

# The Havercake Lad

SPRING NUMBER.

Regimental Paper

OF THE

1st Battalion



Duke of

Wellington's Regt.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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# The Gavercake Lad.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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## EDITORIAL.

THE leave season for officers terminated on February 28th, amongst the last to put in an appearance being the Editor of this magazine, which must partly account for its late production.

Many changes have taken place in the *personnel* of the battalion since the last *Lad*. These will be found in detail amongst the regimental news.

We are much pleased to inform our readers that our C.O. has profited greatly by his sojourn in the Riviera, and is now nearly quite restored to health. He hopes to return to England towards the end of March.

Owing to the scare of a rumpus with France, mobilization has been the order of the day. Provided the French fleet give us a week's warning, we will be prepared to give them a warm reception. At present, our chief hope of safety would appear to lie in the difficulties an invader would experience in landing his forces in the face of the currents caused by the new pier works. "*Delenda est* Admiralty pier," would probably be his motto at starting.

Congratulations to:

(1.)—Captain E. G. Harrison, on his obtaining a brevet-majority and the Distinguished Service Order for his performances in Uganda. He takes back with him to Uganda Captain S. Godfrey and Lieutenant L. G. Stayner, and we wish them also every success;

(2.)—Our football team, on their overcoming such powerful opponents as the R.E., Chatham, in the Kent County Rugby Cup. We only hope they may repeat their triumph of '94-95;

(3.)—Our old friend, the *Pavonia*, of the Cunard Line, the transport that took us out to Malta in October, '95. After being "lost" for several days in the terrific gales recently experienced, her seaworthiness and the splendid seamanship shewn by her officers and crew overcame all difficulties.

(4.)—Letter "H" Company. This Company now holds a record, being in possession of no less than three regimental shields, viz.: cricket, football, and musketry. They are now severely handicapped, however, by the appointment of Lieutenant Tyndall to the adjutantcy;

(5.)—Our 2nd battalion socker team, in having so nearly won the Madras Cup. For a regiment that has not very long started the association game, this is a great achievement. As will be seen in the 2nd battalion notes, they only succumbed in the final by one goal to nil.

Our cricket prospects for the coming season are bright, and already a goodly sized programme has been arranged. We trust that the new ground at Crabble will have improved since last season; the turf has been carefully relaid and, given plenty of rain this spring, there is no reason why it should not be good.

We are due to go to Lydd Camp on May 1st.

—:o:—

### MOBILIZATION.

Mobilization and continuous marching were recently carried out by the battalion. The number of carts was very great and no limits were set to the imagination.

Oh, Mobilization's a time I prize  
 For it means a lot to me;  
 For I'm but a recruit (as yet can't shoot)  
 So I ain't going out, you see.

When "Mobilization" was telegraphed  
 And flashed by the light of lime,  
 Came a great to-do—but it don't hurt you  
 If others work overtime.

It's a matter of terrible import  
 In peace to prepare for war:  
 And they worked that job at a bob a nob  
 As they ne'er had done before.

There were forty-five miles to march along  
 —Nigh forty-five waggons as well,  
 Which were partly filled with the meat they killed  
 And preserved, so I've heard tell—

There were heaps of faggots and bits of stone  
 As food for the transport mule:  
 He's an awesome brute, but he's precious 'cute  
 And he aint a blooming fool.

The officers' rations and min'ral stuff  
 Were heaped in the S.A. cart,  
 There was that in the pack of an old mule's back  
 As would warm the transport's heart.

And they stowed away lots of odds and ends  
 From mice to a Maxim gun,  
 (Including a target they purchased in Snargate  
 Street at a penny a ton).

They polished their kit on the night before  
 To start in the early dawn,  
 And the order ran thro' the wet "tin can"  
 That socks should be *soaped* ere worn.

Field-dressings as well and a bootlace spare  
 Were sewn into every frock,  
 And a cardboard plate shewing name and date  
 Supplied from the Q.-M's stock.

And every man ate a breakfast hot  
 (Drawn through the grocery book)  
 And no one got leave off parade, I believe,  
 Excepting the company's cook.

Then they toted them round the countryside,  
 They hustled them up the hill,  
 Though the carts were as full as the mules could pull,  
 And many a man felt ill.  
 And they padded along like soldiers bold  
 —That army in brave array—  
 And the people cheered, though they sadly feared  
 That there would be war that day.  
 But after a long day's dusty marching  
 —'Twas really no sinecure—  
 Once more they return and the tidings learn  
 The game's to be played once more.

—:o:—

### LETTERS HOME.

*From Lieut. Wallis, 33rd Regt.; written from the seat of war in the East.*

Camp Scutari, opposite Constantinople,  
 April 26th, 1854.

\* \* \* \* I cannot describe the misery we were in on our arrival at Constantinople. After having been nearly melted in Malta, we were disembarked here in a snowstorm. A more bitterly cold day I never experienced. As I told you in my last, we were ordered on from Gallipoli; well, on our arrival here, we were ordered to disembark and go into barracks at Scutari, which we accordingly did; but we had only been there a week when we were ordered into camp, which delightful place we still occupy. It is a beautiful day for ducks, but not for men, as it is raining hard. The view of Constantinople from the harbour is very fine; but when you are in the town it is a wretched place. The streets are worse than the back slums of an Irish town, but there are a great number of things well worth seeing. The first I will mention are the bazaars; they are very interesting, each separate trade having a division to itself. The most beautiful are the slipper and embroidery bazaars; they are the most perfect things I have ever seen. The view of the city is very odd. The streets are paved with large stones, like what you call at home boulders; so you may imagine how uncomfortable they are to walk on. The tradespeople are, without exception, the biggest rascals going (*i.e.*, those in the bazaars): they ask you three times the value for everything; but we are not to be humbugged now. When we want to buy anything we put down what we think a fair value and then walk off with the article. The first time I went to Constantinople I succeeded in finding Mr. Highfield, and found both him and his brother very kind and attentive. I shall be compelled to draw on them for some money, as we are ordered to procure horses immediately, at our own expense, for the carriage of our baggage—the Government having refused to supply us—and at first the subalterns were not allowed forage, but this has since been granted.

We had only been here a few days when the French Ambassador gave a grand ball. We were all invited, and I, amongst the number, went. It was a very swell affair, quite in the French style. We have had a grand review this morning, at which were present the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army, and the English Ambassador. We were all wet through, it having commenced raining directly we started. The Turkish troops are very fine men, but are not so well drilled as our men, the reason of which, I am given to understand, is because they are not well officered. We know, I expect, much less news than you do at home. The last we heard was that Rischid Pacha was shut up in Shumla, and yesterday that Odessa had been destroyed by the French and English fleets. We have also got intelligence that eleven of the Russian vessels have been taken in the Black Sea.

The most interesting thing I have seen here is the tomb of Sultan Machmet and family. It is most beautiful; each coffin is covered with the most costly cashmere shawls, and at the head of the sultan's is his turban. The building is built entirely of white marble and beautifully chiselled. I have also had a peep into St. Sophia (the principal mosque); it is also very magnificent. Another very interesting thing is a reservoir for water constructed by the Romans. It is supported by a thousand and one columns.

We all go to bed at "last post," for it is very dangerous to go about after dark, for a great force of irregular cavalry, called Bashi-Bazouks (or, in other words, mountain robbers) has arrived, and they are by no means pleasant gentlemen to meet—but as far as that goes none of the people are to be trusted. An officer of the 77th was crossing the Bosphorus the other evening in a caique. When he had arrived about halfway across the boatmen dropped their oars and demanded his purse; but he pulled out his revolver, put it to the head of the first fellow, and informed him that if he did not immediately land him he would fire. They complied with his request, but it would have been a bad job for him if he had not had his pistol. \* \* \* \* \*

The Guards arrived yesterday, and we expect Lord Raglan immediately. The mail leaves to-morrow, so I must wind up to-day. \* \* \* \* \*

May 4th.

I unfortunately missed the last mail, so send this off to-morrow. Lord Raglan has arrived, and some of the artillery. News has arrived that the whole of the tents, ammunition and provisions belonging to the Russians in Wallachia have recrossed the Baltic. Our regiment is to form part of the Light Division under Sir George Brown; so we shall have lots of fighting and hard work. You would laugh to see us getting our grub.

\* \* \* \* \*

I never saw anything more ridiculous than the way our soldiers are loaded with things—so much so that some faint on parade. I am certain they will never be able to march.

(To be continued).

