

The Havercake Lad

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Regimental Paper

OF THE

1st Battalion

Duke of

Wellington's Regt.



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

CONTENTS :

	PAGE.		PAGE.
1 Editorial	277	8 The late Sir R. Roberts	287
2 Military History of the 33rd	278	9 Chinese Letter	287
3 Letter from West Africa	280	10 "A Royal Family"	290
4 Subaltern's Surprises, No. 5	281	11 Pipe Puffs	290
5 Sports, &c.	282	12 Regimental News, &c.	292
6 Types of Maltese—Beggars—No. 4	284	13 Notices	295
7 Letters Home (continued)	285		

CHARPENTIER & Co.,

PRINTERS, 46, HIGH STREET, PORTSMOUTH,

THE HAVERCAKE LAD.

J. E. MORTIMER & CO.,

Army and Navy Canteen Contractors,

WINE, SPIRIT AND PROVISION MERCHANTS,

5, STRADA MERCANTI, 5, VALLETTA.

RETAIL DEPARTMENTS—FIRST FLOOR

The Best & Cheapest Stores in Malta for Wines, Spirits, Provisions & Groceries.

J. E. MORTIMER & Co. are now supplying the following Canteens and Institutes in Malta and Crete :

Royal Artillery—Tigne Hutments	Beer and Groceries
" Upper St. Elmo	Groceries
" St. James Cavalier	"
Royal Engineers, St. Francis Barracks, Floriana	Beer and Groceries
Royal Naval Canteen	Beer
3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, Malta	Beer and Groceries
3rd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, Malta	" "
1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters, Malta	" "
2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, Crete	" "
1st Battalion 71st Highland Light Infantry, Crete	" "
1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, Crete	" "
	<i>&c.</i>	<i>&c.</i>	<i>&c.</i>

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

Omdurman, September 10th, 1898.
 Messrs. MORTIMER & Co., supplied the Canteen of the Battalion under my command during the year we were at Malta I found the firm most obliging and helpful in every way and all articles supplied were of good quality. They also ran our Mess on first arrival and immediately before departure, giving every satisfaction at moderate prices.
 F. HOWARD, Colonel, Commanding 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Pembroke Camp, Malta
 Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co., Army and Navy Agents and Contractors, have supplied the 1st Gloucester Regiment with everything since the Battalion embarked from England, 1st November, 1893, the Canteen with liquors, and the Grocery Bar with Dry Goods, &c. They have also supplied the Officers' Mess, and made all arrangements on the Battalion landing, which were most satisfactory. All the goods supplied by the Firm are of excellent quality.
 23rd June, 1894. G. CONNER, Lieut-Colonel, Commanding 1st Gloucester Regiment.

J. E. MORTIMER & CO. have supplied the Canteen of my Battalion with Beer, &c., since the arrival of the Battalion in Malta, in 1892, and have given every satisfaction.
 Malta, 23rd June, 1894. G. L. C. MONEY, Lieut-Colonel, Commanding Cameron Highlanders.

It affords me great pleasure to testify my high approval of the good work done for this Battalion by Messrs. MORTIMER & CO. since our arrival at this station. Messrs. Mortimer have supplied us with groceries entirely; with the quality of these and their prices I am quite satisfied. They are Agents for Messrs. Younger, whose Beer is not to be surpassed on the Island. I have always found Messrs. Mortimer equal to any emergency, and have implicit reliance in their capabilities of carrying through any reasonable demand.

I can strongly recommend them to the consideration of any Regiment proposing to serve in Malta.
 Malta, 10th June, 1896. (Signed) F. LONGBOURNE, Colonel, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

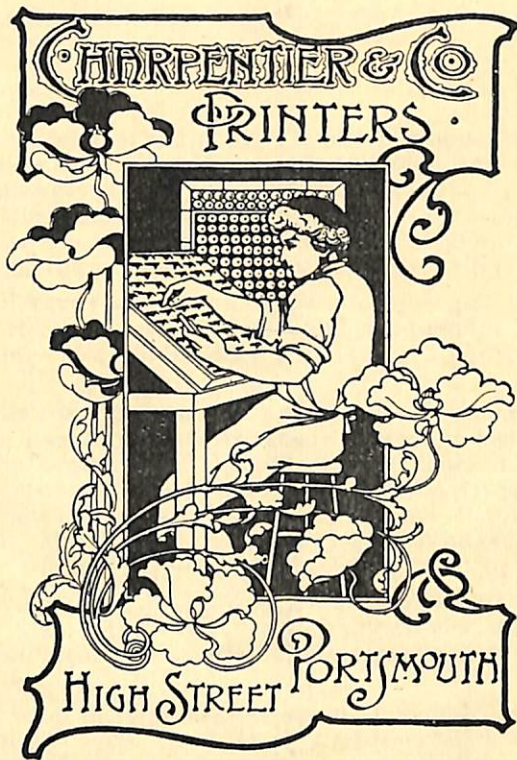
Gentlemen,
 I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellent quality of the supplies provided by your firm to the Regimental Institutes of my Battalion, during the two years in which it was stationed in Malta. I have also to bear testimony to the able and efficient manner in which the malt liquor was supplied during that time through your agency. I have always found your firm most courteous and obliging, and business-like in their dealings, and most satisfactory in every way to deal with.
 I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
 Bermuda, December 8th, 1897.

Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co., Malta. (Signed) F. S. ALLEN, Lieut.-Col., 2nd Battn. Worcestershire Regt.

No. 4 Mountain Battery, R.A., Pembroke Camp, Malta, 4th January, 1898.
 Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co. conducted the Canteen of the Battery under my command during the time it was stationed in Crete, from April to December, 1897, and during that period gave entire satisfaction.
 (Signed) H. C. C. D. SIMPSON, Major, R.A., Comdg. No. 4 Mountain Battery, R.A.

Messrs. J. E. MORTIMER & Co. have been our Canteen Contractors, for both wet and dry Canteens, during our three months' stay in Malta and eight months in Crete, and have given every satisfaction. Mr. H. E. MORTIMER has been the working agent, and at all times I have found him most civil and obliging, and willing to carry out my wishes and orders. The Beer and Stores supplied have always been good. During the stay of the Battalion in Crete, the firm had very great difficulties in carrying on the business to contend with. I have much pleasure in recommending the firm.
 (Signed) R. H. MURRAY, Colonel Comdg. 1st Seaforth Highlanders.
 At sea, en route for Egypt, s.s. "Nubia," January 7th, 1898.

A Complete Book with New Testimonials from Commanding Officers may be had on application.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



A

The Havercake Lad.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

No. 12. ALDERSHOT (for Cape), 15th DECEMBER, 1899. [Price 3d.]

EDITORIAL.

AFTER much expectation and many bitter disappointments, our hopes seem to be about to be realised as far as it is possible to foresee in such matters. We had almost given up hope of participating in the war in the Transvaal; brigade after brigade, division after division, were mobilised and sent out, but in vain did we scan the lists to find "the Duke's" therein. But patience and virtue have at last been rewarded—at least we trust they will.

The editorial is never at a loss for an excuse to apologise for the late appearance and various shortcomings of the "Lad," and this time the excuse must be our departure for the Cape. We had intended bringing out a particularly fine number for this Christmas.

