new invention, emanating from the fertile brain of some enthusiastic volunteer, it would no doubt be registered by royal letters patent as the "pipe-cum-baccy-cum-matches-sack."

We mentioned that "haver" was generally used in conjunction with other words, and besides "haversack" and "havercake" we often find it in the names of places, both in this country and in the United States, (if not used by itself it is bound to be found in a united state), *e.g.*, Haverfordwest, Haverstock, Haverthwaite, Haverstraw, Haverhill. We might also remark, whilst on this interesting topic, that we have never seen the word used in the singular (by itself), as to the plural, there once lived a famous anatomist of the name of Havers, but history does not mention if he was any relation to the notorious conspirator Titus *Oates*.

From the above etymology of the word there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the word "havercake," and we will now try to trace its connection with the 33rd. We must go back some period, *vis.*, to 1814, the year before Waterloo, when the following anecdote was current: the recruiting sergeant of the regiment used to split an oatcake or havercake on the top of his sword, and with this tempting morsel he used to make the mouths of the starving recruits water. His feelings no doubt resembled those of the expert angler, when he knows exactly what bait is likely to attract the fish at certain seasons. But his powers of fascination did not stop at merely displaying his havercake, for having gathered a goodly ring round him and his havercake he would open his mouth (which we have no doubt was a copious one) and pour forth horrid words like these: "Don't you listen, m'lads, to what them other recruiting sergeants say; you just 'list in my regiment, which is called the 33rd, 1st Yorkshire West Riding Regiment, and when you join headquarters you'll all be mounted on horses!" The story says that his listeners were Yorkshiremen, but it is hard to believe that warranted genuine Tykes would be duped like that. It is more likely that Trafalgar Square, or thereabouts, was his haunting and hunting ground. In those days we lived in stormy times, and "Boney" gave us no peace. Recruits were urgently required, and recruiting sergeants (for their own private reasons as well as *pro bono publico*) had to bid against one another. And apparently they did not stick at trifles, though one may have stuck (his sword) at a havercake! The gorgeous placards that nowadays relieve the sombre exteriors of post-offices and police stations and that picture in glowing terms the advantages of the service, are truthful when compared with the artifices employed in those times. But whether our friend's listeners were Tykes or Cockneys his ruse seems to have answered well, for at Waterloo the 33rd were nearly all recruits; and they had recruited their strength on havercakes, which may account for their endurance on that great occasion, for

instead of making a meal off havercakes, French powder appears to have made a good meal off *them*.

This is the true derivation of "havercake" and its connection with our regiment. Some writers, however, dispute this fact and *aver* that the name is a corruption of "have a cake?" which the recruiting sergeant said to his recruits. This appears to us to be merely a feeble play upon the words and to be unworthy of credence. It is of course possible that he did say this, for he was evidently a bit of a wag and might not have been *averse* to a mild pun. But we have no hesitation in saying that the first mentioned derivation is the correct one. Times alter and military customs change, but the men of the 33rd did then, as they continue to do now, take the cake.

—:0:—

CRICKET.

EVERY one who reads his *Sportsman*, or any daily paper, knows the marvellous cricket record that Yorkshire holds this season. The long list of wins; the few drawn games; and the few defeats as yet. The championship should be a certainty for our county, and all the more credit to her, for all her team are Yorkshiremen. So are we in the Regiment, most of us by birth, some by adoption, and in our little way we have aped the great county at cricket. We have our J. T. Brown and Rhodes, F. S. Jackson and Lord Hawke (we leave the reader to fit the names), and we have our championship, for, as we all know, our Regimental Eleven has won the Governor's Cup this year—our last in Malta. And surely Malta has done us good at cricket at least. Remember Dover where the ground was two miles away down the mountain; there was no inducement to turn out and practise there, and to raise an eleven was often heart-breaking work (N.B.—The Dover ground has moved two miles further off now, to Kearsney); but here, in this reviled island, outside the barrack-gate, we have an excellent pitch, though no ground round it except stony ground; but such has been the effect of this pitch, that everyone plays cricket, and plays keenly, too. Our Sergeants have an excellent XI., and are undefeated. The Companies all play matches; the Band, Drums, and boys all have their own contests and score all along the line. This is exactly as it should be, and we hope it will flourish even more in Egypt, where rumour says there is "grass." Now as regards the matches played we had best divide the season into four periods, though of course they are really simultaneous.

1. The Governor's Cup.
2. The Company Shield.
3. Miscellaneous Matches.
4. The Soldiers' Club Cup.

The Company Shield is not yet decided. It remains again for H and B or E Coys. (last year's final competitors) to struggle for the Shield. Similarly the Soldiers' Club Cup, for which we have a good chance, is only just starting, so we must keep that back for our next issue. We cannot undertake to criticise individual's play as we were not here for any of the matches, but one word has reached us from many sources, and that is, "Your XI. fielded splendidly, and won the match deservedly." We regret on going to press that we cannot find the score book with what we call 'miscellaneous matches' in, so they must be held over until another issue.

GOVERNOR'S CUP COMPETITION.

1st Round ... A Bye.
2nd Round:

33RD REGIMENT *v.* R.A.

Played on the Marsa, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st, 1898. Result—Won by nine wickets.

33RD. REGIMENT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Strafford, c Robinson, b Cross	.. 1	not out 14
Pte. Cassidy, b Cross	.. 6	b Cross 1
Lieut. Tyndall, not out	.. 99	not out 8
Pte. Venables, c Cross, b Watts	.. 58		
Lieut. Umfreville, c Corbett, b Williams	.. 13	} Did not bat	
Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew, b Holbrooke	.. 13		
Lieut. Exham, c Kirby, b Cross	.. 4		
Lce.-Sergt. Williams, c Watts, b Cross	.. 0		
Sergt. Thomas, run out	.. 8		
Lce.-Sergt. Mangles, b Cross	.. 0		
Sergt. Allen, c & b Cross	.. 12		
Extras	.. 15		
Total			23

R.A.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Capt. Kirby, c Venables, b Allen	.. 0	st. Strafford, b Venables	.. 40
Lieut. Symes Thompson, b Allen	.. 7	b Mangles	.. 0
Sergt. Owen, c Venables, b Allen	.. 8	c Exham, b Umfreville	.. 8
Lieut. H. Robinson, c Tyndall, b Allen	.. 7	c Strafford, b Allen	.. 13
Major Carden, c Thomas, b Mangles	.. 20	lbw, b Allen	.. 13
Gunner Moore, c Thomas, b Umfreville	.. 24	b Venables	.. 8
Gunner Cross, c Strafford, b Mangles	.. 14	b Venables	.. 8
Lieut. Holbrooke, b Mangles	.. 9	b Venables	.. 6
Bombardier Watts, b Mangles	.. 0	b Umfreville	.. 5
Sergt. Williams, not out	.. 11	b Umfreville	.. 30
Bombardier Corbett, c and b Venables	.. 1	not out	.. 0
Extras	.. 8	Extras	.. 11
Total		109	Total 142

3rd Round :

33RD REGIMENT v. 1ST BORDER REGIMENT.