—:O:—

### SUBALTERN'S SURPRISES—(No. 3).

#### A MODERN VERSION OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

THE winning hit had just been made, stumps were drawn and the great match of the season between the neighbouring and rival townships of Scorchingham and Belcher had been lost and won. Won by the latter, and, moreover, it was Lieutenant Wriggley of the Cumberland Cuirassiers, a new acquisition and a tower of strength to the winning side, who had borne the brunt of the fray, and finally made the winning hit. The Cuirassiers had only very recently arrived at Scorchingham from abroad; and it was a great stroke of luck for the local committee that they caught our hero for their match before he went on leave. As a matter of fact, he was off that very day and had rather hoped to get away a bit earlier; but as matters stood, all he could do was to dash through the admiring crowd who would fain have given him a triumphal progress to the pavilion carried shoulder high, seize his Gladstone bag and step into a cab with injunctions to the driver to drive like blazes to the station (three miles distant and in the heart of the town). He hoped to catch the 6-45 p.m. train to his home in the country, which he was most anxious to reach in time for dinner. The cab was bowling along merrily, and Wriggley pulled down the blinds, opened his bag and laid out his neat grey tweed suit on the opposite seat; he then proceeded to divest himself of his flannels,

which he packed tidily away in the bag. He still had about ten minutes distance to travel and had completed the underclothing portion of his attire, when crash! off came the near hind wheel of his cab and everything came to a standstill!

Everyone knows the rapidity with which a crowd will gather whenever any trivial circumstance, slightly out of the usual run of events, happens. There was no exception in this case. Such an incident as an overturned or broken-down cab was a real god-send to the loafers and rabble of small children in Scorchingham; and on Wriggley's head and shoulders appearing through the broken panes of the side window—which was now the uppermost portion of the capsized vehicle—he was greeted with roars of laughter, which increased to hysterical proportions when the unwashed crowd perceived his half-clothed condition.

"Lor' luv'us Bill, the cove was a-dossing," said one youth. "Disgraceful ah calls it," said another, "wot's the County Council abaht?" "Beastly 'ot, ain't it?" called out the ubiquitous small boy. "No wonder the blooming wheel came off, such goings on as never I see," said a market lady. The factory lasses opined that he had a little bit off the top; but no one seemed inclined to assist the embarrassed and now very much blushing warrior. At this juncture, however, two policemen, or rather, a sergeant and a constable—having made sure that a free fight was not in progress—sauntered up, and having cuffed an unoffending youth on the edge of the crowd, and bidden the rest to 'move on,' and discovered our friend vainly wrestling with the trousers of his grey tweed suit, asked what he meant by creating a disturbance, and blocking the traffic.

This rather nettled the Lieutenant, who replied that any blamed idiot might see there had been an accident. The police-sergeant, however, being a pompously inclined individual and not inclined to stand any cheek before a crowd, hinted at a summons and demanded the offender's name and address. Poor Wriggley's temper by now was getting shorter and shorter, and he somewhat emphatically asserted that he was Lieutenant Ponsonby Wriggley of the Cumberland Cuirassiers from the barracks, and that he would take jolly good care that a certain interfering idiot should suffer as well as himself for the fuss and delay. The constable in the meantime was gibbering wildly and comparing notes in a mysterious manner with his pocket book; and he now approached to put in his little word. A rumour gradually gathered ground, and amongst the now largely increased crowd there were whispers of "Lunatic—escaped last night." The sergeant made another attempt to settle matters and asked: "So you're an orficer are you?" "Yes, I am, and I'll trouble you to get me another cab, or I'll miss the next train too." "What regiment did you say you belong to?" "I told you I'm in the C.C. Regt., confound your nonsense, and I was changing my kit, as I was in a hurry to catch the 6-45 train; but thanks to your blankety blankness I've missed it. Why the blazes can't you clear this mob and let me get on?" The guardians of the Law conversed apart for awhile. "Yes," said one, "it's him as sure as my number is X 24—grey tweed suit, talks of changing his kit and says he's a blooming orficer; poor blighter! We'd better humour him and get him along to the station and let the asylum folks know we've got him." So the sergeant changed his tone, and touching his hat, said: "My mate here, sir, will get you another carriage, and I hopes, sir, as how we've not offended you, sir, but there seems a bit of a herror." Another cab was called, and our hero, relieved, at once more getting on his way, did not notice that P.C. X 24 got up behind while the sergeant perched himself on the box. Escorted by an uncomplimentary crowd, who kept up an endless fire of (to Wriggley) unintelligible remarks on loonies generally, the cab started on its way. It pulled up suddenly, and on the door being opened he was forcibly ejected from it, and hustled into what he perceived to be a police station. Here his rage got beyond all control, and after the case had been briefly stated, the superintendent fearing violence, ordered his detention in the padded cell, where the hope and pride of the Cuirassiers was accordingly left to cogitate on the changes and chances of this mortal life.

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It was a day of events; and the town was not to have the benefit of all the fun. The barracks of the Cuirassiers were situated, as most barracks are, about a mile and a half on the most inaccessible mountain in the neighbourhood, and there it was that the reverse side of the picture was presented to the public view. At about 5-30 p.m., and the mess waiter was tidying up the ante-room of the officers' mess, when on turning round he discovered a stranger who had entered. As he afterwards explained to the mess sergeant: "Blest if you couldn't have knocked me down with a feather. 'Why don't you salute me,' 'e says, 'I'm a hoffer?" 'Begging your pardon,' says I, 'I didn't know as you was'—though how 'e thought I was going to salute him—me in livery and no cap on, I don't know.' 'What regiment is here?' says 'e. I told him: 'Oh, that's the regiment I belong to,' says he, and then I knew he must be the new officer that has exchanged with Mr. Gubbins; but lor', he is a rum 'un. 'I want to change my kit,' 'e says, so I said I'd tell you; and he's there now waiting." As the mess sergeant was crossing from the pantry to the ante-room he met Lieutenant Jones, who was orderly officer, and told him that the new officer had arrived and was in the ante-room. Jones, full of hospitality, at once went in, but was somewhat startled on entering the ante-room on being ordered to 'Advance one and give the countersign.' However, he offered the new comer a drink and tried to turn the conversation to regimental games and other topics. But his efforts were in vain: for the extraordinary individual invariably harked back to some rambling military talk, with the exception of one occasion, when he confidentially informed Jones that he had already changed his kit three times that day and thought it was time to change it again.

Jones said he would try to find the Quarter-master and get the key of his room. Failing, however, in his search, his sense of hospitality overcame his reluctance to entertaining this strange person and he returned to the ante-room. By this time several officers had returned from the cricket match, and these he found beside themselves with astonishment at the new comer's performances. As he entered the room he heard the Colonel's voice saying in a tone of expostulation: "Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that I command this regiment?" to which the stranger replied that he was sure he did it very well and that he wouldn't interfere as long as things went right. The mess waiter who had brought in a drink for someone was now seen to be visibly agitated, and making frantic signals to Lieut. Jones to leave the room, which the latter accordingly did. "Well, what's up?" said Jones. "Blest if I know, sir," said the waiter, "but it's my belief he's the lunatic as escaped last night." "What lunatic?" said J. "Why the one as was in the paper this morning! Me and Sergeant Smith has been reading it and talking of it over and we come to the conclusion that it's him, grey suit and kit and all." The orderly officer seized the paper and read the following notice:—

POLICE NOTICES.

*Escape of a Lunatic from the County Asylum.*

An escape was effected last night between the hours of 9 and 10 p.m. from the above named institution. A patient named Thomas Selby eluded the vigilance of his warder, and although diligent search was instantly made in the vicinity, up to the time of our going to press no clue to his whereabouts has yet been discovered. When last seen he was wearing a grey tweed suit and a cloth cap and is believed to have taken a bag of clothing with him. Amongst his delusions (by which it is hoped he may be traced) is his idea that he is an officer of Her Majesty's army. He also has a mania for perpetually changing his clothes—or kit, as he called it—which he believed to be one of the chief duties incurred by officers of the Regular Forces. The County Commissioners in Lunacy have offered a reward of £5 to any person who shall give such information as will lead to his re-apprehension.

It may be as well to state (the paper continued) the circumstances under which the unfortunate gentleman became a patient in the asylum. During the hot summer of '93 he was an assistant in a large drapery establishment in the garrison town of Pudsey. Taking, as he had done from his boyhood, the keenest interest in the volunteer movement, he had joined and risen to the rank of Corporal in the 2nd V.B. It was noticed by his friends and fellow assistants that he became more and more military in his expressions and manners; for instance, on several occasions in place of the customary trade phrases of "step this way, madam," and "sign forward," he had given utterance to such remarks as "quick march," "front-forward." However, the climax was reached one day when he was mistaken

in the street by a recruit for an officer of the regiment then stationed in the town, who gravely saluted him. This pleasant episode apparently unhinged his already wandering reason with the hallucination that he was an officer of high rank in the army. In October of the same year he was officially certified as insane and placed in the county asylum.