We were all of us sorry to hear that Lieut.-Colonel Curran was wounded at the victory of Elands Laagte, and are extremely relieved to hear that his wound is not severe. Since the beginning of the war we have sent out representatives of the regiment on one job or another—Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel Rivett-Carnac as station commandant on the lines of communication; Lieutenant Bainbridge for mounted infantry duty; Lieut. Macleod as signaller; Lieut. Whitaker attached to the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Since the last number, Lieuts. Stayner (Uganda Rifles), and Bainbridge have got their companies—they both had over nine years' service, and we heartily congratulate them on their promotion. Also 2nd-Lieut. Gatehouse on his receiving his star.

Lieut. Bray left us at the end of October on appointment to the 1st Chinese Regiment at Wei-hai-wei. He is not the only representative of "the Duke's" in the Celestial regions—Major Bruce and Captain Watson being among the "pioneers" of the said corps. We are pleased to give our readers a fine account by the former of the life out there.

We were also delighted to receive a West African budget from Lance-Sergt. Williams (the "Gaucho" of former numbers.)

News has just come to hand that the Regiment has succeeded in winning the S.E.D. Musketry Challenge Shield—individual, volley, and revolver firing—an achievement of which we are justly proud. The cup, of course, will not come out with us, but will probably be sent to the Depôt to keep company with the colours.

Owing to the departure of the battalion it will be impossible for the Editor to send out the copies in the usual manner. He is sending a list to the publishers, who will forward them direct from their office.

A Happy Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year to all our readers and friends at home and abroad.

SKETCH OF THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT.

THE raising of this regiment, with eight others, was one of the last acts of the life of William the Third, who had begun to place the British Army on its war establishment, with a view to check the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth, at the moment, when an accident brought him to the grave. These regiments were begun to be raised in February, 1702; William died on the 8th of March, and on the 4th of May, war was declared against France by Queen Anne.

The first colonel of the 33rd, was James Stanhope, and the first service upon which it was employed, was against Cadiz and Vigo, forming part of a large land force, under the command of the Duke of Ormond. The attempt upon Cadiz failed, partly owing to the irregular conduct of the land forces; but the destruction and capture of a large fleet of Spanish galleons in the harbour of Vigo, will ever stand upon record in our naval and military annals, as a most glorious achievement. The brave conduct of Admiral Hopson, in forcing the boom, and of the land forces in their attack upon the castle, were the circumstances which decided the success of the enterprise.

The 33rd was one of the regiments which formed part of the famous army, under the Earls of Peterborough and Galway, in Spain. At the siege of Valentia, in 1705, it was among those fixed on for giving the assault, as soon as a practicable breach was made in the walls. The number employed on this occasion, was a tercias of Portuguese, two regiments of Dutch, and this one of English, then commanded by Robert Duncanson, who, having mounted, with great courage at the head of his corps, to the top of the breach, was there wounded; but the regiment continued to distinguish itself to the great honour of the nation. The fight was obstinate on both sides, for some time, in the breach, till the Spaniards, unable any longer to endure the fury of the assailants, retreated to the Castle, where they soon hung out the white flag, and the governor offered to capitulate; but whilst those, who were sent out, were proposing the terms on which they would surrender, the soldiers within mutinied, and opened the gates, whereupon the allies immediately entered, and made themselves masters of the place.

The 33rd Regiment was afterwards in the memorable and bloody battle of Almanza, fought by the Confederate Army, the 14th of April, 1707, old stile, under the chief command of the Marquis Das Minas, seconded by the Earl of Galway. It made a part of the third brigade, of the left wing, in the first line, under the command of its own Colonel Wade, by whose name the regiment was then called. The fate of the day would have been soon decided, and still more exultingly for the enemy, had not this regiment, with the 6th by its side, performed prodigies of valour. It attacked the enemy's horse in flank and rear, and poured so heavy a fire on them, as to allow the British and Allied cavalry, which had before been overpowered by the number of the enemy's squadrons, to renew their charge, and drive the enemy's horse over their infantry with great confusion and slaughter. Two captains, and three subalterns, were killed, and 12 other officers were wounded; but what was still more unfortunate after such feats of heroism, the Corps was made prisoners of war, together with the whole of the English and Dutch infantry, amounting to 13 battalions. The French and Spanish Army, under the command of the famous Duke of Berwick, was in this battle considerably superior to that of the Confederate Army; but the loss of the battle was chiefly owing to the cowardice of the Portuguese cavalry, who everywhere retreated, and left the flanks of the English and Dutch troops naked. In this emergency they formed themselves into a square; but, being spent with fatigue, and their ammunition and provisions exhausted, the entire body were forced to capitulate.

After this fatal battle, orders were given, and commissions were delivered on the 8th of March 1708, for newly raising this regiment, and the others which had sustained the greatest loss.

After the peace of Utrecht, the 33rd continued in England or Ireland. From 1730 to 1741, it lay in Ireland. On the breaking out of the continental war, the British Cabinet resolved to make a powerful diversion in the Netherlands, and accordingly, in 1742, sixteen thousand British forces, of which the 33rd formed a part, were landed near Bruges, under the command of the Earl of Stair.

In the spring of the following year, the confederate army marched up the Rhine, as far as the Mayne, where, in June, it was joined, first by the Duke of Cumberland, and afterwards by George II. The army consisted of about forty-thousand men, and was immediately opposed to a French army of sixty-thousand, under the Mareschal de Noailles. On the British Army's making a movement to join a reinforcement at Hanau, the French attempted to interrupt its march; and this brought on the battle of Dettingen, by which the designs of the French were defeated with a loss of five thousand men. The 33rd was in the heat of this battle, and lost a considerable number of men, and four or five officers. When the French King, in 1745, resolved on the conquest of the Netherlands, at the head of a prodigious army, he laid siege to Tournay. The Duke of Cumberland's attempt to raise this siege, at the head of the allied army, brought on the battle of Fontenoy. Each side had twelve thousand men killed, and no honour was lost by the vanquished. The 33rd was engaged in the left wing, which was immediately opposed to the Gens d'Arms and Household troops, and it lost upwards of five hundred men in killed and wounded, among which were several of its best officers. It was the business of the left wing to carry the village of Fontenoy, but in this attempt it was opposed by the flower of the French Army, was three times broken, and at length obliged to retreat.

On the peace of Aix la Chapelle, the regiment was quartered and recruited in the West of England. In 1750, it was embarked for Minorca, where it continued four years. On its return to England, it was reviewed by the Duke of Cumberland at Reading, and afterwards marched to Edinburgh. It continued in Scotland two years, and in 1756, formed part of Blandford Camp, in Dorsetshire.

On the 1st June, 1758, the regiment, now called Haye's sailed as a part of the grand expedition under the Duke of Marlbro', against St. Maloes, and was of the third brigade under General Boscawen. On the 1st of August, of the same year, it formed part of the unfortunate armament under General Bligh. This expedition was at first attended with success, in the attack and destruction of Cherbourg; but another landing having been made near St. Maloes, the British Army was in part surrounded by a very large French force, and obliged to re-embark in St. Cas Bay, in the face of the enemy. The loss of the British was considerable, certainly not short of 3,000 in killed, drowned, wounded, and prisoners. The 33rd, or Lord Charles Haye's regiment, left the flower of its grenadier company, and among the killed was Captain Edmonstone, an officer much distinguished for his good conduct and bravery.

The regiment was soon afterwards ordered to Germany, and, landing at Bremer Lee, joined the Allied Army under the command of Prince Ferdinand and the Duke of Marlborough. During the continuance of the war, it shared in the fortune and glory of that army, and served several active campaigns with it.

After the peace it landed at Gravesend, and was quartered a considerable time at Ipswich and Colchester. In 1764 it embarked from Hilsa barracks for Minorca, and did not return to England till 1770. In 1776, an event, highly favourable to the glory of the regiment, took place, by the appointment of the brave Marquis Cornwallis to be its colonel.