Played on the Marsa, 9th and 10th June. Won by an innings and 57 runs.

BORDER REGIMENT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Capt. Stack, b Umfreville	.. 18	b Umfreville	.. 1
Pte. Sims, run out	.. 8	b Venables	.. 0
Lieut. Morris, b Venables	.. 4	b Venables	.. 12
Lieut. Macnab, b Venables	.. 5	b Umfreville	.. 0
Pte. Waterman, b Venables	.. 0	run out	.. 7
Pte. Knapp, b Venables	.. 0	b Venables	.. 2
Pte. Snow, b Venables	.. 0	b Umfreville	.. 6
Capt. Nash, b Venables	.. 4	not out	.. 4
Sergt. Hutton, c & b Umfreville	.. 4	c Thomas, b Umfreville	.. 2
Corpl. Drummond, run out	.. 0	c Umfreville, b Venables	.. 0
Pte. Prior, not out	.. 0	b Venables	.. 4
Extras	.. 8	Extras	.. 0
Total		51	Total 38

33RD REGIMENT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>			
Lieut. Strafford, b Stack	1
Pte. Cassidy, b Hutton	1
Lieut. Tyndall, b Hutton	61	..
Pte. Venables, b Hutton	3
Lieut. Umfreville, c Drummond, b Waterman	23
Sergt. Williams, b Waterman	4
Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew, c Morris, b Stack	17
Lieut. Exham, b Hutton	18
Sergt. Thomas, c & b Hutton	3
Sergt. Mangles, b Hutton	2
Sergt. Allen, not out	1
Extras	12
Total			146

*Final Round:*33RD. REGIMENT *v.* 2ND DORSET REGIMENT.

Played on the Marsa, June 20th, 21st, and 22nd. Won by seven wickets.

2ND DORSET REGIMENT.			
<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Sergt. Woods, b Umfreville 0	run out 25
Pte. Bolster, run out 3	b Mangles 0
Sergt. Sorrell, c Thomas, b Umfreville 0	run out 10
Capt. Leslie, st. Strafford, b Venables 5	c Tyndall, b Mangles 30
Capt. Austen, c & b Mangles 37	b Venables 26
Capt. Chichester, st. Strafford, b Venables 0	run out 28
Lce.-Corpl. Stredder, run out 10	c Tyndall, b Mangles 0
Corpl. Swaffield, b Umfreville 0	c Exham, b Mangles 8
Corpl. Collins, c Exham, b Umfreville 6	not out 9
Pte. Ford, not out 18	b Venables 3
Sergt. Guppy, b Allen 2	c Exham, b Mangles 7
Extras 10	Extras 15
Total		91	Total
33RD REGIMENT.			
<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Strafford, lbw, b Bolster 25	c Leslie, b Bolster 12
Pte. Cassidy, b Bolster 12	c Ford, b Bolster 20
Lieut. Tyndall, b Chichester 2	b Sorrell 18
Pte. Venables, lbw, b Sorrell 10	not out 27
Lieut. Umfreville, b Bolster 0	not out 10
Sergt. Williams, c Leslie, b Guppy 27	} Did not bat	
Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew, c. Leslie, b Chichester 19		
Lieut. Exham, run out 9		
Sergt. Thomas, not out 25		
Sergt. Allen, c Stedder, b Bolster 6		
Sergt. Mangles, c Woods, b Chichester 0		
Extras 17	Extras 15
Total		152	Total for 3 wickets

REGIMENTAL COMPANY CHALLENGE SHIELD COMPETITION.

*1st Round:*E. *v.* G.

Result—E beat G by an innings and 175 runs.

Scores—E Coy., 335. G Coy., 74 and 86.

For E Coy. the principal scores were—Pte. Venables, 200, and Pte. Cassidy, 52. Pte. Venables also took seven wickets and Pte. Cassidy eight wickets.

For G Coy. Pte. Faulkner, with 29 and 19, made the best score, followed by Lieut. Umfreville with 13 and 15, the latter capturing five wickets.

Teams—E Coy.—Color-Sergt. Lister; Corpls. Storey and Graham; Ptes. Cassidy Venables, Muir, Summersgill, McMahon, Bedford, Ward, and Arnold.

G Coy.—Lieut. Umfreville; Sergt. Thomas; Lce.-Corpl. Heap; Ptes. Ricketts, Faulkner, Shea, Turner, Gawthorn, Hurlin, Deland and Kifford.

C. *v.* F.

C beat F by 58 runs.

Scores—C Coy., 74 and 85. F Coy., 41 and 64.

A well contested game. For the winning Company Goodwin, Holmes, and Hyland batted well, and Goodwin and Harper bowled most successfully; whilst for F Coy. Corpl. Scott, in the second innings, batted in good form, and Hemmingway and Proctor shared C Coy.'s wickets between them.

Teams—C Coy.—Colour-Sergt. Johnston; Sergt. Taylor; Corpl. Harper; Drs. Holmes and Haigh; Ptes. Goodwin, Hyland, Curtiss, Partridge, Pilkington, and Boy Hemblys.

F Coy.—Sergt.-Major Kerns; Corpl. Scott; Lce.-Corpl. Broomer; Ptes. Edinborrow, Ellison, Trotter, Percival, Bottomley, Proctor, Hemmingway, Jury.

B. v. D.

B beat D by an innings and 133 runs.

Scores—B Coy., 232. D Coy., 11 and 88.

A very easy win for B Coy. Sergt. Williams made 72; Sergt. Allen, 63; and Pte. Smith, 35. On D Coy. starting to bat, Sergt. Allen took seven wickets for six runs, and Pte. Slaymaker two for four runs. D Coy.'s second venture was better, Pettigrew making 34 and Pte. Barrett 17; but still Sergt. Allen bowled too well and captured six more wickets.