Jones then whispered to the C.O., who was easily convinced of the stranger's state of mind and gave orders that the police should be at once informed, so that steps might be taken for the removal of their unwelcome guest. He also warned the other officers quietly of the state of affairs, bidding them humour him in every way possible. Accordingly, the police were telephoned to. But the problem was by no means solved yet: for the Inspector telephoned in reply that he could not possibly be the escaped lunatic as that individual was already in their custody, having been brought in about a quarter of an hour ago. Jones, however, through the telephone, persisted that the person in barracks corresponded completely with the published description. So did the person at the police station, said the Inspector. "Grey suit," said Jones. "Same here," replied the Inspector. "Wants to change his kit," said Jones. "Did so in a cab," was the answer. "Says he's an officer," tried Jones once more. "So does our bird," chuckled the Inspector, "what's more, says he belongs to your regiment." "Rum start, that," said Jones to the Adjutant, who was standing by him, "I wonder who the other chap is." "What did he say about a cab—ask him what their bird's name is," said the Adjutant. Jones did so and after some delay, during which pause evidently a visit was being made to the padded cell, the answer came back and to Jones' great astonishment. The Adjutant became convulsed with laughter; till at last he gasped: "Oh Lord, fancy their taking poor old Turnip for a looney; I see it all, he only had just enough time to catch the train after the match and told me he was going to change in the cab, and I suppose they caught him." The Adjutant at once got a cab and drove to the police station, identified and released poor Wriggley, and an exchange of prisoners was soon effected. But Wriggley's peace of mind was not restored for some time, and they feared he would really begin to go mad or cut some small boys head off, or do something desperate down the town to avenge his wrongs. So he was given three months' leave to forget his troubles. Whether the £5 reward was claimed by the police is still unknown. The barracks did not claim it.

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## A TRIP TO MYSORE AND SERINGAPATAM.

MAY, 1898.

(By our 2nd Battalion Correspondent).

### PART II.

ALMOST adjoining the public offices is the Jubilee Hall, now used as a library and schoolroom, containing some good specimens of ancient carved stonework; while close at hand is the Maharajah's College, built with a view to utility rather than any architectural merit. From this, so to speak, educational centre, we drove to one of the palaces (of which there are three in all), a gaudy barbaric-looking building of wood and plaster, filled with the usual collection of chandeliers, toys, plaster figures, dolls, cheap china, coloured balls, and other articles invariably to be found in all such establishments. And yet, among the many daubs on the walls there are some really excellent prints, principally of military men of note, both English and French, who had taken part in the wars at the end of the last and the beginning of this century. Punctually at four we drove up to the gate of the fort, inside which are the remains of the palace—for a large portion was burnt down last autumn—usually occupied by the Maharajah, but it was not without considerable difficulty that we at last got to see the Comptroller, without whose goodwill we should not have got very far. He is a man, I should say, of forty-five, clean shaved, with a keen intelligent face and very



courtly manner, who speaks English fluently, and who received us very cordially. He said that he was sorry we could not be shown over all the apartments, as one of the princesses was then in residence; but that we were welcome to go over the remainder, with which we were passed on to another official and conducted to the state rooms. I rather expected to see a replica of the other palace, but in this respect we were happily disappointed, as this one is furnished in more modern, if rather extravagant, style. The rooms are crowded with beautiful and costly ornaments, vases, photographs and other nick-nacks, together with the customary silver-gilt furniture. The toy element could be seen to perfection in a number of mechanical figures, but in spite of the incongruity of their contents, the rooms had a comfortable look about them, and when lit up with the electric light (which is in process of being installed) must look exceedingly well. A priceless collection of old armour and a well-nigh unique library of ancient MSS. were destroyed in the recent fire: these, of course, cannot be replaced, but the portion of the building that was burnt is now being restored, this time in stone and iron, but the work was not far enough advanced to judge how it would look when completed.

Evening was now drawing in, and there was no more time for sight-seeing, so we drove to a hill called Chanmudi, about a mile distant, on which is a Hindoo temple of great antiquity, and from whence a splendid view is to be obtained of the surrounding country. The ascent is made by 800 steps (recalling the ladder of St. Helena), but when we began to mount, we found it was a very different affair. There may be 800 steps of sorts, but the stages are so frequent, and the ascent so gradual, that it is an easy climb to the summit; and we felt well rewarded for our trouble. The air was keen and invigorating; and the view of the city lying at our feet enabled us to note exactly the situation of the various places of interest we had just been visiting. Midway is a huge bull, carved out of the rock and painted black, an object of reverence to the thousands passing to and from the Temple. The descent, in the failing light, we found more trying than the ascent, the steps in places being so slippery that we had to proceed with the greatest caution. However, we reached the carriage without mishap, and drove back to the hotel *via* the race-course, feeling that we had earned some dinner and a night's rest; for we had been incessantly on the move since 6-30 that morning. Rain had again fallen, and instead of the hot uncomfortable night we had been picturing to ourselves, we enjoyed an undisturbed spell of rest, and felt quite ready to get up when called at 5-30 the following morning.

It was just an hour later when we left the hotel in an open carriage for what we had been told was a twelve-mile drive, but which subsequently proved to be no more than eight. The morning was a perfect one; rain was still inclined to fall, but it held off; the air was quite cool, and it was not till past nine o'clock that we found any necessity for large hats. Our route lay along a shady well-kept road with paddy-fields and cocoanut groves on either side, along which it was a real pleasure to travel. About mid-way we had a change of horses, the necessity for which was only apparent after we had got into the train on our way home. Shortly after eight we reached the bridge over the southern branch of the Cauvery river, and thus approached the celebrated island fortress of Seringapatam.

We first went to what is known as the Christian cemetery (in distinction, I suppose, to the military cemetery to be referred to later), an extremely well kept burial ground, where interments took place as recently as 1861, our object being to find the tombs of any officers or men belonging to the regiment who fell in action at the taking of the fortress, or died while subsequently quartered there. It would seem from the headstones that at one time or another the following British regiments have been stationed at Seringapatam, viz.: the 12th, 30th, 33rd, 34th, 36th, 52nd, 69th, 73rd, 74th, 77th, and 80th, besides the Madras and Bombay Artillery; and, although, at the battle of Arakara (14th May, 1791), Lieutenant Edward Brooke, and at the assault on the fort at Bangalore (6th July, 1792), Lieutenant Johns, both of the 76th Regiment, were killed, we could find no trace of the burial

of any other officers or men belonging to that regiment. The following is a list of those belonging to the 33rd Regiment, together with the inscriptions on the tombstones:—

1.—“Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel William Orrock, who departed this life on the 26th June, 1810, aged 52 years.”

2.—“Erected to the memory of Mrs. Eliza Orrock, wife of Mr. John Orrock, of H.M. 33rd Regiment, who died October 16th, 1810, aged 28.” (N.B.—These two graves are in one enclosure).

3.—“This monument is erected to the memory of Lieutenant Tew, of H.M. 33rd Regt., by the officers of the corps as a small token of their esteem for him as an officer and a friend, who died 10th.”—(The remainder of the date has been worn away).

4.—“Here lies the body of Abraham Anderson, of H.M. 33rd Regt., who died on the 23rd March, 1800.”

5.—“Sacred to the memory of John King, formerly bandmaster of H.M. 33rd Regt., and latterly to His Highness the Rajah of Mysore, who died on the 21st June, 1815, aged 40 years.”

6.—“Here lies the remains of Jonas Letch, son of James Letch, H.M. 33rd Regt., who died on the 26th August, 1810, aged one year and nine months.”

Close by, on the southern bank of the river, is the tomb of Lieutenant Fitzgerald, bearing this inscription:—“Near this place lies the body of Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of H.M. 33rd Regiment, who fell at the attack of Sultanpett tope on the night of 5th April, 1799, aged 21 years. Universally regretted by the officers of the corps, they have raised this monument to his memory.”