On the 12th of February, 1776, the 33rd embarked with other regiments, at Cork, for America, under the command of the Marquis Cornwallis, convoyed by

Sir Peter Parker. After a long voyage of three months, it was landed at Cape Fear, in South Carolina, and, with four companies of light infantry, proceeded to the town of Brunswick.

General Clinton met these troops with a reinforcement, and took command of the whole. One of the first enterprises in which the 33rd was engaged in America, was in the attack of Fort Washington. It was afterwards engaged in the Jerseys, under its noble commander, and took its full share in the various active service of the British forces in America, the particulars of which have been often repeated in this journal, and are within the recollection of most of our readers.

At Peek's Hill it lost a great number of men, and when Lord Cornwallis was left in the chief command, in the Carolinas, his regiment continued with him, and was gallantly assisting in the victories at Camden and Guildford. It was captured with the rest of the British Army at York Town.

Having dwelt so fully on the early history of this regiment, we shall be excused the entering into detail of its latter exploits. It served with glory in Holland and the Netherlands, during the retreat of the British Army in 1794; in June, of that year, it landed at Ostend, under the command of Colonel Vyse, and afterwards distinguished itself at the attack of Tuyl, under General Dundas, retaking four flying guns at the retreat; we read of its services in all the official dispatches of that period.

It has now been several years in the East Indies, was instrumental in the overthrow of Tippo Sahib, and is, at this time, garrisoned in Seringapatam, his late capital, a place which was taken by the British forces, chiefly by its exertions led on by Colonel Sherbroke, one of its present lieutenant-colonels.

It would, indeed, be difficult in the field of British honour, to point out a regiment of more hardy enterprise, and possessed of more uniform and steady valour, than has, on all occasions, been evinced by the 33rd. May it continue during many succeeding ages, to maintain the glorious character, which it has already deserved!

—:O:—

LETTER FROM WEST AFRICA.

2nd W.A.F.F.,
Lokoja, N. Nigeria,
West Africa,

17th September, 1899.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for sending me the "Havercake Lad," which I am glad to see still blooms. I have started a paper called "The Waff" for my present regiment, and I think the first edition will be a record, as it is the first paper printed in Nigeria. The Royal Niger Company have a printing press, and are doing it for us. I had intended sending you a contribution, but shall send you the paper, which should be out in about fourteen days. I have passed the "Lad" on to Mr. Mayne, H.L.I., who was at Malta, and came out in the same boat as myself.

We had a ripping voyage. Captain Hasler, of the Buffs, was the senior and took the greatest care of us. He is a great sportsman. I start to-morrow on some active service. We escort the R.E. telegraphs 150 miles up the Benin, and then we "palaver"—as the fight is called out here. The officers are Captain Carrol, Lieut. Eaton, and Lieut. Lewis-Lloyd (Colonel Lloyd's cousin). A maxim with 2,500 rounds, 150 natives, and 4 white N.C.O.'s complete the force. We carry 100 rounds per man, and all Europeans are mounted.

We are going into a most sporting country, and are hoping for great fun. The Imperial Government have given unlimited carriers and fittings-out, so we shall be in comfort.

Colonel Lloyd, before I went, gave me a letter to his cousin, which I delivered; he was very surprised to hear from him, and was very glad to hear he was fit again.

I like this country very much and keep very fit. I had a touch of the microbe for four days, but got away with it. We play cricket here on matting, but can't start till 4.30, and at 6 it is too dark. It is rather too vigorous for this country—but cricket must be had where there is a white man!

Hope you are very well, sir, and that the 33rd are still flourishing like the proverbial bay tree.

Yours obediently,

LANCE-SERGT. FRED. M. WILLIAMS.

—:o:—

SUBALTERN'S SURPRISES—No. 5.

I DID not go to the dance at Woodlands myself unfortunately. Afterwards I wished I had. I was in my first sweet sleep, calmly and peacefully oblivious of the horrible fact that such a thing as an Orderly Officer on a route march existed, and dreaming that I was landing a thirty-pound salmon on a grilse rod, when Potter came back, and, sitting on the end of my bed, made me forego my first murderous intentions by sending me into roars of laughter over his story of "what happened to Baby Blazer."

I cannot do better perhaps than give it in his own words, merely remarking *en parenthèse* that Potter's Picnic, to which reference is made, is, to use the words of a more or less celebrated author, another story:—

You know what running young Blazer has been making with little Milly Trevor since you introduced him to her on the day of my picnic. Well, to-night Babey had taken a little more pink wine at dinner than was strictly necessary, and in the early part of the evening struck up a great flirtation with a girl named Sands, who is staying with the Kanés.

I was dancing with Miss Trevor about the twelfth dance when, Babey was dancing his third consecutive dance with the stranger, and I could see that the fair Millicent was anything but pleased at the turn things were taking. Before the dance was over we made for a "kala jaga," of which let me tell you my son there were none too many. You know the steps leading from the verandah at Woodlands down into the lawn? Well, at the foot of them they had planted a marquee or two and partitioned them off with flags into regular little stalls, each holding a couple of chairs. We took possession of one of these, and, in order to see how the ground lay, I began to ask questions about Miss Sands. Milly scuffled a little, I can tell you, and though she talked of her as her dear Connie, I could almost swear I heard her call her a designing cat under her breath.

The music had stopped and so did our conversation suddenly, for in low though quite clear tones from the other side of the flag which railed us off from the next compartment came voices, the voices of Baby Blazer and "my dear Connie." Baby was making fierce love in his best approved style, and pleading earnestly for a kiss from the cherry lips of his charmer.

"But what would Miss Trevor say?" we heard the latter ask, but the faithless Baby quite pooh-poohed the idea that that young lady, who was sitting beside me, scarlet in the face and speechless with indignation, was more to him than the

merest acquaintance. Eventually, however, his youthful ardour appeared to overcome her ladyship's scruples, for we in the next box soon heard distinct and unmistakable sounds of osculation. My partner had made one or two movements as if to rise and tear down the dividing curtain, but my firm but gentle hold of her hand apparently restrained her. Suddenly we heard the band strike up the next waltz, and we rose and alas! Poor Babey! We emerged from our seats simultaneously. Tableau No 1.

On reaching the ball-room an examination of programmes revealed the fact than an interchange of partners between Baby and myself would meet the case. We danced, and I noticed out of the corner of my eye that never a word did Miss Trevor address to her faithless swain. She merely danced and danced in solemn silence. Again I led my partner down the verandah steps into one of the partitioned marquees, but though I brought my brightest and best conversation into play, she seemed somewhat thoughtful. Again through the flag that served as curtain came a familiar voice. This time it was the voice of one Millicent Trevor and it was calling our young friend Baby Blazer severely to account for his misdeeds. Foolish young man! what evil genius had led him again down those steps after what had happened before, I know not. Certain it was that he was there and being lashed with that sharp whip, a woman's tongue. Some old joker says "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." I remember that came in something I took up for Sandhurst, and by Jove she didn't spare him. However, Baby grovelled and swore that she (the fair Milly), was the only girl he ever loved, and as for the other girl, well, she was all very well in her way, but he really didn't care twopence if he never saw her again.

Meanwhile the other girl sat with a queer little smile on her face and took it all in. I tried to get her away, but she made me keep quiet, and though I felt beastly uncomfortable I couldn't get away and leave her there.

Then gradually the wrathful Millicent softened, and at length a request from Baby to kiss and be friends appeared to be acceded to.