Teams—B Coy.—Sergts. Allen and Tungate; Lce.-Sergt. Williams; Corpls. Carney and Waller; Ptes. Marshall, Smith, Kirk, Barthelamy, Slaymaker and Geady.

D Coy.—Sergt. Berrington; Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew; Ptes. Dunn, Joyce, Adams, Connell, Smith, Stafford, Saville, Barrett, Palmer.

A. v. H.

H beat A by an innings and 191 runs.

Scores—H Coy., 271. A Coy., 53 and 27.

A walk over for H Coy. For H Coy. Corpl. Whitely played capitally for 72; Lieut. Tyndall, 50; Shea, 45; Kelley, 36; and Obee, 27; whilst Spikings got most of their wickets.

For A Coy. no one scored many, and the wickets in the second innings were shared by Obee and Whitely, Obee taking five wickets for twelve runs.

Teams—H Coy.—Lieut. Tyndall; Capt. Wallis; Sergt. Mangles; Lce.-Corpl. Shea; Corpl. Whitely; Ptes. Kelly, Coldwell, Whittaker, Valler, Obee and Whiteley.

A Coy.—Sergt. Baxter; Lce.-Corpls. Schofield, White, Farnhill; Corpl. Cadmore; Ptes. Johnson, Fisk, Foster, Hayward, Spikings, and Lce.-Corpl. Smith.

Semi-Final Round:

H. v. C.

H. beat C by an innings and 97 runs.

Scores—H Coy., 179. C Coy., 30 and 52.

H Coy.'s scores were all compiled by four batsmen—Sergt. Mangles, 36; Pte. Obee, 52; Corpl. Whiteley, 40; and Pte. Coldwell, 33.

For C Coy., first innings, Dr. Holmes made highest score with 16, and Corpl. Harper, in the second innings, made 19. Mangles and Coldwell bowled splendidly for H Coy., especially Coldwell in the second innings, when he took eight wickets for only 32 runs.

Teams—H Coy.—Capt. Wallis; Sergt. Mangles; Corpl. Whiteley; Lce.-Corpl. Shea; Ptes. Coldwell, Kelly, Obee, Whiteley, Cowper, Wild, Valler.

C Coy.—Colour-Sergt. Johnson; Lce.-Sergt. Taylor; Corpl. Harper; Drs. Haigh and Holmes; Ptes. Hyland, Curtiss, Pilkington, Weatherdon, Smith, and Boy Hemblys.

B Coy. have still to play E Coy., the present holders of the trophy, for the right to oppose H Coy. in the final, when, whoever comes off victorious, a good match may be expected.

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HOW WE GOT OUR TITLE.

WHEN on leave in June last, I was staying in Dublin, and one afternoon I visited a private house where I was shown the colours of the 33rd Regiment which were carried at the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The colours were carefully preserved under a glass case and although greatly torn and tattered they are still in a fair state of preservation. I was also shown a letter from "The Iron Duke" to Lieut.-Col. Harty who was commanding the 33rd in 1842 when it was stationed in Dublin.

I was very kindly given a copy of this letter which is here reproduced together with two memoranda authorizing the 33rd Regiment to be called "The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The 33rd is the only regiment in the service called after anyone other than of the blood Royal.

The autograph reply of His Grace the Duke of Wellington Lieut.-Col. Harty's application to have the 33rd Regiment styled "The Duke of Wellington Regiment."

November 6th, 1842.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Lieut.-Colonel Harty.

He has always felt the greatest interest in the honour and welfare of the 33rd Regiment and he is much flattered by the desire of its officers to record that he was for some time its commanding officer and their colonel. But he begs that they will observe that the honour solicited is of an unusual description, and will be posthumous and permanent.

The Duke must beg leave to decline to be a party to the solicitation of such an honour, to be conferred not upon the 33rd Regiment alone, but in the greatest upon an individual, and that individual himself. He hopes therefore that the officers of the 33rd Regiment will excuse him for declining to make known their wishes to the general commanding the Army in chief, and for suggesting that they should submit their desire through some other channel.

LIEUT.-COL. HARTY.
Dublin.

Horse Guards, 18th July, 1853.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command that the 33rd Regiment of foot, shall henceforward bear the name of the 33rd (or The Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, which honorable distinction will be inscribed on the Colours of the Regiment.

Memorandum.

War Office. August 10th, 1853.

He Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the 33rd Regiment of foot bearing on the regimental colour, and appointments, the crest and motto of the late Duke of Wellington.

The Colours of the 33rd Regiment borne at the Battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and presented by the Regiment to Lieut.-Col. Harty together with the autograph letter of the Duke of Wellington, here given—were bequeathed by Lieut.-Col. Harty, to his nephew, the late Henry Thomas Vickers, Barrister-at-law, and are now in the possession of his children.

—:o:—

SUBALTERN'S SURPRISES—(No. 1).

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Scene:—The hospitable Borsa Club, on the occasion of the annual *Bal Masqué*. The time is on the night of Shrove Tuesday (by Ash Wednesday all gaiety must cease, and youthful minds think of something else). The guests are beginning to arrive and the rhythmic tones of the first "extra" float down the heat-laden atmosphere.

Dramatis Personæ.

Miss A.—A visitor to Malta, and the charmer of Lieutenant B., an amorous youth.
Lieut. B. }
Col. C. } —Officers in the Royal Rutlandshire Rovers, stationed in the island.

ACT I.

The curtain rises and discovers the dancers beginning to take the floor. The day previously Miss A. had informed Lieut. B. that she would appear in a pink domino with white frilling. As there are several of the fair sex whose attire answers to this description, Lieut. B., after several false starts, at last succeeds in finding the damsel who has captured his heart. They are now discovered in earnest conversation.

Lieut. B. (after the usual salutations have been exchanged)—“Well, this is, I suppose, the last dance of the season, doncherknow, and probably the last chance we'll have of dancing together” (sighs profoundly). “How many may I have?” (with an appealing glance).

Miss A. (in her most artless tones)—“I have kept you several dances—take what you want” (hands him her programme).

Lieut. B.—“Thanks awfully. I've marked them. I see No. 15 is ‘Lancers,’ and if you don't mind, we'll sit it out together, as I want to tell you something” (meaning to propose then at all costs, if not before).