*(To be continued).*

—:o:—

## ON WINES.

WHEN I was in Naples a short time back, a waiter at the hotel I was staying at handed me the wine list at dinner. Almost the first name that caught my eye was *Vino Falerno*, of which two kinds were to be had—red and white. There is nothing very wonderful, you will say, about this. Nor is there, but it brought back memories of schooldays, though not, it must be confessed, the most pleasant episodes in that pleasant time of one's life. But how was it that this same *Vino Falerno* brought back these reminiscences? It was surely that this must be the red Falernian wine that the Roman poet Horace was always talking about. He mentions it in so many of his odes that one is almost inclined to think that he must have been somewhat fond of his bottle. It may have been that his muse was only inspired whilst he was in a maudlin state. We schoolboys—the duffers, at any rate—do not cherish his memory. I remember we used to have to repeat an ode every morning, and instead of learning it the night before used to try to master it during early morning chapel. Those who failed to know it were kept in after hours. It makes one “Horace-struck” at the thought. The naughty odes, I remember, we were not allowed to learn.

So I ordered a bottle of the best red Falernian, hoping that it might have the effect of making a poet of me; and I drank to my old friend Horace, silently expressing the christian-like wish that he might now be roasting in the Lake Avernus—if it is possible to roast in a lake. From the pleasing contemplation of this picture, my thoughts strayed to Latin quotations as connected with wines of sorts. I can't say I remember much Latin, and what little I do remember is mostly regimental mottoes, and the connection in my mind between these mottoes and the juice of the grape, I will try to explain.

When we were quartered at X., some few years back, the wines in the mess all had nicknames. What godfathers or godmothers gave them these names I cannot say. For instance Champagne was called *nunquam dormio*, which being interpreted means "I never sleep." Marsala rejoiced in the name of *resurgam*, (I shall rise again) a name apt to give the stranger an idea that this particular brand of wine was not very kind to one's digestive organs. Port (fine old crusted) was dubbed *nemo me impune lacessit* (nobody pulls my leg with impunity). As a regimental motto this is a grand one and a defiant, but applied to port wine not, perhaps, complimentary. But perhaps the most invidious title was reserved for the brown Sherry. This latter wine is very nice in its way, but it is apt to be capricious—

*Brown Sherry* in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

Here the connoisseurs called it *noli*, which is short for *noli me tangere* (be unwilling to touch me). Other wines there were with other names, but I can't remember them.

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## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### FOOTBALL (*Rugby*).

#### NOTES.

OUR team has, without doubt, made immense strides since the beginning of the season, the couple of defeats sustained early at the hands of the Thanet Wanderers having had a most salutary effect. Our forwards are now a very level lot, who, though not particularly heavy, make up for the deficiency by great quickness. They use their feet uncommonly well, pack quickly and neatly, and are always on the ball. Oliver and Haigh make a very good pair of halves, and understand one another's play to a nicety. Our three-quarter line has rarely been the same two matches running; this, combined with lack of practice not enabling them to play the passing game well. However, they are pretty safe at defensive play, and the halves very wisely keep the game confined as far as possible to the forwards. We are now left in for the final of the Kent Cup, in which we shall have to try conclusions with Park House (the holders), who have an undoubtedly strong team. We hope we may win the cup for the second time, in which case a full and detailed description of the game will be found in the next *Lad*.

#### OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS *v.* CORPORALS.

Played on the Rope Walk, December 3rd. The Corporals were assisted by Ptes. Heap and Birch (two of the best forwards in the regiment). About ten minutes from the start Colour-Sergeant Oliver crossed the line, Lieutenant Siordet converting. From now to the end of the game the play ruled very even, first one side and then the other attacking. Towards the end the Corporals had distinctly the better of affairs, their superior condition telling, and Heap got over; Corporal Rollinson had no difficulty in landing a goal. Though continuing to press, the Corporals could not score again, and a most exciting game ended in a draw of five points each. Teams—

OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS:—Back, Colr.-Sergt. Cassidy; three-quarter backs, Lieut. Umfreville, Colour.-Sergt. Oliver, Sergt. Tungate, Sergt. Teasdale; half-backs, Sergt. Owen, Sergt. Knowles; Forwards, Lieut. Siordet, Sergts. Allen, Dyson, Mallinson, Baxter, Annis, Theed, and Watterson.

CORPORALS:—Back, Lce.-Corpl. Major; three-quarter backs, Lce.-Corpl. Gate, Corpls. Carney, Rollinson, Lce.-Corpl. Looney; half-backs, Corpl. Sheridan, Lce.-Corpl. Conway; forwards, Corpls. Worsnop, Whiteley, Wallace, Smith, Waldock, Hutchinson, Ptes. Heap and Birch.

#### 1ST XV. *v.* THE NEXT XVI.

Played on the Rope Walk on Saturday, December 10th. This produced an intensely exciting game, which, as usual, was mainly confined to the forwards. In

the first half the XV. were awarded a penalty, and Lieut. Siordet kicked a good goal. Soon afterwards Haigh, securing in a favourable position, dropped a goal. In the second half nothing was scored by either side, and the XV. thus won by seven points to nil.

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D.W.R. v. DOVER.

Played on the Athletic Ground, Crabble, and resulting in a win for the Regt. by four tries to nil. We might allow Dover a solitary point which they really obtained just after the call of time, as the game was not by any means so one-sided as the score implies. Our opponents back division was extremely strong, but owing to the slippery state of both the ground and the ball this advantage was of no avail against our excellent forwards, whose clever footwork and scrummaging completely overwhelmed the opposing three-quarters. Tries were obtained as follows: Privates Clough, 2, Heap 1, Colour-Sergeant Oliver, 1. Our team was as under:—

Back, Pte. Kelly; three-quarters, Lieut. Stayner, Cpl. Carney, Cpl. Rollinson, Lieut. Umfreville; halves, Colr.-Sgt. Oliver, Drmr. Haigh; forwards, Lieut. Siordet, Sgt. Mangles, Ptes. Heap, Clough, Allenby, Wild, Lynch, Marshall.

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D.W.R. v. DOVER.

Return game played at Crabble, Wednesday, 11th January. Dover had a far stronger team than was opposed to us before, their forwards particularly playing a better game. We were also weakened by the absence of our full back, Pte. Kelly, owing to an injury to his knee, also Lieuts. Siordet and Umfreville. The game was well contested throughout, a steady downpour of rain preventing effectually all attempts at accurate passing, and leaving all the work to the forwards, the only score being two scrambling tries obtained by Col.-Sergt. Oliver and Lce.-Sergt. Mangles, respectively. Our team was as follows:—

Back, Pte. Coldwell; three-quarters, Lieut. Tyndall, Cpl. Carney, Sgt. Teesdale, Pte. McManus; halves, Colour-Sergt. Oliver, Drmr. Haigh; forwards, Lance-Sergeant Mangles, Ptes. Heap, Clough, McGowan, Wild, Allenby, Marshall, Lynch.

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1ST ROUND, KENT RUGBY FOOTBALL CUP.

(Eastern Division).

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT v. ROYAL ENGINEERS.

A long cold train journey by the L.C.D.R., and an ice-bound ground at the end of it, did not form favourable auspices under which to open our account in the competition; but the R.E. were bent on playing, owing to the fact that several of their team were shortly leaving for India; and for our part the hard ground would probably do us less harm than it would them, so with the referee's (Mr. J. Harnett) concurrence we decided to play. The lines at Chatham are never a very cheery spot, but under the climatic conditions existing on the 4th February it could hardly be expected that there would be a large crowd of spectators, only the very keenest putting in an appearance. Our team took the field at 2-45, our opponents shortly afterwards, and the game commenced at 3 p.m. From the very outset our forwards showed the most marked superiority; in the tight scrums the superior weight of our rivals told as they distinctly shoved us, but the loose scrum footwork, general quickness, and the fact that the whole pack was invariably on the ball, told greatly in our favour, and about a quarter of an hour from the start our first try was obtained by Smith. From a scrum close to the enemy's line Haigh converted, and we continued to press, Clough getting over the line, but the referee would not give the try to us. Occasionally the R.E. worked the ball down into our twenty-five but they never looked really dangerous, despite the large number of free kicks awarded to them, many of which were undoubtedly thoroughly deserved, as, although our team has improved its style, there is a great deal wanting to render it secure from a strict referee being "down on us" from the start. Only on one

occasion did the R.E. look like getting in during the first half, and that was when the ball was about midway on the ground. One of their three-quarters got a fair start, but Lieut. Strafford's superior pace enabled him to turn him, and the pack were at once upon him. At half time the score stood one goal, from a try. (five points) to nil, in our favour. The game ruled more even at the beginning of the second half, but we very soon worked up to our opponent's twenty-five, and Teasdale very nearly got in, in fact, had he passed out to his wing three-quarter there is not the slightest doubt we should have scored one more try. Lt. Tyndall made a good run across the ground, but unfortunately slipped on the touch line. About five minutes from time some good combination on the part of the R.E. three-quarter secured their solitary try, which was converted. Previous to this we had obtained another try, out on the wing, at the hands of Haigh, who throughout had played a sterling game. On the whistle sounding "no side" we were left victors by one goal and a try, eight points, to a goal, five points. Our forwards and halves played magnificently, while the back division did their best. The team was as follows:—

Back, Pte. Coldwell; three-quarters, Lt. Tyndall, Sergt. Teasdale, Lt. Umtreville, Lt. Strafford; halves, Drmr. Haigh, Colr.-Sergt. Oliver; forwards, Sergt. Mangles, Ptes. Heap, Clough, McGowan, Lynch, Smith, Birch, Wild.