Above in the ball-room the band began to play the first bars of the "Geisha" Lancers, and once more simultaneously did we four emerge from the semi-darkness of the tent. Tableau No. 2.

Baby's look of surprise as he took in the situation was immense. For a moment speech for the first time on record deserted him. Then with a muttered "Oh Lord" he left, leaving me the pleasing but embarrassing duty of escorting both ladies back to the ball-room, a duty which I performed with infinite credit to myself. Baby was seen in the ball-room no more, but took refuge in the card-room.

—:O:—

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL and hockey are virtually over, now we trust we are on our way to the front. We had intended, of course, entering once more for the Kent Rugby Cup, and trying to once again, after a five years' interval, bring back that trophy. Football—that is, Rugby—is not a game that can be played much in Dover. It is almost harder to get matches now than it was when we were there before. Our old friends and opponents, the Thanet Wanderers, seem to have joined the majority, which, of course, meant robbing us of several

good games. It is true that a Dover R.F.C. is going—on paper—but it is very seldom they can muster a fifteen. The Dover College boys play Rugby, but are not allowed to contend against "Tommies," who are supposed to be rough and brutal! That the reverse is the case can be proved by asking the boys of Sutton Valence School, who thoroughly enjoy their annual match with us.

Our season opened satisfactorily, as we swamped the Dover Club to the tune of 28 points to nil. The next game we ought to have won. We played Sidcup on their ground, and lost by 1 try to nil. Sidcup were strongly reinforced by players from the hospitals, the match being played on a Thursday. Our forwards were greatly superior to theirs, and the game was nearly all contested in their quarters, but we were unable to take advantage of our opportunities to score. We were rather handicapped by Lieut. Jenkins having hurt his knee the day previous when playing in the Kent *v.* Middlesex Colts' match.

The next match was against Chatham Garrison, on our ground. We were not able to begin until 4 p.m., and as the day was a foggy one, it goes without saying that the battle was waged under climatic disadvantages. The result was never in doubt, and we won in handsome fashion by 19 points to nil. The return match was scratched, owing to our having left Dover for Aldershot.

The next victims were Sutton Valence School, who lost by 21 points to nil.

Company matches have been constant, owing to the fact that this is the first year they are being played on the American system. Hitherto they have been played on the knock-out principle, which meant seven games; whereas the American entails twenty-eight. It was thought that the new way would be a better test of merit, and also that it would be a good hunting-ground for discovering eligible recruits for the Regimental team. Of course, nothing like all the matches have been decided, but enough were played to enable us to say that C, D and H Coys. would have had a tough fight for the premier place in the League.

As regards the Regimental team itself, the same criticism applies as last year, namely, excellent forwards counterbalanced by a weak back division. With really good outsides there is nothing the team could not have done. The acquisition of 2nd Lieut. Jenkins was eagerly looked forward to, and great hopes of a much-needed strengthening of our three-quarter line were entertained; but, unfortunately, he met with a serious accident to his knee early in the year. It has been a bad year for knees, probably owing to the exceptionally hard ground, for besides Lieut. Jenkins, Lieuts. Strafford and Tyndall have both been laid up with water on the knee.

Perhaps we shall be able to complete the series of company matches in Pretoria. Who knows?

HOCKEY.

The hockey eleven have been in good form, especially as they lacked the assistance of such a capable exponent as Umfreville at half-back, who has been undergoing a course of gymnastic treatment at Aldershot. The first match was quite sensational. We journeyed over to Folkestone one fine day, and defeated the Folkestone II. by no less than 6 to 1. They were by no means a weak team, but we played really well, the combination shown being really surprising. Had we been able to place our best Eleven in the field for the other matches, the results would perhaps have been excellent; but this we were unable to do. A drawn game, which we ought to have won, against Walmer was the next. Then we overcame our old opponents—the Dorsets—by 3 to 1. We then took a very moderate team over to Walmer, and had to acknowledge defeat by the Royal Marine Depot by 3 to 1.

The Editor feels that some apology is due for presenting this article. "Types of Maltese" ceased on the Battalion leaving Malta, but this was kept in stock for a "rainy day," and owing to want of better copy is now published.

TYPES OF MALTESE—NO. 4.

HERE is one type of Maltese in particular that it would perhaps be invidious not to include in this short series of essays—I allude to the beggars. Who is there that has been to Malta who has not been confronted by members of this class, with their piteous "Miserabile, Signor?" "Miserabile" is the stock word amongst this importunate community, and corresponds to the "backsheesh" of the Eastern nations; it is a comprehensive word signifying that they are in a wretched condition and are desirous of alms (*indulgenza*).

The Maltese mendicants are of all sorts and conditions—black, white, old, young, male, female, healthy, infirm, blind, lame, etc., etc.; but, taking the tribe collectively, they are infinitely superior to the beggars one meets on the continent. For instance, there are none of the repulsive looking freaks one sees at Monte Carlo; or obstructing in dirty and whining masses the steps of an Italian church. Maltese beggars are altogether of a different kidney to these wretches. To begin with, they are essentially fine-weather birds—they don't turn out in the wet, for fear of catching cold. Then, again, they don't follow you about calling down all the blessings of heaven upon you until they see that you are inexorable, when they change their tune and you are consigned to other regions. No, no! the Maltese are above that. They never deign to follow you, and seldom even go to the length of asking you for money. More often than not they remain perfectly silent and stationary, as much as to say, "Please yourself, I shan't refuse a gratuity; but don't make a favour of it or put yourself out in any way." If any further proof be needed to demonstrate the superiority and high tone of these personages, I need only remark that the masculine portion employ their leisure moments—and those are numerous—in rolling and smoking cigarettes. They are quite above doing any manual labour or exerting themselves in any way; they would not dream, for instance, of turning an honest penny by sweeping a crossing, or drawing pictures in crayon on the pavement.

There are a certain number of posts or stations that are invariably occupied by the same beggars, day after day, year in, year out. It is my humble opinion that they pay so much per annum for the privilege of remaining at their particular post. Any interloper would probably be turned away by the other members.

I have often felt a pang of pity for some of the beggars in spite of all this. There is one ancient blind woman who sits at the top of some most unsavoury steps, looking particularly miserable—more like a dried-up witch or a death's head than a human being. But a naval friend of mine informed me the other day that he remembered her twenty years ago, looking just the same; if anything, she was looking younger and better now than she did then! So even she apparently enjoys life in her own particular way. There is an old blind man I know of, whose hearing is so sharp that he can tell by your tread you are English—even when you have got india-rubber tennis shoes on. He is indeed a marvel of ingenuity, and knows a bit of English, sufficient to invoke the Almighty's blessing on you, and to entrust you to his safe keeping. This old fellow is reported to be immensely wealthy, and not only to have given a brand-new set of bells to one of the churches, but to have dowered his daughter with £300 on her marriage. Several of these beggar people are popularly supposed to be possessed of countless riches, and to be very liberal in their charity. So it is really adding insult to injury to be accosted by a "miserabile," and asked to give alms. *They* have no balance on the wrong side of their bankers! *They* are not inundated with rude letters from their

creditors! Another old fellow I often see deserves notice, if only because he is, so to speak, unique; being totally unlike his colleagues. He is a superannuated nigger, whose photograph would be a good advertisement for Pears' Soap, Nubian Blacking, or Nixey's Black Lead. He wears a corduroy cap, and divides his time between the approaches to the tobacconist's and the baker's, no doubt, expecting to receive his reward in the shape of a quid or a sponge cake. He has an old-fashioned weakness for snuff. There is one assortment of beggars I have not touched upon, but are beggars none the less—I mean the cab-touts. You have only to stand still on the pavement for one second, and you are surrounded by a small and yelling coterie of unwashed urchins clamouring to know if you want a cab. If you reply in the affirmative they immediately vanish, and in another instant a cab draws up laden with these young limbs of evil. After they have consented to alight, and you have got into the polluted vehicle, they all ask for a "penna" for their trouble. Now it would be an impossible task to give them each a penny unless you had previously stuffed your pockets with the contents of a canteen till. The best plan, if you are in a generous mood, is to throw a penny some distance along the road; there ensues a terrific race and struggle, worthy of a "friendly" football match up north, and you are freed from them.