Miss A.—“All right; mind you turn up for it.”

Lieut. B.—“Well, *au revoir*” (gives a significant nod and trots off to get a brandy and soda, so that he may be full of courage).

(Aside) “Confound old ‘Stick-in-the-mud’; he must have heard what I was saying, he looked at me so deuced queerly!”

Miss A. and Lieut. B. have several waltzes together that evening, but he reserves what he has to say till No. 15.

(End of Act I).

ACT II.

Scene :—The same.

No. 15 has just been posted on the stand in front of the musicians. Lieut. B., with heightened colour and in a feverish hurry, sees his pink domino in the doorway and claims it at once for the dance.

Lieut. B.—“Our dance at last! Ah, how I've longed for this.”

The P. D. (with a sigh)—“So have I.”

Lieut. B.—“Well, come and sit out, and I'll tell you what I want to say—to you alone.”

The P. D.—“Let's go on the balcony, where I see two chairs, we can have all to ourselves.” (They go).

Lieut. B.—“Whiew! Beastly hot, isn't it?” (Mops his brow).
(A pause).

Lieut. B. (after much stammering)—“You know—er—darling, I—er—love you?”

The P. D.—“M' yes; I thought you did.” (Hides her confusion behind her fan, which suddenly seems to require a lot of attending to).

Lieut. B. (hopefully)—“Could you love me too, just a leetle bit?”

The P. D.—“I might in time, dear.”

After the usual coyness and philandering, the Pink Domino accepts the youthful lover—whereupon the youthful lover, having irrevocably done it, entreats his charmer for a first kiss from those ruby lips.

The P. D.—“Certainly, my own, if you don't mind kissing my mask!” (Smirks).

Lieut. B.—“No, sweetest, but can't you lift the mask from your pretty face (entreatingly) only for one short moment?”

The P. D. (coquettishly)—“And spoil the rest of the evening's fun? Not even for you, dear boy!”

Lieut. B. (in despair)—“Very well then, I suppose I must wait till to-morrow. Will you meet me on the Barracca at 12 noon?”

The P. D.—“If I can; but (with an arch look) I thought you poor soldiers were so dreadfully hard worked, and *never* got away before 1 p.m.?”

Lieut. B. (reassuringly)—“Oh, I can easily square that; old ‘Stick-in-the-mud’ will give me leave if I only stroke him down the right way.”

The P.D.—“Who do you mean?”

Lieut. B.—“Oh, that’s what we call our C. O. He’s a good old chap, but an awful ass. I pull his leg all day and he never sees it. He’d have to get up jolly early in the morning to score off *me!*” (Grins at the bare idea of such an occurrence).

The P.D.—Ta-ta, dear, and (coaxingly) *please* don’t have any more brandy to-night.”

They part, after *Lieut. B.* has renewed his protestations of undying love.
(*End of Act II.*)

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ACT III.

Scene:—The upper Barracca, Valletta, a kind of plateau laid out in shady walks amongst the exotic plants; the usual trysting place where the gilded youth of Valletta hold their love meetings.

Time:—Twelve noon, Ash Wednesday. *Lieut. B.* is discovered wandering about in an agitated manner, looking from time to time at his watch, which he carries on the neatest of pig-skin wristlets.

A footstep is heard, and suddenly *Col. C.* makes his appearance round the corner.

Lieut. B. (aside)—“Great Scott! What the d—l can the old buster be wanting here, I wonder? Awful nuisance, she’ll be here any minute now!” (Aloud)
—“Good morning, sir.”

Col. C.—“Hullo, young fellow, you here! Aren’t I punctual? Fine view from the Barracca this morning—plenty of boats in harbour, eh?”

Lieut. B. (absently)—“Er—yes sir, fine—plenty.” (His eyes scour the walks in an agitated manner).

Col. C.—“Well, this is a poor welcome after all you professed for me last night!”

Lieut. B. (in much astonishment)—“Last night, sir?”

Col. C.—“Why yes! When you told me—Dance 15, if you remember—that you were so fond of me and asked me to meet you if you could get leave from ‘old Stick-in-the-mud.’ You pulled my leg properly last night, eh, my boy?”

Lieut. B.—“Great snakes alive! Then it was you in the pink domino last night?”

Col. C.—“Certainly; and had a most enjoyable *tête-à-tête* with you. Not only that, but I saved you £100.”

Lieut. B.—“£100, sir?”

Col. C.—“You don’t seem to know your Mess Rules particularly well.—(Quotes): ‘Any officer becoming engaged whilst a subaltern will forfeit the sum of £100 to the Officers’ Mess Fund.’”

Lieut. B.—“Oh, yes sir, I’d forgotten that.”

Col. C.—“Well, you see I saved you. By-the-bye I forgot—you wanted to kiss me; you may do so now!”

Lieut. B. (embarrassed)—“Well—er—sir—er—I’d—er—

Col. C. (coming to his assistance)—“I see you’re not keen about it now; but let’s adjourn to the club, where you can stand old ‘Stick-in-the-mud’ a drink instead.”

They do so. On the way thither they pass *Miss A.*, who cuts *Lieut. B.* dead, because he didn’t turn up for No. 15 on the previous evening.

Lieut. B., whilst pledging his C. O. in a whisky and soda, begins to think that perhaps, after all, he is well out of it. So Lieut. B. has not been placed on the married establishment, and Col. C. has saved his officers from a wedding subscription, B. from the dangers of matrimony, and re-established his reputation (at any rate in Lieut. B.'s eyes) as a "real good sort," and not quite such an ass as he was taken for.

(*End of Act III.—Curtain.*)

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POLO.

(*From our Polo correspondent.*)

SINCE our last number regimental polo has been practically at a standstill ; in fact, all through the garrison the usual keenness has somewhat died away. This is generally the case, to a certain extent, after the tournament is over and the leave season has begun ; but perhaps this year is rather exceptional, as so many changes have been and are still being made in the garrison. We are even now one regiment below the full complement. One has only to look at the notice-boards in the Union Club to satisfy oneself that there are plenty of ponies in the market (and from the descriptions they are all as near perfection as possible). So probably the in-coming regiments will experience no difficulty in collecting ponies for next year's tournament. There are very few ponies now left in the regiment, as we do not imagine that we shall have much more use for them here, and in Egypt—if ever we get there—we expect to be able to get a better class of pony altogether. The few of us who have still got ponies, of course, make them earn their feed in one way or another, and play occasional scratch matches or on club days, but we cannot manage to get the usual exciting regimental matches. In our next issue we hope to be able to enlarge on the superiority of grass polo-grounds and Arab ponies in contradistinction to rock polo-grounds and barbs.