#### 2ND ROUND (SEMI-FINAL).

#### 1ST D.W. REGIMENT *v.* THANET WANDERERS.

This match, postponed from the week previous, took place on the Danes' Ground, Dover, on March 11th. The weather was bright, though somewhat warm, and the ground was on the hard side. The Thanet Wanderers had their best team, with the exception of Jacob, the International forward. Our team had also undergone a few alterations, Lieut. Strafford (our most reliable three quarter) having damaged his ankle whilst playing at Aldershot against Wellington College, and Lieut. Siordet, though back from leave, standing down owing to want of practice.

Our opponents having won the toss, Haigh kicked off, the hill and sun being against us. We attacked immediately, Teasdale very nearly breaking through—a very clever effort. It soon became evident that our forwards, though lighter than their adversaries, were much quicker and used their feet to greater advantage. The game continued in the Wanderers' twenty-five, and from a penalty Haigh placed a very neat goal, amidst considerable excitement. This happened within the first ten minutes. This put Thanet on their mettle, and the ball being passed out to Sharpe, the latter raced down the field at top speed, eluding our back division and passing in the nick of time to Bryan, who scored wide on the left. No goal resulted and the game was now even, three points all. For the remainder of the first half we continued to do the pressing, though frequent penalty kicks were given against us for infringements. At half-time the scores were level, and we had hopes that with the hill and wind in our favour we should hold our own in the remaining half. Soon after restarting a serious misfortune befell us, Colour-Sergeant Oliver receiving such a severe kick on the head that he had to retire. Lynch was taken from the pack to play half, but with seven forwards we more than held our own in the scrum, our forwards making repeated inroads into the Wanderers territory. From one of these incursions Wild dribbled over the line and scored, Haigh converting. Our forwards continued to play magnificently, and following a good bit of play by Heap and Birch, Teasdale, following up well, scored. Haigh this time failed with the place kick. Then the Wanderers had a look in, and the ball being passed out to Latter near our line, the old Oxonian got over and grounded the leather between the posts; Daniell converted. Time was now nearly up, and the excitement was intense. We managed, however, to prevent their scoring again, and when the whistle sounded left the field winners by one placed goal, one penalty goal, and one try (eleven points) to one placed goal and one try (eight points).

D.W.R. TEAM:—Back, Pte. Coldwell; three-quarter backs, Lieuts. Tyndall, Umtreville, Sergt. Teasdale, Corpl. Carney; half-backs, Colour-Sergt. Oliver, Drmr. Haigh; forwards, Sergt. Mangles, Ptes. Heap, Clough, Birch, Wild, McGowan, Smith, and Lynch.

What will prove the last match of the Rugby season here, of any note, at all events, was played at Catford on Saturday. It was the final tie in the Kent Cup between Park House and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The soldiers proved a rather tough lot to deal with, and though they were beaten by one goal and three tries had for a long time little if anything the worst of the game. It is rather singular that their line should be crossed twice in both the first and last ten minutes of the game, but between the contest was close. Park House are a very useful team, and would give any of the Metropolitan elevens, save those representing the first class clubs, a good game.

Association.

SERGEANTS v. CORPORALS.

Despite the unpopularity of this game with the Duke's, the fact that only 22 instead of 30 men are required to make two sides gives a strong reason in its favour. To fill up blank days, and in support of this argument, the Sergeants and Corporals of the Battalion played a game on Saturday, 25th February, on the Rope Walk, the result of a capital game being a win for the former by three goals (Clr.-Sergt. Oliver, Johnson, and Baxter) to one (Lce.-Corpl. Shea). Teams.—

SERGEANTS—Goal, Bck.-Wdn. Sims; backs, Sergts. Tungate and Woodings; half-backs, Sergts. McGovern, Moore, Swales; forwards, Sergeants Teasdale, Knowles, Colour-Sergeant Johnson, Baxter and Oliver.

CORPORALS—Goal, Lce.-Corpl. Major; backs, Lce.-Corpls. Smith and White; half-backs, Corpls. Stevenson, Partridge, Gutteridge; forwards, Corpls. Waller, Kirwin, Looney, Shea, Wallace.

REGIMENTAL HOCKEY.

Owing to the general "scatteration" consequent on our return to England, and also to the fact that nearly all the clubs in the vicinity of Dover are too strong to be lightly undertaken, hockey has been very much at a discount this season. But our maiden effort of this season, on March 3rd, was crowned with most deserved success. Our opponents were the 81st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and the game took place on the Athletic Ground at Crabble, which was in the most perfect order. The game ruled fast and keen throughout. The Duke's, however, were not to be denied, and scored a goal in the first five minutes out of a scrimmage in front of our opponents goal, the point being notched by Sergeant McGovern. Give and take play followed, our backs, despite their lack of pace, proving very clever and safe, stopping most skilfully the rushes of our opponents speedy forwards. Shortly before half-time we scored again, and the 81st secured their solitary goal at the hands of Lieut. Greenhill, who raced away from the rest of the players with the greatest ease. We made some slight alterations in our dispositions after half-time, and the game slowed down perceptibly, but we nevertheless maintained our lead and increased our score by a further goal secured by Colr.-Sergt. Oliver, the score standing at the call of time: Duke of Wellington's Regiment, three goals, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, one goal. Our points were scored as follows: Sergt. McGovern, two, Colr.-Sergt. Oliver, one. The team was as under:—

DUKE'S.—Goal, Sergt. Teasdale; backs, Lieut. Sjordet, Sergt. Baxter; half-backs, Sergt. Johnson, Cadman, Colr.-Sergt. Oliver.

81ST.—Goal, Lieut. Wall; backs, Capt. Dowell, Lieut. Smith; half-backs, Lieut. Halden, Sergt. Cross; forwards Lieuts. Riley, Fairby, Greenhill, Chamberlayne, Bridges.

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PIPE PUFFS.

The lace worn by the officers of the 33rd from 1702 to 1830 was silver.

The privates wore white lace with a red line in the middle; sergeants wearing plain white.

In 1765 the officers of the Grenadier Company wore a black bearskin cap like the men, and carried a light musket called a fusil, and had white shoulder belts and pouches. Officers of battalion companies carried a spontoon or half-pike, and sergeants were armed with swords and halberds.

The sergeant-major used to be the third senior officer of the regiment, ranking next to the colonel and lieutenant-colonel.

*Orderly room.*—Prisoner before C.O. on charge of “drunk and creating a disturbance.” Pte. Snooks gives evidence: “Beg pardon, sir, but I was on sentry on the night of the 10th inst. At eleven o’clock I hears somebody approaching my post. I challenges, and he answers ‘Visiting rounds’; so I turns out the guard. No one come for two or three minutes, so I says to the sergeant: ‘Sergeant,’ says I, ‘I think somebody is fooling us!’ Just as I says it, the prisoner, Pte. Kettle, comes round the corner. ‘Sergeant,’ he says, ‘you can turn in the bally guard!’ He was improperly dressed, with a mess tin cover on top of his head and a bed-strap round his waist with a mop stuck in it. He was drunk, and the sergeant ordered him to be confined.”

The prisoner, on being asked what he had to say for himself, said he was very sorry, but having met a friend, he had a glass of beer which took effect on him, having been teetotal for three months; and knowing that his captain was senior officer of the week, he thought he’d do him a good turn by taking the guard.