There is nothing like bringing up a child in the way it should go, and learning a trade early in life. I have seen unwholesome-visaged babies, who did not know how to walk, but who knew how to beg and hold out a grimy hand. I have sometimes felt tempted to give a beggar a trifle, but have not done so—on principle. I am not a person of much principle (at least, so my friends tell me), but I do object to squandering my hard-earned gains on beggars for the following reasons:—

- (1) That they are better off than I am;
- (2) That promiscuous charity is a bad thing;
- (3) That it would be unjust to the other beggars to give something to any particular one;
- (4) That I prefer them at a distance.

—:0:—

LETTERS HOME.

FROM LIEUT. WALLIS, 33RD REGIMENT; WRITTEN FROM THE SEAT
OF WAR IN THE EAST.

Camp Devena, about 16 miles from Varna,
12th July, 1854.

SINCE I last wrote we have left our last camp, at Aladin, and proceeded here. I cannot call it a change for the better, for we are now on a barren plain; consequently the sun has it all his own way, and a very unpleasant way it is. This is a fine country for people who wish to obtain delicate figures—my shirt is hardly ever dry from morning to night. The country round about is very fine, and further north is somewhat cultivated. Nearly all the flowers grown in English gardens are to be found in the wild state here, viz., sweet pea, violet, sweet William, hollyhock, etc. Lacy, who got his company the other day, on augmentation, has been ordered home to the dépôt.

* * * * *

We received intelligence yesterday, that three English officers had been shot during a passage of the Danube, near Rustchuk, at which place we understand we are to arrive in due course of time. I am sorry to say I have not much to carry on my letter with, as the dull routine of camp life, in a country devoid of habita-

tions, does not give much change from day to day. I took a trip to a town called Pravadi, about eight miles from this. It is an extraordinary place. It is situated in a deep gorge, with lines of fortifications at the extremities. The mountains rise in precipices on either side of us, and the country is very beautiful. Our chief amusement here is hunting wild dogs. In the cool of the evening a lot of us turn out on our ponies and start in search of a bow-wow; which being obtained we turn out on the plain and give chase. Sometimes we get a good run of five and twenty minutes, and I can assure you Master Doggy can go a good pace. By the way, I nearly forgot to tell you that Omar Pasha came here to see us a few days since. We all turned out and had a field day. He was very much astonished, and said that he had often heard of English troops, but we surpassed all his ideas about us, and he felt certain the Russians would fly like chaff before us. When the cavalry were ordered to charge, he drew his sword, and putting himself at their



OFFICERS' BREASTPLATE

WORN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR, 1854-55.

WORN

head, charged with them, and said they were "wonderful." We all cheered him out of the camp most lustily. He ordered every soldier to have an allowance of grog that night, which caused them to say (as you may suppose) that he was one of the right sort. He is a short, plain looking man with grey hair. He rides beautifully.

Monastan, near Pravadi, about 20 miles from Varna.

28th July, 1854.

As you will see from the heading of this, we have changed our quarters. We marched from Devena last Monday (the 24th), and very glad we all were to turn our backs on it, for it was very unhealthy. The cholera broke out amongst us, and the doctors would not allow us to stay. It is quite impossible to know what we are going to do—some say we are to proceed to Rustchuk on the Danube,

others that Sebastopol is our destination. Our colonel was in Varna yesterday, and he says they are getting everything ready there for our embarkation, for the latter place. I think anything will be preferable to staying here doing nothing, for the weather is so hot that it is impossible to do anything but lie about.

* * * * *

I very much doubt old Nicholas giving in yet. If we take Sebastopol and the Baltic fleet blockades Cronstadt, why then I think he will be in a funk; but all that has to be done yet. Our first draft consisting of one subaltern and 100 men arrived here a few days since.

—:O:—

DEATH OF SIR RANDAL H. ROBERTS, BART., LATE 33RD. REGT.

The death was announced in the middle of October last of an old 33rd officer Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. Sir Randal was born in 1837, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1864. He served in the 33rd Regiment in the Crimea and India and was in possession of the Crimean, Turkish and Indian Mutiny medals, besides the Iron Cross of Prussia for valour, and the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus. After leaving the service he acted as war correspondent during the Franco-German war, and was the author of several sporting stories and books on soldiering. In the middle seventies he went on the stage, and played for a long time at the Olympic Theatre, whilst he also wrote several small plays and one or two three-act pieces. Sir Randal Roberts was one of the competitors in the celebrated foot race for the Championship of the Crimea, won by Sir John Astley ("The Mate") with whom he was also associated in founding the Sports Club.

this is wrong

—:O:—

A FEW NOTES FROM CHINA.

SO much has lately been published about China and the far eastern question, that it appears almost impossible to say anything new on the subject. However, the following few lines may be of interest to your readers as being the opinion of someone in the country whom they know. Stripped of all padding, and put in military language—that is to say as briefly as possible—the situation in China as I write, August, 1899, is this. Russia has seized and occupied the whole of Manchuria down to the Liao Tung peninsula. Manchuria is now as much a part of the Russian Empire as Eastern Siberia. Russia rests for the moment, as is her invariable custom, digesting her late meal. When she feels the time has arrived for further aggression, which opportunity will arise as soon as the nations most interested in preventing it have their attention fully occupied elsewhere, she will, if not prevented, occupy Peking. What actual shape the occupation will take, it is useless and beside the question to try to predict. Sufficient that she will then entirely dominate China. Before this final stroke, or possibly subsequent to it, the following are some of her plans awaiting early accomplishment—

1. The junction by rail of Kalgan, 110 miles N.W. of Peking, and her Siberian railway at Lake Baikal *via* the present trade route across Mongolia, passing Urga and Kiakhta.
2. The junction by rail of, eventually Peking, but immediately of Segan-t'u-Shensi, with her Central Asian possessions *via* the present trade route,