Glad as we shall all be to bid farewell to the Marsa, we must not quite forget the many hours of excitement and pleasure we have spent on it (I do not refer to Brigade days). In fact I should not like to think what we could have done all these three years without it! For besides the polo-ground, the Marsa has furnished us with the racecourse, football, cricket, and hockey grounds, athletic sports, gymkhanas—in fact every variety of outdoor amusement. So we have much to thank it for, in spite of its open drain, and even that latter apparently has its advantages ; for if it is responsible for the many cases of fever, it undoubtedly affords unbounded enjoyment to the Maltese *shikarri* with his fowling-piece and mongrel tike.

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"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR."

THE entertainment at the Court Theatre is deliciously summery. It is as light as gossamer, as slight as silk, as bright as the silvery upper reaches of the Thames. Are not these the attributes which one would wish in the theatre at this time of year? If one must, or one chooses to go to the play when the woods and fields beckon so invitingly, it is surely not tragedy, not even drama one wants ; all that is requisite is that he should be lightly amused, delicately tickled, gently entertained. In all these things Captain Marshall's play, "His Excellency the Governor," fulfils its mission.

The play would be a comedy were it more in earnest ; it would be a farce were it less refined. As it is, it is a mixture between the two. Its incidents are

farcical—not the dashing sort of farcical, but the humorous; the language is that of comedy—not the brilliant kind of comedy, but the smart. Altogether it is distinctly interesting. We are in the realms of fantasy; nothing matters very much; the people do not oppress one by their reality. We are taken right away to the Amandaland Islands, where the sun and moon have each a poetic and impossible glamour of their own. We are beneath the influence of the yellow aloe, which, when it flowers, scatters its yellow dust, and each particle carries with it an irresistible spell of love, at least, that is the legend of the natives, and while the white folk scout it, and the visitors from England laugh at it, they succumb to the yellow dust of the flowering aloe all the same.

A mere recital of the style and circumstance of each of the *dramatis personæ* will show the whimsical bent of the author. There meet under the same roof, on terms of perfect equality, His Excellency Sir Montague Martin, G.C.S.I., Governor of the islands; the Right Hon. Henry Carlton, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies; Captain Charles Carew, A.D.C., and Mr. John Baverstock, Private Secretary, both of the Governor's staff; Mrs. Wentworth Bolingbroke, sister of the Colonial Secretary; Ethel Carlton his daughter; and Stella de Gex, the "star" of the *Recherché* Comedy Company, a travelling music hall diva. When it is added that Miss de Gex is distantly related to the Governor, it will be seen what tricks Capt. Marshall sets out with to amuse his audience.

The play opens by the Governor and the two members of his staff vowing themselves to eternal celibacy; it is not consonant with official dignity to fall in love; they gibe and sneer at native superstition. The Colonial Minister, his sister and daughter arrive from England; Stella de Gex visits the islands on tour. There is a general concensus of opinion that native superstitions are all rot.

In less than ten minutes the Governor and his staff are at the feet of simple Ethel Carlton; in less than twenty the Colonial Minister is making sheep's eyes at the lady from the "halls; within the first hour the elderly sister of the Secretary for the Colonies is ogling His Excellency the Governor.

A native rising is reported. Barricades are erected, prodigies of valour are performed; reinforcements are sent for. Firing is heard—the worst of it is that the gallant defenders pour their harmless volleys into the reinforcements, owing to the darkness. The daring officer who falls fainting with loss of blood confesses when he recovers consciousness that his wound came from falling on the spike of a gate. There has been no rising at all; the demonstration of the aborigines was made in their desire to show honour to the representative of the Great White Queen. The whimsical fancy of the author clothes his quaint imbroglia with numberless funny incidents (Capt. Marshall has a most original twist of thought). The lovely notes of the nightingale send all the spoony couples into rapture. In strolls the Private Secretary with the pipe and glass of water of our childhood—that is the nightingale. The music hall diva and the English Minister are discovered in the dead of night crawling about the floor in unorthodox costume. There is a declaration of love from a mountain of piled-up chairs and tables, and remarkable as it may seem, the author not only provides us with adequate reasons for these absurd developments, but he most skilfully manages to throw over them all an atmosphere of poetry and romance. Capt. Marshall works in a new medium, and is evidently successful in it.

Capt. R. Marshall, the author of *His Excellency the Governor*, is very well known to a great many readers of the "*Havercake Lad*," having got his commission in the 2nd battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in Sept., 1886, being promoted to the rank of Captain in 1895, and posted to the 1st Battalion. Being at the time seconded as A.D.C. to the Governor of Natal he never joined the battalion, and has quite recently retired from the service.

While with the 2nd battalion he was always foremost in all theatrical matters, both in the way of acting and stage management. The present performance at the Court Theatre is not his first success as a playwright, as in 1894 Forbes Robertson

produced a short piece of his, entitled "The Shades of Night," at the Lyceum Theatre, while the Kendals and Mr. George Alexander have also accepted plays from his pen. "The Shades of Night," by the way was acted during the Canterbury cricket week by "The Old Stagers."

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PIPE PUFFS.

An interesting item for the next Military Tournament. Bayonet v. Bull.
(From the *Daily Telegraph*, 22nd July, '98.)

Gibraltar, Saturday.
Yesterday morning we had an amateur bull-fight here. It appears that a bull went mad, and rushing to the sea, plunged in. This evidently did not agree with the animal, for he quickly emerged, and the first object meeting his gaze was Mr. "Thomas Atkins," of the Manchesters, restfully standing at ease on sentry-go, whom he thoughtlessly charged, utterly forgetting the fact that "Tommy" was not defenceless, being armed with no less formidable a weapon than a rifle, mounted with a bayonet. The thundering charge of the enraged bull did not disconcert "Tommy." He scorned to seek the shelter of the friendly sentry-box close by, but immediately, regardless of consequences, brought his bayonet to the charge, awaiting results. The bull—a plucky fellow—gallantly went for the bayonet, which, in the staunch and tight grasp of Mr. Atkins, was driven up to the hilt in the animal's breast, causing him to halt for a second or two; but at the same time, the concussion sent the unfortunate sentry reeling, and partially stunned him. The bull, though fatally wounded, had still strength enough left to again charge at his now disabled and defenceless enemy; and doubtless this would have been the end of "poor Tommy Atkins," but for the timely arrival of the guard, who succeeded in driving off the beast, which soon after expired. Tommy is now quite a hero in his way, and has been dubbed by his chums "The Matador," though I must relate that, like most amateurs, in his confusion and ignorance he neglected to claim and appropriate the usual insignia of victory, viz., the bull's ear.