\* \* \*

One ’Xmas the captain was on the sick list, and his groom, Pte. Tom Turner, came up to his quarters after dinner to pay his respects. Being a trifle overcome by the festive occasion he grew confidential, and he began to talk about the old folks at home.—“Yes,” he said, “I can see ’em now, at home; they’ll have had their ’Xmas dinner, and my old father—he’ll be sitting on one side of the fire wiping his spectacles, and my old mother—she’ll be sitting on the other side; and looking at each other, they’ll be thinking of their poor boy, Tom, away in a foreign clime.”—Here he paused, so the captain thought, for sympathy, but he suddenly went on, with a sharp change of tone—“And hoping to God they’ll never see his face again.”

\* \* \*

*Field training.*—During lecture on outposts, Pte. X. was asked why he would not fire at small parties of the enemy if he were a sentry. “For fear of alarming the enemy” is the answer he gave.

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*Extract from Company Orders.*—“The company will parade without rifles. Side-belts to be worn.”

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*Court-martial room.*—Witness for prosecution has just given evidence, and the prisoner on being asked if he has any questions to put, proceeds to cross-examine the witness direct. The president points out that the prisoner should tell him what he wishes to ask, and that he, himself, will put the question to the witness. This being done, he turns to the witness and says: “Now, Pte. Smith, on the night of the 5th February, 1899, was I drunk or sober?” Pte. Smith, eyes open very wide, and in tones of great astonishment, he gasps out: “What! you, sir?” Collapse of president, who is a leading and shining light in the temperance movement.

\* \* \*

A newly recruited militiaman was walking along Whitehall the other day, when he stopped before the stately mounted custodians of the Horse Guards. Instantly he pulled his lanky figure up to its full height, and standing at attention, gravely and respectfully saluted the Lifeguardsman. The latter, after viewing the antics of the militiaman with much amusement, said, in a contemptuous undertone, “What are you saluting me for, you fool? I’m not an officer, I’m only a private! “I know that right enough,” retorted the soldier, “but I’ve only just joined, and anything does to practise on, don’t it?”

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A silver snuff box with the following inscription has recently come into the possession of one of the officers of the regiment:—“Presented to Mr. Patrick Keating by the officers of the 76th Regt., as a token of his extreme attention and efficiency as master of their band, January 13th, 1834.”

*Police-constable giving evidence in court.*—"From information I received that prisoner was a deserter, I apprehended him." Magistrate: "Had he any article of uniform on him at the time?" Constable: "Yes, your worship, he had on Her Majesty's trousers."

\* \* \*

A company officer, who was rather absent-minded, one day had occasion to chide his N.C.O.'s for a seeming familiarity with privates. When they were arranged in front of him, he said: "Now this must cease. I will not have the N.C.O.'s in my company *hobnailing* with privates."

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### THE CAPTURE OF MAGDALA.

(From the diary of Pte. W. Martin, Band, 33rd Regiment).

*April 13th, 1868.*—*Quick order to march on Magdala.* We were kept perfectly in the dark as to the meaning of such a sudden route, but we were soon let into the secret, and that the subjugation of Theodore and the final overthrow of his stronghold were the main objects of Sir R. Napier. I think we began our march about 8 a.m., the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier Wilby, leading the van. The brigade was composed as follows:—33rd, 45th, 10th, and 1st Baluchi Battalion, G. 14 Armstrong Battery, Mountain Battery, two mortars, and one rocket battery. The ascent to the Fort of Magdala is very steep. We met crowds of poor people flying from the scene of action; old men, women, and children with all the goods they were able to carry. When we got to the top of the hill the scene was beyond description. Thousands of people in the wildest confusion, all apparently people who were compelled to leave their home and join the ranks of the rabble army of the king. All who were found bearing arms were ordered to lay them down and leave the hill as soon as possible. They were not long in obeying, for in a short time nearly the whole mass had left the hill. I saw two wounded men. The people were allowed to take away all provisions and cattle. They said they were very glad we had come, as they were not allowed to leave the hill; and the great fear of Theodore, entertained by all, could be readily seen on mention of his terrible name. Our guns, mortars, and rockets opened fire on the fort for the space of three hours, when the 33rd, 45th, and 10th were ordered to advance; the 33rd sending out skirmishers to the front, supported by two companies, and the main body of the regiment forming the reserve. When the 33rd had got to within 300 or 400 yards, Sir C. Staveley ordered the "advance" to sound. We had not gone very far when one of our men, Sergeant E. Jones, got a severe wound in the leg. The 33rd did their work nobly. The 45th were held in reserve at the bottom of the hill. The road up to the fort is steep and very rough, the principal entrance being through a strong gate, defended on each side by strong earth-works and a fencing of brambles and boughs of trees banked up with mud and stones. Our men found it a very difficult business to force open the gate; they used pickaxes, crowbars, and felling-axes, but most of them forced their way through the *chevaux-de-frise*. After gaining an entrance they were not idle, and made a grand rush through another gate right into the heart of the fort. They shot down all whom they met opposing them. It would take too long to enumerate all the things taken:—horses, mules, guns, pistols, the king's crown and sword of state, royal robes, wearing apparel of every kind and colour, also plenty of dollars, silver ornaments, carpets, shawls, sheep, and cattle. The next thing was to set free the poor captives, men, women, and children, with their legs laden with galling iron chains. Their joy knew no bounds when our men struck off their shackles; the women raised a cry of joy, the men bowed themselves to the earth. In the centre of the fort is a large open space with houses on three sides. One is greatly disappointed with the size of the place. Loot was the order of the day.



Silks and all sorts of grand things were found. There is a chapel with a good bell, and a strong wall round it. The houses are the same as in other parts of the country. The king was shot at the gate, and no one among the people are sorry for it. We had four men wounded, none killed. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir R. Napier, gave the 33rd the greatest praise for the manner in which they captured the famous Fort of Magdala. No tents or rations. We got no dinner nor tea. At night I went looting: got a carpet and a bit of a tent. Lots of fleas in the carpet, bothered with them all night.

*Magdala, 15th April, 1898.*—I started off for water, and at the spring I heard the good news that we march from Magdala to-day. Everyone was very much pleased indeed. I made all haste back to camp and found the news was true. We soon packed up and fell in. Everyone was searched for loot again; many things turned up. We played in the 4th King's Own who came to relieve us.

—:o:—

### YE LEGENDE OF SAMUELE BROWNE.

"Sam Browne" equipment is now worn by officers in all orders of dress except review order.

Oh! who the deuce was Samuel Browne?

Come tell me ye who can,  
That I may execrate his shade  
And put him 'neath the ban.

Some say he was a Norman knight  
Belted from pie to cap,  
Who, to support his battle-axe,  
Invented a thick strap;

Beneath this strap of fearsome size  
He donned a suit of mail,  
And on his back (as a canteen)  
He carried a tin pail.

A poniard of Damascus steel  
Was stuck in his top-boot,  
And in his hand a bow he bent  
The enemy to shoot.

Around his shoulders broad and strong  
There hung a reindeer skin,  
And on his head he wore a casque  
That came down o'er his chin.

An ostrich plume—full two feet high—  
Surmounted his head-piece;  
His pigskin sandals every day  
With dubbin he did grease.

A hunting horn of shrillest note,  
A sling for hurling stones,  
A wine-skin (against feeling faint)  
A wallet filled with scones

Made up his kit. When thus arrayed  
He scarce squeezed through the door  
—He looked a guy when dressed in the  
Full panoply of war.

But such his prowess, such his fame  
(In legendary renown)  
In ninety-nine we imitate  
That warrior, Samuel Browne!

## REGIMENTAL NEWS.

Extracts from the *London Gazette* :—

Half-pay :—Major L. E. B. Booth, from the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment) to be Lieut.-Colonel, dated 14th December, 1898.

Lieutenant Clement A. Fedden is seconded for service as an Adjutant of Volunteers, dated 2nd January, 1899.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following appointment to the Distinguished Service Order and promotion in the Army in recognition of the services of the under-mentioned officer during the operations in Uganda; the promotion to bear date 25th January, 1899:—To be a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order—Captain E. G. Harrison, the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regt.

Brevet—To be Major :—Captain E. G. Harrison, the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regt.

Captain F. J. de Gex resigns his appointment as Adjutant, dated 28th January, 1899.

Lieut. W. E. M. Tyndall to be Adjutant, *vice* Captain F. J. de Gex, who has resigned that appointment, dated 28th January, 1899.

Captain Frederick A. Hayden to be Major, *vice* L. E. Booth promoted Lieut.-Colonel on half-pay, dated 14th December, 1898.

2nd Lieutenant R. St. J. Carmichael to be Lieutenant, *vice* C. A. Fedden seconded, dated 2nd January, 1899.