that there is some truth in the above premise, there is no need to disguise the fact that spheres of influence must come into play. Spheres of interest we already have. If the first suggestion of the willingly puppet Emperor be a true one, spheres of influence can meet the case. If the second suggested means of prolonging the life of the Chinese monarchy be possible, then the already moribund "open door" policy might be resurrected in a different shape. If the last suggested solution of the problem be possible, spheres of influence are doubly necessary, and they must indeed be carefully defined. With an Emperor whose power was restricted in spite of himself, nothing but the most minute definition of the various spheres could save a European and Asiatic conflagration. Having been so bold as to hazard the above opinion, let me follow it to where the fulfilment of the suggestions contained in it more nearly affect us as Englishmen, and especially as soldiers. The present internal condition of China, so far as law and order are concerned, is represented by a minus quantity. In the few places where the power to maintain order remains, the wish is absent. Hence the constant recurrence of the newspaper headings: "Another Outrage in China." It is not that the lower orders are difficult to control (no nation probably has an easier population), but it is to the interest of the Mandarins and governing class that there should be disorder. In China, even more than in other parts of the world, it is the custom to issue high-flown edicts to which no attention is paid. The last thing expected of a proclamation is that it should mean what it is made to say. At the same time no people are quicker to obey once they see and know they must. It is this peculiarity which, with European aid, will enable spheres of influence under a military monarchy to be very easily ruled. In the near future a trustworthy force may be wanted in support of law and order and British trade. Presumably it is to provide this force, to be of help to China, that our military authorities have so wisely created the Chinese Regiment. It may interest your readers to hear what the latest addition to the ranks of our Imperial soldiers is like when he is at home. In appearance he is far from the accepted type of Southern Chinaman which is most familiar to us in England. A greater contrast cannot well be imagined. The northern recruit is a big, broad-shouldered, heavily-built yokel, with a pleasant sunburnt, not at all Chinese-type of face, good tempered, generally stupid at first, but quickly improving in that respect. Easily kept in order and contented, he is so far as can be judged as fine material from which to make soldiers as could be desired. A man of few vices—drink is practically unknown—he ought to be thrifty, but he frequently, though by no means universally, has one failing, which prevents this. The Chinese are a nation of gamblers, and the peasant (though probably in a far less degree than the townsman) inherits the national curse. The appearance of the regiment on parade would remind him, who has seen them, of any of our good Punjaub native infantry regiments. Though the men are thicker set and sturdier than the Sikh, without the height; the dress they wear help to make them alike, and their colour in many cases is almost as dark as the East Indians. They wear in winter a thick black grey Oxford mixture blouse, made much as the native army blouse in India; a red kamarband, and red shoulder straps give the touch of colour wanted. The quenes (or pigtails) are always worn rolled up on parade, not showing. Loose knickerbockers of the same stuff as the blouse, blue puttees, ammunition boots, and a dark blue turban complete the dress. Brown leather naval pattern belts, worn over the shoulders and kamarband, and the Lee-Enfield rifle put the finishing touch to a very soldier-like figure. In summer his dress is practically the same made in kharki, with a naval pattern straw hat for the very hot weather. Quenes as before rolled up on top of the head, not showing. It is too early yet to attempt to write in detail of the value—or the reverse—as a fighting force of the Chinese Regiment. Among the officers serving with it, needless to say, there is but one opinion. They would not be British officers if it were otherwise. That this opinion will turn out to be justified was at one time the hope, and is now the firm conviction of the writer.

The following figures may be of interest :—

Arrival at Wei-hai-Wei of first lot of company officers, February 27th; strength of battalion on March 1st, 11 men; strength of battalion on August 1st, 325 men; target practice commenced August 1st; second lot of company officers arrived at Wei-hai-Wei June 5th; started the other three companies same date; average height of the regiment 5 ft. 7.98 ins.; average chest measurement 35.99 ins.; number of Chinese sergeants, 3; corporals and lance-corporals, 18; they can drill squads with English words of command alone; all commands in English; all ranks called by English names.

C. D. BRUCE, Major,
1st Batt. the Chinese Regt.

—:0:—

A ROYAL FAMILY.

SOME few numbers back we gave a short sketch of a play called "His Excellency the Governor," produced at the Court Theatre and written by Capt. R. Marshall, late Duke of Wellington's Regt. On October 14th at the same theatre, before a large and enthusiastic audience, among which was present H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, was produced a new play by the same author, entitled "A Royal Family." I doubt whether any unprejudiced playgoer left the Court Theatre that evening without a genuine sense of enjoyment, and a feeling that the piece was bound to achieve a well merited success.

Genuinely witty dialogue, clean wholesome satire, amusing situations, gorgeous uniforms, good acting, some very pretty love making with a charming heroine and those original "curtains" which seem to be a special gift of the author's, go to make up a *tout ensemble* that is quite sufficient to satisfy the most exacting critic. The story is briefly as follows. Two neighbouring kingdoms—Arcacia and Kurland are on the verge of a war which would probably ruin both without much benefiting either. To avert this calamity, the respective monarchs propose a matrimonial alliance between the Princess Alestine and the Crown Prince of Kurland. In the course of a glimpse into the inner life of the royal family of Arcacia, this plan is laid before the Princess (and a very charming princess too, as enacted by Miss Gertrude Elliott) who promptly refuses, point blank to marry, for political reasons, a man she has never seen. Needless to say that she is romantic, and that Romeo and Juliet is her favourite reading. Then to the rescue comes Cardinal Casano, a *sauve*, courteous and benevolent old gentleman who is the originator of a plan whereby all comes right in the end. A young nobleman from Kurland arrives on the scene under his auspices, and is introduced to the family circle in the summer palace at Cassantra. There, among the trees and streams and flowers, the disguised prince, for so he is, and the romantic princess fall in love, and all ends happily.

There is a most amusing scene where the lovers are discovered literally "up a tree," and a beautiful little picture at the end of all things, when the Princess, after bidding farewell to the Count she loved, stands, with downcast eyes, waiting to be betrothed to the Prince she has never seen. Then, lifting her eyes shyly, she realizes that the Prince and Count are one and the same. Such is the story, with of course side issues and plots that go to make the whole into the delightful evening's amusement that is to be found in "A Royal Family."

—:0:—

PIPE PUFFS.

President: "Mr. Vice, a bumper toast!" Guest (*sotto voce* to Vice-President): "What is he ordering *buttered toast* for?"

neglected to draw his sword. Observing this discrepancy, the F.O. asked him why he had done so, whereupon the young officer replied that the last time he was on he had been told not to. "Who told you not to?" queried the F.O. "My servant, sir," was the prompt reply.

* * * *

On guard mounting parade.—The adjutant has occasion to check a man for a dirty helmet. "Why haven't you cleaned your helmet?" "Please, sir, I have cleaned it." "What did you use?" "Blanco, sir." He had evidently lost count of the year or more that has elapsed since the white helmets were returned to store.

* * * *

Absent-minded officer, passing the word down, "Slope companies by arms!"

* * * *

A young officer was sorely puzzled the other day when checking defaulter sheets to explain the letters M.F.P., which appeared after the name of one of the witnesses. However, he overcame the difficulty most ingeniously and read out "Mounted Foot Police."

* * * *

Important to numismatists.—The following specimens of rare bronze coins lately discovered in the canteen tills, may be purchased on application to the editor: 10 centimos (Spanish) 1870; 10 centesimi (Italian) 1894; 10 centimes (French Empire, 1853-54), four specimens, one slightly damaged; 10 centimes (French Republic, 1896-99), two specimens; 10 lepta (Greek) 1878, in excellent preservation; 5 centimes (French Empire, 1854-56), two specimens; 5 centimes (French Republic, 1872-98), two specimens; 5 centimos (Spanish, 1870) rare; quarter-anna (E. India Coy., 1835) a bargain; half-pice (India, 1887), a grand opportunity to obtain this unique Jubilee coin.

* * * *

At the Aldershot "Gym."—N.C.O., whilst performing a difficult feat on the horizontal bar, let go his hands. He was with some difficulty prevented from falling on his head. Whilst he was on his wild career in mid air one of the on-lookers distinctly heard him ejaculate "Chise me!"

—:O:—

REGIMENTAL NEWS.

CERTIFICATES.

Sergt. G. Heap and Cpl. R. Marks, obtained certificates at School of Military Engineering, Chatham, on the 22nd September.

Captain Wallis obtained a certificate, dated, 3rd October, in Military Topography, at the School of Military Engineering.