* * *

Our friend Col. Witmild (of the volunteers) will have to look to his laurels. This is what appeared in the *Sportsman* of July 16th, 1898. Writing from Aldershot, Capt. W. H. Foster, A.S.C., describes a curious incident which occurred in a cricket match played last Saturday on the Army Service Corps Recreation Ground, Aldershot, between the A.S.C. and 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which resulted in a win for the former by fourteen runs:—"Pte. Rice, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers cut a ball hard to Capt. Longden, A.S.C., who was fielding close in at point. The ball struck the fielder's left boot and made its way up the inside of his flannel trousers to the distance of about twelve inches. Capt. Longden held the ball in that position, and appealed for a catch; the umpire, of course, declaring the batsman out, the ball not having touched the ground."

* * *

We also beg to draw the worthy Colonel Witmild's attention to the following letter from a sportsman which appeared in *Punch*, July 30th, 1898:—

Dear Sir,—When I was at the Bhilberry Hill Station in India, I was aroused one night by a ferocious snorting underneath my bed, which was, as is usual in those parts, covered by mosquito curtains—the mosquitoes being, with the natives, the chief plagues of the district. Trembling with anxiety, not fright, I recognised the sound to proceed from a well-known man-eating tiger, badly wanted by the Shekarries in those parts. At the same time, the mosquitoes in swarms continued to buzz rapaciously about my couch. An idea came to me. I softly drew aside the curtains, and giving a low whistle on the right side, stepped out on the left of

my mattress. The tiger and the noxious insects apparently entered together into my sleeping-place. Anyway, we found the body of the monarch of the jungle punctured by the blood-suckers in a thousand different spots, and dead as the cold mutton into which he would, but for my presence of mind, have no doubt converted

Burmah Club, W.

Your obedient servant,
HORACE LAMB.

* * *

"It has been decreed in several line battalions that in future no soldier will be allowed to walk arm-in-arm with a female" (daily paper). We sincerely trust that this barbarous order will soon share the same fate as the order which recently appeared in the Dress Regulations, stating that "In future Field-Marschals will attend levées only in top-boots and gilt spurs." This latter order was cancelled soon after it had made its appearance.

* * *

Scene:—Annual inspection by G.O.C. *Place*:—Regimental parade ground.—The O.C. C company, during his preliminary inspection, happens on one *very* dirty man and two more than indifferently clean. The three combined would damn the appearance of any company if seen by the G.O.C. The O.C. coy. is at his wits' end to know what to do. The colour-sergeant (who is an Irishman) is not to be defeated, however, and after a moment's thought, he carefully arranges the three together in the rear rank of the company, with the V.D.M. in the middle. Upon the near approach of the G.O.C., the colour-sergeant, in soft but unmistakable tones to V.D.M.:—"Faint, you —, or I'll down ye!" The man falls forward as if shot, and is promptly caught and carried from the field by his two neighbours. Result:—Joy of captain and satisfaction of general!

* * *

Scene:—Cricket match. An appeal to the umpire for "stumped." Batsman miles out of his ground. Wicket-keeper: "How's that?" Umpire: "Not out." Bowler: "Why look, he's still miles out of his ground." Umpire: "Bowlin' I 'olds with, and catchin's alright, but none of yer 'anky-panky with me!"

* * *

Captain at company lecture: "Now, Pte. Liabed, in what time should skirmishers move?" Pte. L. (promptly): "In the day-time, sir."

* * *

In Garrison Orders the other day, in recording the result of a recent examination for promotion, it was announced that Captain H. had also been granted a certificate of proficiency in riding. The orderly sergeant of letter K company had evidently had some experience of this officer's caligraphy, for in his company order-book he stated that the aforesaid captain had obtained a certificate for proficiency in *writing*. This appears to open up certain possibilities which we offer to the D.A.A.G. for instruction, in order that he may use his influence with the powers that be to ensure the necessary orders being issued. Why should we not see in our regimental orders extracts such as the following:—

1. The Orderly Officer's report sent in yesterday by Lieut. O. being illegible, that officer will attend the infant school for instruction till further orders.
2. *Award*. The Station Paymaster having reported that Captain Y. has succeeded in making two and three, added together, come to six in his current pay list, that officer has been awarded one copy of Colenso's Arithmetic, to be drawn through the Quarter-master. (Authority dated W.O. letter, 2-7-98.)
3. The usual weekly dictation and spelling catechism by the second-in-command will take place in the recreation room immediately after checking defaulters' sheets. All captains and subalterns to attend and bring their own slates.
4. The Commanding Officer regrets that he has again to call the attention of officers to the necessity of invariably crossing their t's and dotting their i's, and directs that the habit of omitting these precautions shall invariably cease.

CONCERTS.

BELOW will be found the programmes of three excellent concerts provided in barracks by the Regiment, which is undoubtedly full of talent as it should be, coming as it does from the musical West Riding. Two were held under the auspices of the Temperance Association and the other is called a Regimental Concert. There is as far as we can see, no difference between the three, each was well attended and the programmes are equally good in all, the only difference being that the Temperance Concerts were held outside the Temperance room in the Notre Dame Barracks, and the Regimental one in the Floriana Barracks. To describe the concerts we will take them in their order.

On June 22nd, the Regimental Concert took place; it was the first open air concert of the season and was a great success. The definite news that we were to go to Egypt arrived that day, and the excitement and enthusiasm were immense. Mr. Seaman altered the refrain of his song "Were marching to the front in the morning," to "We're marching to the front in September!" and what with the medals of our C.O. who was present and warmly welcomed, and the "Dervish chorus" as played by the Band, Egyptian Fever ran pretty high that night.