Captain W. J. Anderson is seconded for service under the Foreign Office.

Lieuts. C. A. Fedden, *vice* A. I. S. Godfrey, seconded; P. A. Turner, Adjutant, *vice* C. A. Fedden, seconded for service as an Adjutant of Volunteers; and N. W. Fraser, D.S.O., to complete establishment, to be Captains.

Second Lieuts. J. G. Whish, *vice* W. E. M. Tyndall appointed Adjutant; F. S. Exham, *vice* N. W. Fraser, D.S.O.; and H. K. Umfreville, *vice* L. G. Stayner, seconded, to be Lieutenants; dated 11th March, 1899.

## ITEMS OF NEWS.

Major and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Rivett Carnac was posted to this battalion on absorption, and took over command of the battalion from 20th December, 1898.

Lieutenant Macleod appointed District Signalling Officer from 6th December, 1898.

Lieut. W. E. M. Tyndall obtained an "extra" musketry certificate at the School of Musketry, Hythe, on 20th December, 1898.

Lieut.-Colonel Rivett Carnac has passed the tactical test required for promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, authority dated W.O. letter, No. 107 (Eastern) 329 dated 9th February, 1899.

The Commander-in-Chief has selected Major and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Rivett Carnac from the Majors now serving in the Regiment for the appointment of second in command of the Battalion, *vice* Major L. E. B. Booth, promoted Lieut.-Colonel on half-pay.

Lieut.-Colonel Booth has been appointed D.A.A.G. at Barbadoes.

Captains Bruce and Watson have been seconded for service with the new Chinese Regiment at Wei-hai-wei.

Captain Godfrey and Lieut. Stayner have been seconded for service in the East African Rifles.

The following obtained certificates qualifying them for the appointment of Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry, at Hythe, on the 20th December, 1898 :—Colour-Sergeant W. Johnson, C Coy.; Sergeant J. McGovern, B Coy.; Sergeant J. Heap, F Coy.

Lieut. Louis R. Acworth has been confirmed in his appointment as Assistant Adjutant.

Lieuts. N. B. Bainbridge and H. D. E. Greenwood proceeded to Aldershot on February 1st, to go through the Mounted Infantry Course.

Three consecutive days' route marching were carried out on Feb. 28th, March 1st and 2nd. The marching averaged 15 miles per day. The weather was fine and cold, and in every way favourable.

On March 6th a party of recruits under the Assistant Adjutant proceeded to Lydd for Musketry purposes.

2nd Lieut. P. G. P. Lea joined the Army Service Corps on probation at Aldershot on Jan. 2nd.

One of the old 33rd Drum-Major's batons has been presented to the Officers' Mess by Col Conor, and placed between the colours. It has a heavy silver gilt head, on which is the regimental crest, number, and battles.

Lieut. P. B. Strafford went to Aldershot on January 1st, to go through the Gymnastic Course with a view to qualifying for Battalion Instructor.

Programme of concert held on 22nd February:—

1.	Overture—"A Hunting Scene"	..	..	..	..	Band.
2.	Song—"I didn't know what to say"	..	..	..	..	Pte. Lancaster.
3.	Song—"For old Time's sake"	..	..	..	..	Pte. Dunn.
4.	Song—"Soldiers in the Park"	..	..	..	..	Capt. Seaman.
5.	Song—"The Dandy Fifth"	..	..	..	..	Capt. Wallis.
6.	Selection (Cornet Solo)—"Boy English"	..	..	..	..	Band.
7.	Song—"Dandy Coon"	..	..	..	..	W. E. M. Tyndall, Esq.
8.	Song—"As your hair grows whiter"	..	..	..	..	Pte. Hawkswell.
9.	Song—"Motor Car"	..	..	..	..	F. S. Exham, Esq.
10.	Selection (Serenade)—"The Warblers"	..	..	..	..	Band.
11.	Song—"Who carries the gun"	..	..	..	..	Capt. Seaman.
12.	Whistling Solo	..	..	..	..	Pte. Bottomley.
13.	Song—"There'll come a time"	..	..	..	..	Pte. Hudson.
14.	Song—"Death or Glory Boys"	..	..	..	..	Pte. O'Flynn.
15.	Selection—"Advance and Retreat of Salvation Army"	..	..	..	..	Band.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A draft of 19 men from the Depot arrived at Dover from Halifax on February 21st, to join the 1st Battalion for duty.

Sergt. W. Cook has been appointed an Assistant Instructor in the Western Heights Gymnasium.

Lieut. A. M. Whitaker joined the course of practical instruction assembled at Dover on March 1st.

Lieut. R. N. Bray rejoined from the Depot on February 11th, after completing his two years there. His place has been taken by Lieut. E. N. Townsend.

#### PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

*To be Lance-Corporals (unpaid)—*

No. 5282 Pte. H. Conway, B Coy.; No. 5746 Pte. C. Hemblys, B Coy.; No. 2629 Pte. J. Smith, F Coy.

*To be Lance-Corporals (paid)—*

No. 2526 Lce.-Corpl. J. Walsh, F Coy.; No. 4443 Lce.-Corpl. J. Harris, H Coy.; No. 4716 Lce.-Corpl. J. Woodey, G Coy.; No. 4456 Lce.-Corpl. J. Pierce, A Coy.; No. 5407 Lce.-Corpl. G. Major, G Coy.; No. 4592 Lce.-Corpl. G. Gutteridge, C Coy.; No. 3233 Lce.-Corpl. W. Gaunt, G Co.; No. 3624 Lce.-Corpl. C. Wilkinson, G Coy.; No. 4787 Lce.-Corpl. P. Farnhill, F Coy.; No. 4914 Lce.-Corpl. E. Ford, E Coy.

*To be Corporals—*

No. 4242 Lce.-Corporal H. Tatham, A Coy.; No. 4129 Lce.-Corpl. P. Cox, H Coy.

*To be Lance-Sergeant (paid)—*

No. 4133 Lance.-Sergt. J. Taylor, C Coy.

*To be Colour Sergeant—*

No. 2973 Sergeant H. Rollinson, A Coy.

#### CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION.

The following have been awarded certificates as under:—

*Second Class*—Pte. W. Brewer.

*Third Class*—Ptes. W. Stork, A. Heptenstall, F. Perry, W. Pickles, G. Edmondson, & E. Murphy.

#### EXTENSIONS AND RE-ENGAGEMENTS.

*Extensions to complete 12 years with the colours*—Sergts. Griffiths and Hart.

*Re-engaged to complete 21 years service*—Sergeants Gordge and Watterson; Lance-Corporals Kirwin and Pilgrim.

GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

The following have been granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates specified:—

At 4d.			At 3d.		
No. 3640	Pte. E. Joyce.		No. 1865	Lc.-Cpl. J. Pilgrim,	A Coy.
At 2d.			At 1d.		
No. 3535	Pte. J. Conroy,	A Coy.	No. 2880	Pte. S. Hancock,	F "
" 3620	" E. Marshall,	B "	" 3629	Lc.-Cpl. J. Brennan,	F "
" 3621	" H. Marsh,	B "	" 3613	Pte. F. Faint,	F "
" 3627	" T. Gibson,	B "	" 3575	Pte. T. Nicholson,	G "
" 3630	" J. Broadbent,	B "	" 3584	Lc.-Cpl. T. Duffy,	G "
" 3373	" R. Reeves,	D "	" 3583	Pte. R. Gibson,	G "
" 3679	" F. Smith,	D "	" 3669	Drmr. H. Rogers,	G "
" 3609	" E. Ward,	E "	" 3696	Pte. A. Biss,	G "
" 3612	" J. Venables,	E "	" 3603	" J. Estall,	H "
" 3660	" G. Smith,	E "	" 3573	" G. Longbottom,	H "
At 1d.			At 1d.		
No. 4274	Pte. G. Clark,	C Coy.	No. 3369	Pte. J. Elliott,	F Coy.
" 5486	" G. Hyde,	C "	" 4771	" J. Matthews,	G "
" 5244	" W. Hickley,	C "	" 4251	" H. O'Brien,	G "
" 5300	Boy J. Griffin,	D "	" 4662	" W. Turner,	G "
" 5347	Lc.-Cpl. J. Teasdale,	D "	" 4657	" A. Raynor,	G "
" 5337	Pte. W. Smith,	D "	" 3080	" J. Dalby,	H "
" 5367	" A. Taylor,	E "	" 4843	" R. Church,	A "
" 4107	" G. Mosley,	G "	" 4702	" J. Arnold,	E "
" 4519	" A. Bates,	F "			

The following have received Medals for Long Service and Good Conduct:—Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry J. Chapman, D Coy.; Pte. B. Smith, F Coy. (with gratuity).