The following obtained 3rd Class certificates of education, at the examination held on the 27th October:—

Lce.-Cpls. W. Morton, A Coy.; F. Marshall, B Coy.; C. Hart, D Coy.; G. Harrison, D Coy.; H. Rodgers, G Coy.; C. Blackman, H Coy.; J. Woodward, H Coy.; Ptes. J. McNamara, B Coy.; D. Cavanagh, B Coy.; J. Mottram, B Coy.; Boys J. Rush, B Coy.; C. Waller, C Coy.; Pte. G. Stanhope, D Coy.; Boy E. Meehan, D Coy.; Ptes. G. Gladburn, E Coy.; W. Speuce, E. Coy.; J. Bishop, F Coy.; E. Churchman, H Coy.

The following obtained 2nd Class certificates of education, on 27th October:—
Lce.-Cpls. J. O'Melia, J. Standeven, Pte. F. Adey, Boy E. Church, A Coy.;
Cpls. F. Bridge, J. Mason, Pte. J. Magee. Boy W. Edwards, B Coy.; Pte. C.

Williams, C Coy.; Cpl. J. Teasdale, Ptes. J. Harrison, M. Ward, Boy C. Marchant, D Coy.; Pte S. Sands, Boy W. Kennedy, H Coy.

DRAFTS.

A draft of fourteen men joined the battalion, from the Regimental Depôt, on 21st November.

It is notified for information that letter "H" Company is the best shooting company in the battalion. The sergeants of this company, will, therefore, wear the prescribed badge. (From Battalion Orders, of 18th November).

EXTENSIONS.

Sergt. C. Chittenden, F Coy. beyond 21 years; Pte. G. James, E Coy., to complete 7 years; Sergt. J. Cadman, C Coy., to complete 12 years.

PROMOTIONS.

To be Corporal.

Lce.-Cpl. W. Dunn, B Coy., (unpaid); to be Lce.-Cpl. (paid).

Lce.-Cpl. W. Morton, A Coy. (unpaid).

APPOINTMENTS.

To be Lance-Corporals (unpaid)—

Ptes. W. Morton, A Coy.; H. Brown, B Coy.; H. Knowles, A Coy.; C. Blackman, H Coy.; A. Marshall, B Coy.; Drummer H. Rogers, G Coy.; Ptes. W. Lawrence, F Coy.; A. Simpson, A Coy.; W. Norcliffe.

To be Lance-Corporals (paid)—

Lce.-Corpl. W. Dunn, E Coy.; F. Hall, E Coy.; H. Brown, B Coy.; H. Knowles, A Coy.

Captain F. D. Behrend qualified as interpreter in French at the recent examination in foreign languages.

On December 5th the Queens' and Regimental Colours were taken to the Depôt at Halifax by Lieuts. Siordet and Exham. The N.C.O.'s of the party were Sergts. Owen, Allen, and Swales. A guard of honour from the Depôt, under Lieut. Townsend, met the party at the station and escorted them up to the barracks. In spite of the inclement weather, there was a goodly gathering of spectators at the station and along the route.

GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

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

At 2d.

Pte. W. Price, ...	H Coy.	L.-C. W. Laurance ...	F	„
„ A. Holcombe ...	H	Pte. F. Curran	E	„
„ W. Patchett ...	G	„ R. Colclough ...	F	„
„ J. Reilley ...	H	„ D. Curtis ...	G	„
„ W. Bradley ...	D	„ H. Gilley ...	P	„

At rd.

Pte. B. Smith	...	F Coy.	Pte. J. Purcell	...	H Coy.
" M. Hobbs	...	D "	" W. Bowles	...	C "
" A. Lower	...	A "	" G. Evans	...	C "
" R. Hayton	...	B "	" W. Robinson	...	C "
Lce.-Corpl. G. Harrison	...	D "	" C. Williams	...	C "
Pte. E. Lockwood	...	E "	" J. Brewer	...	F "
Lce.-Corpl. F. Hull	...	A "	" W. Carty	...	H "
Pte. A. Robinson	...	E "	" J. Donovan	...	B "
Lce.-Corpl. S. Lewroth	...	E "	Lce.-Corpl. M. Rick	...	C "
Pte. J. Davis	...	F "	Pte. L. Vickers	...	C "
" C. Jones	...	G "	" J. Hammond	...	G "
" P. Ladd	...	G "	" W. Edmett	...	C "
" C. Bishop	...	G "	" J. Hyde	...	C "
" J. Wiggins	...	G "	" J. Moore	...	C "
" T. Chapman	...	C "	" P. Simmons	...	C "
" W. Sargood	...	G "	" W. Death	...	D "
" G. Ottaway	...	B "	" T. Horton	...	G "
" H. Smith	...	E "	" W. Watkins	...	H "
" J. Connorton	...	B "	Lce.-Cpl. R. Wood	...	H "
" A. Groom	...	B "	Pte. A. Wheeler	...	D "
" G. Dodson	...	A "	" C. Birch	...	F "
Boy C. Collins	...	E "	" J. Harvey	...	G "
Pte. J. Rirley	...	G "	" S. Weaver	...	H "
" G. Meek	...	H "	" A. Beatley	...	A "
" S. Graham	...	H "	" C. Richens	...	A "
" J. Clayton	...	H "	" W. Matthews	...	D "
" C. Lea	...	H "	" A. Rawlinson	...	D "
" C. Todd	...	E "	" A. Langford	...	F "
" W. Oldham	...	F "	" A. Baker	...	F "
" J. Kelly	...	G "	" C. Knight	...	D "
" H. Howell	...	D "	" S. Hudson	...	D "
" T. Burd	...	G "	" E. Carroll	...	E "
" F. Kind	...	D "	" J. Kennedy	...	E "
" J. Macnamara	...	B "	" J. White	...	F "
" A. Odell	...	B "	" S. Chippingdale	...	A "
" J. Turner	...	E "	" H. Mills	...	F "
" A. Marshall	...	B "	" E. Watson	...	F "
" S. Brooks	...	A "	" J. Matthews	...	E "
" J. Clarke	...	B "	" G. Wather	...	C "
" H. Watts	...	C "	Lce.-Cpl. R. Oliver	...	D "
" W. Speak	...	D "	Pte. W. Hawkeswell	...	D "
" W. Nichol	...	G "	" J. Topham	...	F "
" J. Pontney	...	H "	" A. Smith	...	E "

LETTER ON LEAVING DOVER.

The following from the Chief Staff Officer, S.E. District, is published for information.—

" The General Officer Commanding, desires me to express to you, on the departure of your battalion for Aldershot, his appreciation of the behaviour and bearing of the N.C.O.'s and men of the battalion under your command, during the time the battalion has been quartered in Dover. He requests that you will convey to all ranks, his high opinion of the Battalion, on and off parade, and his hope that an opportunity may offer of his opinion being tested in the field."

NOTICES.

The *Havercake Lad* is published quarterly at the price of 3d. The dates on which it *should* be (but not often is) published, are these: March 15th, June 15th, September 15th, and December 15th. In order that communications may be published in the current number, they should reach the Editor not later than the 1st of those months. Orderly sergeants of companies will collect the names of men wanting copies; copies so obtained may be paid through the accounts. A certain number are also always obtainable from the grocery bar of the regimental canteen, and may be paid for in the same manner as the others.

It will save the Editor considerable manual labour if correspondence be written in ink, on foolscap, legibly, and on one side of the paper only. A small margin also is desirable. Any M.S.S. will be returned to the contributor if desired.

Back numbers (from No. 4, December, 1897) may be had on application to the Editor.