At the concert on July 6th, outside the Temperance hut, a very good programme was carried out, mainly owing to the great exertions of Lce.-Corpl. Lodge and Pte. Lancaster.

The concert on July 29th was in reality a farewell to our sixty men, who volunteered to go to help the Warwickshire Regt take Khartoum. They left on July 31st, in the Jelunga. Again a capital programme, and an audience of about 500 men. At the conclusion of the programme, Private Eycott recited some verses of his own composition (which we have much pleasure in printing) as a farewell to our comrades who were leaving to become "Royal Warwicks."

FAREWELL TO OUR 64th.

The 6th Royal Warwicks bound for the Soudan,
I believe they are rather short handed,
They call on our regiment to ask if we can
Transfer men to make up their standard.

A few volunteers from our ranks are now going,
And I'm sure we're all sorry to lose them,
I hope they'll shew pluck if the crimson blood's flowing,
And so credit the regiment that trained them.

So let us all hope that our turn will come soon,
For our little crush I am sure there is room;
I think we would be with the best at Khartoum,
And do credit to our gallant Colonel.

(Composed by Pte. Eycott.)

Programme of Regimental Concert held in the Floriana Barracks, Malta, on the 22nd June, 1898.

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|----|----|----|----|------------------------------|
| 1. | Selection—"The Darkies' Dream" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Band. |
| 2. | Recitation—"A Noble Vengeance" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Corpl. Hall. |
| 3. | Comic Song—"When the Old Man came Home Sober" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Lce.-Corpl. Winter. |
| 4. | Song—"Absent without Leave" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Pte. Carroll. |
| 5. | Selection—"The Dervish Chorus" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Band. |
| 6. | Recitation—"The Bumpkin's Courtship" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Lce.-Corpl. Farnhill. |
| 7. | Song—"To the Front" | .. | .. | .. | .. | J. T. Seaman Esq. |
| 8. | Comic Song—"That's a Bright Youth in the Gallery" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Lce.-Corpl. Lodge. |
| 9. | Comic Song—"The Irish Waxworks" | .. | .. | .. | .. | Pte. Dunn. |
| 10. | Duet—"Master and Man" | .. | .. | .. | .. | { Pte. Eycott.
Pte. Ward. |
| 11. | Selection— | .. | .. | .. | .. | Band. |
| 12. | Song—Selected | .. | .. | .. | .. | Pte. Chapman. |

"God save the Queen."

Programme of Temperance Concert held in the Floriana Barracks, Malta, on the 6th July, 1898.

1.	Comic Song—" Never let your Donah go upon the Stage "	Pte. Nicholls.
2.	Comic Song—" Nothing "	Pte. Lancaster.
3.	Comic Song—" How Englishmen die "	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
4.	Song—" The Handful of Earth "	Pte. Slater.
5.	Song—" Kitty Wells " Pte. Reynolds.
6.	Song—Selected	Pte. Ming.
7.	Comic Song—" It's a great big Shame " Pte. Nicholls.
8.	Comic Song - " Strolling in the Garden "	Pte. Lancaster.
9.	Comic Song—" On the benches in the Park "	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
10.	Song—" To the Front "	J. T. Seaman Esq.
11.	Song—" The Poor House"	Pte. Slater.
12.	Song—" Massa's in the Cold Grave "	Pte. Reynolds.
13.	Song—" He Nailed the Colors to the Mast " Pte. Eycott.
14.	Song—" What will Your Answer Be "	Pte. Wright.
	"God save the Queen."	

Programme of Temperance Concert held in the Floriana Barracks, Malta, on 29th July, 1898.

1.	Comic Song—" Staring me in the Face "	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
2.	Comic Song—" I can't change it "	Pte. O'Flynn.
3.	Comic Song—" Take 'em away "	Pte. Lancaster.
4.	Recitation - "A Noble Vengeance	Corpl. Hall.
5.	Duet—" Motor Car "	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
6.	Comic Song—" When I was a nice young man "	Pte. Sargood.
7.	Comic Song—" That's a bright youth in the Gallery "	Pte. O'Flynn.
8.	Comic Song—" Slap Daxh "	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
9.	Song	Pte. Sargood.
10.	Comic Song—" Strolling in the Garden "	Pte. Bannister.
11.	Comic Song—" I'm giving them all a turn "	Pte. Lancaster.
12.	Recitation—" The Scamp of the Regiment "	Lce.-Corpl. Lodge.
	"God save the Queen."	Pte. Eycott.

—:0:—

REGIMENTAL NEWS.

The following has appeared in the *London Gazette* since our last issue :—

The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment)—Lieut. Reginald W. Fanshawe is seconded for service in the Army Pay Department, dated 14th May, 1898.

The following N.C.O. has been permitted to re-engage so as to complete twenty-one years with the colors :—

2324 Sergt. C. Simmonds, H Coy.

The following N.C.O's have been permitted to extend their army service so as to complete twelve years service with the colors :—

2973 Sergt. H. Rollinson, G Coy.; 3083 Corpl. J. Bramley, D Coy.

4198 Lce.-Sergt. Dimpleby, H Coy., is transferred to the Staff Clerk Section, Army Service Corps, from 17th February, 1898.

The following have obtained First Class Certificates of Education :—

3629 Lce.-Corpl. J. Brennan, F Coy.; 5367 Pte. A. Taylor, E Coy.; 5138 Boy E. Abrams, D Coy

The following N.C.O's and men have been invalided home :—

3562 Sergt. T. Teasdale, H Coy.

5648 Pte. W. Edmett, C Coy.

4494 " F. Cannaford, E Coy.

4382 " A. Sear, F Coy.

5261 " R. Clayton, F Coy.

5525 Pte. E. Saint, G Coy.

5680 " G. Webb, H Coy.

4672 " G. Davies, H Coy.

4298 " T. Beyer, H Coy.

1911 " Dr. R. Proctor, F Coy.

A draft of sixty-four men who had volunteered for transfer to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, sailed for Egypt on the *S.S. Jelunga*, July 31st, 1898.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

To be Color-Sergeant—

3965 Sergt. W. Johnson, C Coy., 14-2-98.

To be Lance-Corporals (Paid)—

4276 Lce.-Corpl. (unpaid) A. Schofield, A Coy., 16-5-98; 4335 Lce.-Corpl. (unpaid) E. Smith, A Coy., 25-6-98; 4485 Lce.-Corpl. (unpaid) J. Mason, B Coy., 7-7-98; 4743 Lce.-Corpl. (unpaid) G. Newman, B Coy., 2-8-98.