The following have received War Medals for Rhodesia, 1896:—Lance-Corporal W. Gaunt, F Coy.; Pte. J. Kelly, B Coy.

No. 3624 Lce.-Corpl. C. Wilkinson, G Coy., obtained a certificate from the Army Clothing Department, on 14th November, qualifying him for the appointment of Sergeant-Master-Tailor to a battalion of infantry.

The regimental branch of the A.T.A. is now comfortably fixed up in the barracks. Its quarters consist of a reading and refreshment room (in which are all kinds of books and periodicals, some dating back to 1830), and a billiard room. There is every inducement for soldiers to join this excellent institution. At a meeting held on 25th January, Lce.-Corpl. Pettigrew and Pte. O'Bea were presented with their five years' medal, they having belonged to the A.T.A. in the battalion since the formation of the A.T.A.

DEATHS.

- On November 14th, at Netley, Pte. R. Clayton, F Coy.
- On December 20th, at Dover, Pte. A. Lockwood, E Coy.
- On December 30th, at Dover, Grace Dowswell.
- On January 21st, at Dover, J. Rushworth.

A party of 1 Sergt. and 20 men proceeded to Shorncliffe on March 10th to undergo a course of instruction in transport duties.

Sergeant Sugden, G Coy., has been selected as Company Sergeant-Major in the West India Regt. He will shortly start for Jamaica.

On Saturday, March 11th., the regiment had the honour of being selected from the troops in the S.E. District to furnish a Guard of Honour for Her Majesty the Queen, on her leaving Folkestone *en route* for Cimiez. The guard was under the command of Captain de Gex, with Lieutenants Macleod and Carmichael (carrying the Queen's Colour), a hundred rank and file, and band and drums. The weather was proverbial Queen's weather, and the whole ceremony may be pronounced a distinct success. The band played a selection of music whilst Her Majesty was lunching.

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 SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.
 

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CHRISTMAS '98 at Dover will long be remembered in the Sergeants' Mess. We decided to have our 'Xmas dinner on Boxing Day, when the men would have settled down a bit. The Seaforth Highlanders were our guests at dinner. We had in our minds the spontaneous welcome we had received from them on our arrival at Dover, also the fine feeling that existed between all ranks with the 1st Battalion when we met at Malta, and long years ago on "India's coral strand." Dinner was served at 6 p.m. The cloth having been cleared, and harmony (I think this is the correct term, though where pipes are concerned I never feel quite sure) prevailing. Sergeant-Major Kerns welcomed the Seaforths, and expressed universal regret at their leaving the station. Colour-Sergeant Prescott, in the absence of their Sergeant-Major, ably responded, and did the "*tu quoque*." Some excellent songs were sung; "It don't seem like the same old smile," by a versatile colour-sergeant, bringing down the books in the garrison library underneath, and making one feel as if one had just been dished out with a severe reprimand and a caution. Pipe-major McKenzie and his brother piped to their quarters *via* the glacis, where various games of skill took place, or, as the nifty Maltee hath it, "plenty skylark." At Fort George, or where'er they roam, may their shadows never grow less. And so say all of us.

At the beginning of the season we received an invitation to visit the Royal Marines at Walmer; the gauntlet being thrown down for a game of socker, a most pleasant match resulted in a win for the home team by three goals to one. We were most hospitably entertained at their fine mess.

On March 4th we played the return at Dover, and were glad to see a muster of thirty sergeants. They were much too good for us again, and ultimately won by five goals to one. A convivial evening was afterwards spent. A great yearning exists to take them on at our game, viz., rugby.

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 SECOND BATTALION NEWS.
 

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THE Madras Presidency football tournament, under the Association rules, was concluded on February 16th, the match between the Cheshire Regiment and the West Riding Regiment being watched by a large crowd. The results of the tournament were: the Cheshires beat the 19th Hussars (the holders of the Cup) by two goals to nil; the 2nd Battalion West Riding Regt. beat the 4th Hussars. After playing six drawn games at Bangalore, a seventh was played in Madras and drawn again, with one goal all, but before play it was decided to count "corners," and in consequence, the West Ridings won by one goal and four corners to one goal. On the 16th February the Cheshires won the game against the West Ridings by one goal to nil. Brigadier General Anderson gave away the Cup and badges to the winners and runners-up.—(From the *A. & N. Gazette*).

Our correspondent in the 2nd Battalion writes: "I feel rather guilty in not having sent you any news for the paper lately—but, really, not much has happened, and moreover, there's not very much spare time now-a-days. However, I am having an account of our recent football exploits prepared, and hope to get it off by this mail or the next. We didn't succeed in winning the Cup, but after intense excitement (we tied with the 4th Hussars no less than five times)

managed to play in the finals; the outward and visible sign of our prowess being a silver medal to each member of the team, which, I think, appeals more to the soldier's heart than a Cup on the officers' mess table."

[We regret that the promised budget has not arrived in time for this issue. It will appear in the next.—*Ed.*]

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## EDITOR'S NOTICES.

The *Havercake Lad* is published quarterly, price 3d.; annual subscription (including postage) 1s. 4d. The dates on which the magazine is due are approximately these:—March 15th, June 15th, September 15th, December 15th.

MSS. should be legibly written in ink or typewritten on one side of the paper only. Foolsap is preferred, and a quarter margin should be left. Names of places and proper names should be written in block letters. MSS. will always be returned if desired. Correspondents should invariably sign their names to articles (not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith).

All communications should reach the Editor not later than the last day of the month previous to that in which the paper comes out. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged, and subscribers are requested to inform the Editor of any change in their address. Copies of the paper, also back numbers, as far as possible, may be had on application to the Editor (Lieut. Siordet) the Colour-Sergeants of companies, or the Canteen Steward (Mr. Dowd).

The scale of charges for advertisements is as follows:—

Full page	..	£1 quarterly.
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All applications for advertisements must be made direct to—

The Editor of the *Havercake Lad*,  
1st D.W. Regt.,  
Dover.

Subscriptions have been received from the following: the President Airedale Rifle Club, Sergt.-Instructor Hoyle, Mr. Fenton Schoon, Mr. F. im Thurn.

We also beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—*Man of the World* (weekly); *Black Horse Gazette* (7th Dragoon Guards); *One and All* (1st D.C.L.I.); *Green Howard's Gazette* (P.W.O. Yorks. Regt.); *Thin Red Line* (2nd A. and S. Highlanders); *A.S.C. Journal*; *Oak Leaf* (1st Cheshire Regt.); *Gordonian* (Gordon Boys' Orphanage); *16th Q.L. Gazette*; *The St. George's Gazette* (Northumberland Fusiliers).





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3rd February, 1898

G. W. SWAINE, Captain, Mess President, 2nd West Yorks Regiment.

Memorandum from the President Mess Committee, 2nd Battalion Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire) Regt., Dover.

Mr. Pilcher, Before leaving this Station, I wish to express my entire satisfaction with the work you have turned out for me, both as regards the mufti and uniform you have made for me. I consider your charges have been extremely reasonable, and this appears to be the general opinion of all the Officers of my Battalion who have dealt with you. Your material and workmanship have been good, and I hope this letter may be the means of securing you the custom of the Officers of the Regiments who may come after us.

The Citadel, Dover, 4th February, 1898.

I remain, yours faithfully,

A. J. PRICE, Lt.-Colonel, 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment.

Mr. Pilcher,

I wish to inform you how much pleased I am with everything I have bought from you. I have dealt with you now since 1889, and on all occasions the quality of the articles supplied have been excellent, and you have always been most courteous and obliging.

Shaft Barracks, Dover, November 29th, 1898.

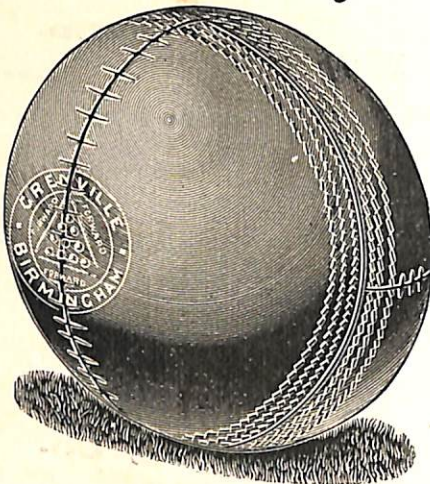
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