The scale of charges for advertisements is as follows:—

Full page	...	£1 quarterly.
Half-page	...	12s. „
Quarter-page	...	7s. „

(These prices are subject to a discount of 10 per cent. if advertisements for one year are paid for in advance).

All correspondence must be made direct to the printers:—

Messrs. CHARPENTIER & Co.,
46, High Street,
Portsmouth.

We shall be glad to exchange copies with any regimental papers that are not on our list. The receipt of the following is acknowledged with thanks—

“A.S.C. Journal,” “St. George’s Gazette,” “Black Horse Gazette,” “16th Q.L. Gazette,” “Green Howards’ Gazette,” “Suffolk Gazette,” “Dragon,” “Sprig of Shillelagh,” “Man of the World,” “Thin Red Line,” “Oak Leaf,” “Gordonian,” “One and All.” (These papers are placed in the Officers’ Mess, Regimental Library, and A.T.A. room in turn.)

N.B.—Correspondents in distant climes are reminded that postal rates have been very considerably reduced of late, so that bulkier missives will be expected than hitherto.

All subscriptions or donations to the funds of the paper will be duly and gratefully acknowledged therein.

Men leaving the Regiment are requested to leave their addresses with the Editor, so that copies may be forwarded to them. Subscribers are requested to inform the Editor of any change in their addresses.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of yearly subscription from Mrs. F. H. A. Swanson, Auvergne, Lawne Park Road, Sydenham.

The accounts of the paper are audited regularly by the quarterly board of officers, who audit the funds of the different regimental institutions.




C. PILCHER,

Military Tailor & Outfitter,
MARKET SQUARE, DOVER.

Dress Suits from	£5 5 0	Cashmere Trousers	... from	£1 1 0
Tweed and Serge Suits	3 10 0	Covert Coats	3 3 0
Norfolk and Breeches Suits	..	4 4 0	Special Dress Shirt, Wide Fronts		0 6 6

*Every Description of BEST MAKES OF HOSIERY suitable for Officers' Wear kept in Stock.
West Riding Colours in Sashes, Ties, and Ribbons in Stock.*

SELECTIONS FROM NUMEROUS TESTIMONIALS—

To C. Pilcher, Military Tailor, Dover.

3rd February, 1898.

Mr. C. PILCHER has served the Regiment during the two years it has been stationed here, and has, as far as I know, given entire satisfaction. Personally I have had clothes made by him, and also he has altered a mess jacket for me, to the new pattern, and he has done it well. He is always very obliging, and has a good cutter, and his prices are very moderate. I have never heard any Officer say otherwise.

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

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

The Citadel, Dover, 4th February, 1898.

Before leaving this Station, I wish to express my entire satisfaction with the work you have turned out for me, both a 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.

I remain, yours faithfully,

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

Mr. Pilcher,

Shaft Barracks, Dover, November 29th, 1898.

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.

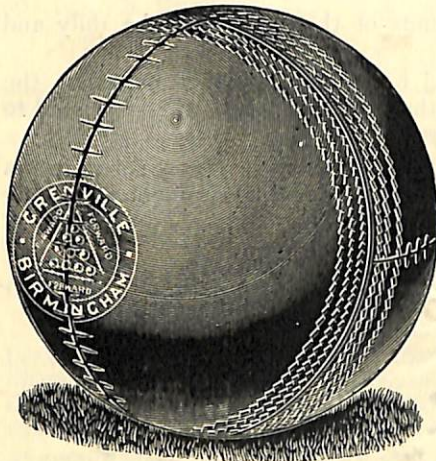
F. C. ANNESLEY, Major, Royal Fusiliers.

GRENVILLE,




Bull Street & Martineau Street, Birmingham.

The Great **Army Athletic Outfitter.**



SOLD SEASON 1897-98,

UPWARDS OF

5,000 CRICKET BATS,

20,000 CRICKET BALLS,

5,300 FOOTBALL BOOTS.

7,900 FOOTBALLS.

And other things in proportion.

GRENVILLE'S B.S.A. BICYCLES

Have made a Reputation in the Army.
Nothing better or more reliable.

GENTS, £12 12s. LADIES, £13 13s.

Grenville's Illustrated Price List—Post Free.

WILLIAM YOUNGER & CO., Ltd.,
Pale Ale and Stout Brewers,

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

Agents in every Garrison Town at Home and Abroad.

Sole Naval and Military Agents for Malta,

J. E. Mortimer & Co.

J. & G. STEWART,
Famous Old Vatted Scotch Whisky.

Sole Agents for Malta,

J. E. Mortimer & Co.

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LTD.,
Very Old Special (D.C.L.) Scotch Whisky,
AND LONDON GIN.

Sole Agents for Malta--

J. E. Mortimer & Co.

WILLIAM YOUNGER & CO., LTD.

Pale Ale and Stout Brewers

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

Agents in every Garrison Town of Home and Abroad.

SOLE AGENTS AND WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR IRELAND

J. E. MORTIMER & CO.

J. & G. STEWART,

Famous Old Scotch Whisky

SOLE AGENTS FOR IRELAND

J. E. MORTIMER & CO.

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LTD.

Very Old Special (D.O.M.) Scotch Whisky

AND LONDON

SOLE AGENTS FOR IRELAND

J. E. MORTIMER & CO.

THE HAVERCAKE LAD.

Mappin & Webb's

Challenge Trophies for all Competitions.



THE SKETCH, June 12th, 1895.

"The handsome football shield here illustrated was competed for by teams of the various British Regiments stationed in Egypt, and ultimately won by the 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment. Each member of the teams entering the final was presented with a characteristic medal as a souvenir. The trophy was designed and modelled throughout by Messrs. MAPPIN & WEBB."

Only London Addresses :

158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

AND

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

Manufactory--The Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

THE HAVERCAKE LAD.

The New Up-to-Date Liquid Coffee.

CAFÉ RÉVEILLE

Is the **ONLY** Extract that makes **A PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE.** Only requires the addition of Boiling Water or Milk.

SPECIALY ADAPTED FOR **Officers' Messes, Sergeants' Messes & Coffee Shops**
AT HOME, IN CAMP, OR ABROAD.

When a CUP OF DELICIOUS COFFEE of Uniform Excellence is often Required instantly.

A Few Opinions of Café Réveille—

The Grocer says—"Its stimulating properties and aroma are practically equal to those of the finest freshly made Coffee. This preparation should meet with success."

The Grocers' Gazette says—"Having tested these preparations, we can speak confidently of their high qualities, both as regards flavour and aroma, and the sale of articles such as these should go far to remove the prejudice attached to Coffee Extracts."

The Grocers' Journal says—"We can recommend these Coffee Extracts."

The Epicure says—"Owing to the special process under which the Extract is made, it retains the flavour and aroma of Fresh Coffee."

SOLE PROPRIETORS:

Richard Dickeson & Co.,

LONDON:—Victoria Warehouse, Mansell Street.

DUBLIN:—Upper Exchange Street.

DOVER:—Market Lane and Queen Street.

ALDERSHOT:—High Street and Nelson Street.

GIBRALTAR:—Cornwall's Parade.

C. GOULDEN,

176, Snargate Street, Dover.

BOOKSELLER,

*The Largest Stock of Books
in S. E. Kent.*



STATIONER,

*Plain, Fancy, & Commercial
Stationery.*

*Printing in all its Branches
Artistically Executed.*

PRINTER,



*All Books are finished throughout
on the Premises.*

BOOKBINDER.

Publishing Office of Goulden's Military Directory for S.E. District.

Digitised by The Regimental Archives