To be Lance-Corporals (unpaid)—

4716 Pte. J. Woodey, C Coy., 19-5-98	3519 Pte. W. Barber, F Coy., 18-6-98
4701 " W. Diamond, E Coy., 24-5-98	5407 " G. Major, G Coy., 28-6-98
4901 " F. Wilks, E Coy. 24-5-98	4884 " J. Kelly, C Coy., 9-7-98
4599 " B. Lawson, D Coy., 6-6-98	} for School } purposes
4625 " A. Tippett, B Coy., 6-6-98	

1641 Sergt. W. Tungate, B Coy., is confirmed in the appointment of Sergeant Cook from the 6th July last.

The greater portion of the women and children of the regiment sailed for England in the S.S. *Jelunga*, on the 11th August, on account of the pending departure of the regiment for Egypt.

The following have been awarded Good Conduct Pay at the rates specified;—

At 2d.

3400 Pte. J. Eastgate, E Coy., 24-5-98	2751 Pte. A. Lancaster, A Coy., 30-6-98
3378 " W. Slater, H " 26-5-98	3227 " J. Hirst, E " 23-7-98
2880 " S. Hancock, F " 2-6-98	

At 1d.

4354 Lce.-Cpl. Ireland, G " 18-5-98	4929 Pte. J. Thomson, F Coy., 1-7-98
5088 Pte. J. Hand, H " 4-12-97	4946 " T. Faulkner, G " 3-7-98
4618 " T. Gilham, A " 29-5-98	4509 " C. Hayes, D " 12-7-98
4039 " F. Cunningham, A " 6-4-98	4900 " C. Charman, D " 23-7-98
4782 " A. Gaunt, C " 1-6-98	4912 " C. Judd, E " 24-7-98
4753 " H. Holcombe, H " 3-6-98	4730 " J. Pilkington, C " 25-7-98
5029 " J. Woods, E " 25-6-98	4690 " J. Relton, H " 1-8-98
4937 " J. Brimblecombe, G " 29-6-98	5201 " W. Whiteley, A " 4-8-98
3225 " J. Eycott, H " 17-6-98	

BIRTHS.

On the 2nd May, 1898, the wife of Color.-Sergt. J. Sugden, of a son (Harrison William Joseph).

On the 13th June, 1898, the wife of Sergt. A. Berrington, of a daughter (Gertrude Amelia).

On the 18th July, 1898, the wife of Pte. H. Richards, of a daughter (Edith Maud Melita).

NEWS.

Lieut.-Colonel Duke, (half-pay) late Duke of Wellington's Regiment, has been appointed D.A.A.G. for Instruction at Dublin.

A marriage has been arranged, and we understand will shortly take place, between Lieut. A. M. Whitaker, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, of Breckamore, Ripon, and Miss Eveline Lucy Menzies, of Wadenhoe House, Oundle, Northampton.

A marriage has been arranged between Lieut. C. A. Fedden of this battalion, and Miss Delia MacDermoth, of 43, FitzWilliam Square, Dublin.

Sergt.-Major Shearing, 4th V.B. Essex Regiment, (late of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and whom many of us remember at the Regimental Depot) has been shooting very well lately. Having shot well in the Army Sixty Competition, he won his place in the Army Eight, which won the United Services' Cup at Bisley, a competition open to Regulars, Volunteers, and all branches of H.M.'s Service. In this match Sergt.-Major Shearing scored 99 out of a possible 105.

Capt. W. J. Anderson (p.s.c.) of this battalion has lately been acting in Crete as Staff Officer.

Capt. A. F. Wallis has passed (a) and (b) for promotion to the rank of Major.

MUSKETRY.

There is not very much to record in the way of musketry since our last number. All the companies have been out at Pembroke in turn firing the rounds allotted to the C.O., and Captains commanding companies. The rounds this year were expended in long range volleys, attack-practice, and field firing (both company and detachment); in most cases with very fair results. The destination of the musketry shield for the forthcoming year has not yet been settled, but it appears to lie between E and H,

SWIMMING.

At the Athletic and Aquatic Sports, held by the Suffolk Regiment, at Fort Manvel, Malta, on August 9th, to commemorate the battle of Minden, the 200 yards scurry (swimming race, open to all the garrison) was won by Pte. Martin, E Coy., 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment; Pte. Smith of the same company being second. Each received a prize.

UGANDA.

Capt. E. G. Harrison, of the Duke's, has been and still is seeing a great deal of active service in these parts. He and the Soudanese under him have gained more than one victory lately over the rebels. The following extract is from a letter from a correspondent which appeared in the *Times* of July 18th. Capt. Harrison and a half-company of Soudanese troops belonging to the East African Rifles, stationed at Machakos, hurried forward, accomplishing a record march of 20 miles a day uninterruptedly, until they reached the scene of action, taking a transport caravan the whole way.—Uganda, April 23rd.

Since our last number we regret that Mr. James Dowd, our Canteen Steward, has been very seriously ill with enteric fever, so much so that his life was despaired of. However, we are glad to report that he is now convalescent, as we could ill afford to lose one of the two oldest soldiers in the regiment.

—:O:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

Copy of inscription on a brass plate on the front of the Officers' Mess. "The Pavilion," Floriana, Malta:—

This building (originally a market house) covering an area of 145 feet by 105 feet, was converted into an officers' barracks by order of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance.

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Colonel Whitmore,
Royal Engineers.

—:O:—

NOTICES.

The *Havercake Lad* is published quarterly, price 3d. (We hope soon to reduce the price to 2d.) Annual Subscription (including postage) is 1s. 4d.

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 necessarily taken up in the voyage both ways. All copy is sent to the printer on the 10th of the month previous to that in which the paper comes out. All correspondence, therefore, for that particular edition should reach the Editor at least three days before the above date.

Copies may be had from, and all communications should be addressed to:—

The Editor of the *Havercake Lad*,
1st West Riding Regiment,
Egypt.

We beg once more to remind those of our readers who are at a distance, and those who were original subscribers, that their Annual Subscription became due on *March 15th*.

A certain number of copies are always to be had from 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. It is preferable to use foolscap, and to leave a margin. Names of places and proper names should be printed in block type.

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

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

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